

THE

# HARBINGER,

“

DEVOTED TO

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

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

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**VOL. III.**

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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.



Eng  
du St.  
Monday Oct. 11.

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VOLUME III.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1846.

NUMBER 1.

### MISCELLANY.

#### CONSUELO.\*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

#### IX.

At the second relay, Consuelo had recognized in the domestic who accompanied them, and who, seated upon the box of the carriage, paid the guides and scolded the postillions for their slowness, that same heyduc who had announced count Hoditz, the day on which he came to propose to her the party of pleasure at Roswald. That large and powerful young man, who continually looked at her as if by stealth, and who seemed divided between the desire and the fear of speaking to her, at last fixed her attention; and one morning, when she was breakfasting in a solitary inn at the foot of the mountains, Porpora having gone to take a walk in pursuit of some musical theme, while waiting for the horses to be baited, she turned towards the valet, at the moment when he handed her the coffee, and looked him in the face with a rather severe and irritated air. But he put on so pitious an expression that she could not restrain a burst of laughter. The April sun glittered upon the snow which still crowned the mountains; and our young traveller felt in good spirits.

"Alas!" said the mysterious heyduc to her at last, "your ladyship does not then deign to recognize me? I should always recognize you, were you disguised as a Turk or a Prussian corporal; and and yet I saw you only for one instant, but what an instant in my life!"

While speaking thus, he placed upon the table the tray which he had brought; and approaching Consuelo, he gravely made a great sign of the cross, bent one knee and kissed the ground before her.

"Ah!" cried Consuelo, "Karl the deserter, is it not?"

"Yes, signora," replied Karl, kissing the hand which she extended to him; "at least so they tell me I must call you, although I have never well understood if you were a gentleman or a lady."

"Truly! And whence comes your uncertainty?"

"The reason is, that I have seen you as a boy, and that afterwards, though I recognized you very well, you had become as like a young girl as you had before been like a little boy. But that is nothing: be what you will, you have rendered me services which I shall never forget; and you might command me to throw myself from the top of the precipice up there, if it would give you any pleasure, and I should not refuse to do it for you."

"I ask nothing of you, my brave Karl, but to be happy and to enjoy your liberty; for now you are free, and I think you love life now!"

"Free, yes!" said Karl, shaking his head; "but happy—I have lost my poor wife."

Consuelo's eyes filled, from a sympathetic feeling, on seeing the square cheeks of poor Karl covered with a torrent of tears.

"Ah!" said he, shaking his red moustache, from which the tears dripped like rain from a thicket, "she had suffered too much, poor soul! Her sorrow at seeing me carried off a second time by the Prussians, her long journey on foot when she was quite ill, then her joy at seeing me again, all that caused a revolution in her system; and she died a week after her arrival at Vienna, where I was looking for her, and where, thanks to a note from you, she found me, by the help of Count Hoditz. That generous lord sent her his physician and assistance; but nothing did her any good; she was tired of life, you see, and has gone to repose in the heaven of the great God."

"And your daughter?" said Consuelo, who wished to suggest to him a consoling idea.

"My daughter!" said he with a gloomy and rather wandering air, "the

king of Prussia has killed her also for me."

"How killed? What do you say?"

"Was it not the king of Prussia that killed the mother by causing her so much suffering? Well, the child followed the mother. From the evening when, having seen me made bloody by blows, bound and carried off by the recruiters, they both remained lying, almost dead, across the road, the little one was constantly shaking with a heavy fever; the fatigue and suffering of the journey finished them. When you met them upon a bridge, at the entrance of I know not what Austrian town, they had eaten nothing for two days. You gave them money, you told them that I was saved, you did all you could to console and cure them; they told me all that: but it was too late. They did nothing but grow worse from the time we were united again, and at the moment when we might have been happy, they went to the cemetery. The earth was not yet settled over the body of my wife, before we had to re-open the same place to put my child in; and now, thanks to the king of Prussia, Karl is alone in the world!"

"No, my poor Karl, you are not alone, you are not abandoned; you have some friends left who will always be interested in your misfortunes and your good heart."

"I know it. Yes, there are some good people, and you are one of them. But what have I need of now when I have neither wife, nor child, nor country! for I could never be safe in mine; my mountain is too well known to those brigands who have come there twice to get me. As soon as I saw myself alone, I asked if we were at war or would soon be. I had but one idea: that was to serve against Prussia, in order to kill as many Prussians as I could. Ah! Saint Wenceslas, the patron of Bohemia, would have directed my arm; and I am very sure that not a single ball from my musket would have been lost; and I said to myself: 'Perhaps Providence will permit me to meet

\* 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 king of Prussia in some defile; and then — were he cuirassed like the archangel Michael — were I obliged to follow him as a dog follows the track of a wolf — but I learnt that peace was determined for a long time; and then, feeling no interest in anything, I went to find my lord count Hoditz to thank him and to request him not to present me to the empress, as he had intended. I wished to kill myself; but he has been so good to me, and the princess of Culmbach, his daughter-in-law, to whom he had privately related my whole history, has said so many beautiful things to me upon the duties of a Christian, that I have consented to live and to enter their service, where I am, in truth, too well cared for and too well treated for the little work I have to do."

"Now tell me, my dear Karl," said Consuelo, wiping away her tears, "how did you recognize me?"

"Did you not come, one evening, to sing at the house of my new mistress, madame the margravine? I saw you pass dressed all in white, and I recognized you immediately, though you had become a young lady. The truth is, you see, I do not remember much of the places through which I have passed, nor the names of the persons whom I have met; but as to faces, I never forget them. I began to cross myself when I saw a young lad who followed you, and whom I recognized as Joseph; and instead of being your master, as I had seen him at the moment of my deliverance, (for he was better dressed than you at that time,) he had become your domestic, and he remained in the antechamber. He did not recognize me; and as my lord count had forbidden me to say a single word of what had happened to any person whatsoever, (I have never known or asked why,) I did not speak to that good Joseph, though I had a strong desire to throw myself upon his neck. He went almost immediately into another apartment. I had been ordered not to leave that in which I was; a good servant knows only his countersign. But when every body had gone, my lord's valet-de-chambre, who has all his confidence, said to me: 'Karl, you did not speak to Porpora's little lacquey, though you recognized him, and you did well. The count will be pleased with you. As to the young lady who sang this evening —' 'O! I recognized her also,' cried I, 'and I said nothing.' 'Well,' added he, 'you have done well in that also. The count does not wish it to be known that she travelled with him to Passaw.' 'That does not concern me,' I returned, 'but can I ask you how she delivered me from the hands of the Prussians?' Then Henry told me how the thing had happened, (for he was there,) how you had run after the count's carriage, and how, when

you had nothing more to fear for yourself, you had absolutely wished him to come and deliver me. You had said something about this to my poor wife, and she had told me also; for she died recommending you to the good God, and saying; 'Those are poor children, who seemed almost as unfortunate as we are; and still they gave me all they had, and they wept as if they had been of our own family.' So when I saw Mr. Joseph in your service, having been told to carry to him some money from my lord, at whose house he played the violin on another evening, I put into the paper some ducats, the first I had earned in that house. He did not know it, and did not recognize me; but, if we return to Vienna, I will so manage that he shall never be in want while I can earn my living."

"Joseph is no longer in my service, good Karl, he is my friend. He is no longer in want, he is a musician, and will earn his living easily. So do not rob yourself for him."

"As to yourself, signora," said Karl, "I cannot do much for you, since you are a great actress, as I am told; but look you, if you are ever in a situation to need a servant and cannot pay him, call upon Karl and rely on him. He will serve you for nothing and will be very happy to work for you."

"I am sufficiently well paid by your gratitude, my friend. I ask nothing from your devotedness."

"There is master Porpora returning. Remember, signora, that I have not the honor to know you, otherwise than as a servant placed at your command by my master."

On the next day our travellers having risen very early, arrived, not without trouble, at the chateau of Roswald. It was situated in an elevated region, on the slope of one of the most beautiful mountains in Moravia, and so well protected from cold winds, that the spring was already felt there, while at half a league round about, the winter still prevailed. Although the season was prematurely beautiful, the roads were hardly passable. But Count Hoditz, who doubted of nothing, and for whom the impossible was a joke, had already arrived, and had a hundred pioneers at work smoothing the road over which the majestic equipage of his noble spouse was to roll on the next day. It would perhaps have been more conjugal and of more assistance to have journeyed with her; but it was not of so much consequence to hinder her from breaking her arms and legs on the road, as to give her a fête; and, dead or alive, she must needs have a splendid entertainment on taking possession of Roswald.

The Count hardly allowed our travel-

lers time to change their dresses, and had served up to them a very fine dinner in a mossy and rocky grotto, which an enormous stove, skilfully masked by false rocks, warmed agreeably. At first sight, this place seemed enchanting to Consuelo. The view which opened from the entrance of the grotto was really magnificent. Nature had done every thing for Roswald. Precipitous and picturesque hills, forests of evergreens, abundant springs of water, admirable perspectives, immense prairies, it seemed that with a comfortable habitation there was enough to constitute a finished place of pleasure. But Consuelo soon perceived the strange effects by which the Count had succeeded in spoiling this sublime nature. The grotto would have been charming without the windows, which made of it an unseasonable dining room. As the honey-suckles and climbers were only beginning to bud, the frames of the doors and the windows had been masked with artificial leaves and flowers, which there made a ridiculous pretence. The shells and stalactites, somewhat damaged by the winter, showed the plaster and mastic which fastened them to the walls, and the heat of the stove, melting the remains of frost concentrated in the vaulted ceiling, brought upon the heads of the guests a blackish and unhealthy rain, which the Count was determined not to notice. Porpora was quite vexed, and two or three times put his hand to his hat, still without daring to dash it on his head, as he was dying to do. He feared above all that Consuelo might take cold, and he ate very fast, pretending a great impatience to see the music he was to have executed the next day.

"What are you uneasy about, dear maestro?" said the count, who was a great eater, and who liked to relate at length the history of the acquisition, or construction directed by himself of all the rich and curious pieces of his table service: "skilful and finished musicians like yourself, need only a little time to understand such matters. My music is simple and natural. I am not one of those pedantic composers who seek to astonish by learned and strange harmonic combinations. In the country, we want simple and pastoral music: as for me, I love only pure and simple songs: that is also the taste of madam the margravine. You will see that all will go well. Besides, we are losing no time. While we are at breakfast here, my majordomo is getting every thing ready according to my orders, and we shall find the choirs arranged at their different stations and all the musicians at their posts."

While he said this, information was given to my lord that two foreign officers, travelling through the country, asked per-

mission to enter and salute the count, and to visit, if agreeable to him, the palace and gardens of Roswald.

The count was accustomed to this kind of visit, and nothing gave him more pleasure than to be himself the *cicerone* of the curious through the delights of his residence.

"Let them enter, they are welcome," cried he; "place covers for them and bring them here."

A few instants afterwards, the two officers were introduced. They had on the Prussian uniform. He who walked the first, and behind whom his companion seemed determined to efface himself completely, was small and had quite a disagreeable face. His nose, long, heavy and without nobleness, made appear more shocking still the falling of his mouth and the flight or rather absence of his chin. His somewhat bowed form gave, I know not exactly how, an elderly air to his person cramped in the ungraceful coat invented by Frederick. Still that man was only forty at most; his bearing was determined, and when he had taken off his ugly hat, which cut his face even to the commencement of his nose, he showed what he had fine in his head,—a firm, intelligent and meditative forehead, movable eyebrows and eyes of an extraordinary clearness and animation. His glance transformed him like those rays of the sun which suddenly color and embellish the most gloomy and least poetical situations. He seemed to be a head taller when his eyes shone above his pallid, mean and uneasy face.

Count Hoditz received them with a hospitality which was rather cordial than ceremonious, and, without losing time in long compliments, had two covers placed for them and helped them from the best dishes with a truly patriarchal good humor; for Hoditz was the best of men, and his vanity, far from corrupting his heart, assisted him to expand himself with confidence and generosity. Slavery still prevailed in his domains, and all the wonders of Roswald had been constructed at small expense by his people owing land and husbandry service; \* but he covered with flowers and gormandizing the yoke of his subjects. He made them forget the necessary by lavishing the superfluous; and convinced that pleasure is happiness, he gave them so much amusement that they did not think about being free.

The Prussian officer (for truly there was but one, the other seemed only his shadow) appeared at first a little astonished, perhaps even a little shocked at this want of ceremony on the part of the Count; and he affected a reserved politeness, when the Count said to him:

"Sir captain, I beg of you to put your-

\* *Gent tailable et corveable.*

self at your ease and to do here as if in your own house. I know that you must be accustomed to the austere regularity of the great Frederick's armies; I consider that admirable in its place; but here, you are in the country, and if one cannot be amused in the country, what does one go there for? I see that you are well educated persons and of good manners. You certainly could not be officers of the king of Prussia, without having given proofs of military science and determined bravery. I consider you therefore as guests whose presence honors my house; please to dispose of it freely and to remain in it as long as may be agreeable to you."

The officer immediately took his part like a man of sense; and, after having thanked his host in the same tone, began to gulp down the champagne, which still did not cause him to lose a line of his sang-froid, and to make inroads into an excellent *paté*, respecting which he gave utterance to some remarks and gastronomic questions which did not communicate a very favorable idea of him to the abstemious Consuelo. Still she was struck by the fire of his glance, but even that fire astonished without charming her. She found in it a something, I know not what, haughty, scrutinizing and distrustful, which did not reach her heart.

While eating, the officer informed the Count that he was called the baron de Kreutz, that he was a native of Silesia, whither he had just been sent to obtain a supply of cavalry horses; that, being at Neirise, he had not been able to resist the desire of seeing the so celebrated palace and gardens of Roswald; that in consequence, he had passed the frontier that morning with his lieutenant, not without profiting by the time and opportunity to make some purchases of horses on his route. He even offered to the Count to visit his stables, if he had any beast to sell. He travelled on horseback and must return that very evening.

"I shall not permit that," said the Count. "I have no horses to sell to you at present. I have not even enough for the new improvements I intend to effect in my gardens. But I wish to do a better business by enjoying your society as long as possible."

"But we learnt, on arriving here, that you were expecting madam the countess Hoditz from hour to hour; and not wishing to be in the way, we will retire as soon as we hear of her arrival."

"I do not expect madam the countess margravine until to-morrow," replied the Count; "she will arrive here with her daughter, madam the princess of Culmbach. For perhaps you are not ignorant, gentlemen, that I have had the honor to make a noble alliance—"

With the dowager margravine of Bareith," rather quickly retorted the baron de Kreutz, who did not seem so much dazzled by the title as the Count expected.

"She is the aunt of the king of Prussia!" resumed he with a little emphasis.

"Yes, yes, I know it," replied the Prussian officer, taking a huge pinch of snuff.

"And as she is an admirably gracious and affable lady," continued the Count, "I doubt not she will have infinite pleasure in receiving and welcoming brave servants of her illustrious nephew."

"We should be very sensible of so great an honor," said the baron, smiling; "but we have not leisure to profit by it. Our duties imperiously call us to our post, and we must take leave of your excellency this very evening. In the mean while we shall be very happy to admire this beautiful residence: the king our master has not one that can compare with it."

This compliment restored all the kind feelings of the Moravian lord towards the Prussian. They rose from table; Porpora, who cared less for the promenade than for the rehearsal, wished to be excused.

"Not so," said the Count, "promenade and rehearsal will both go on at once; you will see my master."

He offered his arm to Consuelo, and passing first: "Your pardon, gentlemen," said he, "if I take possession of the only lady who is here at this moment: it is the lord's right. Have the goodness to follow me; I will be your guide."

"Allow me to ask you, sir," said the baron de Kreutz, addressing Porpora for the first time, who that amiable lady is?"

"Sir," replied Porpora, who was in a bad humor, "I am an Italian; I understand German but little, and French still less."

The baron, who until then had always talked French with the Count, according to the custom of those times among people of the fashionable world, repeated his question in Italian.

"That amiable lady, who has not yet said a word before you," drily replied Porpora, "is neither margravine nor dowager, nor princess, nor baroness, nor countess; she is an Italian cantatrice who is not devoid of a certain degree of talent."

"I am so much the more interested in making her acquaintance and knowing her name," returned the baron, smiling at Porpora's rudeness.

"She is the Porporina, my pupil," replied Porpora.

"She is a very skilful person, they say," returned the other, "and one who is impatiently expected at Berlin. Since she is your pupil, I see that it is to the

illustrious master Porpora that I have the honor to speak."

"At your service," said Porpora briefly, again placing upon his head the hat he had just raised in answer to baron de Kreutz' profound bow. The latter, seeing him so little communicative, let him advance and kept in the rear with his lieutenant. Porpora, who had eyes even in the back of his head, saw that they laughed together while looking at him and speaking of him in their tongue. He was so much the more ill-disposed towards them, and did not even glance at them during the whole promenade.

#### X.

They descended quite a steep little slope, at the bottom of which they found a river in miniature which had been a pretty, limpid and rough torrent; but as it was necessary to make it navigable, its bed had been smoothed, its fall diminished, its banks graded regularly, and its beautiful waters muddied by recent labors. The workmen were still busied in clearing away some rocks which the winter had precipitated into it and which gave it some remains of physiognomy;—it was necessary to make this disappear quickly. A gondola was there in waiting for the promenaders, a real gondola which the Count had brought from Venice, and which made Consuelo's heart beat with a thousand pleasant and painful reminiscences. The party embarked; the gondoliers were also real Venetians, speaking their dialect; they had been brought with the bark, as, now-a-days, negroes with the giraffe. Count Hoditz, who had travelled a good deal, imagined that he could speak all languages; but though he had a great deal of confidence, and in a loud voice and an accented tone gave his orders to the gondoliers, the latter would have understood him with difficulty had not Consuelo served him as interpreter. They were directed to sing some verses of Tasso; but those poor devils, chilled by the ices of the north, expatriated and bewildered in their recollections, gave the Prussians a very poor specimen of their style. Consuelo was obliged to prompt them at every stanza, and promised to give them a rehearsal of the fragments they were to sing before the margravine the next day.

When they had rowed a quarter of an hour in a space which might have been passed in three minutes, but in which the poor stream, thwarted in its course, had been compelled to a thousand insidious windings, they reached the open sea. It was quite a large basin which opened upon them through clumps of cypresses and firs, and of which the unexpected coup d'œil was really agreeable. But

they had no time to admire it. They were obliged to embark on board of a pocket man-of-war, in which nothing was wanting; in masts, sails, and cordage, it was a finished model of a ship with all her rigging, which the too great number of sailors and passengers almost sunk. Porpora was quite cold, the carpets were very damp, and I even believe that, in spite of the particular examination which the Count, who had arrived the day before, had already made of every part, the vessel leaked badly. No one was at ease excepting the Count, who, thanks to his part of entertainer, never cared for the little discomforts connected with his pleasures, and Consuelo, who began to be much amused by the follies of her host. A fleet proportioned to this admiral's vessel came to place itself under her orders, and executed manœuvres which the Count himself, armed with a speaking trumpet and erect upon the poop, gravely directed, getting quite vexed when matters did not go to his liking, and making them recommence the rehearsal. Afterwards they advanced in squadron to the sound of abominably false music of brass instruments, which completed Porpora's exasperation. "It is well enough to freeze us and make us catch cold," said he between his teeth; "but to scorch our ears in this style, it is too much!"

"Make all sail for the Peloponessus!" and they sailed towards a bank crowned with little buildings in imitation of Greek temples and antique tombs. They steered towards a little bay masked by rocks, and, when ten paces distant, they were received by a discharge of musquetry. Two men fell dead upon the deck, and a very light ship-boy, who had his station in the rigging, uttered a loud cry, decended, or rather let himself slide down adroitly, and rolled into the very midst of the company, screaming that he was wounded and holding on to his head, which he said had been fractured by a ball.

"Here," said the Count to Consuelo, "I have need of you for a little rehearsal which my crew must go through. Have the goodness to represent for an instant the person of madam the margravine, and to command that dying boy and those two dead men, who, by the way, fell very stupidly, to rise, to be cured on the instant, to take to their arms, and to defend her highness against the insolent pirates concealed in that ambuscade."

Consuelo hastened to assume the character of the margravine, and played it with much more dignity and natural grace than madam Hoditz herself would have done. The dead and dying raised themselves on their knees and kissed her hand. Thereupon it was enjoined them by the Count not to touch the noble hand of her highness in

earnest with their vassal mouths, but to kiss their own hand when pretending to approach hers with their lips. Then dead and dying rushed to their arms, making great demonstrations of enthusiasm; the little rope-dancer, who played the part of ship-boy, climbed his mast like a cat and discharged a light carbine towards the pirate's bay. The fleet closed around the modern Cleopatra, and the little cannons made a horrible uproar.

Consuelo, forewarned by the Count, who did not wish to cause her a serious fright, had not been the dupe of the rather strange opening of this comedy. But the two Prussian officers, towards whom it had not been thought necessary to practice the same gallantry, seeing two men fall at the first fire, had closed up to each other and turned pale. He who had said nothing appeared afraid for his captain, and the trouble of the latter had not escaped the tranquilly observing glance of Consuelo. Still, it was not fear that was depicted upon his features; but on the contrary, a kind of indignation, of anger even, as if the pleasantry offended him personally and seemed to him an insult to his dignity as a Prussian and military man. Hoditz did not notice it, and when the battle was raging, the captain and his lieutenant shouted with laughter and took the jest in the best manner. They even drew their swords and lunged in to the air to have their share of the sport.

The pirates, in light boats, dressed as Greeks and armed with blunderbusses and pistols loaded with powder, had come out from their pretty little reefs, and fought like lions. They were allowed to come alongside, and were there defeated with great slaughter, in order that the good margravine might have the pleasure of resuscitating them. The only cruelty committed was making some of them fall into the sea. The water of the basin was quite cold, and Consuelo was pitying them, when she saw that they took pleasure in it, and had some vanity in showing to the mountaineers, their companions, that they were good swimmers.

When the fleet of Cleopatra, (for the ship on board of which the margravine was to be, really bore this pompous title) had been victorious, as of right, it towed the pirate's flotilla as prisoners after it, and sailed to the sound of triumphal music, to explore the coast, of Greece. They afterwards approached an unknown island, on which they saw clay-built huts and exotic trees, very well imitated; for one never knew what to be sure of in this respect, the false and the true being confounded every where. At the margin of the isle canoes were fastened. The natives of the country threw themselves into them with very wild cries and came to meet the fleet, bringing foreign flowers

and fruits recently cut in the hot-houses of the residence. These savages were shaggy, tattooed and woolly, and more like devils than men. The costumes were not very well assorted. Some were crowned with feathers, like Peruvians, others bundled up in furs, like Esquimaux; but these matters were not to be examined too closely; provided they were very ugly and in very great disorder, they might be taken for anthropophagi at least.

These good people made many grimaces, and their chief, who was a kind of giant, having a false beard reaching to his waist, came to deliver a speech which Count Hoditz himself had taken pains to compose in the savage tongue. It was an assemblage of high-sounding and crackling syllables, arranged at random to imitate a grotesque and barbarous patois. The Count having made him recite his tirade without a mistake, took the trouble to translate this fine harangue to Consuelo, who still performed the part of margravine for want of the real one. "This discourse signifies, madam," said he, imitating the salutations of the savage king, "that this horde of cannibals whose custom it is to devour all strangers who land upon their island, suddenly touched and tamed by the magic effect of your charms, come to lay at your feet the homage of their ferocity, and to offer to you the royalty of these unknown realms. Deign to land without fear, and though they are sterile and uncultivated, the wonders of civilization will bloom under your feet."

They landed upon the island amidst the songs and the dances of the young savage girls. Strange and pretendedly ferocious animals, stuffed figures, which by means of springs were made to kneel suddenly, saluted Consuelo on the bank. Then, by the help of ropes, the newly planted trees and thickets fell, the paste-board rocks disappeared, and they saw small houses ornamented with flowers and foliage. Shepherdesses conducting real flocks, (Hoditz did not lack these,) villagers dressed in the last style of the opera, though rather dirty when seen near to, in fine, even kids and tame deer came to offer faith and homage to the new sovereign. "It is here," then said the Count to Consuelo, "that you will have to play a part to-morrow before her highness. You will be provided with the costume of a savage divinity, all covered with flowers and ribbons, and will remain in that grotto: the margravine will enter and you will sing the cantata which I have in my pocket, to yield to her your rights as a divinity, seeing that there can be but one goddess where she deigns to appear."

"Let me see the cantata," said Consuelo, receiving the manuscript of which

Hoditz was the author. It did not cost her much trouble to read and sing at first sight that simple common-place song; words and music, all were *gentle*. The only thing was to learn it by heart. Two violins, a harp and a flute hidden in the depths of the cave accompanied her all wrong. Porpora made them begin again. In a quarter of an hour, all went well. This was not the only part Consuelo had to play in the fête, nor the only cantata the Count had in his pocket: they were short, happily; her highness must not be wearied by too much music.

At the savage island they made sail again and went to land upon a Chinese shore: towers in imitation of porcelain, kiosks, stunted gardens, little bridges, bamboos, tea plantations, nothing was wanting. The literati and the mandarins, rather well dressed, came to make a speech in Chinese to the margravine; and Consuelo, who, in the crossing, was to change her costume in the cabin of one of the boats and wrap herself up as a mandarin, was to attempt some couplets in the Chinese language and music, still in the style of Count Hoditz:

Ping, Pang, tiong,  
Hi, han, hong.

Such was the burden, which was understood to signify, thanks to the power of abbreviation possessed by that wonderful language:

"Beautiful margravine, great princess, idol of all hearts, reign forever over your happy spouse and over your joyous empire of Roswald in Moravia."

On leaving China, they entered some very rich palanquins, and on the shoulders of the poor Chinese and savage serfs, scaled a little mountain on the top of which they found the city of Lilliput. Houses, forests, lakes, mountains, all reached to your knee or ankle, and it was necessary to stoop in order to see, in the interior of the dwellings, the furniture and household utensils which were in relative proportion to all the rest. Puppets danced upon the public square to the sound of bells, cymbals and tambourines. The persons who made them act and who produced this Lilliputian music were hidden under ground, in cellars made for the purpose.

On redescending the mountain of the Lilliputians, they found a desert of a hundred paces in diameter, all encumbered with enormous rocks and vigorous trees given up to their natural growth. It was the only place which the Count had not spoiled and mutilated. He had contented himself with leaving it as he found it. "I was long embarrassed by the thought of what I could do with this precipitous defile," said he to his guests. "I knew not how to get rid of these masses of rock, nor what turn to give to these superb but

disorderly trees: suddenly the idea came to me to baptise this spot the desert, the chaos: and I have thought that the contrast would not be disagreeable, especially since on leaving these horrors of nature, we shall again enter admirably arranged and cultivated gardens. To complete the illusion, you shall see what a happy invention I have placed in it."

Speaking thus, the Count pushed aside a huge rock which encumbered the path, (for he had felt obliged to make a smooth and sanded walk in the horrible desert,) and Consuelo found herself at the entrance of a hermitage worked in the rock and surmounted by a large wooden cross. The anchorite of the Thebæide came out: he was a good peasant, whose false beard, long and white, contrasted strangely with his fresh face adorned with the colors of youth. He made a fine speech, the barbarisms of which were corrected by his master, and offered roots and milk to Consuelo in a wooden bowl.

"I think the hermit is rather young," said the baron de Kreutz; "you might have put a real old man here."

"That would not have pleased the margravine," replied Count Hoditz ingeniously. "She says with reason, that old age is not attractive, and that, in a fête, we should see none but young actors."

I will spare the reader the rest of the promenade. I should never finish if I wished to describe to him the different countries, the druidical altars, the Indian pagodas, the covered ways and canals, the virgin forests, the subterranean passages in which were seen the mysteries of the passion cut in the rock, the artificial mines with ball rooms, the Champs-Élysées, the tombs, finally the cascades, the naiads, the serenades and the *six thousand* fountains which Porpora afterwards pretended to have been forced to swallow. There were indeed a thousand other fine conceits, of which the memoirs of the time have transmitted to us the details with admiration: a half-obscure grotto into which you penetrated running, and at the bottom of which a mirror, casting back towards you your own image in an uncertain light, must infallibly give you a great fright; a convent in which you were compelled, under pain of losing your liberty forever, to pronounce vows of which the formula was a homage of eternal submission and adoration to the margravine; a showering tree, which, by means of a pump hidden in the branches, inundated you with ink, blood or rose-water, according as it was wished to gratify or to mystify you; in fine a thousand charming, ingenious, incomprehensible, and above all, expensive secrets, which Porpora had the brutality to consider insupportable, stupid and scandalous.

Night alone put an end to this promenade round the world, in which, now on horse-back, now in litters, on asses, in carriages or boats, they had travelled quite as much as three leagues.

Hardened against cold and fatigue, the two Prussian officers, while laughing at whatever was too puerile in the amusements and surprises at Roswald, had not been so much struck as Consuelo with the absurdities of this wonderful residence. She was a child of nature, born in the clear air, accustomed since her eyes were opened, to look upon the works of God without shade and without spectacles: but the baron de Kreutz, though he was not entirely the newest comer in that aristocracy accustomed to the draperies and pretinences in fashion, was a man of his society and his era. He did not hate grottoes, hermitages and symbols. On the whole, he amused himself good-naturedly, showed much wit in conversation, and said to his follower, who, on entering the dining-room, was respectfully pitying him for the ennui of such an unprofitable excursion; "Ennui! I? not at all. I have taken exercise, I have gained an appetite, I have seen a thousand follies, I have reposed my mind from serious matters; I have neither lost my time nor my trouble."

They were surprised to find nothing in the dining-room but a circle of chairs around an empty space. The Count, having requested his guests to be seated, ordered his valets to serve the supper. "Alas! my lord," replied he who was to give the answer, "we had nothing worthy to be offered to so honorable a company, and we have not even laid the table."

"That is pleasant!" cried the amphitryon in a pretended fury; and when this play had lasted a few moments: "Well!" said he, "since men refuse us a supper, I summon Pluto to send me one that shall be worthy of my guests." Speaking thus, he struck the floor three times, and the floor gliding immediately into a wing, they saw odoriferous flames burst forth; then, to the sound of a joyous and strange music, a magnificently served table came and placed itself under the elbows of the guests.

"This is not bad," said the Count, raising the cloth and speaking under the table: only I am very much astonished, since messire Pluto knows very well that there is no water to drink in my house, that he has not sent me a single goblet."

"Count Hoditz," replied from the depths of the abyss, a hoarse voice worthy of Tartarus; "water is very scarce in hell; for most all our rivers are dry since the eyes of her highness the margravine have burned even to the entrails of the earth; still, if you require it, we will

send a Danaïde to the banks of the Styx to see if she can find some."

"Let her be quick then," replied the Count, and above all, give her a cask which has not been broached."

"At the same instant, a beautiful cistern of jasper in the middle of the table, threw up a crystal fountain, which during the whole supper fell upon itself like a sheaf of diamonds, from the reflection of the numerous tapers. The crown-all was a master-piece of richness and bad taste, and the water of the Styx, the infernal supper, furnished the Count with materials for a thousand plays upon words, allusions and idle nonsense which were no better, but for which the simplicity of his childishness made excuse. The savory repast, served by young sylphs and nymphs, more or less charming, cheered the baron de Kreutz a good deal. Still he paid only a slight attention to the beautiful slaves of the amphitryon: these poor peasant girls were at once the servants, the mistresses, the choristers and the actresses of their lord. He was their professor of the graces, of dancing, singing and declamation. Consuelo had had at Passaw a specimen of his manner of proceeding with them; and thinking of the glorious lot which this lord offered to her then, she admired the respectful sang froid with which he treated her now, without appearing either surprised or confused at her contempt. She knew very well that the margravine's arrival would change the aspect of things on the morrow, that she would dine in her chamber with her master, and that she would not have the honor of being admitted to the table of her highness. That did not trouble her in the least, though she was ignorant of a circumstance which would have greatly diverted her at this instant: the fact that she was supping with a personage infinitely more illustrious, who would not for all the world sup on the morrow with the margravine.

The baron de Kreutz, smiling therefore with quite a cold air at the aspect of the nymphs of the household, gave more attention to Consuelo, when, after having provoked her to conversation, he led her to talk about music. He was an enlightened and almost passionate amateur of that divine art: at least he spoke of it with a superior intelligence which, not less than the repast, the good dishes and the warmth of the apartment, softened the crabbed humor of Porpora. "It would be desirable," said he at last to the baron, who had a moment before delicately praised his method without naming him, "that the sovereign we are to try to divert were as good a judge as you!"

"They say," replied the baron, "that my sovereign is quite enlightened in this

matter, and that he really does love the fine art."

"Are you very sure of that, sir baron?" returned the maestro, who could not converse without contradicting every body on every point. "As to me, I do not at all flatter myself that it is so. Kings are always first in every thing, if you believe their subjects; but it often happens that their subjects know much more than they do."

"In matters of war, as in matters of science and engineering, the king of Prussia knows much more than either of us," replied the lieutenant with zeal; and as to music, it is very certain —"

"That you know nothing about, nor I either," drily interrupted captain Kreutz; "master Porpora must be referred to himself alone in this respect."

"As to me," returned the maestro, "royal dignity has never imposed upon me in matters of music; and when I had the honor to give lessons to the electoral princess of Saxony, I did not pass over her false notes any more than another's."

"What!" said the baron, looking at his companion with an ironical expression, "do crowned heads ever make false notes?"

"Just like simple mortals, sir!" replied Porpora. "Still I must say that the electoral princess did not long make them with me, and that she had a rare intelligence to second me."

"So you would have the goodness to forgive some false notes to our Fritz, if he had the impertinence to make any in your presence?"

"On condition that he corrected them."

"But you would not wash his head?" said Count Hoditz laughingly in his turn.

"I would do it, were he to cut off mine!" replied the old professor, whom a little champagne made expansive and boastful.

Consuelo had been well and duly warned by the canon that Prussia was a great prefecture of police, in which the slightest word, spoken very low on the frontier, arrived in a few moments, by a succession of mysterious and faithful echoes, at the cabinet of Frederick, and that one must never say to a Prussian, above all to a military man, to one holding any office whatever, "How do you do?" without weighing each syllable, and turning, as little children are told, the tongue seven times in one's mouth. It was with uneasiness therefore that she saw her master give himself up to his sneering temper, and she endeavoured to repair his imprudence by a little policy.

"Even if the king of Prussia were not the first musician of his age," said she, "he may be allowed to disdain an art which is certainly very futile in comparison with all that he knows besides."

But she was ignorant that Frederick attached no less importance to being a great flutist, than to being a great captain and a great philosopher. The baron de Kreutz declared that if his majesty had judged music an art worthy of being studied, he had most probably consecrated to it his attention and serious labor.

"Bah!" replied Porpora, who became more and more excited, "attention and labor reveal nothing in the matter of art, to those whom Heaven has not endowed with innate talent. The genius of music is not within reach of all fortunes, and it is easier to win battles and pension men of letters than to draw the sacred fire from the muses. The baron Frederick de Trenck in fact told us that his Prussian majesty, when he failed in the measure, threw the blame upon his courtiers; but that will not do with me."

"The baron Frederick de Trenck said that!" replied the baron de Kreutz, whose eyes glowed with sudden and impetuous anger. "Well!" replied he, immediately calming himself by an effort of will, and speaking in a tone of indifference, "the poor devil must have lost his fancy for jesting; for he is shut up in the citadel of Glatz for the rest of his days."

"Truly!" said Porpora, "and what has he done then?"

"That is a state secret," replied the baron: "but every thing gives reason to believe that he has betrayed the confidence of his master."

"Yes!" added the lieutenant; "by selling to Austria the plans of the fortifications of Prussia, his country."

"Oh! that is impossible!" said Consuelo, who had become pale, and who, more and more watchful over her countenance and words, could not restrain this sorrowful exclamation.

"It is impossible, and it is false!" cried Porpora indignant; "those who have made the king of Prussia believe that have lied in their throats!"

"I presume that is not an indirect lie which you mean to give to us!" said the lieutenant, becoming pale in his turn.

"One must have a very uncomfortable susceptibility to take it in that light," replied the baron de Kreutz, darting a severe and imperious glance at his companion. "In what does it concern us! and what is it to us if the Porpora does feel warm in his friendship for that young man?"

"Yes, I should feel so, even in the presence of the king himself," said Porpora. "I would tell the king that he has been deceived; that it was very wrong in him to have believed it; that Frederick de Trenck is a worthy, a noble young man, and incapable of an infamous action."

"I believe, my master," said Consuelo, whom the captain's expression disquieted more and more, "that you would be fasting when you had the honor to approach the king of Prussia; and I know you too well not to be certain that you will speak to him of nothing except music."

"The young lady appears to me very prudent," returned the baron. "It is nevertheless said that she was quite intimate at Vienna with this young baron de Trenck!"

"I, sir!" replied Consuelo, with a well acted indifference; "I hardly knew him."

"But," resumed the baron with a penetrating look, "if the king himself should ask you, by I know not what unforeseen chance, what you think of the treachery of this Trenck?"

"Sir baron," said Consuelo, meeting his inquisitorial glance with much calmness and modesty, "I should answer him, that I do not believe in the treachery of any one, for I do not understand what it is to betray."

"That is a beautiful saying, signora," returned the baron, whose face suddenly cleared, "and you have said it with the accent of a beautiful soul."

He spoke of something else, and charmed the company by the grace and power of his wit. During all the rest of the supper, he had, when addressing Consuelo, an expression of kindness and of confidence which she had not before seen in him.

To be Continued.

## PRISON SONNETS.

BY HENRY CLAPP, JR.

I.

A friend whose heart, with loving kindness  
fraught,

Was moved to send into my cold retreat  
Some Messenger of Love, whose influence  
sweet,

Should cause these bolts and bars to be forgot,

Chose a young Plant, whose virgin breath  
and blood

Should brighten up this dark and gloomy cell,  
And make it fragrant as the favored dell  
Where flowers delight to yield their rich  
perfume.

But scarce three days had cast their prison  
shade,

And three damp nights had shed their prison  
chill

On this dear Plant, ere its sweet breath was  
still,

Its color gone, its soul forever fled!  
I gathered up the faded leaves and flowers,  
And thought them emblems fit of prison  
hours!

II.

O! how can man his equal brother chain  
Within cold walls, while this warm-hearted  
Spring

Makes all the Earth and Heavens with joy  
to ring

With song of bird and trees and falling rain?  
Would he from sin his fellow man reclaim,  
And guide his steps to Wisdom's pleasant  
ways,

Where he may know and live his Maker's  
praise

And learn to sing the glory of his name?

Then loose the shackle from his aching limb,

Take from his heart the prison's deathly chill,

And let him roam o'er smiling mead and hill

Where Nature's voice,—her "low perpetual  
hymn,"

Will banish from his soul each Hate impure

And make it glow with Loves that shall endure!

Salem Jail, May 2, 1846.

## LETTER ON EDUCATION.—NO. II.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I feel myself quite unequal to give that complete analysis of the term "a large home" which would show it to include every thing required in a thorough system of education, but as the friends about me more competent than myself to do the subject justice, are not at this moment prompted to it, I must trust to the inspiration of a full heart to aid me in my attempt to answer your letter worthily.

And first I would assert that the wearing care of perpetual domestic vigilance, which makes our American mothers old before their time, is removed, in the case of young children in Association, by the exchange of menial attendance, (which never can be relied on) for the parental watchfulness of the most intelligent, refined, and gentle persons in the large household, who are selected for an office on account of these qualities, that very few parents are themselves qualified to fill. These attendants too are relieved by one of their own number every two hours, a term long enough to exhaust the activity and patience of the most untiring persons, and render them wholly unfit to continue the care without great injury to the child, who should always be met with morning freshness of spirit, sunshine and gentleness. But the vigilance of parental care does not end with childhood. School days begin, and the anxious heart follows where the bodily eye cannot reach—to the school room and the play grounds, feeling both to be necessary evils—only second to the injurious influence of a narrow home education. But how much are these evils mitigated when all the teachers are the daily and hourly companions, of both parents and children, in relations which leave no chance of concealment on either side, and where a common interest making every individual on the domain responsible for the welfare and good conduct of the child, each person engaged, singly or in groups, about his daily work, is a committee of vigilance in himself, quite unintentionally and indirectly, it is true, but on that very ac-



count so much the more to be relied on. By the every day arrangements of industry, persons are stationed or moving over the whole place at every moment, and guarding it at every point, so there can be no possibility of concealment among children. Though Association may have suffered in reputation from scandals circulated against it, if they have ever had a foundation in truth, the public are indebted for facts to the openness of all associative arrangements, which leaves no indecorum hidden, and where *one* is committed, and made public to persons concerned, in the homes of the Combined Order, *hundreds* are practised (I speak from positive knowledge on the subject,) in common schools, in the most select schools, and in the retirement of the most carefully guarded household, which are concealed for years, and if ever known, only become so by the treachery of some school companion or servant, unwarily confided in.

It is often remarked to the teachers in Association, by the inhabitants of the city of Boston, for example—"We would willingly confide our children to you, but how could we endure to have them mingle familiarly with all sorts of children?" We would answer—"If your children from five and six years of age are not entirely deprived of all childish sports, during the many months of their annual residence in town—perhaps during many years' residence there, where are they to exercise themselves? Where are they compelled to go to find space for their bat and ball, coasting, skating,—all indispensable to the existence of children? On the Common, where is assembled as low and degraded a population as can be found in the most polluted haunts of European cities. With this they are thrown into most intimate familiarity, or dangerous antagonism, with no restraining power, unless the intercourse leads to acts of flagrant offence punishable in the police courts. If no man or woman can cross the Common, on play days, without a shudder at the scenes they witness, and the language they hear, how can parents allow their young children to come in contact with every form of vice displayed there, and then object to the associated family on account of its mixed society?"

After infancy and early childhood, the vigilance of the parent is not indispensable to the existence of the child, but I know that none, would tell me that their anxious cares decreased from that period. When the evening meal is over what mother would not feel a burden taken from her spirit, if her home presented sufficiently varied attractions to retain within its circle her sons and daughters? But the pleasantest home is monotonous, and the sons and daughters must see the

world;—where are the sons? gladly would the parents answer, but they know not. And the daughters! How rarely can the mother without immense sacrifices accompany them to their places of evening resort. How rarely are the pleasures of society wide and beautiful enough to attract both. What can a true hearted parent desire more earnestly than a large home, where simple and graceful amusements, charm every age, and are entered into with interest for their own sake, and where the young of both sexes could not be induced to lose a happy evening for any pleasure which surrounding society can offer!

This state of things, visionary as it may seem, has been already realized in Association, where no amusements are entered into by the young, which are not shared by those older than themselves—who are not present as fixtures to watch their children's motions, and compare them with their rivals, but who generally take part in the gaiety, forget themselves and become young in it.

The influence of women over the boys and young men who are pupils in Association, is not one of the least important features of education in the Combined Order, where instead of the monastic institutions of high schools and colleges, teachers are provided indiscriminately from both sexes—youth of both sexes are educated together, and maternal watchfulness and companionship, where minute care may not be needed, is prolonged to the last state of pupillage.

A home should be the scene of useful and active work, as well as domestic joy and elegant refinements; but "how is this to be accomplished?" ask many parents. With servants to every wish, there is no stimulus of necessity to urge labor, and then the process of education commences very early and lasts through the day, and must not be interfered with, by domestic occupations. But Association furnishes labor constantly for two or three hours of the day to each pupil; first for their own sakes, that they may not, as they make the transition from youth to womanhood and manhood, have the great gulf to pass, which separates the luxurious inactivity of sixteen from the bustling and wearing cares of six and twenty; second, for the sake of the Association, that its labor may be accomplished, and all the members of the family to the very youngest feel that they have something of the responsibility of the actual work upon themselves. There is no deception, no sham in this, their future destiny is not kept out of sight till the moment they reach it, but all along from personal experience they learn the conditions of life, and learn too, cheerfully to accept them. Labor is not to them the

painful occupation of the many, from which the favored few are exempt, but the pleasant obligation laid upon all from which no true soul would consent to free itself. The associative family is the only spot in the civilized world where labor is really respected, where it is honored not by condescending approbation and proud patronage, but by the equal participation of all persons in its daily round.

If any one has had the happiness in early life to enjoy the conversation of intelligent persons of all ages, he will not lightly esteem the advantages which Association offers in this respect. Though living in comparative seclusion, the pupils have free access to all the society of the family, and to all its guests, who of course are numerous and include very intelligent and accomplished persons of our own and other countries. In its early stages, and amid poverty and self-denial, Association can offer opportunities for the cultivation of taste, and acquisition of accomplishments, far beyond what can be obtained even at a great expense in the isolated household, for it numbers in its ranks persons of thorough culture who can draw around them much that is beautiful in art, and attract into their circle for the benefit of all, the choicest influences of the times. Though poor, struggling and obscure—Association is already opulent in what the world values most, and all its treasures are at the command of any who are capable of receiving them.

## REVIEW.

*Henry Russell; or the Year of our Lord Two Thousand. A Novel.* New York: William H. Graham. 1846 pp. 115.

The design of this book is certainly a bold one, but needed corresponding force and freedom of execution to be successful, and then it could only have partially succeeded, for where there is hardly any guide to the imagination, even genius cannot get a very deep hold of its public.

The author proposes to give us a chapter out of the social life which will prevail in this country some hundred and fifty years hence, when, to use the words of the old song, "the King shall enjoy his own again,"—when Man shall have attained to Harmony, to happiness, to wisdom. He announces himself as a pupil of Fourier and believes that the Phalanstery of the great discoverer will ere that time have conquered this northern continent. This faith is one that removes mountains; we need not say how deeply we sympathise with it.

On the book in an artistic point of view, we regret not to be able to bestow an unqualified commendation. It may be that any imperfection that belongs to it is to be charged to the difficulty of the



subject. But at any rate we can discern no great difference between its characters, and intelligent and romantic people, such as sometimes figure in novels whose scenes are not so remote from the present time. We hope that a greater progress will be achieved in the next century and a half than the author has conceived of.

We must say also that though our author declares the theory of the Combined Order taught by Fourier, to be the basis of his sketches, he does not display a very minute acquaintance with that theory. The industrial arrangements which he describes, we fear could hardly be recognized by the teacher to whom they are attributed. Some other defects of this kind might also be noticed.

But compared with the romances generally sent forth by the cheap press, "Henry Russell" is worth reading, notwithstanding our criticism. Its moral tone is good, and it is calculated to excite only the amiable qualities of human nature. It contains too a good deal of positive truth which cannot be listened to too often. If it could only supply the place of one of the thousand worthless and pernicious publications which infest the market, it would be a blessing indeed.

*Uncle John, or, It is too much trouble.* By MARY ORME. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1846. pp. 179.

A book with a good aim this, of which it does not altogether fail. It touches with some power on many valuable thoughts in a rather desultory way perhaps, but then it wearies your patience with no long homilies. What is a rare thing in a book whose purpose is didactic, it supposes that its readers are gifted with the ordinary quantity of intellect, and can follow out an idea for themselves. This is to our minds a decided merit, though indeed it does not allow of anything more than the mere introduction of the author's opinions. This introduction is managed with skill, and is free from the universal fault of such tales; the characters do not seem to be created for the sole purpose of saying the words put into their mouths, but appear to have an independent existence.

If we should find any fault with "Uncle John," it would be that it is rather too strongly tinged with a sentimentalism, that does not exist in nature so much as in "a life drunk in from the living words of Bulwer, and D'Iraeli, and James, Mrs. Gorn, and Burns, and Byron." It is not healthy, expansive, vigorous, a fault of some magnitude. Its style too is sometimes slightly affected, and often careless, and so does not put criticism to silence. But on the other hand, it is written out of actual experi-

ences. Its pictures of life are a painful record of what exists in the history of many a man and woman. It holds up a mirror in which our modern society might catch features of its own that decorous appearances strive to conceal; it gives the diagnosis of diseases that prey on the very life of the world, and ought to call every one of its readers to serious reflection. If its coloring is sometimes rather too high to satisfy a severe taste, and its touches too negligent, still it is for the most part reality that is represented, a fact that is more than an apology for any defects in the execution. We trust it may be productive of all the good that the authoress could desire.

¶ The review of Dr. Kraitsir on "The Significance of the Alphabet," which we promised for this week, is, we regret to say, unavoidably crowded out; it shall appear in the next number.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

### THE FESTIVAL CONCERT IN NEW YORK. — BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY.

Our report of the "monster concert," as some paper called it, comes somewhat tardily behind the time. But we do not write to gratify a newspaper curiosity; we comfort ourselves with Keats's line:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"

and we most delight to chronicle those things whose interest is not dependent on electro-telegraphic despatches. Let war and the black triumphs of little men made mad by office, who style their diabolic dealings with a sister republic, "patriotism," shoot its pangs to every sensitive part of the national conscience as swiftly as it will along these iron nerves of communication; let society be speedily informed of all its own crimes and follies and have its infernal glorification out as soon as possible; let idlers greedily gape for the latest news of those events which mark our lapsing backwards or hell-wards, (and of such news we have had plenty lately;) but give us the privilege to celebrate the things which make for peace and progress without hurry or fear of their growing old. A triumph of Art in our land of money-makers is morally entitled to be ranked among such things. Hours spent with multitudes enjoying the grand works of music, are hours of which conscience never accuses us. Seeing that the serious occupations of our nation are so damnable; that the so called earnest business of politicians and rulers is altogether worse than idle, since it is neither more nor less than the business of establishing the supremacy of the

bad passions among men, (whatever paradoxes may be held up about "conquering peace;) " seeing too that all this war is only the ultimate cutaneous eruption of strife continually raging in the veins of a competitive commercial society, which dignifies its paper warfare by the name of "business;" we confess to a certain pride in giving ourselves to what these self-styled serious people may deem "lighter matters."

That these reflections mingle with our memory of the concert, is owing partly to the circumstance that on our way to "Castle Garden" to attend it, we rode by the Park, where at the same hour was gathered a dense, black sea of heads, a crowd of fifty thousand "patriotic" people, to respond to the war summons of the President. The hoarse murmur of their voices struck a strange chill to our feelings; morally viewed, it was more a gathering of fiends, shouting over the opportunity now offered to unchain the lower, fiercer passions, plotting to put the world back in its age of promise, and once more drown the voices of Love and Wisdom which in the long repose of half the earth from strife were beginning to make themselves effectually heard. War for the sake of war, for the sake of its mere animal excitement, for the sake of gratifying a base lust for power, for the sake of the chance thus offered for all baser elements of character to rise into an importance denied them in the quiet moral scale of things; and for the sake of no just cause, of no high sentiment or principle, of no real gain to any one, of no good thing whatever! What a relief to emerge from this oppressive element, from the mere sight and distant sound of it, into the circle of light and beauty where Beethoven and Mozart were to hold forth, true "demagogues," or leaders of the people in a true way, attuning care-worn and conflicting minds to Harmony! The contrast, we believe, was providential, at least so far as appreciating the full force of the Choral Symphony was concerned, as will appear anon.

The spectacle, on entering, was picturesque and inspiring. Castle Garden is the old walls of an almost circular fort, roofed over with a good deal of architectural grace in the manner of a vast pavilion. On its one flat side is a drop curtain with various scenic contrivances for small dramatic performances, before which a fountain plays beneath a dome supported on eight pillars. Within this octagonal enclosure, a staging was erected for the orchestra over the fountain, this time to be supplanted by commingling jets of harmony. The instruments numbered about a hundred; the singers perhaps twice that number, flanking the instru-

ments on both sides; and the white dresses of the female choristers, with all the other paraphernalia of music, gave the orchestra the appearance, as the writer in the *Tribune* well says, of a little isolated Parnassus. An audience of about 2000 filled but a portion of the wide circles of seats which sweep round the ground floor and form a gallery above, which with the area between them and the orchestra, dotted over with little white-topped tables for ice-cream parties, might easily accommodate some six or seven thousand people. Behind the gallery various outlets open upon a platform which runs round the fort, where you may promenade with the stars above you and the water beneath you, surrounded by all the beauties of the harbor. All this, on such a fine clear night as was then vouchsafed to us, formed a most agreeable environment for a high feast of music. It helped the imagination to a degree which almost compensated for the bad acoustic qualifications of the hall, where only an angel suspended in the dome could possibly catch all the sounds. Indeed at the rehearsal in the morning the effect was so bad, as almost to damp the spirit of the performers; the voices could hardly be heard in the galleries opposite; and the reverberation of a full burst of all the instruments often cut off the first notes of a pianissimo passage immediately following. But the difficulty was in some measure overcome in the evening.

What a bustling scene was that rehearsal! One should be in all that to bring himself to the true pitch for such a performance. For a good hour or two, musicians had turned carpenters and were laboring and tugging at boards and benches to build up the ground-work of their Parnassus; guests were arriving to lend their aid in bringing out Beethoven, and endless was the shaking of hands, and talking and laughing and gesticulating in little hearty groups all over the room. At last the hubbub began to yield to the director's almost frantic summons to order, and the rehearsal commenced. It was a wonder to see how these brave artists attacked and mastered music so thick-set with difficulties, at only the first or second trial. The social bustle went on, and the music went on as a matter of business in the midst of it; it might give one some conception of the preparations of those great Festivals in Germany. The effect was confusing enough, and yet we found that it made all far more clear to us in the evening. "A rough rehearsal makes a good concert" is the musicians' proverb. To the hearer it is equally true; a mere familiarity with the themes beforehand, however unintelligible the thing as a whole, helps him wonderfully to comprehend a symphony the

next time. The following was the programme.

#### PART I.

Overture. *Der Freyschutz*.....WEBER.  
Aria. "*Per questa fiamma*.".....DONIZETTI.  
Miss JULIA L. NORTHALL.

Overture. *Zauberflöte*.....MOZART.  
Grand Aria. *Op. Faliero*, "*Tutto or Morle*,".....DONIZETTI.  
MADAME OTTO.

Concerto in G minor.....MENDELSSOHN.  
Mr. H. C. TIMM.

Grand Aria. "*Non fu Sogno*,".....VERDI.  
SIGNORA PICO.

Overture. *Jubilee*.....WEBER.

#### PART II.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY in D Minor, No. 9,  
Op. 125, for *Grand Orchestra*, closing with 4 solo voices and grand chorus on Schiller's ode "*To Joy*." (Performed first time in America.)

The overtures were performed admirably. In "*Der Freyschutz*" there was no point of expression missed; its wildness and its sweetness were all brought out, and the triumph of the good principle over the evil, which it represents, was like the banishing of that hoarse war murmur in the Park by all this music. The effect of the tremolo passages, representing the infernal element, was greatly heightened by the fact that all the extra force in the orchestra was added to the stringed instruments, whereby a truer proportion was felt in all the performances of the evening. A single pair of horns, of clarinets, of oboes, and of flutes, are sufficiently pronounced and salient, to balance an indefinite quantity of violins; and this was now realized for the first time, we suspect, in an orchestra in America.

The Jubilee Overture exhibits the more joyous genius of Weber, a joy which is in the nature of all Germans. It was composed for the coronation of the English William IV, and ends with a magnificent transfiguration of "*God save the king*," given out in long colossal chords by the wind instruments, while the violins play round these stable columns with a flickering festoonery of light.

But the most perfect thing in point of performance, as well as the perfection of all overtures in itself, was Mozart's "*Magic Flute*" (*Zauberflöte*). For the first time did we seem to hear justice done to it. Its summer warmth and fairy lightness, its wealth of fancy, and perfect unity in variety, its tender depth of love delighted as it timidly and yet resolutely steps within the borders of the marvellous and supernatural,—and indeed the whole spirit of Mozart were there. How finely was the little theme of the fugged passage multiplied and distributed about among the instruments, without any break or awkwardness, weaving a complex web, or melody of melodies, as easily

as the notes are marshalled in a single melody!

Mr. Timm's performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto on the piano, with orchestral accompaniment, was most exquisitely graceful. What music more refined, more spiritually imaginative and original than that of Mendelssohn! This flowed as fully and as freely as soft summer air; its rapid passages conveyed no sense of hurry, but only of an unbroken flow of life, wherein thought and sentiment and sense are one. It marked a rare and quite sublime serenity of existence, in the midst of things enough to trouble; no superficiality in this pensive joy; it is the music of much experience; and it had, though not so prominently as usual, something of that reverent childlike wonder of a fresh soul listening to sacred marvellous traditions, which is so peculiar to a great deal of his music. Perhaps no composer dwells so in the minor mood; and yet it is not sad, but only feminine and gentle.

The three songs were like three beautiful persons, differing as widely as possible. When Miss Northall commenced, we feared it was a desperate case for the singers in that hall; her voice was smothered, and came up like a voice from under the water, and an apparent lack of courage made the matter worse. Yet it was very handsomely performed. But Madame Otto rose above the difficulty of the place at once, and executed a very elaborate and (for Donizetti) very spirited Aria, with a brilliancy of effect and sufficiency of expression for which the newspaper criticisms seem hardly to have given her due credit. Pico gave but a miserable little morceau of a song, by no means worthy of her generous voice and capacity for high passion.

Here was already music enough for one feast. But the great feature of the evening was still to come: Beethoven's last great Symphony, which has been performed here and there once or twice in Europe, but always approached with a certain mingling of awe and doubt, as if it either were too great for any body's comprehension, or the work of genius in its last fit of insanity, as well as physically deaf; but the general conviction after all is that Beethoven knew well what he meant when he composed it, and that into it he has crowded more of himself, and more nearly reached the aim of all his striving in art, than in any work before. Certainly it is not a work to be comprehended and fathomed by a single hearing; its strange and most elaborate structure, the stupendous grandeur with which it goes on building itself up, like a wild vast mountain region, its frightful difficulties for performers, and its length, occupying almost an hour and a

half, make it desirable to hear it many times. But it is a rare thing to get materials enough together to do it once; and we are grateful for that once. We envy not the unmannerly portion of the audience who seemed so much more conscious of their own "early habits of retiring" than of the extraordinary opportunity they had before them, and who went out during the latter part of the Symphony. To us this music was grand and impressive beyond all description. To interpret it, or analyze it with any thoroughness, of course is out of the question. But that *impression* haunts us, and we may without presumption tell what moods of mind it spoke to, and what change it wrought in our own spirit.

We have already, in a former number, spoken of the circumstances under which this symphony was composed. It commences with a very long and difficult allegro, in 2-4 measure, opening with a strange low rustling of barren Fifts, which seems like mere primeval emptiness and chaos. Suddenly a word of power descends into this void, and a struggling, shifting, calling and responding, earnest onward moving of the elements begins; strife resolved and evermore renewed; a gigantic, persevering effort of all discordant forces and affections as if to work themselves out into the clear light of a great day of divine peace and order. It was the saddest music which we ever heard from Beethoven; yet with a mighty power in it, and an uplifting hope; light conquering clouds continually closing in again; full of discords, full of the vision of a final Harmony. All our most anxious and most hopeful feelings about the destiny of our race seemed met and answered in that music. And therefore have we said that coming right in from the war-murmur of the Park was so fit a preparation for it. We were weighed down with the thought that possibly Humanity had got to go through one more great spasmodic struggle, one more age of barbarous conflict and of blood, and were striving to reconcile it with our faith in man's true destiny, and with all the moral victories which the Christian principle of Love has gained in so many ways in these last times of peace. It seemed as if the music understood all that, and in its way was solving the same problem, bearing up the weight of a world-wide sympathetic sadness, on its waves of an indomitable wise faith. It was the sympathy and consolation of an experienced, strong friend; no weak condolence, nor idle passive hoping, but a strong infusion of the essence of those two great powers called Faith and Works. It all came over us like a review of the whole working-together of things throughout

the ages; a consideration of the destiny of man as it has been thus far evolving itself from the clouds of sin and ignorance and violence and deadness that beset its path and try to pull it down. This struggle of the soul with outward Fate is felt as a general characteristic of Beethoven's music; especially in his C minor symphony. But here it seemed no longer the tragedy of individual destiny, but the collective story of the race.

Of the singular Scherzo, and the profoundly beautiful and consoling Adagio, with its two alternating movements, we can offer no description. Indeed through the whole work there is a perpetual restless change of theme; it is full of surprises; and yet the same sentiment predominates all through. This Symphony seems to contain the essence of all his other symphonies, to resume and carry forward to a higher pitch their thought; for there is perfect unity in the life of such a man.

Thus far all has been unspeakably sad. It is as if the sufferings and patient hopes of all Humanity sang themselves in those strains. The second part of the Symphony commences with an impatient burst, followed by short reminiscences of all the themes which went before. Each is restlessly taken up and tried and hastily dismissed, as if the instruments were vainly striving to find the key that should unlock and give true utterance to the deep thought with which they inwardly labored. Then the violoncellos commence a broken recitative melody, as if they would sing; which is answered in fragments by other instruments; and finally resounded by the whole orchestra. And thus the vocal parts are strangely sketched out beforehand by the instruments, in a manner that raises expectation to the highest pitch. Too long have the inanimate instruments of wood and metal striven to break forth into human singing; voices are found necessary, and inspired by a sudden thought the composer introduces a Tenor voice reciting the words: "Friends, no more of these mournful tones; rather sing together more joyous and more happy strains," and Schiller's magnificent Hymn to Joy is introduced and sung in Solos, Duets, Quartets, and full chorus, accompanied by all the powers of the orchestra. This is the chorus of Humanity; the fond embrace and kiss of the millions, in a high festival in honor of the Good Spirit. How it confirmed the thought suggested by the opening movement, and resolved into full light and joy and beauty the oppressive feeling with which those sad strains so well harmonized! It is the music of the high hour of Human Brotherhood; the triumph of the grand unitary sentiment, into which all

the passions and interests of all human hearts are destined finally to blend. No words can describe the grandeur with which all this is worked up, till it becomes perfectly stupendous towards the close. Nothing but the grandest thought which yet has visited the human mind is adequate to the explanation of such music. Nothing but the faith which sees the long ages of discord and misery, Humanity's wintry transition-time, completed in the joy of perfect Unity and Love; nothing but that profound acquaintance with the human heart which reads in men's conflicting passions the elements of a future glorious Harmony; nothing but religious reverence for Attraction and for Joy, the "main-spring of Creation" (as Schiller has it,) can enter into communion with such music, or guess why any man should be inspired to write such. As this age begins to understand itself, and appreciate its own tendencies, will the music of Beethoven be enjoyed and felt. For it is the music of this age, (not of the superficial outside character of the times, best reflected in the brilliant sensuous creations of a Rossini, or of a Leopold de Meyer, full as his music is of animal excitement, war and conquest,) but of the deeper soul of the age which is even now being born. To the struggling impatient Seventh note Beethoven has been more than once compared; it cries out to be resolved into the crowning octave, the completion of the melodic circle. Just so his boundless yearning and aspiring tell of a glorious "resolution" such as men have heard promised in that Gospel which they revere, but hitherto have heard only with their ears, and read only with their eyes.

We went away physically exhausted by the excitement of listening to so great a work, but unspeakably confirmed in all our highest faith. The Symphony had actually lifted the leaden cloud which weighed upon us for days before, from too much study of the war-fever that meets one at every turn in that great city! War there must be; war of the spirit of Christ and of Humanity with the universal insane selfishness that now threatens to engulf the earth in a second abyss of chaos, ere things can get right again. The sins and follies of Humanity apparently are coming to a crisis; the battle will be clearly fought out between the powers of darkness and of Light: but we trust our own hearts and God's word, and the Symphony, that Light will prevail, that Society will be saved, and, conforming itself at length to the Laws of the Divine Order, will become Society indeed, instead of that mere mockery of the word, that poor confused assemblage of isolated and antagonistic interests, which it is and has been.

## POETRY.

For the Harbinger.  
THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.  
Luke xxiv.: 28—33.

"Abide with us,—the day is spent,  
And twilight o'er the landscape bent  
But faintly cheers the traveller's way,  
O stranger, turn and with us stay.

"Abide with us,—thy words are good,  
They stir new hope within our blood,  
That he who came to 'seek and save,'  
May yet rise conquering from the grave.

"Abide with us,—more dark and cold  
Our loneliness will round us fold,  
When thou art gone, and we again  
Must sit and weep for Jesus slain.

"Abide—and utter forth once more  
The holy prophets' wondrous store,  
How he who now doth buried lie  
Must needs to suffer and to die.

"We will believe whate'er thou say'st,  
Our hearts will listen while thou pray'st;  
Come, bless our threshold and our door,  
Come, enter and go forth no more!"

He turns beneath their lowly roof,  
No more to their fond urgings proof;  
The bread he takes, he "blessed and brake,"  
And vanished even while he spake.

In that familiar act betrayed—  
The breath on their white lips is stayed,  
With gazing eyes and burning heart  
They know their Saviour but to part;

With eager words then testify  
How all about their souls did lie  
The half belief, the yearning thought,  
He was the one they sadly sought.

So clasping blessings unawares  
We read no answer to our prayers,  
In God's events, that silent come,  
Nor tell their names, nor show their doom.

Before each veiled Providence  
Should we not watch with eye intense,  
Waiting the moment that shall rend  
The cloud that hides our Holiest Friend?

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 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 THE FRIENDS OF THE HARBINGER.

We enter to-day upon the third volume of our paper. One year has now elapsed since we commenced its publication, and during that time the favor with which it has been received by the friends of the Associative movement, and in fact, by the public in general, has far surpassed our warmest hopes, and calls for new devotion and energy on our part, to make it worthy, in some degree, at least, of the high and holy cause, to which it is devoted.

The cordial response, which has been given to our published words, in different parts of the country, by those who with us cherish the hope of the realization of Universal Unity on earth, has encouraged us in our labors, and leads us to believe that our efforts have not been altogether without fruit, and that they will tend to introduce the blessed era of harmony, when the laws of God for the arrangement of social relations shall be understood and applied, and the terrific scourges of the present state shall disappear under the influence of universal reverence for God, and the exercise of justice and charity towards man. We have spoken freely, and with such strength as we could command—though never we trust intemperately—of the prevailing social evils; we have pointed out a reform in the relations of industry as the essential condition of improvement; and have appealed with the earnestness of most solemn conviction, for the examination and reception of the truth which we are persuaded is ordained by the Deity for the welfare of the world. The progress which has been made by this truth is by no means slight; more extensive than is apparent to the superficial observer, it will show itself in the social revolution which it is silently preparing.

We wish to devote "The Harbinger" with more entire consecration than ever to the promotion of this great work. We would make it the organ of a social reform, on the broadest scale, the true herald of a future which is to rise upon the world, in glory and exceeding joy; and to this end, would continue to express our faith in the reality of a divine order of society, to illustrate the principles of Associative Unity on which it is founded, and to direct the aspirations for truth and good, unattained in the present state, to the objects by which they can be gratified.

Hitherto, the success of our publication has been as great, as under all circumstances could reasonably be expected. With no special efforts on our part, the number of subscribers has been large enough to give it a moderate support, which for a paper devoted to reform, in the first year of its existence, to say the least, is somewhat above the average condition. At the same time, we have never received a sufficient patronage to justify the expense of its publication, except in an Association, where we could avail ourselves of the economies of the combined life, and the variety of employment which is possible in that condition and no where else. Much of the labor, which has given such an unusual amount of original matter in "The Harbinger," has been taken from the hours of sleep, after days spent in active industrial employment; and in this way we

have been able to impart greater variety to our columns. With the commencement of a new volume, our subscription list will naturally be diminished, unless we can depend on the zeal of our friends to keep it good. And we are bound to acknowledge, that any material diminution in the number of our subscribers would so far embarrass our proceedings, as to render the continuance of "The Harbinger" difficult, if not impossible.

We cannot believe that the friends of Association will permit our labors in the cause to be interrupted. We are sure that they value the influence of "The Harbinger" too highly to allow it to languish for want of support. Gladly would we publish it from the general resources of our Association, if this were possible. But under the embarrassments consequent upon our recent misfortunes, this is out of the question.

We are therefore compelled to make an urgent appeal to the friends of the cause throughout the country to aid our publication, and to give it that liberal patronage which its importance demands.

We call upon our present subscribers, who are devoted to the movement, to make a business of sending us each two or three good names, which, in most cases, they can do without difficulty.

We ask all who are interested in this cause, or who desire to secure the investigation of its principles, to exert themselves in behalf of our paper.

In some cases, friends have forwarded Ten Dollars or Five Dollars, with directions to send "The Harbinger" to that amount, as we saw fit. May we not hope for repeated instances of this kind?

We are bold and urgent in this matter; for we wish it to be clearly understood, that our paper cannot be sustained without the zealous coöperation of our friends; and we believe that they no less than ourselves would regard its discontinuance as a common calamity.

## CELEBRATION OF FOURIER'S BIRTHDAY IN PARIS.

The following extracts from the *Démocratie Pacifique* will show with what enthusiasm Frenchmen meet, when the bond of union is the cause of Universal Unity, and how profoundly French Associationists respect the memory of Fourier. The ardor of this people even upon slight occasions, is proverbial; but enthusiasm cannot be a weakness in a cause like this. The grandeur of the common thought and aim can justify and steady far more exaltation than the hearts of the whole human race are capable of at present. The splendors of the Phalanstery rest upon a firm material basis; and base and superstructure both repose on the fixed foundations of eternal Laws, to

have caught a sight of which, as Associationists feel that they have done, imparts an unwonted sobriety and earnestness to the whole character, at the same time that it inspires a boundless ardor, and emotions which demand a lyric utterance.

The "Crisis" referred to below, was the difficulty under which the Associationist School in Paris had for some time labored in respect of funds, threatening even the stoppage of their daily publication. It was happily surmounted by the establishment of an annual rent, which amounted for the present year to nearly 200,000 francs.

"The anniversary of the birth of Fourier was celebrated this day (April 7th, 1846), for the ninth time, with more splendor than in any of the preceding years. Nearly eight hundred persons thronged into the immense hall *Valentino*, all attracted by a respectful sympathy for the memory of the Revealer of Social Destinies. But it was not the number only which gave a new degree of solemnity to the festival. The crisis through which the cause has just passed, and passed victoriously, thanks to the energetic devotion of its friends, had drawn our ranks more closely round its standard.

"The emotions of the conflict were still mingled with the joy of triumph, and although success was certain and already known, all awaited, with mingled anxiety and curiosity, the startling proclamation of the victory. We cannot describe the enthusiasm with which the news was received from the lips of M. Considerant; all who were present at this festival will hold it in eternal remembrance; and as to others, nothing in the customs of this old society in its last agonies, which surrounds them, could give them any idea of such an exaltation of life and happiness.

"We could wish that they had witnessed these heart-felt plaudits, these ardent transports, these electric bravos; that the contrast of a perfect order had presented a truer picture of themselves to all those who cannot believe that others can have faith, because it is dead in themselves, and to those who still prostrate themselves at the feet of the old world, gnawed by egotism and by scepticism, and to those who seek out some comfortable fireside where their souls benumbed may get a little warmth, and to those who dare not risk their hopes upon our fortune! When an idea has conquered so many noble hearts, so many high intelligences, and conquered them by the sole attraction of the Good and Beautiful, it is master of the world.

"Twenty impressions from the beautiful portrait of Fourier, engraved by M. Calamatta, after the picture of M. Jean Gigoux, adorned the banquet-hall. The disciples pressed around to contemplate the noble head of the thinker. As usual, the tables were covered with *crown imperials*—the flower which the neglected sage declared to be the emblem of himself.

"An orchestra, composed of Sax-horns filled the hall with its bold harmonies."

During the feast a couple of Odes in honor of Fourier were sang or recited,

and a lyrical discourse in the highest strain of rhapsody, was pronounced by Victor Considerant. The occasion perhaps justified this kind of eloquence, and made it perfectly natural for the hour. But translated into plain English, and read by cool prosaic readers, it would exhibit too manifest an excess of emotion, of that peculiarly French sentiment called "Glory," over the quantity of thought contained, to pay us for the trouble of translating. Considerant however is a man of thought; and no one has written profounder, clearer and more convincing expositions and apologies for the doctrine of Association. We quote a number of the "toasts;" it seems the word has got naturalized in the French language.

"*To Fourier!* whose life, in imitation of that of Christ, was all devotion!—*To Fourier!* who as the reward for his pure and elevated love of Humanity, has received only injuries and calumny.—*To Fourier!* whose doctrine will soon be worthily avenged by the moral grandeur and divine purity of the first Phalanstery!"

"*To the Abolition of War!* To the transformation of destructive into industrial armies!"

"*To Liberty!* liberty! glorious attribute of man, and pledge of his high destiny: liberty, thus far pursued by the people at the price of bloody revolutions.

Fourier, in desiring it for all and in its plenitude, has given us the conditions and the means of its pacific and universal establishment."

"*To Order!* order! the superior end and supreme sanction of the theory of Fourier! Order, which the love of progress makes it our duty to accept, even in its incomplete conditions!"

"*To the Proletaries!* to the progress of Phalansterian ideas among the working classes! Day by day the people better comprehend the law of their own development and emancipation. The light of genius will soon have dissipated the two infernal powers which have tortured their existence for so many ages: ignorance and misery!—Once awakened from their long sleep and freed from this double servitude, the people will never again be in this apparent inferiority which serves still as an excuse for all oppressions.—With the tyranny of misery, other tyrannies will end; they so lean upon one another, that they will all vanish together into the same nothingness!

To the progress of Social Science among the working classes!"

"*To Property!* Property has stimulated men to productive labor. It has favored the activity of arts, of sciences and of industry. Arbitrary and despotic in its origin, the privilege of a small number during many ages, it must to-day, like all the ancient powers, set free its slaves. By Association, it becomes collective, without ceasing to be individual. Thus transformed, it distributes to all, the benefits of riches and of independence."

"*To the speedy realization of the first Phalanstery!* The truth has gushed up, the world is marching onward, the future is preparing.—Soon we shall trace upon the soil the plan of the first Associative commune, of the new terrestrial Jerusalem.—Soon will dawn the morning of a solemn combat. But in this pacific struggle of the truth against error, there will be no victims, in the hearts of all will resound the *Te Deum* of deliverance, all will celebrate the sublime revelation of the destinies of humanity! To the first phalanstery!"

"*To the Religious Sentiment! To Unity!* Highest manifestation of the dignity of man, and of his legitimate dominion over our globe! To the religion of love and of light, which is to unite man with man, with God, and with the Universe!"

"*To Agriculture!* Domestic-Agricultural Association, the glorious, beneficent and complete cultivation of the soil, unites in its attractive labors the sexes and all ages. It alone develops and makes fruitful all the forces of nature and of man; it alone will make this EARTH, our common mother, beautiful and happy, by pouring out for all mankind her treasures of abundance and of joy!"

"*To Industry!* That powerful creator, which can beget so many prodigies! The organization of labor, of which Fourier has stated the law, must cause to disappear all the disorders and all the miseries of an unbridled, unproductive heartless competition.

"*To Commerce!* that bond of nations! More justly ordered, may it soon unite all countries in a league of common interests, and finally become the school of Equality; too long has it been the school of falsehood.

To the organization of Labor!"

"*To the Arts!* great ideas produce great works! Faith engenders poets!

To the Phalansterian Architecture! May the day come when poetry, music, painting, sculpture, mingling their accords, shall raise, beneath the full sun of Association, the hymn of Universal Unity.

The chefs-d'œuvre of the past will grow pale before the gigantic labors of the future!"

"*To the Feeble! To the Downcast! To the Oppressed! To Infancy!* From the forgotten times of Eden, Infancy has always suffered under a regime of constraint which smothered all good germs, instead of fructifying them. But lo! the dawn of better days. Let us hail the *Salle d'Asile* and the *Crèche*, as divine presages;—the first sketch of the Phalansterian education, where the cares of the maternal corporation will surround all children from the cradle, where the very sports of childhood will be useful labors; where all vocations and all characters will develop themselves in liberty and in happiness!

"*To Old Age!* Society, as it now is, isolates the aged and abandons them; chance disperses the families whom interest divides. In Association the bonds of family are drawn closer and purified; in Association Age is sacredly honored!"

"*To Woman!* Amongst almost all nations of the earth, the women are yet slaves, and even in our civilized societies, their existence is precarious and mingled with afflictions. Fourier has prepared their gradual emancipation by the methods of order, of wisdom, and of honor.—The time is not far off when, with poverty, prostitution shall disappear, that horrible profanation of human dignity, that monstrous evidence of the slavery of woman; the time is not far off when the genius of woman, escaping from a shameful guardianship, shall assume the free and glorious sphere of action to which God has destined her!

To the law of Fourier which welcomes infancy with love, and surrounds old age with respect! to the law of Fourier which realizes the liberty of woman—the liberty of woman, that guarantee of loyalty and purity of manners!"

"*To Poland!* Bloody page in the martyrology of nations! Generous hearts, have hope! The blood of martyrs is fruitful!

After three days' sleep in the sepulchre of sorrow, Poland is risen again, like Christ, to the eyes of the admiring nations. Soon she will take her place in the choir of free nations. To the triumph of Poland! To the enfranchisement of the Slavonic race! To the deliverance of all the nations who are oppressed!

Germany, England, and France, for liberty and for the peace of the world!"

"*To our absent Friends!* To all, who far away from us, have also met to celebrate the birth of the master, and who commune with us in the same homage and the same desire!

To all those devoted men who share our sympathies and our hopes, and who associate their efforts with ours to hasten the moment when we shall be able at last to realize the sublime conception of Fourier!

To those, alas! already many, whom death has surprised fighting in our ranks, and who from the superior sphere where they are assembled, smile at this moment on the progress of a cause which is always theirs!

To our friends who have died in the service of Humanity!"

## TO THE ASSOCIATIONISTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

### BRETHREN :

Your prompt and earnest coöperation is requested, in fulfilling the design of a Society organized May 27, 1846, at Boston, Mass. by a General Convention of the Friends of Association. This design may be learned from the following copy of its

### 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 ;  
Co-operative 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.

The officers appointed to give an impulse to the operations of this Society, and to take the general management of its affairs for the first year, are

### 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 T. 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 plan is a simple one, and its advantages are obvious. We wish to secure unity, concentration and energy in the efforts of Associationists throughout the

country. There are thousands of believers in an Order of Society founded upon the Laws of Divine Wisdom, now scattered abroad, whose zeal and influence are dissipated for want of concert of action. Henceforth let us be united. We have a solemn and glorious work before us, —

1. To indoctrinate the whole People of the United States, with the Principles of Associative Unity ;

2. To prepare for the time, when the Nation like one man, shall reorganize its townships upon the basis of perfect Justice.

This work is an arduous one, and will demand of us lives of devoted labor for its accomplishment ; prejudices are to be removed, — changes wrought in the habits of thinking of all classes, — a new spirit of Trust in Providence and of Brotherhood awakened, — and a band of high-minded, judicious, and efficient persons enlisted to give their talents and means to the practical application of the sublime truths of Universal Unity. We have no time to lose, no strength to waste. Providence, the Age, and the state of the Nation summon us ; and with concert of action, patience and firmness, we cannot fail....

A nobler opportunity was certainly never open to men, than that which here and now welcomes Associationists. To us has been given the very Word, — which this PEOPLE needs, as a guide in its onward destiny. This is a *Christian Nation* ; and Association shows, how human societies may be so organized in devout obedience to the Will of God, as to become true Brotherhoods, where the command of universal love may be fulfilled indeed. Thus it meets the present wants of Christians ; who, sick of sectarian feuds and theological controversies, shocked at the inconsistencies which disgrace the religious world, — at the selfishness, ostentation, and caste, which pervade even our worshipping assemblies, — at the indifference of man to the claims of his fellow man, throughout our communities in country and city, — at the tolerance of monstrous inhumanities by professed ministers and disciples of Him, whose life was love, — are longing for churches, which may be really Houses of God, glorified with an indwelling spirit of holiness and filled to overflowing with heavenly charity. This is a *Free Nation* ; pledged by the laws transmitted from our ancestors, — by the declaration of independence, — by the fundamental principles of our constitutions and legislation, — to secure the Equal Rights of every citizen ; and Association shows, how from the first hour of life to the last, every child, every man and woman may have the just claims of a human being practically ensured, — to Education, La-

bor, Property, Protection, Social Position according to Worth, access to the highest opportunities of Refinement and Culture, Collective Friendship, and participation in the privileges of the Common-Wealth. Thus it meets the present wants of Republicans, who, disgusted at the bitterness and barrenness of party conflicts, — at the manœuvres of demagogues and ambitious politicians, — at the perpetual recurrence of the same unsettled questions, — at the immense waste of time, talents, conscience, character, resources, in this weary circle of debate, — seek for some Organization of Industry, which shall banish drones and spendthrifts — secure actual benefits to all genuine producers, — unite Capital and Labor in mutually beneficial coöperation, — substitute for the aristocracy of wealth, honor and loyal devotedness, — and make fellow-citizens truly members together of one body politic. Finally this nation is all astir with *Humane Reforms*, — designed to secure greater fidelity to our acknowledged religious and political principles, and to eradicate forever the inhumanities of Slavery, War, Legalized Murder, Cruelty to Criminals, Intemperance, Licentiousness, Poverty, Popular Ignorance, Commercial Fraud, Universal Competition, which practically give the lie to our professions ; and Association demonstrates, that all these philanthropic movements are but parts of one Unitary Reform, whose end is *perfect justice to the whole nature and destiny of Man*. Thus it would link together by mutual respect, all who are touched by the various wants and sufferings of our fellow men, and organize them into a mighty coöperative fraternity, devoted not merely to the alleviation of existing distress, but to the removal of the radical causes of human degradation.

Fellow Associationists ! Is it not clear from these obvious, familiar, yet impressive considerations, from this brief review of our position, that we have the honor to be the pioneers in the grand work of Construction, which Providence designs as the special mission of our Age ? It is undeniable that we have the means entrusted to our keeping, — by a faithful use of which this People may surely become, — what God designed us to be, — what our fathers prayed and labored to make us, — what our wonderful system of Confederacies within Confederacies has prepared the way for, — what Christendom longs that we shall not fail of, — what Humanity is waiting to welcome, in this fulness of time, — a NATION OF UNITED FREEMEN.

And not only does the Associative Movement thus embody the very life of our age and nation, and tend to the perfect fulfilment of the commands of God



and the aspirations of Man in our land and generation; but, yet more, it presents the only peaceful mode of removing a principle of evil, which even now is rising in deadly struggle against the united forces of Christianity, Liberty, and Humane Reform,—and which threatens to render the efforts of philanthropy futile throughout the civilized world. This principle is the power of *Combined Capital*; and the end which it seeks, and will inevitably attain, unless speedily checked, is an INDUSTRIAL FEUDALISM.

All observant and thoughtful persons, have been long aware,—and the fact has now become apparent to popular intelligence,—that the dominion of kings and nobles, the ancient influence of birth and hereditary power, have given way in these times to the mighty and fast growing Aristocracy of Wealth. Unquestionably this tribute of respect to the symbol of Productive Good, which Money is, marks an advanced stage of society, and is far more reasonable and just than the previous grants of privilege to military heroes and to politicians. This prevalence of the Aristocracy of Wealth, does indeed show that men are waking up to the dictates of common sense, and are beginning to labor for that end of universal cultivation, which Providence contemplated, in appointing man to be the sovereign of the earth. But the obvious benefits attending this era of prodigious material production must not blind our judgments to the startling phenomena, which are forcing themselves upon the attention of statesmen every where. How is it that amidst innumerable and incessant improvements in agriculture, inventions in mechanics, applications of newly discovered forces of nature to the service of man, intensely stimulated powers of production, accumulating national wealth, and such overflowing abundance that markets sufficient to absorb the surplus are in vain sought,—poverty, destitution, crime, popular degeneracy are yet increasing in appalling ratio? How is it, that with ever new means of binding nation to nation in fraternal union the earth over, by facilities of locomotion, the transfer of intelligence, freer and more rapid exchanges,—fellow citizens in each nation are yet becoming more and more widely separated by the impassable gulf of *condition*? How is it, that, when scientific discoveries have put us in possession of all but omnipotent energies for the multiplying and diffusing of every means of outward enjoyment, with only such an outlay of human strength as would promote health, symmetry and pleasure,—the working classes are yet every where more and more broken down by unremitted toil, and prematurely wasted away amidst squalor, want and misery; while in horrible mockery of

this wide-spread woe, the wealthy classes are more and more prompted to extravagance, ostentation, capricious folly, enfolding luxury and disgraceful sloth! No individual perverseness can explain a tendency, which thus sweeps into a social hell, whole classes of all nations,—and those the very nations most inspired by Christian Piety and most governed by the principles of Social Justice. An evil thus universal must be traced up to a universally operative cause. The radical cause of these monstrous wrongs is *Antagonistic Interests*, showing itself in an endless variety of forms, among which are isolated property-holding, free competition, commercial duplicity, gambling speculations, monopolies, fictitious fluctuations in interest, and finally combinations of capital, in vast joint-stock operations. It is the last of these which peculiarly characterizes our times; and no observer of society can watch this rapidly developing tendency without alarm.

Possessed of the resources which the past has accumulated, commanding the irresistible and irresponsible power of machinery, holding in its hand the threads of the all embracing, all pervading agency of money, tending by natural causes to a compound ratio of increase, Capital, by a necessity as universal as the force of gravity, seeks alliance with Capital, in a world-embracing selfish union, whose claims are superior to loyalty, patriotism, humanity, and religion. Already this power of *Combined Capital*, governs courts, guides armies and navies, makes war and peace, determines the policy of nations, dictates legislation, gives the tone to literature, controls custom, sways the pulpit; even now it is rapidly pressing on to universal sovereignty, and the day is not distant when in all civilized lands, and indeed throughout the earth, wherever the influence of civilization extends, its dynasty will be permanently established, unless while there is yet time, the People of all nations rise to reclaim their rights by peaceful revolution.

... *Peaceful Revolution*,—let us emphasize each word; because there is imminent danger, that one of these two events will happen; either (1), that the Productive Classes,—feeling themselves entangled in an inextricable web of injustice, conscious that their labor is the source of the very riches, in which they are denied participation, and which flow by them in tantalizing streams, maddened by the constant contrast of their own want, care, toil, with their employer's wealth, leisure, ease,—will league together in an outbreak of destructive radicalism, such as earth has never seen; or (2), that, heart-broken, dispirited, and weak in body, having no confidence in themselves or one another, distrusting leaders who

have always betrayed them, awed by the superior qualifications of those who hold and enjoy the privileges of life, crowded upon by eager hosts of fellow sufferers, and driven each day and hour by the cutting lash of necessity, they will, with dogged apathy, submit to their fate, and in a voluntary servitude more degrading and brutalizing than savage and barbarous societies have ever witnessed, underbid each other, and sell themselves and families for the poor chance of bread, shelter, and rags. From this horrible destiny which awaits the Working-Man, in his hopeless contrast with Machinery moved by Capital, we say there is no escape except by Peaceful Revolution.. Destructive radicalism will but ensure a wider woe; and passive submission will but hasten the fast coming era of the reign of Money over Men..

Now Association presents the very means of this Peaceful Revolution. The one encouraging tendency in existing society which seems to rise up providentially in opposition to the growing dominion of Combined Capital, is that of MUTUAL INSURANCE. This movement is certainly full of promise; and it can scarcely stop until it makes the circuit of all the great interests of life, and invents a system of perfect Mutual Guarantees. Still it is but a step in the right direction. In the first place, it is yet to be seen, what this movement will result in, when it is clearly admitted to be a safe and rapid money-making enterprise, as must soon be the case, and when the business is seized upon, as it then surely will be, by Capital in the hands of unscrupulous gamblers. And secondly, no such system can be complete until it ensures the two fundamental Rights,—the Right to Labor, and the Right to Property, which can never be done, so long as land is held in individual proprietorship. Yet we gladly welcome Mutual Insurance as a hopeful sign of Social Regeneration, and as a transitional step towards the grand Constructive Reform of Association; we take up and fulfil this popular movement of the age; we present the very system of perfect Mutual Guarantees, which is needed; and in our doctrine of townships based upon the Principles of Joint-Stock Property and Co-operative Industry we hold out to the capitalist and laborer—in contrast with the infernal horrors of Industrial Feudalism—the Eden-like peace and prosperity of Universal Unity.

Brethren! Can men, engaged in so holy and humane a cause as this,—which fulfils the Good and destroys the Evil in existing society, throughout our age and nation,—which teaches unlimited trust in Divine Love, and commands perfect obedience to the laws of Divine Order among all people,—which heralds the

near advent of the reign of Heaven on Earth—be timid, indifferent, sluggish! Abiding shame will rest upon us, if we put not forth our highest energies in fulfillment of the present command of Providence. Let us be up and doing with all our might.

The measures which you are now requested, at once and energetically to carry out, are the three following:

I. Organize AFFILIATED SOCIETIES, to act in concert with the *American Union of Associationists*; wherever it is possible and as soon as possible, summon the Friends of Association in your vicinity, and adopt a Constitution harmonizing in its main provisions with the Constitution of the Parent Society; call it by the name of a place or a man, prefixed to the words "Union of Associationists;" enrol a large number of high minded, pure, generous, men and women, and keep careful lists of all favorable to the cause; prepare to hold regular meetings, weekly, monthly, quarterly, annual, as may be most expedient, and to discuss privately and publicly the great principles of Associative Unity; correspond with the Parent Society, and give records of progress; and finally, make arrangements to send a delegation of persons wise in counsel and decided in action, to the next Annual Convention of the American Union.

II. Circulate the HARBINGER, and other papers devoted to Association,—procure for them subscribers,—and obtain insertions of articles and extracts from them in the most influential presses. The Harbinger is especially commended to your care. The expenses of this paper have been cheerfully borne by the Brook Farm Phalanx,—whose best thoughts have been also given gratuitously to its pages,—until their late losses. But now it has become impossible for them to prolong its publication, unless by an increase of its subscription list its cost shall be fully covered. *This paper must not be discontinued.* Its loss would be a most disastrous hindrance to the progress of our cause. More fully than ever, will it present, by means of translations and original articles, the most mature views of Associationists in Europe and this country. Let this year witness its subscription-list at least doubled. Let each society take several copies,—one to be bound as a nucleus for a "Union" Library,—others to be placed, also bound, in Public, College, and School Libraries. Obtain from liberal friends contributions. By universal consent the Harbinger merits efficient encouragement, and extensive circulation. See to it, Friends! that its influence be increased and its permanent establishment ensured.

III. Collect Funds, for the purpose of

defraying the expenses of *Lectures and Tracts*. It is proposed in the autumn and winter to send out lecturers, in bands and singly, as widely as possible. In proportion to the means, can be the extent and duration of this effort. Henceforth let a system of lecturing be steadily pursued; in this way only can the people be aroused to the importance of the Unitary Reform, to which we are devoted. *It is desirable to form a permanent fund, the income of which shall be consecrated for a series of years to this object.* Take measures then straightway for raising an immediate and a permanent fund; and give the Parent Society the earliest information of the sum which you can appropriate to the winter's campaign. It is desirable, also to issue at once a series of cheap popular *Tracts on the Principles and Practical details of Association*. How much can you this year and each year contribute for this important end. Be in earnest Friends. Let us work while it is day.

Our White Flag is given to the breeze. Our three-fold motto,

Unity of Man with Man in true Society:

Unity of MAN WITH GOD in true Religion:

Unity of Man with Nature in creative Art and Industry:

Is blazoned on its folds. Let hearts, strong in the might of Faith and Hope and Charity, rally to bear it on in triumph. We are sure to conquer. God will work with us; Humanity will welcome our word of Glad Tidings. The Future is Ours. On! in the Name of the Lord.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING,  
*Domestic Corresponding Secretary of the  
American Union of Associationists.*

BROOK FARM, West Roxbury,  
June 6th, 1846.

✍ Editors friendly to the Cause, are requested to copy the above circular into their papers.

✍ The operations of the "American Union," will be commenced without delay. Mr. DANA will shortly make a tour through the State of New York as its agent. He will lecture in the principal towns, and take every means to diffuse a knowledge of our principles. Our friends are requested to use their best exertions to prepare for his labors, and give efficiency to them.

✍ If we are animated with enthusiasm as we contemplate the sublime destiny of Man, our feet still do not lose the solid ground. It is in the clear and certain light of science, that we announce the coming changes of society. The truth has been revealed to the world: the laws of human progress are discovered. It is for us, for

the people of this age and especially of this country, to say whether—by obedience to them, we shall have peaceful improvement,—or, by neglect,—misery, discord and violence.

### 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.

## THE HARBINGER

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# THE HARBINGER,

## DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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#### CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, June 2d, 1846.

As to the war, I think there can be no doubt of the design being entertained by the leaders and instigators of this infamous business, to extend the "area of freedom" to the shores of California, by robbing Mexico of another large mass of her territory; and the people are prepared to execute it to the letter. In many and most aspects in which this plundering aggression is to be viewed it is monstrously iniquitous, but after all it seems to be completing a more universal design of Providence, of extending the power and intelligence of advanced civilized nations over the whole face of the earth, by penetrating into those regions which seem fated to immobility and savagism or barbarism, and breaking down the barriers to the future progress of knowledge, of the sciences, and arts; and arms seem to be the only means by which this great subversive movement towards unity among nations can be accomplished. So we see the three great leading nations of the world, England, France, and the United States, all engaged, with a continent each, in this work of subversive progress, battering away at the dark masses of ignorance and barbarism that still encumber the earth, and which must be entered, to give the opportunity of improvement, before the great scheme of universal elevation can be carried out. In this way Providence is operating on a grand scale to accomplish its designs, making use of instrumentalities ignorant of its purposes, and incited to act by motives the very antipodes of those which the real end in view might be supposed to be connected with, or grow out of. Taking this broad view we may well withhold an opinion upon the general course of events, although we cannot help condemning the knavery which attends them. Providence, if it has anything to do with the destiny of this world, must surely have a controlling direction

in this vast three-fold movement for the subjugation of Barbarism by Civilization, and we may fairly leave the end to His wisdom. The wars of England, then, with China, and the rest of besotted Asia, of France with Africa, and of the United States with Mexico and a degenerate race who make the fairest portions of the earth a wilderness, assume some qualifying features, that cannot be overlooked; very different indeed are they from the wars which these three great powers might wage among themselves, which would be destructive of the vital energies of Humanity, and, as it were, suicidal in the race.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, June 4th, 1846.

DEAR FRIENDS: I have postponed writing to you until this late period, in hopes of having the necessary funds to renew our subscription for "The Harbinger," and if possible to increase our list. But the spirit of war seems to have paralyzed every effort at social reformation among the people for the present. Enclosed you will find what is necessary for you to continue to send the same number of papers you now send, and to the same address. I think that within a short time we shall be able to send you more money.

The money market here is very hard at the present time, and laboring men (as we all are,) find it extremely difficult to get cash enough to supply our daily wants, but "The Harbinger" we cannot, *we will not* discontinue, even if it is at the expense of a portion of the comforts or necessities of life.

The doctrines of Association are gradually gaining ground in this vicinity. We have reprinted the article entitled "LABOR FOR WAGES" which lately appeared in "The Harbinger," and have gratuitously circulated two thousand copies, and shall do the same with the article on war in the 25th number, or last we have received.

The social movement is not, however permitted to progress without opposition, and that too, from those who are esteemed Orthodox Clergymen, both in this city and the surrounding country.

Our little band of Associationists in this city are somewhat scattered; some have united with the Wisconsin Phalanx, some with the Clermont Phalanx in the south part of this State, others have gone to Cincinnati.

We who remain, feel it our duty to aid what we can, in the promotion of the cause, and for this purpose, hold public meetings, either in the city or in some of the adjacent neighborhoods, as often as once a week.

The common people hear us gladly, and we hope soon to communicate to you more fully upon this subject.

NEWBURYPORT, June 6th, 1846

DEAR SIR: The enclosed two dollars I send for "The Harbinger" another year. Your paper has now been my welcome visitor for a year. Its arrival has formed one bright spot in my weekly routine of care and toil. To say nothing of the high tone of criticism which has been maintained in "The Harbinger," or of its captivating story, Consuelo, I think it is no small thing for the great cause of Associated Labor that its advocacy has fallen into the hands of those who can meet men of culture on the opposite side in so fair and strong a manner.

I feel that the present movement for associated labor is only the working out on the economic side of the great impulse of the age for unity, — unity in the departments of knowledge and of action. This new arrangement of industry it seems to me, must soon become a part of the creed of every enlightened and religious mind.

With my feelings and convictions on this subject, I need not say, that the news of your recent disaster by fire came on me like a personal bereavement. I took my pen in hand to say so to you at the time, but I had nothing but words to send, and better ones than mine I was sure would be sent by others. I thought however, that if you could hold on through this, it would place your Association on a better footing in the minds of the community

around you than it had ever stood on before, and I have been made glad indeed by the intimations you have given, that your Association would not be broken up, nor its unity marred by the loss you have met with. Such a result would I am sure be a serious loss to a great cause. I feel that if you suffer much in sustaining your present position, you can give a reason for it to coming ages.

I make no apology to you for forgetting in this way that we are strangers to each other; my feelings wax strong while I write.

WATERBURY, Vt., June 7th, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Enclosed is my subscription for "The Harbinger" for 1846-7, Long life to it and to the cause it espouses. I do all I can in lending my numbers and talking up the doctrine, but it will take a little more effort to get up sufficient interest to induce these well-off country farmers to aid in the work.

I am glad to learn of the new movement made by the Convention in May. I shall certainly endeavor to catch the spirit of a true Associationist, and contribute to the work which the organization proposes. I have already learned that the humblest advocate of our cause can do something—yes much: mere speaking to a neighbor, a word even, is sometimes sufficient to elicit thought, and to awaken such a train of reflection as will carry your listener to your own belief. And what Associationist does not feel that his doctrine was ordained of God, and is destined to be accepted and believed by all men? Our poor old Earth, desert as it is, choked with briars and thorns, is still capable of germinating every seed of truth, however feeble it may be, and however carelessly dropped upon it. Let every advocate of our cause think of this: let them "cry aloud and spare not," remembering that God's truth though uttered by the least of its disciples must accomplish the purpose whereunto it is sent.

June 8th. 1846.

DEAR SIR: Please continue to send me "The Harbinger." I can not very well do without its weekly visits, for it is the only *kindred* in the Faith and Spirit that I now have communion with. I cannot but approve its pure and noble tone and its earnest and sober words of truth in behalf of the great brotherhood of Humanity. Let it continue to be faithful (as I doubt not it will) to the great truths that must ultimately develop man in the nobleness of his true nature and it shall yet be appreciated according to its worth by multitudes who are seeking and knocking at the door of Truth—it shall yet be ranked nominally, as it is really, mountain high above the numberless stupid

and inconsistent frivolities that are generated by present society.

Hoping you will abundantly prosper in your worthy efforts in the *good cause*, I subscribe myself, although a stranger.

Yours, in Fraternal Bonds.

June 8, 1846.

I have been looking round to get subscribers for "The Harbinger," and send you the enclosed list of names. Some of my friends and some of your old subscribers to whom I have applied, have refused; the principal objections to the paper which I have heard, are the following: "too conservative;" "too radical;" "too much light reading;" "too little ditto;" "not enough independence;" "too decided in its position;" "too much religion in it;" "not sufficiently evangelical."

We "acknowledge the corn," in all these cases. We have not expected to meet the views of ultraists of any party, and are by no means displeased to find that we have not. It would hardly be possible to advocate universal, positive, constructive principles, in a way that could satisfy either those possessed by fixed ideas, or those who are guiltless of any ideas at all. We shall probably continue to be liable to the very condemnations that our friend has communicated. — Eds.

## MISCELLANY.

### CONSUELO.\*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

#### XI.

At the end of the desert, a ghost, all dressed in white and veiled, came to seek the guests, saying to them: *follow me!* Consuelo still condemned to the character of the margravine for the rehearsal of this new scene, rose first, and followed by the other guests, ascended the great staircase of the chateau, the door of which opened at the extremity of the hall. The ghost who conducted them pushed open, at the top of the staircase, another great door, and they found themselves in an antique gallery, at the end of which they could perceive only a faint light. They were obliged to direct their steps thither to the sound of a slow, solemn and mysterious music, which was understood to be executed by the inhabitants of the invisible world. "Ode-buds!" said Porpora ironically in a tone of enthusiasm, his lordship the Count refuses us nothing! We have heard to-day Turkish music, sea music, savage music, Chinese music, Lilliputian music, and all sorts of extraordinary music; but here is one which surpasses them all, and one

\* 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.

may well say that it is truly the music of the other world."

"And you are not at the end yet!" replied the Count, enchanted at this eulogium.

"We must expect every thing on the part of your excellency," said the baron de Kreutz with the same irony as the professor; "though after this, I know not, in truth, what we can hope for superior."

At the end of the gallery, the ghost struck upon a kind of tam-tam, which gave forth a sullen sound, and a vast curtain drawing aside, allowed to be seen the body of the theatre decorated and illuminated as it was to be on the next day. I shall not give a description of it, though this would be to say: "There was no end to the festoons, there was no end to the chandeliers." The stage-curtain rose; the scene represented Olympus, neither more nor less. The goddesses were there disputing the heart of the shepherd Paris, and the competition of the three principal divinities constituted the body of the piece. It was written in Italian, which made Porpora say in a low voice, addressing himself to Consuelo: "The savage, the Chinese and the Lilliputian were nothing; here is the Iroquois at last." Verses and music, all were the Count's manufacture. The actors and actresses were quite worthy of their parts. After half an hour of metaphors and *concelti* upon the absence of a divinity more charming and more powerful than all the others, who disdained to compete for the prize of beauty, Paris having decided upon the triumph of Venus, the latter took the apple and descending from the stage by steps, came to lay it at the feet of the margravine, declaring herself unworthy to retain it, and making excuses for having aspired to it before her. It was Consuelo who was to perform this character of Venus, and as it was the most important, having to sing at the end a cavatina of great effect, Count Hoditz, not willing to entrust it to any of his coryphées, undertook to fill it himself, as much to carry on the rehearsal, as to make Consuelo feel the spirit, the intentions, the finesses and the beauties of the part. He was so ridiculous in gravely personifying Venus and in singing with emphasis the insipidities pilfered from all the bad operas then in fashion and badly stitched together, of which he pretended to have composed a score, that no one could keep a serious face. He was too much excited by the task of scolding his troop, and too much inflamed by the divine expression which he gave to his acting and singing, to perceive the gaiety of the audience. They applauded him to the skies, and Porpora, who had placed

himself at the head of the orchestra, stopping his ears in secret from time to time, declared that all was sublime, poem, score, voices, instruments, and the temporary Venus above all.

It was agreed that Consuelo and he should attentively read this master-piece together, that very evening and the next morning. It was neither very long nor very difficult to learn, and they promised that on the next evening they would be on a par with the piece and the troop. They afterwards visited the ball-room which was not yet ready, because the dances were not to take place till the day after the next, the fête having to last two days and to offer an uninterrupted succession of diversified entertainments.

It was now ten o'clock. The weather was clear and the moon magnificent. The two Prussian officers had insisted on recrossing the frontier that very evening, alleging a superior order which forbade their passing the night in a foreign country. The Count was therefore obliged to yield, and having given orders to get ready their horses, carried them to drink the stirrup cup, that is to say, coffee and excellent liqueurs in an elegant boudoir, whither Consuelo thought best not to follow them. She therefore took leave of them, and after having advised Porpora in a low voice to be more on his guard than he had been during supper, directed her steps towards her chamber, which was in another wing of the chateau.

But she soon lost her way in the windings of that vast labyrinth, and found herself in a kind of cloister where a current of air extinguished her taper. Fearing to lose her way more and more, and to fall into one of those *surprise* traps with which the mansion was filled, she tried to return, feeling her way until she could reach the lighted part of the building. In the confusion of so many preparations for foolish things, the comforts of that rich dwelling were entirely neglected. There were savages, ghosts, gods, hermits, nymphs, laughter and plays, but not a domestic to provide a torch, nor a being in his senses to guide you.

Still she heard coming towards her a person who seemed to walk with precaution and to keep designedly in the dark, which did not inspire her with confidence to call and name herself, the more that it was the heavy step and strong breathing of a man. She advanced somewhat agitated and keeping close to the wall, when she heard a door open not far from her, and the light of the moon entering by that opening, fell upon the tall figure and brilliant costume of Karl.

She hastened to call him. "Is that you, signora!" said he in an agitated voice. "Ah! I have been trying to

speaking with you an instant for some hours, and now I am too late, perhaps!"

"What have you to say to me, good Karl, and whence comes the agitation in which I see you?"

"Let us go out of this corridor, signora. I must speak to you in an entirely isolated place where I hope nobody can hear us."

Consuelo followed Karl, and found herself in the open air with him on the terrace formed by the small tower which flanked the edifice.

"Signora," said the deserter speaking with precaution, (arrived that morning for the first time at Roswald, he knew the inmates no better than did Consuelo,) "have you said any thing to-day which can expose you to the dislike or mistrust of the king of Prussia, and of which you might repent at Berlin, were the king exactly informed of it?"

"No, Karl, I have said nothing of such a nature. I know that every Prussian with whom you are not acquainted is a dangerous person to converse with, and for my own part, I have weighed all my words."

"Ah! it does me real good to hear you say so; I was very anxious! I approached you two or three times in the ship, when you were upon the water. I was one of the pirates who pretended to board; but I was disguised, you did not recognize me. It was of no use to look at you, to make signs to you; you noticed nothing, and I could not slip a single word to you. That officer was always at your side. All the time you were sailing round the basin, he did not budge a step from you. One would say that he divined you were his amulet, and that he hid himself behind you, in case a ball might have slipped into one of our innocent muskets."

"What do you mean to say Karl? I cannot understand you. Who is this officer? I do not know him."

"There is no need of my telling you; you will know him soon, since you are going to Berlin."

"Why make a secret of it now?"

"Because it is a terrible secret, and I must keep it for an hour longer."

"You have a singularly agitated air, Karl; what is passing within you?"

"O! great things! Hell burns in my heart!"

"Hell? one would say you had wicked designs."

"Perhaps!"

"In that case, I wish you to speak; you have no right to have a secret from me Karl. You have promised me a devotedness, a submission proof against all trials."

"Ah! signora, what words are those? It is true I owe you more than my life,

for you did all that was possible to preserve my wife and child for me; but they were condemned, they perished — and their death must be avenged."

"Karl, in the name of your wife and child who pray for you in heaven, I command you to speak. You meditate I know not what act of madness; you wish to be revenged! The sight of those Prussians has taken away your senses."

"It makes me crazy, it makes me furious —. But no, I am calm, I am a saint. Look you signora, it is God and not hell which impels me. I must go! the hour approaches. Farewell, signora; it is probable that I shall not see you again, and I request you, since you will pass through Prague, to pay for a mass for me at the chapel of saint John of Nepomuck, one of the greatest patrons of Bohemia."

"Karl, you must speak, you must confess the criminal intentions which torment you, or I will never pray for you, and I will call down upon you, on the contrary, the malediction of your wife and your daughter who are angels in the bosom of Jesus the Merciful. But how can you expect to be forgiven in heaven, if you do not forgive upon the earth! I see that you have a carbine under your cloak, Karl, and that from here you are watching the Prussians on their passage."

"No, not here," said Karl, shaken and trembling; "I do not wish to shed blood in the house of my master, nor under your eyes, good sainted maiden! but below there, look you, there is a sunken path which I know very well already; for I was there this morning when they passed through. But I was there by chance, I was not armed, and besides I did not recognize him at once, him! — But directly he will pass there again, and I shall be there, I can get there quickly by the path through the park, and though he is well mounted, I shall be in advance of him. And, as you say, signora, I have a carbine, a good carbine, and there is in it a good ball for his heart. It is there for some time; for I was not joking when I lay in wait, dressed like a false pirate. I had a good opportunity and sighted him more than ten times; but you were there, always there, and I did not fire — but directly, you will not be there, and he cannot hide himself behind you like a coward — for he is a coward I am sure. I saw him blanch and turn his back on the fight, one day when he was making us advance with fury against my fellow-countrymen, against my brothers the Bohemians. Ah! what horror! for I am a Bohemian, by the blood, by the heart, and that never forgives. But if I am a poor Bohemian peasant, who only learnt in my forest how to handle a hatchet, he has made a Prussian soldier of me, and

thanks to his corporals, I know how to take good aim with a musket."

"Karl, Karl, be silent, you are delirious! you do not know this man I am sure. He is called the baron de Kreutz; you do not know his name and you take him for another. He is not a recruiter, he has never done you any injury."

"He is not the baron de Kreutz, no, signora, and I do know him well. I have seen him more than a hundred times on parade; he is the great recruiter, he is the great master of robbers, and of the destroyers of families; he is the great scourge of Bohemia, he is my enemy, mine. He is the enemy of our church, of our religion, of all our saints; it was he who profaned, by his impious laughter, the statue of saint John Népomuck, upon the bridge of Prague. It was he who stole in the chateau of Prague the drum made with the skin of Jean Ziska, who was a great warrior in his day, and whose skin was the safeguard, the respect and the honor of his country. O! I am not deceived, I know the man well! Besides, saint Wenceslas appeared to me just now, when I was saying my prayer in the chapel; I saw him as plainly as I now see you, signora; and he said to me: 'It is he, strike him to the heart.' I have sworn it to the Holy Virgin on the grave of my wife, and I must keep my oath. Ah! see, signora! there is his horse coming to the porch; that is what I waited for, I go to my post; pray for me; I shall pay for this deed with my life sooner or later; but I care little for that, provided God saves my soul."

"Karl!" cried Consuelo, animated with extraordinary strength, "I thought you had a generous, sensible and pious heart; but I see well that you are an impious and mean villain. Whoever be this man whom you wish to assassinate, I forbid you following him or doing him any injury. It was the devil who took the image of a saint to deprive you of reason; and God has permitted you to fall into this snare for having made a sacrilegious oath upon the grave of your wife. You are mean and ungrateful, I tell you; for you do not remember that your master, count Hoditz, who has loaded you with favors, will be accused of your crime and will pay for it with his head; he so honest, so kind and so gentle towards you! Go and hide yourself at the bottom of a cave, Karl; for you do not deserve to see the light. Do penance for having had such a thought. Hold! I see, at this instant, your wife who weeps at your side, and who tries to retain your good angel, ready to abandon you to the spirit of evil."

"My wife! my wife!" cried Karl, wondering and subdued; "I do not see her. My wife, if you are there, speak

to me, let me see you once more and let me die."

"You cannot see her; crime is in your heart, and darkness upon your eyes. Fall on your knees, Karl; you may yet redeem yourself. Give me that gun which stains your hands, and betake yourself to prayer."

Speaking thus, Consuelo took the carbine, which was not refused her, and hastened to remove it from before the eyes of Karl, while he fell on his knees and burst into tears. She hurriedly quitted the terrace to hide the weapon in some other place. She was exhausted by the effort she had made to seize upon the imagination of the fanatic, by invoking the chimeras which governed him. Time pressed; and it was not the moment to give him a course of more humane and more enlightened philosophy. She had said to him just what came into her mind, inspired perhaps by something sympathizing in the exaltation of that unfortunate, whom she wished at every cost to save from an act of madness, and whom she overwhelmed with a pretended indignation, even while pitying him for a frenzy which he could not master.

She hurried to remove the fatal weapon, in order to rejoin him afterwards, and retain him upon the terrace until the Prussians were far away, when, on opening the little door which led from the terrace to the corridor, she found herself face to face with the baron de Kreutz. He had just been to his chamber for his cloak and pistols. Consuelo had barely time to let the carbine fall behind her, into the angle formed by the door, and to throw herself into the corridor, closing that door between herself and Karl. She feared lest the fury of the latter should be reawakened by the sight of the enemy if he perceived him.

The precipitation of this movement, and the emotion which caused her to lean against the door, as if afraid of fainting, did not escape the eye of the clear-sighted baron de Kreutz. He carried a torch, and stopped before her smiling. His face was perfectly calm; yet Consuelo thought she saw that his hand trembled and made the flame of the torch oscillate very sensibly. The lieutenant was behind him, pale as death, with his sword drawn. These circumstances, as well as the certainty she acquired a little later that a window of the apartment, in which the baron had deposited and resumed his effects, opened upon the terrace of the tower, made Consuelo think afterwards that the two Prussians had not lost a word of her conversation with Karl. Still the baron saluted her with a courteous and tranquil air; and as the agitation of such a situation made her forget to return his salutation, and took from her the

power of saying a single word, Kreutz, after having examined her an instant with eyes which expressed rather interest than surprise, said to her in a gentle voice, taking her hand: "Come, my child, recover yourself. You seem very much agitated. We must have frightened you by passing suddenly before this door at the moment you opened it; but we are your servants and your friends. I hope we shall see you again at Berlin, and perhaps we can be of some service to you."

The baron drew Consuelo's hand towards him a little, as if at the first impulse he had thought of carrying it to his lips. But he contented himself with pressing it gently, saluted her anew, and withdrew, followed by his lieutenant,\* who did not seem even to see Consuelo, so much was he troubled and out of his senses. His countenance confirmed the young girl in the opinion that he was informed of the danger with which his master had been threatened.

But who was this man, the responsibility of whose safety weighed so heavily upon the head of another, and whose destruction had seemed to Karl so complete and so intoxicating a revenge! Consuelo returned to the terrace to draw his secret from him, while she continued to watch him; but she found that he had fainted, and not able to assist that colossus to rise, she descended and called the other domestics to go and succor him. "Ah! it is nothing," said they as they went towards the place she pointed out: "he has drunk a little too much hydromel this evening, and we will carry him to his bed." Consuelo could have wished to ascend again with them; she feared that Karl might betray his secret when coming to himself; but she was prevented by count Hoditz, who passed by and who took her arm, congratulating himself that she had not yet retired, and that he could show her a new spectacle. She was obliged to follow him to the porch, and thence she saw in the air upon one of the hills of the park, precisely on the side which Karl had pointed out to her as the end of his expedition, a great arch of light, on which she could confusedly distinguish some characters in colored glass.

"That is a fine illumination," said she with an absent air.

"It is a delicate, a discreet and a respectful farewell to the guest who leaves us," replied the count. "In a quarter of an hour he will pass at the foot of that hill, by a sunken path which we cannot see from here, and there he will find that arch of triumph raised, as by enchantment, above his head."

\* In those times they said *low officer*. We have in our recital modernized a title which might cause some ambiguity.

"Sir count," said Consuelo, shaking off her reverie, "who then is that personage who has just left us?"

"You shall know by and by, my child."

"If I ought not to ask I will be silent, sir count; still I have some suspicion that he is not really called the baron de Kreutz."

"I was not the dupe of that a single instant," returned Hoditz, who boasted a little in this assertion. "Still I respected his incognito religiously. I know that it is his fancy, and that he is offended if people don't appear to take him for what he gives himself to be. You saw that I treated him like a simple officer, and yet —" The count was dying with a desire to speak; but propriety forbade his articulating a name apparently so sacred. He took a middle term, and presenting his opera glass to Consuelo, "See," said he to her, "how well that improvised arch has succeeded. It is almost half a mile from here, and I bet that with my glass, which is excellent, you can read what is written on it. The letters are twenty feet high, though they seem imperceptible to you. Still, look carefully."

Consuelo looked, and easily deciphered this inscription, which revealed to her the secret of the comedy:

"LONG LIVE FREDERICK THE GREAT."

"Ah! sir count," cried she earnestly, "there is danger to such a personage in travelling thus, and there is still more danger in receiving him."

"I do not understand you," said the count; "we are at peace; no one would now think of doing him any injury upon the territory of the empire; nor can there be any objection on the score of patriotism to entertaining honorably such a guest as he."

Consuelo was buried in her reveries. Hoditz drew her from them by saying that he had an humble supplication to make to her; that he feared to impose upon her good nature, but that the matter was so important he was forced to importune her. After many circumlocutions, "the request is," said he with a mysterious and grave air, "that you will have the goodness to take upon yourself the part of the ghost."

"What ghost?" asked Consuelo, who was thinking only of Frederick and the events of the evening.

"The ghost that comes to seek madam the margravine and her guests at the desert, to lead them through the gallery of Tartarus, where I have placed the field of the dead, and to cause them to enter the body of the theatre, where Olympus is to receive them. Venus does not appear upon the scene at first, and you will have time to put off in the wing the ghost's shroud, under which you will

have the brilliant costume of the mother of loves all arranged, rose-colored satin with bows of silver streaked with gold, very small skirts, unpowdered hair, with pearls, plumes and roses; a very decent toilet, and of an unparalleled attraction, as you will see! Come, you consent to be the ghost; for she must walk with much dignity, and not one of my little actresses would dare to say to her highness in a tone at once imperious and respectful, 'Follow me.' It is a very difficult word to say, and I have thought that a person of genius might make a great sensation with it. What do you think of it?"

"The word is admirable, and I will be the ghost with all my heart," replied Consuelo, laughing.

"Ah! you are an angel, an angel in truth," cried the count, kissing her hand.

But alas! that fête, that brilliant fête, that dream which the count had cherished for a whole winter, and which had led him to make three journeys into Moravia to prepare its realization; that day so long expected was to vanish quite in smoke, as much as the serious and gloomy vengeance of Karl. On the morrow, towards noon, all was ready. The people of Roswald were under arms; the nymphs, the genii, the savages, the dwarfs, the giants, the mandarins and the ghosts waited, shivering at their posts, for the moment to commence their evolutions; the steep road was cleared of its snow and covered with moss and violets: the numerous guests, attracted from the neighboring chateaux, and even from quite distant towns, made a concourse respectable for the amphitryon; when, alas! a stroke of lightning overthrew all. A courier, arriving at full speed, announced that the carriage of the margravine had been overturned in a ditch; that her highness had broken two ribs, and that she was compelled to stop at Olmutz, whether the count was requested to go and join her. The crowd dispersed. The count, followed by Karl, who had recovered his reason, mounted the best of his horses and hurriedly departed, after having said a few words to his major-domo.

The pleasures, the brooks, the hours and the rivers resumed their furred boots and their wollen caps, and returned to their labors in the field, pell-mell with the Chinese, the pirates, the Druids, and the anthropophagi. The guests reentered their carriages, and the same berlin which had brought Porpora and his pupil, was again placed at their disposal. The major-domo, conformably to the orders he had received, brought to them the sum agreed upon, and compelled them to accept it though they had only half earned

it. They took that same day the road to Prague; the professor enchanted at being freed from the cosmopolitan music and the polyglot cantatas of his host; Consuelo looking towards Silesia, and afflicted at turning her back on the captive of Glatz, without hope of rescuing him from his unhappy fate.

That same day, the baron de Kreutz, who had passed the night in a village not far from the Moravian frontier, and who had departed again at dawn, in a great travelling coach, escorted by his pages on horseback, and followed by a berlin, which carried his secretary and his *tickler*,\* said to his lieutenant, or rather to his aid-de-camp, the baron of Buddenbrock, as they approached the city of Neisse, (and it must be noted that, dissatisfied with his awkwardness the day before, he spoke to him for the first time since their departure from Roswald): "What was that illumination which I perceived at a distance upon the hill we should have passed, if we had skirted the park of that Count Hoditz?"

"Sire," replied Buddenbrock trembling, "I saw no illumination."

"And you were wrong. A man who accompanies me ought to see every thing."

"Your majesty should forgive the frightful trouble into which the resolution of a wretch had thrown me —"

"You don't know what you are saying! That man was a fanatic, an unhappy Catholic devotee, exasperated by the sermons which the curates of Bohemia preached against me during the war; he was moreover driven to extremity by some personal misfortune. He must be some peasant carried off for my armies, one of those deserters whom we sometimes recapture spite of their fine precautions —"

"Your majesty may depend upon it that to-morrow this one shall be retaken and brought before you."

"You have given orders to have him carried off from Count Hoditz?"

"Not yet, sire; but as soon as I arrive at Neisse, I will despatch four very skilful and very determined men"

"I forbid it: you will, on the contrary, obtain information respecting that man; and if his family have fallen victims to the war, as he seemed to indicate in his disjointed talk, you will see that there be paid to him the sum of one thousand rix-dollars, and you will have him pointed out to the recruiters of Silesia, that he be left forever undisturbed. You understand me? His name is Karl; he is very large; he is a Bohemian, and in the service of Count Hoditz: that is enough to make it easy to find him, and to get information respecting his family and his position."

\* His travelling treasury.

"You majesty shall be obeyed."

"I hope so indeed! What do you think of that professor of music?"

"Master Porpora! He seemed to me foolish, self-satisfied, and of a very ugly temper."

"And I tell you that he is a man superior in his art, full of wit, and a very diverting irony. When he arrives with his pupil at the frontier of Prussia, you will send a good carriage to him."

"Yes, sire."

"And he is to be made to enter it alone; *alone*, you understand! with much respect."

"Yes, sire,"

"And then!"

"Then your majesty means he shall be carried to Berlin?"

"You have not common sense to-day. I mean that he shall be carried back to Dresden, and thence to Prague, if he desire it; and thence even to Vienna, if such be his intention: all at my expense. Since I have drawn so honorable a man from his occupations, I ought to put him back again without its costing him anything. But I do not wish him to put foot in my kingdom. He has too much wit for us."

"What does your majesty command respecting the cantatrice?"

"That she be conducted under escort, whether she will or no, to Sans Souci, and that an apartment be given her in the chateau."

"In the chateau, sire?"

"Well! have you become deaf! the apartment of the Barberini."

"And the Barberini, sire, what shall we do with her?"

"The Barberini is no longer at Berlin. She has departed. Did you not know it?"

"No, sire."

"What do you know then? And as soon as that girl has arrived, I am to be notified, at whatever hour of the day or night. Have you understood me? These are the first orders which you are to have inscribed upon register number One of the clerk of my tickler: the compensation to Karl; the sending back of Porpora; the succession of the Porporina to the honors and emoluments of the Barberini. Here we are at the gates of the city. Resume your good humor, Buddenbrock, and try and be a little less stupid the next time I take a fancy to travel incognito with you."

## XII.

The cold was quite biting when Porpora and Consuelo arrived at Prague, in the first hour of the night. The moon illumined that old city, which had preserved in its aspect the religious and warlike

character of its history. Our travellers entered it by the gate called Rosthor, and passing through that part which is on the right bank of the Moldaw, they reached the middle of the bridge without accident. But there a heavy shock was given to the carriage, which stopped short. "Jesus God!" cried the postilion, "my horse has fallen before the statue! that is a bad omen! May Saint John Népomuck help us!"

Consuelo seeing that the shaft-horse was entangled in the traces, and that the postilion would require some time to get him up and readjust the harness, of which several buckles had been broken by the fall, proposed to her master to alight, in order to warm themselves by a little motion. The maestro having consented, Consuelo approached the parapet in order to examine the place in which she was. From that spot the two distinct cities which compose Prague, one called *the new*, which was built by the emperor Charles IV. in 1348, the other which ascends to the remotest antiquity, both constructed in the shape of amphitheatres, looked like two black mountains of stones, from which ascended here and there the lofty spires of the antique edifices and the sombre battlements of the fortifications. The Moldaw, dark and rapid, was engulfed beneath this bridge of a very severe style, the theatre of so many tragical events in the history of Bohemia; and the reflection of the moon, tracing upon it pale streaks of light, whitened the head of the revered statue. Consuelo looked at that face of the holy doctor, which seemed to contemplate the waves in a melancholy mood. The legend of Saint Népomuck is beautiful, and his name venerable to every one who esteems independence and loyalty. Confessor to the empress Jane, he refused to betray the secrets of her confession, and the drunkard Wenceslas who wished to know the thoughts of his wife, unable to draw anything from the illustrious doctor, had him drowned under the bridge of Prague. The tradition relates that at the moment when he disappeared beneath the waves, five brilliant stars glittered upon the barely closed gulf, as if the martyr had allowed his crown to float an instant on the waters. In record of this miracle, five stars of metal have been encrusted on the stone of the balustrade, at the very spot whence Népomuck was precipitated.

Rosmunda, who was very devout, had preserved a tender remembrance of the legend of John Népomuck; and in the enumeration of the saints whom every evening she caused to be invoked by the pure mouth of her child, she had never forgotten that one, the special patron of travellers, of people in danger, and above all, *the guardian of a good reputation.*

As we see the poor dream of riches, so the Zingara made for herself, in her older years, an ideal of that treasure which she had by no means cared to lay up in her youth. In consequence of this reaction, Consuelo had been educated in ideas of an exquisite purity. Consuelo recalled therefore at this instant the prayer which she formerly addressed to the apostle of purity, and struck by the sight of the place that had witnessed his tragical end, she knelt instinctively among the devotees who, at that epoch, still paid, each hour of the day and night, an assiduous court to the image of the saint. They were poor women, pilgrims, old beggars, perhaps also some Zingari, children of the mandoline and proprietors of the highway. Their piety did not absorb them so much as to make them forget to hold out the hand to her. She gave them large alms, happy to recall the time when she was neither better shod nor prouder than they. Her generosity affected them so much that they consulted together in a low voice, and charged one of their number to tell her that they were going to sing one of the old hymns of the worship of the blessed Népomuck, in order that the saint might avert the bad omen in consequence of which she was stopped upon the bridge. According to them, the music and the words were of the time even of Wenceslas the drunkard:

Suspice quæ dedimus, Johannes beate,  
Tibi preces supplices, noster advocate,  
Fieri: dum vivimus, ne sinas infames,  
Et nostros post obitum cælis infer manes.

Porpora, who took a pleasure in listening to them, judged that their hymn was not more than a century old; but he heard a second, which seemed to him a malediction addressed to Wenceslas by his cotemporaries, and which began thus:

Sævus, piger imperator,  
Malorum clarus patrator, &c.

Although the crimes of Wenceslas were not events of any consequence at that day, it seemed that the poor Bohemians took an everlasting pleasure at cursing, in the person of that tyrant, this abhorred title of *imperator*, which had become to them synonymous with foreigner. An Austrian sentinel guarded each of the gates placed at the extremity of the bridge. Their orders compelled them to walk without ceasing from each gate to the middle of the edifice; there they met before the statue, turned their backs on each other, and resumed their interminable promenade. They heard the canticles; but as they were not so well versed in church Latin as were the Prague devotees, they doubtless imagined they were listening to a song in honor of Francis of Lorraine, Maria Theresa's husband.

On hearing those simple songs by moon-light, in one of the most poetical situations in the world, Consuelo felt her-

self affected by melancholy. Her journey had been pleasant and cheerful until then; and by a very natural reaction, she fell suddenly into sadness. The postilion, who replaced his harness with German slowness, did not cease repeating with every exclamation of dissatisfaction: "That is a bad omen!" so that Consuelo's imagination was at last impressed by it. Every painful emotion, every prolonged reverie, recalled to her Albert's image. At that moment, she recollected that Albert, hearing the canoness one evening invoke aloud in her prayer, Saint Népomuck, the guardian of good reputation, had said to her: "That is very well in you, aunt, who have taken the precaution to insure yours by an exemplary life; but I have often seen souls stained by vices, call to their aid the miracles of this saint, in order to be better able to conceal from men their secret iniquities. It is thus that your devout practices serve quite as often for a cloak to gross hypocrisy as for a support to innocence." At that instant, Consuelo thought she heard Albert's voice at her ear in the evening breeze and in the gloomy waves of the Moldaw. She asked what he would think of her, he who perhaps believed her already perverted, if he should see her prostrate before that catholic image; and she was rising as if terrified, when Porpora said to her: "Come, let us get into the carriage again, all is repaired."

She followed him and was just entering the carriage, when a cavalier, heavily mounted on a horse more heavy still, stopped short, alighted and approached to gaze at her with a tranquil curiosity which appeared to her very impertinent. "What are you doing there, sir?" said Porpora, pushing him back; "ladies are not to be stared at so closely. It may be the custom in Prague, but I am not inclined to submit to it."

The stout man drew his chin out of the furs; and still holding his horse by the bridle, replied to Porpora in Bohemian, without perceiving that the latter did not understand a word; but Consuelo, struck by the voice of this person, and leaning forward to look at his features in the moonlight, cried, passing between him and Porpora: "Is it indeed you, sir baron of Rudolstadt?"

"Yes, it is I, signora!" replied baron Frederick; "it is I, the brother of Christian, the uncle of Albert; oh! it is indeed I. And it is indeed you also!" added he, uttering a deep sigh.

Consuelo was struck by his saddened air and his cold greeting. He who had always piqued himself on a chivalric gallantry towards her, he did not kiss her hand, he did not even touch his furred cap to salute her; he was contented to

repeat, as he looked at her with a dismayed, not to say a stupefied air: "It is indeed you! truly, it is you!"

"Give me the news from Riesenburg," said Consuelo with agitation.

"I will give them to you, signora! I long to give them to you."

"Well! sir baron, speak; tell me of Count Christian, of madam the canoness, and of—"

"O! yes, I will tell of them," replied Frederick, who was more and more stupefied and as it were besotted.

"And Count Albert?" returned Consuelo, terrified by his countenance and his physiognomy.

"Yes, yes! Albert, alas! yes!" replied the baron, "I wish to speak to you of him."

But he did not speak of him: and through all the young girl's questions, he remained almost as mute and motionless as the statue of Népomuck.

Porpora began to get impatient: he was cold; he was in a hurry to reach a good lodging. Moreover this encounter, which might make a great impression on Consuelo, vexed him much. "Sir baron," said he to him, "we will have the honor to come to-morrow and pay our respects to you; but suffer us now to go to sup and warm ourselves—we have much more need of that, than of compliments," added he between his teeth, leaping into the carriage, into which he had just pushed Consuelo, whether she would or no.

"But, my friend," said the latter with anxiety, "let me inform myself."

"Let me alone," replied he roughly. "That man is an idiot, if he is not dead-drunk; and we might spend the whole night on the bridge, without his bringing forth a word of good sense."

Consuelo was the victim of a horrible anxiety: "You are without pity," said she to him, while the carriage was crossing the bridge and entering the old city. "One instant more, and I should have learnt what interests me the most in the world."

"Hey-day! are we still there?" said the maestro with temper: "Will that Albert be eternally running in your head? You would have had a pretty family there, very cheerful and very polite, to judge by that great lout, who has his cap nailed to his head, apparently! for he had not the civility to raise it on seeing you."

"It is a family of which you formerly thought so well, that you threw me into it as into a port of safety, desiring me to have all respect, all love for those who compose it."

"As to the latter point, you have obeyed me too well, from what I can see."

Consuelo was going to reply; but she became calm on seeing the baron on horseback, determined, in appearance, to follow the carriage; and when she alighted from it, she found the old lord at the porch, offering her his hand, and doing with politeness the honors of his house; for it was there and not to the inn that he had ordered the postilion to drive. Porpora in vain wished to refuse his hospitality; he insisted, and Consuelo, who burned with a desire to dissipate her gloomy apprehensions, hastened to accept and to enter with him into the hall, where a great fire and a good supper were waiting for them. "You see, signora," said the baron, drawing her attention to three covers, "I expected you."

"That astonishes me very much," replied Consuelo; "we had not announced our arrival here to any one, and even expected, two days since, not to arrive until the day after to-morrow."

"It cannot astonish you more than it does me," said the baron with a dejected air.

"But the baroness Amelia?" asked Consuelo, ashamed at not having before thought of her old pupil.

A cloud darkened the brow of the baron of Rudolstadt: his rubicund complexion, heightened by the cold, became suddenly so pallid that Consuelo was terrified, but he replied with a kind of calmness: "My daughter is in Saxony with one of her relations. She will be very sorry not to have seen you."

"And the other persons of your family, sir baron," returned Consuelo, "can I not know—"

"Yes, you shall know all," replied Frederick, "you shall know all. Eat, signora, you must have need of it."

"I cannot eat unless you relieve me from my anxiety. Sir baron, in the name of Heaven, have you to deplore the loss of any your of relatives?"

"Nobody is dead," replied the baron, in a tone as melancholy as if he were announcing the extinction of his whole family; and he began to carve the meats with a slowness as solemn as he used to practice at Riesenburg. Consuelo had not the courage to question him further. The supper appeared to her mortally long. Porpora, who was less anxious than hungry, tried to converse with his host. The latter attempted, on his side, to reply obligingly and even to interrogate him respecting his affairs and his projects; but this freedom of mind was evidently beyond his strength. He never replied understandingly, and repeated his questions a moment after he had received the answer. He still cut large pieces for himself, and had his plate and glass copiously filled; but this was the effect of mere habit; he neither ate nor drank; and



letting his fork fall to the floor and his looks to the table-cloth, he gave way to a deplorable dejection. Consuelo examined him and saw clearly that he was not drunk. She asked herself if this sudden decay was the effect of unhappiness, of illness, or of old age. At last, after two hours of this suffering, the baron, seeing that the repast was concluded, made a sign to his servants to retire; and after having for a long time searched in his pockets with a wandering air, took out an open letter, which he presented to Consuelo. It was from the canoness, and contained what follows:—

"We are lost; there is no more hope, my brother! Doctor Superville has at last arrived from Bareith, and after having flattered us for some days, has declared to me that we must arrange our family concerns, because, in a week perhaps, Albert will no longer exist. Christian, to whom I have not had the courage to communicate this opinion, still hopes, but faintly; his dejection terrifies me, and I know not if the loss of my nephew be the only blow that threatens me. Frederick, we are lost! Can we both survive such disasters? For myself I know not. May the will of God be done! That is all I can say; but I do not feel in myself strength enough to prevent my succumbing. Come to us, my brother, and try to bring us some courage, if any has remained to you after your own unhappiness, an unhappiness which is also ours, and which gives the finishing blow to the misfortunes of a family that may be called cursed! What crimes then can we have committed to deserve such expiations? May God preserve me from want of faith and submission; but, in truth, there are instants when I say to myself that it is too much to bear.

"Come, my brother; we expect you, we have need of you; and yet do not leave Prague before the eleventh. I have to give you a strange commission; I feel as if I were almost crazy in doing so; but I no longer understand anything of our life, and I conform blindly to the wishes of Albert. On the eleventh current, at seven in the evening, be on the bridge of Prague, at the foot of the statue. The first carriage that passes, you will stop; the first person you see in it, you will carry to your house; and if she can leave for Riesenbourg that very evening, Albert will perhaps be saved. At least, he says he will have a hold on eternal life; and I do not know what he means by that. But the revelations he has made the past week, of events the most unforeseen by us, have been realized in so incomprehensible a manner, that it is no longer permitted me to doubt. He has the gift of prophecy and the sense of sight of hidden things. He called me

this evening to his bed-side, and in that extinct voice which he has now, and which must be guessed more than it can be heard, told me to transmit to you the words which I have faithfully reported. At seven o'clock then, on the eleventh, be at the foot of the statue, and whoever may be the person there in a carriage, bring her hither with all speed."

On finishing this letter, Consuelo, who had become as pale as the baron, rose suddenly; then she fell back into her chair and remained some instants with her arms stiffened and her teeth locked. But she soon recovered her strength, rose again and said to the baron who had fallen anew into his stupor: "Well! sir baron, is your carriage ready? I am; let us go."

The baron rose mechanically and went out. He had had strength to think of all in advance; the carriage was ready, the horses were waiting in the court; but he was now nothing more than an automaton obeying the pressure of a screw, and without Consuelo he would not have thought of departure.

Hardly had he left the chamber when Porpora seized the letter and ran it over rapidly. In his turn he became pale, could not articulate a word, and walked before the stove in a state of horrible disquiet. The maestro had to reproach himself with what happened. He had not foreseen it, but he said now that he ought to have foreseen it; and suffering from remorse, from horror, feeling his reason confounded moreover by the singular power of divination which had revealed to the sick man the means of again seeing Consuelo, he thought he was in a strange and frightful dream.

Still, as no organization was more positive in certain respects than his, and no will more tenacious, he soon thought of the possibilities and consequences of the sudden resolution which Consuelo had just taken. He moved about a great deal, struck his forehead with his hands and the floor with his heels, cracked all his knuckles, counted upon his fingers, calculated, reflected, summoned up his courage, and, braving the explosion, said to Consuelo, shaking her to reanimate her:

"You wish to go there, I consent; but I go with you. You wish to see Albert; perhaps you will give him the coup-de-grace. But there is no way to refuse; we will go. We can dispose of two days. We meant to pass them at Dresden; we will not rest there. If we are not at the Prussian frontier on the 18th we fail in our engagements. The theatre opens on the 25th; if you are not ready, I shall be obliged to pay a considerable forfeit. I have not half the sum required, and in Prussia he who does not

pay goes to prison. Once in prison you are forgotten; you are left there ten years, twenty years; you may die of sorrow or of old age, as you will. This is the fate which awaits me if you forget that we must leave Riesenbourg on the 14th, at five o'clock in the morning at latest."

"Be tranquil, my master," replied Consuelo, with the energy of resolution; "I have already thought of that. Do not make me suffer at Riesenbourg, that is all I ask of you. We will leave on the 14th, at five in the morning."

"You must swear it!"

"I swear it," replied she, shrugging her shoulders with impatience. "When your liberty and life are in question, I do not imagine that you require an oath on my part."

The baron reëntered at this instant, followed by a devoted and intelligent old domestic, who wrapped him up like a child in his furred pelisse and led him to the carriage. They drove rapidly to Bertram, and reached Pilsen by break of day.

To be Continued.

## REVIEW.

*Significance of the Alphabet.* By CHARLES KRAITSIR, M. D. Boston: E. P. Peabody. 1946. pp. 58. 12mo.

We have looked over this little work with an unusual degree of interest. Every attempt to develop the hidden analogies or correspondences of nature which underlie all true science, is worthy of the most profound attention; and in no department are the labors of a genuine discoverer more urgently needed than in that of Philology. No one subject has ever perhaps occupied so much of human study, while, as yet, none is so destitute of any general results, worthy the name of a science. All existing works on general grammar, for example, regarded as attempts at an exposition of the universal laws of language, (as distinct from the grammar of particular tongues,) are absolutely paltry. Nothing can well be imagined more meagre and unsatisfactory. The very ground-plan of the *science of language* remains yet to be traced, or rather, it should be said, of each of the several sciences which will relate to language as their subject-matter. No one can doubt that language has its absolute laws of growth, based on and conformed to the nature of the mind, of which it is both the product and the image, while on the other hand the raw material of language—the sounds of the human voice, are, *themselves*, considered apart, real objective existences, liable to their own accidents and modifications. The distribution and significance of sounds relate to



the mind, while their production is a material effect and hence subjected to material laws. Language holds thus a middle or transitional position between the metaphysical and the physical, and *must* have its own science lying in either department. Again, the architect of the universe no more intended that man should be destitute of the means of symbolizing his words, than that he should not have the means of uttering his thoughts by the aid of them. There must be a true, and the only true system of writing. If sounds—mere noises—have a natural, inherent relationship to the kingdom of thought within, on the one hand, so must they have to the kingdom of material forms without, on the other. If vowels and consonants have their own metaphysics, so must they have their own geometry; and the explorer of the hidden mysteries of speech must, if he does his whole work, develop it as well. To settle the true scope of the human voice, to fix the true relations of sounds to each other, to discover, in fine, the Alphabet of Nature, seems to be the first want, and the preliminary task, so to speak, of the universal philologist, and we hold it to be the opprobrium of learned linguists that they have failed to do this for so long a time. Doctor Kraitsir seems to us completely to overlook this great desideratum as well as several other departments of inquiry which we have hinted at above. We do not complain that he should direct his attention to a single point, if he finds there enough to engage his powers, though we did hope from his profound learning and great industry, something more universal; nor are we so unreasonable as to expect the development of an entire science in a mere pamphlet, but we find in it, to our disappointment, we confess, what seems to us to be an abnegation of important principles, a positive excision of some of the chief members of the very body of science which he is endeavoring to create.

To descend more into particulars for the information of the reader, the pith of Doctor Kraitsir's theory of language seems to be contained in the following extracts:

"There are three classes of sounds in consequence of the harmony between our organs and the several categories into which nature is divided in our conception. On examining nature we find the general fact that the causal, or what appears causal is not expressed without gutturals, what is living and moving, not without labials and linguals, and what is dead or dormant, not without dentals. Gutturality, labiality, and dentality, floating in the element of euphony, and corresponding to the ideas that men have of things material and moral, make up language."

"In spite of all apparent objections which may be made by those who have never dived below the surface of English

and French, it is true that significant words are not made up of insignificant, but of significant sounds; that there is such unity in man that the organic formation and the significance of elementary sounds is *one*, and that on a deep consideration of the development of human thought and feeling, under various circumstances, we shall see a reason for the development of these sounds into all the various languages spoken on the globe."

This view of language Doctor Kraitsir has developed with great power and learning, not only in the small work before us, but also in public lectures, some of which we have had the pleasure of hearing. This theory we think, lies at least in the direction of a great truth, and we may at some future time exhibit wherein we consider it rather defective than erroneous. We have not space here to say more than to express our conviction that the Doctor has not yet reached the ultimate conclusions of his own theory. He has doubtless discovered principles but he falls short of a system. His learning may be the dawn of new science, but it is not quite the effulgence of the perfect day. He seems to us to be a successful laborer in the great preliminary work of analysis, but he is far short, if we mistake not, of the true position from which to construct a comprehensive synthesis of his subject. He shows himself, indeed, specially deficient in accurate phoneticism. While he deals with sounds as the basis of a theory, he is confused and inaccurate to a surprising degree, in all that relates to sounds, whenever he descends to particulars. Thus he asserts, for example, in the broadest terms that "Every German letter stands for one sound always and every where, and to learn the alphabet of the German language is to learn to read all genuine German words." (p. 17.)

What does the learned Doctor make of the awkward contrivance for representing the *Umlaut* in this model language, which is nothing else than writing a vowel, and then writing another of a different sound over it, for which diacritical dots are often substituted to inform us how the first is to be pronounced? What does he say of the diphthong combinations, *ei*, *ie*, which represent single vowel sounds by a double sign, one of which is, of course, diverted from its alphabetical character; what of *ew*, in which both vowels lose their own value: what of *ss*, *ff*, *ck*, &c. for the same sounds which are otherwise represented by *s*, *f*, *k*, &c. alone; what of *th*, (as in *theilen*, a genuine German word,) for *t*; what of an *h* inserted merely to lengthen a vowel; what of that beautiful model of phonetic truth *sch* for a simple consonant; what of the *z* which combines the representation of two consonant sounds under one sign while *s* again represents the two sounds of *s* surd and sonorous (Eng. *s* and *z*); what of the use of the same

vowel-sign *generally* for both a long or a short vowel with a variety of quality; also, what of the *g*, which has two values, and what of twenty other minor irregularities which are only tolerable on the ground that they are not so bad as that sink of all abominations, the English orthography? If, however, it were merely meant by this broad assertion that it is possible to ascertain by means of the alphabet, aided by certain recondite laws which may be learned, the true, or proximate pronunciation of German words, which is nearly the reverse of what is said, then the same might be affirmed of the French language with equal truth; for there is hardly any language in which it is possible by a sufficient amount of study of particular rules, to be more sure of the pronunciation of a word by simple inspection; notwithstanding the existence of such a variety of symbolization that no less than thirty-six different combinations of letters are used in one instance, to denote a single vowel sound. But that this is not what is intended to be said is obvious, from the fact that our author ranks the French language among the most anomalous and corrupt, and especially excludes it from his favor, along with the English; while he bestows a kind of philological absolution upon all the other languages of Europe and the world.

The fact is, that there is not an alphabet in the world by which any living language is ordinarily written; that is even tolerably phonetic. Some are worse, it is true, than others, but all are bad. As we have already intimated, that which is demanded upon the very threshold of philological reform is a universal alphabet, not the *Deva nagari*, nor the patch-work of Cadmus, whatever beauties the enthusiastic antiquary may discover or fancy in them,—but a true comprehensive and scientific phonography, framed with all the lights of modern science and equally applicable to all the languages of the earth. It is not our purpose to affirm here that such a system has or has not been developed, nor to appear as the partizan or the opponent of any, but merely to utter our intimate conviction that such a system must be, as an essential condition of a rectified and systematized philology.

Our author after conceiving of the idea of phonography in the low sense of a mere contrivance to correct the French and English orthography, rejects it altogether upon grounds which we deem frivolous. His language is this:

"An adult person can learn to read German in a day, if he can pronounce the alphabet; children also learn to read at once. The same may be said of all the languages of Europe, nay, of the world, except the French and English. The very thought of inventing a new Phonography is in itself a phenomenon, which se-



letter for *in* and *nose*, and what pertains to the nose in nearly all languages." This too, we think an error, if it be meant that the original initial consonant of these words was *n* in most languages, or indeed in any language. We hope we have led our readers to suspect the existence of principles governing the modifications of speech, the discovery and exposure of which will serve as a more certain and uniform guide to etymologies, than any vain attempt to preserve a few dead branches of the living and growing tree of language \* at the expense of sacrificing the most important practical advantages.

The want of a scientific alphabet has been severely felt and betrayed by every writer on language, though the nature of the want has not been clearly defined to their own minds. This remark was never more true than in the case of Doctor Kraitsir himself. He says that "The Roman Alphabet is so inadequate to the Polish language that each character has to be repeated, sometimes more than once," (a beautiful contrivance for a people claiming civilization!) "with points marking variations of sound. We also find it inadequate to the French and English languages, and supply its deficiencies by combination, such as *ch*, *th*, &c. It is hardly possible by combinations of Roman letters to represent the sounds of the Sanscrit so as to be understood. Nevertheless here is an attempt at this with the arrangement a little altered." The table which follows fully sustains such a preface; and to a person who has at all the ideal of a perfect alphabet in his mind, is little less than ludicrous, though it is perhaps the best that can be done with the wretchedly lame apparatus at command. Doctor Kraitsir expresses the wish indeed very inconsistently with his opposition to the invention of a better alphabet, that all the Indo Germanic languages had been written by characters framed and arranged according to the Sanscrit. The Sanscrit alphabet is however, in fact, nearly as inadequate to the representation of the sounds, even of the English language, as the Roman, but it has great beauties, and is a wonderful production for the age in which it had its origin. We cannot, however, but suspect that had Doctor Kraitsir been the hierophant of Buddhism at that day, it would have failed of adoption on the ground that some guttural snags and spurs of the olden times, known traditionally, would be lost by the operation of the new phonetic system.

\* Language exhibits the phenomenon of producing gutturals and other hard consonants with the augmentation of energy on the part of a people. Nature will be found quite competent to take care of herself and leave us free to mark with accuracy what she accomplishes.

We regret that our author seems to want faith,—faith in truth,—faith that each department of truth is always and every where reconcilable with every other department of truth; we regret that he undertakes to anathematize, *ex cathedra*, what he obviously does not thoroughly understand; we regret that he is too narrow and exclusive in the scope of his philological inquiries; we regret that he is content with too little in the way of reform; we regret that he generalizes so little and so vaguely, his own discoveries, and we would complain, had we space to illustrate our meaning, that he suffers his powerful intellect and great learning to be frittered away upon minute criticisms on the use and application of words, which descend in some cases to a mere etymological *Spitzfindigkeit*, unworthy of any but a pedant.

Having thus sufficiently exhibited our propensity to fault-finding, in which we think the Doctor can sympathize, though we confess that it exhibits itself in the work before us only in a very mild development, we turn with pleasure to the other side of the picture. We say decidedly that no linguist or grammarian should fail to have by him this little treatise; it contains the germ of great thoughts—some of the seeds of a revolution both in the right understanding of languages, and in the modes of acquiring them. Its erudition is profound, and many of the views expressed are wise and original. The author's criticism on the current pronunciation of the Latin language, not only as it is in this country and England, but even as it is in Germany and on the Continent generally, we fully endorse. A reform in this respect is loudly called for, and the indications of the true pronunciation gathered with great labor by Doctor Kraitsir from Latin authors, and his reasonings on the subject are of great value to the cause of science. The same is true of the detailed tabular view of the Indo-European languages, which he furnishes us. We shall await with impatience the future productions of his pen.

*Pictures from Italy.* By CHARLES DICKENS. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1846. pp. 184.

Under this title the "*Travelling Letters, written on the Road*," of which a single number was noticed in our paper some time since, have now become a volume. We took occasion then to hazard an *a priori* judgment of Mr. Dickens's qualifications for this sort of composition, based partly on his earlier unfortunate attempt to show up the Americans, and partly on the objectivity and sensuousness of his intellect, in which mere discursive observation of the outward shows and literal

reality of things is so predominant a quality, which does not so naturally seek its food amid the ideal Past of Rome and the artistic wealth of Florence, as among the stirring actual scenes in the streets and shops and homes (Oh dismal irony!) of London and of Paris. Confessing, as all the world must, the deep sincere humanity, the quick, truth-telling glance, the honest hearty humor, and the ever busy, happy fancy of this writer, we could not conceal from ourselves that the opening specimen of these letters was a very sketchy, after-dinner sort of writing. But we have found no ordinary amount of amusement and instruction in the volume. The "pictures," in themselves most vivid, call up worlds of serious reflections, which would be too engrossing if we did not look away from them per force. The author's claims for them are very modest, as appears from the earlier title, and from the preface to the present volume, where the fact that they were "written on the spot and sent home in private letters" is mentioned, "not as an excuse for their defects," but "as a guarantee to the reader that they were at least penned in the fulness of the subject, and with the liveliest impressions of novelty and freshness."

Who can associate the name of Boz with Italy? is doubtless a natural question with many. But Rome has its Carnival, as well as its remains of ancient glory, and that sunny land of art can offer to the humane satirist and chronicler of daily moral facts as beautiful a side of this "perfectible Civilization" in its lazaroni, and lame beggars, and droves of stupid, worldly monks and priests, as any "Five Points" or "Red Lion Square." Boz certainly is not a Goethe, and is not drawn to Italy by pure congeniality of spheres, as was that profoundly artistic poet; and his "pictures" will have nothing of that inward and subdued and mellow Tone which makes the *Italianische Reise* itself a masterpiece of art. After the reverent footsteps, too, of our refined, serene and delicately appreciating countryman, Mr. Calvert, we wonder what this matter-of-fact, bold, burly humorist can be after here in this great solemn conservatory of the proudest religious structures, the most ideal creations of art, and the most romantic historical associations which past centuries have left behind them—was it to overlook the interior splendors of the sanctuary and only watch the beggars, the priests, and the poor puffed up and silly specimens of humanity whom Providence has appointed to be its keepers?

All this however we consider an advantage. Though the true poets who write of Italy are only as one to ten thousand, yet it must be confessed, we have had the

poetic and ideal side of the matter to satiety, till nothing new seems likely to be added. The pictures and cathedrals are eternal, inasmuch as they are inspired forms of beauty. The historical associations too will not wear out, inasmuch as the history of the race, through all its periods, is one. But these are not Italy, only the treasure buried there. But this is a world of progress, and we wish to know the actual "form and pressure" of to-day; we wish to note the present symptoms; ugly as these may be, and uncongenial to the poetic mood which muses on the beauty of old ruins, still we can afford to look at them, — for have we not the beautiful solution of them in the faith which points us to the Harmonic consummation into which all these things are steadily tending to resolve themselves, whether by mouldering decay or by ascending growth? Gladly would we send out a fresh, clear-sighted, independent messenger to tell us of the *present facts* of Italy, that cherished dream-land of the world. And such a reporter is Charles Dickens. Depend upon it, these things have a side for him too, of which no man can report so well.

Accordingly he travels in his own character, and sees things with his own eyes, and tells you what he sees, not what he expected or thought it would be necessary or poetical to see. He gives you the little fitting scenes and conversations of the road-side with the same quaint, familiar Dutch painter's fidelity and broad humor, which pervade all his writings. He carries with him talking eyes. He visits monuments and churches not without solemn impressions; sees great pomp and symmetry in St. Peters, but nothing of a peculiarly religious character in its architecture; he explores the picture-galleries, but, frankly confessing himself no connoisseur, he is comparatively silent on such subjects, except to bestow some sly hits upon the conceited raptures and criticisms of his still more ignorant countrymen whom he meets in the same places, and now and then to record his simple impression of some painting or statue, regarded as a reflection of nature or expression of the soul. The miserable condition of the people, the universal duplicity and fraud, the poor God-forsaken mummeries of the Romish worship and the whole pontifical estate, the armies of beggars, cripples and deformed human monstrosities which lurk near every splendid church and every pillar and portal of every palace as regularly as its own shadow, — these, and the profane, gaudy ceremonial tinsel with which august forms of art and beauty are tricked out for solemn festivals, — reflect their image on his page, — the image of actual Italy.

But what strikes us most of all, and

constitutes almost the pervading tone of the book, in spite of his own sparkling humor, is the feeling of universal decay, which imparts an earthy, mouldering taste to the very atmosphere of Italy. This he is continually noticing. Witness especially his picture of the silent, mossy desolation of that city of palaces, old Genoa. We know of few things more sublime in its kind, than this description. It is like the old earth leaning on its elbow and lapsing away into its last long sleep; it is like the colossal image of the downcast Saturn in the "Hyperion" of Keats; it is like the Finale in Retzsch's illustrations of the Song of the Bell, or in Cole's series of paintings called the "Course of Empire." And with these scenes how aptly harmonizes the dreamy indolence, the *dolce far niente* of the population! Surely there is meaning in all this. Does it not look as if proud civilization were dozing itself away; as if it had done its utmost, and the cold torpor of death had commenced in these parts, slowly and surely to creep over the whole body? Look at these facts on the one hand; on the other see the foremost nation in the world's progress, the giant young Republic of the West, plunging itself deeper and deeper into wicked counsels, kindling anew the old destructive passions which have so many times burnt over the surface of the earth, lending the whole weight of its institutions and summoning forth its armies to lay broad the foundations of slavery and avarice; compare these with the fatal certainty of that uprising tide of poverty and popular despair, which threatens to engulf the proudest nations of the north of Europe in the very acme of their greatest power and splendor: — and then try to believe that no great revolution is at hand, that the old social state is destined to survive without essential change! Surely universal ruin threatens! Which is easiest for a soul of faith for one nurtured in a Christian trust in Providence, to believe! that it *will* be universal ruin! or that it will be but the final collapse of a subversive, selfish, and discordant period, making way for another based on justice, love, and harmony, the era of the true Divine Social Order, whereunto all things have been so long tending, and without which all the noblest instincts of the human heart, and all the cherished revelations of the Supreme one, are but mockery and insult!

We trust these pictures of Italy as it is, will be read. They are not a repetition merely of the old story. They are living facts, rare comments on the history and present condition of Humanity, and should be pondered deeply.

Your brother is you, and when he is oppressed are you not also oppressed!

## POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

### "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

Youth, who hast kept thy manly purity,  
And though now struggling in the press of life,  
And seeing with clear view sin's horrid strife,  
Hast o'er thy lusts a perfect mastery;  
Thou who can'st look into thy Love's pure eyes  
With gaze as calm, as fearless as her own,  
Nor dread to make thine inmost feelings known  
Lest in that virgin heart strange terror rise,  
(That heart whose soft experience never knew  
How deep in sensual villenous lies the crowd)  
Oh! to thy higher thought an utterance give,  
Spurn and rebuke thy fellows' creed untrue!  
Speak for a holier life in accents loud,  
And show this atheist world that truth and virtue  
live!  
T. W. R.

### THE IDEAL.

BY MISS ANNE C. LYNCH.

"*La vie est un sommeil, l'amour en est la reve.*"

A sad, sweet dream! It fell upon my soul  
When song and thought first woke their  
echoes there,  
Swaying my spirit to its wild control;  
And with the shadow of a fond despair,  
Darkening the fountain of my young life's  
stream,  
It haunts me still and yet I know 'tis but a  
dream.

Whence art thou, shadowy presence, that  
canst hide  
From my charmed sight the glorious things  
of earth?

A mirage o'er life's desert dost thou glide?  
Or with those glimmerings of a former  
birth,

A "trailing cloud of glory," hast thou come  
From some bright world afar, our unremem-  
bered home?

I know thou dwell'st not in this dull, cold  
Real,

I know thy home is in some brighter  
sphere,

I know I shall not meet thee, my Ideal,  
In the dark wanderings that await me here;  
Why comes thy gentle image then, to me,  
Wasting my night of life in one long dream  
of thee?

The city's peopled solitude, the glare  
Of festal halls, moonlight, and music's tone,  
All breathe the sad refrain — *thou art not  
there;*

And even with nature I am still alone;  
With joy I see her summer bloom depart;  
I love stern winter's reign — 'tis winter in  
my heart.

And if I sigh upon my brow to see  
The 'deep'ning shadow of Time's restless  
wing,

'Tis for the youth I might not give to thee,  
The vanished brightness of my first sweet  
spring;

That I might give thee not the joyous form  
Unworn by tears and cares, unblighted by  
the storm.

And when the hearts I should be proud to  
to win,

Breathe, in those tones that woman holds  
so dear,

Words of impassioned homage unto mine,  
Coldly and harsh they fall upon my ear,  
And as I listen to the fervent vow  
My weary heart replies, "*Alas, it is not  
thou!*"

And when the thoughts within my spirit glow  
That would outpour themselves in words  
of fire,  
If some kind influence bade the music flow  
Like that which woke the notes of Mem-  
non's lyre,  
Thou, sunlight of my life, wak'st not the lay,  
And song within my heart unuttered dies  
away.

Depart, O shadow! fatal dream, depart!  
Go, I conjure thee, leave me this poor life,  
And I will meet with firm, heroic heart,  
Its threat'ning storms and its tumultuous  
strife,  
And with the poet-seer will see thee stand  
To welcome my approach to thine own  
Spirit-land.

### THE IDEAL FOUND.

BY MISS ANNE C. LYNCH.

I've met thee, whom I dared not hope to meet  
Save in th' enchanted land of my day-  
dreams;  
Yes, in this common world, this waking state,  
Thy living presence on my vision beams,  
Life's dream embodied in reality!  
And in thine eyes I read indifference to me!

Yes, in those star-like eyes I read my fate,  
My horoscope is written in their gaze:  
My "house of life" henceforth is desolate;  
But the dark aspect my firm heart surveys,  
Nor faints nor falters even for thy sake, —  
'Tis calm and nerved and strong — no, no, it  
cannot break.

For I am of that mood that will defy;  
That does not cower before the gathering  
storm;  
That face to face will meet its destiny,  
And undismayed confront its darkest form.  
Wild energies awaken in this strife,  
This conflict of the soul with the grim phan-  
tom Life.

But ah! if thou hadst loved me! had I been  
All to thy dreams that to mine own thou  
art,  
Had those dark eyes beamed eloquent on  
mine,  
Pressed for one moment to that noble heart  
In the full consciousness of faith unspoken,  
Life could have given no more — then had  
my proud heart broken!

The Alpine glacier from its height may mock  
The clouds and lightnings of the winter  
sky,  
And from the tempest and the thunder's shock  
Gather new strength to lift its summit high;  
But kissed by sunbeams of the summer day  
It bows its icy crest and weeps itself away.

Thou know'st the fable of the Grecian maid  
Wooded by the veiled immortal from the  
skies,  
How in his full perfections, once she prayed,  
That he would stand before her longing  
eyes,  
And how that brightness, too intense to bless,  
Consumed her o'er-wrought heart with its  
divine excess.

To me there is a meaning in the tale.

I have not prayed to meet thee; I can  
brook  
That thou shouldst wear to me that icy veil;  
I can give back that cold and careless look;  
Yet shined within my heart still thou shalt  
seem,  
What there thou ever wert — a beautiful,  
bright dream!

### THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 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.

### LETTER FROM A FACTORY LABORER.

We print below the testimony of actual experience as to the results of modern industry. The picture is one men are apt to forget, but the clear, deep outlines in which it is here presented will not, we should think, pass at once from the memory even of those who are hardened to it by interest and habit. For ourselves, it is too sad ever to be lost even in the glow of the wealth and comfort which a part of the world draw from the same source. We do not look on the array of a Washington Fair, where manufactures of whose beauty and usefulness a nation might seem justly to be proud, are piled in almost exhaustless variety and abundance, without calling to mind the fearful wreck of Humanity which produced the show. We see a background to it which we fear does not meet the eyes of all the spectators; we count a cost in the making of those wares which is not included in any bill of their prices, or reckoned in any estimate of their value.

Is that magnificent display a proud evidence of national advancement in industry, skill, ingenuity, wealth? Not less is it an evidence that poverty, ignorance, degradation, moral and spiritual death are more and more becoming the companions and tyrants of the human beings whose labor was expended in its creation. Those exquisite fabrics bear the history of fearful wrongs done to Man. Into their delicate texture is interwoven a tragedy whose catastrophe has many victims. It is the vast tragedy of competitive labor, whose stage is the whole civilized world, whose action has no pause, whose gloomy curtain never falls to shut from the sight of God the immolation of its unresisting offerings. We shudder at the horrors of a battle field, where a day, an hour has hurried thousands amidst groans and shrieks and the rage of hellish fury, into one bloody ruin; but afterward over

that field have sprung up flowers and waving grass and grain, as the peaceful hand of nature has effaced all marks of the terrible havoc. But in the unnatural warfare of civilized industry, — a struggle in which no high principle is engaged, but the mere force of Capital waging destruction, which under a false system it cannot avoid, against helpless masses of God's children, whose only resource is to yield themselves body and soul to their fate, — there is no respite, no amelioration; and as new generations throng up into this breathing world there await them only a more hopeless misery, a more certain wretchedness. Each increase in their number and each improvement in the machinery that aids their toil, is not a blessing as it should be, but a curse, and but arms with a new weapon the power that tramples them beneath its feet. The Suttlej, red with the blood of the slain, will flow again to-morrow in its crystal clearness, but at some Leeds, or Manchester, or Spitalfields, (to mention no American names,) to-morrow's sun will rise on even a sadder scene than it has looked upon to-day, and so we know it will be for year after year.

And what is this foe of Humanity that thus riots on the face of the earth? What demon has usurped the rule and perverted the bounties of God into fatal engines of destruction? Where is the power that works such evils and in those countries where there is most wealth, where knowledge, Christian love and justice most prevail, drags the race into a calamity like this? It is no fiend, no malignant despot, but something impersonal, intangible, whose steps men do not watch and whose pernicious influence they do not provide against. It is our Civilization, with its unlimited competition, its antagonism of interests, its universal incoherence. It is the false system and not the powers that act under it that oppress and destroy the producing classes. Let us labor to change this system. Let us waste no effort in vain hostility against the special forces that it has subordinated to itself. Not with Capitalists or with Capital ought the friends of the proletariat to have any quarrel; it is the system that does the wrong and not its instruments. Against Civilization then let our efforts be directed. Let us establish instead of its competition, coöperation; instead of its social discord, unity of interests; instead of its incoherence, combined action; and let society guarantee to every human being the fundamental Rights of Man, — the Right to Integral Education, the Right to Labor and the Right to the fruit of Labor, — and this great Golgotha of industry will smile like the garden of the Lord, and only voices of happiness and gratitude will ascend to Heaven.

We subjoin the letter of our correspondent.

THOMPSONVILLE, Ct., June 1, 1846.

GENTLEMEN: Inclosed you have one dollar for the third volume of the Harbinger. I hope and trust that you will be able to continue the publication of your most valuable paper.

Before long I intend to be a member of some Association if I have to travel a thousand miles to reach one. The future prospects of factory laborers, and especially of carpet weavers are very gloomy. Power looms will take the lead, and if we are allowed to work at them at all, we shall have to work at very low wages, probably at the same rate as girls. You will very easily excuse my inaccuracies when I tell you that in 1804, the 10th of March, I was seven years old, when I was put to work in a large carpet factory in Leeds, England, and have been working at that business ever since; I have not had one day's schooling in fifty years, but a great many days a chance to starve. Driven by stern and thorny hunger to the dunghill to pick up gooseberry skins, apple cores and parings, plumb and cherry stones that had been thrown away by my more fortunate neighbors, I have robbed hens, dogs and pigs many a time to sustain life in my young days. No wonder if I am sick of the glories of Christian Civilization, but for myself I do not care much. It's the children I am thinking about, future generations. If we working men do not see and feel the necessity of beginning for ourselves in Association, we very soon shall or I am cheated.

#### THE WORKING MEN'S MOVEMENT.

We wish to neglect no opportunity of declaring our earnest sympathy with the principles and objects of the Reform movement by the Workingmen of New England. It has always given us the liveliest pleasure to co-operate with its advocates, whenever it has been in our power, and although we were unable to attend its recent meeting in Boston, we rejoice in the spirit of union and determined zeal which it exhibited, and would fain express our hearty good wishes for the accomplishment of the objects, which it brought forward.

The movement among the Workingmen is a proof among ten thousand others, of the correctness of the views of social progress set forth by the immortal Fourier. He shows, with the clearness, as it were, of anatomical demonstration, the successive phases of society, the elements contained in its progressive development, and the different means by which an escape can be made from the miseries of

the present order, called Civilization. Every thing he maintains is now tending to Commercial Feudalism, that is, the dominion of moneyed, trading corporations, over the industrial, productive masses; the present age, as he declared, was to witness a struggle between these two interests, unless prevented by the speedy establishment of Domestic and Agricultural Association; and the first symptoms of attempting a better order of society would be found in the formation of a system of mutual guarantees, to take the place of the competition and universal antagonism of commercial relations.

The present movement of the Workingmen is a fulfilment of these predictions, uttered nearly fifty years since, before the first note of remonstrance had been sounded against the tyranny of capital, and at a time when the horrors of war had shed a disastrous eclipse on every prospect of social advancement. The Workingmen are now demanding a system of practical guarantees; they protest against the usurpations of the moneyed influence: they call upon each other for mutual protection against the sovereignty of combined capital; and with a strong instinct, if not a clear consciousness of the strength of union, are forming systematic organizations, with a view to a more efficient and thorough maintenance of their undenia- ble rights. This is the secret of the movement in which they are now engaged. We need not say that we wish for it the most complete success. We do more. We are devotedly attached to the movement ourselves. We would labor, night and day, summer and winter, by word and by deed, for the realization of its objects. They are all good, all holy, all adapted to win the support of every true man. They are an important step in the progress of Humanity towards its destined goal. In the present state of things, they are necessary to the attainment of still higher good. They are the first bugle notes, summoning the army of the faithful to take up their march, not to a war of devastation, rapine, and bloodshed, but to the defence of the inborn rights of man, the conquering for the race of the fair heritage of material prosperity, industrial attraction, leisure for intellectual culture, and the consequent social harmony which a beneficent Providence has ordained as the certain destiny of Humanity.

In the last number of "The Voice of Industry," we find a full and very interesting account of the meeting of the "New England Workingmen's Association," held in Boston, on the 27th of May. Among the Resolutions adopted at the meeting, were the following.

1st. *Resolved*, That the objects of this Association are to secure a general union among the

producing classes of New England,—to form a medium for the exchange of thought among them, upon all of the great subjects of human progress and elevation now before the people, and hear and act upon such plans and measures, as the Working Men and Women of New England, shall deem important to present in their individual or associative capacities from time to time.

2nd. *Resolved*, That this Association deeply deprecate the unhallowed war now being waged with such inhuman results between this country and the Republic of Mexico, and now solemnly enter their protest against having any part or lot in the matter, having no lives to lose, or money to squander in such an unholy and unprofitable cause, to enhance the price of "Texas Script," and plunder Mexican soil for United States officers, slaveholders, and speculators to convert into a mart for traffic in human blood and human rights.

3d. *Resolved*, That the present number of hours, constituting a day's labor in our factories, is detrimental to health, and is the cause of consigning hundreds yearly, to an untimely grave:

Therefore, *Resolved*, That it is the duty of this Convention to devise means whereby, there shall be, not only hundreds or thousands, but tens of thousands of petitions to our next Legislature, praying that an act may be passed limiting a day's labor to ten hours.

4th. *Resolved*, That we extend our sympathy and hardy hands, to our brother Labor Reformers, in all sections of the country and the world; and cheerfully ask them to make us sharers in their trials and joys, by informing us of their success in the cause for which we are all contending.

5th. *Resolved*, That the success of "National Reform," is cheering to the laborers of New England; and that they look with a great degree of certainty to the time when every man will "sit under his own vine and fig tree;" and when the monopoly of the Soil shall cease forever.

The Report of the "Female Labor Reform Association of Manchester," was introduced by Miss Rumrill, a factory girl, and being read to the meeting was warmly responded to by the Association. It is as follows:

#### *Report of the Female Labor Reform Association of Manchester, N. H.*

We are happy in being able to state that the glorious cause of Labor Reform in Manchester, is still progressing. Its march is onward. Although our Association is yet in its infancy, a few months only having elapsed since its organization, it is in a flourishing condition; and fast verging into maturity. And we cherish the hope, that the day is not far distant, when we, a down-trodden class, shall occupy that place in society, which justice demands.

The Association at present consists of nearly three hundred members; and new names are constantly added to our list. We hold our regular meetings, although they are not always so fully attended as we could wish; yet there is a deep, intense interest manifested by those who do attend, that is truly encouraging.

We still meet with some opposition; but it is only adding fuel to the flame of independence, that has long since been kindled within us. Some have had the audacity to express a disbelief in the existence of the evils, against which we proclaim. But we know that these evils do



exist. Daily experience plainly tells us, that there are heaped upon us evils—grievous evils—that are wasting our energies, and unfitting us for the various duties of life. And we hope that by proclaiming the simple truth, in love, we shall convince others of this fact, and so change the voice of public opinion, that our employers shall be constrained to give us more just and reasonable hours of labor, and more time for mental improvement. We rely upon no political party for aid, believing that no one party, as a party, is more friendly to the laborer than another. But we hail with joy, every individual who is willing to raise his voice in behalf of down trodden Humanity, whether he be Whig or Democrat, or of any other party. We feel that it is a high and holy cause, and worthy the attention of every individual. And we hope the time will soon come when the clergymen, and all others high in authority shall become one mighty phalanx against this slavish system, and manifest a determination to aid us until every vestige of oppression is removed.

E. KIDDER, *Pres't.*

M. JACKMAN, *Sec'y.*

We are gratified with the spirit and character of the meeting, as indicated by the above extracts from the proceedings, as well as by the sketch of the discussions which are given at length in the *Voice of Industry*.

The elevation of the Working Classes is distinctly set forth as the great object of the movement; and the means of its attainment, a more general diffusion of intelligence, a closer union with each other, and a guarantee of physical support and prosperity. We rejoice in the spirit of self-reliance, which the proceedings exhibit, and the determination to keep clear from the shackles of political partizanship. We regard this last feature as of the utmost importance. Scarce a political leader in this country cares a fig for the objects aimed at by the Workingmen. All that class of people look on the great masses who do the work of the world, as the tools of their narrow, paltry, personal interests, good to fight for them, vote for them, hurra for them on training and town meeting days, and there they stop. We would give more for one or two such men as we were glad to see took a conspicuous part in the meeting, than for the whole tribe of well-fed or hungry demagogues who infest the parlours of the Capitol and White House in Washington. But such men, we know very well, and they know very well, could not get ten votes for the office of care-taker of stray cattle or distressed swine, if it depended on those who are bound to grind in the narrow mill of our regular dealers in politics, and in not a few instances, with their noses on the stone. Let not the Workingmen throw away their votes. Let them always use the arms which our Constitution provides for them in the ballot box. But let them not stick too close to the "regular nominations," or any of the tactics of party.

They will find that the man who talks the loudest and the beautifullest about "the sublime progress of democratic liberty," or "the sacred duty of protecting American industry," is on no account, the man who is the most to be trusted when any question comes up touching the rights or interests of the masses. Let them mark their own men, those who are with them on principle, those who have some trade besides politics; and in this independence of the existing party organizations, they will wield an influence that will by and by lead our leaders to open their eyes. Just consider, O friends, the course of the great, oracular, Olympian-Jove-like political papers, as to your movement. What one vouchsafes it a passing notice, unless an election is at hand, when your services are in request! Of course we do not allude to those noble prints,—rare as the ships in old Mr. Somebody's fleet after a tempest,—which never sacrifice their zeal for humanity to the interests of a party,—but to those which are governed alone by the red-eyed demon of political sectarianism, which, as it has been well said, "gives the mole's eye, the adder's ear, and makes the heart like the nether mill-stone." It is a *caution*, to see the ill-disguised indifference with which they speak of your meetings; and if ever a word of cordial, whole-souled response to your principles has come from a man among them, we would thank you to point it out to us. No. Put not your trust in these swelling demagogues. Let your motto be, "Government made Easy; or, Every Man his own Politician." Take your own work into your own hands, and you will have some chance of its being done, and done well.

### CONSUELO.

The translation of this greatest work of modern fiction, which appeared originally in *The Harbinger*, has been recently published by Ticknor and Co. in two elegant volumes. Our readers, who have first learned to admire this consummate specimen of artistic genius as it has been presented in our columns, will be glad to possess it in the more compact form in which it is now given to the public. We predict for it a cordial welcome from the lovers of natural grace and beauty, by whom its exquisite touches will be felt, nor should we be altogether astonished if it won its way to a wide and enduring popularity. In this age of tinsel, however, such pure gold may not be found dazzling enough to charm the eye which loves glare more than clear light. The following notice by one whose own originality and geniality give force to his opinions, is from "The Chronotype."

"Well, here we have it at last. Those who

have read or dipped into the *Harbinger* for the last year, must have been expecting it, this *Consuelo*. An awful idea some people have of George Sand, as if nothing good could come from her, any more than from the man of Nazareth. She has outraged conventionalities, perhaps done worse, poor rebellious woman! and how can society ever forgive her, or allow her to repent and be forgiven! Society need not do it. Society had better be asking forgiveness for itself. But poor, erring, belied George Sand, having found a man in Boston manly enough to venture a translation of her great work, *Consuelo*, will be suspected to have had uncommon good cause to take her liberty out of society's into her own keeping. But we are not going into the life of this wonderful author—for we may not put the *ess* on.

"Here is a work of the imagination, in which human life is well distinguished from animal life, and in which, considering the world a stage, you are very freely admitted behind the scenes. Here is a character not made to appear on a flat surface, but chiselled from marble till it lives and speaks, a character of high and glorious excellence, such as no human artist could strike out without first becoming the model. A judge of human nature, reading *Consuelo*, without knowing anything of George Sand, would be under the necessity of constructing an author for it, not very unlike that singular, wayward, but great-hearted being.

"*Consuelo* is a poor gipsy girl, with a natural genius for the divine art of music, and works her way under the creative hand of the author, to an excellence and dignity of character which wins and elevates the hearts of all beholders. The narrative is long, entering, always with the freshness of actual life, into the minutest details, but always making the material subsidiary to the spiritual. It is for all important purposes, a work as much superior to one of the fictions of Scott, as a man is more valuable than his clothing. There is the highest of all moral purposes to it, and one of the best of human accomplishments.

"The book forms two large volumes got up in excellent taste. The translator, as the English shows, has done his part in a masterly way, and a little slip pasted into one of the volumes informs us that the translation of "*La Comtesse de Rudolstadt*" a sort of supplementary work is to appear in the *Harbinger*. American literature has great occasion to thank Mr. Shaw."

We take pleasure also in copying the subjoined article from the "*Sandwich Observer*."

"*CONSUELO*.—Messrs. William D. Ticknor and Co., Boston, have just published a beautiful novel with this title, in two handsome volumes of one thousand pages. The author of the romance is George Sand, about whom we know little; but, judging of him or her (for it has been stated that the name is assumed by a woman,) by the story of *Consuelo*, we should expect to find a person of true nobleness in the author. *Consuelo* is a character of rare beauty, and of extraordinary attainments. Of obscure if not of disreputable origin, she is endowed with a pure soul, and in every situation she is seen to act from the highest principles. She manifests the same sweet dignity and charming simplicity in her intercourse with honest Joseph Haydn, the artful Corilla, the good canon, the generous and unfortunate Baron Trenck, his Austrian namesake "with the burnt mouth," the irritable Porpora, and the "king" Maria Theresa. We never read a more interesting story; and can cordially recommend it to the perusal of all who love the best kind of fiction. We are certain that none can fail to derive benefit from the pages of *Consuelo*.

"The translator is Francis G. Shaw, Esq., of West Roxbury. Those who know better than we, say the work is admirably translated. We have read it as it came out in the *Harbinger*, a highly prized periodical which is devoted to the dissemination of the principles of Association. We understand that another work by the author of *Consuelo*, and one equally interesting, will soon be commenced in the *Harbinger*."

**SIGNS OF PROGRESS.** We see with a satisfaction which might repay the most arduous labors, the great ideas to whose advocacy we are devoted, appearing from time to time in various quarters, in the words of

men whom the world does not suspect of any adherence to the system which, as we are able, we set forth. But we care not on what platform the truth is uttered; no matter in what field the divine germ springs up; though the good word is spoken by one who has never called us brethren, and who sees not to what conclusions his affirmations must lead, it is all the same; we recognize in his voice the deeper voice of universal Humanity, we welcome the aspiration that gushes from his lips, and we lay it to heart as a new evidence that we are not alone in our endeavors. Alone! Can the disciples of Social Unity, of Human Brotherhood, of peaceful Progress ever be without helpers?

We cut from a Boston Newspaper the following remarks of Mr. George S. Hillard at the recent convention of the Unitarian clergy in that city. They are worthy of the accomplished gentleman by whom they were uttered.

"My thoughts are haunted with the vision of a Christian Commonwealth, in which every man, whatever be his function or office, shall feel himself to be an anointed priest of the Lord, and infuse into his daily life the spirit of purity and devotion, in which the different sects of the Christian world shall lay aside their theological wrangling, and enter into a noble strife to see who shall most resemble, in life and spirit, Him, after whose name they are called, in which the rent fragments of Christ's garment shall be woven again into a web of wholeness and beauty. Then the earth will become a temple, and the roar and hum of daily life will go up like a chorus of praise and thanksgiving. Brethren, is this a dream and no more? are the tares ever to grow in the field of the Lord? are the faint and bleeding hosts of truth never to forego their wasting conflict, and are the meek never to inherit the land that is promised them? The end is afar, and cannot be discerned. Some see it gilded with hope, and some darkened with gloom. But motives to effort are to be drawn from sources, over which the changing moods of our own mind have no power. The past we cannot recall; the future we cannot command; the "fleet angel" of the present, we can seize and hold. The passing hour we can crowd with heroic action, and generous sacrifice. Brethren, the night cometh in which no man can work; let us so live and work while it is day, that we may lie down to our repose with no unavailing regrets, — no stings of self-reproach."

"A Christian Commonwealth!" Those are words of significance; the thought they express is grand, comprehensive, of the very broadest scope. It includes the organization of the nation and descends into the details of private men's daily lives. It embraces the whole range of human existence; it kindles the soul with the promise of the universal unity of Humanity and sheds a radiance on the simplest duty that pertains to man. What is a Christian Commonwealth?

It is a social order where wealth is distributed according to exact justice, where all men help each other, where every right is secured to every person, where the most perfect education of the whole being is as free as the common air, where all the various interests of Society are harmonized into one. God speed the time when that which now haunts the vision of so many noble hearts shall stand in all its glory on the earth like a city set upon a hill!

At length the limit of social miseries, the limit of the political infancy of the globe is attained; we are approaching the grand transformation which seems now to be announced by a universal commotion. It is at this day indeed that the present is in travail with the future, and that the excess of sufferings must bring on the crisis of delivery. When we look at the succession of political shocks, it would seem that nature is making an effort to throw off a burden which oppresses her; wars, commotions, revolutions, perpetually enkindle with their lurid fires every quarter of the globe; tempests scarcely allayed spring up from their ashes: the spirit of party gains new virulence with no sign of conciliation: the social body has become jealous, denunciatory, covered over with vices, familiar with every shape of monstrosity; public wealth is no longer anything but a booty delivered to the vampires of stock jobbing; industry by its monopolies and its excesses, has become a punishment for the nations reduced to the torments of Tantalus, famishing in the midst of affluence. The mercantile spirit has enlarged the sphere of crime; with every war, it extends its ravages into both hemispheres; our vessels encircle the world only to initiate the Barbarians and savages into our vices and excesses; the earth presents nothing but a hideous chaos of immorality; and civilization becomes more abominable as it approaches its end.

The "True American" quotes from the Harbinger an article headed "Mortality of English Laborers" without giving credit.

We are happy to announce that the translation of Fourier's great work, the "Theory of Universal Unity," on which GEORGE RIPLEY has been engaged for the last year, will shortly be published in numbers. The first number will appear with as little delay as possible; and then Mr. BRISBANE will commence a tour through the United States, for the purpose of lecturing on Association, and bringing this most important Treatise extensively to the notice of the public.

In this world all things are not as they should be. The evils are too many and too great. God has not willed it so to be.

### 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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# THE HARBINGER,

## DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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### THE HARBINGER.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

CERESCO, Fond du Lac Co. May 27, 1846.

To the Editors of the Harbinger,

GENTLEMEN: To day we have had our Anniversary, it being two years since the first company landed, from the sea of isolation upon these pleasant shores.

Our object in addressing these lines to you is two fold. First: that the brethren and friends of Association may judge and know of the spirit which animates us, of the fulness of our confidence in the principles of Association, and of the kindly feeling which reigns amongst us.

Second: That our enemies may learn, that Associationists are not of necessity infidels, that Associationism does not tend to infidelity and that in Association it is even now possible for a man to love his neighbor as himself.

The order and exercises of the day were briefly as follows — 1st, Reading of the Scriptures, Deut. xxviii. 1-25; 2d, Prayer; 3d, Music, "The song of Jubilee;" 4th, an appropriate Oration, after which the following sentiments were offered amongst others.

"The Day we Celebrate! The commencement of our new life of Brotherhood and Harmony."

"The Earth! The gift of God, to the Beings that inhabit it, the exclusive right of none."

"The Scenery of our Domain! Let others praise it, we love it too well."

"Association! In perfect accordance with the Laws of the Bible, the Laws of Nature, and the Laws of Mind."

"Our Brethren in Association! May the blessings of Heaven reward their efforts to ameliorate the condition of our Race."

"Other Associations! Strangers,—Yet Brothers!"

"The New England Fourier Society! Its deliberations this day.—May they lead to a closer union among Associationists."

"Our Principles! Harmony of interests—Harmony of action, and Harmony of Feeling."

"Labor! It is honorable;—in compliance with the commands of God, and invigorating to Mind and Body."

"Labor and Capital! Twin sisters, designed to go hand in hand."

"The Ladies of Wisconsin Phalanx! Pio-

neers in every enterprise, which has for its object Peace, Harmony, and the Elevation of Mankind."

"Fourier! His mighty genius unsealed the Book of Nature, interpreted its Oracles, discovered the Laws of Order and Harmony, and pointed the way to human elevation, to true happiness, to man's final destiny."

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"! A sentence hitherto without a practical meaning.—May the time soon come when Association will demonstrate to the world that this mysterious sentence can be understood and practiced, and man live in harmony with his brother man!"

The following sentiments were presented by a friend.

"The Pioneers of Wisconsin Phalanx! May we and our children ever retain a grateful remembrance of them as the friends and benefactors of Society;—and may their self-denial and persevering industry stimulate us to active and untiring diligence in the great and good cause of social and moral reform!"

"Social Harmony! May its seed be planted in the heart of every member of the Phalanx, may it take deep root and spring up, as beautifully and luxuriantly, as the Floral Tribes upon our prairies,—and may its growth never be checked by the chilling frosts of selfishness, avarice, or oppression!"

The exercises were closed by singing a song adapted to an occasion of so much happiness: the day will long dwell in our memory.

CAMBRIDGE, May 29, 1846.

I was unable to attend your meeting, for which I was sorry. I call myself virtually an Associationist now and am well content to have come to the faith by private thought, with little direct intercourse with its advocates or literature. I do not feel myself called to labor directly for it, but I have honor and gratitude for those who do: and if it be the cause of Universal Humanity, then every help given to man in any way tends to its advancement.

On the Brook Farm Association I look with special interest. Were it to expire to-morrow, it has done much, raised many hopes and strengthened many more: at least I speak for myself. Each individual on earth should in his degree do what Christ did in a greater—infuse a diviner life into the race: but when men can do this associatively it is a great step for-

ward, and this you may do at Brook Farm. I doubt not this is fully felt there; not otherwise could it have gone on thus far. For one man to give a noble pattern of an individual life is a grand thing: but when ten men give a noble pattern of an associated life then we have both the unit and the union, and it is far grander. For one man it may be a happy accident; but a harmony of ten makes possible a harmony of ten million.

BOSTON, June 1st, 1846.

DEAR SIR: I write you for information in relation to the practical working of the principles of Association as applied at Brook Farm. With its theory I am somewhat acquainted. My knowledge has been drawn from the writings and translations of Mr. Brisbane, the works of Eugene Sue, the New York Tribune, the Harbinger and from an attendance upon the various meetings of the friends of Association both in this City and New York. I approve of much that I have heard and read, and am fully satisfied that existing social evils can be removed by no other means than by some system of Association. Such being my views, briefly stated, I am desirous of becoming acquainted with the fundamental principles of your Association, and to what extent your efforts to produce a better state of society have been successful; my object in making this inquiry will appear in what follows.

Man's life has often, and not inaptly, been termed a voyage; generally it is a rough voyage. The bark of the mariner is tossed less by the storms and the waves of the Ocean, than man is by the conflicting elements of which this world of men is composed. Disorder and confusion produced by selfishness and antagonism, are of universal prevalence. Cast upon this stormy sea, my life has been full of vicissitude, of ups and downs, of prosperity and adversity, until I have at length reached a point from which I must take a new departure. I will not enlarge upon my personal history. Let it suffice

for me to say, that the various causes which operate to render mercantile pursuits so precarious, have done their perfect work on me, and now I have to commence life anew. How? Where?—these are the questions which now agitate my mind and which it is important to have answered. Many friends, actuated by the spirit of this world, advise me again to embark my little remaining means upon the stormy sea from which I have just escaped, but I cannot. That sea is full of rocks and quicksands, it is covered all over with pirates and buccaneers, it has neither harbor nor safe anchorage; I now want rest from the din and strife of competition, but not from toil. Four weeks ago I left New York, with the full determination to retire among the granite hills of my native state (New Hampshire), and there to engage in the quiet and peaceful pursuits of agriculture. It is true, my isolation would there be complete, but I should no longer be a prey to sharpeners, so that my gain would be greater than my loss. But the truth that man's mission cannot be accomplished in the hermit's seclusion, was brought home to me in full force by the various addresses at the recent convention of the friends of Association in this city. A desire was awakened to learn something more of the Associative movement before I bury myself on the banks of the Pemigewasset. Should the result of my inquiry be satisfactory, I am prepared to give all that I am and all that I have to it.

Mr. Ripley remarked in one of his addresses at the recent convention, that he had been an Associationist for ten years, —I claim to have been one for more than eighteen years. In 1828 I was on the point of joining the society of *Shakers* at Canterbury, New Hampshire. This partial resolution was formed from the difficulty of reconciling my ideas of justice in distributing the rewards of industry, with the great inequality in the pecuniary condition of those around me. It seemed mysterious to me that he who neither labored nor produced anything should possess a superabundance, whilst the incessant toil of another brought only the bare necessities of life. My frequent visits to the Shakers solved this mystery. Here I did not see the broad acres of the rich fertilized by the sweat of the toiling poor, but a system of coöperative labor for mutual benefit, and all partaking alike of the productions of their united labor. But however favorable their system of economies and united labor might be to the accumulation of property, and to the removal of the evils of poverty and want, and, so long as each member was sustained by enthusiasm, to the production of happiness and contentment, the celibacy which it enjoined, and its tendency to de-

stroy individuality, were not, in my view, favorable to the full development of the social and intellectual man. This, and this, alone, deterred me from becoming a Shaker Associationist or *Communitist*, full eighteen years ago. On abandoning the idea of becoming a Shaker, I did not abandon the idea of an association of individuals and families. It seemed to me that if an association could be formed for economizing and producing, in which individual rights should be protected by an equitable distribution of the products of labor, and which should retain the rite of matrimony and separate family relations, where a proper cultivation of the social propensities would develop their legitimate office, where the physical system would be perfectly developed by attractive labor, where no man should seek his own but another's good, where love should do its perfect work in drawing close the bonds of brotherhood, there would then be one peaceful and happy community on earth, where man might reach his perfect stature. This idea has haunted me all through life; it has been to me a cherished vision; is it to be made a reality by any of the Associative families now being formed? I have faith in human progress, and I believe that that progress will develop a social organization which shall remove all inequalities of external condition, all want, all sin and sorrow. I farther believe that Association will accomplish all of that.

## THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

### SECTION II.—NOTICE IV.

#### SPECULATIVE PART OF THE PREPARATIONS.

I should place here two chapters on the dangers incident to a foundation on the reduced scale, and on the mistakes of direction to be avoided at the outset.

These two instructions, although very important for founders, are of the number of those which I suppress in order to abridge: I shall return to them in the corollaries, if space permits.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### *Examination of the Series to be preferred in the Animal Kingdom.*

The experimental phalanx would commit a great mistake, if it should attempt the formation of series in all the functions capable of that arrangement. There must be a choice of functions; and I proceed to indicate the rules for such a choice.

At first many of the means of industry will be wanting, such as orchards and forests under systematic culture, animals harmonized by the combined education, trenches for irrigation, &c. Still it will be necessary to form a great number of series; for the theory indicates:

	Series.
For a phalanx of full Harmony and transcendent accords,.....	405 =9.9
For an approximation to Harmony, according to the feeble means of years of first beginnings,.....	135 =3.9
For a minimum experiment upon the lowest scale of approximation,.....	45 =1.9

Let us then speculate upon the assortment of series which may be chosen to raise the experimental phalanx to the maximum of approximate Harmony (*clauchee*), and to organize at least 135 series of good mechanism, or even 150 or 200. The preference should be given:

1. To the animal kingdom rather than to the vegetable, because the animal kingdom contains series in permanent exercise throughout the winter;

2. To the vegetable kingdom rather than to mechanical and manufacturing industry, because it is more attractive, and nourishes accords directly (Chapter VII.);

3. To the kitchens, because they are a permanent labor without any intermission, the labor which takes the initiative step in industrial attraction (See Section IV.), the labor allied to production and consumption, the labor best fitted to keep alive the cabalistic spirit;

4. Finally, to attractive rather than to lucrative operations, since the policy of the founders should be to create a fine equilibrium of the passions, and not to speculate upon profits ill connected with the Associative system. These profits would be illusive, if they should not conduct to the true end, which is promptly to unfold the mechanism of industrial attraction, to confound Civilization from the first campaign, from the second month of the full exercise, and to obtain, by a brilliant success, the recompense and the profits of the foundation, the tribute of the curious, &c.

These principles established, I pass to a review of the functions most suitable to an experimental phalanx, which is hindered by numerous gaps in the chain of attraction, and by its solitude or *solity*.

Let us commence with the animal kingdom (out of the waters), in its domestic and productive species.

This kingdom is one of the poorest in useful species; the two evil creations with which our globe is furnished, have given us so few precious servants among birds and quadrupeds, that France contains scarcely sixteen species of them, some of which are too little subdivided into varieties to occupy a series of groups; these are:

The dog,	The chicken,
The horse,	The pheasant,
The ass,	The pigeon,
The ox,	The peacock,
The sheep,	The duck,
The goat,	The goose,
The hog,	The turkey,
The rabbit,	The guinea hen.

These species, from which I abstract the chicken, would not occupy fifteen industrial series of three, four, and five groups, taking care of so many varieties. The ass, the goat, the rabbit, the peacock, the guinea hen, will occupy scarcely one or two groups to each species, unless we form series of what may be called *alimentary scales*, based upon varieties of nourishment and modes of keeping, and emulating one another in the excellence of the different regimes applied to a sin-

gle species of animals. This is the course which would be followed.

These series of regime are *artificial*, for they are established not upon the natural diversities of species, but upon diversities of education and of feeding; they are *GRAFTED* series, which introduce artificially the serial order at points where nature has not furnished the means of establishing it.

I rank the peacock among the productive birds of the court-yard; the Roman gastronomists made great account of it: it is a singularity in us to despise it, as it is in the Bohemians to despise lobsters, which they do not deign to eat, although their rivers are full of them. The lobster notwithstanding is a prime luxury with the Parisians, who are very superior to the Bohemians in gastronomy.

The swan and the cat are not reputed productive, although we make good use of the down of the swan, and can contrive to eat the cat, even without famine. It is worth as much as the rabbit: in besieged cities it is sought for.

The camel, the buffalo and the bison are not indigenous in France and England; besides, the two first are not attractive, and would not be an object of speculation for the experimental phalanx: it should not encumber itself with large animals; the care of them employs too many hands and too much time, and this would be an obstacle to the formation of numerous series.

Other species, like the partridges, more easily tamed than chickens, and suffering themselves to be led in flocks by dogs, are altogether neglected. It is probable that the quail would become tame of itself, in the second or third generation, like the wild duck, which cannot be tamed in the first. The care of partridges and quails will support series strong in attraction and highly useful.

The two creations with which our globe is furnished, exhibit a revolting poverty in respect to productive insects; the bee alone will occupy a series of diversified regimes, the artificial *grafted* series above described. I do not count the cochenille, which is an insect of a warm climate. I know not whether this insect and the *kermes*, which supplies its place, are of sufficient duration to support a passion series, or only a temporary group.

The care of the silk worm will not suit in any sense an experimental phalanx; it is repugnant, and it would distract all the youth at a time when the gardens, stables and pigeon-houses are most attractive, and when the intrigues growing out of the fusion of the three classes of fortune begin to grow involved: every thing which could damp their ardor must be avoided. Moreover, this labor would divert attention from the ovens for the hatching of eggs, which come at the same time, a labor which unites itself very well with the whole agricultural system, and which will present the advantage of supporting an *infinitesimal* series. For definition see Chapter XIV.

The raising of large quadrupeds, horses and oxen, is poorly adapted to the intrigues of the experimental phalanx; it would lose too much time in the attempt, since it would have neither the dexterity nor the knowledge of generations trained in Harmony; besides it would not have horses and cattle refined by the Harmonian education, of which it will be easier

to direct a thousand, than it is a dozen of ours. This care will be left then in great part to the cohort of a hundred hired laborers: these will be very necessary in this industry, for the phalanx will have more cattle and many more horses than our villagers, especially dwarf horses to mount the infantile cavalry. (Section III.)

In a word, then, domestic birds and quadrupeds will support but few series; recourse must be had to the mode which I have named the series of *regime* or *grafted* series; a mode which by difference of methods in nourishment and keeping, will call forth party spirit, discords and rivalries between different groups engaged in the care of the same animal. This would be connecting a series of methods with a labor which, in itself, would lend no room to the rivalries of a series.

In spite of these resources for increasing the number of industrial series in the animal kingdom, I do not presume that it can be raised to more than twenty; for we must except the chickens, which, admitting of more subdivisions than any other bird, will be adapted to a series of a superior degree, namely, to the *infinitesimal*.

I count among the occupations of an animal series, the care of dogs: their education will keep up several groups and parties, for to them will be confided many functions which now occupy men and couriers. Each phalanx will send from hour to hour to its neighbors, dogs bearing about their necks all sorts of despatches, which are not very precious, and ready to bring back others in return. In the foreign service, pigeons will perform the same functions which dogs will in the neighborhood.

The Combined Order will domesticate many species now banished to the waters and the forests by the brutality or prejudices of the civilizes. The Association will have parks of tame hares, as we have of rabbits. It is objected that this animal is restive, and does not like to be tamed; yes, in the first generation like the wild duck; but the second generation will get tamed by two means not known to the civilizes; namely:

Change of nature in the second and third generation of domestic life; and

Unitary arrangements and harmonic methods.

It is by the concurrence of these means that the Association will have its flocks of birds, both of the water and of the forest, as easily as we have flocks of geese, although the goose in the savage state is the most defiant and unapproachable of birds, the most destructive to the hunter: yet it is the same with the domestic goose.

Of quadrupeds, it will raise herds of zebras, quaggas, asses, as well marshalled into squadrons as our horses; it will have troops of vigogne, parks of beavers building their aquatic edifice, and perhaps also of tame hinds and fallow deers.

It will also have, in special ponds and wells, many mongrel species of fishes, some twenty species of sea fishes, acclimated by degrees in soft water, ponds of whittings, mackerels, soles and turbot, in countries where these fishes are not even known. The differences between the tame and natural regimes will establish between savors the same variety as exists between the wild boar and the hog, the wild duck and the tame one.

As to present means, we must not count upon the quadrupeds and birds (omitting the chicken) for more than twenty series, including the *grafted* or artificial series.

To these, ten others may be added, namely:

Two for hunting, two for fishing,  
Three for the aviaries,  
Three for the fattening of fishes in reservoirs.  
TOTAL. Thirty series in the industry pertaining to the animal kingdom.

The fish will soon furnish a greater number of series, but only when there shall be a concurrence of different regions in this branch of education, which is as foreign to all civilized operations as the culture of forests. Meanwhile the fish, though one of the most wholesome and most agreeable of eatables, is the least expensive of all, because it feeds upon its own superfluous increase: but we neither know how to cultivate the fish, nor the fruit of which our trees give only the leaves or a quarter of a harvest.

To be Continued.

## MISCELLANY.

### CONSUELO.\*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

#### XIII.

Between Pilsen and Tauss, though they travelled as fast as possible, they were obliged to lose much time from the horrible roads, through forests hardly passable and very little frequented, the passage of which was not without danger of more than one kind. At last, after having made little more than a league an hour, they arrived, towards midnight, at Giant's castle. Never had Consuelo made a more fatiguing or more gloomy journey. The baron of Rudolstadt seemed ready to fall into paralysis, so indolent and gouty had he become. Not a year had elapsed since Consuelo saw him robust as an athlete; but that body of iron had never been animated by a strong will. He had never obeyed aught but his instincts, and at the first stroke of unexpected misfortune he was broken. The pity with which he inspired Consuelo increased her anxiety. "Is it thus, then, that I am to find all my hosts of Riesenburg?" thought she.

The bridge was lowered, the gates were open, the domestics waiting in the court-yard with torches. Neither of the three travellers thought to remark this: neither of them felt the strength to address a single question to the domestics. Porpora, seeing that the baron dragged himself along with difficulty, took him by the arm to assist him in walking, while Consuelo rushed towards the porch and rapidly ascended the steps.

She there found the canoness, who,

\* 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.

without losing time in welcoming her, seized her by the arm and said: "Come, time presses; Albert is impatient. He has counted the hours and minutes exactly; he announced that you were about to enter the court, and a moment afterwards we heard the rolling of your carriage. He did not doubt your coming, but he said that if any accident retarded you, it would be too late. Come, signora, and in the name of Heaven resist none of his wishes, oppose none of his desires. Promise him all he may ask; pretend to love him. Lie, alas! if it be necessary. Albert is sentenced; his last hour approaches. Try to soften his agony; that is all we request of you."

While speaking thus, Wenceslawa drew Consuelo towards the great saloon. "Then he has risen! Does he not keep his chamber?" asked Consuelo hurriedly.

"He rises no longer, for he lies down no longer," replied the canoness. "For thirty days he has been seated in an arm-chair in the saloon, and he does not wish us to trouble him by carrying him elsewhere. The doctor declares that we must not oppose his wishes in this respect, because he would die on being moved. Signora, call up your courage, for you are going to see a frightful spectacle."

The canoness opened the door of the saloon adding, "Run to him; do not be afraid of surprising him. He expects you; he has seen you coming for more than two leagues."

Consuelo rushed towards her pale betrothed, who was in fact seated in a great arm-chair, beside the chimney. He was no longer a man: he was a spectre. His features, still beautiful in spite of the ravages of his disease, had contracted the immobility of a face of marble. There was not a smile upon his lips, not a ray of joy in his eyes. The physician, who held his arm and consulted his pulse, let it fall gently and looked at the canoness with an air which signified, "It is too late." Consuelo was on her knees before Albert, who looked at her fixedly and said nothing. At last he succeeded in making with his finger a sign to the canoness, who had learned to divine all his intentions. She took his arms, which he had no longer the strength to raise, and laid them on Consuelo's shoulders; then she bent forward the head of the latter to Albert's breast, and as the voice of the dying man was entirely extinct, he pronounced these few words in her ear, "I am happy." For two minutes he held the head of his well-beloved against his chest, and his lips glued to her black hair. Then he looked at his aunt, and by imperceptible motions made her understand that he desired her and

his father to give the same kiss to his betrothed.

"Oh! with all my heart!" said the canoness, pressing her in her arms with tenderness; then she raised her to lead her to Count Christian, whom Consuelo had not yet observed.

Seated in another arm-chair opposite his son, at the other corner of the chimney, the old Count seemed almost as much weakened and as much reduced. He still rose, nevertheless, and made some steps in the saloon; but he was obliged to be carried every evening to his bed, which had been placed in an adjoining room. At that moment, he held his brother's hand in one of his own, and that of Porpora in another. He left them to embrace Consuelo with fervor several times. The almoner of the chateau came also, in his turn, to salute her, in order to give pleasure to Albert. He was a spectre likewise, notwithstanding his enbonpoint, which had only increased; but his paleness was livid. The effeminacy of a nonchalant life had so enervated him that he could not endure the sorrow of others. The canoness retained energy for all. Her face was marked with red spots, and her eyes burned with a feverish brightness; Albert alone appeared calm. He had the serenity of a beautiful death upon his brow; his physical prostration had nothing resembling the stupefaction of the moral faculties. He was grave and not dejected like his father and uncle.

In the midst of all those organizations ravaged by illness or sorrow, the calmness and health of the physician presented a striking contrast. Superville was a Frenchman formerly attached to Frederick, when the latter was only prince-royal. Foreseeing one of the first the despotic and suspicious character which he perceived smouldering in the prince, he had established himself at Bareith, in the service of the margravine Sophia-Wilhelmina of Prussia, Frederick's sister. Ambitious and jealous, Superville had all the qualities of a courtier: quite an indifferent physician, notwithstanding the reputation he had acquired at that little court, he was a man of the world, a penetrating observer, a very intelligent judge of the moral causes of disease. He had earnestly exhorted the canoness to satisfy all her nephew's desires, and he had hoped something from the return of her for whom Albert was dying. But in vain did he interrogate his features and his pulse, since Consuelo's arrival; he repeated to himself that it was too late, and he thought of departing, that he might not witness scenes of despair which he could not avert.

Still he resolved to employ himself about the affairs of the family, to satisfy

either some self-interested anticipation or his natural taste for intrigue; and seeing that no one among these dismayed relatives thought of profiting by the passing moments, he drew Consuelo into the recess of a window to speak to her quite low, in French, as follows: "Young lady, a physician is a confessor. I therefore very quickly learnt here the secret of that passion which is carrying this young man to the grave. As a physician, accustomed to probe all things and not easily to believe in disturbances of the laws of the physical world, I declare to you that I can give no credence to the strange visions and the ecstatic revelations of the young Count. In what concerns you, at least, I consider it very natural to attribute them to secret communications which he has had with you respecting your journey from Prague and your speedy arrival here." And as Consuelo made a gesture of denial, he continued: "I do not interrogate you, mademoiselle, and there is nothing in my suppositions that ought to offend you. You should rather grant me your confidence, and consider me as entirely devoted to your interest."

"I do not understand you, sir," replied Consuelo, with a candor which did not convince the court physician.

"You will comprehend me, young lady," returned he with sang-froid. "The young Count's family have opposed your marriage with him, with all their power, up to this day. But at last their resistance is at an end; Albert is about to die, and his desire being to leave you his fortune, they will not offer any opposition to a religious ceremony which will assure it to you."

"Eh! of what consequence is Albert's fortune to me?" said Consuelo stupefied; "what has it to do with the state in which I find him? I have not come here to think of business, sir; I came to try and save him. Can I not then retain any hope?"

"None! this malady, entirely mental, is one of those which baffle all our remedies and resist all the efforts of science. A month has passed since the young Count, after a disappearance of a fortnight, which nobody here has been able to explain to me, returned to his family, attacked by a sudden and incurable malady. All the functions of life were already suspended. For thirty days he has not been able to swallow any kind of nourishment, and this is one of those phenomena of which the exceptional organization of the insane alone presents some examples; to think of his having been sustained until now, by some drops of water by day, and some minutes of sleep by night! You see him, all the vital forces are expended in him. In two

days, at the most, he will have ceased to suffer. Arm yourself with courage, therefore; do not lose your self-command. I am here to second you and to strike some decisive blow."

Consuelo was still looking at the doctor with astonishment, when the canoness, at a sign from the patient, came to interrupt the latter and lead him to Albert's side.

Albert, having made him approach, spoke in his ear much longer than his state of weakness would seem to permit. Superville blushed and became pale; the canoness, who observed them, was eager to know what desire Albert had expressed to him.

"Doctor," said Albert, "all that you have just said to that young girl, I have heard." Superville, who had spoken at the other end of the saloon, in as low a voice as his patient employed at that instant, was confounded, and his positive ideas respecting the impossibility of ecstatic faculties were so overthrown, that he thought he should become crazy.

"Doctor," continued the dying man, "you can understand nothing of that soul, and you injure my design by alarming her delicacy. She understands none of your ideas about money. She has never wished either my title or my fortune; she had no love for me. She will yield only to pity. Speak to her heart. I am nearer my end than you think. Lose no time. I cannot live happy again, if I do not carry with me into the night of repose the title of her husband."

"But what do you mean by those last words?" said Superville, occupied at that moment in analyzing the madness of his patient.

"You cannot comprehend them," returned Albert with effort, "but she will comprehend them. Limit yourself to repeating them faithfully to her."

"Hold, sir count," said Superville raising his voice a little, "I see that I cannot be a lucid interpreter of your thoughts; you have more strength to talk now than you have had for a week, and I conceive a favorable augury from that. Speak yourself to the young lady; one word from you will convince her better than all I could say. Here she is near you; let her take my place and listen to you."

Superville, no longer comprehending any thing in fact of what he had believed he did comprehend, and thinking besides that he had said enough to Consuelo to ensure her gratitude in case she had views upon the fortune, retired after Albert had again said to him: "Think of what you have promised; the time has come; speak to my relatives. Make them consent, and do not let them hesitate. I tell you that time presses." Albert was so

fatigued by the effort he had just made, that he rested his forehead upon that of Consuelo when she approached him, and reposed there several instants as if ready to expire. His pale lips became bluish, and Porpora, terrified, thought he had yielded up his last breath. During this time, Superville had assembled Count Christian, the baron, the canoness and the chaplain at the other side of the chimney, and was speaking to them with earnestness. The chaplain alone made an objection timid in appearance, but which contained all the obstinacy of the priest.

"I will give my ministration to this marriage; but Count Albert not being in a state of grace, it would first be necessary for him to make his peace with the church, by confession and extreme unction."

"The extreme unction!" said the canoness with a stifled groan, "have we come to that, great God?"

"You have come to that, in fact," replied Superville, who, a man of the world and Voltairian philosopher, detested the face and the objections of the almoner: "Yes, we have come to that without recourse, if sir chaplain insists upon this point and is resolved to torment the patient with the gloomy rites of the last ceremony."

"And do you believe," said Count Christian, divided between his devotion and his paternal tenderness, "that the rites of a more cheerful ceremony, more comfortable to the wishes of his heart, can restore him to life!"

"I can answer for nothing," returned Superville, "but I dare to say that I hope much from it. Your lordship had formerly consented to this marriage."

"I have always consented to it, I have never opposed it," said the Count, raising his voice designedly; "it was master Porpora, the guardian of this young girl, who wrote to me, on his part, that he would not consent to it, and that she had herself renounced it. Alas! that was the death-blow to my son," added he, lowering his voice.

"You hear what my father says!" murmured Albert in the ear of Consuelo; "but feel no remorse. I did believe in your abandonment, and allowed myself to be stricken with despair; but for the past week, I have recovered my reason, which they call my madness; I have read distant hearts as others read open letters. I have seen at once the past, the present and the future. I have known at last that you had been faithful to your oath, Consuelo that you had done the utmost possible to love me; that you had really loved me for some hours. But we were both deceived. Forgive your master as I forgive him!"

Consuelo looked at Porpora, who

could not hear Albert's words, but who, at those, of Count Christian, had been troubled, and was walking before the chimney in a state of agitation. She looked at him with an air of solemn reproach, and the maestro understood her so well that he struck his head with his fist with mute vehemence. Albert made a sign to Consuelo to draw him towards him, and to aid himself to extend his hand to him. Porpora raised that frozen hand to his lips and burst into tears. His conscience murmured to him the reproach of homicide; but his repentance absolved him for his imprudence.

Albert again made a sign that he wished to hear what his relatives replied to Superville, and he heard it, though they spoke so low that neither Porpora nor Consuelo, who were kneeling beside him, could catch a word.

The chaplain contended against the bitter irony of the physician; the canoness sought, by a mingling of superstition and of tolerance, of christian charity and maternal love, to reconcile irreconcilable ideas in the catholic doctrine. The debate turned only on a question of form; whether the chaplain believed he ought to administer the sacrament of marriage to a heretic, unless the latter at least promised to make profession of the catholic faith immediately afterwards. Superville did not hesitate to lie, and to affirm that Count Albert had promised him that he would believe and profess all they could desire after the ceremony. The chaplain was not to be duped in this manner. At last, Count Christian, recovering one of those moments of tranquil firmness and simple humane logic, with which, after much irresolution and weakness, he had always cut short all domestic discussions, put an end to the disagreement.

"Sir chaplain," said he, "there is no ecclesiastical law which expressly forbids your marrying a catholic to a schismatic. The church tolerates such marriages. Consider then Consuelo as orthodox, and my son as a heretic, and marry them immediately. The confession and betrothal are only of precept, as you know, and in certain cases of urgency may be dispensed with. There may result from this marriage a favorable revolution in Albert's condition, and when he is cured we will think of converting him."

The chaplain had never resisted old Christian's will; it was for him, in cases of conscience, an arbiter superior to the pope. It only remained to convince Consuelo. Albert alone thought of that, and drawing her near him, he succeeded, without the aid of any one in clasping with his emaciated arms, become light as reeds, the neck of his well-beloved. "Consuelo," said he to her, "I read

your soul at this moment; you would willingly give your life to restore mine: that is no longer possible; but you can, by a simple act of your will, save my eternal life. I am about to leave you for a little while, and I shall return to the earth by the manifestation of a new birth. I shall return cursed and despairing, if you abandon me now, at my last hour. You know that the crimes of Jean Ziska are not sufficiently expiated; and you alone, you, my sister Wanda, can accomplish the act of my purification in this phase of my life. We are brothers; to become lovers, death must still pass once more between us. But we must become spouses by an oath, that I may be reborn calm, strong, and delivered like other men from the memory of my past existencies, which has caused my misery and my punishment for so many ages. Consent to pronounce that oath; it will not bind you to me in this life, which I shall leave in an hour, but it will reunite us in eternity. It will be a seal that will assist us to recognize each other, when the shades of death shall have obscured the clearness of our remembrances. Consent! It is a catholic ceremony which is to be performed, and which I accept because it is the only one which, in the eyes of men, can legitimize the possession we take of each other. I must needs carry this sanction to the tomb. Marriage without consent of the family is not a complete marriage in my eyes. The form of the oath affects me little otherwise. Ours will be indissoluble in our hearts, as it is sacred in our intentions. Consent!"

"I consent!" cried Consuelo, pressing her lips to the wan and cold brow of her spouse.

These words were heard by all. "Well!" said Supperville, "let us hasten!" and he resolutely pushed the chaplain, who called the servants and hurried to prepare every thing for the ceremony. The Count, somewhat reanimated, came and seated himself beside his son and Consuelo. The good canoness came and thanked the latter for her condescension, so far as to place herself on her knees before her and to kiss her hands. Baron Frederick wept silently, without appearing to comprehend what was passing. In the twinkling of an eye, an altar was arranged before the chimney of the great saloon. The domestics were dismissed; they thought that the preparations were only for the extreme unction, and that the condition of the patient required as little noise and as few exhalations in the apartment as possible. Porpora served as witness with Supperville. Albert suddenly recovered strength enough to pronounce the decisive *yes* and all the formulas of the engagement in a clear and so-

norous voice. The family conceived strong hopes of a cure. Hardly had the chaplain recited the last prayer upon the heads of the newly married couple, than Albert rose, rushed into his father's arms, embraced in the same manner with an extraordinary precipitation and strength, his aunt, his uncle, and Porpora; then he re-seated himself in his arm-chair; and pressed Consuelo against his breast crying out: "I am saved!"

"That is the last effort of life, the final convulsion," said Supperville to Porpora, having consulted the features and the artery of the patient several times during the ceremony. In fact, Albert's arms opened, extended themselves in front, and fell upon his knees. Old Cynabre, who had never ceased to sleep at his feet during his whole illness, raised his head and thrice uttered a melancholy howl. Albert's look was fixed upon Consuelo; his mouth remained half open as if to speak to her; a slight color had tinged his cheeks; then that peculiar tint, that indefinable, indescribable shade, which passes slowly from the forehead to the lips, spread over him like a white veil. For a minute, his face assumed different expressions, always more serious, of concentration and resignation, until it fixed itself in a definite expression of august calmness and severe placidity.

The silence of terror which rested upon the attentive family, was interrupted by the voice of the physician, which pronounced in its funeral solemnity that sentence without appeal: "This is death!"

#### XIV.

Count Christian fell upon his arm-chair as if struck by lightning; the canoness, with convulsive sobs, threw herself upon Albert as if she could have hoped to reanimate him by her caresses; baron Frederick pronounced some words without connection and without sense, which had the character of a tranquil alienation. Supperville approached Consuelo, whose energetic immobility frightened him more than the crises of the others: "Do not think of me, sir," said she to him, "nor you either, my friend," answered she to Porpora, who gave all his solicitude to her at the first moment. "Lead away those unhappy relatives. Take care of them, think only of them. As for myself, I will remain here. The dead require only respect and prayers."

The Count and the baron allowed themselves to be led off without resistance. The canoness, stiff and cold as a corpse, was carried to her apartment, whither Supperville followed to attend her. Porpora, no longer conscious where he was himself, went out and walked in the garden like a mad-man. He was suffocat-

ing. His sensibility was, as it were, imprisoned beneath a cuirass of coldness, more apparent than real, but of which he had acquired the physical habit. Scenes of mourning and terror excited his impressible imagination, and he ran a long while in the moonlight, pursued by ominous voices, which sang in his ears a frightful *Dies ire*.

Consuelo therefore remained alone with Albert, for hardly had the chaplain commenced reciting the prayers of the service for the dead, than he fainted away, and was obliged to be carried off in his turn. The poor man had insisted on watching Albert with the canoness during the whole of his illness, and had expended all his strength. The countess of Rudolstadt, kneeling beside the body of her husband, holding his frozen hands in hers, and with her head resting against that heart which no longer beat, fell into a profound reverie. What Consuelo experienced at that final instant was not precisely sorrow. At least, it was not that sorrow of regret and rending asunder which accompanies the loss of beings necessary to our every moment's happiness. Her affection for Albert had not that character of intimacy, and his death did not open an apparent void in her existence. The despair of losing those we love often relates to secret causes of self-love and of cowardice in view of new duties which their absence creates for us. A part of this sorrow is legitimate, the rest is not so, and ought to be combatted, although it be natural also. Nothing of all that could be mingled with the solemn sadness of Consuelo. Albert's existence was foreign to her own in every point, excepting one alone, the need of admiration, respect and sympathy, which he had satisfied in her. She had accepted life without him, she had even renounced all testimony of an affection, which, two days before she still thought she had lost. There had only remained to her the necessity and the desire of continuing faithful to a sacred recollection. Albert had before been dead to her; he was not any more so now, and perhaps he was less so in certain respects; for in fine, Consuelo, for a long time exalted by her communication with that superior soul, had come afterwards, in her dreamy meditations, to adopt Albert's poetical belief respecting the transmission of souls. That belief had found a strong foundation in her instinctive hatred to the idea of God's infernal vengeance towards men after death, and in her christian faith in the eternity of the life of the soul. Albert living, but prejudiced against her by appearances, unfaithful to love or devoured by suspicion, had appeared to her as if enveloped by a veil and transported into a new existence, incomplete compared with



that which he had wished to consecrate to sublime love and unshakable confidence. Albert, restored to that faith, to that enthusiasm, and breathing forth his last sigh upon her bosom, was he then annihilated for her! Did he not live in all the fulness of life in passing under that triumphal arch of a beautiful death, which leads either to a mysterious temporary repose, or to an immediate awakening in a more pure and propitious medium! To die, combatting one's own weakness, and be born again endowed with strength; to die, forgiving the wicked, and be born again under the influence and the protection of generous hearts; to die, torn by sincere remorse, and be born again absolved and purified with the innate strength of virtue, are not these sufficiently divine recompenses? Consuelo, initiated by the teachings of Albert into those doctrines which had their source in the Hussitism of old Bohemia and in the mysterious sects of anterior ages, (which were again derived from serious interpretations of the thought itself of Christ and that of his forerunners); Consuelo, sweetly, if not wisely convinced that the soul of her spouse had not suddenly detached itself from her own, to go and forget her in the inaccessible regions of a fanciful empyrean, mingled with this new notion something of the superstitious recollections of her youth. She had believed in ghosts, as the children of the people believe in them; she had more than once seen in her dreams the spirit of her mother approaching her to protect and preserve her. That was already a manner of belief in the eternal hymen of the souls of the dead with the world of the living; for this superstition of simple people seems to have remained in all times, as a protest against the absolute departure of the human essence to the heaven or the hell of legislating religionists.

Consuelo, attached to the bosom of that dead body, did not imagine then that he was dead, and felt none of the horror of that word, of that spectacle, of that idea. It did not seem to her that the intellectual life could vanish so quickly, and that this brain, this heart forever deprived of the power of manifesting itself, was already completely extinguished. "No," thought she, "the divine spark perhaps still hesitates to lose itself in the bosom of God, who will resume it, to send it forth again into universal life under a new human form. There is still perhaps a kind of mysterious, unknown life, in this hardly cold bosom; and besides, wherever Albert's soul may be, it sees, it understands, it knows what is passing about this its mortal covering. It perhaps seeks in my love an aliment for its new activity, in my faith the strength of an

impulse to go and seek in God the spring of resurrection." And penetrated by these vague thoughts, she continued to love Albert, to open her soul to him, to devote herself to him, to renew to him the oath of fidelity which she had just made to him in the name of God and his family; in fine, to treat him in her ideas and in her feelings, not like a dead person for whom we weep because we are going to be separated from him, but like a living one whose repose we respect while waiting to smile upon him at his waking.

When Porpora recovered his reason, he remembered with affright the situation in which he had left his ward, and hastened to rejoin her. He was surprised to find her as calm as if she had watched by the bedside of a friend. He wished to speak and exhort her to take some rest.

"Say no useless words before this sleeping angel," replied she to him. "Go and repose, my good master; as for me, I remain here."

"You wish then to kill yourself!" said Porpora in a kind of despair.

"No, my friend, I will live," replied Consuelo; "I shall fulfil all my duties towards him and towards you; but I shall not leave him an instant this night."

As nothing was done in the house without an order from the canoness, and a superstitious fear prevailed respecting Albert in the minds of all the servants, none of them dared, during the night, to approach the saloon in which Consuelo remained alone with Albert. Porpora and the physician went and came from the chamber of the count to that of the canoness, and to that of the chaplain. From time to time they entered to inform Consuelo of the condition of those unfortunates, and to assure themselves of her own. They could not comprehend so much courage.

At last, towards morning all was quiet. An overpowering sleep subdued all the forces of suffering. The physician, worn out with fatigue, went to bed; Porpora slumbered in a chair, his head resting upon the side of Count Christian's bed. Consuelo alone did not experience the necessity of forgetting her situation. Lost in her thoughts, by turns praying with fervor or dreaming with enthusiasm, she had only, for an assiduous companion of her silent watch, the sad Cynabre, who, from time to time, looked at his master, licked his hand, swept with his tail the cinders of the hearth, and accustomed no longer to receive caresses from that debilitated hand, laid himself down again with resignation, his head stretched out upon his motionless paws.

When the sun, rising behind the trees of the garden, threw a purple ray upon Albert's brow, Consuelo was drawn from her meditations by the canoness. The

count could not leave his bed, but the baron Frederick came mechanically to pray with his sister and the chaplain at the altar; then they spoke of proceeding to the enshrouding, and the canoness, recovering her strength for these material cares, caused her women and old Hanz to be called. It was then that the physician and Porpora insisted upon Consuelo's going to take some repose, and she resigned herself to it, after having passed by the side of the bed of count Christian, who looked at her without appearing to see her. It could not be determined whether he was awake or asleep; his eyes were open, his breathing calm, his features without expression.

When Consuelo awoke after some hours, she descended to the saloon, and her heart was grievously oppressed on finding it deserted. Albert had been laid on a litter of state and carried to the chapel. His arm-chair was empty at the same place in which Consuelo had seen him the evening before. It was all that remained of him in this spot, which had been the centre of the life of the family for so many bitter days. His dog even was no longer there; the spring-tide sun enlivened those sad wainscottings, and the black-birds whistled in the garden with an insolent levity.

Consuelo passed softly into the adjoining room, the door of which remained half-open. Count Christian was still in bed, still apparently insensible to the loss he had sustained. His sister concentrating upon him all the anxiety she had felt for Albert, nursed him with vigilance. The baron with a stupefied air was looking at the brands burning in the chimney; only the tears, which fell silently down his cheeks without his thinking to wipe them away, showed that he had not had the happiness to lose his memory.

Consuelo approached the canoness to kiss her hand, but that hand was withdrawn from her with an unconquerable aversion. Poor Wenceslawa saw in that young girl the bane and the destruction of her nephew. She had felt a horror towards the project of their marriage in the beginning, and had opposed it with all her power; and afterwards when she had seen that in spite of absence it was impossible to make Albert renounce it, that his health, his reason and his life depended upon it, she had wished for and hastened it with as much ardor as she had before felt fear and repugnance. The refusal of Porpora, the exclusive passion for the stage he had not hesitated to attribute to Consuelo; in fine, all the officious and fatal falsehoods with which he had filled several letters to count Christian, without ever making mention of those which Consuelo had written and which he had suppressed, had caused to the old



man the deepest sorrow, to the canoness the bitterest indignation. She had conceived a hatred, a contempt for Consuelo; she might forgive her, she said, for having alienated Albert's reason by that fatal love, but she could not absolve her for having cruelly betrayed him. She did not know that Porpora was Albert's real murderer. Consuelo, who comprehended her thoughts, could have justified herself; but she preferred rather to take upon herself all the reproaches, than to accuse her master and make him lose the esteem and affection of the family. Besides, she divined moreover, that if, the day before, Wenceslawa had been able to abjure all her prejudices and all her resentments by an effort of maternal love, she must necessarily recover them, now that the sacrifice had been uselessly accomplished. Every look of that poor aunt seemed to say to her: "You have destroyed our child; you have not been able to restore him to life, and now there remains to us only the shame of your alliance."

This mute declaration of war hastened the resolution she had already taken to relieve the canoness as far as possible from this last sorrow. "May I implore your ladyship," said she submissively, "to fix for me the hour of a private conversation? I must leave to-morrow before day-light, and I cannot quit this place without acquainting you with my respectful intentions."

"Your intentions! I can guess them, for the matter of that," replied the canoness, sharply. "Be satisfied, young lady, all shall be according to rule, and the rights which the law gives you shall be scrupulously respected."

"I see that, on the contrary, you do not understand me at all, madam," returned Consuelo; "I therefore desire strongly—"

"Well, since I must also drink of this cup," said the canoness, rising, "let it be as soon as possible, while I still feel courage enough. Follow me, signora. My elder brother appears to sleep for the moment. M. Superville, who has promised me still another day of attendance upon him, will have the goodness to supply my place for half an hour."

She rang, and sent to ask for the doctor; then turning towards the baron: "My brother," said she to him, "your presence is useless, since Christian has not yet the consciousness of his misfortune. Perhaps he never will have it; happily for him, unhappily for us! Perhaps this insensibility is the forerunner of death. I have only you now in the world, my brother; be careful of your health, which is only too much affected by the gloomy inaction into which you have fallen. You are accustomed to the open air and to exercise; go and take a walk with

your gun; the huntsman shall follow you with his hounds. I know well that it will not distract you from your grief; but at least you will derive a physical benefit from it, I am certain. Do it for my sake, Frederick: it is the order of the physician, it is your sister's prayer; do not refuse me. It is the greatest consolation you can give me at this moment, since the last hope of my sad old age rests upon you."

The baron hesitated, and at last yielded. His domestics came, and he allowed himself to be led out like a child. The doctor examined count Christian, who gave no signs of sensibility, though he answered his questions and appeared to recognize every body with an air of gentleness and of indifference. "His fever is not very strong," said Superville in a low voice to the canoness; "if it does not increase this evening, it will perhaps be nothing."

Wenceslawa, somewhat reassured, confided to him the care of her brother, and led Consuelo into a vast apartment, richly ornamented in the ancient style, into which the latter had never entered. There was in it a great state bed, the curtains of which had not been drawn for more than twenty years. It was that in which Wanda of Prachalitz, count Albert's mother, had given up her last breath; and this chamber was hers.

"It was here," said the canoness with a solemn air, after having closed the door, "that we found Albert, thirty-two days since, after a disappearance which had lasted fifteen. From that moment he has not again entered here: he has not left the arm-chair in which he died yesterday evening."

The dry words of this necrological bulletin were articulated in a bitter tone, which buried so many needles in poor Consuelo's heart. The canoness then took from her girdle her inseparable bunch of keys, walked towards a large cupboard of sculptured oak, and opened both its doors. Consuelo saw therein a mountain of jewels tarnished by age, of a strange shape, the larger portion antique, and enriched by diamonds and precious stones of considerable value. "These," said the canoness to her, "are the family jewels which my sister-in-law, count Christian's wife, had before her marriage; here, in this place, are my grandmother's, of which my brothers and myself made her a present; and here, lastly, are those which her husband bought for her. All these belonged to her son Albert, and henceforth belong to you, as his widow. Take them, and do not fear that any one here will dispute with you these riches, to which we attach no importance, and with which we have nothing more to do. As to the deeds of ownership of my

nephew's maternal inheritance, they will be placed in your hands within an hour. All is in order, as I told you; and as to those of his paternal inheritance, you will not, alas! have long to wait for them, perhaps. Such were the last wishes of Albert. My word appeared to him equal to a will."

"Madam," replied Consuelo, closing the cupboard with a movement of disgust, "I should have torn the will, and I pray you to take back your word. I have no more need than you of all these riches. It seems to me that my life would be forever stained by the possession of them. If Albert bequeathed them to me, it was doubtless with the thought that, conformably with his feelings and habits, I would distribute them to the poor. I should be a bad dispenser of these noble charities; I have neither the administrative faculty, nor the knowledge necessary to make a useful disposition of them. It is to you, madam, who unite to those qualities a christian soul as generous as that of Albert, that it belongs to employ this inheritance in works of charity. I relinquish to you my rights, if it be true that I have any, of which I am ignorant and wish always to remain so. I claim from your goodness only one favor: that of never insulting my pride by renewing such offers."

The canoness changed countenance. Forced to esteem, but unable to resolve to admire, she tried to insist.

"But what do you mean to do?" said she, looking fixedly at Consuelo; "you have no fortune?"

"Excuse me, madam, I am rich enough. I have simple tastes and the love of labor."

"Then you intend to resume—what you call your labor?"

"I am compelled to madam, and for reasons which prevent my hesitating, spite of the dejection in which I am plunged."

"And you do not wish to support your new rank otherwise in the world?"

"What rank madam?"

"That which befits Albert's widow."

"I shall never forget, madam, that I am the widow of the noble Albert, and my conduct will be worthy of the husband I have lost."

"And yet the countess of Rudolstadt goes again to tread the boards."

"There is no other countess of Rudolstadt than yourself, madam canoness, and there never will be another after you, except the baroness Amelia, your niece."

"Is it from derision that you speak to me of her, signora?" cried the canoness, upon whom the name of Amelia seemed to produce the effect of a hot iron.

"Why that question, madam?" returned Consuelo with an astonishment,

the candor of which could leave no doubt in the mind of Wenceslawa; "in the name of Heaven, tell me why I have not seen the young baroness here! Can she be dead also, my God?"

"No," said the canoness bitterly. "Would to Heaven she were! Let us not speak of her. This does not refer to her."

"I am nevertheless compelled, madam, to recall to you what I had not before thought of. It is, that she is the only and legitimate heiress of the property and titles of your family. This must put your conscience at rest respecting the deposit which Albert has confided to you, since the laws do not permit you to dispose of it in my favor."

"Nothing can deprive you of a dowry and title which Albert's last will has placed at your disposal."

"Then nothing can prevent my renouncing them, and I do renounce them. Albert knew well that I neither wished to be rich nor countess."

"But the world does not authorize you to renounce them."

"The world, madam! well! that is precisely what I wished to speak with you about. The world would not understand the affection of Albert, nor the condescension of his family towards a poor girl like me. They would make of it a reproach to his memory and a stain upon your life. They would make of it a ridicule and perhaps a shame for me; for, I repeat it, the world would understand nothing of what has passed here between us. The world ought therefore always to remain ignorant of it, madam, as your domestics are ignorant; for my master and the doctor, the only confidants, the only stranger witnesses of that secret marriage, have not yet divulged it and will not divulge it. I answer to you for the first; you can and you ought to assure yourself of the discretion of the other. Live tranquil then, madam, on this point. It will depend upon yourself alone to carry this secret to the tomb, and never, by my act, shall the baroness Amelia suspect that I have the honor to be her cousin. Forget, therefore, the last hour of count Albert; it is for me to remember it to bless him and be silent. You have tears enough to shed without my adding the vexation and the mortification of ever recalling to you my existence, so far as I am the widow of your admirable child!"

"Consuelo! my daughter!" cried the canoness with sobs, "remain with us! You have a great soul and a great heart! Do not leave us again!"

"That would be the wish of this heart which is all devoted to you," replied Consuelo, receiving her caresses with emotion; "but I could not do it without our

secret being betrayed or guessed, which is the same, and I know that the honor of your family is dearer to you than life. Allow me, by tearing myself from your arms without delay and without hesitation, to render you the only service in my power."

The tears which the canoness shed at the termination of this scene, relieved her from the horrible weight that oppressed her. They were the first she had been able to shed since the death of her nephew. She accepted the sacrifice of Consuelo, and the confidence she granted to her resolutions proved that she at least appreciated that noble character. She left her to communicate them to the chaplain, and to come to an understanding with Superville and Porpora upon the necessity of forever keeping silence.

### CONCLUSION.

Consuelo, seeing herself free, passed the day in wandering about the chateau, the garden and the environs, in order to revisit all the places that recalled to her the love of Albert. She even allowed herself to be carried by her pious fervor as far as the Schreckenstein, and seated herself upon the stone, in that horrid desert which Albert had so long filled with his mortal grief. She soon retired, feeling her courage fail, her imagination troubled, and believing that she heard a hollow groan coming from the entrails of the rock. She dared not say to herself that she even heard it distinctly; Albert and Zdenko were no more. This illusion could not therefore be other than diseased and hurtful. Consuelo hastened to withdraw herself from it.

On reapproaching the chateau, at night-fall, she saw the baron Frederick, who, little by little, had strengthened himself on his legs and become more animated in exercising his dominant passion. The huntsmen who accompanied him caused the game to rise in order to excite in him the desire of shooting it. He still took good aim, and picked up his victims with a sigh.

"This one will live and be consoled," thought the young widow.

The canoness supped, or pretended to sup, in her brother's chamber. The chaplain, who had risen to go and pray in the chapel beside the dead body, tried to take his seat at the table. But he had a fever, and at the first mouthful felt himself sick. The doctor was somewhat vexed at this. He was hungry, and compelled to let his soup get cold in order to conduct the chaplain to his chamber, he could not restrain this exclamation: "these people have no strength or courage! There are only two men here; those are the canoness and the signora!"

He soon returned, resolved not to trouble himself much about the indisposition of the poor priest, and gave, as did the baron, quite a good reception to the supper. Porpora, deeply affected, though he did not show it, could not unclothe his teeth either to speak or to eat. Consuelo thought only of the last repast she had made at that table between Albert and Anzoletto.

She afterwards arranged with her master the preparations for their departure. The horses were ordered at four in the morning. Porpora did not wish to go to bed; but he yielded to the prayers and remonstrances of his adopted daughter, who feared to see him fall ill in his turn, and who, to convince him, made him believe that she would sleep also.

Before separating, they went to count Christian's bedside. He slept peaceably, and Superville, who burned to leave that sad abode, assured them that he no longer had any fever.

"Is that very certain, sir?" asked of him in private Consuelo, who was terrified at his precipitation. "I swear it to you," replied he. "He is saved for this time; but I must warn you that it is not for a long time. At that age, one does not feel sorrow very strongly at the moment of the crisis; but the ennui of isolation finishes you a little later; it is drawing back to leap better. Therefore, be on your guard; for it is not seriously, I imagine, that you have renounced your rights."

"It is very seriously, I assure you, sir," said Consuelo; "and I am astonished that you cannot believe so simple a thing."

"You will permit me to doubt it, until the death of your father-in-law, madam. In the mean while, you have committed a great mistake in not providing yourself with the jewels and titles. No matter, you have your reasons, which I do not penetrate, and I suppose that so calm a person as you are does not act lightly. I have given my word of honor to keep the secret of the family, and I shall wait until you free me from it. My testimony will be useful to you in time and place; you may depend upon it. You will always find me at Bareith, if God grant me life; and in that hope I kiss your hands, madam the countess."

Superville took leave of the canoness, answered for the life of the patient, wrote a last recipe, received a heavy sum which seemed to him light compared with what he had hoped to draw from Consuelo for having served her interests, and quitted the chateau at ten in the evening, leaving the latter stupefied and indignant at his materialism.

The baron went to bed much better than the night before, and the canoness

had a couch made up for herself at the side of count Christian. Two women watched in this chamber, two men in that of the chaplain, and old Hanz with the baron. "Happily," thought Consuelo, "poverty does not add privations and isolation to their misfortune. But who then watches Albert, during this gloomy night which he passes under the vaulted roof of the chapel? It will be myself, since this is my second and last wedding-night."

She waited until the chateau was silent and deserted; after which, when midnight had struck, she lighted a little lamp and went to the chapel.

At the end of the cloister which led there, she found two servants of the house, whom her appearance frightened at first, and who afterwards confessed to her why they were in that place. They had been ordered to watch their quarter of the night by the count's body, but fear had prevented their remaining there, and they had preferred to watch and pray at the door.

"What fear?" asked Consuelo, grieved to see that so generous a master no longer inspired other feelings in his servants.

"What would you, signora?" replied one of these men, who were far from seeing in her the widow of count Albert; "our young lord had some strange practices and acquaintances in the world of spirits. He conversed with the dead, he discovered hidden things; he never went to church, he ate with the Zingari; in fine, one does not know what might happen to those who passed the night in the chapel. It would be as much as our lives are worth to remain there. Look at Cynabre! he is not allowed to enter the holy place, and he has passed the whole day lying across the door, without eating, without moving, without complaining. He knows well that his master is there, and that he is dead. So he has not called him a single time. But since midnight struck, he is agitated, he snuffs, he scratches at the door and whines, as if he knew his master were no longer alone and tranquil within."

"You are poor fools!" replied Consuelo with indignation. "If you had hearts a little warmer, you would not have such weak minds." And she entered the chapel to the great surprise and the great consternation of these timid guardians.

She had not wished to visit Albert during the day. She knew that he was surrounded by all the catholic ceremonies, and she would have feared, by uniting externally in those practices, which he had always repelled, to irritate his soul still living in her own. She had waited for this moment; and prepared for the gloomy aspect with which that worship

had surrounded him, she approached his catafalco and contemplated him without terror. She would have thought she insulted those dear and sacred remains by a feeling which would be so cruel to the dead, did they perceive it. And who can assure us that the spirit, detached from the body, does not see it and does not experience a bitter sorrow from it? The fear of the dead is an abominable weakness; it is the most common and the most barbarous of profanations. Mothers do not know it.

Albert was lying upon a couch of brocade, escutcheoned at the four corners with the family arms. His head rested upon a cushion of black velvet embroidered with tears of silver, and a shroud of the same was draped around him in the form of curtains. A triple row of wax tapers illumined his pale face, which had remained so pure, so calm and so manly, that you would have said he slept peacefully. They had clothed the last of the Rudolstadt in the antique costume of his fathers, according to the usage in vogue in that family. He had the Count's crown on his head, the sword at his side, the shield under his feet and the crucifix upon his breast. With his long hair and his black beard, he was entirely like those ancient heroes whose statues, extended upon their tombs, lay around him. The floor was strewn with flowers, and perfumes burned slowly in little vessels of silver-gilt at the four corners of his mortuary couch.

During three hours Consuelo prayed for her husband and contemplated him in his sublime repose. Death, in spreading a more saddened shade over his features, had altered them so little, that often, in admiring his beauty, she forgot that he had ceased to live. She even imagined that she heard the sound of his respiration, and when she withdrew for an instant to refresh the perfume of the chafing dishes and the flame of the tapers, it seemed to her that she heard slight rustlings and perceived trifling undulations in the curtains and the draperies. She reapproached him immediately, and interrogating his frozen mouth, his silent heart, she renounced her fugitive, insensate hopes.

When the clock struck three, Consuelo rose and deposited upon the lips of her spouse, her first, last kiss of love. "Farewell, Albert," said she to him in a loud voice, carried away by a religious exultation; "you read now without uncertainty in my heart. There are no more clouds between us, and you know how much I love you. You know that if I abandon your sacred remains to the cares of a family who will come tomorrow to contemplate you without weakness, I do not on that account abandon

your immortal remembrance and the thought of your indestructible love. You know that it is not a forgetful widow, but a faithful wife who withdraws from your abode, and that she carries you forever in her soul. Farewell, Albert! you have said it, death passes between us and separates us in appearance, only to reunite us in eternity. Faithful to the creed which you have taught me, certain that you have deserved the love and the blessing of God, I do not weep for you, and nothing will present you to my thought under the false and impious image of death. There is no death, Albert; you were right; I feel it in my heart, since I love you more than ever."

As Consuelo finished these words, the curtains which fell closed behind the catafalco were perceptibly moved, and opening suddenly, presented to her eyes the pale features of Zdenko. She was at first terrified, accustomed as she was, to look upon him as her most mortal enemy. But he had an expression of gentleness in his eyes, and, stretching to her across the bed of death, a rough hand, which she did not hesitate to clasp in hers; "Let us make peace upon his bed of rest, my poor girl," said he to her with a smile. "You are a good child of God, and Albert is satisfied with you. Go, he is happy at this moment, he sleeps so well, the good Albert! I have forgiven him, as you see! I came back to see him as soon as I learnt that he slept; and now I shall not leave him. Tomorrow I will carry him to the grotto, and we will talk again of Consuelo, *Consuelo de mi alma!* Go and rest, my daughter; Albert is not alone. Zdenko is there, always there. He has no need of anything. He is so well with his friend! Misfortune is rebuked, evil is destroyed; death is vanquished. The thrice happy day has dawned. *May he who has been wronged be with thee.*"

Consuelo could no longer endure the infantile joy of that poor innocent. She made him a tender farewell; and when she reopened the chapel door, she allowed Cynabre to rush towards his ancient friend, whom he had not ceased to scent and to call. "Poor Cynabre! come; I will hide you under your master's bed," said Zdenko, caressing him with as much tenderness as if he had been a child. "Come, come, my Cynabre! here we are all three reunited, and we will not leave each other again."

Consuelo went to waken Porpora. Then she entered the chamber of Count Christian on tiptoe, and passed between his bed and that of the canoness. "Is it you! my daughter," said the old man without testifying any surprise: "I am very happy to see you. Do not wake my sister who sleeps soundly, thanks to God!

go and do the same; I am entirely tranquil. My son is saved, and I shall soon be well."

Consuelo kissed his white hairs, his wrinkled hands, and hid from him the tears which would perhaps have destroyed his illusion. She did not dare to kiss the canoness, who reposed at last, the first time for thirty nights. "God puts bounds to grief," thought she; "they are its very excess. May these unfortunates remain a long time under the salutary weight of fatigue!"

Half an hour afterwards, Consuelo, whose heart was broken at leaving these noble old friends, passed with Porpora the drawbridge of Giant's castle, without remembering that this formidable manor-house, in which so many ditches and grates enclosed so much riches and suffering, had become the property of the countess of Rudolstadt.

NOTE.—Those of our readers who are too much fatigued with following Consuelo through so many perils and adventures, may now rest. Those, less numerous doubtless, who still feel some courage, will learn, in a forthcoming publication, the continuation of her wanderings, and what became of Count Albert after his death.

THE END.

## REVIEW.

*Mosses from an Old Manse.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Two Parts. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1846. pp. 210 and 211.

We remember to have seen in some notices of Mr. Hawthorne's earlier tales the epithet "gentle" applied to him. Taken in the strict etymological sense of human and humane, where the word represents a character so liberal as to comprehend with wide sympathy all interests of fellow-men; or taken in its secondary meaning, as descriptive of the manners of one, who never intrudes private cares or joys upon society, who has delicate perceptions of the feelings and rights of others, and who respects the metes and bounds of all proprieties,—doubtless this epithet applies to the writer, for every page shows largeness and courtesy. But in the popular signification of the word, no epithet could be more inapplicable. More than any American writer, has Mr. Hawthorne been baptized in the deep waters of *Tragedy*. He is *sombre*. The light on his pages is the dusky twilight, now of evening deepening into night, now of morning breaking through the fog,—or if it is ever the light of noon, it is where sunbeams pierce through heavy shadows of the forest, or slant in with glaring contrast upon some cavern mouth. Serene brightness seldom cheers us. The woof of this author's tapestry is always black; though golden lustre and rosy

bloom are blended in the warp. The sadness is pervading, not occasional nor transient. There are no got up scenes of terrible crime, no forced sentimentalities, no opium dreams of lengthening horrors,—but rather an abiding consciousness of the volcanic fires which seethe beneath the green crust of habitable earth. The subterranean hell is forever revealed, now in earthquakes which wave the solid foundations of what seemed most steadfast in man's social or domestic or individual life, now in yawning gulfs which suck in a scene of joy, and spread in its place the lonely tarn.

Yet we are very far from thinking Mr. Hawthorne morbid or extravagant. What is characteristic in him is, that he does not willingly yield to the gloom, which so besets him. He seeks manfully to master it, by humble thoughts of self, and generous estimates of others, and patient pitying hope, and trust that Omnipotent Good, will, in his own time and way, redeem all evil. Yet more habitually, he confides himself to the bosom of our foster mother nature. And so, notwithstanding their profound grief, these writings exert a healing power. They take the sick man by the arm, and aid his trembling feet to walk once more beneath the boughs upon the green sward. They bring to the parched fever-lips a cup of crystal water from the trickling spring. They meet the turbulence of passion with a still gaze of such intense experience, that common woe is hushed.

The gift of *insight* which can penetrate appearances, and detect realities beneath shams is an awful one, and brings with it a host of peculiar temptations. The good natured person, who is content with the surfaces of events, objects, characters, glides easily along. To him the world's masquerade is a perpetual amusement. But for the seer, who has no taste for carnivals, and who through all disguises is forced by fatally true vision to behold the naked facts, actual life must at first present the aspect of a bedlam. No experience in life is so dreadful, as suddenly to wake up from early dreams of reverence and loyalty, and to learn the secret never to be forgotten again, that respectability is but whitewash, that apparent goodness is but paint on the cheek and padding in the garments, that "all men are liars." Then comes the trial of true manhood. The man of cold and superficial heart, after such an Asmodean vision, becomes straightway a cynical critic, prides himself upon an easy shrewdness, with sardonic cunning scratches the lacker from the plated ware, which the auctioneer bids off for gold, rings triumphantly the false change on his counter, and chuckles as he shows the devil's hoof beneath the judge's ermine robe,

and the bishop's surplice. The dreamy and fanciful on the other hand, after such an acquaintance with life's falseness, becomes fastidious and solitary, cherishes an elegant misery, bemoans the sad fate of a refined spirit subjected to the contact of rudeness and coarse vulgarity, and freezes slowly into a selfish contempt of man. But the truly brave and manly, though utterly shocked and disgusted with this sight of human weakness, lifts the mantle, which in its drunken sleep society has cast aside, and walking backwards veils once more and forever the frailties of mortality. Evil once barely seen need never be regarded more. Away with suspicion, where all are so entangled in a mesh of pretence and absurdity. Away with hatred, where all are so helpless and infirm. Henceforth let there be a power of hope, and noble forgiveness, which shall convert back into the stature of upright manhood, forms the most brutalized by Circe's enchantments. Now to this third class does Mr. Hawthorne belong. He has been endowed with a truly awful power of insight. No masks deceive him. And most plainly, the mockeries of life have cost him sleepless nights and lonely days. His feet have been blistered on the wide sand deserts which human crime has swept over the Eden of primeval innocence. He has wandered long and far to find an Adam, an Eve. But he has been learning all the while not to hate but to love, not to despise but to revere, not to despair but to confide, to look forward and not back.

With more of plastic power, and of a sustained glow, Mr. Hawthorne would have been a tragic poet; with more of chivalric energy, and willingness to work with the common as a means to the highest, he would have been an active reformer; but he is what he is, a sagacious observer, a wise judge, a lover of his fellows, a child of nature, trusting in the constant ministries of time, and too profoundly conscious of an all providing God, to take his name in vain.

We have occupied so much space with general remarks, that we cannot, as we ought, go now into particular criticisms. The opening article of these volumes is a most exquisite sketch of the author's residence in Concord. Lamb, or Irving never gave us anything, we think, so beautiful. It is alone worth the cost of the two volumes. The tales are reprints for the most part from the *Democratic Review*. There is one of a humorous character, that is quite unworthy of companionship with those among which it appears. And there are others too horrible perhaps for publication any where. But every page, opens rich veins of suggestion; and throughout, clearness, force, and finished beauty of style, throw a charm over the simplest descriptions, and

add new significance to the most obvious and familiar thoughts. We trust often to meet Mr. Hawthorne again,—notwithstanding his threat,—as a Tale-Writer; and yet oftener as an Historian. The Romance of History, we presume to think, is his most appropriate field. The harvest is ripe, will he not put in his sickle and reap!

*The Old Sanctuary; a Romance of the Ashley;* By J. A. REQUIER. Boston: Redding and Co. 1846, pp. 197.

The war has interfered with literature. In the clang of arms the clatter of the printing press is less active. People gape at newspapers but cease to buy books, and so the works of authors sleep unborn in manuscript instead of engaging in the slow immortality of booksellers' shelves. However, as the first gloating excitement passes off with the opening events of the campaign, our table is occasionally visited by new publications that venture to compete for public attention with the latest news from Mexico, and the private manifestos of major generals. Some of these like Hawthorne's "Mosses," to which in another column we have done such justice as we could, come like glimpses of the sky amidst the dull, foul vapors, spreading gloom over the face of nature. But the book now in our hands will not admit of any such comparison. It is like a "hasty plate of soup," and that of quite insipid quality, rather than anything more substantial or beautiful. Its author informs us that it is published at the instance of his friends more than from any impulse of his own. This is an amiable weakness into which authors are but too ready to be betrayed. In the present case it would have been no loss to the public had these friendly solicitations been less pressing or had their object possessed a less yielding temperament; we fear too it might have saved some slight loss to the publishers. But the subject is not worth many words. It is destined for that vast limbo into which are crowded the countless tribe of literary abortions; we dismiss it with the hope that the day may yet arrive when the road to that region will be less frequented, or when at least, the travellers thitherward will pay better for the trouble of hailing and examining them.

Were we to count all the sufferings for ages and ages endured on the face of the globe by the people, not consequent upon the laws of nature but upon the vices of society, the number of those sufferings would exceed that of the blades of grass covering a world which they have saturated with their tears.

The ways of God are ways of love. Men receive from him not the evils that afflict his poor creatures, but the blessings which he showers upon them in profusion.

## POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

### DESTINY.

That dream was life, but waking came,  
Dead silence after living speech,  
Cold darkness after golden flame,  
And now in vain I seek to reach  
In thought that radiant delight  
Which girt me with a splendid night.

No art can bring again to me  
Thy figure's grace, lithe-limned by sleep,  
No echo drank the melody  
An after festival to keep  
With me, and memory from that place  
Glides outward with averted face.

I loved thy beauty as a gleam  
Of a sweet soul by beauty nursed,  
But the strange splendor of that dream  
All other loves and hopes has cursed,  
One ray of the serenest star  
Is dearer than all diamonds are.

Yet would I give my love of thee,  
If thus of thee I had not dreamed,  
Nor known that in thine eyes might be  
What never on my waking gleamed,  
For Night had then not swept away  
The possibilities of Day.

For had my love of thee been less,  
Still of my life thou hadst been queen,  
And that imperial loveliness,  
Hinted by thee I had not seen,  
Yet proudly shall that love expire  
The spark of dawn in morning's fire.

How was it that we loved so well,  
From love's excess to such sweet wo,  
Such bitter honey,—for will swell  
Across my grief that visioned glow  
Which steals the soul of grief away  
As sunlight soothes a wintry day.

And so we part, who are to each  
The only one the earth can give,  
How vainly words will strive to reach  
Why we together may not live,  
When barely thought can learn to know  
The depth of this sublimest wo.

For the Harbinger.

### HYMN OF HUMANITY.

The Past is dark with sin and shame,  
The Future dim with doubt and fear,  
But, Father, yet we praise thy name.  
Whose guardian love is always near!

For Man has striven ages long  
With faltering steps to come to Thee,  
And in each purpose high and strong  
The influence of thy grace could see.

He could not breathe an earnest prayer  
But Thou wert kinder than he dreamed,  
As age by age brought hopes more fair,  
And nearer still Thy kingdom seemed.

But never rose within his breast  
A trust so calm and deep as now:  
Shall not the weary find a rest?  
Father! Preserver! answer Thou!

'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,  
But through the shadow streams the sun;  
We cannot doubt Thy certain love,  
And man's great aim shall yet be won!

T. W. H.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 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 ORGANIZATION OF LABOR.

The Organization of Labor, is the great problem of this age. It is the highest and most important practical question that can be proposed to the human mind, and should occupy the attention of men of sound reason and judgement.

Upon the Organization of Labor,—that is, the system and polity upon which agriculture, manufactures and commerce, are prosecuted,—depend the material welfare of society, and to a very great extent the moral and material condition of the laboring classes. The present system is defective and wretched in the extreme, and if any portion of the social mechanism demands reform, it certainly is the industrial department; but this is something which our politicians and statesmen, who should be the guides of social progress, do not perceive,—have in fact, no idea of; a proof how little practical genius is to be found among them.

Let us examine a few of the leading characteristics of industry as now organized; we will then take up some one branch, for example, manufactures, point out its defects, and enquire where a remedy is to be found.

The characteristics of the present Organization of Labor, are:

1. Separation and conflict of the two primordial branches of industry, agriculture and manufactures, which should be united, and prosecuted jointly. The producer in Ohio now sends his grain to England, to pass on its way through the hands of three or four merchants, each of whom levies a profit; and receives back in return, hard-ware or cloths, which must also pass through as many intermediate hands, greatly enhancing the price, which might be avoided if the articles could be manufactured in Ohio.

2. War of commerce upon productive industry. We call it a war because commerce is constantly upon the watch to take advantage in every way of industry, to render it subservient to itself, and to absorb a round half of the profits of production for the comparatively trifling work of effecting exchanges of products.

3. Conflict of Capital and Labor, and the subjection of the latter to the former. Labor, the only property of the poor man, has during the last sixty years in England, been reduced to about one third

its value, by the action of free competition, and the power of capital over machinery; a similar effect will take place in this country during the next sixty years to come, unless means are taken to prevent it. The property of the people—their labor—will in the end be entirely wrested from them, and reduced to the lowest value, if a change of system does not take place.

4. Rigid discipline and industrial oppression of the masses in large manufacturing, in mines, on ship-board, &c.

5. Prolonged and monotonous toil without change or variety, and without any moral charms, like the company of agreeable companions.

6. Exclusive occupation at one single branch or detail, which smothers all other industrial faculties, and stupefies the intellect.

7. Arbitrary statutes and regulations, laid down by capitalists and employers.

8. Labor forced upon the masses, from the fear of want and starvation among laborers for wages, as it is by the lash among chattel slaves.

9. Painful and humiliating obedience of the hireling to the employers, like the brutalizing subjection of the slave to the master.

10. Diseases produced by prolonged and excessive labor.

11. No guarantee of industrial rights, among others of the right to labor or to regular employment, and to the enjoyment of the fruits of labor.

12. Incongruous and unsuitable employment of sexes and ages. Modern industrialism is operating in direct opposition to all justice and common sense in this respect, for it is applying little children and women to the most prolonged and often arduous duties,—thus crushing humanity out of the feeble and fairer portion of mankind.

13. Reciprocal deception, fraud and overreaching in all departments and relations of industry and commerce.

14. Monstrous increase of parasitic and non-productive agents in industry. There are now ten times as many merchants as are necessary; one tenth could effect all the exchanges of products required by society, if commerce were rightly and economically organized.

15. Conflict of the individual with the collective interest, and universal duplicity of action.

16. Free competition or anarchical strife and envious rivalry, which is the rule of action in industry and commerce. The laborer is in competition or at war with the laborer, the manufacturer with the manufacturer, class with class, and nation with nation. Production and consumption are also in strife with each other, and commerce with them both. "War,"

says a distinguished Economist, "which seems fleeing from the battle field, has sought a last refuge in industry and found it there." This is perfectly true, and from the blind action, the confusion and disorder, which grow out of this universal state of conflict between all departments of industry and trade, result revolutions, bankruptcy, unforeseen ruin for the majority, and uncertainty as to the future for all.

We could increase this list ten-fold if we entered into the details of the different branches of labor; for example, in Agriculture, where we find:

Want of capital among the farming classes.

Want of science and skill.

Contempt of agriculture from mediocrity of profits.

Profits of the same absorbed by commerce.

Waste and bad management of small farms.

Abandonment of agriculture for commercial speculation and stock-jobbing, and other unproductive employments.

Faithlessness of hirelings.

The little we have said is sufficient to convince any thinking mind that has looked at all into this great question of Labor, of the utter falseness of the present system or organization of industry, and consequently of the necessity of an industrial reform.

Let us now glance somewhat more particularly at the manufacturing system, which has grown up in these latter days and then inquire where a remedy is to be found.

Some seventy or eighty years since, Watt and Arkwright made two great inventions—the steam engine and the spinning jenny. This gave an immense impetus to manufacturing, and mechanical power upon a gigantic scale was developed. Capital came in and bought up the machinery, and began organizing manufacturing industry upon an extended plan: the result has been those vast manufacturing, which have sprung up so rapidly in most parts of Europe and this country. This is constituting a new era in Labor; nothing like it ever before took place.

We might naturally suppose that this new organization of one great branch of industry,—mechanics—which has been effected by the richest and best endowed men in society, and in an age which claims to be Christian and democratic, and boasts of its political progress and freedom, would be based upon principles of justice, of philanthropy and of liberty.

So far from this being the case, the modern manufacturing system, is one of the most oppressive and merciless that has ever been invented. It vies with slavery itself, which took its rise in the

worst and darkest period of human history, in the transition from the Savage state, in which man enjoyed a rude liberty and was not subjected to labor, to the Barbarian order, in which the masses were subjected to the tyranny of military leaders, and forced to toil by the lash. In some respects it even exceeds slavery, as in the abandonment of the sick, the feeble, and the old, after they are broken down in work, although in other aspects it is less revolting.

A brief examination of a few of the features of the modern manufacturing system, will prove this fact, that the present age has had neither justice, mercy, generosity, nor the sentiments of the rights of Humanity, sufficiently strong to lead it to organize labor upon a true foundation. After this examination, we will glance at the relation which Capital and Commerce, the Church, Legislation, and the Press, hold to this modern system of industrial extortion and oppression.

The abuses of the factory system are:

1. Prolonged, excessive, and unhealthy labor. Thirteen hours of labor per day, and during six days in the week, forced upon the working classes, and particularly upon young women in our manufacturing, is an outrageous wrong; it is unnatural, blighting to the mind, exhausting to the body, and should be denounced as a piece of slow assassination. It requires a young woman of a strong and robust constitution to hold out for one year in our manufacturing; they must then go to the country to recruit for a while. If the girls who go to Lowell and other manufacturing towns, were compelled to remain constantly in the mills, and could not spend a part of the year in the country, recruiting their health at their homes, a generation would be buried every few years. We said the operatives work thirteen hours a day; they enter the factories at five, have half an hour for breakfast, the same for dinner, except a couple of months in the spring, when they have three quarters of an hour, and go out at seven in the evening. In the winter, they work from daylight to dark.

2. Stultifying and blighting effect upon the mind by excessive and monotonous toil. We see this effect more fully produced in Europe than in this country. With us, the operatives remain as a general rule but a few years in the manufacturing, with occasional alternations during that time. The system tends to make man the mere unthinking slave of a machine, doing millions of times over the same minute thing, executing one uniform detail with a frightful monotony, such as belongs only to dead, inert matter. Man whose faculties are rich and varied,

enough to embrace art, science, industry and social life in all their modes, is brought down to be the servant of a shuttle, to watch a wheel, to turn a crank. O desecration of human nature!—the more reprehensible, because it is the work of this age, of an age which claims to be Christian and liberal, and because the system which produces it, has been built up by the leading and influential men in society, and sanctioned by its legislative bodies.

3. Strict discipline, and arbitrary rules and regulations, forced upon the mass—amounting in fact, to a complete system of industrial tyranny. Helpless Labor must succumb to powerful Capital, and submit to the conditions which the latter deems fit to lay down. If we had space to enter here into an examination of the subject, it could easily be shown that there exists in this great department of society, an industrial tyranny as dark and repulsive as the political tyranny which exists under a Turkish Pacha. So little do our statesmen and the people understand the question of Labor and its organization, that they have no idea that liberty and right can exist in Labor. The working classes are rung up at early dawn by a bell as if they were animals; the number of long and dreary hours which they shall work are prescribed, and the number of minutes which they may take for their meals—about thirty, which is a half or third the time allowed to our horses and our oxen, at midday rest,—is fixed; the places in which they shall toil, no matter how uncomfortable, or unhealthy, are pointed out to them by a master or employer, and no alternative is left or objections listened to,—these, and similar arbitrary regulations existing in Labor, which occupies the larger portion of the days and years of the working classes, are looked upon as natural, as necessary, and as no violation of human liberty, while in fact this system of industrial oppression is the most repulsive than can be forced upon man. On the other hand, the working classes are not guaranteed by society the *Right to Labor*, that is, the free opportunity of exercising their activity and their talents to support themselves and to increase the wealth of society; and they are not secured the *fruit of their labor*, and thus the two great fundamental rights of man—without which political rights become often worthless,—are not possessed. The people do not now enjoy their industrial rights: those who are engaged in labor must beg the privilege of toiling from those who own the implements of industry—the soil and the machinery—which privilege they often do not obtain, and are reduced to want and abject pecuniary dependence; and when they do obtain it,

they must give a third or a half of the fruit of their labor to those who concede it to them. The Right to Labor is equivalent to the *Right to Life*; and the right to the fruit of labor, is equivalent to the *Right to Property*. A society that does not guarantee to all its members these two rights, violates two fundamental prohibitions of the moral law: “Thou shalt not kill.” “Thou shalt not steal.”

4. Smothering of the social sympathies from constant absorption in material toil. The unremitted attention and consequent isolation which our modern system of factory labor requires, makes in the end a mere machine of man, and deaden the social affections, the moral nature within him. This melancholy result can only be fully appreciated by those who have examined carefully the system; it is one of its worst features.

5. Subserviency of man to machinery. Those vast manufactories, established by an immense capital, become of such importance in the eyes of all interested, that the poor and humble toilers, who come to work in them, appear of but little consequence in comparison. They become mere adjuncts, the little human machines, that attend upon the gigantic mechanical apparatus which capital has put in operation, and they must go with it, attend upon it like slaves, obey all its movements, work while it works, and cease only when it ceases. This entire subserviency of man to machinery, of the living, intelligent worker to the inanimate, material power, was left for the present age to carry out,—an age in which an all-absorbing thirst for wealth is allied with the keenest development of intellect,—an alliance which is destined to produce what we will term an Industrial Feudalism, the new form of oppression and universal monopoly, which is to come over the modern world, if the course of its political policy is not changed.

As our remarks have occupied more space than we expected, we will bring them to a close for the present, and will take up in another article an examination of the measures which should be proposed to effect an Industrial Reform,—the great practical problem of this Age.

#### MEETING OF THE “AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS” IN BOSTON.

This society, so lately organized, held special meetings in the Tremont Temple on the evenings of the 17th and 18th instant. The call was too sudden to appear in the Harbinger, and was but little circulated in the public prints. The meeting was found necessary in consequence of the hurried manner in which the society was obliged to do its work during the week of anniversaries, leaving its first business of organization very in-

complete, and all practical measures for carrying out its great purpose of promulgation uncommenced. The friends however gathered in considerable numbers, and the meetings went off with great spirit. Indeed in no associative meetings held before, have our brothers and sisters in the cause addressed themselves so earnestly, so devotedly, and with such wise consideration of means and measures to the end.

In the absence of the president and vice-presidents, GEORGE RIPLEY was called to the chair, and JOHN ORVIS was appointed Secretary pro tem. The purpose of the meeting was properly introduced by the reading of the Circular contained in the Harbinger for June 13th by the Domestic Corresponding Secretary, WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING. Copies of the Constitution were then circulated among the assembly for signatures, during which Mr. RIPLEY and Mr. BRISBANE addressed the audience at length and with great power, showing that the times were ripe for an entire Social and Industrial reform, and that nothing short of this, that nothing short of the Divine Order itself, the science of which, or at least enough to constitute the key to such a science is accepted and taught by Associationists, can save society from a moneyed feudalism, from that bottomless abyss of unmitigated, universal selfishness into which it is madly spurring itself by its false maxim of free competition. The speeches this time were somewhat general and preliminary to the practical business of the next evening. Mr. CHANNING closed in a speech of the loftiest and purest eloquence, in which he declared the great problem and movement of this day to be that of realizing a Unitary Church; showed how utterly unchristian was every thing now calling itself a Church, and how impossible the solution of this problem, so long as industry tends only to isolate those who would be Christians, and to make them selfish; and ended with announcing the life-long pledge into which the believers in Associative Unity in this country have entered, that they will rest not and turn not back until the mind of this whole nation is made to see and own the truth which there is in their doctrines. The effect upon all present was electric, and the resolution to adjourn to the next evening was a resolution to commence then in earnest a great work.

The audience on Thursday evening was much larger. JOHN ALLEN described from personal observation the working of the Factory system in Lowell, and drew a melancholy picture, confirmed by the testimony of physicians there, of the manner in which each of the five senses is violated, and the whole health under-



mined by the unnatural confinement of the operatives in the mills; also of the equal wrong thus done to the intellectual and social nature.

Mr. ORVIS spoke of the various reforms of the day as all culminating and seeking their complement in the more radical and central reform which we propose. He was followed by Mr. BRISBANE, whose words seemed more than ever from his inmost soul, and who held up the true conception of man's unitary destiny in so strong a light, that the contrast of the social state in which we live became terrific, and the selfishness, short-sightedness, and deadness of statesmen, merchants, priests and scholars showed in ghastly colors that must have shocked themselves if any such were listening. "Indeed," said he, "the whole of life about us seems like one vast cemetery, in which the dead have risen to grope about among their graves." There was such a reality in this bold burst of eloquence, the speaker's look and voice so unconsciously harmonized, that the very light of the room seemed changed and a thrill ran through each hearer.

Mr. DWIGHT spoke of the relation which this union of Associationists sustains to FOURIER, enlarging on the seventh resolution which was adopted at the meeting in May. Mr. DANA continued on the grandeur of our mission and the obligation which the times impose on us of going forward. But the evening was already far advanced, so that the last speakers could only graze the topics which they were expected to unfold, it being understood that the whole should be brought to a head, and the main and practical business of the meeting set forth by Mr. CHANNING.

His appeal, alike to friends and to opposers of the cause, will dwell like a remembered inspiration in all our minds. It spoke directly to the deepest religious sentiment in every one, and awakened in each a consciousness of a new energy. All the poetic wealth and imagery of the speaker's mind seemed melted over into the speech, as if he would pour out all his life to carry conviction into the hearts of others. He seemed an illustration of the splendid figure which he used, to show the present crisis in this cause. It was nobly, powerfully begun in this country; but, said he, there has been a pause in our movement. When Benvenuto Cellini was casting his great statue, wearied and exhausted he fell asleep. He was roused by the cries of the workmen: "Master, come quick, the fires have gone down, and the metal has caked in the running." He hesitated not a moment, but rushed into the palace, seized all the gold and silver vessels, money, ornaments, which

he could find, and poured them all into the furnace; and whatever he could lay hands on that was combustible he took to renew the fire. "We must begin anew," said he. And the flames roared, and the metal began to run, and the Jupiter came out in complete majesty. Just so our greater work has caked in the running. We have been lukewarm; we have slept. But shall not we throw in all our gold and silver, and throw in ourselves too, since our work is to produce not a mere statue, but a harmonious *life of Man* made perfect in the image of God?

Who ever had such motive for action? The crusaders, on their knees, and upon the hilts of their swords which formed a cross, daily dedicated their lives and their all to the pious resolution of reconquering the sepulchre in which the dead Lord was laid. But ours is the calling, not to conquer the sepulchre of the *dead* Lord, but to conquer the world, and bring it in subjection to truth, love and beauty, that the *living* Christ may at length return and enter upon his kingdom of Heaven on the earth.

In addressing those as yet not pledged to the cause, the iron logic of his reasoning was only concealed by the religious fervor and poetic beauty of his utterance. You object, he says, that the state of society we aim at is impracticable. But on the contrary, *this*, this social state in which we find ourselves, is the impracticable one, for it is unsupportable; on all hands it is confessed to be a failure and a farce. The English statesmen, we have seen, have just been reduced to their last trump card, namely, Free Trade. That card will fail them like the rest; for there is no remedy short of an Organization of Labor, such as we propose. You object that people are not good enough to live together in Association. Here again he turned the tables upon the objectors: Not good enough to live together *so!* not good enough to live together in a state where each one seeks the good of every other! And yet good enough to live together in a state like this, where each is confessedly the rival and antagonist of others, and nearly all are seeking evil!

He spoke then of the grandeur of the cause; and urged it home to the hearts and consciences of all those who have means and the reputation of a desire to promote the interests of Humanity. He called most earnestly upon all whose hearts were touched, to join with us and pledge themselves, by signing the Constitution, to help on this work, at least to give the system a fair trial.—Had the respectable and christian merchant princes of the city sat there at that hour, we see not how the most conservative and unbelieving of them could have held the folds of

their proud cloak of indifference about them; a new idea must have shot its light through them, revealing their own position to them as a poor one compared with that which Love and Justice call on them to take. But this class always keep themselves away, when truth is likely to be spoken.

Nevertheless the work shall go on. If the few, however weak, are only faithful, all will finally come in. If you will not help us, said the speaker, then alone and single-handed we will do it. For we have solemnly vowed to preach this doctrine through the length and breadth of this land. If you will not give money to enable our lecturers to go, then we will go *without* money; if we cannot have shoes, then we will go bare-foot. It is not the first time that God's word has been so preached. And what a glorious triumph will be ours! What a vision opens before us! FOURIER, (who has been so calumniated by pious editors of New York Dailies, and by reverend DDs at anniversaries of Bible Societies as an infidel,) uttered this sublime conception: When the redeemed earth shall blossom like a garden under the attractive labors of a united happy race, then at each equinox, at the rising of the sun, shall every human being stand in the same posture, and a universal chorus of Praise and Thanksgiving to the Creator encircle the whole earth. Daniel Webster, in a speech, alluding to the world-wide influence of England, said that her morning drum-beat circled the world in one unbroken sound of martial melodies. This has been celebrated as a sublime sentiment, and so it is for one still dwelling in the dark past. But what comparison can it bear in point of sublimity with the sentiment of the *infidel* FOURIER!

We by no means intend this as a report of Mr. Channing's speech. To reproduce it at all would be impossible. We only tell such few things as we easily remember. He closed with requesting all who had signed the Constitution, or who were ready to cooperate with the "American Union," to remain at a business meeting.

The hour was late and the business was made short. The plans of the Executive Committee were stated and approved. These were 1. to send out lecturers; a beginning having been already made in the appointment of Mr. C. A. DANA as an agent of the society, to proceed this summer upon a lecturing tour through New York, Western Pennsylvania and Ohio; 2. to support the Harbinger; and 3. to publish Tracts.

A large Committee were partly nominated, and partly volunteered, to appeal to the friends in and about Boston for funds to carry out these objects.

It was voted, on the suggestion of the editors, to make the "Harbinger" the organ of the American Union of Associationists; also that five hundred copies of the same shall be circulated at the expense of the Society.

The "Union" then adjourned to meet again at the time of the autumnal equinox in next September.

### ACTION!!!

☞ Fellow Associationists, Brethren, Sisters, each and all! You are hereby once again earnestly entreated, in the name of our cause of Universal Unity, at once to coöperate energetically in carrying out the proposed plans of the American Union:

1. FORM SOCIETIES.
2. CIRCULATE THE HARBINGER.
3. RAISE FUNDS.

We wish to find a hundred persons in the United States, who will subscribe \$100 dollars a year for three years in permanently establishing the work of propagation; or two hundred persons who will subscribe \$50. Do you know any persons in your neighborhood who will for one year, three years, five years, contribute for this end? Be instant, Friends, in season, and out of season, in raising a Permanent Fund, and an immediate fund. *This whole Nation* must hear our Gospel of Glad Tidings. Will you not aid?

Contributions may be forwarded to F. G. SHAW Esq. West Roxbury Mass., Treasurer; to GEORGE RIPLEY, Chairman of the Executive Council, Brook Farm; or to W. H. CHANNING, Corresponding Secretary, Brook Farm, West Roxbury.

Any number of the "Address to Associationists," can be had upon application. It has been struck off as a Tract, for the end of securing the widest possible circulation. Copies are sold at cost price—two for a cent—two hundred for one dollar. Send on your orders, *post-paid*, to

WILLIAM H. CHANNING.

Dom. Cor. Sec. of the Am. Un. of Associationists.

BROOK FARM, West Roxbury, Mass.

THE MASSILLON GAZETTE published at Massillon, Ohio, has passed under the management of E. P. Grant Esq. The new editor enters upon his duties with the following declaration.

"Not only in politics, but in science, in religion, in all things, the editor confesses himself to belong to 'the party of the future.' It is not to the restoration of any past institutions that he looks for the improvement of humanity, but to the farther development of those elements of good, of which the past contained only the germs, and the present exhibits but an incomplete expansion. The novelty of an idea is not, therefore, sufficient to

justify to his mind its repudiation—but on the contrary, he welcomes all new and generous thoughts, however crude and imperfect; persuaded that among such will yet be found the highest truth. If, then he shall invite the attention of the readers of the Gazette to anything beyond political and general intelligence, and the ordinary routine of newspaper items and discussions, it will be to interest them in those signs of progress, which so conspicuously mark the present age."

Thus, one after another, the watch-word of progress is taken up by new voices. We welcome the Massillon Gazette into the ranks of the "party of the future," and trust that we may long have the happiness of laboring at its side.

ANIMAL SUICIDES. It is related in the travels of Monsieur Violet, the truth of which is avouched by Captain Marryatt, that he saw horses that had been tyrannized over by other horses, and treated by the whole herd as outcasts, commit suicide. When tired of their *Paria* life they walk round and round some large tree, as if to ascertain the degree of hardness required, measure the distance, and, darting with furious speed against it, fracture their skulls, and thus get rid of life and oppression both together.—He says that squirrels sometimes persecute one among their number till he destroys himself. "One day, while we were watching this outcast of a squirrel, we detected a young one slowly creeping through the adjoining shrubs; he had in his mouth a ripe fruit; at every moment he would stop and look as if he were watching, just as if he feared detection.—At last he arrived near the *Paria*, or outcast, and deposited before him his offering to misery and old age. They were, however, perceived by the other squirrels, who sprang by dozens upon them. The young one with two bounds escaped; the other submitted to his fate. I rose—all the squirrels vanished except the victim; but that time contrary to his habits, he left the shrub, and slowly advanced to the bank of a river, and ascended a tree. A minute afterwards we observed him at the very extremity of a branch projecting over the rapid waters and we heard his plaintive shriek—it was his farewell to life and misery."

*Boston Daily Journal.*

A FIGHTING IRISHMAN. As the Assessors, in the discharge of their duties, were yesterday afternoon visiting the inhabitants of Ward One, they called at the house of a patriotic Irishman, who seemed rather alarmed at their entrance, not knowing what could be the object of their visit, but his anxiety was quieted, and indeed he seemed quite delighted, when told that they were only taking the names of persons, with a view of raising *taxes*! "Taxus?" said he, "did you say, Taxus?—you shall have my name, any how, for Taxus and Mexico, both!"

As they were leaving the house, he followed them, exclaiming,—

"And tell me now, how many men you are going to raise for Taxus,—and shure I'm ready to fight against them Mexican fellows at any time of the day. When shall we be wanted?"

This mistake of the Irishman was a

natural one—and we much fear that he is not the only one in this country, who will find the words *Taxes* and *Texas*, to be synonymous terms. They are alike in sound and signification. — *Journal.*

### 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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Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass. }  
March 21, 1846. }

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# THE HARBINGER,

## DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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NUMBER 4.

### MISCELLANY.

#### THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT.\*

SEQUEL TO

#### CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

#### I.

The hall of the Italian opera at Berlin, built during the first years of the reign of Frederick the Great, was then one of the finest in Europe. The entrance was free, the expenses being paid by the king. Still, tickets were required for admission, all the boxes having their fixed destination: here the princes and princesses of the royal family; there the diplomatic corps; then illustrious travellers, then the Academy, the generals elsewhere; in fine, every where the king's family, the king's household, the king's officers, the king's protégés; and all this without giving ground for complaint, since it was the king's theatre, and the king's actors. There remained, for the good inhabitants of the good city of Berlin, a small portion of the pit; for the greater part was filled by military men, each regiment having the right to send a certain number per company. Instead of a joyous, impressive and intelligent public, the artists had therefore before their eyes a pit of *six foot heroes*, as Voltaire called them, covered with their high caps, and the greater portion surmounted by their wives, whom they took upon their shoulders; the whole a very brutal society, smelling strongly of tobacco and brandy, understanding nothing, with their eyes staring open, permitted neither to applaud nor to hiss, out of respect to their orders, and making, nevertheless, a great noise by their perpetual movement.

There were, necessarily, behind these gentry, two rows of boxes, whence the spectators could hear and see nothing; but, for the sake of propriety, they were

obliged to be regularly present at the performances which his majesty was so magnificent as to pay for, for their benefit. His majesty himself never missed a performance. It was a means of keeping under his eye, in a military manner, the numerous members of his family, and the uneasy swarm of his courtiers. His father, Gros-Guillaume, (Fat William) had set him this example, in a theatre of poorly joined boards, where, in presence of bad German actors, the royal family and the court were sadly chilled the whole winter, and endured the rain without winking, while the king slept. Frederick had suffered from this domestic tyranny, he had cursed it, he had undergone it, and he had speedily put it again in force, as well as many other customs much more despotical and cruel, the excellence of which he had recognized, as soon as he was the only one in his kingdom who no longer suffered by them.

Still no one dared to complain. The building was a superb one, the properties excellent, the artists remarkable, and the king, almost always erect in the orchestra near the foot lights, his glass directed to the stage, set the example of indefatigable dilettantism.

Our readers know all the praises which Voltaire, during the first period of his residence at Berlin, bestowed upon the splendors of the court of the *Solomon of the North*. Disdained by Louis XV., neglected by his protectress Madame de Pompadour, persecuted by the body of the Jesuits, hissed at the Theatre Français, he had come, in a moment of spite, to seek honors, appointments, a title of chamberlain, a great ribbon, and the intimacy of a philosopher king, which last was more flattering in his eyes than all the rest. Like a great baby, the great Voltaire pouted at France, and thought to make all his compatriots *burst with spite*. He was therefore somewhat intoxicated with his new glory when he wrote to his friends that Berlin was quite worth Versailles, that the opera of *Phaeton* was the finest that could be seen, and that the

prima donna had the finest voice in Europe.

Still, at the epoch when we resume our recital, (and in order not to perplex our readers, we will mention that almost a year has passed since Consuelo's last adventures,) the winter being felt in all its rigor at Berlin, and the great king having somewhat shown himself in his true light, Voltaire began to be singularly disabused respecting Prussia. He was there in his box between d'Argens and La Mettrie, no longer pretending to love music, which he had never felt any more than he had true poetry. He had the colic, and, in a melancholy mood, recalled that ungrateful public of the boisterous benches of Paris, whose resistance had been so bitter to him, whose applauses had been so sweet, whose contact, in a word, had so terribly affected him that he had sworn never again to expose himself to it, though he could not help thinking of it without ceasing, and working for it without rest.

On that evening, nevertheless, the performance was excellent. It was carnival; the whole royal family, even the margravines married in the depths of Germany, were assembled at Berlin. The *Titus* of Metastasio and Hasso was performed, and the two first singers of the Italian corps, the Porporino and the Porporina, filled the first parts.

If our readers will please make a slight effort of memory, they will recollect that these two dramatic personages were not husband and wife, as their surnames would seem to indicate, but that the first was the signora Uberti, an excellent contralto, and the second, the zingarella Consuelo, an admirable cantatrice, both pupils of professor Porpora, who had permitted them, according to the Italian custom of the time, to bear the glorious name of their master.

It must be confessed that the signora Porporina did not sing in Prussia with so much enthusiasm as she had felt herself capable of in better days; while the clear contralto of her comrade resounded without faltering under the arched roof of the

\* 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.

Berlin opera house, sustained by an assured support, a habit of undisputed success and the unvarying payment of fifteen thousand francs income for two months labor. The poor Zingarella, more romantic perhaps, certainly more disinterested, and less accustomed to the icy coldness of the North, and to that of an audience of Prussian corporals, did not feel electrified, and sang with that conscientious and perfect method, which gives no hold for criticism, but which is not sufficient to excite enthusiasm. The enthusiasm of the dramatic artists and that of the audience cannot dispense with each other. Now there was no enthusiasm at Berlin under the glorious reign of Frederick the Great. Regularity, obedience, and what, in the eighteenth century, and particularly with Frederick, was called *reason*, were the only virtues which could expand in that atmosphere, weighed and measured by the hand of the king. In every assembly where he presided, no one whispered or breathed more than the king was pleased to permit. There was in all that mass of spectators but one spectator free to give himself up to his impressions, and that one was the king. He alone was the whole public, and though he was a good musician, though he loved music, all his faculties, all his tastes, were subjected to so icy a logic, that the royal glass, fixed upon all the gestures, and, one might have said, upon all the modulations of the cantatrice, instead of stimulating, entirely paralyzed her.

It was well for her, moreover, that she underwent this fascination. The least inspiration, the least unexpected enthusiasm, would probably have scandalized the king and the court; while learned and difficult ornaments, executed with the purity of an irreproachable mechanism, delighted the king, the court and Voltaire. Voltaire said, as every one knows: "Italian music has much the advantage over French music, because it has more ornaments, and the difficulty overcome is at least something." This was the manner in which Voltaire understood art. He might have said, as did a certain joker of our day, when asked if he loved music: "It does not exactly annoy me."

Every thing was going on very well; the opera was approaching without accident to its termination; the king was highly satisfied, and turned from time to time towards his chapel-master, to express to him his approbation by a nod; he was even preparing to applaud the Porporina at the end of her cavatina, as he had the goodness to do in person and always judiciously, when, by an inexplicable caprice, Porporina, in the midst of a brilliant roulade, which she had never missed, stopped short, fixed her haggard eyes

upon a corner of the theatre, clasped her hands, crying out: "O my God," fainted and fell her whole length upon the stage. Porporino hastened to raise her; it was necessary to carry her to the wing, and a buzz of questions, reflections and remarks arose among the audience. During this agitation, the king apostrophized the tenor, who had remained upon the stage, and, under favor of the noise which covered his voice:

"Well! what is it?" said he, in his brief and imperious tone; "what does this mean? Go and see, Conciolini, be quick!"

Conciolini returned in a few seconds, and leaning respectfully above the foot lights, near which the king, standing, was resting on his elbow:

"Sire," said he, "the signora Porporina is as if dead. It is feared she will not be able to finish the opera."

"Come, come!" said the king shrugging his shoulders; "let them give her a glass of water, and make her smell something, so as to put an end to this as soon as possible."

The sopranist, who had no desire to make the king impatient and to receive a broadside of ill humor in public, returned to the wing, running like a rat, and the king began to talk briskly with the leader of the orchestra and the musicians, while the public, much more interested in the king's temper than in the poor Porporina, made unheard of, but useless efforts, to catch the monarch's words.

The baron de Poelnitz, grand chamberlain to the king and director of the theatre, soon came to give Frederick an account of the state of things. With Frederick, there was none of that solemnity which imposes upon an independent and powerful people. The king was every where at home, the theatre was his and for him. No one was astonished to see him become the principal actor in this unexpected interlude.

"Well! haron!" said he, loud enough to be heard by a part of the orchestra, "is this soon to be over. It is ridiculous! Have you no physician in the wing? You ought always to have a physician upon the stage."

"Sire! the physician is there. He does not dare to bleed the cantatrice, lest he should weaken her and prevent her from continuing her part. Still he will be obliged to do so if she does not recover from her fainting fit."

"Then it is serious? It is not a sham, at least?"

"Sire, it appears to me very serious."

"In that case lower the curtain, and let us go; or let Porporino come and sing us something to indemnify us, so that we may not end with a catastrophe."

Porporino obeyed and sang two pieces

admirably. The king clapped, the people imitated him, and the performance ended. A minute afterwards, while the court and city were going out, the king was upon the stage and caused himself to be conducted by Poelnitz to the prima donna's dressing room.

The illness of an actress upon the stage does not excite so much sympathy in the public as it should; in general, however much the idol may be adored, there is so much selfishness in the enjoyment of the *dilettante*, that he is much more vexed by losing a part of it in consequence of the stoppage of the performance, than he is affected by the sufferings and anguish of the victim. Some sensible women, as they were called in those days, lamented in these terms the catastrophe of the evening:

"Poor little one! she must have had a frog in her throat at the moment of singing her trill, and for fear of failing, she preferred being ill."

"I do not believe that there was any deception," said another lady, still more sensible: "she would not have fallen so heavily if she were not really ill."

"Ah! who knows, my dear!" returned the first; "a great actress falls as she chooses, and is not afraid of hurting herself a little. That has a great effect with the public."

"What the devil was the matter with the Porporina this evening that she made such a fuss," said La Mettrie to the marquis d'Argens, in another part of the porch, where the fashionable world were crowded together as they went out. "Can her lover have beaten her?"

"Do not speak thus of a charming and virtuous girl!" replied the marquis; "she has no lover, and even if she had one, he would not insult her, unless he were the meanest of men."

"Ah! pardon me, marquis! I forgot that I was speaking to the true knight of all ladies of the theatre, past, present, and to come! Apropos, how is made-moiselle Cochois?"

"My dear child," at the same moment said the princess Amelia of Prussia, the sister of the king, abbess of Quedlinberg, to her usual confidant, the beautiful countess de Kleist, as they returned in her carriage to the palace, "did you remark my brother's agitation during the adventure of this evening?"

"No, madam," replied madam de Mauportuis, the grand-governess of the princess, a very excellent person, very simple and very absent. "I did not remark it."

"Eh! I don't speak to you," returned the princess, with that quick and decided tone, which made her sometimes so like Frederick: "do you ever remark anything? Here, look at the stars now; I

have something to say to de Kleist, and do not wish you to hear me."

Madame de Maupertuis conscientiously closed her ears, and the princess, leaning towards madam de Kleist, who was seated opposite her, continued thus:

"You may say what you please, it seems to me that for the first time for fifteen or twenty years perhaps, since I have been old enough to observe and understand, the king is in love."

"Your royal highness said the same last year about mademoiselle Barberini, and yet his majesty never thought of her."

"Never thought of her! you are mistaken, my child. He thought of her so much, that when the young chancellor Coccei made her his wife, my brother, for three days, was in the finest fit of restrained fury he ever had in his life."

"Your highness very well knows that his majesty cannot endure misalliances."

"Yes, love marriages, that is the name they give them. Misalliance! O! the great word! without meaning, as are all the words which govern the world and tyrannize over individuals."

The princess sighed deeply, and passing rapidly, as was her custom, to another state of mind, she said, with irony and impatience to her grand governess:

"Maupertuis, you are listening to us! You are not looking at the stars, as I ordered you. It is well worth while to be the wife of so great a savant, in order to listen to the nonsense of two fools like de Kleist and me. Yes, I tell you," resumed she, addressing her favorite, the king had an inclination for that Barberini. I know, from good authority, that he often went to take tea with Jordan and Chazols, in her apartments, after the performance; and that she, more than once, was even at the suppers of Sans Souci, which, before her, was without example in the life of Potsdam. Do you want me to tell you any more? She lived there, she had an apartment there, for weeks and perhaps whole months. You see that I know what is going on, and that my brother's mysterious airs do not impose upon me."

"Since your royal highness is so well informed, you cannot be ignorant, that, for reasons — of state, which it does not become me to guess, the king wishes to have people believe that he is not so austere as was supposed, though in fact —"

"Though in fact, my brother has never loved any woman, not even his own wife, as they say, and as it would seem? Well, I do not believe in that virtue, still less in that coldness. Frederick has always been a hypocrite, you see. But he will not persuade me that mademoiselle Barberini lived in his palace only to make believe being his mistress. She is as

pretty as an angel, as witty as a devil, she is learned, and speaks I know not how many languages."

"She is very virtuous and adores her husband."

"And her husband adores her, the more, that is a horrible misalliance, is it not, de Kleist? Come, you will not answer me! I suspect, noble widow, that you are meditating one with some poor page, or some small bachelor of arts."

"And your highness would also wish to see a misalliance of the heart established between the king and some opera girl!"

"Ah! with the Porporina, the thing would be more probable and the distance less appalling. I imagine that there is a hierarchy on the stage as at court, for that prejudice is the fancy and the malady of the human race. A singer must hold herself much higher than a dancer; and they say moreover, that this Porporina has even more wit, learning, grace, in fine, that she knows still more languages than the Barberini. To speak languages which he does not know, is a mania with my brother. And then music, which he also pretends to love a great deal, though he knows nothing about it, you see? — there is another point of contact with our prima donna. In fine, she also goes to Potsdam in the summer, she has the apartment which the Barberini occupied at the new San Souci, she sings at the king's little concerts. — Is not this enough to show that my conjecture is true?"

"Your highness in vain flatters yourself that you can discover a weakness in the life of our great prince. All this is done too openly and too gravely for love to have any part in it."

"Love; No, Frederick does not know what love is; but a certain attraction, a little intrigue. Every body says so in a low voice, that you cannot deny."

"Nobody believes it, madam. They do say, that the king, for the sake of recreation, compels himself to be amused by the chat and the pretty roudades of an actress; but that after fifteen minutes of words and roudades, he says to her, as he would say to one of his secretaries: 'That is enough for to-day; if I wish to hear you to-morrow, I will send for you.'"

"That is not gallant. If he made court to madam Coccei in that style, I am not astonished that she could not endure him. Do they say that this Porporina is as savage with him?"

"They say that she is perfectly modest, proper, timid and sad."

"Well! that is the best way of pleasing the king. Perhaps she is very clever! if she were so, and one could trust to her!"

"Do not trust to any one, madam, I

beseech you, not even madam de Maupertuis, who is sleeping so soundly at this moment."

"Let her snore. Awake or asleep, she is always as stupid. No matter, de Kleist, I should like to know this Porporina, and see if I can get anything out of her. I am very sorry that I was not willing to receive her when the king proposed to bring her to me this morning to make music: you know that I had a prejudice against her —"

"Without foundation, certainly. It was quite impossible —"

"Oh! That may be as God wills; I have been so troubled and terrified for a year, that secondary cares are effaced. I have a desire to see that girl. Who knows if she could not obtain from the king what we implore in vain! I have imagined so for several days, and as I think of nothing but what you know, when I saw Frederick agitated and anxious about her this evening, I was strengthened in the idea that a door of salvation was opened to me."

"I hope your royal highness will be very cautious, — the danger is great."

"You always say that; I have more mistrust and prudence than you. Well, we must think of it. Wake my dear governess, we are at home."

For the Harbinger.

#### THE POLITICAL STATE OF THE WORLD.

The subject of Politics appears to be agitated more generally now, than it was in former times. With the spread of intelligence in a community increases the interest which it takes in the concerns of the state; the science of government, regarded of old as a secret confined wholly to rulers and their counsellors, is now holding out its rich and alluring treasures before the multitude. Political events of importance in one part of the world make impressions upon others; the vibrations which they originate are felt through all civilized communities and become the subjects of zealous discussion. The frequent occurrence of foreign and domestic questions tends to sharpen the understandings of the people; and men of learning, artists, mechanics, and farmers, all in short are becoming desirous to have a part in debating and settling the political affairs of every nation and clime. Our thousands of newspapers are no less eager to catch up political matters, than the public is in discussing them.

The more this contest of political opinion increases in violence, the more sultry and surcharged becomes the atmosphere about the combatants, until the storm breaks loose, which cools off the surrounding air, and with it the excited opponents. New questions however, call out anew the energy of parties, and thus our political

world is kept in constant life and motion. Every where on this wide earth do we behold the same political ferment, the same irresistible striving after a participation in public affairs.

So fierce is the conflict of opinion, that parties but too frequently lose sight of each other; even their leaders are often carried away by the rush of the multitude, and find themselves too late on the side of their enemies, fighting against their friends. In such a case surely there is need of reconnoitering the whole field from a higher point of view, if we wish to discover and regain our proper position; a survey of the whole will enable us to learn our own standing point, to seize upon advantages as they may accrue from sudden action, or patient waiting, and to bring to bear the qualities of the deliberate Roman with those of the rapid Frenchman, both equally essential to the success of a general.

There is also another necessity for a closer scrutiny of the present politics of the world. Science demands a reduction of historical events to certain simple principles; and as our present researches into past history lay open and develop philosophical causes and results, it is equally desirable, that this same science should examine and settle the grounds and principles which govern the history of the day. Unquestionably modern learning is busy in framing by mathematical rules, if possible, a science of every human pursuit; politics form no exception; cabinets and deliberative assemblies are subjected to scientific calculations and inquiries; full light is cast upon motives and counsels, and the principal actors are portrayed upon the picture of every day occurrences, classed in their order and scientifically grouped.

Schelling, the ingenious founder of natural philosophy has lent great strength to the peculiar tendency of our new science; his bold mind grasped at once the hidden secret of nature, and discovered the simple principle of all natural formations in the polarity of present existences. By it he fixed bounds to chance; order rose out of chaos, and a regular action made itself perceptible throughout all the domains of nature, from the highest to the lowest, from the perfection of organization in man to the apparently inorganic masses of earth. Every thing received life and activity through his polar antithesis and was raised and sustained in proportion to the power with which it entered upon this opposition, this conflict. If this system is taken to include physical life only, the bare mention of it will carry conviction; but were we to apply it to the domain of ideas, the arena and laboratory of the mind, we should be in danger of cramping ourselves by useless mechanism and

materialism, which have no agreement whatever with the intellectual nature. Nature as well as the mind obeys the same unalterable laws, in its early process of renovation and growth, but is never able to transcend the limits of former productions: the mind however, although it manifests its activity according to the polarity with nature, works as being conscious of its inward necessity to strive after the absolute; though its life and action move within the sphere of the relative, it still feels, that the prize of victory is and can be nothing short of the absolute. Hence it never reaches the point beyond which it may not deduce new results, and its last productions are far more perfect, than the preceding. So great is the difference between nature and man, between natural history and the history of Humanity. While the former is forever moving within the circle of fixed polar action, giving life and again dying away, the latter holds fast and clings to its acquisitions, which, when once brought to light can no more die. The idea once caught up, lives onward from generation to generation, growing in clearness and power. We will illustrate this by an example. After a colony of beavers has reached that degree of skill, which in the order of nature it can reach, it comes to a stand, and all its art and skill remain but instinct; even the succeeding generations of beavers get no further. It is not so with man. His triumphs in art as well as in science multiply from age to age,—there lies in him a progressive spirit, directing its course towards the eternal, the absolute, the only true. In his striving after it he may have need of the antithesis (polarity); but this antithesis, this duality does not exclude the belief in the oneness, in the absolutely true. It is this very consciousness of God and of His divine qualities, which creates in man the capacity for what is beyond, the power to struggle upwards and onwards; whence a nation advances in true civilization, as its ideas of God and His perfections become more and more elevated.

However much therefore a religious mind may at first feel disposed to except to the principle of Schelling's natural philosophy, it is apparent, how truthful and harmless it is, when explained and held up as above. With revealed religion as such, this principle has nothing to do; it has reference and bears application only in explaining and accounting for the development of man's life in so far as it depends upon physical relations. The saving power of God, manifested to man in the revelation of his word, goes far beyond the natural law, and assists the latter only in speeding with the more certainty to its prescribed destiny. This is by no means the chief purport of Revela-

tion; its aim is to prepare man for heaven, for eternity in the true sense, while the natural law stops with earth and time.

Having thus shown the utility and necessity of a scientific exposition of the political state of the world based upon natural principles, we shall attempt in what follows, to lay down some of its main outlines, as they appear in the aspect of the present constellation of nations. The whole history of the world from its very beginning can and must be treated in this way before its claims upon science can be satisfied.

But before proceeding further we must first mention a difference in character, resulting from communications and union among nations. Some communities exhibit a great internal and external activity, while others again want both, or show but an internal activity, and that perhaps in a material direction only. In this respect they resemble individuals, in whom the same variety of character is perceptible. The one cares little for the arts and sciences, and works for a mere living, or to heap up useless treasures. Such an one feels no inward impulse, no emotion bidding him train up his mind, and teach it to comprehend ideas and make them real to him,—his may be termed a material life. The opposite of this shows us the man, who, not forgetful of his material existence, still obeys a higher voice, and exerts an activity working throughout towards a certain goal ahead, the man, who, conscious of the great purpose of life, seeks by deeds to render that real, which his soul at first conceived in an ideal form. This high and noble tendency may possess a man so powerfully as to make him indifferent to his physical well being, perhaps even an early victim to his own enthusiasm, as was the case with the great Kepler, who died of want, after he had mapped out the orbits of the heavenly bodies; in his longing after knowledge he neglected earthly advantages; the realization of his ideas was of more weight with him, than all the riches of the world. Whole nations at times hold forth a similar elevation of soul and become ready sacrifices in the maintenance of an idea, as did the Numantians who preferred extinction to servitude. As soon as a state is penetrated by such a longing after the realization of an idea, its influence begins to be felt abroad, where its assistance will be courted, or its power feared.

Such nations alone are calculated to lead; they stamp their own character upon the time, in which they live. To them we must look, to discover the laws, which like threads of gold run through and light up the whole orb of human history.

Such a nation were the Romans, who

clung with pertinacity to the idea of universal dominion, up to the time of their first emperors; the Greeks likewise, in the most flourishing periods of their republic, exerted an energy and activity almost miraculous, while the idea of liberty hovered around their banners and led them on to victory. All greatness, that has ever come to light, has become possible only by the power of an idea filling and animating the whole soul; for not till then can action and life give to the idea a real existence and a form.

To understand the political state of the present time correctly, it will be necessary to go back to the origin from which it sprung.

The Romans, after losing sight of the ruling idea of universal dominion, under their last emperors abandoned the sobriety and free social virtues of their ancestors, for the vices of luxuriousness, and became a prey to the Barbarians. These half savages, (for such were the Germanic tribes of that period,) after multiplied attacks distributed among themselves this great inheritance, and began now to develop their own idea of universal power. The introduction of the feudal system, which shows a sounder acquaintance with the science of government than ever the Romans possessed, enabled them to conquer all the civilized world and to keep it under their dominion.

The Roman empire in the East, or the Greek empire, did indeed last to see the fifteenth century; but its life was merely vegetative, and served but to ward off on that side the inroads of the Saracens. For the Mahomedans and the Germanic empires occupied the two opposite points on our battery; the great antithesis arose from the difference in the religions of the two nations. On the side of Christianity, the pope, as head of matters spiritual, added force and quickness to his polar relation, and directed the fire of hostile excitement, assiduously kept up by himself, almost without interruption during the whole course of the middle ages, to break forth at times in stupendous warlike enterprises against the infidels in the East. Thus both the poles maintained themselves in constant opposite action, the Christian, or positive pole in the west, the Mahomedan, or negative pole in the east. This magnetic current of political life ran from the east to the west, until each being penetrated by the other, their polar opposition, as such, had expended its force and produced no further results.\*

A time, in which a revolution in

the position of the political poles had to come, was already prepared in the bosom of the nations.

The Christian Germanic world consisted of many independent states, each of which individually pursued its own interest, but in matters affecting the whole, they looked upon the German emperor as the first Christian prince. The German emperor of Rome acted in this quality, whenever the general welfare demanded his attention; but in this he found his antithesis in the Popedom, which from the beginning of its foundation had felt the expediency and necessity of uniting in itself both spiritual and temporal supremacy. Here we see polarity in the Christian body politic, the current of which ran from North to South, in direct opposition therefore, to the Mahomedan and Christian polarity, existing at the same time. This polar relation between pope and emperor produced far-reaching and beneficent results, and became the means, by which the Christians obtained the predominance in the world; for the position of the Christian nations in this double relation of polar activity (one outward towards Mohammedanism, and one inward between the emperor and pope) proved, that their efforts to carry out their idea and render it a reality, though no longer put forth or called for, as regarded the world without them, were still continued within their own body. If such things were going on within the Christian world, the same could not be said of Mohammedanism, which possessed, no such inward polar antithesis, for the emperor of the Islamites is at the same time their pope. Osmanism therefore must necessarily lose its consequence in the world as soon as its earlier polar tendency was exhausted, — which happened at its defeat near Vienna.

A more spiritual and stirring idea was at the origin of the polar relation between the pope and the emperor. The subject of their mutual animosities was not the occupation of lands; they strove for the power, which lay in respect and authority; thus the pope wanted the credit of confirming the emperor in his throne, while the latter desired to get the acknowledgements of the pope for his tiara. For centuries this contest engrossed the parties; corrupted the clergy, and blotted out pure Christianity, while the empire was weakened by dismemberment, and internal discords. At this period the mutual polar antithesis ceased to be active; the two poles of this passional battery from North to South had neutralized

each other and become powerless; both retired from the contest because they had obtained their object; the emperor who knew no more of religion, than to arrogate to himself the right of investiture, being partially satisfied by the pope, who cared nothing for religion beyond controlling the outward power of the church. This neutralization of the antithesis between pope and emperor was greatly furthered by the circumstance, that a new world had been laid open to their operations, which for a time engrossed their attention. A new continent was discovered, and had as yet no masters. The pope gave away whole kingdoms in America, while the emperor was pleased to accept such titles as valid. But the truce closed between these two powers in America, in their eagerness after gold and influence, did not satisfy the emperor's subjects at home, who renewed the war against the pope in their own way. Luther appeared. The antithesis between the Popedom and the emperor was gone, — hereafter he (the emperor,) was to figure merely as the head of one of the political states and not as the representative of the whole, in which quality the Emperor Maximilian I. had ruled for the last time.

The people took up the quarrel against the pope by themselves, and fought with arms the more powerful, as the interests they had undertaken to defend were more spiritual. The reformation broke out as a punishment, brought upon the emperor by his own people, because he had deserted them in their battle against spiritual ascendancy. We can thus account for the frequency and effect with which the reformers appealed to the national feelings of the Germans; they incensed the people against the emperor, because he had ceased to be such to them. Hence also the political character, which the reformation assumed in its very beginning.

In this way a polar antithesis arose within the church, drawing off the latter from the contest on the fields of politics. Catholicism and Protestantism were the two newly formed polarities. They mark the commencement of polar activity within the proper domain of religion in modern times, we should therefore leave any further discussion on this subject to a History of Religion, were it not, that its importance will justify a few words upon the reformation itself.

Considered as one of the forces working towards a spiritual revolution, many view the reformation in no higher light than they do the discovery of printing and of gunpowder; and ascribe to the latter an equal share in the progress of our times. But this cannot be so. They may have contributed somewhat to call a reform into being, but were not equally efficient in the work. The reformation

\* The Arabians in Spain, westward therefore from the Christians, need not be included in the polar antithesis, of the world at that time, as their striving after sole dominion was very easily broken up in their defeat by Charles Martel, and their really great activity took another direction. Science was their pursuit, and their

position in this respect was of very great importance to the whole civilized world. Their political nullity in the world proceeds from the fact, that about the same time they were driven off from the European soil, where the Turkish members of the same family erected their empire by the taking of Constantinople.



stands as high above the art of printing, as the author is superior to the man who prepares his writings for the press. Both gunpowder and the art of printing were known in China for centuries previous, but still to this day she remains the same childish, enslaved China. A reformation must have its course there too, before these mechanical forces can be of permanent advantage to her. We may well look upon the reformation of the sixteenth century, as the mother of our renewed era, as the greatest and most happy event that has taken place since the time of our Saviour.

The absence of this antithesis, which the pope had till then occasioned in the political world, rendered necessary for the latter to develop from within itself some other antithesis, in the place of that which had died away; which was not difficult, in view of the new ideas concerning man and human rights put forth in that thinking and heroic age. But the pope struggled for another whole century, against acknowledging this new antagonistic power within his domain, until the Westphalian peace forced him to it. This peace put a formal end to the polar relation between the pope and emperor, and the former ceased to act any further on the field of politics. From this time Catholicism and Protestantism were outwardly united and at peace, but their inward opposition was the purer and more active. This very struggle, which the pope had maintained for a whole century, furnished the ideas, which were to form the antithesis in politics; and before the close of the century they had put forth undeniable evidences of their existence.

To be Continued.

A SOUTH SEA SAVAGE IN FAVOR OF PEACE. We wish to preserve in our columns the speech of a Polynesian chief on his accession to the government of his native island; we cut it from the "Tribune." As the writer in that paper remarks, its sentiments are worthy of the most cultivated nations; in the mouth of an ignorant heathen, a cannibal by birth, they are certainly surprising. The following are his words:

"Listen to me, chiefs and warriors! If any among you are discontented with the present state of affairs, now is the time to go to Hapai; for no man shall remain at Vavaoo with a mind discontented and wandering to other places. I have seen with sorrow the wide destruction occasioned by the unceasing war carried on by the chief now lying in the malai. We have, indeed, been doing a great deal, but what is the result? The land is depopulated; it is overgrown with weeds, and there is nobody to cultivate it. Had we remained peaceful it would have been populous still. The principal chiefs and warriors are fallen, and we must be contented with the society of the lower

class. What madness! Is not life already too short? Is it not a noble characteristic in a man to remain happy and peaceful in his station? What folly then, to seek for war, to shorten that which is already too short! Who is there among us who can say, "I wish to die—I am weary of life!" Have we not been acting, then, like those who have no understanding? *Have we not been madly seizing the very thing which deprives us of what we really want?* Not that we ought to banish all thoughts of fighting. If any power approach us with the front of battle, and attempt to invade our rights, our bravery shall be more excited in proportion as we have possessions to defend! Let us, then, confine ourselves to agriculture, for that is truly guarding our country! Why should we be anxious for an increase of our territory? Our land is quite large enough to supply us with food; we shall not ever be able to consume all its produce. But perhaps I am not speaking to you wisely. The old Matabooles (wise men or counsellors) are present; I beg them to tell me if I am wrong. I am yet but a youth, and on that account should be unfit to govern, if my mind, like that of the deceased chief, sought not the advice of others. For your loyalty and fidelity towards him, however, I return you my sincere thanks. Finou Feejee, who is present, and the Matabooles know well my frequent inquiries concerning the good of our government. Do not then, say, "Why do we listen to the idle talk of a boy?" Recollect, while I speak to you, my voice is the echo of the sentiments of the Ornots, and Oolooraloo, and Afoo, and Footoo, and Alo, and all the high chiefs of Vavaoo. Listen to me! I remind you, that if there be any among you discontented with this state of affairs, the present is the only opportunity I will give you to depart. Choose, therefore, your dwelling-places! There is Fiji, there is Hamoa, there is Tonga, there is Hapai, there is Footoona and Latooma! The men who have unanimous sentiments, and who love to dwell in constant peace—they alone shall remain at Vavaoo and its neighboring isles. Yet will I not suppress the bravery of our warlike spirit. Behold! the islands of Tonga and Fiji are constantly at war! Let him there display his courage. Arise, go to your respective habitations; and recollect that to-morrow the canoes depart for Hapai."

"The foregoing speech," says the writer in the "Tribune," "may be found in a work entitled 'An Account of the Natives of the Tonga Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean. By John Martin.' It is a work compiled from the statements, communications and accounts of William Mariner, who was spared when a little boy, out of a ship's crew who were barbarously murdered by the Tongese. After the assembly broke up, Finou seated them at a feast, when he again advocated the advantages of peace, and spoke of the benefits of agriculture. It will readily be perceived by every intelligent reader, that agriculture is the only employment the Polynesians could then follow, as their arts were confined to making war-clubs, spears, fish-hooks, canoes, tappa or native cloth, and

simple implements for various purposes. Said this discreet savage, after speaking of the pleasure of a man's cultivating his own food, and of enjoying the fruits of his own labor:"

"You do not know how much pleasure such men feel, when they view the work of their own hands thriving daily; and while eating, when they reflect that their labor has been repaid by the increase of their stores. Therefore, let us apply ourselves to agriculture.—Follow my example, I will order a piece of ground to be cleared, and during the next rain I will assist in planting it with *hiato*."

SABBATH BELLS. "There's something beautiful in the church bells, don't you think so, Jem?" asked Capstick in a subdued tone. Beautiful and hopeful! they talk to high and low, rich and poor, in the same voice; there's a sound in 'em that would scare pride and envy, and meanness of all sorts from the heart of man; that should make him look upon the world with kind, forgiving eyes; that should make the earth itself seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. Yes, Jem, there's a whole sermon in the very sound of the church bells, if we only have the ears rightly to understand it. There's a preacher in every belfry, Jem, that cries, "poor, weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human things! take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies, your week day craft, your heart burnings! And you, ye humble vessels, gilt and painted, believe the iron tongue that for all your gilding, all your colors, ye are of the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates. Come away, come, cries the church bell, and learn to be humble, learning that, however daubed and painted, and stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay! Come, Dives, come and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of heaven as the sores of the uncomplaining Lazarus! And ye poor creatures livid and faint, stunted and crushed by the pride and hardness of the world—come, come, cries the bell, with the voice of an angel, "come and learn what is laid up for ye, and learning, take heart and walk among the wickedness, the cruelties of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions." Here, Capstick, flushed and excited, wrought beyond himself, suddenly paused. Jem stared astonished, but said not a word. And then Capstick with calm manner said, "Jem, is there a finer sight than a stream of human creatures passing from a Christian church?"—*St. James and St. Giles.*

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 dragoons 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 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.*

## THE HARBINGER.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, June 16th, 1846.

DEAR SIR: I have no idea that I can aid you in your counsels by any suggestions of mine, but if you will allow me, I will say a word or two about the formation of a Fund, which as the basis of operations, may be considered one of the most important subjects for our present consideration.

It appears to me advisable to have two classes of subscriptions; one to a permanent, invested fund, and the other for immediate expenditure in propagation. The object of an *invested* fund is two fold; first, to give stability and regularity to a system of propagation, and secondly, to provide means for a practical trial ultimately. I do not suppose that subscriptions to any great amount can be immediately obtained to an invested fund, and this I consider not so important as it is at the outset to announce the design of building up a model Phalanx, with ample means for which alone the school and the doctrine shall be held responsible, and which shall form a central rallying point for Associationists every where, inspiring them with the hope and confidence that we shall some day efficiently make the practical trial of the Combined Order of society, and preventing to a great extent, the diversion of our friends to fragmentary and unwise attempts. Let the invested fund be called the propagation and realization fund, the interest of which only shall be applied to propagation, and the principal to realization when it shall amount to a sum sufficient to warrant a commencement; the claim of the subscribers always to remain good to the original amount of subscriptions, and to be satisfied by the stock of the Phalanx, unless withdrawn or settled by a return of the money after a limited period, within which it shall be required that the practical trial be made.

I think the idea of investment of the money subscribed, instead of entire expenditure, will be agreeable to many. Still I would have a provisional fund formed by collections, sales of books, &c. devoted exclusively to propagation.

Many, doubtless, will prefer a periodical payment of their subscription, and therefore the Rent principle, which offers the most effective of all modes of raising a fund, should be provided for, as well occasional subscriptions.

I do not make these suggestions as new, but as expressing my own views and those of a few others here that I have conferred with. And I do not consider it necessary for me to go into details, knowing that these will be fully comprehended

by others more competent than myself to give them form and expression.

Regretting extremely my inability to join you in your deliberations upon measures for advancing the cause of Association at this important and interesting juncture, but reposing unbounded confidence in the wisdom and devotion of our friends, who are providentially called to the labor of active apostleship, and in the everlasting divine goodness of the cause itself, I have, my dear Sir, the honor to be your earnest well-wisher and faithful friend.

O. M.

NEW YORK, June 23d, 1846.

MESSRS. EDITORS: As you had the hardihood to put my last hasty scrawl into the columns of the Harbinger, I now take the liberty of sending you a few "jottings down" as Willis would say, hoping they may not be unacceptable.

Before leaving Boston, through the politeness of friend K. I had the pleasure of attending some of the meetings of the Industrial Congress, then in session at that city, and was pleased to hear and see the downright, sincere, and intelligent men who composed it. The National Reform movement was the principal topic for discussion, and the distorted and oppressive features of society as it is, were feelingly and vividly depicted by those who felt them. I regretted that they did not take our broad position, but they are in a fair way for it.

The Workingmen's Union is getting consolidated. They are now reaping considerable advantage from their slight "Association." A number, at this time amounting, I think, to some one hundred and forty, have contributed three dollars each, making a cash capital of about \$500, for the purpose of purchasing at wholesale, and avoiding the expense of supporting a very respectable merchant to do the same thing for them. They buy wholly for cash, and from their own statement, and my own observation, I tell you that they save from twenty to twenty-five per cent, making an economy of one to three dollars each, to the members of the union. They are open Wednesday and Saturday evening of each week, and sometimes deal out a hundred dollars worth of a night; they pay no salaries to their agents, and have a proper system of "checks and balances" to prevent honest men from being corrupted. I would go more into detail as to their *modus operandi* had I room, but must defer it.

Friday morning, B. and P. with myself left this city for the North American Phalanx. At the foot of Fulton Market we took the little steamboat Orus, and after a fine ride of two hours and a half, arrived at the Red-Bank landing, on the Neversink river, whence we walked up to

the North American domain, a distance of some five miles. We were prepared for a cordial reception, and we thought to find a band of heroic pioneers, suffering and ready to suffer much for the cause; we expected to see a beautiful domain, wild and uncultivated, perhaps, but how we were disappointed. We were received just as heartily and earnestly as we expected, but instead of traces of suffering, and care, and hope deferred, there were health, confidence, self reliance, and faith beaming from every countenance, and imprinted on every frame. And no wonder, to look abroad upon their domain, to see their huge forests, their vast luxuriant fields, teeming with vegetation, with corn already waving in the breeze, and grass now ready for the mower, their well-fed herds, and more than all these, to see the men and women, intelligent, well informed, manly and womanly, just as they should be, no wonder the denizens of this beautiful place should see no reason to cloud their brows or pale their faces; steady and right onward, is, and will be their course; write me down a humbug, if, in five years, the North American Phalanx don't make its mark on this age, a mark not to be obliterated.

For the benefit of your matter of fact readers, who prefer facts and figures to general assertions, I herewith give you a statement of their present arrangements. Their entire farm consists of six hundred and seventy acres of some of the best land in New Jersey, of which they have now growing:

Acres of Corn,.....	73
Potatoes, .....	10
Wheat, .....	22
Rye,.....	10
Mustard,.....	7
Broom Corn,.....	2
Beans,.....	5
Pumpkins, .....	2
Garden, .....	17

Total of acres under cultivation, 148

They will cut this year eighty tons of hay, and should they cut their coarsest and all, they would cut one hundred and fifty tons. They have some two thousand young peach trees in fine order, which will very soon be a large source of income to them; they have also a large number of other varieties of fruit trees; the whole domain is uncommonly early in its location, which is a decided advantage.

The stock of the place consists of 5 Horses, 5 yoke of Oxen, 25 Cows, 13 young Cattle, and Swine and Poultry in almost any quantity. They supply their own table with dairy products most copiously; what they purchase for the table is but a very slight percentage on what they produce for the same.

They have a saw mill, a grist and flouring mill, and a mustard manufactory,

all driven by steam power; with the two first they do their own business and that of their neighbors. They take to market Mustard, Hominy, and Flour, and find a very ready sale.

They bought the domain some two and a half years since, for some \$14000. \$5000 was paid immediately, \$4500 is on mortgage in hands of Associationists, \$4500 comes due next January, which will be paid. They have since erected a large two story dwelling house, and made very great improvements, particularly in fertilizing the soil, by marling, the material for which they have in inexhaustible quantities on the domain.

Although I consider them to be entirely independent and established; their own resources being sufficiently ample to ensure their continuance and progress, and that without any serious inconvenience or hardship to themselves; yet a few more vigorous and intelligent associative farmers would find a most excellent and useful field of labor. I have used up my paper and abused your patience, I fear. Adieu for the present. J. G. D.

EAST BRIDGEWATER, June, 1846.

DEAR SIR: If I have a right view of what is passing around me of late, the course of the Associative movement is onward. Many people can discover one advantage in Association, that of their individual interests, and this prompts some to associate; they only need to be quite sure that their pecuniary interests will be advanced. The union of different Railroad corporations for this purpose is now becoming frequent. I would also mention one or two instances of Association in a small way. There are generally twelve or thirteen men employed in one of the shoe manufactories in this little village who have, for a number of years, associated at times for the purchase of goods at wholesale, for family use. A little more than a year since, these men, with others, numbering about twenty in all, signed a call for a meeting to organize a Mechanic Association, but only ten came forward to take certificates as members. The fore part of May, this little company mustered courage to send to Boston and purchase groceries at wholesale, such as molasses, tea, coffee, sugar, &c. This enterprise was soon imitated at a little village, about a mile distant by the mechanics and laborers employed by the East Bridgewater Cotton Gin Company. This much proves that men see something attractive in Association. But with regard to the true principle of Association, most men are yet in the dark, and some choose to remain so. Others are willing to do something if they know what, but fearful they will not move right they keep on the old platform, lest they make their situation worse. So others

are saying, when labor becomes plenty and above the demand the laborers will be oppressed and become miserably poor. It is so in the old countries, it will be so here; we cannot help it; and this is the language of men of wealth, and the enemies of social reform. But, if the little light which has been shed upon some of the dark spots among us, continues thus to shine for a little time longer, we shall not have so much of this kind of language. Our enemies are alarmed at the progress of the reformers among them. One of my near neighbors, who lives on the industry of others, is trying to make us believe that he labors harder than any of us.

I shall pass the Harbinger round among such of my acquaintances as I think will read it. The trashy reading matter that has of late flooded the country has so vitiated the taste of the reading community that it is hard to turn their attention to what is good and substantial.

G. D.

BUFFALO, June 15, 1846.

I shall to-morrow send you a couple of numbers of the Chartist organ in England. They are about worn out, and the egotism of the editor is rather nauseating than amusing, yet you will perhaps learn more from them than you could from any other source, of the rapid advance which the people of England are making towards Association. They are struggling almost in the dark, however, but very few of them having any higher idea of union, than uniting to resist the next class above them; yet the means they are adopting to effect their object are calculated to excite the highest interest in their progress; for it is quite evident that they do advance, and that too in the right direction. When I left England in 1833, the party who support the paper which I send you, placed all their hopes in Universal Suffrage; with this they could reduce taxation and abolish tithes, which was about all that they believed to be necessary. You will see that they now regard the tyranny of capital as a far greater evil than taxation; and that they are far more anxious about their right to the soil, than a right to vote; while the means which they are using to recover that right, show that they are determined to persevere. The Coöperative Land Society, have purchased an estate near London; what they are going to do with it I do not fully understand, neither do I know upon what principles they are united, as my father does not send me the paper regularly; but there can be no doubt that they are unwittingly preparing their minds to receive the doctrine of Association, whenever it shall be preached to them.

R. A.

SALEM, June 17th, 1846.

GENTLEMEN: Enclosed is one dollar, for the third volume of the Harbinger. Will you also have the goodness to add my name to the Constitution of the American Union, as an Associationist.

The more thought I give to the doctrine of Association, the stronger is my conviction of its truth. I am satisfied that it will stand the test of investigation and controversy. Any of its propositions, I feel assured, may be submitted to cool reason and deliberate judgment with the certainty of a favorable reception. And I am also sanguine in the belief that it is *practical*. It is so adapted to the wants of the times, the existence of which none will deny, that I sometimes wonder that it is so frequently put off with the objection that it is so impracticable. What question of the times is there that it does not answer? And how many queries in Religion, Politics and Morals are waiting a solution! They are shaking society to-day, to its very foundation. And Association, and that alone, furnishes a complete answer to each and all of them. Does it not appear, then, that this doctrine, heralded as it is at so critical a period, when antagonistic forces in society are seeking reconciliation, and doubt and inquiry are asking assurance, is appointed by the infinite spirit who guides the destiny of Nations! I cannot but believe that it is so, and that its importance and adaptation to present wants will yet be required. I am therefore glad that measures have been taken for union among the Associationists. It has been long wanted, to give directness, energy, and stability to the movement. I do not doubt but that the new affiliation will produce happy results, and bring the subject more prominently and distinctly before the American people.

— N. J. June 18, 1846.

GENTLEMEN: We are glad to see the efforts made to sustain the publication of the Harbinger, and earnestly hope they may be successful. What we know of Association has been gained entirely from the Association articles in the Tribune, and from occasional numbers of the Harbinger obtained in New York. We do not pretend to understand the science as laid down by Fourier, but we see and feel the necessity of juster relations in society than now prevail, and we are prepared to welcome a plan that proposes to do away with the antagonisms, and frauds, and wretchedness of civilization, and to introduce the reign of truth and love in practical life, instead of leaving it dead in church creeds.

We cannot promise that much can be done here, but shall endeavor to make good use of the Harbinger, and to procure

additional subscribers. The doctrine must encounter much opposition in this place, as I suppose it does elsewhere. The circulation of the Tribune here is less than it would be but for its advocacy of Association. A respectable bank president, a whig, and a member of one of our churches, told me the other day that he considered it the worst paper published, that it was calculated to break up the bonds of society, and introduce infidelity, licentiousness, anarchy and ruin. I suppose he knows little or nothing about the principles of Associative unity, but has an indistinct feeling that a change would not be likely to increase his dividends, and in the mean time rests perfectly content with professing every sabbath to love his neighbor as himself and do as he would be done by, and then living all the rest of the week in direct violation of his professions.

P. S. I must add a word to say how much I was gratified with the address of the Domestic Corresponding Secretary. I am satisfied there is no human heart so bad as not to respond to the sentiments of that address. I have already got one of my Christian friends and opponents engaged to read it at his fireside, and will take care that others have the opportunity.

## THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

### SECTION II.—NOTICE IV.

#### SPECULATIVE PART OF THE PREPARATIONS.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

*Industrial Series in the Vegetable Kingdom, employed in preservation and in general direction.*

It would take too long to examine one by one the suitable series in the vegetable kingdom; I will simply call attention to the rule of *Compactness*, Chapter VI. and to the instruction about neglecting and putting under eclipse every vegetable which cannot furnish a compact series of finely graduated shades.

The cultivation of vegetables, including forests, meadows, conservatories warm and cool, might occupy fifty series in the summer season. In civilization only warm conservatories are known. On this point, as on so many others, all minds are wedded to SIMPLISM, or the simple mode, which is the type of the genius of civilization. The composite conservatories, that is, warm and cool, when carried on together, will be, like the aviaries, a very powerful branch of attraction for the three sexes, and principally for the rich class. Much care then must be given to the organization of this sort of industry.

The culture of forests and of grass-lands, methodically planted and intermixed, will be an immense detail; each patch of meadow or of wood will receive those species suited to it. Series of rural parade will

also be formed, cultivating the altars and borders of flowers and shrubs, around spots appropriated to each species of vegetable. This luxury is a very precious branch of attraction and intrigue.

The attractive branches of mechanical labor, even supposing a foundation on a grand scale, will not furnish more than ten or twelve series. (For details see Chapters XV and XVI.)

We have thus in all:

In the animal kingdom, 30 series,	} 100 Series.
In the vegetable do. 50 "	
In manufactures, 20 "	

To reach 135, there remain still nearly forty to be formed; let us pass in review the domestic labors proper to furnish out this number, deducting those of the kitchen, which are to be reckoned by themselves.

1. 2. 3. The *granaries*, for grain, vegetables, fodder. — 4. 5. 6. The *cellar* and the *sub-cellar*, for beer, cider, vinegar, liquors &c, and the *raill* copiously stored for visitors who pay. — 7. 8. 9. The *fruiteries*: enormous quantities of fruit will be purchased for preserves: this care will occupy at least three series. — 10. The (*legumier*), place for preserving vegetables green, under ground, or in vases, with preparation. — 11. The *oil-room*. — 12. The general *corn-stores*. — 13. The *dairy*, without cheese. — 14. 15. 16. The *tablistes* and *cameristes*: service of the tables and the chambers. — 17. The *furniture*: care of all from the glasses to the pots and kettles. — 18. 19. *Irrigation*, comprising the care of pumps and water-pipes. — 20. The *goodies*, who preside over the seristry of infants. — 21. The *nurses*, one corps relieving another by turns. — 22. The *bonnins* and *bonnines*, who operate upon the age of two or three years, in developing industrial vocations. — 23. The *mentors* of both sexes, who operate upon the age of three to four and a half years, in developing characters and discriminating the different titles of character and temperament. — 24. *Medicine*, in all its practice, including the infirmaries. — 25. 26. *Instruction*, much more extensive than in the civilized state. I include instruction in agriculture and mechanics. — 27. 28. The *little hordes* and *little bands*, the principal series in education. (See Section III.) — 29. 30. Vocal and instrumental *harmony*, the series of chants, hymns, wind and stringed instruments. — 32. The *theatre*, furnishing a series of graduated species. — 33. The *opera*, in all its species. — 34. 35. The *dance* (*choregraphie*) and the *gymnasium*. — 36. The periodical *corvee*, all sorts of disagreeable work, as the night watch. — 37. 38. Finally two, and perhaps four, ambiguous series, in the animal and vegetable departments.

These 40 series form the complement of the 100 named before; for the minimum of approximate Harmony, (*elbauchee*) is 135 series. I suppress with regret the details annexed to each of these functions; but I will extract a single fragment.

The *corvee* (series 40) comprises all those functions in which there is isolation and absence of attraction, as the duties of the postilion and courier, of those who fire the salutes and wave the banners, who ring the chimes, who officiate as keepers in the phalanstery and in the caravansery, as wakers up in the phalanstery and the stables, the night watch, the care of fire and lights, &c. &c.

The series of *corveists* receives a con-

siderable dividend, besides the exemption tax from the rich who buy themselves off, as we do, from such services. This tribute is allotted to the entire series and not to individuals, for individual wages would be dishonorable in Association.

Besides, they encourage the *corveists* by various favors, such as seating them at the tables of the second class (they are commonly of the third); they wish the *corvee*, which comes round nearly every fortnight, to be a day of gaiety for the people.

These precautions will seem quite superfluous to the civilizes, who are accustomed to see a moral wisdom in all oppression and privation; they will forget at every page, that the question here is how to create industrial attraction, to contrive accords in the distribution of profits, and the fusion of the three classes; we must beware then how we bring disrepute upon any function, or cause discontent in any class; there must be some sure means of spreading gaiety over repugnant and despised labors. (See *Little Hordes*, Sect. III.)

I here repeat the rule already given about the labors of the animal series: not to devote much strength to the care of the larger species, as horses and cattle, or to the larger plants, as forest trees, which will cost too much time for a generation so little practiced in these things as ours. They should not be neglected as they are now; but the end is, to form a great number of series well intrigued. Those of little flowers and vegetables will be almost as useful as those of oaks and fir-trees, the culture of which costs ten times as much time.

Besides this mass of free series which I have designated, a phalanx ought to have, as the pivot of its mechanism, at least four measured, and four infinitesimal series; here there must necessarily be a deficiency in the experimental phalanx, which will be able to form only one measured series, that of ages and the thirty-two choirs (chapt. VII), and at the most, only two infinitesimal series, or such as subdivide infinitely in the scale of sub-series. The poultry yard will form one. Its scale, instead of the eighth, may easily reach the fifth degree. (See chapt. VII.)

A second infinitesimal series may be formed upon gastronomy, a pleasure not proscribed by custom, but only by morality so called.

Thus far we have estimated at only a hundred and forty the number of series which an experimental phalanx can form. But I have announced a strong branch in reserve, that of the kitchens, which will increase the total number to two hundred; for the kitchens may create some sixty, the more precious, as they will be for the most part permanent in action all the year.

There is no eatable, whether animal or vegetable, which may not occupy and give intrigues to a passion series, and sometimes several, in the kitchen; the chicken and the hog, the potato and the cabbage, each will occupy several which may be even *dualized*,\* by allying the

\* There should be a chapter on the different kinds of series; I have indicated above the *dualized*; we have seen before the *grafted*; and I have spoken of the *interlocked* in treating of the scale of lodgings; there are many other series whose definition would require a chapter; but there would not be room for our elementary details, if we stopped for these didac-

intrigues of the scale of preparation with those of the scale of production.

Kotzebue says that the restaurateurs of Paris know how to furnish eggs in forty-two different manners: that was the only thing he found in Paris. Eggs then may support three dualized series in the kitchen, each composed of twelve or fifteen groups.

But this great number of series can only be reached by adopting the opposite principle to that of our moralists, the extreme refinement of tastes and passions, a means without which the varieties of flavor could not be appreciated, and the series could not form their scale, either of production or of culinary preparation. How can you develop the intrigues of twenty groups cultivating twenty varieties of a species, when the consumers eat indifferently each of the twenty, without distinction of quality or dressing!

The kitchen, so despised by the philosophers, produces the same effect upon agricultural emulation, which grafting does upon fruits; it doubles the value. The intrigues of cultivation, the care of animals and poultry, become doubly intense by alliance with the intrigues of culinary preparation. Thence spring the *dualized* series, stimulating one another: these are powerful springs in industrial attraction.

In the actual state, agriculture is affected by two vices the opposite of these beautiful properties of the associative kitchen; one is repugnant labor, prompted by necessity and love of gain; the other is the limitation of all good cheer to the idle. The cultivator feels no emulation, either from special attraction for his industry, or from cabalistic enthusiasm for his method, or from discussions concerning the preparation of the product; for he is not allowed to eat it, only the refuse parts of it, and those he eats very badly dressed. The phalanx on the contrary must raise such a quantity of every product, animal or vegetable, that the tables of the third class may partake of it; otherwise there will be no enthusiasm for this industry.

Our agricultural mechanism, therefore, is vitiated in every sense by the absence of intrigues and cabals applied to production, and by the absence of sensual refinement, now limited to the idle with whom it is altogether useless, for it serves only to inspire them with contempt for the sad condition of the people who toil to serve their fancies.

This radical fault of the civilized mechanism will become more sensible, when one has read the theory of Association through. By way of introduction, it is well to remark that the methods employed by moralism are always contrary to the plans of nature. This is the principal thesis to be demonstrated in a treatise on passionate attraction; for moralism and attraction are wholly antipathetic, the one seeking the way to social accords by stifling the passions, the other finding it by the full development of the passions.

*tic minutæ.* For example, there should be *ramified* series which draw from all those of the same genus; if it is in the *granary*, each series gathers and stores its grains; but the series of the general granary draws from all the others to form a complete assortment to be kept on sale. The ramified series then is the common trunk to all those of the same genus.

To be continued.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

### "FATHER HEINRICH" IN BOSTON.

This eccentric, noble hearted man, now quite advanced in years, whom it was the fashion to call music-mad, until further acquaintance with the great music of Germany taught us to suspect our own taste rather than his genius, is at last reaping some reward for a life of disinterested, ill-appreciated devotion to Art and to all kindly sentiments. The Complimentary Concert tendered to him by the musicians of Boston, and his other numerous friends there, took place on the 13th. The audience numbered twelve or thirteen hundred; the orchestra sixty and the chorus forty. The enthusiasm of the occasion, the warmth with which a numerous assembly greeted the re-appearance of "Father Heinrich" and the manifest good will with which both orchestra and managers and audience coöperated to make all pass off pleasantly to him, were in themselves a sufficient source of interest. A certain characteristic Yankee pride evinced itself in the manner of expressing this enthusiasm, which reflected somewhat upon the concert got up for the same end in New York. Instead of covering the good man with garlands and bouquets, the Bostonians concentrated their ambition upon the one point of producing solid silver for his benefit. This was very well, but yet one-sided and a little surly, inasmuch as it was a suppression of a very natural prompting. We should have preferred the silver and the wreaths.

The hour belonged to friendship; and the man no doubt was pleased. But there was also the Composer's ambition to be gratified. And there, we fear, the concert must be in the main pronounced a failure, though it had good points. It did not furnish (which was probably the main hope with him, as well as with the more musical portion of his audience) an opportunity to test the value of his musical genius. His works were tried, but not brought out. Parts were drowned by the unmitigated energy of those who plied the drums, and cymbals and triangles; parts were weakened or confused by the breaking down of some luckless trumpet obligato; and parts, indeed whole movements, through the lagging or impatience of some instruments, went distracted, (as did the vexed composer and his audience too, from sympathy with him far more than from any perception of the right or wrong in a musical point of view.) The whole was therefore but a poor distorted image of what the composer meant to place before us. His creations still continue his own secret. Those piles of folio scores, so elaborately

wrought out for full orchestras, and copied in a beautiful hand, which he shows to every one, but has never even heard himself, must still abide their time. An accomplished orchestra must study them, and become familiar with them by repeated rehearsal and performance, before we shall know what they are. America inspired them, but his own Germany will have to be the first to hear and understand them. We say this reverently; for it does not seem to us that so much labor, prompted by so much pure enthusiasm, the devotion of a life to its own strongest calling, is to be lightly treated and dismissed as so much incoherent dreaming, until it has had a chance to speak for what it is.

Meanwhile if we were called upon to state the impression which we did get of this music, after every allowance for the representation, we should say, that it was swarming with ideas as beautiful and palpable as most modern music; that there were passages of very grand and impressive harmony; that there was nothing superficial, weak or false in the manner in which the themes were wrought out; that it was thorough, artist-like and learned composition; and so far entitled to respect as a whole, while here and there in passages, the effect upon the mind was as of glimpses of something truly great. But we did suspect a want of poetic or dramatic unity in the largest pieces. Beautiful details, sudden fancies, shifting without end, would continually fix attention; but it was not so obvious whether they were leading; no unitary design appeared to cover them. This might have been the fault of performance merely, and not intrinsic to the music.

And yet in one sense there was too much design. Too much anxiety to make his compositions clear to every one, has doubtless helped to make them only more eccentric, difficult and unintelligible. In efforts to describe things, to paint pictures to the hearer's imagination, music leaves its natural channels, and forfeits that true unity which would come from the simple development of itself from within *as music*. Beethoven had no *programme* to his symphonies, intended no description, with the single exception of the *Pastorale*; yet, how full of meaning are they! Mr. Heinrich belongs to the romantic class, who wish to attach a story to every thing they do. Mere outward scenes and histories seem to have occupied the mind of the composer too much, and to have disturbed the pure spontaneous inspiration of his melodies. We are sorry to see such circumstances dragged into music as the "Indian War Council," the "Advance of the Americans," the "Skirmish" and "Fall of Tecumseh." Music, aiming at

no subject,—music composed with no consciousness of anything in the world *but* music, is sure to tell of greater things than these. It is true that every thing about America and American history was ideal to the warm-hearted and liberty-loving enthusiast when he came here. It was to him a new world; and in his log cabin in the forest solitudes of Kentucky, there must have been as much to inspire and people a musician's fancy, as in the most fabulous region of the world. The "Genius of Freedom" which he celebrates in his Overture to "the Pilgrims," was what he followed, what he fancied everywhere. The vanishing hosts of the Red Man, ministered to his passion for the picturesque and marvellous. This was so far well, and can be conceived to have coöperated finely with his musical labors, had he only composed from the sentiment with which they filled him, instead of trying to compose tone-narratives and tableaux of them. Music is the breath of sentiment, and utters states of mind, but errs in undertaking the same office with her sister, speech, which is the voice of the understanding and describes facts. But this distinction we have often made before; we need not repeat our conviction, that imitation and description are not the true end of music. A series of historical events may have unity enough in themselves to make a very good story; but it does not follow that just that series of subjects, translated into so many musical themes or passages, will still have unity as music.

We except however from the above remarks, the Songs of Mr. Heinrich which were sung on that occasion. They were truly beautiful in sentiment and style; worthy of a place among the "Gems of German Song." The *Indian Love Song* was full of grace and tenderness, original and deep. The song from the Oratorio of the "Pilgrims," though rather lengthy and unvaried for the idle ear, was yet a severe and lofty melody such as an earnest soul is ever glad to hear. And the *Coro di Caccia*, or "Yager's Adieu," for choir and orchestra, was full of rich grand harmony, and most inspiring.

The orchestra made amends for any want of familiarity with the Padre's bewildering scores, by the spirited and clear style in which they gave forth the noble Overture to "Der Freyschütz" at the close. Then for sentiment, in lieu of garlands, the musicians craved leave to express their feelings to their good friend and father by a song, which all could understand. The singers were drawn up in close ranks on the front edge of the stage; the orchestra behind commenced with *Auld Lang Syne*; the voices joined in, and the hearts of the whole audience responded. How was it with the good

old man! His music may be wild and complicated; but his simplicity of heart, his childlike, fresh, and loving nature, must have felt this as it was meant. May the memory of it refresh his old days, and may he yet find the publisher and the orchestra and the audience to do justice to his music, which is more to him than himself!

## POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

### A CRADLE SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT.

Thrice with Winter's purest snows  
Has thy mother decked thy bed,  
Thrice with Summer's loveliest glows,  
Watching round thy silent head;  
Still art thou thy slumber keeping?  
Thou art still in cradle sleeping!

Thrice have ceased the cold March showers  
Where thy quiet form reposes,  
Thrice have come the snow-drop flowers,  
Thrice the violets, thrice the roses;  
Still art thou thy slumber keeping?  
Thou art still in cradle sleeping!

Thrice three hundred nights and morrows  
Moon and sun have watched thy dreaming;  
Now they look with ceaseless sorrows,  
O'er thee once with rapture beaming;  
Weary watch above thee keeping,—  
Thou art still in cradle sleeping!

Thrice Spring Zephyrs, in their going,  
Soft have rocked thee to repose,  
Thrice rude Boreas, milder blowing;  
Every wind thy slumber knows,  
O'er thee watching, wailing, weeping,—  
Thou art still in cradle sleeping!

T. W. H.

For the Harbinger.

### HERE.

The dew of morning's first fresh hours  
Is on her lips and in her eyes,  
While on her pure cheek slumbering lies  
The opening glow of May-day flowers;  
Her step has learned of brooks and groves  
The waving grace that spring time loves.

Her life flows hidden and serene,  
As I have seen some river glide  
Without one ripple on its tide  
Through forest depths of sunlit green,  
Down which there floated in still rest  
A white, wild bird with noiseless breast.

I do not know that Earth has room  
For souls so fresh and lives so fair;  
I do not know but she must share  
Though varying fates the common doom;  
I do not know but brow and eye  
Must sink in anguish, ere she die;

I cannot tell what proper sphere  
Unto each violet bud is given,  
Enough, to put calm trust in Heaven  
And know that nought fades fruitless here;  
All that is fair to all brings gain,  
There blows no sweet spring flower in vain.

T. W. H.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JULY 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.

### THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOR.—NO II.

We glanced in a preceding article at a few leading evils and abuses inherent in our present false organization of industry, and in the manufacturing system in particular.

Our first object is to bring clearly before reflecting minds this fact; namely, that the present Age, which boasts of its Christianity, its philanthropy, its progressive tendencies and its democracy, has had neither justice nor philanthropy enough to organize a true system of Industry, although it has had the power or wealth, and the intelligence or science to do so; on the contrary it has built up a system in one great department of labor,—the manufacturing,—which in many of its features excels the worst systems of the past, which is supremely selfish, favoring those only who have established it, and thus is iniquitous and oppressive in its spirit and aims.

The Age has failed, and failed entirely in the most important problem that could occupy it, for of what consequence are our political and sectarian controversies, our wars, our financial schemes, our commercial speculations, in comparison with the mighty question of the Organization of Labor upon a true basis, so as to feed, clothe, and educate the whole people, and elevate them out of the abyss of poverty, ignorance and brutal toil into which they are sunk in modern Civilized nations?

The manufacturing system as now established, is the latest form of Labor: if it had been organized in the Barbarian periods, we might have excused it, because we should have taken into account the general state of those times; but this is not possible when we consider the means of good which this age possesses. We may forgive the ignorant savage for many deeds which he commits, but we cannot pardon similar or worse actions to a man, brought up in a more advanced society like ours, and possessing the advantages which it secures to him.

Let us notice briefly the three leading systems of Labor, which have been established on the earth, and the times and circumstances in and under which they have been brought forth.

1. Slavery, or the servitude of man to man.



2. Serfdom, or the servitude of man to the soil.

3. Hired labor or the wages system, the servitude of man to capital.

This examination will enable us to appreciate more clearly the action of this Age, and how far it has done its duty to mankind.

The slave system took its rise, as we stated in our last article, in the darkest period of human history. When population had so increased in the savage society that hunting and fishing could no longer supply man with the means of existence, it became necessary to resort to labor in order to live, to till the earth, to raise flocks, and to manufacture clothing.

At that early period, labor was far more burthensome and repugnant than even now; first, because there were no convenient implements or machinery to facilitate its execution, and second, because the masses, enjoying a rude liberty and freedom from care in their hordes, were not inured or disciplined to toil.

Under these circumstances, how was it possible to induce the freemen of primitive societies, where all were upon a footing of equality, to engage in labor? It was impossible; violent means had to be resorted to, and the force of circumstances and the suggestions of brutal power and selfishness, suggested the following plan.

War was universal among the early savage and nomadic societies; it is a universal accompaniment of poverty, or rather of ignorance and *selfism*, which are the offspring of poverty. The prisoners taken in war, instead of being killed, were preserved and made the property—the slaves of the victors. Labor, as we stated, was repugnant and burthensome in the extreme; how under the circumstances, was man to be forced to it? The simplest, and at the same time the most brutal means were devised. The lash was applied to the back, and the only alternative was labor or death. The means were effectual,—slavery was established, and spread as fast as population increased and nations arose.

Thus the institution of slavery took its rise in periods of war, conquest, poverty, ignorance, and selfishness. Human nature was perverted and degraded by these influences to the last degree, and we may find an excuse for the establishment of such a system in *such times*. The moral state of the enslavers, and the brutality and degradation of the enslaved, who appeared no doubt to the former as fit only to be beasts of burthen, offers some palliation for the devising of an institution so false in its nature.

The philosophers and statesmen of Greece and Rome should have had justice and philanthropy enough to abolish

slavery, which has been proved possible by the example of modern Europe, and establish a better system in its place. The justice and philanthropy were wanting among them, as they are still at the present day among our legislators and capitalists, who are building up the modern manufacturing system, and laying the foundation of an Industrial Feudalism, which is destined to be as terrible in its oppression of the laboring classes, as slavery itself. Caesar, one of the brightest representatives of the genius of antiquity, could boast of having in his wars, caused a million of barbarians to perish by the sword, and a million more to be brought to Rome and sold as slaves. Thus were the laborers obtained in ancient, semi-barbarous, and civilized nations.

After the downfall of the Roman Empire, and the establishment of Christianity, slavery was generally abolished in Europe, and a mitigated system, called *Serfdom*, *Serfhood*, or *Feudal Bondage*, was established in its place. The laboring masses were attached to the land on which they lived, and belonged with it to the feudal nobles or the military leaders, who had conquered the country. The serfs could not be separated from their natal soil, hence not from their families; they were no longer the individual property of a master; some rights were conceded to them, so that a certain compact with reciprocal duties, existed between them and their feudal lord, instead of absolute ownership, and the entire and absolute subjection of the slave to the master. Serfdom, no doubt, is a great advance upon slavery, and yet the system opens the way to so many abuses, that under a tyrannical master the serf is but little better off than the slave. The condition of serfs at the present time in some parts of Poland, where they are let out to Jews, is as bad as that of the more unfortunately situated slaves in the southern part of our own country.

Serfdom during the last two or three hundred years, has been gradually banished from most parts of Europe, and in the place of it has grown up the system of labor for wages. The shackles of the serfs were broken, and they were left to go free, and find employment,—find the opportunity of producing and gaining a livelihood where they could. No true organization of labor had been prepared to receive them; they were without capital and the implements of industry,—that is, without land, machinery, or workshops. They of course became wholly dependant upon those who owned these things, and were forced to buy of them the privilege to toil; that is, the privilege to sell their time and labor—which for the time being, is the selling of them-

selves,—day by day and week by week, to the owners of the implements of industry. Thus has been established the servitude of Man to Capital.

The laborer is no longer the chattel of the master; direct bondage is abolished; but under the new system, he becomes wholly dependant upon capital, the slave of it in fact, as he was previously of a master. Want and starvation pursue him now, as did the scourge before. A system of indirect servitude is established under the form of hiring labor, and has spread over christendom.

This system becomes the more terrible in its effects, from the fact that free-competition, or an industrial war is necessarily established among the working classes; and as population increases, and the labor-market is glutted, this competition grows so intense, that wages are reduced to the lowest point that will sustain life, and labor is prolonged to the greatest degree that the human frame can bear; added to this, there is an entire uncertainty of the future; no guarantee of regular employment, and no provision for old age, sickness, or accidents. In this system, abuses of such magnitude are concentrated, among others, prolonged and exhausting toil—low wages—danger of being constantly thrown out of work, with famine in prospect—unforeseen reverses and ruin,—killing anxieties, and so forth, that we may say with truth, in a dense population, the actual condition of the hiring—the *proletary*—is but little in advance of that of the slave. The long and dreary ages which have passed over mankind, seem only to have fastened upon the laboring classes, servitude and misery under new forms.

To sum up: slavery took its rise at the epoch of the passage of nations from the Savage to the Barbarian order of society, the most painful transition and gloomiest stage in the history of mankind. Serfdom was established under the military and semi-patriarchal despotism of the feudal nobles; and the Wages System in this modern age of financial and commercial sway, of individualism and of negative liberty or license.

We do not blame the moderns for suffering the wages system, the tyranny of capital, to grow up among them; it was the result of accident, of the freeing of the serfs without substituting a proper organization of labor; it was not the effect of perversity and selfishness, like the establishment of slavery. There was a want of genius and philanthropy manifested in not devising a better system, but no exercise of brutal cupidity and oppression.

The same leniency however is not to be observed in judging our manufacturing system. A systematic effort has been



made to take advantage of all the evils and abuses connected with the wages system, such as the power of Capital, the weakness and helplessness of Labor, the absence of all *solidarity* between the employers and the employed, the non-guarantee of rights, like the right to labor, to the fruit of labor, and to aid and support, in sickness and old age. We say the plan has been to take advantage of these abuses, and reduce them to a complete system of extortion and oppression.

We pointed out a few of the evils of the factory system in our last article; let us again state them briefly, so that the reader may have before his mind a faint sketch of this modern system of industrial oppression and outrage.

*Abuses of the Manufacturing System.*

Prolonged and excessive labor, wearing and exhausting to the frame.

Exclusive and monotonous occupation at a single detail.

Unhealthy and often deadly occupations in chemical works, the manufacture of metals, in dyeing, &c. which could be prevented by alternation, and short periods of labor.

Gradual decrease of wages, by the introduction of labor-saving machinery, and by the action of free competition among the operatives.

Absence of industrial guarantees and rights.

Profits absorbed by Capital and Commerce.

Subjection of the laborer to machinery.

Strict system of discipline, and arbitrary rules and regulations laid down for the government of the operatives. In some manufactories they are not permitted to speak to each other; in others, blinds are put up at the windows to prevent the workmen from looking out, and having their attention drawn off.

In fine, the main endeavour of the directors of Industry is to obtain the most labor possible for the least money, and make the largest profits out of the industrial classes, without any regard to their interests, or to their welfare, present or future.

Such is our modern manufacturing system, under which the poor children of toil, in industrial galleys or prisons, and amidst poverty and anxiety, wear out their lives to create wealth for a small minority of monied men, and speculators. The establishment of such a system, so devoid of charity and justice, demonstrates that this age is destitute of genuine love of man; and that the laboring classes must seek for new guides, or become their own, if they wish to escape from the bondage which is preparing for them, of which the organization of manufacturing labor is the beginning, and which is destined soon to

be extended to agriculture, and made to embrace all departments of industry.

Let us examine what part Commerce, Legislation, the Press, and the Church, which are the guides of public opinion, and the principal powers in society, have taken in this great industrial question, and in the organization of this latest form of servitude.

Commerce and capital have speculated upon it as a mere means of accumulating wealth. The thirst for gold, which has been whetted to such intensity in this age, has laid hold of the gigantic powers of mechanical production, and developed and applied them with a cupidity, and at the same time, a talent and efficiency that are wonderful; human bones and muscles, human life and intelligence have been speculated upon as mere sources of production, and considered of inferior importance to every thing else—to the expense even of building comfortable and healthy manufactories, and to the fear of a somewhat diminished productiveness by allowing just hours of labor.

The Press, which is the servile ally, the tool, the serf almost of commerce, from which it receives its advertisements, — the main source of its support — and most of its subscribers; the press cries up this system of industrial oppression and extortion, as it does all schemes of modern speculation, finance and legalized fraud. Public opinion is misled, and the people themselves are bewildered by the constantly reiterated praises, the deceitful representations, and the glorifications which the press is lavishing upon every plan of commercial and industrial speculation. The press, which should be the voice of Humanity, which should advocate and support the new and generous ideas and tendencies of the age, is the mere instrument of Commerce and Industrialism, the oracle of stock-jobbing and speculation, ready to defend their acts and spirit, and to sell the cause of the people for their patronage,—for the patronage of powers, which are hastening to reduce the masses to a new vassalage, as abject as any that has ever existed,—the vassalage of the soulless money-bag.

The legislative Bodies of civilized nations, even those which claim to be democratic like our own, have beheld the growth of this modern system of industrial feudalism without seeking for any preventive, without endeavoring to devise a better system or without uttering a protest against it. Politicians and statesmen, preoccupied with schemes of personal ambition and aggrandizement, and with party intrigues, have not at all comprehended the problem of the Organization of Labor. Dependent moreover for popularity upon the press, the tool of commerce, they have naturally sided with that ruling

power of society, and obeyed its behests with entire docility. They have chartered companies, granted monopolies, created banks, and made treaties with an energy which shows how well they can serve those who exercise the governing influence in society, and make or unmake popularities.

Let it not be supposed that we wage any special war against banks or corporations; he who sees the necessity of a universal reform, cannot be fanatical on one point, and yet we would say that if our legislators could create a thousand banks to secure to Commerce the credit and capital necessary for its operations, they could have done something to develop and encourage agriculture—which they have not—and to introduce justice into the Organization of the only branch of Labor which has been undertaken, that of manufactures, instead of leaving it to the selfishness and cupidity of individuals. In a word, our legislative bodies have abandoned helpless and dependent labor to the tender mercies of all powerful capital, have surrendered the people to minority of financiers, capitalists, traffickers, speculators, and other industrial vampires, whose only object is to accumulate wealth out of their toil. Those bodies have, by their acts, shown themselves to be ignorant of the true wants and the great practical question of the times, and faithless to the cause of the laboring classes, who compose the great majority of the people. Commerce, capital, and stock-jobbing are the real sovereigns of the nations, and hold the power before which the universal selfishness and meanness of this age have prostrated themselves. They control the Press, which depends on them for its support; they govern the Lawyers to whom they give their processes; and they direct Legislation, whose halls are filled for the most part by their creatures. It is this power which, if not arrested, is destined within the coming century to organize a vast scheme of industrial and commercial monopoly, a new feudalism, which will reduce the whole population to the condition in which the factory operatives now are. If the people would escape it, they must combat this power; they must secure a press devoted truly to the interests of labor; they must have honest representatives of their interests in the legislative halls, and effect by their *collective will and conscience* an Organization of Labor, which shall be based upon principles of universal justice.

And what is the Church doing with this spectacle of the upbuilding of a false system of labor, and of a new form of slavery before it! Nothing! it remains as silent as the grave. If our brothers and sisters in Humanity are immured from twelve to sixteen hours a day in industrial

prisons, and subjected to a rigid discipline, based upon physical necessities; if this system is rapidly invading all branches of mechanical industry, and threatening to subject the mass of the people to the most heartless tyranny, the Church has no voice to raise in their behalf. There are probably two reasons for this. In the first place, the leading men in the Church have so little practical education; they know so little of Labor, its wants and its wrongs, its influence upon the people, that they pass it over as something which does not belong to their world. In the next place, those splendid temples in our cities, and those comfortable parsonages are built, and maintained for the most part, by the gold of commerce, and the wealthy and respectable classes who fill the pews, belong to its walks or to its sister pursuits, finance, stock-jobbing, and speculation. How resist such influences, and suspect that the spirit of all these is selfish and anti-christian, and that they are devising and carrying out upon a vast scale, plans of oppression and extortion, like our modern manufacturing system? It is scarcely to be expected that our clergymen should see through the bewilderment of the age, and the intricate questions of Labor and its Organization, and stand forth as the advocates of justice and Humanity. This affords us one more proof that the people must look to themselves for the vindication of their rights. From the ruling powers of society, from commerce and capital, from the press, legislation and the church, the laboring classes, the people have nothing to expect, save vassalage and exhortation to passive resignation. Where then shall they look for their social redemption? This is what we will endeavor to answer in a future article.

### THE LA GRANGE PHALANX.

This Association is situated in La Grange County, Indiana. It has been in operation some two years and has acted under an act of incorporation granted by the legislature of that state since the 1st of June 1845. It commenced on the sure principle of incurring no debts, which it has adhered to, with the exception of some fifteen hundred dollars yet due on its domain. We find in "The True Tocsin," a statement of the operation of this Association for the last fifteen months, and of its present condition, by Mr. Anderson, its secretary, from which we make the following extracts:

"Annual Statement of the condition of the La Grange Phalanx, on the 1st day of April, 1846.

Total valuation of the real and personal Estate of the Phalanx on the above day, including Book accounts

due from members and others.....	\$ 19,861-61
Deduct capital Stock, ..\$ 14,668-30	
" " Debts, .....	1,123-42
Total product for 15 months previous to the above date.....	\$ 4,061-10

Being a nett increase of property on hand, (since our settlement on the 1st of January, 1845,) of \$ 1535,63, the balance of the total product above, having been consumed: namely, \$ 2531,72, in the shape of rent, tuition, fuel, food and clothing. The above product forms a dividend to labor of 61 cents 8 mills per day, of ten hours, and to the capital stock 4 11-12 per cent per annum.

"Our domain at present consists of 1045 acres of good land, watered by living springs, the land is about one half Prairie, the balance openings, well timbered. We have four hundred and ninety-two acres improved, and two hundred and fifty acres of meadow. The improvements in building are three barns, some out-houses, blacksmith shop and a dwelling house large enough to accommodate sixteen families, besides a school room twenty-six by thirty-six feet, and a dining room of the same size. All our land is within fences, and we consider our condition bids fair towards the realization of at least, a share of happiness, even upon the earth. We had almost forgot to say that we had set out an orchard of nine hundred apple, and four hundred peach trees, which are doing well; in addition to these, we have some sixty apple, and about one hundred peach trees, which have been bearing for five years past, and many of those last set will be old enough to bear by the time they acquire a firm foot hold in their new location.

"The most pleasing aspect of our dividend is the just proportion of reward between Labor and Capital. You will most likely have remarked the dividends of other Associations, and discovered twelve per cent. per annum, to capital and seventy-five cents per day of ten hours, to labor; this disparity arises from the fact that any efforts at Association in our country have not adequate means to enable labor to give one fourth of its product for the use of the scanty capital with which they are blessed. No doubt the time will come when one fourth may be set apart to stock, but that time is not yet.

The rule by which this Association makes dividends to capital is as follows:

"When labor shall receive seventy-five cents per day of ten hours at average, or common farming labor, then capital shall receive six per cent. per annum, and in that ratio, be the dividend what it may, in other words, an investment of one hundred dollars for one year will receive the same amount which might be paid to eight days average labor.

"There are now ten families of us at this place, busily engaged in agriculture. We are rather destitute of mechanics, and would be very much pleased to have a good blacksmith, of good moral character and steady habits, and withal an Associationist join our number, or even to hire such a person by the month, or year. We can give the best of encouragement to a good mechanic either of those ways, although the former would be to us the most preferable, and we might also say the same with respect to shoemaking, as we wish to economize our time by saving the trouble of traveling great distances for small purposes, having no desire to leave home unless in accordance with our wish-

es. Before closing we would remark, that since our commencement in the fall of 1843, our school has been in active operation up to the present time, with the exception of some few vacations. It is our most sincere desire to have the very best instruction in school, which our means will enable us to procure. We have never yet had to hire any teachers, but this we would do if better could not be done. But would more especially wish to have Associationists in school than any where else, provided they were otherwise competent.—To any such persons who might wish to locate with us, we will give good assurance of pecuniary reward.

The preamble to the constitution of this little band of pioneers in the cause of Human Elevation shows that their enterprise is animated by the highest purposes.

"The undersigned, members of the La Grange Phalanx, deeply sensible of the evils which afflict all classes of society, and despairing of deliverance through the agency of our present Social and Political systems, which we believe are at variance with the precepts of Christianity, and consequently the best interests of men, and being desirous of securing for ourselves, constant, and as far as possible agreeable occupations, just dividends, and the advantages of Economy, only to be realized in Association, and to establish a complete system of Education, in all useful and elevating branches of Physical, Intellectual and Moral Science, to provide for the aged and afflicted, and above all to escape from the perpetual conflicts and litigations which now render society little else than Pandemonium, have agreed to associate for the purpose of affecting an Unity of interests in all business transactions. To purchase a domain of from two to six thousand acres of land; To prosecute such branches of physical and intellectual employment as shall promise advantage: To divide the product of labor among ourselves, in such a manner that each shall as nearly as possible reap what he may sow: To abolish the distinction of master and servant: To preserve individuality: To secure the rights of woman: To cherish and strengthen the ties and relations growing out of the family compact, and to enlarge the freedom of the individual, by granting to all the selection of the particular branch of industry for which they may feel an attraction.

We believe we shall thus be enabled to put in practice the two divine precepts, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and "as ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

We trust that they will not be disheartened by any discouragements or obstacles. These must of necessity be many, but it should be borne in mind that they cannot be equal to the burdens which the selfishness and antagonism of the existing order of things lay upon every one who toils through its routine. The poorest Association affords a sphere of purer and honester and heartier life than the best society that we know of in the civilized world. Let our friends persevere; they are on the right track and whatever mistakes they may make we do not doubt that they

will succeed in establishing for themselves and their children a society of United Interests.

### THE SWEDENBORG ASSOCIATION.

This Society, whose formation in London we noticed some time since, is proceeding in the execution of its purposes with commendable activity. We have received a pamphlet containing its by-laws, and a statement of its immediate plans somewhat in detail. It has issued a proposal to publish a volume containing a number of Swedenborg's scientific works for which it is now ready to receive subscriptions. It makes also the following announcement.

"The Association will shortly engage in Translations of the following:—

"The various small Works published by the Author in the Swedish Language, on Arithmetic, Currency, &c., &c.

"The Hieroglyphic Key.

"The Worship and Love of God. (In the Translation of this Work, which has hitherto been wrongly regarded as a piece of imagination, whereas it is the crown of the Author's Science, and remarkable for strict induction, the Association will attempt to impart a more adequate view than is afforded by the old Translations, of the beauty and majesty of the original.)

"The following are some of the Manuscripts which the Association purposes to publish and translate when its means permit.

"1. A Collection of original Documents and Letters addressed by Swedenborg to Bishop Eric Benzeliuss, and now preserved in the Gynnasium Library at Linköping in Sweden.

"2. A Treatise on the Brain. 1400 pages 4to. (This Treatise is referred to throughout both the *Economy* and *Animal Kingdom*, and the beginning of it, there is reason to suppose, is inserted in the *Economy*, Part II., forming Chap. I. II. of that Work. Without doubt it will prove inestimable as affording a good view of the Theory of the Brain.)

"3. A Treatise on Generation. (This likewise is referred to in both the above Works, and is very necessary to supply its own place in the Author's theory.)

"4. Two Treatises on the Ear and the Sense of Hearing. (The same remark applies here also: there is nothing in the Author's published Works which supplies the theory of this organ and sense.)

"5. A continuation of the *Animal Kingdom*, 241 pages folio; containing the *Parts on the Senses* and an *Epilogue on Sensation*, and directly taking up the subjects of the *Animal Kingdom*. (The same remark applies to this also.)

"6. *Physiologica et Metaphysica*, fol. 127 (p. 254), containing various psychological and ethical Parts, and in general exhibiting the Author's mental and moral philosophy, and his method, previous to the year 1745; a most interesting MS., supplementary to the whole of his Scientific Works.

"7. The Principles of Natural Things deduced both *a priori* and *a posteriori*, 4to., pp. 569. (This Treatise is doubtless the Work of which Swedenborg gave a specimen in his *Chemical Prodromus*, and which is very impor-

tant to complete his Theory of the Mineral Kingdom.)

"8. On Common Salt, 4to. pp. 313. (This Treatise is also important, particularly when the position which the theory of salt occupies in the Author's views of nature, is taken into consideration.)"

We trust the fulfilment of promises so rich, will not be delayed. Did the world know the value of the treasures contained in these writings, it would need no special association for their publication. Success to labors of so much importance to the cause of Truth and Humanity!

THE WORKING MEN IN FRANCE. The Paris correspondent of the *Deutsche Schnellpost* writes as follows: "We are having difficulties among the laboring classes in every corner and district. At Elbeuf the conflict between the factory laborers in blouses, and the factory owners in the uniform of the National Guard was very serious; much blood was spilt. The Fourth Estate is rising with more and more energy, and if our statesmen and legislators do not soon open their eyes and go about the emancipation of the laboring classes, we shall have to go through with quite other conflicts. God guard us for the immediate future!"

Will this age do its duty or will it wait to be taught in fire and blood and the awful excesses of infuriated men? Does the world need yet again the volcanic eruption of oppressed and perverted Humanity, or can it listen to the voice of Truth declaring the way to peace, to universal elevation, to happy destinies? Do the leaders of these Christian nations suppose that competitive industry can be allowed to do its perfect work on its millions of slaves, without a day of fearful reckoning? Not so! There are only two alternatives; to persist in the present system of selfishness and wrong, to plunge Christendom into the abyss of industrial feudalism until the degraded masses will submit no longer and rise to wreak blind and destructive vengeance on the whole of society, or to choose the safe, peaceful and beneficent method of organizing labor according to justice, which will vastly increase its product, prevent all revolutions and lead to the establishment of the Kingdom of God on Earth.

Liberty without organization tends to license, to abuse, to the oppression of the feeble by the tyranny of the strong, at the present day to the establishment of industrial feudalism by the collective servitude of the laboring classes under the coalition of the masters. The same effect must be produced among nations. The strongest, that is those which are richer and more powerful in the domain of industry, will conquer the others in the unequal struggle, and this will constitute a

feudal system of nations much more baneful than that of single companies, or rather this feudal system will turn to the profit of England alone. This is why we wish to regulate labor by organizing it. On this condition alone can human brotherhood be established.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY. This paper devoted to the Workingmen's movement, we understand has a circulation, equal at least to that of any other paper in the City of Lowell. The Editorial care of it has recently been assumed by Mr. JOHN ALLEN, whose ability, zeal, and devotion to the elevation of the laboring classes eminently qualify him for the service; and we feel assured that he will issue a paper, that will be faithful to the great interests it represents, while it will not neglect the broadest and most universal interests of Humanity. We earnestly hope that the Workingmen will not fail to sustain the "Voice of Industry." It can be made a powerful and efficient organ in the great cause which they have at heart. Every man who earns a dollar a day by his labor, will find a dollar a year given to this paper as good an investment as he could make.

THE POLITICAL STATE OF THE WORLD. Our readers will find the article under this head, in another column, worthy of their most careful attention. Without fully agreeing with its philosophy, which seems somewhat incomplete, or assenting to all its statements, which might be thought in a slight degree to mingle fancy with the severity of scientific thought, we cannot but admire the broad vision, and hearty strength which it evinces throughout. And whether the reader agree with the writer or differ from him, rich veins of reflection are opened which cannot be pursued without profit. Another article will finish the present subject, but we shall hope for other favors hereafter from the same pen.

ALEXANDER WEILL. This gentleman, whose papers in *La Phalange* on the Peasants' war in Germany, are about to be published in a book, was recently present at a party where a French writer, who knew nothing of the German language, was making himself merry over it, and saying in the words of Voltaire, that it was a language for horses, "That" said Weill, "is the reason that asses cannot learn it."

"Without doubt" says the *Democratic Pacifique*, "the German Railroads which unite all the rivers of Germany,—the Danube with the Rhine and the Main, the Elbe, the Oder, the Weser with the Rhine, the Main and with two seas, will not only increase the amount of commerce

but perhaps give it a new mode of activity and another direction. It is impossible to predict to-day what will be done in the next ten years. Ten years of our times are equal to ten centuries of the past. Since the commencement of this century, Humanity has made greater progress than from the epoch of Charlemagne to Francis First, or from Francis First to Louis Fourteenth."

### AFFILIATED SOCIETIES.

We trust that our friends, every where, in the cities and in the country, are taking the necessary steps, for organizing as promptly as possible, AFFILIATED SOCIETIES.

For the end of at once stimulating their energy and aiding to give it a direction, we suggest the following draft of a Constitution.

### CONSTITUTION.

I. The name of this Society shall be the  
— UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS, auxiliary  
to the AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATION-  
ISTS.

II. Its purpose shall be the establishment of an order of Society based on 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 believe to be in accordance with the Laws of Divine Providence, and the Destiny of Man.

III. Its Method of operation shall be to co-operate with 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.

V. The Officers shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, and a Treasurer, 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.

VI. This Constitution can be amended at any regular meeting, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

This Constitution, it will be seen, is almost identical with that of the parent society; and there is an obvious advantage in thus securing unity and concert of action. But of course every society will consult its own judgment and convenience in adopting a bond of union.

Be active, friends, and hopeful and resolute. Let us straightway cover the whole country with these societies, to become ganglions of one living body of Love, Order, Coöperation. Call a public meeting,—gather your most efficient speakers,—read some stirring tract,—show your neighbors that you have pledged a life-long, faithful service to our sublime cause—have a true *Revival of Practical Goodness* in your community,—enlist all the generous-hearted, pure, high-minded men and women you can in this movement to establish the rule of Divine Justice, and of Universal Humanity,—

organize your society,—lay out your scheme for diffusion of the Associative doctrine,—put your hand to the plough, and turn not back.

Send us news of your progress. Let us have hundreds of societies earnestly at work before the year is out. Who shall lead the van?

JENNY LIND. A lady in Vienna, writes of her as follows. "I saw her the first evening in Norma, and the same evening in the Somnambula. Her noble features beaming with elevation, certainly seem more suited for the character of a priestess than of a simple peasant girl, but beauty makes all conditions equal. After her first appearance, two different parties arose. On the one side, those who might be called the good, genuine Germans were carried away by her; the others, not less genuine Germans, but yet worshippers before the altars of foreign gods, set her down as inferior to the Italians. For this latter party she was probably not sufficiently extravagant, too much from her own heart; she does not set her game on a single card, that is, on one great bravura air with flourishes and catches after effect. She sang with simple greatness as if the German poet had written for her alone the words; 'Let him sing to whom song is given!' Her appearance is that of a Sylphide and her playing might serve as a model for our greatest actresses; we have alas, no one amongst us who could be compared with her. Especially admirable is her distinct enunciation of the text, as well as her attention and truth to the whole piece which in our cantatrices is almost never to be found. This richly endowed woman understands the art of listening handsomely and appropriately, and of co-operating in the general action, while many of her colleagues regard their parts as finished with the last echo of their voices. Jenny Lind begins where others cease."—*Schnellpost*.

A FIGHTING PREACHER. Some of our Western exchanges speak of "a noble example that has just been set by Rev. Richard A. Stewart." It appears that his pugnacious reverence—who is a Methodist Parson—has arrived in New Orleans at the head of one hundred volunteers from East Baton Rouge and Iberville. A correspondent of the *Fredricksburg Recorder* represents him as being endowed with a great taste for fighting, and says that it is a habit with him, when he feels a call to thrash any one, to ask a temporary dismissal from the Church, and when he has finished the job he asks to be readmitted. The writer adds, "He has obtained a dismissal for six months, in order to lick the Mexicans."

### GRAHAM AND TEMPERANCE HOUSE.

63 BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK.

NEW ARRANGEMENT. This house is situated on a pleasant and airy street, extending from Broadway to the Hudson river. At one end of the street is the landing place of the Albany Steamboats, at the other the Park Fountain. The house is but one minute's walk from either, and only five from the Eastern Steamboat Landing.

Two separate Tables are provided, one suited for the accommodation of the eaters of meat.

and the others carefully prepared for those who wish to exclude flesh meats from their diet.

Ladies and Gentlemen from the country tarrying a few or many days, can be accommodated with quietness, plenty, cleanliness, wholesome food, and freedom from the fumes of Alcohol and Tobacco.

FREE BATHS. Cold, Douche, and Shower Baths Free, and Warm Baths at a small expense.

Terms One Dollar per day. Permanent boarders received upon reasonable terms.

A. L. SMITH.

### 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.

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# THE HARBINGER,

DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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NUMBER 5.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,\*

SEQUEL TO

CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

II.

While the young and beautiful abbe<sup>†</sup> was making these comments, the King entered the Porporina's dressing room without knocking, at the moment when she began to recover her senses.

"Well! young lady," said he to her in a tone which was not very compassionate, and even not very polite, "how do you do! Are you subject to such accidents? In your profession that would be a serious inconvenience. Was it some trouble you experienced! Are you so ill that you cannot answer? Do you reply, sir," said he, addressing the physician who was in attendance upon the cantatrice, "is she seriously indisposed?"

"Yes, sire," replied the physician, "her pulse is barely perceptible. There is some great disorder in the circulation, and all the functions of life are, as it were, suspended; her skin is icy."

"That is true" said the king, taking the cantatrice's hand in his; "her eye is fixed, her mouth colorless; make her take some Hoffman's drops; what the devil! I thought it was some stage-trick: I was wrong. This girl is very ill. She is neither wicked nor capricious, is she Porporino? Has any one vexed her this evening? Nobody has had reason to find fault with her, have they?"

"Sire, she is not an actress," replied Porporino, "she is an angel."

\* 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.

† Frederick was accustomed to bestow abbey, canonries, and bishoprics upon his protestant favorites, officers and relatives. The princess Amelia, having obstinately refused to be married, was endowed by him with the abbey of Quedlinburg, a royal prebend, which brought in a hundred thousand francs income, and of which she bore the title, as do the catholic canonesses.

"Nothing more! are you in love with her!"

"No, sire, I respect her infinitely; I look upon her as my sister."

"Thanks to you two and to God, who no longer damns actors, my theatre will become a school of virtue! There, now she comes to herself a little. Porporina, do you not know me!"

"No sir," replied the Porporina, looking with a frightened air at the king, who was striking the palm of her hand.

"Perhaps it is an affection of the brain," said the king; "have you ever remarked that she was epileptic?"

"O sire! never. That would be horrible!" replied the Porporino, wounded by the brutal manner in which the king expressed himself respecting so interesting a person.

"Ah! stop, don't bleed her," said the king, pushing back the physician who was approaching with his lancet; I don't like to look coolly upon the flow of innocent blood, except in battle; you are not warriors, you are assassins. Let her be quiet; give her air; Porporino, don't let her be bled. Those gentlemen think they know every thing. I confide her to your charge. Carry her home in your carriage, Poelnitz! In a word, you shall answer for her. She is the greatest cantatrice we have ever had, and we shall not find another like her very easily. Apropos, what are you going to sing to me to-morrow, M. Conciolini?"

The king descended the staircase of the theatre with the tenor, speaking of something else, and went to sup with Voltaire, La Mettrie, d'Argens, Algarotti, and the general Quintus Icilius.

Frederick was harsh, violent, and intensely selfish; with this, he was generous and good, even tender and affectionate, sometimes. This is not a paradox. Every body knows the character, at once terrible and fascinating of this man of many faces, of complicated organization, full of contrasts, as are all powerful natures, especially when invested with

supreme dominion, when an agitated life develops them in every sense.

While supping, laughing and jesting, with bitterness and grace, with brutality and wit, in the midst of those dear friends whom he did not love, and of those admirable *beaux esprits* whom he did not admire, Frederick suddenly fell into a reverie, and rose after some minutes of reflection, saying to his guests;

"Talk on, I hear you."

Thereupon, he passes into the next room, takes his hat and sword, signs to a page to follow him, and buries himself in the dark galleries and mysterious staircases of his old palace, while his guests, thinking him quite near, measure their words, and dare to say nothing they would not wish him to hear. Moreover, they distrust each other so much, (and with reason) that wherever they may be upon the soil of Prussia, they feel the redoubtable and malicious presence of Frederick still hovering over their heads.

La Mettrie, the king's physician and reader, (seldom consulted and hardly listened to,) was the only one who knew no fear, and inspired none in others. He was looked upon as entirely inoffensive, and he had found a means of preventing any one from injuring him. It was to display so much impertinence, folly and stupidity before the king, that it was impossible to imagine more; and no enemy, no informer, could impute to him a fault which he had not openly and boldly ascribed to himself before the eyes of the king. He pretended to take literally the philosophic equality which the king affected in his intimate life with five or six persons whom he honored by his familiarity. At this epoch, after about ten years of his reign, the king had not entirely divested himself of the popular affability of the prince royal, of the bold philosopher of *Remusburg*. Those who knew him had no faith in it. Voltaire, the most spoiled of all, and the latest comer, began to be uneasy, and to see the tyrant show himself under the good prince, the Dionysius under the Marcus Aurelius. But La

Mettrie, either from unheard of frankness, deep calculation, or headstrong carelessness, treated the king with as little ceremony as the king had pretended to wish. He took off his cravat, his wig, even his shoes in the king's apartment, stretched himself out upon the sofas, held a familiar conversation with him, contradicted him openly, declaimed loudly upon the trifling importance to be attached to the honors of this world, to royalty as well as to religion, and to all the other *prejudices* which were bombarded by the *reason* of that day; in a word, he behaved like a true cynic, and gave so many occasions for a disgrace or a dismissal, that it was a wonder to see him remain in favor, while so many others had been overthrown and broken for trifling faults. The reason was, that an insidious word reported by spies, an appearance of hypocrisy, a slight doubt, make more impression upon gloomy and distrustful characters such as Frederick's, than do a thousand imprudences. Frederick looked upon his La Mettrie as having lost his wits, and often stood petrified with surprise before him, saying;

"That is an animal of a really scandalous impudence."

Then he added aside:

"But he is sincere, and has not two styles of speaking and thinking about me. He cannot abuse me in secret more than he does to my face, while all the others, who are at my feet, what do they not say, and what do they not think, when I turn my back, and they rise? Therefore La Mettrie is the most honest man I have, and I must bear with him, the more unbearable he is."

The kink was therefore taken, La Mettrie could no longer displease the king, and he even succeeded in making him consider pleasant on his part, what would have been revolting from any other. While Voltaire, who had entered, from the beginning, upon a system of adulations impossible to be maintained, and with which he himself was already tired and strangely disgusted, the cynic, La Mettrie went on his way, amused himself, was as much at his ease with Frederick as with any other, and felt no necessity to curse and overthrow an idol, to which he had never sacrificed nor promised anything. It resulted from this state of his mind, that Frederick, who began to be weary of Voltaire himself, was always cordially amused with La Mettrie and could not do without him, because on his side, he was the only man who made no pretence of being amused with him.

The marquis d'Argens, a chamberlain with six thousand francs salary, (the first chamberlain, Voltaire, had twenty thousand) was that trifling philosopher, that ready and superficial writer, a true

Frenchman of his day, good, harebrained, libertine, sentimental, at once brave and effeminate, witty, generous and sarcastic, a man between two ages, romantic as a boy, sceptical as an old man. Having passed all his youth with actresses, by turns deceiver and deceived, always madly in love with the last, he had ended by marrying mademoiselle Cochois, first actress of the French comic theatre at Berlin, a very plain person, but very intelligent, in whose education he had taken much pleasure. Frederick was still ignorant of this mysterious union, and d'Argens took care not to reveal it to those who might betray him. Still Voltaire was in the secret. D'Argens loved the king sincerely, but was no more beloved by him than were the others. Frederick had no faith in the affections of any one, and poor d'Argens was sometimes the accomplice, sometimes the butt of his most cruel jests.

It is known that the colonel, decorated by Frederick with the pompous surname of Quintus Icilius, was a Frenchman by birth named Guichard, an energetic soldier and skilful tactician, a great plunderer moreover, as are all of his species, and a courtier in the full force of the term.

We will say nothing of Algarotti, that we may not weary the reader with a gallery of historical personages. It is enough for us to indicate the position of Frederick's guests during his alibi, and we have already said that far from feeling relieved of the secret constraint which oppressed them, they were much less at their ease, and could not say a word without looking at that half open door by which the king had gone out, and behind which he was perhaps engaged in watching them.

La Mettrie was the only exception, and remarking that the service of the table was much neglected in the king's absence: "Zounds," cried he, "I consider the master of the house very impolite to let us want servants and champagne, and I will go see if he is within there, in order to complain to him."

He rose, went into the king's chamber without fear of being indiscreet, and returned crying out: "Nobody there, that's a good joke! He is capable of having gone off on horseback and ordered a manœuvre by torchlight to promote his digestion. Queer fellow!"

"You are a queer fellow," said Quintus Icilius, who could not accustom himself to La Mettrie's strange manners.

"So the king has gone out?" said Voltaire, who began to breathe more freely.

"Yes, the king has gone out," said the baron de Poelnitz, entering. "I have just met him in a back-court, with only a page for escort. He had assumed his great incognito, and put on his wall-col-

ored coat; therefore I did not recognize him in the least."

We must say a word about this third chamberlain who has just come in, otherwise the reader will not understand how another than La Mettrie dared express himself so boldly respecting the master. Poelnitz, whose age was as doubtful as his salary and functions, was that Prussian baron, that roué of the regency, who shone in his youth at the court of madam the Palatine, mother of the duke of Orleans; that unbridled gambler, whose debts the king of Prussia would no longer pay, a great adventurer, a cynical libertine, very much of a spy, somewhat of a swindler, a brazen faced courtier, fed, chained, despised, laughed at, and very badly paid by his master, who, nevertheless, could not do without him, because an absolute monarch must always have under his hand some man ready to do the worst things, and who finds in them a pleasure, an indemnification for his humiliations, and the necessity of his existence. Poelnitz was moreover, at this time, the manager of his majesty's theatres, a sort of supreme intendant of his revels. He was already called old Poelnitz, and was still called so, thirty years later. He was an eternal courtier. He had been a page of the last king. He united to the refined vices of the regency, the sneering brutality of Gros-Guillaume's tap-room, and the impertinent stiffness of Frederick the Great's witty and military reign. His favor with the latter being only a chronic state of disgrace, he cared little about the loss of it; and besides, as he always had the part of provocative agent, he did not really fear that any one could injure him with the master who employed him.

"Zounds! my dear baron," cried La Mettrie, "you ought to have followed the king so as to tell us his adventure afterwards. We would have made him swear on his return, by telling him how, without leaving the table, we had seen all his actions."

"Still better?" said Poelnitz, laughing, "we would not have told him till tomorrow, and would have attributed the divination to the sorcerer."

"What sorcerer," asked Voltaire.

"The famous count de Saint-Germain who arrived this morning."

"Indeed! I am very curious to know if he is a cheat or a fool."

"That is the difficulty," said La Mettrie. "He hides his play so well, that nobody can tell."

"Well, that's not being much of a fool!" said Algarotti.

"Tell me of Frederick," said La Mettrie, "I wish to excite his curiosity by some fine story, in order that he may treat us some day at supper to Saint-Germain, and his adventures before the deluge."



That will amuse me. Come! where can our dear monarch be at this hour! Baron, you know! you are too curious not to have followed him, or too sly not to have guessed."

"Do you want me to tell you?" said Poelnitz.

"I hope, sir," said Quintus, becoming quite violent with indignation, "that you will not answer the strange questions of M. La Mettrie. If his majesty —"

"O my dear," said La Mettrie, "there is no majesty here, from ten in the evening till two in the morning, Frederick so decreed it once for all, and I know only the law: 'there is no king at supper.' Do you not see that this poor king is wearied, and you will not help him, bad servant and bad friend as you are, to forget the burden of his greatness during the sweet watches of the night? Come Poelnitz, dear baron, speak, where is the king now?"

"I do not wish to know!" said Quintus, rising and leaving the table.

"As you will," said Poelnitz. "Those who don't want to hear must stop their ears."

"I open mine," said La Mettrie.

"Faith, and I too," said Algarotti laughing.

"Gentlemen," said Poelnitz, "the king is with the signora Porporina."

"Tell that to the —!" cried La Mettrie; and he added a word in Latin, which I cannot translate, because I do not understand Latin.

Quintus Icilius turned pale and went out. Algarotti recited an Italian sonnet, which I do not understand much better; and Voltaire improvised four lines, to compare Frederick with Julius Cæsar; after which, these three wise men looked smilingly at each other, and Poelnitz resumed with a serious air. "I give you my word of honor that the king is with the Porporina."

"Could not you give us something else?" said d'Argens, whom this matter deeply displeased, because he was not a man to betray others in order to augment his credit. Poelnitz replied without being vexed: "Thousand devils! sir marquis, when the king tells us that you are with mademoiselle Cochois, that does not scandalize us, why should you be scandalized because he is with mademoiselle Porporina?"

"It ought to edify you, on the contrary," said Algarotti; "and if it be true, I will tell it at Rome."

"And his holiness, who is somewhat of a *scoffer*, added Voltaire, "will say many pretty things thereon."

"At what will his holiness *scoff*?" asked the king, appearing suddenly upon the threshold of the supper-room.

"At the loves of Frederick the Great with the Porporina of Venice," replied La Mettrie saucily.

The king turned pale, and darted a terrible look at his guests, who all changed countenance, more or less, excepting La Mettrie.

"Well! what of it!" said the latter quietly; "M. de Saint-Germain predicted, this evening at the opera, that at the hour when Saturn should pass between Regulus and the Virgin, his majesty, followed by a page —"

"Really, what is this count de Saint-Germain?" said the king, seating himself with the greatest calmness, and holding his glass to La Mettrie, that he might fill it with champagne.

They talked of the count de Saint-Germain; and the storm was thus averted without an explosion. At the first shock, the impertinence of Poelnitz, who had betrayed him, and the audacity of La Mettrie, who had dared to tell him of it, had transported the king with anger; but, while La Mettrie was saying three words, Frederick recollected that he had desired Poelnitz to babble upon certain matters and to make the others talk, at the first opportunity. He therefore recovered himself with that readiness and freedom of mind which he possessed in the highest degree; and there was no more said of his nocturnal walk than if no one had noticed it. La Mettrie indeed would have returned to the charge had he thought of it, but the frivolity of his mind followed the new route which Frederick opened to it; and it was thus that Frederick often mastered La Mettrie himself. He treated him like a child who is about to break a glass, or jump out of a window, and to whom we show a plaything in order to distract him and turn him from his fancy. Each made his observation upon the count de Saint-Germain; each related his anecdote. Poelnitz pretended he had seen him in France twenty years before.

"And I have seen him again this morning," added he, "no older than if I had left him yesterday. I recollect that one evening, in France, hearing the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ spoken of, he cried out in the most pleasant manner, and with the most incredible seriousness; 'I told him that things would go ill with him among those rascally Jews. I even predicted to him pretty nearly what did in fact take place; but he would not listen to me; his zeal made him despise all dangers. Thus his tragical end gave me a pain for which I shall never be consoled, and I cannot think of it without shedding tears.' On saying this, that devil of a count wept in good earnest, and almost made us weep too."

"You are so good a Christian," said the king, "that I should not be astonished had you done so."

Poelnitz had changed his religion three

or four times from morning to evening, in order to obtain benefices and places with which the king had tempted him for the sake of a joke.

"Your anecdote is nothing new," said d'Argens to the baron, "and is only a piece of wit. I have heard much better; and what renders this count de Saint-Germain an interesting and remarkable person in my eyes, is the quantity of entirely novel and ingenious appreciations by which he explains events which have remained very obscure problems in history. Upon whatever subject, or whatever epoch he is questioned, it is surprising, they say, to see that he knows, or to hear him invent a crowd of probable interesting circumstances, which throw a new light upon the most mysterious events."

"If he says things which are probable," observed Algarotti, "he must be a prodigiously learned man, gifted with an extraordinary memory."

"More than that," said the king. "Learning is not sufficient to explain history. This man must have a powerful understanding and a profound knowledge of the human heart. The question is, if that beautiful organization has been falsified by the whim of wishing to play a strange part, in attributing to himself an eternal existence and the memory of events anterior to his human life, or if, in consequence of long studies and profound meditations, the brain has become deranged, stricken with monomania."

"I can at least," said Poelnitz, "guarantee to your majesty the good faith and the modesty of this man. He is not easily made to talk of the wonderful things of which he believes himself to have been a witness. He knows that he has been treated as a dreamer and a quack, and he appears much troubled by it; for he now refuses any explanation respecting his supernatural power."

"Well! sire, are you not dying with desire to see and hear him?" said La Mettrie. "I am on tenter hooks."

"How can you be curious on that point?" returned the king. "The spectacle of madness is any thing but pleasant."

"If it be madness, agreed; but if it be not?"

"Do you hear, gentlemen?" resumed Frederick; "this is the sceptic, the atheist par excellence, who takes to the marvellous, and who already believes in the eternal existence of M. de Saint-Germain! However, that must not astonish us, when we know that La Mettrie is afraid of death, lightning, and ghosts."

"As to ghosts, I confess that to be a weakness," said La Mettrie; "but as to lightning and all that can kill, I maintain that it is reason and wisdom. Of what the devil should we be afraid, if not of



that which attacks the safety of our existence!"

"Long life, Panurge!" said Voltaire.

"I return to my Saint-Germain," resumed La Mettrie, "messire Pantagruel ought to invite him to sup with us to-morrow."

"I will take good care not to do it," said the king, "you are sufficiently crazy as it is, my poor friend, and it would be enough for him to put foot in my house, to set all the superstitious imaginations, of which there are enough about us, dreaming on the instant a thousand ridiculous stories, which would soon be over all Europe. O! Reason, my dear Voltaire, may its kingdom come! that is the prayer we ought to make every morning and every evening."

"Reason! Reason!" said La Mettrie, "I consider it very proper and agreeable when it serves me to excuse and legitimize my passions, my vices—or my appetites,—give them which name you choose! but when it wearies me, I ask to be free to put it out of doors. What the devil! I don't want a reason which forces me to play the brave when I am afraid, the stoic when I am suffering, the resigned when I am boiling with anger. Plague on such a reason! it is not mine, it is a monster, a chimera, invented by those old dotards of antiquity whom you all admire, I don't know why. May its kingdom never come! I don't like absolute power of any kind, and if any one should attempt to force me to disbelieve in God, which I now do freely and with my whole heart, I believe that, from the spirit of contradiction, I should go at once to the confessional."

"O! you are capable of anything, as we well know, even of believing in the count de Saint-Germain's philosopher's stone."

"And why not! It would be so pleasant, and I have so much need of it!"

"O! As to that!" cried Poelnitz shaking his empty and silent pockets, and looking at the king with an expressive air; "may its kingdom come as soon as possible; that is the prayer which every morning and every evening—"

"Indeed!" interrupted Frederick, who always turned a deaf ear to this kind of insinuation; "does this M. de Saint-Germain pretend also that he has the secret of making gold? You did not tell me that."

"Well then! let me invite him to supper to-morrow from you," said La Mettrie, "for I am sure that a little of his secret would not be inconvenient to you either, sire Gargantua! You have great necessities and a gigantic stomach, as king and as reformer."

"Be silent, Panurge," replied Frederick, "your Saint-Germain is sentenced

now. He is an impostor and an impudent fellow whom I will have strictly watched, for we know that with this fine secret more money is carried out of a country than left in it. Eh! gentlemen, have you forgotten that great necromancer, Cagliostro, whom I drove out of Berlin, in good earnest, not more than six months ago?"

"And who carried off a hundred crowns of mine," said La Mettrie, "may the devil take them from him!"

"And who would have carried them off from Poelnitz too, if he had had them," said d'Argens.

"You drove him away," said La Mettrie to Frederick, "but he played you a good trick nevertheless."

"What?"

"Ah! don't you know it? Well, I will treat you to a story."

"The first merit of a story is brevity," observed the king.

"Mine is only two words. The day on which your Pantagruelic majesty ordered the sublime Cagliostro to pack up his alembics, his spectres and his demons, it is a matter of public notoriety that at the stroke of noon, he went out of all the gates of Berlin at the same moment, in person, in his carriage. O! that is attested by more than twenty thousand witnesses. The keepers of all the gates saw him, with the same hat, the same wig, the same carriage, the same harness, the same baggage, and you will never persuade them that there were not, on that day, as many as five or six Cagliostros on the move."

All thought the story a good one, Frederick only did not laugh. He felt seriously interested in the progress of his dear reason; and superstition, which excited so much wit and gaiety in Voltaire, caused in him only indignation and disgust.

"Such are the people!" cried he, shrugging his shoulders; "ah! Voltaire, such are the people! and this in an age when you live and wave over the world the bright light of your torch! You have been persecuted, banished, opposed in every manner, and Cagliostro has only to show himself to fascinate a whole populace! But little more is wanting for them to carry him in triumph."

"Do you know," said La Mettrie, "that your greatest ladies believe in Cagliostro quite as much as the good market women? It was from one of the handsomest of your court that I heard this adventure."

"I bet it was madam de Kleist!" said the king.

"It is *thou* who hast named her," declared La Mettrie.

"There he is thowing the king now!" growled Quintus Icilius, who had reëntered a few minutes before.

"That good de Kleist is mad," returned Frederick, "she is the most intrepid visionary, the most greedy after horoscopes and sorceries. She requires a lesson, let her take care! She turns the heads of all our ladies, and it is even said she made her husband crazy, for he sacrificed black he-goats to Satan in order to discover the treasures buried in our sands of Brandebourg."

"But all this is on a better footing with you, father Pantagruel," said La Mettrie. "I don't know why you wish women to submit to your grim goddess Reason. Women come into the world to amuse themselves and us. Zounds! the day on which they are no longer crazy, we shall be very stupid. Madam de Kleist is charming, with all her stories of sorcerers; she regales *soror Amalia* with them—"

"What does he mean with his *soror Amalia*?" said the king astonished.

"Eh! your noble and charming sister, the abbess of Quedlimberg, who believes in magic with all her heart, as every body knows—"

"Hold your tongue, Panurge!" exclaimed the king in a voice of thunder, striking the table with his snuff-hox.

To be Continued.

## THE POLITICAL STATE OF THE WORLD.

(Concluded.)

The dominion of the emperor of Rome typifying the idea of the unity of all Christians as the subjects of his consecrated majesty, and the popedom representing the unity of all subjects as Christians bound to the chair of his holiness—this single antithesis gives rise to a double polarity. The authority of the pope as legislator in religion, as well as that of the emperor as possessive legislative power in temporal matters is attacked. The states general of Holland had already been organized; the republican party had been victorious in England, and Switzerland was secured in her liberties. Now these things could not go on without some active polar opposition. The north (positive) pole of the magnet in politics pointed to the words: "Legislation rests in the majority of the people;" and the south (negative) pole showed the words; "Legislation rests with the one crowned by the grace of God." In religion the antagonistic pole ran from North to South, Catholicism in the latter and Protestantism in the former. In politics they came to extend from the west eastwardly—the positive pole or the pole of progress advanced westward with civilization, and made the forests of America its extreme point, from whence it was to act with its mighty current upon the eastern (negative) pole, whose extreme

point lay in the broad and extensive steppes of Russia.

These two termini of the present political magnet have since become powerful batteries; Russia on one side with absolutism for its leading idea and the United States on the other having for its motto unlimited democracy. Between these as between the extreme colors of the rainbow we behold various transitions and nice shades running into each other. The idea is given, the eye will easily detect the proper manner of grouping. Next to the United States is England, then comes France—all three pursuing the idea of a constitutional government, the most perfect form of which we see in the United States, one less so in England and one still less perfect in France; the idea of constitutional liberty thus decreasing, as we proceed from the pole towards the middle. Russia on the contrary is succeeded by Austria and next comes Prussia all three pursuing the idea of authority by the grace of God—the most perfect form of this system is exhibited in Russia; it is less perfect in Austria and still less so in Prussia; the idea of royal authority and legislation decreasing towards the middle.

The Rhine is the central point where both these polar principles of the policy of the present world meet as the colors in the middle of the rainbow, the spot where the mutual exchange of ideas is most active and frequent; the Rhine, whose upper half is French, the lower Prussian, having its sources in free Switzerland, and its mouths in monarchical Holland;—is not this a stream full of significance?

We have here then a chain of nations regularly disposed, each according to its predominant advantages and capacities, mighty in themselves, and yet checked by their neighbors, upon whom they work and by whom they are again influenced—such a wonderful and effective battery of states, as the world has never seen before. Extending from north to south, comprising the resources of a whole continent in its immense domain, the United States cover all the country between the Atlantic and Pacific—their territory is open to all, personal liberty in common to all before the law; no passports are here, to annoy the traveller, nor does a censorship shackle the freedom of thought. The highest personage in the state is but the executive officer of the nation, and his cabinet is responsible to the representatives of the people. A more perfect system of state government has never been devised. Its founders will outlive a thousand Cæsars or Napoleons.

Eastwardly by north lies the island of Great Britain, far-reaching in action and thoughts, but not as free in its internal in-

stitutions as the United States. Its cabinet is still responsible to the people, while the king yet keeps above parties; censorship has not yet been established, and passports are demanded in extraordinary cases only; but we already find the crown hereditary, the ballot box monopolized by landed proprietors, the institution of the nobility, and with it an anti-liberal and ludicrous reliance upon ancient mouldered parchments.

Southwardly by east from England, lies a compact mass of an active and fiery temperament,—the ever restless France. Here we find already a more perceptible diminution of the number of free institutions. The royal power is not as much limited, although the ministers are still responsible; a censorship abridges the liberties of the citizen; the secret police is on the watch, and the passport becomes an indispensable protection; the king also seeks to be the man of a party.

Further towards the east, but northwardly, Prussia, rich in energy and intelligence, stretches its arms from the North Sea to the Baltic. Here we already perceive, that we have crossed the Rhine, the boundary between Liberalism and Absolutism. Though Prussia would fain appear liberal, all the guarantees of the necessary permanency of such a state are wanting; its States General with no more privileges in their own house, than if they were aliens, are living evidences of the immense difference between a constitutional form of government and an unlimited monarchy; the censorship there is a regular and perfect system, and the laws affecting passports are more oppressive.

Less cheering still are the prospects of liberty in Austria, whose power stretches toward the south. All her ordinances by the grace of God, are the offshoots of the worst kind of absolutism, in comparison with which Prussia may be termed a liberal state.

But the perfection of the absolute principle is to be seen in Russia, where it exists as unmitigated despotism. At present Russia forms the extreme link on that side of the political chain, and is the most easterly state, which has an influence in adjusting the balance of modern politics. Russia is the direct antithesis to the United States, with which it has nothing in common but an immense though less densely peopled domain. Access is rendered difficult to foreigners, surrounded as it is with a barrier of passports and custom house regulations; the word liberty has no meaning in its language. But it is unnecessary to say more: for who has not heard of Russia, or is ignorant of its political tendencies?

These six states lie in a symmetrical zigzag line from west to east, and the

current of political ideas rushes forward and backwards toward the central point. The other countries of Europe in nearly equal divisions nestle round one or the other of these leading political organs. Spain and Portugal belong to France, and share its ideas; so the peninsula of Scandinavia resembles England more in its institutions and tendencies; Italy is governed by Austria, and the peninsula of Greece by the authority of Russia. Such is even now the position of things, and yet the preponderance of liberal tendencies is already beginning to be felt in Russia and especially in Greece, which is rising anew, while Russia is busy aggrandising herself with the spoils of other acquisitions, and maintaining a most obstinate war against the Circassians. Turkey she has circumvented and stripped of her strength, and is watching with Argus eyes the affairs of Persia and of the east. There is an internal pressure on the part of Russia, to enlarge the scale of her political doctrines eastward, and to embrace other more eastern states within the limits of her political circle. Nothing short of a certain degree of civilization can however effect this; in consequence all first attempts at civilizing these nations made by the Russians, or even the English and French, have but served to make the Asiatics at first, enemies to free institutions. For in the present order of things, the march of political reform is from the west eastward, and when once the present central point, the Rhine, is thoroughly impregnated with the political ideas of the western half, and can no longer be called the middle point, which may then perhaps advance as far as the Elbe, Asia will remain to supply any loss sustained on that side of the political battery.

Even the most short-sighted survey of daily events can hardly fail to convince us of the enlargement of the western or more liberal division. Already is the influence of Austria in Italy kept in check by the opposition of France, and Italy is beginning to breathe more freely. When Austria would smother her, France is upon the march to occupy Ancona. In Germany itself, the power of Prussia and Austria is seriously affected from the west by a line of small but active and thriving states under constitutional governments, extending from north to south, and before long the influences shed abroad by them, if continued, will give to the liberal party and to freedom a still firmer foothold on the soil of Germany. Belgium, too, has been wrested from Holland, and another constitutional state is added to the former list; its position, its railroad connections with Germany, and its large commercial intercourse with the Rhine countries, will do much towards

disseminating the ideas of liberty. Antwerp will soon be to Germany what Hamburg formerly was, the great mart of German products, the harbor for German exports. Antwerp and Hamburg—what a wide difference between them! the latter, an aristocratic city, proud of its citizens, dating its origin in the middle ages, with some of the ancient feudal clogs still hanging to it, where no liberal idea tending towards constitutional government can find admittance; and Antwerp, youthful, fresh in strength, just emerged from the waves of the Schelde, abounding in free institutions, not retarded by ancient forms, nor restrained in the expression of thought. What an influence must such a city have upon a German merchant, who visits it on business; surely he takes home with him other ideas and views than he would have brought from Hamburg—and the many thousands of the German nation, who must yearly frequent it as the mart of business, will catch up some of the fire that animates it, and scatter it among their countrymen. This single circumstance, that Antwerp is becoming the seaport of Germany, must shortly secure to the liberal party the preponderance in Prussia, and should Belgium finally consent to become a member of the Zollverein, which the German constitutional states ought to urge her to do, what revolutions might we not expect throughout Germany. Prussia's overbearing territorial influence is already oppressively felt in the Zollverein, in which the accession of Belgium would restore a balance of power; for though unimportant in point of extent of territory, it possesses great manufacturing enterprise and must forever exert a strong influence by its position. Prussia's omnipotence in the Zollverein would cease, and instead of looking to its own interests alone, it would be forced to take into consideration the interests of the whole union. In such an event lies the possibility of a successful reaction in Prussia and in the western portions of Germany; for great and lasting results would ensue from a lively intercourse and exchange of ideas between Belgium and Prussia. Belgium is more nationally German than even Holland is, and by joining the Zollverein would give a visible preponderance in it to the constitutional states. In case of a collision, likewise, which must finally come, the liberal party might safely rely upon the support of Belgium; the whole of the western divisions of Germany would gradually join the liberal states, and the Elbe or the Vistula become the boundary between the parties. This is the course of changes, which the political history of the next fifty years will bring to light.

But these are not all the conquests which liberalism has made in modern times; Spain and Portugal are secure in their constitutional tendency against Russian interference—in Greece, the foster child of Russian guardianship, constitutional liberty has raised her head, and is maintaining her ground against chicanery and intrigue. Similar efforts are made in Italy, to withdraw her from the domination of Austrian influence; but this can hardly be done without bloodshed, and Germany must be free before unfortunate Italy will be allowed to join the liberal party. Peninsular Scandinavia is looking over to England for aid against the intrigues of the Czar, and will hold fast to the liberal principles which its inhabitants are daily imbibing. Poland has perished; but this was inevitable. The Czar did but pursue his policy, and acquired the sole dominion over Poland in order to subject it to the power of his ideas of absolutism. Again, the incorporation of Poland with Russia was a step leading the way to future triumphs of the liberal party. Poland may perish; but its ideas of liberty will thus be disseminated over all Russia; they will in this way, act more widely and efficiently as a leaven than if imprisoned between three absolute monarchies, where Polish influence could not at any rate have led to any happy results. American liberty would not be what it is now, if it had been placed in the situation of Poland in the times of Kosciuszko or in 1830; the pure type of a republic as we now have it, could not have sprung up; the results of an ideal state government would have been a dwarfish figure, of no permanency or enduring strength. Better that Poland should die and divide its heritage of life and progress among the three absolute states; and then if it is endowed with the nature of the Phoenix, it will rise again, when its time comes, with a more living freshness.

These are some of the external advances which the liberal party has of late made upon its absolute antithesis. The changes, which have taken place within the absolute states themselves, are also important; all of us know, what agents are at work to disseminate liberal views in spite of restrictions and bars, the censorship or a secret police. Steam in its varied modes of application on railroads, in navigation and machinery every where brings man in contact with man and heart with heart; penetrating through dismal distances it seeks out the patriot, inspires him to labor and to wait for the realization of his yearnings for liberty, and prepares his bosom for the active contest that lies before him. The whole body of the secret police cannot prevent the circulation of printed and written works.

These are forces, which increase in a geometrical ratio and will finally undermine the influence of the merely material power of absolutism. For some time past and even at the present period the absolute principle has seemed to be in the ascendant. The dictatorial authority of Russia over Germany is but too visible; but this cannot last long; for absolute power must after all coöperate with the liberal party as soon as commercial intercourse becomes general and institutions for education are erected; the negative principle is made to feel the presence of the positive principle and the very efforts it puts forth to maintain its ground are so many means of securing the victory to the positive principle; truth is all powerful and ever active and advancing. Of the three absolute states Russia alone is in a position for external enlargement by stretching its arms over the vast plains of Asia, the natural soil for the development of its principle. This is another encouraging indication of the truth of the above maxim. Russia alone can extend its territory, and when Russia and Austria shall have adopted ideas of liberalism, Russia will find ready allies in the semi-barbarous Asiatics, who evidently submit themselves with more willingness to Russian than to English authority. All prospects of external growth are cut off from Prussia and Austria on every side, while they cannot avoid being affected by the current of constitutional ideas coming from the west. These two are so situated as to come in direct and opposite contact with the three liberal states and must finally be drawn within their circle; Russia on the other hand will have to appropriate Egypt on one side, on the other Persia and China in the distant east. Yet onward is the march of liberty; the boundaries of civilization are being constantly pushed further east. If Russia is strengthening herself by accession in the east, the three powers of the western half are not inactive or indifferent to their growth. England and France are contending to spread their influence and gain weight by colonies and thus disseminate liberal ideas all over the world.

The United States also, though young in years, has already begun sending her colonies to different parts of the globe. Of more importance still than these, are the plans for an enlargement of territory by the addition of Oregon and Texas; and surely the progressive spirit of her institutions would deduce therefrom the most eventful results. No one will fear a division with England about this matter, unless he weigh the tendency of modern politics by its former indications and developments, and not by organic principles as unfolded above. England will not commence a war with the United

States nor with France, for all three have become close allies in these our times, though there exists no formal league of offence and defence between them; their internal political tendency is their strongest bond of union, and this relation will continue until civilization play around the eastern promontories of China and the idea of constitutional liberty have possession of all the thrones of the world.

This secret desire for enlarging her territory proves the United States to have awakened, as a nation, to a consciousness of her own life; that her people are prepared and willing to take an active part in the weal and wo of the world. The farewell address of Washington, in which he warns us not to involve ourselves in the chaos of European politics, was full of wisdom and applicable at a time, when no eye could foresee, no understanding even hope for a rightful course of things to issue from the tumult of European affairs, though he himself was one of the men, who, by their mighty works, introduced new order and new light. He warned us, with justice, against entanglement by foreign alliances, but not against the natural development of the liberty, which he had bequeathed to us. Liberty demands new conquests and spreads out her attractions to the whole world, and men will embrace her as they come under her influence. In so far the anxiety for an extension of our boundaries is natural, and so wonderful is the internal structure of the government, that the addition of one hundred other states need not impede the free action, or disturb the institutions of any present member of the confederacy. Washington wrote his address at a time when the French republic had become the prey of a single despot; he knew that the French revolution was partly called forth by the revolution in America, and he feared that similar misfortunes might fall upon our young republic. Hence the warning. But he looked upon Buonaparte with different eyes from what we do, who have lived to see his fall. He saw in him the mere despot, the direct opponent of the revolution; but we know that he was only the fulfilment of the same. His power and authority are gone; his overthrow and death reconciled many of his enemies, but not liberty; and a second revolution was needed in France, and many future ones will be needed in Germany and Russia to establish liberty on a firm basis in those lands.

Liberty would have gained an easier and speedier victory but for Napoleon, who seems to have studied more attentively the history of Cæsar, than that of Louis XIV. The dreadful lesson of the year 1793, was lost upon him, where the grandson had to atone, by his death,

for the vices and misgovernment of his ancestor. If Napoleon had respected the free institutions of the country, and used them prudently, his would still be the reigning house in France. But he was not the character to rule with, and through his time; he wanted to rule above and beyond it. He exhibited to his age so much of his own personality, that he could not advance the principle whose servant he was. Born out of the waves of the revolution, towards the close of which he rose up, the dashing storms from within and without forced him to catch a firm foothold, and finding both the parties, the liberal and the absolute, engaged in a deadly contest with each other, he exerted his strength to bring them both under his yoke. In him glowed the spirit of a second Cæsar, and he strove like that chieftain to harness the revolution, when checked and well broken, to the emperor's triumphal car, reeking with the blood of nations. He was the genius of death; he subdued the liberalism of France; where liberty existed, she shunned his imperious look; where she did not exist, there he desired to have her, that he might celebrate more splendid triumphs. This contrariety of principle in the man will explain the variety of his actions, which are ever referable to the coldest egotism as their centre. Carrying with him in his career these peculiar principles, he shot through the world like a meteor, smothering life in France, cheering it in the United States by the sale of Louisiana, (which gave new power to the United States;) purifying it in Germany, loosening the bondage of Russia, stimulating the Scandinavians, to whom he gave a king; he ruled over Italy, but could not succeed in Spain. His misfortunes there and his inability to attack England by land, finally caused his fall, and he sunk like a meteor in the southern ocean. He advanced even into the East as the prophet of future times, as the morning star over the land of the Pharaohs, and already is the morning red of civilization shedding its dawning rays through that far distant clime.

Herewith his destiny was fulfilled. He had moderated by his iron will, the overweening fullness of Gallic liberty, which had degenerated into shameless insolence; his task was done, and the freedom of France was acting again in harmony with its friends in America and England. When this was accomplished, his political views, which were not those of the politics of the world, had attained their object; with them sunk his power and influence, and the polar activity of the politics of the present times resumed its regular course, as we have pointed out above.

There is, however, nothing in this sys-

tem of politics to cause American liberty to take offence, nor can it be expected that the position of the United States, as free states, placed at the head of constitutional governments, will allow them to withdraw entirely from all participation and sympathy in the stirring scenes of political life. The efforts and actions of the United States should be conformable to her destiny, the fulfilment of which, demands a visible and deliberate advancement in the career of freedom; retreat is not admissible; it is dangerous even to stand still, and only when the Democracy of America is rushing forward, unheeding and blindly, is it the duty of conservatism to rear its head and to check the reckless march, for there is nothing to justify conservatism, as a party, except it be the guardian care with which it watches over past acquisitions, and its anxiety to hold fast to the old until it sees the newly created substitute standing before it in full life and proportions.

These two large parties create the two polarities in every constitutional state; where they are absent, absolutism, the reign of matter prevails, and the stronger the fundamental principles of the two parties are marked and arrayed against each other, provided it be without animosity, the more energetic becomes constitutional life, the freer is the state.

## REVIEW.

### SWEDENBORG'S SCIENTIFIC WRITINGS.

I. *The Animal Kingdom, Considered Anatomically, Physically and Philosophically.* Translated from the Latin by JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON. With Introductory Remarks by the Translator. London: 1843-4. Two Volumes. 8vo. pp. 526, 658 and lxiv.

II. *The Principia; or the First Principles of Natural Things, being New Attempts toward a Philosophical Explanation of the Elemental World.* Translated from the Latin by the Rev. AUGUSTUS CLISSOLD, M. A. Volume I. London: 1845. pp. 380. 8vo.

III. *The Economy of the Animal Kingdom, Considered Anatomically, Physically, and Philosophically.* Translated by the Rev. AUGUSTUS CLISSOLD M. A. With Introductory Remarks by the Editor. London: 1845-6. Two Volumes. 8vo. pp. 574, 526 and xc.

*Remarks on Swedenborg's Economy of the Animal Kingdom.* By JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON. London: 1846. pp. 86.

We do not notice Mr. Wilkinson's elegant edition of these works of the revered and illustrious Swedenborg with any design of criticising them. For that we frankly confess ourselves not competent. Our acquaintance with them is not yet sufficiently intimate to authorize us to take such a position. At present we desire simply to advertise

our readers that such books can be had, and to commend them to their most serious attention. We say without hesitation, that, with the exception of the writings of Fourier, no publications of the last fifty years, are, in our opinion, to be compared with them in importance. To the student of philosophy, to the savan, and to the votary of social science, they are alike invaluable, almost indispensable. Whether we are enquiring for truth in the abstract, or looking beyond the aimlessness and contradictions of modern experimentalism in search of the guiding light of universal principles, or giving our constant thought to the Laws of Divine Social Order, and the Reintegration of the Collective Man, we can not spare the aid of this loving and beloved sage. His was a grand genius nobly disciplined. In him, a devotion to Truth almost awful was tempered by an equal love of Humanity and a supreme reverence for God. To his mind, the Order of the Universe and the play of its powers were never the objects of idle curiosity or of cold speculation. He entered into the retreats of Nature and the occult abode of the soul, as the minister of Humanity and not as a curious explorer, eager to add to his own store of wonders or to exercise his faculties in those difficult regions. No man had ever such sincerity, such absolute freedom from intellectual selfishness as he. But we will not prolong a train of thought which Mr. Wilkinson has developed with great power and beauty, as we hope presently to show. Before leaving the Master for the Disciple, we will confirm our words with a single jewel out of his vast and varied treasures. It is a brief passage from the second volume of the "Economy."

"I confess however that while I am lingering on this threshold that conducts me almost beyond the bounds of nature, or while I am daring to speak of the union of God with the souls of his creatures, I feel a certain holy tremble stealing over me, and warning me to pause; for the mind thinks it sees what it does not see, and sees where no intuition can penetrate; nor can it tell whether what it thinks enters in the *a priori* or *a posteriori* direction; if by the latter, life appears to be inherent; if by the former, it appears to be not inherent, or not essentially united to us. And what increases this awe is, a love of the truth, which, that it may hold in my mind the supreme place, is the end of my endeavors, and which, whenever I deviate from it, converts itself into a representation of justice and condign punishment, or into that fear which an inferior being is wont to feel towards a superior; so that I would rather resign this subject into the hands of others more competent than myself. This alone I perceive most clearly, that the order of nature exists for the sake of ends, which flow through universal nature to return to the first end; and that the worshippers of nature are insane."

The "Introductory Remarks" attach-

ed to the "Economy of the Animal Kingdom,"—for a copy of which, in pamphlet form, we are indebted to the courtesy of their author,—are in no way inferior to what we have previously seen from the same accomplished pen. Mr. Wilkinson is a worthy pupil of so great a teacher. For philosophic insight, acuteness and breadth of mind, and clearness and felicity of expression, it would not be easy to find his superior among modern writers in the English language. Evidently his whole heart has been in the study and publication of these writings, as well it might be, and much labor, full of profit to himself, he has expended upon them. We have rejoiced from the first, and we are happy now to say so publicly, that such a duty should fall into hands in every way so capable; not only because every thing necessary to bring fitly forth from the obscurity of more than half a century writings so necessary to the present epoch was thus ensured, but because there might be found in the work the best discipline for a mind destined hereafter to render high service to Humanity. We are glad then, to see in these "Remarks" an earnest that greater things are yet to be expected from their writer, while at the same time, we acknowledge the pleasure and instruction we have received from them.

Mr. Wilkinson, in the present instance, undertakes to elucidate the character of Swedenborg, as a man of science, with a success which makes us regret that we cannot quote the whole of his essay. We trust, however, that it may be reprinted entire in this country; it should be in the hands of every intellectual man. He commences with a statement of the relation of Swedenborg to science and philosophy, and draws the parallel between him and Bacon and Aristotle, from which we will make the following extracts:

"The compound relation to the two fields of science and philosophy, is a remarkable feature in these works; and the more so, as Swedenborg is the only writer in whose hands the matter of the sciences, and the way of induction, legitimately engender philosophical ideas. Other writers have proposed the same result, but he alone has attained it. Notwithstanding which, he avoids the error of deriving the higher from the lower, or making the senses govern the mind: for he uses the sciences but for steps to lead to the upper rooms of the intellect, and allows every faculty its distinct exercise at the same time admitting all experience, to whatever faculty it may appeal.—While he gives a scientific foundation to faith, it is by the energy of an enlightened, and for the most part, a new faith disposing the sciences. He moves and works according to the matter supplied by general and universal experience, and revelation is as much this matter in one sphere, as the phenomena of the mind in another, and nature in a third. The

soundest ideas of method are illustrated in his writings; and according to that shrewd saying of the reputed father of induction, that "the art of discovery will increase with discoveries themselves," Swedenborg has taught us, by a legible and grand example, the most perfect manner of eliminating the higher sciences. Yet he differs from Bacon in what he has done and proposed, and also in the proportion that subsists between his intentions and executions. For he has substantially connected the organic sciences with philosophy and morality: so that body and soul are no longer two, but one in their harmonies.

"Only a small part of his works is devoted to explaining his method, but its successful application is seen every where, and the results elicited shew what it is, and how well it has been used. He is therefore small in pretension, and great in performance: his works not being an organon for generating knowledge, but natural knowledge itself in its own organic form.

"The paramount success of Swedenborg with his simple apparatus, should tend to discourage exclusive attention to the means of knowledge; though indeed we may also gather the same lesson from the history of failures. It is certain that the Organon of Aristotle,—the framework of syllogistic logic,—has distraught the intellect from the nature of things, rather than helped their comprehension; for it is a gymnasium at the entrance to which we are required to know less by art than the mind itself knows at once by experience, by virtue of its own construction. The Organon of Bacon is liable to the same reproof: although it is of seemingly opposite tendency: for it is as inefficient in physics as that of Aristotle in metaphysics, and is in fact but a new incumbrance to the mind."

Mr. Wilkinson goes on to show that Anatomy, like Chemistry, is a science distinct from medicine, and that it may be made subservient to the highest philosophical and human uses.

"As chemistry once dwelt with medicine, so does anatomy now. But chemistry has long since flown over the whole globe of the arts, and introduced herself to each: and in process of time anatomy will do the same; nor minister only to the arts, but to the deepest ideas and purposes of the mind; to the ordination of civil life, to philosophy and theology."

Next follows an admirable statement of the position which Swedenborg holds towards the special sciences of the present day, which, however, will hardly admit of any partial quotation.

The nature of the human form is subsequently thus explained.

"For time and space are essentially limited, but the human form in itself is infinite: hence it is that which gives limits to nature, which contains it at either end, in the bosom of which the universe moves, breathes, and is. Thus creation relatively to humanity is not less but more than the world of nature. This is the reason why philosophy consists in the apprehension of human uses in all things, and why everything suggests humanity to the philosophical spirit. For when we look upon science with this regard, we extract its determined and real essence,

and in recognizing that which is greatest for us, we recognize that which is the express and sole image of the absolutely greatest.

"Strictly connected with the human ends of philosophy, is the reason why Swedenborg chose the human body for special examination, and regarded it as 'the animal kingdom,' disallowing that title by implication to the lower subjects of the animate world. For the human body is the most exquisitely limited or determinate exhibition of the creative power, where infinite uses are portrayed with the greatest amount of realization. It is an atom or unit in which nature is seen more easily than in the general universe, or in any inferior organic subject; its uses are plainer than any other, because it is the ultimate use of creation. Although a microcosm, yet it leads to no partial views of the macrocosm, but to total views, which however are sufficiently concentrated to be gathered up within the book and volume of the brain. Moreover it is the declared image of God both in the sensible and rational spheres.

"Nor will the study of it land us in anthropomorphism, as some scrupulous persons dread, for it ends by regarding man from his perfections alone, in which philosophy can recognize no difference between human and divine.

"In the persistency with which Swedenborg studied the human organization, there is a radical distinction between his method and that of those physiologists who attempt to compass the whole of nature, and to present it in the form of a systematized theory, without having first mastered its cardinal object: who as it were learn their architecture from the cottage and hovel, and would build their cities into equal "homological" streets according to that lowly pattern. For Swedenborg works by leading instances; the system makers by inferior facts. They diffuse the small amount of known truth over a wilderness of phenomena: Swedenborg seizes upon the central form which that truth inhabits, and increases our perceptions of it a hundred fold, and in the same proportion sets up a light by which inferior natures may be comprehended. His course is more humble, practical and fruitful than theirs. It also displays more mind and energy. For why are we occupied with so large a surface of things! Why is space the great presence in our accumulations, and time the great requisite for mastering them? Because we neglect representative facts, and fly to insignificant ones, or allow little difference between the one and the other; in short, because we are unable to interpret the really oracular portions of experience. The size of our dominions is the measure of our weakness. Like earth-born giants we have fallen flat upon the realms of nature, and "lie weltering many a rood," occupying vast extensions indeed compared with what is required when man is in the erect position, and his foot alone touches the ground. Our "eyes are in the ends of the earth," gazing into that infinity of which Seneca says: "Ubi aliquid animus diu protulit, et, magnitudinem ejus sequendo, lassatus est, infinitum cepit vocari." We cannot solve the human form, where the end of creation is distinctly announced, and so we hurry to other shapes, where the end is but dimly visible. Thus we are accu-

mulating the debt of theory which facts owe to truth, and leaving it for posterity to pay. And if posterity also be of the same mind, truth will for ever be cheated of its rights in the countries of science."

The order in which the sciences should be studied, and the difference between the method of Swedenborg in this regard, and that generally pursued since the time of Bacon, is discussed at some length. We select a few leading sentences. Every student of Fourier will recognize the thoughts they express.

"It is doubtful whether the moderns, after Bacon, do not misapprehend the nature of the *a posteriori* method, particularly as applied to the sciences of organization; and whether they have not come to think, that the lower objects of these sciences should be investigated before the higher. At any rate they would develop human after comparative physiology: if for no better reason than that they cannot penetrate the human frame, and are tired of sitting down before it. Yet the *a posteriori* method does not thus regard the order of facts among themselves, but the order of facts relatively to causes: the relation of experience to reasoning, or the proper weight which the senses should have in determining the mind. For in the *a posteriori* method there is an image of the method *a priori*, inasmuch as leading facts are the first that can be used, and other facts are considered afterwards. Principal facts are the first materials of the *a posteriori* method, as principles of facts are, of the *a priori*.

"For the same reason that the ancients were unacquainted with the systemic and pulmonic circulations, the moderns are ignorant of the proper cardiac circulation. They exhaust the uses of the heart in propelling the blood through the body, passing lightly over the question, how the circulation of the heart itself is maintained.

"But without pursuing this subject, we are content to indicate that Swedenborg's course is consistently opposite to that just described. Thus he declares that the cineritious substance is our point of departure if we purpose to understand the brain; that the spirituous fluid must be explored, if we would explore aught else in the body; that the doctrine of the blood is the first to be stated, although the last that can be completed; that the organs of generation are incomprehensible, unless the soul, which is the principle cause, whereof those organs are the instrumental causes be revealed and recognized; that it is vain to toil in the exploration of the solids by chemistry, unless the elemental world be known to us from principles and *a priori*; that the maze of nature is inextricable, and offers no escape, unless we can master its leading intersections. The same idea, duly carried out, will tend to show, that the highest branch of natural knowledge, or the doctrine of society, is the key to the other sciences. On the above head Lord Bacon remarks, that "as no perfect view of a country can be taken upon a flat; so it is impossible to discover the remote and deep parts of any science, by standing upon the level of the same science; or without ascending to a higher." From which it would appear that the evolution of the highest science is requisite *a priori*,

to give life and validity to the whole remainder of knowledge."

Swedenborg's mode of study is thus spoken of.

"His means of induction comprise several doctrines, which, 'with the most intense application and study,' and the use of whatever was previously known of methods, he elaborated from the various sciences, and they are 'the doctrines of forms, of order and degrees, of series and society, of communication and influx, of correspondence and representation, and of modification.' These are the mathematics of the universal physics, corresponding to the vulgar mathematics, which are those of the generals of the same."

In treating of the various sources from which Swedenborg derived suggestions, this interesting passage occurs:

"We will not aver that he interrogated language as a means to truths; yet it is remarkable how his results are borne out by the common speech of mankind. There is scarcely an important position in these works but summons out of the verbal memory a number of willing corroborations. Take, for example, the doctrine of the spiral, which is the mainspring of nature, the very form of motion and evolution. When its physical import is seen, how striking the analogy becomes between *spiral* and *spiritual*, and how suggestive the use of many derivatives from these words, as *respire*, *inspire*, *conspire*, *transpire*, with a host of others, which notwithstanding their plain relationship to the spire, no lexicographer hitherto ventures to connect with it. But may we not infer, that if the spiral form and force be the highest in nature, it would almost necessarily supply the analogical term for that which is beyond nature: namely, for spiritual existence. And further, that if the principle of movement throughout the universe, and specifically in its most mobile parts, the atmospheres, be spiral, the functions of the air-organs would receive their designation from that form, whereby the words above mentioned might naturally be produced. And is not *world* itself a vortical theory compressed into a monosyllable! However, we do not seek to establish that the framers of these terms possessed either scientific knowledge or rational philosophy: although they had such analogies of both as their day required: much as the infant earth had none of the present species of animals, and yet it had answerable creatures suited to its early time."

Here we have a statement of one ground on which the advocates of the Science of Society are accustomed to take their stand.

"But more than this, we find in Swedenborg nearly all the doctrines of the schools; whether physical, mathematical, metaphysical, moral, logical or scientific; as though he explored antiquity with an unmeasured appreciation of its various jewels. 'For one test of the truth,' says he, 'lies in the fact, that it enables many hypotheses to coincide, or to show a particular mode of contact or approximation.' And assuredly his doctrine is at amity with widely different opinions, and reconciles the philosophers with each other, and modern modes of thought with ancient, and *vice versa*."

Mr. Wilkinson afterward explains the



peculiar sense in which Swedenborg uses some ordinary terms, lays out the ground plan of his scientific works, and then proceeds to more general considerations. Here again we are reminded of Fourier, notwithstanding the great difference between them.

"Swedenborg's doctrines are intimately scientific as opposed to metaphysical, and physical as distinguished from mathematical; he never wanders from the concrete. This has occasioned the learned to consider him a materialist. We, on the other hand, claim him as a student of existence; and are bold to say, under whatever designation he may come, that he steers clear at all events both of sensualism and idealism; though not by an effort, or negative process, but with child-like simplicity, as it were by inbred union with the nature of things. 'Many,' says he, 'stubbornly refuse to stir a single step beyond visible phenomena for the sake of the truth; and others prefer to drown their ideas in the occult at the very outset. To these two classes our demonstration may not be acceptable. For, in regard to the former, it asserts that the truth is to be sought far beyond the range of the eye; and, in regard to the latter, that in all the nature of things there is no such thing as an occult quality; that there is nothing but is either already the subject of demonstration, or capable of becoming so.

"His doctrine is too robust, and too descriptive of creation, to inculcate a fear of matter, to which all things gravitate, and into which they subside at last. For matter is the ultimate term of a graduated series of forms: a necessity physical and philosophical; a closing fact, without which creation would have no existence; an ultimate passive, without which all the passives and actives in the universe must perish.

"Great confusion has undoubtedly been introduced by regarding body as the same with matter. For body is the necessary ultimatum of each plane of creation, and thus there is a spiritual body as well as a natural body, and by parity of fact there is a spiritual world as well as a natural world: but matter is limited to the lowest plane, where alone it is identical with body. There is no matter in the spiritual world, but there is body notwithstanding, or an ultimate form which is less living than the interior forms.

"It is wrong therefore to attempt to transcend the fact of embodiment; the hope is mistaken that would lead us to endeavor thus after pure spirituality. The way to the pure spiritual is the moral, and the moral delights to exhibit itself in actions, and body is the theatre of actions, and by consequence the mirror and continent of the spiritual: in which manner we may understand that large saying of Swedenborg, that 'the real body is in fact the universal soul.'

"And thus we perceive that the universe is constructed for promoting the ends of Divine Providence; so that the *bona fide necessities of man, spiritual and natural, could they be ascertained, would be an unfailing organon of knowledge respecting what nature can yield, and what in due time she will yield.*

"We have said that Swedenborg was a realist, but we do not mean that he belonged to the metaphysical school of realism, but rather that he was a plain man,

who might have existed, for aught that appears to the contrary, before philosophy was thought of; or before creation, existence and perception had been either sceptically affirmed or denied. To the end of his life he was as free from the obsession of metaphysical questions as a delighted child: too thankful for all things, and too intelligent of them, to entertain one thought of injuring them by the treacherous undermining of a baffled intellect. The authors from whom he cites, are in evidence that fact was his quest; or if he uses Aristotle, Locke, or Wolff, it is that they confirm his induction, and not that he allows them to generate it. He loved to see the truth: to be in his senses at all times: not for the purpose of degrading the mind, but of allowing it to descend (as the soul descends) by degrees (per gradus) into matter, that matter might be raised to the sphere of intelligence, and there reconciled with spirit; so that from these two, reason might be born."

The distinction between imagination and reason is very fine, and the defence of Swedenborg against the charge of being imaginative, most satisfactory, but we have no space for it.

With regard to the connection between philosophy and theology, and between ethics and physics, Mr. Wilkinson has the following, part of which, at least, is not applicable to Swedenborg alone.

"It is then futile to assert that philosophy is not connected with theology; since the contrary is demonstrated by Swedenborg as fairly as any law of matter is demonstrated by Newton. For Swedenborg took facts representing integral nature, and investigated them, and the order and mechanism of structure, and the pervading use or function, was found to be such as in every case to furnish truths relating to the moral or social existence of man. This was the issue of a scientific process from which imagination was rigorously excluded. What inference is possible but that the inner parts of nature represent humanity; such representation being the consecutive law of things! It was not Swedenborg that made the answerableness in the two co-ordinates; he merely discovered what existed already. Bacon's hypothesis that final causes have no place in the doctrine of nature, was overthrown by this result; for the mechanism of those causes was explained, and the connexion between spirit and nature stood intuitively demonstrated therein. Neither did the doctrine of final causes turn out to be barren, as Bacon imagined; for the end of creation being no longer a bodiless figment, but consisting of the noblest organic creatures, it furnished the most powerful of analytic organs for arming the mental sight, and enabling it to discover the more in the less, and the great in the small; in short it authorized man to look upon nature from definite principles, and thus to become the image and vicegerent of God in the scientific sphere. Those who had a rule of impossibility were again shewn to be at fault here, as indeed they have been from the beginning.

"And here we cannot but acknowledge the operation of Providence in preparing the way for that manifestation of religious and philosophical truth which was to be made through Swedenborg. For as his doctrines rest upon the lead-

ing facts of nature, so for some time previous to his appearance, those facts came to light one by one, and took their appointed places in the firmament of science. But for this, the mission of Swedenborg could scarcely have been accomplished. Thus the Copernican astronomy, which proved the sun to be the centre of the system, so changed the face of the heavens for man, that the revelation of the Divine sun as the centre of the spiritual world, of Divine Love as the centre of creation, and of love, or the will as the central power in the mind, became attested by a physical truth, and rested upon the widest basis of natural probability or analogy: whereas otherwise man would have had no welcome for it in his own sphere, but on the contrary, a falsity diametrically opposed to it. So again the Newtonian doctrine of gravitation or attraction became the ground for a doctrine of spiritual attraction, in which the omnipresence of the Divine Love, as in the former case its centrality was manifested; or rather, in which, its diffused was added to its concentrated centrality; and correspondingly the same was exhibited of love as a pervading essence in man, and of man as the subject of his own love or affections, and thereby gravitating to a rest, as the planet seeks its orbit, or as the stone falls to the earth, and there reposes. Lastly, the Harveian doctrine of the circulation of the blood, was a pillar in the natural mind to other spiritual truths combining the former, and primarily regarding the circulation of ends, or the orderly procession of love in all things; for 'all things flow from an end, through ends, to an end.'

Mr. Wilkinson, in concluding, pays an eloquent tribute to the personal character of his subject, as true as it is beautiful, of which, though against our will, we are compelled to omit the greater part.

"His life," says Sandel, 'was one of the happiest that ever fell to the lot of man;' and a prolonged observation of his writings enables us thoroughly to believe it. Because he esteemed opinion and fame at only their proper value, and truth as an object far more real, so when the need came, he gladly renounced his great possessions as a man of learning, and never once looking back, yielded himself to the service of the new cause to which his remaining life was to be devoted. It is therefore not unaccountable, though certainly without parallel, that one who had solved the problems of centuries and pushed the knowledge of causes into regions whose existence no other philosopher suspected, should at length abandon the field of science, without afterwards alluding so much as once to the mighty task he had surmounted. This was in accordance with his mind even in his scientific days: the presence of truth was what pleased him; its absence was what pained him; and he always joyfully exchanged his light for a greater and purer, even though cherished thoughts had to die daily, as the condition of passing into the higher illumination."

And now we will take leave of Mr. Wilkinson, though we trust for no long period. We are too largely his debtor not to desire a renewal of such profitable intercourse. We hope too that our words may induce a careful and general



study of the books we have spoken of. Such a study, if carried on in the spirit of true freedom, with a resolute abnegation of all prejudices,—without which it can be of little value—must lead to a faith in a New Social Order. Ought not the supreme laws of Universal Harmony, which the whole of Swedenborg's science is an endeavor to unfold, to prevail in the organism of the Social Man, as well as in that of the individual?

*A Sermon of War*, Preached at the Melodeon, on Sunday, June 7, 1846. By THEODORE PARKER. Published by Request. Boston: Little and Brown. 1846. pp. 43.

This sermon occasioned some excitement when first delivered in Boston; it has since been repeated before a large audience, and is now printed in order that it may reach the whole public. It contains many things which ought to do so and never again be forgotten; things relating to war, and particularly to that by which this nation is now disgraced.

Mr. Parker considers war in many aspects beginning with the pecuniary, reckoning that most intelligible to a city whose most popular idol is Mammon, whose God is Gold, and whose Trinity is the Trinity of Coin. Here are some startling facts in that connection.

"Your fleets, forts, dock-yards, arsenals, cannons, muskets, swords, and the like, are provided at great cost, and yet are unprofitable. They don't pay. They weave no cloth; they bake no bread; they produce nothing. Yet from 1791 to 1832, in 42 years, we expended in these things, \$303,242,576, namely, for the navy, &c., \$112,703,933, for the army, &c., \$190,538,643. For the same time, all other expenses of the nation came to but \$37,158,047. More than eight-ninths of the whole revenue of the nation was spent for the purposes of war. In four years, from 1812 to 1815, we paid in this way, \$92,350,519-37. In six years, from 1835 to 1840, we paid annually on the average \$21,328,903, in all \$127,973,418. Our Congress has just voted \$17,000,000 as a special grant for the army alone. The 175,118 muskets at Springfield are valued at 3,000,000. We pay annually \$200,000 to support that arsenal. The navy yard at Charlestown, with its stores, &c., has cost, \$4,741,000. Now for all profitable returns, this money might as well be sunk in the bottom of the sea.

"If the President gets his fifty thousand volunteers,—a thing likely to happen, for though Irish lumpers and hodmen want a dollar and a dollar and a half a day, your free American of Boston will list for twenty-seven cents, only having his livery, his feathers, and his 'glory' thrown in—then at \$8 a month, their wages amount to \$400,000. Suppose the present government shall actually make advantageous contracts, and the subsistence of the soldier cost no more than in England, or \$17 a month, this amounts to \$850,000. Here are \$1,250,000 to begin with. Then if each man would be worth a dollar a day at any productive work, and there are 26 work days in the month, here at \$1,300,000 more to be

added, making \$2,550,000 a month for the new army of occupation.

"In the Florida war we spent between \$30,000,000 and \$40,000,000, as an eminent statesman once said, in fighting five hundred invisible Indians! It is estimated that the fortifications of the city of Paris, when completely furnished, will cost more than the whole taxable property of Massachusetts, with her 800,000 souls. Why, this year our own grant for the army is \$17,000,000. The estimate for the navy is \$6,000,000 more; in all \$23,000,000. Suppose, which is most unlikely, that we should pay no more,—why that sum alone would support public schools, as good and as costly as those of Massachusetts, all over the United States, offering each boy and girl—bond or free—as good a culture as they get here in Boston, and then leave a balance of \$3,000,000 in our hands! We pay more for ignorance than we need for education!

"For several years we spent directly more than \$21,000,000 for war purposes, though in time of peace. If a railroad cost \$30,000 a mile, then we might build 700 miles a year for that sum, and in five years could build a railroad therewith from Boston to the farther side of Oregon. For the war money we paid in 42 years, we could have had more than 10,000 miles of railroad, and with dividends at 4 per cent.—a yearly income of \$21,210,000. For military and naval affairs, in eight years, from 1835 to 1843, we paid \$163,336,717. This alone would have made 5,444 miles of railroad, and would produce at 7 per cent. an annual income of \$11,433,578-19.

"The navy yard at Charlestown, with its ordnance, stores, &c., cost \$4,741,000. The cost of the 78 churches in Boston is \$3,246,350; the whole property of Harvard University is \$703,175; the 155 school-houses of Boston are worth \$703,208; in all \$4,652,883. Thus the navy yard at Charlestown has cost \$99,117 more than the 78 churches and the 155 school-houses of Boston, with Harvard College, its halls, libraries, and all its wealth thrown in. Yet what does it teach?

"Now all these sums are to be paid by the people, 'the dear people,' whom our republican demagogues love so well, and for whom they spend their lives, rising early, toiling late, those self-denying heroes, those sainted martyrs of the republic, eating the bread of carefulness for them alone! But how are they to be paid? By a direct tax levied on all the property of the nation, so that the poor man pays according to his little, and the rich man in proportion to his much, each knowing when he pays and what he pays for? No such thing; nothing like it. The people must pay and not know it, must be deceived a little or they would not pay after this fashion! You pay for it in every pound of sugar, copper, coal, in every yard of cloth; and if the counsel of some lovers of the people be followed, you will soon pay for it in each pound of coffee and tea. In this way the rich man always pays relatively less than the poor; often a positively smaller sum. Even here I think that three-fourths of all the property is owned by one-fourth of the people, yet that one-fourth by no means pays a third of the national revenue. The tax is laid on things men cannot do without,—sugar, cloth, and the like. The consumption of

these articles is not in proportion to wealth but persons. Now the poor man, as a general rule, has more children than the rich, and the tax being more in proportion to persons than property, the poor man pays more than the rich. So a tax is really laid on the poor man's children to pay for the war which makes him poor and keeps him poor. I think your captains and colonels, those sons of thunder and heirs of glory, will not tell you so. They tell you so! they know it! Poor brothers, how could they? I think your party newspapers—penny or pound—will not tell you so; nor the demagogues, all covered with glory and all forlorn, who tell the people when to hurrah and for what! But if you cypher the matter out for yourself you will find it so, and not otherwise. Tell the demagogues—whig or democratic—that. It was an old Roman maxim, 'The people wish to be deceived; let them.' Now it is only practiced on; not repeated—in public."

Mr. Parker proceeds to dwell upon the moral evils of war in a manner hardly less forcible than these indisputable figures, and then to speak of the war with Mexico, in such terms as the following.

"We are waging a most iniquitous war—so it seems to me. I know I may be wrong. But I am no partizan, and if I err, it is not wilfully, not rashly. I know the Mexicans are a wretched people—wretched in their origin, history and character. I know but two good things of them as a people—they abolished negro slavery not long ago; they do not covet the lands of their neighbors. True, they have not paid all their debts, but it is scarcely decent in a nation with any repudiating States, to throw the first stone at her for that!

"I know the Mexicans cannot stand before this terrible Anglo-Saxon race, the most formidable and powerful the world ever saw; a race which has never turned back; which, though it number less than forty millions, yet holds the Indies, almost the whole of North America; which rules the commerce of the world; clutches at New Holland, China, New Zealand, Borneo, and seizes island after island in the farthest seas;—the race which invented steam as its awful type. The poor, wretched Mexicans can never stand before us. How they perished in battle! They must melt away as the Indians before the white man. Considering how we acquired Louisiana, Florida, Oregon, I cannot forbear thinking that this people will possess the whole of this continent before many years; perhaps before the century ends. But this may be had fairly; with no injustice to any one; by the steady advance of a superior race, with superior ideas and a better civilization; by commerce, trade, arts, by being better than Mexico, wiser, humaner, more free and manly. Is it not better to acquire it by the school-master than the cannon; by peddling cloth, tin, anything rather than bullets? It may not all belong to this Government—and yet to this race. It would be a gain to mankind if we could spread over that country the Ideas of America—that all men are born free and equal in rights, and establish there political, social, and individual freedom. But to do that we must first make real these ideas at home."

But to pass from this war to a thought

in this last sentence of Mr. Parker's. How are the ideas of political, social and individual freedom to become real here or elsewhere? Has any considerable approach to that been made even in the most enlightened and Christian community? And yet these are questions of some importance, or rather of most pressing and inevitable importance. Those are noble words surely; they stir the hearts of those who hear them and of those who speak; they ought to be made true, but How! Can Mr. Parker or any man who knows that social and individual freedom are things to which God has entitled every human being, answer that question? Nay, are there not many men who believe in those ideas, who speak of them with zeal and sincerity but who never so much as think of the path which leads from the conception to the fact, who have never enquired "What is this freedom whereof we talk, and what are its conditions?" "Social and individual freedom!" Has such freedom any practical meaning to the drudges in the kitchens of our democratic, republican, Christian Americans? Let the reason and conscience of each honest man press that question home; we will not enlarge upon it.

And war too; that is an infernal evil as Mr. Parker has shown, but will those who condemn war overlook the war which never ceases to go on in their own streets, to which they themselves may be parties, and of which their own neighbors are the victims? Shall we cry out with indignation at a war with Mexico but hold our peace over the warfare of Competitive Labor? Alas! Hardly any eloquent clergyman has wakened the hearts of men to that; hardly any either has seen the fact that the war with Mexico is only one branch of an all-embracing system of wrong, and that the principles that condemn one evil condemn the whole, and, much more than all, the system from which they spring. Logic has one sure road, but it cuts off many places, many comfortable abodes, and needs strong eyes and unflinching steps to follow it. "The energies of the mass of mankind" says a modern writer, "are expended in examining the interior relations of the systems within which they are born and in perfecting their parts." But this cannot long be the reproach of philanthropists and reformers in these times; at least we trust so.

With another word we leave the subject for the present. What is the first, the indispensable condition of social and individual freedom? We answer "Attractive Industry;" without this there is no freedom. Have our friends ever thought of that? If they have not we commend it to their reflection. It is an idea not easy to be exhausted.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St. Boston, has published:

1. *Tarantelle*, for the Piano Forte, by F. CHOPIN. pp. 9.
2. *Beauties of Rossini's Opera "Semiramide,"* arranged for the Piano Forte, by WILLIAM H. CALLCOTT. Numbers I, II, III. pp. 45.
3. *One Hundred and One Preparatory Lessons &c. &c.* for the Piano. By CHARLES CZERNY. To be completed in Three Books. No. 1. pp. 17.
4. *Le Pianiste Moderne. The Temperaments, or Seven Characteristic Pieces* for the Piano Forte, by FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY. pp. 21.
5. *The Death of Osceola, a Song* by J. PHILIP KNIGHT. pp. 5.
6. *Son Vergin Vezzosa, ("Arrayed for the Bridal,")* Polacca from *I Puritani*, by BELLINI. pp. 9.

Many times may you turn over the fresh piles of attractive-looking sheets upon a music-seller's counter, before singling out so much solid metal as we find here. For the most part these "new issues" are like spurious coin; they shine well to the eye, but do not ring well to the ear. As engravings they are very well; as music they are certainly popular with boarding-school misses and young gentlemen whose souls are in an engine company or a military parade. Both classes, we suppose, must be supported, especially if the dealer would make money.

"Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa."

Let them alone, we say, for "here is more attractive metal." Here is a goodly list of names; two among the greatest, Mendelssohn and Chopin; and then Rossini, who shall always have his due from us, if his sphere be not so lofty, nor the sources of his melody so deep; gentle Bellini, in a song of modest virgin playfulness; laborious Czerny with another hundred exercises for the thousands and tens of thousands, and myriads of—*fingers*, whereof he has so long been generalissimo; and J. P. Knight, not wholly lost to fame, so long as a rare musical organization can give back what his over-generous propensities are reported to have stolen from society. Alas! the moral dangers of genius placed in a false position by a selfish, utilitarian society,—unless that genius be something more than a thing of temperament, something akin to the godlike in great patient strength and balance! But to our review.

1. The first is by Chopin, the most delicate and finely organized of the new pianists; who shuns great companies and craves selectest audience to make a sphere still and deep enough for his most spiritual communings with his instrument; feeble and small in frame, and tremulous

as a leaf to every influence, and therefore greater as a composer and true priest to nature; Chopin, the generous and inspired young Pole, the worshipper of freedom, as well as of the law of beauty; the friend of Madame George Sand; whose music floats around you and subdues your senses like clouds of incense, a mingling of most exquisite aromas. Of course there are parties on the question of his merit, as there are about every one who is uniformly peculiar. With many, (and his great brother artist, Liszt, is among the number), he enjoys a truly aristocratic fame; he is only called forth when something rare and absolutely genuine is demanded. Others object to the sameness of his style. We should as soon charge the odor of the heliotrope or mignonette, or wild grape's blossom with sameness. The amount of it is, he is always himself and "nothing else," as the saying is. He has, no doubt, his special sphere assigned him; but within that his range is limitless. For our own part, we never weary of the dreamy, ever-shifting reveries into which he can so easily put us; although their spirit, their individuality is one, yet there is no tame repetition, no lifeless manufacture of mere forms of beauty, no ringing of changes on a theme worn out, no want of life and quick suggestion ever. His innumerable Mazourkas and Nottunes are, as Liszt well says, like sonnets, each expressing the very inmost essence and pure aroma of some emotion worth embalming. Music of such dainty delicacy, which knows only the heart's most precious times, which is all compounded of the ripest juices of the fruit, the finest fragrance of the flower, the most perfected bloom upon the cheek of beauty, and which seems of all things to love retirement, and prefer sad moonlight and deep bowers to the broad light of day,—such music is in danger, it is true, of becoming sickly by its very refinement. Some already note this in Chopin; but to us his gentleness seems no weakness, his sadness is most sweet to the soul. A feminine spirit his is and pleasant as a woman's spiritual smile.

The *Tarantelle* is a sort of musical conceit, quite common with the new composers, suggested by the delirious dance of persons bitten by the *Tarantula*. It must be most exquisite and enviable agony, judging from the music without the bite. It is a rapid movement in 6-8 measure, as we believe most or all the compositions of this name are. Key A flat, but modulating perpetually by almost insensible chromatic changes, as is the way with Chopin always, who seems groping after the intervals of a more finely graduated scale. Wild, delirious, intense as it is, continually starting off with a new access

of fever, and growing louder and more rapid, yet there is something sweet and gentle in its mood; delicious torture, of thoughts most beautiful in themselves, but unescapable and uncontrollable. The nervous impatience of this state is better represented by the violin, as we had opportunity to witness in Ole Bull's treatment of the same subject. For the rest, the piece is not extremely difficult of execution when one is once familiar with its passages, and begins to feel the spirit of it; though it is no plaything for beginners.

2. Here is something more like recreation. Brilliant, beautiful, and even deep, for Rossini, are many of these melodies. Indeed the *Semiramis* is a master-piece of opera. It belongs to Rossini's later style, when his genius had become impregnated somewhat with the atmosphere of Germany. Here, in these three numbers, are the principal themes, faithfully arranged for the young pianist, and affording a very graceful recreation to any one, however versed in Symphony or Fugue. Rossini's is the music of the senses; the sparkle on the top of life; healthy, vigorous, and forever bright. He is decidedly the master spirit of all who belong to the school of *effect*, the least overstrained, most purely natural, and most inexhaustible in resources, of those who conquer applause by their brilliancy. His music is the main stay of all the virtuosos. These pieces will be popular.

3. Of Czerny's exercises nothing need be said, except to state that this particular set is designed for pupils in a very early stage of piano forte playing, and besides being carefully fingered, is accompanied by minute rules of fingering certain kinds of passages.

4. Here is no trifling, but the strong hand-grasp of a true priest of art, offered to those who seek to pass beyond the threshold of that sacred temple. Mendelssohn stands preëminently the Master now. What he writes is not for mere effect, not to bestow an idle moment's gratification. Neither are his works the dry result of science. Study and science in him have only served to exalt the throne of true feeling and poesy. What is there in all modern music more expressive than his "Songs without Words," for the piano! What more religiously grand than his oratorio of "St. Paul!" But in him, feeling and imagination are tempered and refined by the profoundest study of the principles of his art, and of the noblest forms of composition. Especially does he delight in the Fugue. More or less of this runs through these Seven Studies called the "Temperaments." They are not exceedingly difficult; but their style is well worth years of study; practice them, and, however

dull at first, the beauty will grow upon you, like that of an old picture, never to be exhausted. Four only of the seven are given in this set; we trust the rest will follow; and that they will do, doubtless, if these first ones sell.

5. This is in the usual style of Mr. Knight's songs, which we think is considerably better than that of Russell or Dempster. There is a good deal of originality and variety in the several movements of this song, which are all in good keeping with the subject, the first reminding us somewhat of Kalliwoda's "Grave-digger."

6. *Son vergin vezzosa* requires a flexible and brilliant voice, with a freshness and purity of feeling, too, which is even more rare. But its popularity will make many try it. Both Italian and English words are given; only in the original it is the *vergin vezzosa* herself who sings her emotions as she stands there arrayed for the bridal; while in the English it is a description of her by another person. The sentiment, we apprehend, must be different in the two cases; as different as the flutter of a maiden heart, all love, all joy, just passing into womanhood, from a spectator's admiration of that maiden's beauty; and these two sentiments would prompt two different melodies. The song is quaint and arch and innocent and loving, with more of brightness than is common with Bellini. Those who heard Caradori sing it, during her visit to this country, must love it also for her sake.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JULY 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.

### OBJECTIONS TO ASSOCIATION.—NO. I.

The Oberlin Review for November, 1845, has just been sent to us, with a request that we should reply to its statement of objections to the SYSTEM OF ASSOCIATION. This we will cheerfully do, although the article has been so long in reaching us, that it must, we fear, have lost its freshness in its reader's minds. And we take this occasion to repeat, that we shall be most happy to receive all notices of Association, whether from opponents or from friends, and shall treat with like respect candid criticism and hearty approval. We welcome criticism indeed, and of the strictest kind; for the sublime doctrine, of which we have the honor and privilege to be the advocates, is of such immediate interest

and solemn import to existing society, that we rejoice in every opportunity of attracting the attention of the wise and worthy to its claims. If it is false, in God's name, in the name of Humanity, let its delusive promises be exposed; if errors are intermingled with its truths, let the tares be weeded from the wheat; but if the cause of Universal Unity is as we believe, Providential, Divine and full of hope for Humanity, then let its glad tidings be broadly proclaimed. To friends and opponents alike we say, "Take heed how ye hear;" and again we say, be not—in relation—to so monstrous a heresy, or so holy a reform, as this of Association—*lukewarm*. Indifference in regard to it is intolerable; but the most searching scrutiny of its principles and tendencies is right.

In relation to the article now under consideration,—while we cordially admit that the writer manifests a desire to be candid,—we cannot but express regret, that he had not made himself more thoroughly acquainted with his subject; for with all courtesy it must be said, that his treatment of it is quite too superficial. A system like Association,—so comprehensive and profound, so precise in its central principles, so exact in its minute applications, originating from perfect faith in Divine Laws of Order, and proposing as its end the Universal Reform of all human relations and interests,—deserves a criticism most keen in its analysis, and far-reaching in its scope. But the Oberlin article contains no suggestions, which can claim to be of a higher character than the pre-judgments of individual sagacity. Still, these objections are worthy of respectful consideration. They are thus briefly summed up.

"If the views presented are in general correct we shall have in association a vast amount of unproductive labor, because in every complicated laboring establishment there must be many managers and superintendants. The productive labor will be comparatively inefficient, because it will be secured by day wages, without the incentives of individual interest and responsibility. Labor will be converted into drudgery; for in the effort to render it attractive, the only real attractions are removed.

Family relations will be endangered, if not annihilated; for members of the same family will be little more intimately associated than members of different families; and to believe that the social feelings can be so generalized that three hundred families shall be blended into one in sympathy and affection and mutual influence, requires Fourier's faith in humanity—a faith of which ignorance is the mother.

"The situation will be unfavorable to the development of individual mind, because personal responsibility will be removed, and a rigid despotism which extends to all the interests of life will take the place of freedom."

"The interests of religion will be sustained with difficulty for want of union;

or if union exist it will oftener be a union in error than in truth ; and an association built upon error will perpetuate error while it exists."

"The prospect of general union and all that is agreeable in social life is dark amid the conflicting interests of selfishness and conscientiousness, of pay-days and labor days, of extravagance and retrenchment, of expenditure and investment, and the ten thousand notions and feelings that exist among the best eighteen hundred that the world can furnish."

These objections, it will be seen, arrange themselves under the five heads of Labor, Family Relations, Government, Religion, Union, which we will consider in order.

#### I. Labor.

1. The objector thinks, that there will be "a vast amount of unproductive labor" in Association, because so many persons will be occupied for so long a time, in determining what is to be done and in giving orders. In small, fragmentary, ill-arranged attempts at combination, undoubtedly such an evil might exist. Incoherence and empty discussion always and every where fritter away the energies and hours of injudicious and undecided persons. Most obviously, however, this is no *more* true of Association, than it is of all modes of coöperation. All badly arranged schemes necessarily distract the minds of those engaged in them. But we say further, that it is not nearly so true of even hasty attempts at Association, as it is of most social enterprises, because idle debate is at once seen to be too expensive a luxury for those united in an undertaking whose whole spirit and aim are practical. *Order or Ruin* is their alternative ; and the moment order is produced, the waste of time and thought is ended.

Does the objector see how far his suggestion reaches ! If founded in truth, it would tend to destroy all united efforts, and to throw man back upon the individualism of the savage state. But it is not founded in truth. Universal experience is every where proving, on the contrary, that just in proportion to the completeness of social enterprises, is the economy of time, thought, feeling, energy. Take the post-office, the broker's exchange, the newspaper establishment, the factory, the railroad, as obvious illustrations. More and more, the soundest business judgment of the age is turning into this direction of concentrated effort. Now Association is a universal application of this principle of Order, — in its most strict and perfect form, — to every branch of productive industry. And one of the most conclusive arguments, in favor of the system is the economy of head-work and will-work insured by its systematic arrangements. Association tolerates no confusion, loose ends, perplexity,

but demands the promptness, precision, exact order of an army ; while at the same time, it substitutes for the sternness of military discipline, the joyous freedom of harmony. This objection then is utterly out of place. Association must produce the most beautiful economy in just the particulars, in which the writer foresees waste. Some brawling caucus, some noisy club was in his fancy, and not an organized Association, with all departments duly arranged, and coördinate groups of industry discharging their several functions, like members of a living body.

But though we have thus completely answered the objection, by showing, that Association provides for the exactest method and most efficient action in all branches of industry, and ensures a rapidity, ease, and completeness in all social operations as much superior to existing isolated modes of employment, as the machinery of a factory is to a distaff and handloom, or as a railroad is to a wheelbarrow, — we have yet purposely held in reserve the chief arguments in favor of the superior economies of Associated Labor. "Unproductive labor !" Indeed ! Is our critic indulging a facetious humor and speaking ironically ! Does he not know, that the charge of unproductiveness which Associationists bring against existing society is confessedly unanswerable ! The most hasty observation shows, that as affairs are at present conducted in all civilized countries, the productive classes pay an enormous and perpetually renewed tax for the support of hosts of idlers, spendthrifts, destroyers. To such a degree is this the case indeed, that it seems wonderful, how with so many unproductives as civilization tolerates and breeds, the world has been saved from sinking into universal pauperism. Standing armies, smugglers, robbers, prostitutes, beggars, dramsellers, gamblers, constables, jailers, almshouse keepers, juries, lawyers, — custom house officers, weighers, guagers, uselessly numerous, — financiers, bankers, large holders of land and real estate, wholesale and retail dealers, with their clerks, runners, porters, at least ten times as many as there should be, — politicians, demagogues, sophists, sectarists, partisans of many grades, — and finally, whole classes of rich and fashionable drones, now live upon the profits of the laborers in all communities. And yet Association is to multiply these non-producers ! Let us see how.

Association will disband armies, close up the sinks of vice, leave prisons tenantless, disperse policemen and litigants, contrabandists and trade protectors, reduce in tenfold ratio the number of intermediates between producers and consu-

mers, who now by all manner of shifts wring out from both classes maintenance and riches, banish office seekers, sinecurists, quacks, and loafers of all varieties, make idleness disgraceful, and in a word, set free, and prompt all these now useless or noxious persons to increase the common wealth by actual productive labor. In Association, honors will be given only in just recompense for substantial benefits ; the great men there will be those who are most the ministers to their fellows ; and unproductive persons will be no more tolerated than rust, moths, weevil and vermin.

Many other considerations at once critical and positive, might be also offered to show yet further, that Association must ensure immense economies of time, talent and energy, two only of which can now be briefly mentioned. First, it will diminish incalculably the number of those actually needed in really useful employments, such as domestic labors, transportation, storage, and so forth, by introducing concentration and large operations in place of scattered and petty ones. Secondly, it will substitute convergence for divergence of interests, and coöperation for conflict. In the present state of business competition, one half the world, class by class, and person by person, is occupied in thwarting, misleading, cheating, injuring the other half ; and thus human energies are not only rendered unproductive but absolutely mischievous. But in room of these perversions, Association will introduce universally, the desire, opportunity and habit of mutual assistance. Such obvious and conclusive arguments need only to be hinted. And we cannot but think that even our objector will by this time be ready to exile his charge of "unproductive labor in Association" to the limbo of forgotten prejudices.

2. But the Oberlin reviewer thinks, that even such productive labor as there is in Association, will be "comparatively inefficient, because the incentives to it will be weakened." This deserves consideration. The question is, then, will motives to usefulness be increased or diminished, lessened or multiplied in Association ?

The reviewer's notion is, — that as a minimum of support is secured for all, — no one will be goaded to constant exertion, as now, by *anxiety* for himself and for his dependants ; and again, that as the *personal* sense of loss or gain by changes in the condition of general affairs will be slight, all will become careless and negligent. We state his view briefly, but in its full strength we believe.

Now it is quite evident, that the writer, in making this objection, must have been thinking of a Community, where

property is held in common, rather than of an Association, where each member is a property holder; and it would be easy also to show, that he has fallen into very glaring contradictions in his mode of stating his opinions; but we prefer to leave all minute criticism, and to come directly to the central question, as to the *number* and *quality* of motives to labor in Association.

Our objector sees that the dread of want is one omnipresent incentive to exertion now, and thence infers, that if this is removed indolence will ensue. So the slaveholder reasons, in saying, the lash is the right impulse to the negro, and if you give up overseers, the cotton field will not be hoed, nor the sugar cane pressed in due season. Doubtless, it is to a limited extent true, that men, who have been accustomed to one system of labor, always and every where need time and right influences to change their *habits*, when they pass under another system; and therefore we will grant, that an operative who has been dogged by the frown and stern command of the driving "Boss," may somewhat relax his efforts when he is first thrown upon his own responsibility; and further, that the man who has been whipped up to his daily treadmill of exhausting toil by Fear, may be inclined to sport like a boy, or to stretch himself in ease, when Hope has opened his prison door and set him free.

But after having thus made the most extreme admission which candor demands, we turn to our objector and ask him, first, whether he does not see that mere animal necessity is only *one* and that the *lowest* of incentives which prompt men to work in existing society; and secondly, whether all history does not prove, that this form of necessity alone has never been a sufficient motive to raise man above the condition of the brute? Why does the savage remain a savage? Because he is content with the bare satisfaction of his lowest animal desires. His chance supplies provide for his chance needs; and men, actuated merely by a regard for their common and coarse appetites, always tend downward to the savage state. It is by inventions and discoveries, which produce abundance, refine tastes, and thus create new and higher wants, that man ascends in the scale of being. The luxuries of one age become the necessities of the next; and a person's motives to labor are just in proportion to the elevation, delicacy, elegance of his habits. Does our objector foresee then our answer to his statement, that "incentives to labor are weakened in Association;" can he evade its force? This answer is, that even the incentive of the lowest kind, which he refers to, is indefinitely augmented and not lessened

in Association, because the whole system is exactly calculated to refine the tastes, and thus increase the wants of all. A poor, laboring man in present society, who is forced to shelter himself and family in a garret, to wear the coarsest clothes, ragged and patched, and to feed on sour bread, stale vegetables, and half putrid meat, is stimulated in the most awful degree by necessity; but the torpor of despair, growing insensibility, hard usage gradually deteriorate his and his children's tastes, until,—if pauperism is prolonged in an intense form,—they become more brutalized than the rudest Esquimaux or Hottentot. Would that this was a dream, and not a vision of reality. But this horrible fate is not an uncommon one even now, throughout Christendom; alas! it will become the common one for whole classes within a generation, unless a radical reform reorganizes, root and branch, our present order of society. Now, in contrast with this hideous perversion of humanity which exists and is increasing all around us, what will be the result of the system of Association? With domains, unitary dwellings, tables, baths, halls, libraries, gardens, &c., all beautiful, rich and bright with means of refining enjoyment, thrown open to all, is it not perfectly apparent that the inevitable tendency must be to unfold a universal taste for elegance, which will present ever fresh motives to unflagging exertion? There is actually no conceivable limit to the growing power of such motives; for success and indulgence will only give them intensity. Even now we see that the love of using wealth becomes an insatiable passion in the few. What will it be, when general gratification develops it in all the members of society!

We should not be surprised now, if the objector should turn entirely about, and in place of his notion of the feebleness of the incentive of necessity, should charge Association with producing an extravagant thirst for wealth. We candidly think, he would be wise in thus changing his position. This is a much more common, and for that matter a much better grounded complaint against the system of United Interests, than the one we have been considering, which we must regard as utterly futile. In truth, there would be really danger from the eager energies and luxurious tastes engendered by Association, if this lowest incentive were not so beautifully balanced, purified and exalted by the numerous other motives which are also brought into play. And here in passing, we may see one of the great advantages of Association, that,—whereas, the passion for wealth in existing society tends to degrade and narrow the heart and mind by the selfish cares, emotions and anxieties

interwoven with the whole process of its acquisition and expenditure, and so by reaction becomes an overflowing source of strife, malice and jealousy,—in truly organized society on the contrary, this same passion will produce a constant expansion of affection and judgment, by the pervading power of the generous and magnanimous emotions with which its exercise will be accompanied. But this will more clearly appear, as we pass in review the other incentives to labor afforded by Association.

We are prepared now, to consider the statement of the objector, that "the great inducement to labor in Association must be the *day wages*, and when we consider that the *interest in property* will be almost entirely wanting, we are not far from the conclusion, that labor will be far less efficient than it is at present." "*Day wages*" and "*interest in property*!" what does our critic mean by these phrases? what latent signification was in his mind? Do men even now in existing society, value "*wages*," that is, the wealth they earn, for no other end than the selfish gratification of their own and their families' most common desires? Do minds, the most cramped under the pressure of the mercenary motives now every where ruling, take "*interest in property*" only because it supplies the means of their own and their families' ostentation and worldly pride? The most bitter cynic could not seriously make such a sweeping charge. Generous hopes and noble purposes intermingle amid the ambitious dreams of the most hardened worshippers of Mammon even now,—thoughts of dignities and privileges bountifully used, of hospitalities freely exercised, of high toned, cultivated, intelligent assemblages gathered to share and heighten their pleasures, of libraries and galleries of art and musical concerts quickening and sweetening not only their spirits, but those of wide circles of friends,—and yet more, thoughts of hidden private charities, of delicate kindnesses to the humble and unassuming, of surprises by gifts to the less privileged, of aid to the aspiring, of encouragement lent to virtue and talent—and finally, thoughts of public munificence, of liberal endowments, and works of permanent worth to society at large and to future times. Is not this so, even in our present communities, based as they are on the principle of self-interest? And now will our objector tell us what one of these considerations, which already give value to wealth, will not gain new strength in Association? Remove the yoke of iron care, which keeps man's heart as prone to the narrow road of his own drudging duties, as the eyes of draught cattle are to the dust of the highway, and with what buoyant affec-

tion will he rise to take in at one glance the interests of each being within the horizon of Humanity, and the debt of gratitude to all embracing Heaven.

It may require an effort of mind to conceive adequately of the manly, hopeful, benignant, courteous, gentle spirit, which will form the common atmosphere of Societies organized in Unity of Interests; but still it must be evident, that just in the degree in which the Law of Love is the pervading principle of a township, a nation, the race, — and the end of Association is to make this law universally and perfectly Sovereign, — will meanness, apathy, sloth, indifference vanish, like night before the sun or frosts beneath spring breezes. "Interest in property!" Why, we cannot, in the very nature of things, even begin to feel the true interest in ample means, — owned by ourselves, and trusted to our responsibility, — till we become members of a society, whose principle and practice are mutual benefaction. God rejoices that the universe is his own, and his "interest in his property" is infinite; but the whole series of his creations are ever new and inexhaustible gifts, — his whole action is endless distribution of his own joy, — and the very bounty of all his bounties is the bestowment of his essential spirit of Perfect Love.

**NOTE.** We had intended to finish this first head *Labor*, in the present article, but time and space forbid. We shall resume the subject in our next number, and continue on until each class of objection is removed.

### THE CAMPAIGN BEGUN!

**LECTURES IN LOWELL AND WORCESTER.** On Sunday evening, June 29th, Mr DANA addressed the citizens of Lowell by request, on the subject of a New Social Order. The fundamental principles of Association were taken up and discussed in order, and contrasted with the corresponding features of society as it is now organized or rather conglomerated. The tenure of property, the organization of labor, the distribution of wealth, the arrangements of the household, the true ground of social honors, the principle of Mutual Insurance, the Right to Education, were all explained to an intelligent and interested audience. After Mr. DANA had concluded, Mr. BRISBANE who was present, took the stand and spoke in an eloquent and impressive manner, on the necessity of an Organization of Labor by the People for the benefit of the People, instead of leaving it to be done by capitalists and speculators for their own benefit, oppressing and wronging the operatives, and heaping up wealth out of the fruit of their toil. Mr. BRISBANE'S remarks were received by the audience with applause. No unprejudiced man who

heard them could resist the conviction that the Idea of America, the Idea of Liberty, must now be carried into Industry; that as our forefathers threw off the old political establishment and achieved Political Freedom, it is for Americans at this day, to carry the same work into another sphere, and to achieve Industrial Freedom for themselves and their posterity.

At Worcester Messrs. CHANNING, BRISBANE and DANA held meetings on Wednesday and Thursday evening of last week. They were attended by many of the first citizens of that thriving town, who listened with profound interest to the exposition of the evils inherent in the structure of society, of the absolute need of basing all human relations upon Universal Justice, thus rendering the Christian Law of Love the ruling law of society, and of the Destiny which God has provided here on earth for this Race of His children. We have not space to attempt any minute report of the speeches of these gentlemen. Enough to say, they were full of an earnest faith, and an enthusiasm in the Cause of Humanity of which hardly a hearer but carried away its glow in his soul. The great work of Apostleship could not have had a more auspicious beginning. The Sowers are in the field; the Heavens bless their labors; the Truth will have its increase, and rejoicing multitudes will bear home the harvest.

We must not forget to add that "Affiliated Societies" will be immediately formed in Lowell and Worcester.

**TO OUR EXCHANGES.** We suffer some inconvenience occasionally from our exchange papers being directed to *Roxbury*. Our address is Brook Farm West Roxbury. Our friends will oblige us by attending to this matter.

**ANTWERP** on January 1st, 1846, contained 82,512 inhabitants; thirty years ago it contained but 55,000.

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### MISCELLANY.

#### THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT.\*

SEQUEL TO

CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

III.

There was a moment's silence, during which the midnight hour slowly struck. † Usually, Voltaire had the art of changing the topic of conversation when a cloud passed over the brow of his dear Trajan, and of effacing the uneasy expression which displayed itself upon the faces of the other guests. But that evening, Voltaire, sad and suffering, experienced the dull attacks of that Prussian spiciness, which quickly seized upon all those happy mortals who had been called to contemplate Frederick in his glory. It was on this very morning that La Mettrie had repeated to him that fatal saying of Frederick's, which caused a real aversion to succeed the feigned friendship of those two great men, ‡ so that he did not say a word. "Faith," thought he, "he may throw away the peel of La Mettrie when he pleases; let him be angry, let him suffer, so that this supper come to an end. I have the colic, and all his compliments will not prevent my feeling it."

Frederick was therefore obliged to exert himself, and resumed his philosophical serenity without assistance.

"Since we are upon the chapter of Cagliostro," said he, "and the hour for ghost stories has just struck, I will tell you mine, and you shall judge how much is to be believed of the science of these sorcerers. My story is a true one, and I

had it from the person to whom the adventure happened last summer. The incident which occurred this evening at the theatre brings it to my recollection, and is perhaps connected with what I am about to relate."

"Will the story be one to terrify us?" asked La Mettrie.

"Perhaps," replied the king.

"In that case," resumed he, "I will shut the door behind me, I can't bear an open door when anything is said of ghosts and prodigies."

La Mettrie closed the door, and the king spoke thus; "Cagliostro, as you know, had the art of showing to the credulous, pictures, or rather magic mirrors, upon which he made absent persons appear. He pretended to display them at the very moment, and thus to reveal the occupations and most secret actions of their lives. Jealous women went to him to discover the infidelities of their husbands or their lovers; there were even some lovers and husbands who received strange revelations respecting the conduct of certain ladies; and the magic mirror disclosed, they say, several mysteries of iniquity. However this may be, the Italian singers of the opera united one evening and offered him a pretty supper, with good music, on condition that he would show them some tricks of his art. He accepted and named a day to Porporina, when he would exhibit to them paradise at their option. The Barberini family were also of the party. Mademoiselle Jeanne Barberini asked to see the late doge of Venice; and as M. Cagliostro very readily resuscitates the dead, she saw him, was greatly terrified, and rushed quite dismayed out of the black cabinet in which the sorcerer had placed her face to face with the ghost. I very much suspect the Barberini, who is somewhat of a scoffer, as Voltaire says, of having pretended terror, in order to laugh at our Italian actors, who, as a rule, are not brave, and who immediately refused to submit to the same trial. Mademoiselle Porporina, with that quiet air which you

know she has, told M. Cagliostro that she would believe in his science, if he would show her a person of whom she was then thinking at that moment, and that there was no need of her naming him, since he, Cagliostro, was a sorcerer, and ought to be able to read in her mind as in a book. 'What you ask is a serious matter,' replied Cagliostro, 'and yet I think I can satisfy you, if you swear to me by all that is most solemn and most terrible, not to address a word to the person I shall show to you, and not to make the smallest movement, the least gesture, during the apparition.' The Porporina bound herself by an oath, and entered the black cabinet with great resolution. It is needless to remind you gentlemen, that this young person is one of the firmest and most correct that can be imagined: she is learned, reasons justly upon all things, and I have reasons for believing that she is not accessible to any false or narrow idea. She remained in the apparition chamber long enough to astonish her comrades and to make them anxious. Still everything passed in the most profound silence. When she came out, she was very pale, and tears were flowing, they say, from her eyes. But she immediately said to her comrades: 'My friends, if M. Cagliostro is a sorcerer, he is a lying one, do not believe anything he may show you.' She would not explain herself any further. But Conciolini, at one of my concerts a few days afterwards, having told me of this wonderful evening, I determined to question the Porporina, which I did not fail to do the first time she came to sing at Sans-Souci. I had some difficulty in making her speak. This is what she finally related to me:

"M. Cagliostro doubtless possesses extraordinary means of producing apparitions so like the reality, that it is impossible for the calmest minds not to be moved. Still he is no sorcerer, and his pretence of reading my thought, had no other foundation than the knowledge he must assuredly have of some particulars in my life: it is only an incomplete

\* 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.

† The opera began and ended earlier than in our days. Frederick sat down to supper at ten o'clock.

‡ "I keep him because I have need of him. In a year I shall not want him any longer, and will get rid of him; I squeeze the orange, and then throw away the peel." It is well known that this sentence was a bitter pill to Voltaire's pride.



knowledge, and I would not advise you sire,' (it is always the Porporina who speaks" observed the king,) "'to take him for your minister of police, for he would make serious mistakes. Thus, when I asked him to show me the absent person whom I desired to see, I thought of master Porpora, my music master, who is now at Vienna; and in place of him, I saw appear in the magic chamber a very dear friend whom I lost last year.'"

"Zounds!" said d'Argens, "that is being much more of a sorcerer than to make her see a living man!"

"Wait, gentlemen. Cagliostro, badly informed, did not imagine that the person he showed her was dead; for when the phantom had disappeared, he asked mademoiselle Porporina if she was satisfied with what she had learned. 'In the first place, sir,' replied she, 'I should wish to understand it. Please explain it to me.' 'That surpasses my power,' replied he; 'let it be enough for you to know that your friend is tranquil and usefully employed.' On which the signora resumed: 'Alas! sir, you have done me a great harm without knowing it! you have shown me a person whom I thought never to see again, and you now show him to me as living, when I myself closed his eyes six months ago.' See, gentlemen," continued Frederick, "how these sorcerers deceive themselves in wishing to deceive others, and how their plots are baffled by the absence of some link in their secret police: They penetrate into the mysteries of families and those of private affections, up to a certain point. As the histories of all persons in this world resemble each other more or less, and people inclined to the marvellous do not examine very closely, they hit the mark twenty times in thirty; but ten times in thirty they miss, and no attention is paid to these, while a great noise is made about those trials which have succeeded. It is just the same as in horoscopes, in which they foretell to you a stupid series of events which must necessarily happen to every body, such as journeys, illness, the loss of a friend or a relation, an inheritance, a meeting, an interesting letter, and other common-places of human life. But see now to what catastrophes and what domestic troubles the false revelations of a Cagliostro expose weak and passionate organizations. A husband trusts to them and kills his innocent wife, a mother becomes crazed with sorrow at seeing her absent son expire; and a thousand other disasters which have been occasioned by the pretended divining science of the magicians! This is infamous, and you must allow that I was right in driving from my dominions this M. Cagliostro, who guesses so truly,

and gives such good news of persons that are dead and buried."

"All this is very fine and good," said La Mettrie, "but it does not explain to me how *your majesty's Porporina* saw that dead man alive. For, in fine, if she is gifted with firmness and reason, as *your majesty* affirms, that is against *your majesty's* argument. The sorcerer was mistaken, it is true, in drawing from his store a dead man instead of the live one he was asked for, but it is none the less certain that he disposes of death and of life, and, in that respect, he knows more than *your majesty*, who, if it please *your majesty*, has had many killed in battle, and has never been able to resuscitate a single one."

"So we will believe in the devil, my dear *subject*," said the king, laughing at the comic glances which La Mettrie cast at Quintus Icilius, every time he pronounced the title of majesty with emphasis.

"Why should we not believe in that poor gossip Satan, who is so much calumniated, and has so much wit?" retorted La Mettrie.

"To the stake with the Manichean!" said Voltaire, bringing a candle close to the young physician's wig.

"In fine, sublime Fritz," resumed the latter, "I have presented an embarrassing argument; either the charming Porporina is foolish and credulous, and saw her defunct; or she is a philosopher, and saw nothing. Still she was terrified, as she allows."

"She was not terrified," said the king, "she was grieved, as you would be at the sight of a portrait which exactly recalled to your memory a beloved person whom you are very sure you will never see again. But if I must tell you all; I rather think she was terrified afterwards, and that her moral power did not issue from this trial in as healthy a state as when she entered upon it. Since that time she has been subject to attacks of deep melancholy, which are always a proof of weakness or of disorder in our faculties. I am sure that her mind was affected, though she denies it. No one can play with falsehood with impunity. The kind of attack she had this evening, is, in my opinion, a consequence of all that; and I would bet that there is, in her troubled brain, some fear of the magic power attributed to M. de Saint-Germain. I have been told that she has done nothing but weep since she returned to her apartments."

"Ah! that you will permit me not to believe, dear majesty," said La Mettrie. "You have been to see her, therefore she weeps no longer."

"You are very curious, Panurge, to know the object of my visit! And you

also, d'Argens, who say nothing about it, and appear to think as little? And you also, perhaps, dear Voltaire, who also say not a word, and think of it none the less certainly!"

"How should we not be curious about every thing that Frederick the Great sees fit to do," replied Voltaire, who made an attempt at complaisance on seeing the king prepared to speak; "perhaps some men have no right to hide any thing, when the least of their words is a precept, and the smallest of their actions an example."

"My dear friend, you wish to make me proud,—who would not be so at being praised by Voltaire! That is no sign you did not laugh at me during the quarter of an hour I was absent. Well! during that quarter of an hour, still, you cannot imagine that I had time to go as far as the opera house, in which the Porporina dwells, recite a long madrigal to her, and come back on foot, for I was on foot."

"Bah! sire, the opera house is quite near," said Voltaire, "and you do not require more time than that to gain a battle."

"You are mistaken, a great deal more time is required," replied the king quite coldly; "ask Quintus Icilius. As to the marquis who is so well acquainted with the virtue of opera girls, he will tell you that it requires more than a quarter of an hour to subdue them."

"Ah ha! sire, that depends."

"Yes, that depends: but I hope for your sake, that mademoiselle Cochois gave you more trouble. The fact is, gentlemen, that I have not seen mademoiselle Porporina this night, and that I have only been to speak to her servant, and ask how she was."

"You, sire?" cried La Mettrie.

"I wished to carry to her with my own hands a flask of medicine, from which I suddenly recollected that I had experienced very salutary effects, when I was subject to spasms of the stomach which sometimes took away my senses. Well, you say nothing. You are all astounded! You feel inclined to praise my paternal and royal goodness and dare not, because at the bottom of your hearts, you consider me perfectly ridiculous?"

"By my faith, sire, if you are in love like a simple mortal, I do not consider it ridiculous," said La Mettrie, "and do not find in it occasion either for praise or for laughter."

"Well, my good Panurge, I am not the least in love, since I must speak clearly. I am a simple mortal; it is true, but I have not the honor to be king of France, and the gallant manners which are appropriate in a great monarch like Louis XV, would be sadly out of place in

a little marquis of Brandenburg like me. I have other fish to fry, and have not time to rest in Cytherean bowers."

"In that case, I cannot understand your solicitude for this little opera singer," said La Mettrie, "and unless it be the consequence of some musical mania, I will give up guessing."

"That being so, know, my friends, that I am not the Porporina's lover, nor am I in love with her, but that I am much attached to her, because, under circumstances too long to tell you now, she saved my life without knowing me. The adventure was a strange one, and some other time I will relate it to you. This evening it is too late, and M. de Voltaire is going to sleep. It is enough for you to know that if I am here, and not in hell, whither the devotees would send me, I owe it to this girl. You can now understand, that knowing her to be dangerously indisposed, I could go and see if she were not dead, and carry her a flask of Stahl's, without, on that account, wishing to pass in your eyes for a Richelieu or a Lauzun. Now, gentlemen, I wish you good evening. It is now ten hours that I have not taken off my boots, and I must put them on again in six. I pray God that he will keep you in his holy and worthy care, as at the bottom of a letter." . .

At the moment when midnight struck from the great palace clock, the young and worldly abbess of Quedlimburg had betaken herself to her bed of rose colored satin, when her first lady of the bed-chamber, as she placed her slippers upon the ermine carpet, started and uttered a cry. Some one had knocked at the door of the princess's sleeping chamber.

"Well, are you crazy," said the beautiful Amelia, opening her curtain: "why do you start and sigh in that manner?"

"Did not your royal highness hear a knock?"

"Has some one knocked? Then go and see who it is."

"Ah! madam! what living being would dare to knock at your highness's door, when it is known that you are in bed."

"No living person would dare, say you? In that case, it is a dead one. At any rate, go and open. There, they knock again; go at once, you make me lose my patience."

The lady of the bed-chamber, more dead than alive, dragged herself to the door, and asked: "Who is there?" in a trembling voice.

"It is I, madam de Kleist," replied a well-known voice; "if the princess is not yet asleep, tell her that I have something important to communicate."

"Quick! quick! let her in," cried the princess from her bed, "leave us."

As soon as the abbess and her favorite

were alone, the latter seated herself upon the foot of her mistress's bed, and spoke thus:

"Your royal highness was not mistaken. The king is madly in love with the Porporina, but he is not yet her lover, which certainly gives the girl, for the moment, an unlimited power over him."

"And how have you learnt that in the last hour?"

"Because when undressing to go to bed, I made my chambermaid talk; she told me she had a sister in the service of this Porporina. Thereupon I questioned her, and by degrees, wormed out of her, that my said maid had just come from her sister's, and that at the same moment, the king left the Porporina."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"My maid saw the king as I see you. He even spoke to her, taking her for her sister, who was busy in another chamber, waiting upon her mistress, who was ill, or pretended to be so. The king asked respecting the Porporina's health with extraordinary anxiety; he stamped his foot with much vexation, on learning that she did not cease weeping; he did not ask to see her, *for fear of troubling her*, he said; he left for her a very precious flask; at last he retired, desiring that the invalid should be told, the next day, of his visit at eleven o'clock."

"This is an adventure, indeed!" cried the princess, "and I can hardly believe my ears. Does your maid know the king's features?"

"Who does not know the face of a king always on horseback? Besides, a page was sent five minutes in advance as a scout, in order to see that no one was with the fair lady. During that time, the king, muffled and wrapt up, waited below in the street, in full incognito, as is his custom."

"So, there is mystery, anxiety, and above all, respect: that shows love, or I know nothing about it, de Kleist. And you came, spite of the cold and darkness, to tell me this very quickly! Ah! my poor child, how good you are!"

"Say also: spite of the apparitions. Do you know there is a fresh panic in the chateau for some nights past, and that my chasseur trembled like a great coward on traversing the corridors to accompany me?"

"What is it? The white woman again?"

"Yes, *the sweeper*."

"This time it is not we who play that game, my poor de Kleist! our phantoms are far away, and would to Heaven those apparitions might appear!"

"I thought at first it was the king who was amusing himself by *appearing*, since he now has a motive to drive curious vallets from his path. But, what has great-

ly astonished me is, that the sabbat does not take place near his apartments, or on his road to the Porporina's. It is around your highness that the spirits walk, and I confess, that now I have nothing to do with it, it frightens me a little."

"What do you say, child! How can you believe in spectres, you who know them so well?"

"That is the very *hic*! It is said that they are angry when you imitate them, and that they follow you in earnest to punish you."

"In that case they are rather tardy with us; for they have left us quiet for more than a year. Come, don't be troubled by such nonsense. We know what is to be believed about these souls in purgatory. It is certainly some page or some lieutenant who comes in the night to request the prayers of the prettiest of my waiting maids. So the old one, of whom nothing is requested, was horribly frightened. There was a moment when she did not wish to open for you. But what are we talking about! de Kleist, we have the king's secret, and must profit by it. How shall we manage?"

"We must secure this Porporina, and be quick, before her favor renders her vain and distrustful."

"Doubtless, we must spare neither presents nor promises, nor flattery. You shall go to her to-morrow; you shall request of her for me—some music, some of Porpora's autographs; she must have many unpublished pieces of the Italian masters. You shall promise her some of Sebastian Bach's manuscripts in return. I have several. We will begin by exchanges. And then I will ask her to come and show me the movements, and as soon as I have her with me, I will undertake to secure and overpower her."

"I will go to-morrow morning, madam."

"Good night, de Kleist. Here, come and kiss me. You are my only friend; now, go to your bed, and if you meet *the sweeper* in the galleries, look sharp and see if she has not spurs under her gown."

To be Continued.

JENNY LIND. A Vienna correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, speaks of this artist in these terms: "The voice of Tadolini is softer and more flexible. Flourishes, runs, trills, succeed better with the Italians although the Lind also executes them with great skill, but these are the work of fine talents and cultivation, while Mademoiselle Lind exhibits the sparks of a higher genius. She is not like Milder, colossal in voice and figure and unyielding in both; nor is she, like Schröder-Davrient full of that passionate movement which overwhelms the spectator and carries him blindly away. If Schröder rep-

resents the masculine wife of Severus, we behold in the Lind the 'Seeress' whose magic works more silently and stirringly, but much deeper. Her voice is of the purest quality, a high soprano like a silver bell, echoing and dying away. Her intonation is the most faultless that can be heard. Power, culture, method, all are in her, and yet all these do not make the character of her individuality. There is a maidenliness in her appearance, in her voice and mode of singing, such as I have never known in any singer. She unites the complete art of the Italian school with all the simplicity and warmth of northern feeling. She has the deepest tragic intuitions, *motives*, sentiments; if her motions are sometimes angular she yet never seems ungraceful but always full of nobility. In short she would perhaps be not a very successful performer at concerts, but as a dramatic singer she can hardly be equalled." — *Schnellpost*.

For the Harbinger.

#### FOURTH OF JULY AT DEDHAM.

— July 5th,

MY DEAR FRIEND: Yesterday was a bright day, but its brightness was somewhat clouded by your unexpected absence from the Dedham festival, and as I know how much you are interested in such occasions, I will try to give you some slight sketch of what was said and done there. Our little band of Associationists were early at the grove, all I believe entering with sympathy into the occasion, for none more than ourselves, not even the slave, have reason greatly to love and reverence the abolitionists. They have done all that the times prompted men to do, perhaps all that the times justified them in doing for freedom and right, unmoved by calumny, undaunted by danger, renouncing reputation, comfort, friendship, and even life for their sacred cause. They are the brave and patient advanced guard, clearing away the rubbish and making the rough places plain, for those who have been kept waiting by a power which sometimes restrains from, and sometimes stimulates to action, until the moment came to commence the constructive work of the reorganization of society. Their tears have watered, their prayers have consecrated the soil where we, amid drudgery and toil, and baffled expectation, and hope deferred, retarded by outward obstacles, and inward weakness and sinfulness, are to lay the corner stone of the temple of the Combined Order. We must not forget too that some of our choicest, bravest, noblest persons, have received their best training in the stern and manly anti-slavery school. It should be a bond of union between us and the abolitionists, that such have united with us. If all of this sacred legion are

not yet ready to join with us in our constructive efforts, we must be willing patiently to wait and see, if after all they are not in the right, if after all we may not need a wider space of territory cleared by their hand for action, and more co-workers trained in their ranks, for the great service of universal unity. The day was soft and brilliant, a thought more of heat or cold would have spoiled its harmony. The tranquillity it brought to the spirit, seemed to make clear and living to one, those statements of our master in the social science, which sometimes seem exaggerated, of the almost omnipotent power of material harmony, over the ruggedness of our discordant natures. The spot selected for the festival is too well known to you to need description. — You will hear from other sources, of the graceful oriental tent — the pyramidal bank of flowers breathing fragrance all around, and protected by a green canopy of the prettiest rustic architecture, adorned at equal intervals with tasteful pendant nosegays; of the troops of pretty children, simply and gracefully arrayed in their garlands of flowers or leaves, as free and happy as the birds, and as unobtrusive too; of the music, the dance, the swelling notes of united multitudes sending up their hymns of earnest supplication or praise, and more than all of the gentle courtesy of those presiding spirits of the day — our elder sisters in reform, who by their simple cordial hospitality in what we may call their home — made us feel at home also. But all these external decorations were of slight importance except as an expression not wholly unworthy of the deep toned spirit beneath their fair veil of beauty, which was soon roused into glowing expression, and without pause or flagging, poured itself out in varied and burning eloquence, throughout this long, but seemingly short day. After a short introduction, appropriate and easy, by the father of the anti-slavery cause — W. L. Garrison, — arose the high-priest of our Associative cause, if this name be holy enough to express the sacredness of his mission — our friend W. H. Channing. He began I think by stating, in a strain of earnest eloquence, the sad, to him almost hopeless condition of our country. He then alluded to the position he had taken with his abolition friends at their last assembly, of entire withdrawal from all allegiance to the constitution, as a document not adequately expressing the spirit of the times in which it was drawn up, wholly insufficient to give form to the life of our people at present, and rendered worthless by the daily and incessant violation of its fundamental principles in our high places, at the time of our nation's most trying crises. He spoke eloquently of the mili-

tary despotism, rapidly preparing, and threatening to overrule us, and after this he reverted to the tone of condemnation of men as well as measures which prevailed at their last meeting. Too wise for any expression of remorse, (for no man better than he knows that in our present degraded manhood, the highest truth is never uttered clear of ever-to-be-regretted error,) he yet with manly humility called upon his bretheren to ascend with him to a higher and holier platform, where censure of individuals should be drowned in the utterance of sacred aspirations. He beautifully alluded to the pagan prophecy of christian expiation, in the tradition of the yearly lustration of Apollo, after the slaughter of the serpent Python, then entering the field of universal reform, he said, "we have together been too destructive of evil, we must reconstruct the evil," or in language borrowed from his dream, "we must change the serpent to a lovely and beautiful infant. We abolitionists must sometimes turn from the work of destruction, and see to it that we are prepared for the higher work to which we are called, to which we shall soon have a louder call, of doing absolute justice in every relation of life."

Mr. Channing was followed by James F. Clarke, one of the few men who, at all times and seasons can afford to be themselves. With perfect manliness, yet with a healthy and cheerfully hopeful tone, he spoke of the crying sins of our nation, and the guilt of its present position. He read and commented upon some portions of the declaration of independence, and with good natured but keen satire in various forms put the question, "are we not in the same position at present with regard to the south, that our Fathers were with regard to the mother country at the time of our revolution?" yet in all this was he generously arguing against himself, for his large human heart shrunk from at present coming to the conclusion that all hope was over, that all ties were broken, and suggested to him a scheme of peaceful revolution. I need not say to you how small at that time seemed all expedients, except the grand and thorough one of combining humanity in one associative whole, or how impracticable they all seemed to my calmer reason.

After two or three speeches by persons whom I did not hear, we adjourned for an hour to a remote part of the grove to take our pic-nic dinner, where we found other little encampments of wanderers, seated around their baskets enjoying their unceremonious meal. On our way back and forth, we were greeted by troops of friends. It really seemed as if in this brilliant and noble company could be found all of those whom each one loved and honored the most. On our return

to the neighborhood of the platform, Mr. Garrison rose to speak. I had never heard him, and believe I listened to him with quite an impartial mind. His earnestness, clearness, and fluency were charming, and no one can doubt his sincerity. He was very entertaining. His address was full of cutting sarcasm, sometimes coarse, yet never ill natured, and his established relations with his antislavery audience were of the most genial and real kind. His devotion to the blacks in bondage has closed his eyes to the bondage of the whites, or he would feel that he had no more reason to satirize our public men at the north for their degeneracy and cowardice, the result of the corrupt institutions under which they are nurtured, than the slave at the south for his degeneracy. Both demand from a just man the same compassion, and the same efforts for redemption. During Mr. Garrison's speech, I felt very deeply that in the antislavery movement, (and I suppose it to be the same with all reforms) the sacrifice a man makes of property, reputation, friends, and even life itself, is small compared to the unconscious sacrifice he may make of his higher sense of universal justice, and aspirations after universal unity. Reformers have ever been in this respect victims, and should be honoured as such, victims to the imperfection of our race, which has hitherto made all earnest men, engaged in earnest action, one sided men, losing in their warfare against evil, all delicate perception of the good that is ingrained in it, and at every moment sacrificing the universal to the special.

Still they have accepted the main condition of human life, union in brotherhood with some of their race, and their warm hearts are beating, close-pressed to the hearts of those who are acting with them for the right, and in each throb, they have their reward, and their own life blood flows more warmly and strongly. Most firmly do I believe that in the present state of the world, friendship in its truest, deepest sense, is only allowed to those unitedly engaged in some common cause of reform, and that without such friendship man is never in possession of himself.

After Mr. Garrison arose Ralph Waldo Emerson, the tenacious and unflinching advocate of the individual man. He stood sublime in his loneliness, and sublimely uttered those truths which in the world's wild rush into associated action, he alone, from the necessity of his nature represents. He too is the victim of our one-sidedness, and, if we may say it of one whom we reverence so much, as years pass on and carry him into deeper and still deeper solitude, we are troubled with a profound melancholy at the sweet accents of

his voice and the sad music of his benignant presence. By the sacrifice of the universal to the special, man confines himself within a limited circle; it is a circle of life, however, there is warmth there; but in sacrificing the special to the universal, and trying to fill it with his extended individuality, he must feel its dreariness, and vast solitude, and often need the support of a brother's nearer presence, or a brother's clinging love. And sometimes we feel, or fancy that Mr. Emerson has needs of the heart, like our own, and that he longingly looks at those who are doubling their own love and wisdom, by making their home in the love and wisdom of their kind. As a mere spectacle, Mr. Emerson addressing an abolition assembly, preceded by Garrison and followed by Phillips, was extraordinary and impressive. Mr. Phillips, by a generous early culture, and a larger intercourse with the world, has kept for himself a wider sphere than many others of his party, and his polished, courteous manner renders hard things palatable, but still he is among the victims. Gentler in his nature than Garrison, he is not so effective, and could not be the first pioneer in such a cause as antislavery. He deliberately announced the present government and constitution of this country to be a failure, an experiment fairly tried and unsuccessful,—and the calmness with which he seemed to have come to this conclusion, could not but win respectful attention to his words. The present war has evidently given scope to the antislavery movement, with definiteness and new vigor, of which persons of such energy as its advocates must in their hearts deeply feel the need, after so many years of monotonous, though untiring action.

For the Harbinger.

### REFLECTIONS

On Boston Common July 4th, 1846.

The march of mind is onward, but mine does not march to day, it is carried; backward by that old elm, and this grey head of three score years and ten, forward by this floral procession; back to the "Declaration," forward to the days to come, to the harvest time of this united body of blooming youth, this three fold blossom of Unity, bearing even to-day, in love, order and harmony, every variety of nature's flowers, shedding an incense of praise to God.

What a moving scene is this at nine o'clock, however dull it may be at four. Processions in every direction, that prophetic one passing through Tremont and Park streets, music agitating the whole air, and all far and near, as if led by a single impulse, turning their backs upon their castles of selfishness and presenting themselves together under the dome of

God's great temple. Here they are standing and moving, and all gaze with astonishment at the rest. They knew not that they had so many brothers; tens of thousands by tens of thousands. It is exciting to see so many people on any occasion, but when it is in honor of that heaven-born instrument, and in remembrance of those who were found worthy to receive its truths, and spend themselves in their partial realization, it becomes sublime.

Contrast the troubled times of '76, with all that now is,—the hundred thousands here to-day, and many millions abroad observing this anniversary,—this proud Boston, body of granite, arms of iron, breath of steam, its people every where,—this mighty nation. How would a vision of all this have inspired our fathers with courage and devotion. The half of it is more than they could have believed possible. Brother associationists, turn now to our future. Believe that the reality will be more than the vision. This country is to pass through another providential crisis. We have a work before us, not a work our own, but one laid upon us by Providence. Shall we accept and accomplish it as our fathers did theirs? We know that "*the future is ours*," but not in our day if we do not our work. Let us then unitedly cast our purse, hand, head, soul, on the altar of Humanity! so shall our vision of the future be a reality, to us at once, and to the world in due season. "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these ye have done it unto me.*" "*Whoso loseth his life for my sake shall find it.*" s.

## THE HARBINGER.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

—, CAYUGA CO. NEW YORK, }  
June 21, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have for a long time contemplated writing to you again, but it has been deferred until now, and I find I am in a hurry even now, and there is reason enough for it. The whole world is in a continual foam; each individual striving to overreach his neighbor; even those who would take things more calmly are compelled to be on the alert for "breakers ahead" to ensure their own safety. If that safety could be attained the thing would be bearable, but how can it result otherwise, this energetic antagonism, than in the fall of many, of the many! But "no matter!" let us say,—mankind could have arrived at the Holy Jerusalem in no other way than by thus wandering in the wilderness forty years. Let us thank God then, and take courage, especially since our lot has fallen upon auspicious times; 'tis ours to mark the roseate tints of the coming morn, the auroral beams of Universal Unity.

Never did I crave an iron constitution as I do now, that I might thereby be able to render assistance to suffering Humanity in assisting the believers in the doctrines of CHARLES FOURIER to lay something on which the Holy City may rest. As to heart I feel equal to the task. I am with you in spirit.

If the calamity which has befallen you shall prove too much for the continuance of the movement at Brook Farm, (which I hope will not be the case) I trust you will not be disheartened. The cause will go on conquering and to conquer; the time has arrived,—"All things, at the present day, stand provided and prepared and await the Light." Associationists must concentrate their efforts on fewer fields if need be. The West, the fertile West has some fine germs already—a few more years must bring about something worth seeing. Let us not think exclusively of ourselves—indeed how can believers in the sublime doctrine of Universal Unity do so? Let us at least sow, that others may reap who come after us, but in the very act of sowing we reap.

I commenced by complaining of being in a hurry, but I meant merely to complain of the kind of hurry. In order to procure the comforts of life, or even to keep what one has got, it is necessary to be *vigilant*, in the present Ishmaelitic order of doing business. If one could have the privilege of working a reasonable time each day, let it be in a hurry even, with no fear but that he should get a just recompense for his labor, and then a sufficient length of time for study, he could be happy in hurrying; he could do things then with his might; he could act himself-out then. But now the organization of society compels us, as the Harbinger well says, to be, to act worse than we desire to; the individual has got ahead of society.

I shall be from home some ten days longer, after which I shall try to call the Associationists of this vicinity together to form a society to act with the "Union," of which I have learned from the Harbinger, for there are several in this neighborhood who believe in the doctrines.

I have just finished reading for the second time, "The Divine Providence." My belief in the New Church Doctrines is strengthened by every line, almost, from Swedenborg. I hope you continue to think of those writings now and then. In Swedenborg I behold the soul that animates and gives life to what I see in Fourier. The New Church, the Spirit—Association, the Body. Mr. Godwin will tell you that conception has taken place, and that the Child,—Association, will in due time be born,—the period of gestation we know not.

There is something said in the Har-

binger about its discontinuance, which I hope will not be the case; for I am sure that many would feel that they had met with a great loss; so far as I am concerned, I should feel that the visits of an Angel had ceased.

I have lately attended a Trinitarian Church, and have heard elaborate arguments in proof of the existence of three Gods, or rather in explaining the Atonement, three were proved to exist. For how can the atonement as generally understood, be believed in without three persons of different wills. Now the word Atonement occurs but once in the New Testament, I believe, and there it is a mistranslation. In all other cases the same word is rendered Reconciliation,—and the Lord came into the world to reconcile man to himself, and not himself to the world, or to Man; but, according to the Orthodox notion, He came into the world and suffered death to reconcile the Father to Man. Thus every thing is reversed; the Sun is darkened—which was to take place before the descent of the New Jerusalem. I am happy in believing that Humanity, by means of Swedenborg, has been shown the true Spiritual Sun,—that the end of the world, or the consummation of the Age, or the end of the Old Church, which has separated Faith from Charity,—which is the meaning of what Father Miller has frightened so many from their propriety by,—has commenced; and that the legitimate effect of the presence of the true Sun will be, the creation from it of a new Heaven and a new Earth, and that the former (the present) Old Church, Atonement and all, with its three Gods, yet but one—and this prevailing Social Order, the soul of which is "Competition,"—shall no more be brought into mind or remembered. Then shall be consummated the Unity of Man with Nature, the Unity of Man with Man, and the Unity of Man with God.

PITTSBURG, June 17, 1846.

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 9th instant was received a few days since. Be pleased to present my acknowledgements to *The American Union of Associationists*, for the honor they have conferred upon me. With pleasure will I contribute my exertions, for the promotion of the object of the institution.

The pioneers in a moral and social reform like that now agitated, must fertilize the seeds of truth by many self-sacrifices; and probably, the harvest will not be gathered until another generation shall have entered into our labors. But, notwithstanding, the seed-time is indispensable, and the sower and the reaper shall rejoice together.

I have, for months, been engaged

weekly, and oftentimes more frequently, in lecturing in this city, on National Reform, Association and Christian Union. I believe the most effectual plan for the dissemination of our principles, is, as the Union proposes, to send forth agents and lecturers. In cities much good is done by lecturing in market places. Books and pamphlets cannot supply the place of lecturing. Persons before they will buy and read a book or pamphlet, must be somewhat inclined to the doctrine.

There is a wide spread feeling awakened here in favor of social reform, but the favorers of the system are not yet prepared to act with the requisite energy. We have many *good wishers*; but generally they are unable or unwilling to contribute or hazard anything in aid of the cause. The few whose hearts are truly and actually engaged in this work, have already made considerable sacrifices, and I cannot now say what success I may have in calling attention to the propriety of aiding the operations of the Society. All that has been done in this place and vicinity, has, so far as my knowledge extends, been done by individuals in the spirit of self-sacrifice, and I do not see that any better plan can at present be adopted. Those who would be the Saviors of the World, must follow in the footsteps of Christ and his Apostles,—they must take up their cross, and if needful, must be willing to bear it even to Calvary.

But there is a new Reform recently sprung up among us, which is spreading more rapidly than any subject which has heretofore come before the public,—I mean the doctrine of a free soil, as held by the National Reformers. Some young men, the Colvins and the Stevensons of this city, have been chiefly instrumental in bringing it forward, and most heartily have I adopted their views. I find that the three doctrines,—National Reform, Association and Christian Union, are sisters, they go hand in hand, and the person who places himself upon all three, occupies the whole ground of universal liberty and happiness.

Those who become converts to the free soil doctrine, much more readily afterwards receive that of Association, and I therefore have a hope that the active friends of Association in this region will increase. To-morrow I set out for Brownsville on a lecturing tour, by invitation from National Reformers of that town, and shall be absent about ten days or two weeks. On my return, I will write to you again. Brownsville is in Fayette County of this State.

Present my respects and best wishes to my co-laborers in the work, and believe me,

Truly yours.

H. H. VAN AMRINGE.

PITTSBURG, June 30, 1846.

DEAR SIR: Last Friday evening I returned from my lecturing tour in the country. I lectured only at Bridgeport, (adjoining Brownsville,) Fayette County. Suitable rooms could not be had in the other places where I was.

At Bridgeport, there are many National Reformers and it was upon their invitation that I made my excursion. Five lectures were delivered during Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday,—three upon National Reform, one upon Christian Union, and the fifth upon Association, on principles of Christian love and brotherhood.

The false religious feeling that is brought to bear against us, is a great hindrance in our way. In some instances it precludes us from obtaining rooms. In cities we can speak in Market houses, after business and working hours, and so attract audiences from passers by; but in country towns and villages this cannot be done, for the Market places there (if any) are not so convenient as the open streets, and it is very doubtful whether it would be advisable for a stranger, with the backing of only two or three uninfluential residents in a village or town, to lecture on a subject odious to many who call themselves Christians.

The meetings at Bridgeport were well attended, (by men and women) especially the last two, which were on Sunday. There are many noble hearted Reformers in that town and the vicinity. Association was not entirely a new subject to them; but they had not heard much of it; their minds, I think, are favorably disposed to the principle, and as they shall obtain a fuller knowledge of the system, their approbation will increase.

I cannot say anything of consequence, at present, concerning pecuniary contributions in aid of the American Union of Associationists. The expenses of agitation in the cause of Association, have, in this city, fallen upon one or two individuals; and they are now required by necessity, to consult economy. The National Reformers and the Christian Unionists,—especially the former,—are multiplying in great numbers, and those people all turn a more ready ear to Association. Association has, for a considerable period, had many speculative and very few practical friends in Pittsburg. I hope the time is near when our city will evince a more firm and active spirit in the great work of Social Unity; the present indications promise it. I am full of hope, but cannot speak yet with certainty.

Truly, your friend and brother workman.

H. H. VAN AMRINGE.

## THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

## SECTION II.—NOTICE IV.

## CHAPTER XV.

*Choice of manufactures for exportation and for daily use.*

This selection is one of the most delicate operations. The thing is, to establish, between manufactures and agriculture, such a reciprocity of benefits that these two classes of industry may contribute to one another's success. They will be sure to clash unless we observe the rule of favoring the exercise of industrial attraction, rather than of having an eye to pecuniary profit: this is the error into which every civilized pilot would fall.

According to this rule we ought, in selecting the branches of manufacture for a phalanx, to be careful that each one be in affinity with agriculture in a double sense, viz:

In affinity of cabalistic passion,  
And in affinity of local interest.

Let us remark the prejudices contrary to these two methods:

Manufactures, so much lauded in the political system of the moderns, which puts them on a level with agriculture, will figure in Association only as accessories and complements of the agricultural system, functions subordinate to its conveniences.

I do not say that they will be held in no esteem in the new order; for every phalanx will be a manufacturing phalanx, and every individual, rich or poor, who shall have been educated from infancy in Harmony, will passionately co-operate in some dozen branches of manufacture. But they will only hold the second rank in industry, and they will be abandoned, be they ever so profitable, just so soon as they cease to nourish the cabalistic intrigues connected with the agriculture of a township.

Whoever should propose to establish a cotton factory in an experimental phalanx, would commit a fatal error; for this phalanx, which I suppose to be founded in France, Germany or England, would not cultivate the cotton plant; nor would its neighbors cultivate it: so that it would be adopting a manufacture which has no bond of union with its cultures and its local passions.

This kind of manufacture will be very admissible when the phalanxes shall be fortified by the practice of some years, by leagues and rivalries with the neighboring phalanxes, by a true system of commerce, &c. Then it will be proper to have in every phalanx a manufactory operating upon exotic products; it will be one way of forming ties with distant regions.

But the experimental phalanx, feeble in its mechanism through the want of neighbors, and through so many other breaks in the chain of attraction, will not be able to admit any manufactures not connected with the local agriculture; the child in the cradle requires a different treatment from the full grown man; it will have to confine itself, then, as to manufactures, within the circle of its own local productions, or those of its neighborhood, and manufacture only objects

connected with its agricultural intrigues.

Let us distinguish the manufactures to be adopted into two orders, the *usual* and the *speculative*.

I call *usual* every fabric which is of daily use, like those of the necessities which we meet with every where, as carpenters, shoe-makers, tailors, &c.

*Speculative* manufactures are those whose products may be an object of external commerce, and on the choice of which we shall have to decide. Let us first lay down three principles concerning them.

The first is, to establish attraction in proportional amounts for the three sexes; all manufactures may not equally suit the three sexes; we must well observe this graduation, to select one for the taste of children, another for the taste of women, and another for the taste of men, in such a manner that the whole sum of speculative manufactures may secure proportional quantities of attraction to each of the three sexes.

The second rule is, to reserve to the women one half of the lucrative employments; avoid banishing them as we do, among ungrateful functions, servile parts assigned them by philosophy, which pretends that a woman was only made to skim the pot and botch old pantaloons.

The women in association will soon resume the part which nature assigned them, the part of rivals and not subjects to the male sex. Care must be taken to have this realized at once in the experimental phalanx; otherwise you will see its mechanism waver at several points.

The third rule is to organize each manufacture in a series of rivalries, in the triple and quadruple method; it will be necessary therefore to engage a triple number of master workmen as teachers on three different systems.

Since these workmen are enrolled to educate the phalanx, to form rival pupils, it is important that there be more than a single master in each kind; there should be three or four for each branch of industry; for, where there was one alone he might be found to be of a bad school, as we see amongst the Parisian barbers, most of whom do not know how to shave, have no principles about the numerous accessories of their art. Not one of them knows how to keep the lather at the right degree of heat; they commit twenty mistakes equally ridiculous, and when you reproach them for it, when you show them what they have to do, they are surprised, and say: "we never heard of that."

It will be necessary then in every function, as far as possible, to enrol workmen who are *controversialists about their art*, masters with pretensions, fit to form a school, to create rivalries and emulous competition. In the experimental phalanx this rule cannot be strictly observed; it would require too many enrolments of workmen, for the good ones are very rare; and as frequently they neither know how to teach nor how to analyze their processes, it would be necessary to enrol both men of theory and men of practice, which would be too great an expense; it will only be possible to approximate to the end.

Having thus stated the principles to be followed in the selection of speculative manufactures, I proceed to point out a series of such as have seemed to me preferable for an experimental phalanx; I



only name them in the want of better information.

#### PRIMARY SPECULATIVE MANUFACTURES.

1. For men and male children. } CABINET-MAKING, A.
2. For women and female children. } PERFUMERY. B.
3. For men, women and children. } CONFECTIONARY. C.

#### SECONDARY DO. FOR THE THREE SEXES.

4. The making of cheese, D.
5. Preparation of meats, E.
6. Artificial preserves, F.
7. Saving of flower seeds, G.

Pivotal X. } MANUFACTURE OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Ambiguous K. CARE OF BIRDS.

I include here only permanent manufactures, and not those of short duration, like the hatching of eggs.

Let us examine whether this choice agrees with the collective attractions, and whether it satisfies the rule laid down above, of creating the two bonds, of *passion* and of *interest*, between the manufactures and the local agriculture.

1. A. — CABINET-MAKING: working in wood pleases men of every age and especially children, to whom it is a supreme delight to handle little saws, little hatchets, little planes, the turning-lathe, the chisel, &c.; the carpenter's shop attracts them almost as much as the confectioner's.

This trade will establish a *bond of passion* between the two classes of the male sex, the fathers and the children, besides a *bond of local interest*, or adaptation to the productions of the country; for they will use, for the surface of the furniture they manufacture, the wood of the country, — in France the walnut, the cherry, the elm, the ash, the maple, — together with foreign wood; also the oak and other kinds for the inside of the furniture.

The phalanx, learning the various defects of wood by this use of it in cabinet-making, will be more careful to avoid these defects in the culture of the forests and in the seasoning of the wood when cut; thus there will be established the two bonds of *passion* and of *local interest* with the manufactured article which it will wish to have celebrated in a double capacity, as a product of its own cultivation and of its own manufacture.

2. B. — PERFUMERY: pleases women of every age, adults or children; it is closely allied to the cultivation of fields of flowers, which is in the Associative order a feminine attribute. This workshop will present the additional advantage of interesting the women in rural labors, by accustoming them to cultivate on a large scale, and in the open field, under a movable tent, the flowers which now they only tend in pots, without any idea of cabalistic rivalry or of enthusiasm for their country and its fame.

Perfumery and the cultures which belong to it are naturally allied with the tastes of the weaker sex, as the working in wood is with the tastes of the stronger sex. However, the two manufactures will suit various alliances of the sexes, each offering functions applicable to the other sex, as well as to children.

3. C. — CONFECTIONARY: it furnishes labors adapted to the tastes of the three sexes and of all ages.

The management of the ovens and the tending of the pans is a labor requiring the strength of men.

The women will occupy themselves with the preparation of fruits and other materials, with potting, &c.

The children find here a quantity of light functions, such as sorting, grinding, &c.

This manufacture operating upon sugar, flowers, fruits, vegetables, perfumes, liquors, has the means of satisfying all the tastes of the different ages and sexes; it is very well allied with the local industry, employing the indigenous together with exotic products.

Besides, the experimental phalanx will have a sure consumption on the spot for its confectionary, in supplying the opulent visitors, who come from curiosity to spend three or four days there: it would be very foolish to appropriate a hundred thousand francs to the purchase of confectionary, when it would not cost half as much to make it, and would moreover greatly favor industrial attraction.

Such, allowing for some errors, is the choice of speculative manufactures, best adapted to the first wants of an experimental phalanx; it ought to engage in these three branches at least a dozen accomplished teachers, four for each.

But these manufactures, although eminently suitable, could never excite any attraction, if the workshops of the phalanx should be as disgustingly unclean as ours are, which by their contracted size contribute nothing to agreeableness, to luxury, and to the springs of enthusiasm. Luxury is the first end of attraction, and its first necessity, it would be difficult for it to spring up directly in an industry from which luxury is banished. This is the fault of all our civilized workshops.

But if the seristry for confectionary is constructed for a mass of five or six hundred persons, men, women, and children, with beautiful dresses and instruments of labor; then it will be quite possible to impart elegance even to the ovens, which are the part the least adapted to that end: there might be a gradation of ovens adorned with different kinds of marble; the walls might be frequently re-painted in grey or brown, and the borders frequently renewed. The other parts not smoked, admit of every ornament, and the whole aspect of the seristry will be as seductive as the sugar chapels of our confectioners, at the beginning of the year.

These three primary manufactures are made to employ large series, well intrigued, throughout the winter, and to supply the deficiencies in agricultural attraction.

I pass to the secondary manufactures, which are labors pertaining to agriculture, but separable from it so as to form special functions.

4. D. — The making of butter and cheese. The experimental phalanx might sell its milk to the neighboring city; it will be better however to make it into cheeses, which will necessarily acquire a superiority by the continued care which the phalanx will bestow upon pasturage and the good keeping of its cattle.

The labor of the dairy pleases women, it is their prerogative; it also pleases children. The care of cheeses furnishes various functions for the men.

This manufacture is well allied to the raising of herds. It is well calculated to excite rivalries upon the different systems of nutrition and of management; these will be judged by the flavor of the cheeses, drawn from three divisions of the same

variety of cattle differently treated. If the milk were sold, they could not know what effect it produces when employed in making cheese or butter. The more clearly this effect is established, the more passionately will the groups devote themselves to their respective methods. This then is a manufacture which satisfies the double condition of cabalistic passion and of local interest.

5. E. — The preparation of meats and maceration is also a labor well allied to the agricultural mechanism, and attractive even for females; The men will voluntarily undertake the work of the general salting down. For the rest in the repulsive part, the aid of the cohort of one hundred hired men will be called in.

This manufacture should be counted among the attractive ones: it connects cabalistically with the care of swine which will be very numerous in the phalanx, to consume the enormous leavings of the tables and the kitchens. Several systems of fattening will be formed, and the series of preparers of meats will operate upon different qualities of animals, to which various modes of feeding will have given various flavors.

In this branch of industry will figure maceration, which gives fine products, such as the smoked beef of Hamburg.

6. F. — Artificial preserves of fruits and vegetables, a very extensive branch of industry, attractive and yet much neglected in France, where they do not even know how to preserve the green kidney bean, as in Germany, the green pea, the cabbage in the shape of *sauer-kraut*, plums for cake, and so many other vegetables and fruits with which the Harmonians will adorn their tables all the year, even those of the lower classes, or the third degree.

France knows only the preservation of fruits in brandy, and some vile inventions, like *poires tapees*. The experimental phalanx must combine all the branches of artificial preserves, and make them the principal labor of its first detachments of members, who will be installed before the entrance into what I have called the period of semi-exercise: it will employ the methods of Appert and others, to give the greatest extension to this series, which will be very precious, as well for the good cheer of paying visitors, as for that of the people themselves, who, in this phalanx, will eat choice fruits and vegetables, at times when the great capitals will have none.

7. G. — The Saving of Flower and Vegetable Seeds. The art of gathering, preparing, classing, and preserving seeds is but very little known in civilization. The peasant has neither light nor means on this point. The labor of seed saving is entrusted to some mercantile sharpers, who are as deceitful as the nursery-men.

In the first phalanx, this labor will occupy a distinct series, and every agricultural group and series will be in relations with it. It is a *ramified* series, drawing from all the series of the order, from all the series of the vegetable kingdom. Its stores destined for sale, will be independent of the seeds which each group will keep for its own special use.

X. — The reader will be astonished that I designate for the principal manufacture that of WIND AND STRINGED INSTRUMENTS: the objection will be raised that it but poorly satisfies the two conditions required.



This is a mistake: it connects very well with agriculture by the use of wood, like cabinet-making; it is well adapted to the faculties of women and children by its inlaid work, its little carvings in wood, ivory, mother of pearl, &c. I am supposing that only ornaments in wood and mother of pearl will be used, and not those in copper.

The passionnal tie will be formed in this sort of labor by the fact, that in the phalanx every one will become a musician at the end of six months, except among the nations who are disgraced in respect to musical ear, like the French; but in Italy, in Germany, every one will become a musician three months after Association is organized; every one will have to do with instruments and will take a lively interest in their manufacture; it will call out a passionate devotion in the three sexes, and will promote musical progress, which is of high importance in the harmonic education.

As to pecuniary interest, I may observe that nothing will be more precious in the beginning of Association than musical instruments. For three years it will be impossible to obtain a sufficient supply, and to have at once

A million of organ pipes,  
Twenty millions of violins and altos,  
Six millions of basses and contra-basses,  
and all the other instruments of the orchestra and of the noisier kind for flourishes and parades, in the same proportion.

Consequently the manufacture of instruments will be well worthy of selection, and very profitable both as to industrial attraction and as to pecuniary profit.

**K.—THE CARE OF BIRDS.** The raising of beautiful birds, both large and small, is another labor which fulfils the conditions very well, and its products will be infinitely precious, for every phalanx will have need of aviaries of various kinds. It is a very powerful branch of attraction and a means of accustoming the children to dexterity in the care of dove cotes. This industry is despised in civilization, because the birds become insipid when we see them in the dirty and fetid shops of the bird sellers in Paris, where birds that scream and birds that sing, are shut up pell-mell all in narrow cages, crowding and infecting one another.

The seristry of the bird-trade will be a vast dove-cote with several chambers distinguishing the species: there they will all be kept in the greatest luxury and convenience, with plenty of space, with shades and shrubs planted within the cages in summer, with streams, and turf and tents. The troublesome ones, like the parrots, will be placed so far off as not to incommode the peaceable and harmonious species.

The bird-trade is a branch of industry which never could be carried on upon a great scale among the civilizees: it will be one of the curiosities of the experimental phalanx.

These speculative manufactures will suffice to establish a commerce of manufactured products between the first phalanx and the others which will rise up round it. As to the civilizees, it will be a matter of indifference whether it have any commerce with them in its commencement, for the true system of business can only exist between phalanxes, and all

commerce with false beings, like the civilizees, can in no case excite the intrigues which are favorable to industrial attraction.

Some founders will be inclined to choose manufactures more distinguished than D and E, such as embroidery and lace-work, so attractive to the female sex. But these two labors are very unprofitable pecuniarily; besides they can only furnish one of the two ties required, that of affinity of passion, but not that of affinity with the local product.

These two fabrics then would not nourish the intrigues of rivalry in the labors of the animal and vegetable kingdom; while the two alluded to, although not elegant, are nevertheless adapted to the tastes of women, and are connected with the labors of the animal and vegetable kingdom, by rivalries in the systems of nutrition, and in the various qualities of milk and meat.

Embroidery and lace-work present the advantage of being adapted to the wealth and the middle classes in the winter; but this adaptation rests only upon the absence of intrigues of which both these classes have great lack in their domestic existence. This spiritual void will not be found in Association. But for these objections, these two fabrics, and others which there is no time to examine, might be admitted.

I do not profess to say that the nine, marked A B C, D E F G, H, K, are exclusively adapted to the experimental phalanx. I repeat that the choice of speculative manufactures fit to call out industrial intrigues in a series of groups, must be proportioned to the local means which I cannot foresee: I only wished to teach the application of the rule which must serve as the compass in such a choice, which is: to establish the twofold tie of cabalistic intrigue and of local interest between the associates and their cultures.

## POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

### THE MUSIC-WORLD.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

O Element of love, of life, of bliss!

O Flame divine, around whose cheering light,  
Whole troops of joys touch their bright wings  
and kiss;

Balm of all sorrow, in the lonely night  
Touching sweet spheres, O lover far than this!

Sweetest, subtlest Inspiration,

E'er uplifted ardent soul;

Deeper heart-improvisation

Than in words did ever roll:

Beauty so strangely sweet, we cannot know

How thy mysterious visits come and go:

The heart lies dreaming in a magic bark,

Floating on sunny waves away, away,

Where never falls the tyrannizing Dark

Of earthly fate over its infinite day.

As the soft maternal air

Folds the earth unto its breast,

So thy beauty every where

Bathes the soul in happy rest.

How oft to moods too deep for words

My soul has been attuned by thee,

When lost amid the heaving chords

I rose and sank as on a sea:

I have no speech for themes like this,

I cannot tell what's told to me:—

I only feel a spirit-kiss—

Some brooding spell of harmony,

Some far off day's half glimmering,  
Half memory and half a dream,  
The gleams of fantasy that fling  
Strange light on a familiar stream,  
The dim unnoted things that dart  
In sleep before the entranced mind,  
And throng through the unguarded heart  
Like scattered leaves upon the wind.  
I feel the breath of love upbear  
My heart unto the Perfect One,  
And seek to give no purer prayer  
Than rises up in Music's tone.

More vast, more homefelt, and more bright  
Seems then that supernatural sphere  
That robes all being in its light,  
And makes all Beauty doubly dear.  
Nearer I draw to kindred minds,  
I feel the founts of nature flow,  
The icy Form no longer binds,  
The heart melts all before its glow.  
In loftier words I long to frame  
A truer speech to him who hears;  
The Wonderful crowds out the Tame—  
Moments condense the life of years,  
And on the marge of fairy land,  
I feel that all the poet sings  
Is briefly told us by the hand  
Of him who wakes these soul-filled strings.

For the Harbinger.

## SONNET

### ON THE MEXICAN WAR.

Is not the Earth too void of truth and good  
Already, heartless Tyrants, but ye must  
Fan to insanity the hot young blood  
To lift against the weak an arm unjust,  
Grasping a neighbor's land only to give  
Its virgin soil to prostitution foul—  
Planting the weed of Slavery to thrive  
Blood-watered, till the fierce and angry scowl  
Of Judgment come upon ye? Recrants,  
False, shameless rulers these, O countrymen!  
Trampled and torn the nation's covenant;  
United we can never be again  
Since this great consummating act has torn  
Out by the bleeding roots that Heart with which  
'twas born.

C. P. C.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JULY 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.

### OBJECTIONS TO ASSOCIATION.—NO. II. (Continued from p. 80.)

We have demonstrated, that "individual interest" in property will be made more intense, as well as expanded and elevated in Association; but now comes the question will not the sense of "individual responsibility" be lessened, and will not the property of the association thereby suffer? According to the reviewer, (p. 227) the laborer "if he lose an hour, suffers but an infinitesimal of the damage, for the loss is divided among members of the association. If injury is done by his negligence, he suffers but a minute

fraction of the harm." Thence, he infers, will result inefficiency, carelessness, thriftlessness, waste.

Now, with all proper respect, we cannot but call our objector's attention, for a moment, to the influence which the pervading atmosphere of selfishness in present society has plainly had upon his own mind. He takes it for granted, without any form of qualification, that just in so far as "individual interest is confounded with the common interest, so far labor becomes inefficient." Supposing this to be true, what a hideous distortion does it show of human nature, as the result of the oppressive anxieties and temptations of a wholly selfish world; and what efforts should it prompt every good man to put forth in freeing his brethren and himself from such debasement, by completely reforming all selfish customs and institutions. But it is not true. Such a sense of universal selfishness, as the remark we have quoted indicates, is but a morbid affection of the judgment and conscience. Men are far too exclusively occupied in their own affairs, indeed, and thus their hearts are cramped and chilled, as a prisoner is in a damp stone cell. But even now, in the most barbarous communities, the mass of inhabitants show susceptibility to the superior claims of the collective interest over individual interest. This is manifested in the history of all wars, where even ordinary virtue leads to general sacrifice of wealth and life for the Nation. It is manifested in all seasons of public calamity, by fire, flood, pestilence, where citizens vie with one another in alacrity to bestow their private stores and personal aid. But not to mention the extreme cases, which thus call out the latent generosity of all hearts—every town in our land presents examples of habitual, constant action of this sentiment of *Collective Responsibility*. Are not roads, springs, public buildings, grounds, statues, libraries, cemeteries, water-works, regarded as sacred as private property? It is only the most vulgar persons who can think even of violating them, and universal indignation expressed against an act of outrage upon public property, shows how deep and quick the noble instinct is, which leads all,—except the self-abandoned, and the few who are made reckless and mischievous by social neglects and hard usage,—to identify public interests and private interests. If even now, this magnanimous consciousness of public responsibility acts so strongly, though selfish habits of mind and heart choke it, as weeds overgrow flowers, what will it not accomplish, when the whole principle and plan of life are coöperative? We tell our reviewer, that universal experience in all lands and ages gives evidence, that in societies or-

ganized in *Unity of Interests*, *Public Spirit* will be universal. In antagonistic, competitive societies, a man of earnest devotedness to the interests of his town state or nation, may be an *exception*, though there are many noble instances of such men even now; in Association, faithful regard for the Social well-being is the *rule*. That this must be the case, we proceed to show.

In the first place, Association by its system of Joint-Stock Property, connects by living ties the interests of the weakest individual with the interests of the community, as the nerve which moves or gives sensibility to the minutest fibre is connected with the spine or brain. Every member is benefitted by the common weal, and suffers in the common woe; and thus the great problem of the Christian Church and of the Republic is solved, by realizing in deeds the heavenly maxim—"Each for All and All for Each." In existing society, though God's grand Law of Brotherhood still in a measure overrules arbitrary legislation and absurd customs of industrial conflict—each laborer and each class of laborers do yet seek to benefit themselves at the expense of their fellows, and of the state. The Political Economist may prove till he is tired, that the interests of the Producer, Manufacturer, Merchant and Consumer ought to be one, but a subtle, pervading delusion makes each man, each class so short sighted, as to prefer their own immediate, petty gain, to lasting, growing, universal benefits. Even so called respectable men now adulterate articles of food, weave flimsy fabrics, cheat the Revenue by dexterous evasion, and manage by "log rolling" to enact laws for their own special advantage, suffer who else may. But in Association each workman cannot but be interested in the success of every other, because he sees at once how necessary his peculiar function is to all others, and knows that the dividends in any simple branch of industry will be influenced by the common profit. In place of present indifference or hostility then, comes in the constant stimulant of desire for universal success. It needs but little reflection, to become convinced, that the general habit of mind, which must thus be formed, will be that of a constant, *Collective Responsibility*. The mechanic will feel interest in securing large crops from the domain; the farmer in turning out promptly the best finished articles from the work-shop; all, being at once consumers and stock-holders together, will concentrate their judgments upon securing the wisest investments of capital and the most economical expenditure of income. A hired laborer on the soil, an apprentice or journeyman at the bench, a drudge in the kitchen may now, as they

too often do, let their employer's property go to ruin, and then lie or steal to hide the loss; but in Association all are at once Servants and Masters, and oversight is quickened and enlarged by the abiding sense of mutual ownership. All members of an association become overseers; and as in the living body every pore of the skin gives warning of danger or assurance of health, by the sensation of joy or pain which it communicates, so in organized society will the youngest child and the oldest sage, by their hourly experience, give evidence of the condition and working of the Associative Body.

Secondly, Association will develop responsibility, by its substitution of *labor in groups* for *labor in isolation*. The influence of such an arrangement can be readily perceived by a slight allusion to well-known facts. Is it not notorious that our western pioneers become careless in dress, furniture, equipage, personal habits? Why? Because they live apart from the impelling and regulating power of established society, and feel but slight responsibility. To take at once the extreme illustration: a hermit must be a person of great force of will, and native love of order not to become squalid and rude in all habits, for he is responsible to none. On the other hand as communities gain in numbers and concentration the obligations of decency and courtesy are found to be proportionately binding. What is thus notoriously true of manners, is equally so of industry. The laborers on the outskirts of a country, and in thinly peopled regions, are invariably backward in their improvements,—their tools, implements and modes all betokening carelessness; while in the vicinity of cities, farms, gardens, workshops manifest the presence of quick sighted, quick handed enterprise, eager for the most perfect accomplishment of each branch of work. The chief cause of the difference is to be found in the various degrees of stimulus given to brain and heart, by the example, suggestion, encouragement, criticism of the respective neighborhoods, by the degree, that is to say, of social responsibility. Now Association avails itself fully of this contagious communication of power by congregated labor, as it every where substitutes industry in groups for isolated industry, and so brings each workman directly under the eye of his fellows. Every one's capacity is thus gauged, his exact usefulness measured; and a perpetual judgment is passed, by which all rise or sink in the scale of public estimation according to their activity or sloth, their shiftlessness or efficiency. The criticism in Association must be painfully intense, indeed, unless justice is tempered by friendship; and the constraining power of Col-

lective Conscience would be oppressive, if the arrangements of industry were not such as to secure freedom, by encouraging every one to select the sphere of labor for which he has peculiar taste and fitness. These remarks are sufficient to show conclusively that Association will immensely increase the consciousness of responsibility. And it may emphatically be said, that if a mode of discipline could be conceived exactly adapted to keep every sense keenly awake, every muscle strung up to its fullest activity, and every sentiment of self-respect, and honor on the watch,—like sentries at their posts,—it is certainly that of labor in groups. The beneficial influence of this Collective Responsibility, will be yet further shown, when we come to speak of Attractive Industry. We close this head therefore by saying, that splendid instances of skill, thrift, and large gains in present society, blind the sight of common observers to the waste of energy, which is now all but universal,—for tameness of enterprise, imitation of transmitted habits, and contentment in most paltry success are now the rule. Tens of thousands are shiftless and stupid, mechanical and slow, under the present separate modes of labor, who would at once become bright, eager, hopeful, strong, amidst the well ordered bands of an industrial army. Association is the only mode ever yet proposed, or which can be conceived, fitted to rouse every member of society to the full, steady, harmonious exercise of all his powers.

In the third place, Association will develop responsibility by awakening a *wholly new idea of COLLECTIVE PROPERTY*. This we have all along and in various forms alluded to; but we wish now to bring it out in the distinct relief which its importance merits. We have shown that Association augments and purifies the love of personal wealth and so retains all good incentives to labor which we find in existing society; and again, we have shown, that by interweaving private interests with public interests, and by subjecting every one to constant oversight, it ensures the safety and increase of the Common Wealth. But now in addition we say, it develops a *passion for this very Common Wealth*. That man has an instinctive tendency to love the COLLECTIVE PROPERTY is proved, by the remarks we have before made in relation to such *public spiritedness* as we already witness. But the present fragmentary workings of this feeling of Social Unity, give but faint indications of the beautiful results which its unimpeded action will produce. The idea and passion of collective property will be far clearer and stronger than those of private property in Association, though these latter will be

more vivid than they can now be. Let us take such illustration as history in the past presents, to introduce a more clear conception of this love for Collective Property. The attachment of the Indian to the hunting-ground and the burial-places of his ancestors has been immortalized in verse and prose, as one of the truly noble manifestations of human character. All perceive, that the impelling motive of his tenacious affection is not self-interest, but a tender, devoted, magnanimous thought of his clan, and a longing to guard intact their ancient home. Another illustration of this instinctive tendency of the human heart is found in the love of Family mansions and estates, developed throughout Europe by the habits of Feudal tenures, associations with which have colored all modern literature. The child born heir to a noble family, now playing under the shade of stately oaks, the acorn seeds of which were planted centuries before by the hands of peaceful ancestors,—now running through long galleries hung with the armor suits, the swords and spears of warriors, whose blood flows in his veins, and whose glorious name he bears—now standing hushed in awe before the dark portraits of gallant knights and courteous dames, who once made the silent walls around him echo to their voices and footsteps—now gazing from the tower-window over meadow and forest, over hamlet and castle, over accumulated wealth handed down to his preserving care through generations—grows up with a feeling of loyal devotedness to his family, of responsibility for faithful guardianship of their estates, which is far more comprehensive and energetic than any thought of mere private possession. The fact,—that the temptations incident to aristocratic exclusiveness too often vitiate this sentiment,—should not blind our minds to the perception, that a love of wealth, thus consecrated by associations which embrace the past and future, becomes truly grand. Pride, ostentation, luxury, are but accidental accompaniments of this love for collective property; the feeling in itself transcends immeasurably all emotions connected with personal ownership. A still more striking instance of the working of this sentiment is found in the case of the Religious Brotherhoods. Make such allowance as is right for evils inseparable from monasticism, clearly discriminate all that was superstitious, set aside whatever was foolish or bad from the estimate,—and then let any one deny, if he can, that the attachment, which the fraternities and sisterhoods of the middle ages cherished for their abbey and convents was sublime. His imagination is slow and his affections dull indeed, who cannot enter into and sympathize with the holy enthusiasm,

which was in those old times felt for places sanctified by the worship of generations. Was not the feeling of responsibility for the collective property of the Order unspeakably more dignified and supreme, more pervading and efficient, than regard for one's private interests can possibly become? These are slight illustrations of what we mean by the passion for collective property. And how powerful have such motives undeniably been found. What solidity of structure, what thoroughness of cultivation, what magnificence of adornment, what richness in all conditions of life, have invariably resulted from a responsibility thus transmitted to Families and to Orders from age to age! Is it not plain that such responsibility is cumulative, increasing with every addition to the common wealth?

Take in contrast, to make this matter clearer, the effects of existing modes of property holding, in this land and age of extremest individualism. Is it not notorious, and a universal subject of complaint and lamentation, that under the present system, the country is deteriorating, that forests are wasted, streams dried up, once rich farms "run out," enclosures neglected, orchards exhausted? Is it not visible to the most careless eye, that buildings, furniture, conveniences of all kinds are becoming slihter? In a word, is it not evidently the habit, for every one to think more and more of the means by which he can secure the most for his own transient use in the hurried scramble of life, and to become less and less careful for the rights of posterity and the welfare of the race? "Individualism" here tends to the most shameful irresponsibility, and we confidently assert, that there is but one mode of arresting this growing evil, and that is Association; for Association will develop a passion for Collective Property, and a corresponding responsibility, in comparison with which the love of Family mansions and estates, and of the domains and edifices of the Religious Orders was tame and weak.

We have time only to touch the outlines of the picture; but we see before us a splendor and majesty in all modes of life, as resulting from Association, which will concentrate the good without the evil of the most royal and noble courts, throw freely open to all classes greater refinements than the most privileged few have ever enjoyed, and produce an entirely novel kind of loyalty, disinterestedness and care. When two or three generations shall have grown up and lived in Association; when phalansteries and temples, beautiful and symbolic in their architecture, shall crown the hills,—within whose walls, libraries, and galleries of art, statues and portraits of men and women of heroic usefulness, airy, spa-

cious, well-ordered work-shops, memorials of past successes arranged in archives, with digested plans for future improvement, and finally, altars and sacred emblems shall present constant incentives to honorable effort; when around the central structures shall spread far reaching domains, with all varieties of soil and surface wisely turned to advantage by veteran judgment, with pasture grounds, tilled fields, gardens, orchards, inviting all to varied industry, and sweeping round the whole, shall tower the carefully cherished woodlands; when finally, amidst this accumulated wealth, loving, coöperative laborers shall go forth to perfect, establish, and beautify what the sacrifices of their ancestors have won, and their providence has transmitted; then will be born an all but divine passion for Collective Property. Then the thought of selfish good will be merged in the sense of general good; private wealth will be valued chiefly as the means of public service; pride will be transmuted into paternal guardianship over the interests of posterity; and, as hand in hand the children of a Unitary Family overlook their home of peace, and, — instead of that exclusive, harsh word "mine," — say with wide embracing spirit, all this is Ours, ostentation will be swallowed up in gratitude and benignant hope. Then will the now unmeaning titles — Re-public, and Common-Wealth — become eloquent with appeals to most chivalric patriotism. Then will united hearts flow together in a sublime consciousness, that the true mode of glorifying God, is to make all work worship, — by daily devotedness to live, not for Self but for Man, — and in exquisite material beauty to symbolize the spiritual harmonies of Perfect Society.

### INTEREST ON CAPITAL.

A recent number of the *True Tocsin* contains a second article on the above question; it quotes some remarks of the *Harbinger* and proceeds to comment upon them and state its views on the subject. The stand which the *Tocsin* takes is that Capital should not receive Interest. We consider the position to be wrong, and contrary to the laws which should govern property in a true Order of Society.

But first let us say that the discussion of this question is premature and to a certain degree useless. If the principle assumed by the *Tocsin* were true, we believe that it would be useless to discuss it at present, as it would be bewildering to the great majority of persons, who would mingle with it the prejudices and false judgments which grow out of the influence of pecuniary considerations in present society.

The question moreover is a *negative one*; the true and *positive* question is the increase of production — and an immense increase, say six or eight fold. It is useless to say to an Age, in which all are positively or relatively poor, and all hate labor, that the interest on Capital, and as a consequence, Capital itself in its most important feature, shall be abolished. If the principle be true, it can only be put in practice in a society in which Industry is rendered *Attractive* and wealth is so vastly increased that selfishness will be absorbed by universal abundance. The discussion of these questions is out of place in the commencement of the propagation of Association. As well might you discuss the marriage of a child two years old, or the religious faith it shall embrace before it has cut its teeth.

If the *Tocsin* declares that truth should be discussed at all times, and that the whole truth should be brought up at once, we can merely say that we could state a score of questions, which will have ultimately to be solved, but which are not mooted at present. One of these is a Natural Equilibrium of population — a gigantic problem, far transcending in importance that of Interest on Capital, or any other financial or industrial principle of a secondary order. We believe that these points of theory, which are not of the first importance, may be delayed for a while, and that the elementary principles of social science, those, a knowledge of which is indispensable, should be instilled first into the public mind.

It is necessary of course that a theory of social organization which claims to be complete, should have a solution for all these questions, but it is not necessary to press those of a secondary character, which may give rise to controversy and excite prejudice. However, let us make a few remarks on this subject and explain some of the reasons why interest should be paid on capital.

Labor is the source of all wealth, the sole creative power, and according to the law of mathematical justice, it should receive the product which it creates. Labor is one of the principal elements in the social organization; it is not however a simple element, but a compound one; or rather an *elementary organism*, which may be divided like every other Unity or Whole, into a Series of three terms — a central and two extreme terms. Labor then divided into its primary, constituent parts, is composed of the three following elements.

1. Passive Labor, commonly called Capital, which is the accumulated product of past labor, and is inactive and unproductive without the application of active labor.

2. Active Labor; the physical or manual Labor of man.

3. Directing and regulating Labor, or Talent and Skill; which controls and regulates the other two branches of Labor.

Passive labor is the first term of the series; Active labor the centre, and Talent the third term.

Each of these three terms may be subdivided and each will be found to contain a sub-series within itself. This sub-division should take place, and a careful analysis be made of the nature of the component parts of each term, in order to determine the scientific law of the division of profits.

Active labor for example, may be divided and classed in the three categories of Attractiveness, Usefulness, and Necessity.

Passive labor or Capital, which is represented by the capital stock of the Association, may be divided into shares of three degrees or classes, receiving three rates of interest.

Talent and Skill, which is the directing and regulating principle, may in like manner be classed in three categories; inventive Genius; natural Instinct or Talent; and Skill acquired by exercise and experience.

These three orders, or nine classes of human activity, are the creative powers in industry. In them all ages and both sexes participate; the men, the women and the children; the old, the middle-aged, and the young, and each individual of these three categories, chooses a part according to sex and age, power and capacity, in some one or more of these sources of production.

This division is in harmony with that of every other integral Organism or Unity in the universe, — the best guarantee of its justness. We every where find this division into three principles, the Active, the Passive, and the Regulating or Arbitral. The universe itself is such a Trinity in Unity.

The active, creative principle, or Mind.

The passive principle, or Matter.

The regulating principle, or Law.

Descending from this supreme Unity to man, we find in him a repetition of this trinity of principles; the material, the spiritual, and the intellectual. The five sensitive passions, which place man in relation with the material world, correspond to the material principle; the four affective passions to the active principle; and the three directing or regulating faculties, which form the intelligence or reason, to the third or arbitral principle. If we take an Association — the whole body of the members composing it — and view them with regard to ages and the capacity which age gives for produc-

tion, we shall again find this trinity of principles. The young and extremely aged form the passive principle; the youth and middle-aged form the active; and the advanced who tend to old age, form mainly the third principle. It is among the latter that we find for the most part the talent and skill, derived from long experience, which are necessary to direct labor successfully.

The law of unity teaches us that we must establish in all departments of life, and in the whole material organization of society the same divisions that nature has established in man, so that there may be a perfect adaptation between the two,—between man and the external Order of things in which he lives. If it were otherwise, conflict would exist, and that part of man's nature which found no external organization adapted to it, would be crushed, and forced either to sink into inaction or rebel. If for example, the passive element in production did not exist, the passive Age would be dispossessed of property and without influence in several important spheres of life and action. The old generally will have accumulated Capital; they will possess passive labor, or the accumulated product of past labor, while the younger and the mature will possess Labor and Skill, the two other elements of production.

The possession of capital or wealth in the Combined Order will be a powerful guarantee of influence to the old, and a means of union and sympathy between them and numerous groups and corporations, as well as persons of other ages. It will be deemed of the highest importance to give to old age all the guarantees of influence possible, for it loses most of its sources of influence, by the loss of beauty and the activity of the faculties and passions.

A good share of the capital of the aged will be distributed among those of the other passive age, the young, whose productive powers are but slightly developed. An old man in the Combined Order, who has lived to see the fifth generation of his descendants, as will be commonly the case, will distribute but a small part of his property among his children and grand children, who are already quite advanced in life and well off, but among his descendants of the fourth and fifth generations. Thus will the two extreme ages, which do not possess the active element of production, be provided with the passive element. The old, who are fewer in number, will possess a larger share, and the young, who are more numerous, will obtain enough to secure them independence, and enable them to exercise those faculties, and perform those acts of devotion which are dependent upon the possession of riches. If we

destroy Capital, we lessen to a considerable extent the influence and liberty of the two extreme ages, which in civilization are sacrificed without a thought.

The material principle is not to be considered separately, by itself alone, and mere material laws of justice applied to it. We should not, for example, regard a dinner as a means simply of satisfying the appetite and securing the support of the body; and then calculate the exact number of minutes it will take to masticate the quantity of food requisite to fulfil those two ends. We must look upon the table, first as a centre for the development and action of the social sympathies; we all know how friendship, for example, is heightened around the festive board; and second, as an incentive to agricultural industry, to the growth and refinement of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Considerations of a nature which apparently are quite foreign to the table will be connected with it in a true order of society, and the regulations governing it, will be drawn from spiritual as well as material motives—or ends to be attained.

The same law applies to property. It is not to be considered in that dry matter of fact manner in which it is viewed by many classes of reformers, and in fact by all those who have not analysed the connection of wealth with the development and action of the spiritual passions. This question is so deep that it can only be fully understood by understanding the whole mechanism of society, and the part which matter plays in embodying spirit, and in connecting one spiritual element with another.

Let us however glance at the question in a more practical point of view, and see whether simple material justice, or the law of material equilibrium does not require that Interest should be paid upon Capital, or in other words, that past Labor should receive a share of the product of present Labor, where it enables the latter to create that product.

We will suppose that five men have spent as many years in constructing a machine for the economical production of some article, say cloth. During these five years they have received no product from their labor. When the machine is completed, a value is placed upon it, and it becomes what is called Capital.

Let us state here that Capital consists in edifices, manufactories, machinery, cleared lands, railroads, canals, ships, teams, implements, and any other improvements made by human labor. Money, whether gold or silver, is the mere representative of these real values. When we speak of a capitalist, we designate a man who owns houses, manufactories, cleared lands, railroad stock, or other similar property,—that is, the *past labor*

of men, which labor has been accumulated and invested in these improvements. We also speak of a man who owns wild lands or bank stock as a capitalist, although no labor has been expended on the first, and none in creating the latter. This grows out of the fact that the present false system of society allows certain kinds of property to be monopolized which should not be, and artificial capital, like bank paper, to be created for the use of a few individuals exclusively, which is a gross error. As a general rule however, Capital is merely the accumulated product of labor, or more briefly, it is *past labor*, and nothing more.

Capital, in present society is, as a general rule, unjustly obtained, and this casts an odium upon it. It is not the Laboring Classes, who have created the Capital of the world, that own it, but a small minority engaged in finance, commerce, stock-jobbing, the law, and other non-producing, and parasitic functions. In a true Social Order the producers will be the Capitalists, and not a minority of shrewd and voracious speculators, operators, gamblers and industrial leeches.

Let us return to our example of the machine. We will suppose that when completed five other persons work the machine, and with its aid, produce a large quantity of cloth, far more than they could have done had they worked with a hand loom. We now ask whether it is not strictly just that the new comers should give to those who have made the machine, a part of the product of their labor as a compensation for the past labor which has been performed. In fact, the makers of the machine reap no fruit from their labor until they receive a portion of the product of the actual laborers; and if we admit the justice of remunerating past Labor, we then admit the justice of paying interest upon Capital; for the portion of the product paid to the original makers of the machine, for its use, is neither more nor less than paying interest on capital.

Capital must keep the improvements in order,—that is, past labor must renew itself. Now a large portion of improvements or Capital, such as machinery, implements, fruit-orchards, flocks, railroads, and so forth, must be renewed every twelve years, or in other words, they wear out in that time and must be replaced. Thus past Labor will be going constantly through a series of uses and disappearing; and present Labor will have continually the opportunity of replacing it, and becoming capital; or in other terms, the producers will have, at all times, the means and opportunity of becoming capitalists.

There is a third element, or producing power, which enters into the creation of

wealth, and which must receive its share of the product. It is talent, skill, acquired knowledge, inventive genius.

If talent or skill so directs present labor as to render it far more productive than it would be if prosecuted in ignorance, then talent or skill should receive a share of the product. If a man has spent years in acquiring a knowledge of the raising of fruit trees, or breeding of cattle, and if he directs a group of workmen engaged in this branch of industry, he should receive more for his labor than an inexperienced laborer who is destitute of skill; or if he should merely direct, without engaging actively in the work, then he should be paid for his skill alone. This principle is so evidently just, that it has been accepted by the common sense of mankind, and is in force in present Society, although imperfectly, and often very erroneously applied.

To sum up;

Past Labor, which has made the improvement, and prepared the way for present labor to produce, is the first element of production, or the first source of wealth; and as such, is entitled to a share of the product. This share of the product, which is paid to past labor, is equivalent to interest on Capital.

Present Labor, which makes use of the improvements, and creates the product, is the second element of production, or second source of wealth. It is the most important element and should receive the largest share of the profits.

Talent or Skill, which directs present Labor wisely and efficiently, and increases its productiveness, and which in addition, preserves Capital by a judicious supervision, is the third element of production.

It is between these three producing powers that the wealth of society should be divided. This division is no doubt one of the most intricate questions in political economy, and in its solution, considerations, which would at first seem foreign to the subject, will have a strong influence. We will merely say here that a few years of practical experience under a true Organization of Industry will lead inevitably to strict justice in this matter.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the profits of Industry will be awarded to the three elements of production in a ratio, which would appear on the surface, to be in exact keeping with the amount created by each. If now, with the aid of improved machinery, one man can spin as much thread as did twenty-three thousand men, sixty years ago by hand, it must not be supposed that one twenty-three thousandth part will go to active Labor, and the balance to capital and to the talent that invented the machinery. This is a *simplistic* calculation, and an error into which the writer in the *Tocsin* falls.

The importance of the three elements of wealth must be estimated upon an entirely different basis.

As a guide for those who are investigating the great question of production and its distribution, let us lay down the two following rules.

First. Industry, the Arts and Sciences must be so organized that persons of both sexes and all ages, and of every variety of physical and intellectual capacity, will find pursuits suited to them, and thus every being be placed in a position, in which he will become a useful producer.

Second. Such a distribution of profits and honors should be established, that every variety of Labor, Capacity and Genius of the different ages and both sexes, will be guaranteed the means of obtaining a share of them, and thus rendered pecuniarily independent.

If Society does not fulfil these conditions, it virtually declares that a portion of its members are incapable of performing useful works, and are unworthy of honors. This would be a libel upon nature, who has created no useless powers or talents, no unworthy beings. Every character and every shade of capacity has its function and its value; and a sphere must be found for it in a true Social Order. (We do not speak of young children, or the sick or the maimed; the former are a transition, and the latter an exception; thus they are out of the rule of action of the general law.)

In civilization, the division of profits corresponds to shrewdness, cunning, selfishness, and dishonesty. According to the plan which the *Tocsin* suggests, it would correspond mainly to rugged physical labor.

The writer in the *Tocsin* appears to overlook the fundamental idea of Attractive Industry. We say to him at once, that if Industry cannot be rendered truly Attractive, so that what is called "idle ease" in civilization would be worse to a man in the Combined Order, than imprisonment in present society, then Social Harmony is impossible. Attractive Industry, (which is the result of a harmonious arrangement of the whole of external nature, as music is of a harmonious arrangement of sounds,) is as necessary to social concord and unity, as a well organized and healthy body is to the true action of the mind. If the outward world, or the animal and the vegetable kingdoms, be organized according to the Law of the Series, and harmony be established throughout the domain of Nature, man will be as much attracted to her material beauties, which affect all his senses, as he now is to music, which gratifies the sense of hearing. This attraction in Industry will be heightened incalculably by the fact that the social sympathies will

be called out and gratified in the groups and series, which will be a spiritual pleasure added to the material charm.

The writer in the *Tocsin*, to illustrate the position he takes, supposes that two men, A and B, on an island, have made improvements or accumulated Capital, so that they can live very comfortably by working five hours a day. But B, in a game of chance, loses his property. "This enables A, by loaning Capital to B at 5 per cent, to live at ease through all future time. B," continues the writer, "will now be under the necessity of laboring ten hours a day; he and his descendants through the long and hopeless array of coming ages, unless he can turn the tables on A, which the latter will use every effort to prevent."

"While things are in this state, A, who of course has now plenty of leisure, determines to travel. (Industry is to remain repulsive as it now is, we infer from this remark.) He visits an island where people live together in Association, but receive no dividend upon Capital."

After a conversation with the members of the Association, the following effect is produced upon him.

"A had a long struggle with conscience but finally determined to go home, and go to work, and earn his living like an honorable man, and play the gentleman no longer upon the earnings of his companion."

From these remarks, it is evident that our friend of the *Tocsin* is not impressed with the idea of Attractive Industry, and leaves it entirely out of the account. We would say to him that he might as well leave, at once, Association out of the account, for it cannot exist without its material foundation, which is Attractive Industry.

We will state the reason why the writer believes interest should not be paid on Capital. It is summed up in the following paragraph.

"But replies A, does not capital assist labor in the production of wealth? And is it not entitled to that portion which it produces? Most certainly it does said C. But you forget that my money was itself the production of capital, as well as labor, and therefore by assisting future labor, it only pays a debt it owes."

There are friends of Association in different parts of the country who are falling into radical and exaggerated notions, and who undertake to solve these vast problems of social science in a hasty manner, from an extremely incomplete view of human destiny, and the nature of man. We would caution them against it, as they may injure the great cause of Universal Unity by their partial and mistaken statements. Some of our ultra radical reformers have exercised a strong influence in this way. Shocked and out-



raged by the monstrous injustice of present society, they have gone to the other extreme, something like the atheist who denies God, because he dislikes the idea of the Divinity, which is maintained by the people among whom he lives.

We hope soon to have Fourier's great work on Universal Unity translated and published; it will offer to those, who are now speculating somewhat at random, a surer basis to stand upon than they now possess.

#### WOMAN'S FUNCTION IN THE ASSOCIATIVE MOVEMENT.

As a new impulse has just been given to our cause, and a new era of universal dissemination of our views is opening, we take the occasion to state our opinion in regard to the Function of Woman in the Associative movement; our *opinion* we say, because it is of course an established principle among us, that Woman must finally determine upon her own sphere of duties, and limit and arrange her own modes of influence.

The "Address to Associationists" was made to "Brethren;" and the officers chosen to conduct the affairs of the American Union were exclusively men, because and only because, no women have as yet so publicly advocated the Associative Doctrines as to authorize their appointment to responsible positions, in a movement so much opposed and calumniated as ours has been and will be. Yet in the second appeal from the secretary, the aid of women was especially demanded, and this aid must be earnestly sought, and we trust, will be speedily found; we mean found in the sense of *public associated effort*, for we rejoice to acknowledge with the profoundest gratitude and respect, the earnest and steady encouragement which has been rendered to the Associative cause by women acting in the sphere of private friendship.

Yet, while thus requesting women, who are ready and disposed, to give us their public aid, we desire to do full justice to the motives, which have thus far held many of our sisters back. The *advocacy* of Association is but a *transitional* movement from present false social relations to a state of true justice, and we both comprehend and admire the delicacy which leads women to hold their influence in reserve. They feel, that in their present position of dependance they do not address men as *equals* even in private, except where affection exalts them to their true dignity; and it needs nothing less than a spirit of martyrdom for a refined woman to expose herself to the rude curiosity of public assemblies. But a finer feeling, than this keeps woman silent now, — even the sense that she is *patronized* by man's mode of protection.

Gallantry, exaggerated admiration for trifling success, and fulsome flattery for even a small show of judgment and power are rather insults than signs of respect; because they betoken how little men expect of women. Consequently many a brave hearted, far-seeing, energetic woman "bides her time" in quietness, not condescending to accept as a favor, what she knows to be her right, namely, *full and free co-operation with man in advancing the interests of Humanity.*

That something like this is the state of mind with many women who are Associationists, is proved by the fact, that in practical associations, where their Rights to Labor, to Property, to Self-Government and Equality are actually admitted, they take a most energetic part at once in counsel and in execution. How noble are the relations which thus arise, and how beautiful is the harmony which is thus secured, living experience alone can adequately testify. They give the foretaste of True Society.

But the object which we now have in view, is to *ask* our Sisters in the Cause of Universal Unity, whether they have not a special ministry not only in practical association, but in the transitional stage of advocating and disseminating our doctrines! Who can more justly claim Social Re-organization than women! With the consciousness in themselves of destiny thwarted, powers undeveloped, affections hemmed in, energies paralyzed, usefulness limited, privileges denied, honors forfeited, influence impaired: and with the awful facts of female degradation under our present systems of industry and life crying out to them from the alleys and dens of our cities, from our crowded manufactories, and from workshops, garrets and cellars all over the land, can they hold themselves exempt from the peaceful war against transmitted evils? We ask them then, if they feel free to aid us, — to write tracts on the Rights, Duties and Condition of Women — to form Societies of their own, or to take an active part in our Societies — to circulate our papers — and to obtain contributions for our funds. Above all, do we need that Woman Collectively, as a Ruling Power, conjoint with Man should make her influence felt. The age seems to be preparing for the era of Woman's Restoration to her original co-soverignty; in all philanthropic reforms women are bearing a noble part. Let Women, who are Associationists even take the lead, and set a full example to their sex, by putting forth all their energies in the cause of Unitary Reform.

Why thus painfully dost thou crawl along this earth, given as the heritage of all men indiscriminately, and over which all should proudly walk as rulers!

LA GRANGE PHALANX. From this Association, an account of whose condition we lately published, we have received a communication from which we extract the following:

SPRINGFIELD, June 14, 1846.

We hope our humble effort here to establish a Phalanx, will in due time be crowned with success. We last winter a year ago, obtained an act of Incorporation from the Legislature of our state, which, by its own terms, came into effect this month, a year since, and our prospects of success since then have been very cheering, notwithstanding the many difficulties attendant upon so weak an attempt to form a nucleus, around which we expect to see Truth and Happiness assembled in perpetual union, and that too at no very distant period.

Our numbers have lately been increased by some members from the Alphadelphia Association, whose faith has outlived that of others in the attempt to establish an Association at that place.

Agriculture has been our main and almost only employment since we came together. We have 1045 acres of excellent grain and meadow land, 492 acres of which are improved, besides 250 acres of meadow. We are preparing this fall to sow 300 acres of wheat. Our domain is as yet destitute of water power except on a very limited scale. Our location in other respects is all that could be wished for. We have a very fine orchard of peach and apple trees, set out mostly a year ago last spring, and many of the trees will soon bear, they having been moved from orchards which were set out for the use of families on different points of what we now call "our domain." We shall have this season some considerable quantity of apples and peaches from old trees which have not been moved. The wheat crop promises to be very abundant in this part of the country. Oats and corn are rather backward on account of the late dry weather. We have at present on the ground, 140 acres of wheat, 52 acres of oats, 38 acres of corn, besides buckwheat, potatoes, beans, squashes, pumpkins, melons, and what not. Yours truly,

WILLIAM ANDERSON, Sec'y.

POPULATION OF THE GERMAN CITY OF BERLIN. The population of the city of Berlin is 352,000, 182,000 males, and 170,000 females. Among the latter there are 10,000 prostitutes, 12,000 criminals, and 6,000 persons receiving public charity to the amount of 144,000 rix dollars. It contains 5,000 weavers, having on an average, four children each, and being all paupers, are unable to procure bread for their families. This makes an additional number of 30,000 poor, besides 2,000 pauper children, and 2,000 orphans supported by government. The official statistics give the following recapitulation:



— 10,000 prostitutes; 10,000 sick in consequence of vice; 10,000 female servants; 2,000 natural children (foundlings); 12,000 criminals; 1,000 living in almshouses; 200 prisoners of the police; 6,000 receivers of public alms; 20,000 weavers and children; 2,000 charity children; 1,500 orphans; 6,000 poor sick in the hospitals; 4,000 beggars; 2,000 convicts of state prisons and houses of correction. *One hundred and six thousand and seven hundred poor, sick, criminal and debauched people in the most literary and educated city of Germany!* — *Merchants' Magazine.*

Berlin is by no means an exception; other cities differ from it only in degree; here in America the case is hardly better, and our commercial metropolis, New York, is we suppose, not less abundant in misery and corruption. Pauperism and prostitution are necessary parts of the present social order, and we defy any man to point out an effectual way of removing them except by a complete reform in the constitution of society. Let humane hearts dwell upon this!

¶ The "Ægis" published at Worcester, Mass. has an article on Association occasioned by the recent lectures of Messrs. CHANNING, BRISBANE, and DANA at that place. Fair or even decent criticism we are always ready to reply to, but the tone and manner of the "Ægis" preclude all argument.

¶ The New York Express of July 9, has an article on "Fourierism," which in all the qualities in general so abundantly displayed in its writings on that subject, somewhat exceeds the less practised "Ægis;" what these qualities are, no one who has ever seen the Express, will need to be informed.

¶ A company in London offers to insure against loss by failure of harvests. What next! — *Worcester Transcript.*

Why the next thing is to apply the principle of Mutual Insurance to the whole of society, and to convert every community into an Association for that purpose. A principle found to be so beneficial ought to have a more extended operation. Let "Mutual Guarantees" be instituted in all the relations of men; that is "what next."

**DOMESTIC HELP.** The following question has become a great subject for discussion at the present day viz. What is the cause of so much difficulty in obtaining females as nurses, and to do housework.

Now I do not think this a "vexed question," neither do I deem it necessary for a person to be skilled in logic, or philosophy, in order to be able to answer this question. — It only needs a small share of common sense. I think the simple relation of an anecdote will throw light enough upon this subject to clear away all the mist that hangs over it.

A short time ago I visited your city, and during my stay I visited an aged man, who for many years did a large commercial business in the city, but now has retired to his country seat in an adjoining town to spend the remainder of his days upon the fruits of his past labor. During my visit he invited me to ride with him. We called upon a friend of his, and after the usual salutation, the lady of the house began to tell her troubles. She was destitute of help. The girls were so unsteady now-a-days, that she could get none that would stay more than a fortnight. The old gentleman listened with all the gravity of a judge, until she got through, and then he said, "I am glad of it. I hope you will never get one until you learn how to treat your help." (The old gentleman never carries butter in his mouth to grease his words with.)

The lady exclaimed, "why Mr. — do you mean to say that I don't treat my help well?"

"Yes!" replied the old man.

"Why not?" said the lady.

"Do you let your girls sit at the table with you?" asked the old man.

"No indeed! do you suppose I would have kitchen girls at my table!"

"Do you have them sit down with you in the parlor?"

"No!"

"Do you treat them as equals or inferiors?"

"As inferiors, of course!"

"Then" replied the old man, "out of thine own mouth will I condemn thee. Now," said he, "if you will listen, I will tell you my experience. I have no trouble about female help. I have one woman that has been with me thirty-three years and another eight years. I have employed female help fifty years, and never had one leave me except they got married. Now I will tell you how to manage. I always treat them as equals. I have them sit at my table, and in my parlor when their duties do not call them to the kitchen, or some other place. They sit with me in church, they come around the same family altar, and I trust they will spend an eternity in the same heaven with me. I treat them with as much respect as I would you, and I require it of my children. If they are below me in any particular, I strive to elevate them to me; and if they are above me I strive to elevate myself to them. Now if you will pursue this course, I will warrant you will have no trouble about help."

He who gives wise counsel, prudent warning, or useful instruction, at the proper time, gives that which is more valuable than gold.

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some food, and freedom from the fumes of Alcohol and Tobacco.

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A. L. SMITH.

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# THE HARBINGER,

## DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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VOLUME III.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1846.

NUMBER 7.

### MISCELLANY.

#### THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,\*

SEQUEL TO

#### CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

#### IV.

On the morrow, the Porporina, awaking quite exhausted from a painful sleep, found upon her bed two articles which her maid had just placed there. First, a flask of rock-crystal with a cap of gold upon which was engraved an F. surmounted by a royal crown, and then a sealed note. The servant, on being interrogated, related how the king had come in person the evening before, to bring that flask; and, on learning the circumstances of so respectful and so delicately simple a visit, the Porporina was affected. "Strange man!" thought she, "How can so much goodness in private life be reconciled with so much harshness and despotism in public?" She fell into a reverie, and little by little, forgetting the king and thinking of herself, she confusedly retraced the events of the day before, and again began to weep.

"What! mademoiselle," said her maid who was a good creature, passably talkative, "are you going to sob again, as you did yesterday when you fell asleep? That was enough to break one's heart, and the king who heard you through the door, shook his head several times like a man who is afflicted. Yet, mademoiselle, your lot would make many envious. The king does not pay court to every body; it is even said that he does so to no one, and it is very certain that he is in love with you."

"In love! what do you say, unfortunate!" cried the Porporina, shuddering; "never repeat so improper, so absurd an observation. The king in love with me, great God!"

\* 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.

"Well! mademoiselle, suppose it were so?"

"Heaven preserve me from it! But it is not and never will be so. What is this roll, Catherine?"

"A domestic brought it early this morning."

"Whose domestic?"

"A valet de place, who at first would not tell me from whom he came, but confessed at last that he was employed by the people of a certain count de Saint-Germain, who arrived here only yesterday."

"And why did you question the man?"

"In order to know, mademoiselle."

"That is frank! Leave me."

As soon as the Porporina was alone, she opened the roll, and found a parchment covered with strange and undecipherable characters. She had heard a good deal said of the count de Saint-Germain, but she did not know him. She turned the manuscript on every side; and unable to understand anything of it, not conceiving why that personage, with whom she had never had any acquaintance, should send her an enigma to unravel, she concluded, with many others, that he was crazy; still, on further examining the missive, she read upon a detached leaf:

"The princess Amelia of Prussia is much interested in the science of divination, and in horoscopes. Give her this parchment, and you will secure her protection and good will."

These lines were not signed. The hand-writing was unknown to her, and the roll had no address. She was astonished that the count de Saint-Germain, in order to reach the princess Amelia, should have recourse to her, who had never approached her; and thinking that the servant had made a mistake in bringing her the package, she prepared to roll it up, and send it back. But on taking up the coarse white paper which enveloped the whole, she remarked that the inside was printed music. A remembrance was awakened within her. To seek in the

corner of the sheet for a certain signature, to recognize it as having been strongly made in pencil by herself eighteen months before, to ascertain that the sheet of music belonged to the whole piece which she had given as a mark of gratitude; all this was the work of an instant; and the emotion she experienced on receiving this memorial of an absent and unhappy friend made her forget her own sorrows. Then she inquired what she was to do with the scrawl, and with what intention she had been desired to transmit it to the princess of Prussia. Was it, in fact, to assure her the favor and protection of that lady? The Porporina felt neither desire nor need of this. Was it to establish between the princess and the prisoner a correspondence useful for the safety or the solace of the latter? The young girl hesitated; she recalled the proverb: "When in doubt, refrain." But she remembered that there are good and bad proverbs; some for the use of a prudent selfishness, others for that of a courageous devotedness. She rose, saying:

"When in doubt, act, if you compromise only yourself, and can be useful to your friend, to your fellow-man."

She had hardly finished her toilet, which she did rather slowly, for she was much weakened and broken by the crisis of the evening before, and while tying her beautiful black hair, she thought of the means by which she could most quickly and safely send the parchment to the princess, when a great liveried lacquy came to enquire if she were alone, and if she could receive a lady who did not give her name, and who desired to speak with her. The young artist had often cursed the subjection in which artists of that age lived with respect to the great; she was tempted, in order to send off the intrusive lady, to give for answer that the gentlemen singers of the theatre were with her; but she thought that if this would be a method of frightening away the prudery of certain ladies, it was the most sure one of attracting certain others.

She therefore resigned herself to receive the visit, and madam de Kleist was soon before her.

The great lady, accustomed to society, had determined to be charming with the cantatrice, and to make her forget all the distances of rank; but she was rather constrained, because, on the one hand, she had been told that this young girl was very proud, and on the other, being very curious on her own account, madam de Kleist could have wished to make her talk and thus to penetrate to the bottom of her thoughts. Although handsome and inoffensive, that beautiful lady had therefore at this moment, something false and forced in her whole countenance, which did not escape the Porporina. Curiosity is so closely allied to perfidy, that it can make the finest face look ugly.

The Porporina knew madam de Kleist's face very well, and her first impulse, on seeing before her the person who showed herself every evening in the princess Amelia's box, was to request of her, under pretence of necromancy, of which she knew her to be very fond, an interview with her mistress. But not daring to confide in a person who had the reputation of being somewhat extravagant and rather intriguing to boot, she resolved to let her make the advance, and on her side, began to examine her with that tranquil penetration of the defensive, so superior to the attacks of uneasy curiosity.

At last, the ice being broken, and the lady having presented the musical request of the princess, the cantatrice, concealing the satisfaction she felt at this fortunate concurrence of circumstances, ran to seek for several unpublished pieces. Then, feeling suddenly inspired: "Ah! madam," cried she, "I will lay all my little treasures with joy at the feet of her highness, and I should be very happy if she would do me the favor to receive them from myself, in person."

"Really, my beautiful child!" said madam de Kleist, "do you desire to speak with her royal highness?"

"Yes, madam," replied the Porporina; "I would throw myself at her feet and ask of her a favor which I am certain she would not refuse me; for they tell me she is a great musician, and she must protect artists. They say moreover that she is as good as she is handsome. I therefore hope that, if she would deign to hear me, she would aid me in obtaining the recall of my master, who, having been invited to Berlin, with the consent of the king, was driven away, and as it were, banished, on crossing the frontier, under pretext of some informality in his passport, without my being afterwards able, spite of the assurances and promises of his majesty, to obtain the conclusion of this

interminable affair. I dare no longer trouble the king with a request which interests him only partially, and which he has already forgotten, I am sure; but if the princess would deign to say a word to the officers whose business it is to arrange those matters, I should have the happiness of being again united to my adopted father, my only protector in this world."

"I am greatly astonished at what you say!" cried madam de Kleist. "What! the beautiful Porporina, whom I thought all-powerful over the mind of the monarch, is obliged to have recourse to the protection of another, in order to obtain a thing which appears so simple! Permit me, in that case, to believe that his majesty fears, in your adopted father, as you call him, too severe a guardian, or a counsellor who would have too much influence against himself."

"I try in vain, madam, to understand what you do me the honor to say to me," replied the Porporina, with a gravity which disconcerted madam de Kleist.

"I have been apparently deceived then by the extreme benevolence and the boundless admiration which the king professes for the greatest cantatrice in the world."

"It is not becoming to the dignity of madam de Kleist," returned the Porporina, "to laugh at a poor, inoffensive, and unpretending artist."

"Laugh at you! who could think of laughing at an angel like you? You are ignorant of your merit, mademoiselle, and your candor fills me with surprise and admiration. Now I am sure you will make a conquest of the princess: she is a person of impulse. It is only necessary for her to see you closely, in order to be passionately fond of your person, as she already passionately admires your talent."

"I have been told, on the contrary, madam, that her royal highness has always been very severe towards me, that my poor face had the misfortune to displease her, and that she loudly disapproved my style of singing."

"Who can have told you such lies?"

"It is the king who lied, in that case!" replied the young girl, with a little malice.

"It was a snare, a trial of your modesty and gentleness," returned madam de Kleist; "but as I mean to prove to you that I, a simple mortal, have not the right to lie, like a very waggish king, I wish to carry you this very moment in my carriage, and present you with your music to the princess."

"And you think, madam, that she will receive me well?"

"Are you willing to trust to me?"

"And yet if you should be deceived,

madam, upon whom would the humiliation fall?"

"Upon myself alone; I will authorize you to say every where that I boast of the friendship of the princess, and that she has neither esteem nor consideration for me."

"I follow you, madam," said the Porporina, ringing for her muff and cloak.

"My toilet is very simple, but you take me unexpectedly."

"You are charming thus, and you will find our dear princess in an even more simple negligé. Come!"

The Porporina put the mysterious roll into her pocket, loaded madam de Kleist's carriage with music, and followed her resolutely, saying: "For a man who has exposed his life for me, I can well expose myself to dance attendance for nothing in the antechamber of a little princess."

Introduced into a boudoir, she remained there five minutes, during which the abbess and her confidant exchanged these few words in the next chamber:

"Madam, I bring her to you; she is there."

"Already? O admirable empress! How must I receive her! what sort of a person is she?"

"Reserved, prudent or foolish, a profound dissembler, or wonderfully stupid."

"O! we will see!" cried the princess, whose eyes sparkled with the fire of a mind accustomed to penetration and mistrust. "Let her enter!"

During this short detention in the boudoir, the Porporina remarked with surprise the strangest furniture that had ever decorated the dressing room of a princess: spheres, compasses, astrolabes, astrological charts, bottles filled with nameless mixtures, skulls, in fine all the apparatus of sorcery. "My friend was not deceived," thought she, "and the public is well informed respecting the secrets of the king's sister. It seems to me that she does not even make a mystery of them, since I am allowed to see these strange objects. Well! let me take courage."

The abbess of Quedlimberg was then about twenty-eight or thirty years old. She had been beautiful as an angel; she was still so in the evening by candle-light and at a distance; but on seeing her closely, in broad day, Consuelo was astonished to find her wan and spotted. Her blue eyes, which had been the most beautiful in the world, now edged with red, like those of a person who has just been weeping, had a diseased brightness, and a deep transparency which did not inspire confidence. She had been adored by her family and the whole court; and for a long while, she had been the most affable, the most cheerful, the most be-

nevolent and most gracious king's-daughter, whose portrait has ever been depicted in the romances of the great personages of old patrician literature. But, for some years, her character had changed, as had her beauty. She had attacks of ill humor and even of violence, which made her resemble Frederick in his worst points. Without endeavoring to model herself by him, and even while criticising him a great deal in secret, she was, as it were, invincibly drawn to assume all the faults that she blamed in him, and to become an imperious and absolute mistress, a sceptical and bitter wit, a narrow and disdainful reasoner. And yet, under these frightful contradictions, which encroached every day more fatally, could be seen a native goodness, an upright intention, a courageous soul, a passionate heart. What then was passing in the mind of that unhappy princess? A terrible sorrow devoured her, which she was obliged to stifle in her bosom, and which she bore stoically and with a cheerful air, before a curious, malevolent or insensible world. Thus, by means of dissembling and constraint, she had succeeded in developing within herself two very distinct beings: one which she dared reveal to hardly any body; the other, which she displayed with a kind of hatred and despair. It was remarked that she became more quick and brilliant in conversation; but this uneasy and forced gaiety was painful to witness, and no one could explain its freezing and almost frightful effect. By turns sensitive almost to childishness, and harsh even to cruelty, she astonished others, and was astonished herself. Torrents of tears extinguished the fires of her anger, and then suddenly, a savage irony, an imperious disdain, tore her from those salutary emotions which she was not permitted to encourage or to exhibit.

The first remark which the Porporina made on conversing with her, was that of this species of duality in her being. The princess had two aspects, two faces: one caressing, the other menacing; two voices: one sweet and harmonious, which seemed to have been given her by Heaven that she might sing like an angel; the other, rough and harsh, which seemed to issue from a burning bosom, animated by a diabolical breath. Our heroine, struck with surprise before so strange a being, divided between fear and sympathy, asked herself if she was about to be attacked and overpowered by a good or by an evil genius.

On her side, the princess found the Porporina much more formidable than she had imagined. She had hoped that, without her theatrical costumes and that rouge which renders women extremely ugly, whatever may be said about it,

she would justify what madam de Kleist had said to her to reassure her, that she was rather ugly than handsome. But that clear brown complexion, so even and so pure, those black eyes, so powerful and so gentle, that mouth so frank, that form so supple, with such natural and simple motions, all that exterior of an honest person, good, and filled with calmness, or at least with that internal strength which is given by uprightness and true wisdom, imposed upon the unquiet Amelia a sort of respect and even of shame, as if she had a presentiment of a soul impregnable in its loyalty.

The efforts she made to conceal her feelings of uneasiness were remarked by the young girl, who was astonished, as may well be believed, at seeing so high a princess intimidated before her. She began therefore, in order to give animation to a conversation which failed of itself every moment, to open one of her scores, into which she had slipped the cabalistic letter; and she so arranged it that this coarse paper and those large characters struck the eyes of the princess. As soon as the effect was produced, she pretended to wish to conceal the leaf, as if she were surprised to find it there; but the abbess hurriedly seized hold of it, crying out. "What is that, mademoiselle! in the name of Heaven, where did you get it!"

"If I must confess it to your highness," replied the Porporina with a significant air, "it is an astrological operation which I proposed to present to you, whenever you should be pleased to question me upon a subject respecting which I am not entirely ignorant."

The princess fixed her burning eyes upon the cantatrice, glanced again at the magic characters, ran to the embrasure of a window, and having examined the parchment for an instant, uttered a loud cry, and fell as if suffocated in the arms of madam de Kleist, who had rushed towards her on seeing her totter.

"Go, mademoiselle," said the favorite hurriedly to the Porporina; "pass into the cabinet, and say nothing; do not call any one, not any one, do you understand?"

"No, no, let her not go—" said the princess in a smothered voice, "let her come here—here, close to me. Ah! my child," cried she, as soon as the young girl was at her side, "what a service you have rendered me!"

And seizing the Porporina in her thin and white arms, animated by a convulsive strength, the princess pressed her to her heart, and covered her cheeks with sharp and abrupt kisses by which the poor child felt her face bruised and her soul terrified.

"Certainly, this country makes people

crazy," thought she; "I have several times believed I was becoming so, and see that the greatest personages are even more so than I am. There must be madness in the air."

The princess at last unwound her arms from Consuelo's neck, to throw them around that of madam de Kleist, crying out and weeping, and repeating in her strangest voice.

"Saved! saved! he is saved! my friends, my good friends! Trenck has escaped from the fortress of Glatz; he is saved, he flies, he still flies!—"

And the poor princess fell into a spasm of convulsive laughter, interrupted by sobs, which it was painful to see and to hear.

"Ah! madam, for the love of Heaven, restrain your joy!" said madam de Kleist, "take care that no one hears you!"

And taking up the pretended cabalistic writing, which was no other than a letter in cyphers from the baron de Trenck, she assisted the princess to continue the reading, which the latter interrupted a thousand times, by bursts of feverish and almost crazed delight.

#### V.

"To gain over, thanks to the means furnished me by my *incomparable friend*, the lower officers of the garrison, to arrange with another prisoner as desirous of liberty as myself, to give a great blow of my fist to one sentinel, a great blow of my foot to another, a great blow of my sword to a third, to make a prodigious leap to the bottom of the rampart, precipitating before me my friend, who could not decide quickly enough, and who dislocated his foot in falling, to take him up, place him upon my shoulders, to run thus for a quarter of an hour, to cross the Neiss with the water up to my waist, in a fog which would not permit me to see the tip of my nose, to run again on the other bank, to walk the whole night, a horrible night!—to get lost, to wander in the snow around a mountain without knowing where I was, and to hear four in the morning strike from the clock of Glatz! that is, to have lost my time and my trouble in order to find myself under the walls of the city at break of day—to recover my courage, enter the hut of a peasant and with my pistol at his head, to take from him two horses, to fly at full speed and at every hazard; to obtain my liberty through a thousand artifices, a thousand terrors, a thousand sufferings, a thousand dangers; and to find myself at last without money, without clothes, almost without bread, in this severe season in a foreign country; but to feel myself free after having been condemned to a horrible, an eternal captivity;

to think upon an *adorable friend*, to say that this news would fill her with joy, to make a thousand rash and delightful projects for again approaching her, this is being more happy than Frederick of Prussia, this is being the most happy of men, this is being the elect of Providence."

Such was, in sum, the letter of the young Frederick de Trenck to the princess Amelia; and the facility with which madam de Kleist read it to her, proved to the Porporina, surprised and affected, that this correspondence in ciphers was very familiar to them: there was a *post-scriptum* in these words:

"The person who will remit this letter to you is as trusty as the others were unfaithful. You can at last confide in her without reserve and transmit to her all your despatches for me. The count de Saint-Germain will furnish her with means to make them reach me; but it is necessary that the said count, whom I do not wish to trust in every respect, should never hear your name mentioned, and should believe me in love with the signora Porporina, although it is not so, and I have never felt other than a pure and peaceful friendship for her. Let no cloud obscure then the beautiful brow of the *divinity whom I adore*. It is for her alone that I breathe, and I would rather die than deceive her."

While madam de Kleist deciphered this postscript in a loud voice, emphasizing each word, the princess Amelia attentively examined the features of the Porporina, to endeavor to discover there an expression of sorrow, of humiliation, or of vexation. The angelic serenity of that worthy being entirely reassured her, and she again began to cover her with caresses, crying out:

"And I suspected you, poor child! You know not how jealous I have been of you, how much I have hated and cursed you! I tried to find you ugly and a bad actress, exactly because I feared to find you too handsome and too good. That was because my brother, fearing lest I should form an acquaintance with you, even while he pretended to wish to bring you to my concerts, had taken pains to make me believe that you had been Trenck's mistress, his idol, at Vienna. He knew very well that was the means of keeping me always estranged from you. And I believed him, while you devote yourself to the greatest dangers in order to bring me this welcome news! Then you do not love the king? Ah! you are right, he is the most perverse and the most cruel of men."

"O! madam, madam!" said madam de Kleist, frightened by the want of reserve and the delirious volubility with which the princess talked before the

Porporina, "to what dangers you would expose yourself at this moment, if mademoiselle were not an angel of courage and devotedness!"

"It is true I am in such a state! — I verily believe I have lost my wits. Shut the doors tight, de Kleist, and first see if there is any one in the antechambers who could have heard me. As to her," added the princess, pointing at the Porporina, "look at her and tell me if it is possible for any one to doubt a face like her's. No, no! I am not so imprudent as I seem, dear Porporina, do not believe that I speak to you with open heart from heedlessness, nor that I shall repent it when I become calm. I have an infallible instinct, you must know, my child. I have an insight which has never deceived me. It is in the family, and my brother the king, who prides himself upon it, is not my equal in that respect. No, you will not betray me, I see it, I know it! — you would not betray a woman who is consumed by an unhappy love, and who has undergone sufferings of which no one has an idea!"

"O! madam, never!" said the Porporina, kneeling beside her, as if to take God to witness of her oath, "neither you, nor M. de Trenck who saved my life, nor any one else in the world, moreover!"

"He saved your life? Ah! I am certain he has saved many others! he is so brave, so good, so handsome! He is very handsome, is he not? But you cannot have looked at him much; otherwise you would have fallen in love with him, and you did not, is it not true? You shall tell me how you knew him, and how he saved your life; but not now. I could not listen to you. I must talk, my heart overflows. It is so long that it has been dry in my breast. I must talk, still talk; let me alone, de Kleist. I must breathe out my joy or I shall burst. Only close the doors, watch, guard me, take care of me. Have pity upon me, my poor friends, for I am very happy." And the princess burst into tears.

"You must know," resumed she after some moments, and in a voice interrupted by sobs, but with an agitation which nothing could calm, "that he pleased me the first day I saw him. He was eighteen, as beautiful as an angel, and so learned, so frank, so brave! They wished to marry me to the king of Sweden. O yes! and my sister Ulrica wept tears of vexation that I should become a queen and she remain unmarried! 'My good sister,' said I, 'there is a way by which we can both be satisfied. The nobles who govern Sweden, want a catholic queen; I will not abjure. They want a good little queen, very indolent, very quiet, without any inclination for political

action; if I were queen, I should wish to reign. I will pronounce myself clearly on these points before the ambassadors, and you will see that to-morrow they will write to their prince that you are much better fitted for Sweden than I am.' I did as I said, and my sister is queen of Sweden. And I have played a part ever since that day, all the days of my life. Ah! Porporina, you think that you are an actress? No, you do not know what it is to be acting all one's life, morning, noon, evening, and often night. For every one who lives about us, is busied only with spying, guessing and betraying us. I was obliged to pretend a great deal of sorrow and vexation, when by my own act, my sister robbed me of the crown of Sweden. I was obliged to pretend to detest Trenck, to consider him ridiculous, to laugh at him, and what not! And that at the very time when I adored him, when I was his mistress, when I was suffocating with transport and happiness as I am to day! — Ah! more than to-day, alas! But Trenck had not my strength and my prudence. He was not born a prince, and he did not know how to deceive and lie, like me. The king discovered all, and according to the custom of kings, he lied, he pretended to see nothing, but he persecuted Trenck, and that handsome page, his favorite, became the object of his hatred and his fury. He overwhelmed him with humiliations and severities. He placed him under arrest seven days in eight. But the eighth, Trenck was in my arms; for nothing frightens him, nothing repels him. How could I help adoring so much courage? Well! the king thought of entrusting him with a mission to a foreign court. And when he had fulfilled it with as much ability as promptness, my brother was so infamous as to accuse him of having betrayed the plans of our fortresses and the secrets of the war, to his cousin Trenck the pandour, who is in the service of Maria Theresa. That was a means, not only of separating him from me, by an eternal captivity, but of dishonoring him, of making him perish with vexation, despair and rage in the horrors of a dungeon. See if I can esteem and bless my brother! My brother is a great man, they say. I tell you he is a monster. Ah! take care that you do not love him, young girl; for he will break you like a branch! But you must pretend to do so, do you see! always pretend! In the atmosphere in which we live, we must breathe in secret. I pretend to adore my brother. I am his well-beloved sister, as all know or think they know — He is full of attentions towards me. He himself gathers cherries from the espaliers at San Souci, and deprives himself of them, he who loves nothing

else upon the earth, in order to send them to me; and before he gives the basket to the page who brings them, he counts them that he may be certain the page does not eat any on the way. What a delicate attention! what simplicity worthy of Henry IV. or king René! But he makes my lover perish in a dungeon under ground, and tries to dishonor him in my eyes, in order to punish me for having loved him! What a great heart and what a good brother! How we do love each other! —

Even while speaking, the princess became pale, her voice weakened by degrees, and became extinct; her eyes appeared fixed and as if starting from their sockets; she remained motionless, mute and livid. She had lost all consciousness. The Porporina, terrified, assisted madam de Kleist to unlace her and carry her to her bed, where she recovered a little, and continued to murmur unintelligible words.

"The attack will soon pass away, thank Heaven!" said madam de Kleist to the cantatrice; "when she has recovered power over her will, I will call her women. As to yourself, my dear child, it is absolutely necessary that you should go into the music-room, and sing to the walls, or rather to the ears of the antechamber. For the king will infallibly know that you have come here, and it must not appear that you have had any other business with the princess than music. The princess will be ill, that will serve to conceal her joy. She must not appear to have any idea of Trenck's escape, nor must you either. The king knows it at this moment, that is certain. He will be angry, he will have horrible suspicion, and about every body. Take care of yourself. You are lost as well as I, if he discovers that you have given that letter to the princess; and women are sent to the fortress as well as men in this country. They are forgotten there intentionally, as well as men. You are warned; adieu, sing, and depart without noise as without mystery. We must be at least a week without seeing you, in order to avoid suspicion. Depend upon the gratitude of the princess. She is magnificent, and knows how to recompense devotedness."

"Alas! madam," said the Porporina sadly, "then you consider threats and promises necessary with me? I pity you for having such an idea!"

Overcome with fatigue after the violent emotions she had shared, and still suffering from her own emotion of the evening before, the Porporina, nevertheless, seated herself at the harpsichord, and was beginning to sing, when a door opened behind her so softly, that she did not perceive it; and suddenly she saw in

the mirror, against which the the instrument was placed, the figure of the king depicted beside her. She shuddered, and wished to rise; but the king, placing the tips of his dry fingers upon her shoulder, compelled her to remain seated, and to continue. She obeyed with much repugnance and discomfort. Never had she felt less inclined to sing, and never had Frederick's presence seemed to her more freezing and more adverse to musical inspiration.

"That was sung with perfection," said the king, as she had finished her piece, during which she had remarked with terror that he went on tiptoe to listen behind the half opened door of his sister's bed-chamber. "But I remark with sorrow," added he, "that your beautiful voice is somewhat impaired this morning. You ought to have reposed yourself, instead of yielding to the strange caprice of the princess Amelia, who makes you come in order not to listen to you."

"Her royal highness found herself suddenly indisposed," replied the young girl, terrified at the king's dark and moody looks, "and I was ordered to continue to sing in order to divert her."

"I assure you it is labor lost, and that she does not listen to you at all," replied the king drily. "She is chatting within there with madam de Kleist, as if nothing was the matter; and since it is so, we can chat together here, without caring for them. Her illness does not appear very serious. I believe your sex passes very quickly from one extreme to the other, in such matters. People thought you dead last evening; who would have imagined that you would have come this morning to amuse and divert my sister? Will you have the goodness to tell me by what chance you presented yourself here so abruptly?"

The Porporina, confused by this question, asked Heaven to inspire her.

"Sire," replied she, striving to recover assurance, — "I do not know very well myself, I was asked this morning for the score which you see, I thought it was my duty to bring it myself. I expected to leave my books in the antechamber and to return immediately. Madam de Kleist saw me. She named me to her highness, who apparently had a curiosity to see me closely: I was compelled to enter. Her highness deigned to question me respecting the style of several pieces of music; then, feeling ill, she ordered me to let her hear this one while she laid down upon her bed. And now, I think I may be permitted to go to the rehearsal —"

"It is not time yet," said the king; "I do not know why you are in such a hurry to get away when I wish to talk with you."

"Because, I fear to be always out of place with your majesty."

"You want common sense, my dear."

"So much the more reason, sire."

"You will remain," returned he, compelling her to seat herself again in front of the piano, and placing himself erect before her; and he added, examining her with a half fatherly, half inquisitorial air; "Is what you have just been telling me true?"

The Porporina overcame the horror she had of falsehood; she had often said to herself that she would be sincere with this terrible man, so far as regarded herself, but that she would know how to lie whenever the safety of his victims was at stake. She now found herself unexpectedly at the critical moment when the good-will of the master might be changed into fury. She would willingly have made the sacrifice rather than descend to dissimulation; but the fate of Trenck and of the princess depended upon her ability and presence of mind. She called the art of the actress to her assistance, and bore with a smile the malicious eagle glance of the king; it was rather that of a vulture at the moment.

"Well," said the king, "why don't you answer?"

"Why does your majesty wish to frighten me by pretending to doubt what I have just said?"

"You have not by any means a frightened look, on the contrary, I think you have a very bold air this morning."

"Sire, we fear only those we hate, why do you wish me to fear you?"

Frederick bristled up his crocodile armor, in order not to be moved by this reply, the most coquettish he had yet obtained from the Porporina. He immediately changed the conversation, according to his custom, which is a great art, more difficult than people think.

"Why did you faint away on the stage, last evening?"

"Sire, that cannot be of the least importance to your majesty, and it is my secret."

"What did you eat at breakfast to make you so free in your language with me this morning?"

"I smelt of a certain flask which filled me with confidence in the justice and goodness of him who had brought it to me."

"Ah! you took that for a declaration, did you?" said Frederick in a freezing tone and with a cynical sneer.

"No! thank God!" replied the young girl with a feeling of very sincere terror.

"Why do you say *thank God*?"

"Because I know that your majesty makes only declarations of war, even to women."

"You are neither the czarina nor Maria Theresa: what war can I have with you!"

"That which the lion may have with the gnat."

"And what whim have you now, to quote such a fable! The gnat killed the lion by teasing him."

"It was doubtless a poor lion, fractious and consequently weak. I could therefore have no thought of that apologue."

"But the gnat was sharp and biting. Perhaps the apologue fits you!"

"Does your majesty think so?"

"Yes."

"Sire, that is a falsehood!"

Frederick seized the young girl's hand and almost crushed it in his convulsive grasp. There was both love and anger in that strange action. The Porporina did not change countenance, and the king added, looking at her red and swollen hand:

"You are brave."

"No, sire, but I do not pretend to want courage as do all those who surround you."

"What do you mean?"

"That people often pretend death in order not to be killed. In your place, I should not like to be thought so terrible."

"With whom are you in love!" said the king, again changing the subject of conversation.

"With no one, sire."

"In that case why do you have nervous attacks?"

"That is of no consequence to the fate of Prussia, and consequently the king cannot care to know."

"Do you think then that it is the king who is talking with you?"

"I cannot forget it."

"Still you must determine upon doing so. The king will never talk with you, it was not the king's life you saved, mademoiselle."

"But I did not find captain Kreutz here."

"Is that a reproach? It would be unjust. The king did not go yesterday to enquire about your health, captain Kreutz did."

"The distinction is too subtle for me, sir captain."

"Well, try to learn it. Here, when I put my hat upon my head, thus, a little to the left, I will be the captain, and when I put it on the right, thus, I will be the king; and according as I am, you shall be Consuelo, or mademoiselle Porporina."

"I understand, sire. Well, that will be impossible for me. Your majesty is free to be two, to be three, to be a hundred; I can be but one."

"That is not true! you would not speak to me on the stage, before your comrades, as you do here."

"Sire, do not be too sure of that!"

"Ah! you have the devil in you to-day!"

"Your majesty's hat is neither to the right or the left, and I do not know to whom I am speaking."

The king overcome by the attraction he felt towards the Porporina, especially at this moment, raised his hand to his hat with an air of cheerful good-nature, and placed it over his left ear with so much exaggeration, that his terrible face became comical. He wished to be a simple mortal, and a king in vacation as much as possible; but suddenly, remembering that he had come there, not to seek distraction from his cares, but to discover the secrets of the abbess of Quedlinberg, he took his hat entirely off with a quick and vexed motion; the smile died upon his lips, his brow again became cloudy, and he rose, saying to the young girl: "Remain here, I will come for you;" and he passed into the chamber of the princess, who waited for him with trembling. Madam de Kleist, having seen him talking with the Porporina, had not dared to stir from the bedside of her mistress. She had made vain attempts to hear their conversation; and, unable to catch a single word, in consequence of the great size of the apartments, she was more dead than alive.

On her side, the Porporina shuddered at the thought of what was about to take place. Usually grave and respectfully sincere with the king, she had done violence to her feelings in order to distract him, by her somewhat affectedly frank coquetties from the dangerous interrogatory he began to subject her to. She had hoped to deter him entirely from tormenting his unhappy sister. But Frederick was not a man to be turned from his purpose, and the attempts of the poor girl failed before the obstinacy of the despot. She recommended the princess Amelia to God; for she well understood that the king compelled her to remain there in order to compare her explanations with those which were prepared in the next chamber. She could no longer doubt it on seeing the care with which he closed the door behind him as he entered. She remained therefore a quarter of an hour in a state of painful expectation, agitated by a little fever, terrified by the intrigue in which she saw herself involved, discontented with the part she had forced herself to play, retracing with affright those insinuations which began to reach her from all sides as to the possibility of the king's love for her, and the kind of agitation which the king himself had betrayed in that respect by his strange conduct.

When the law kills, it inflicts not a chastisement, it commits a murder.

For the Harbinger.

## THE CATHOLICS AND ASSOCIATIONISTS.

We present below a translation of the larger part of the answer of the *Démocratie Pacifique* to the *Lyons Gazette*. It contains an excellent statement of the accordance of the fundamental principles of Christianity with the Associative theory. That theory, if it fulfils its promise, can best interpret every institution that has preceded it, and its advocates must regard with respect and sympathy the Catholic church, as the most successful attempt in the history of the world to bring the race into unity, however mistaken they may deem its measures. We are happy to see that our associative friends and co-workers in France acknowledge, though perhaps in too faint a tone, the necessity of the combined action of the principles of renunciation and sacrifice in the present transitional state of the world. Yet we would venture to express in stronger accents our belief that the full harmony of the Combined Order can be established only by a renunciation more entire than ever was dreamed of by the most rigid anchorite. The renunciation of the Associationist does not consist in retirement, solitude, prayer and fasting, or any thought of penance or individual saintship and salvation attained thereby; but requires a life, spent without one thought of self, in close and constant relations with his brethren of the human race in their present degraded and imperfect state, himself a degraded and imperfect being; and his own privations must be steadfastly endured, for the sake of these very sufferers, that through his stripes they may be healed, cheered only now and then by the presence of some rare angelic spirit.

Doubtless if the rich would share their wealth with the believers in the science of Universal Unity, this period of suffering might be spared the pioneers of the cause. But the example of the anchorite and cenobite failed to attain its object in the early days of the church, and the work is yet to be done. It will be accomplished only by those who have drunk more deeply of the self-denying spirit of their master than any of the saints of old; so deeply that they do not even know it to be renunciation that they practice, but bear their cross lightly and cheerfully, and feel not the piercing of the crown of thorns. So celestial an abode as the New Jerusalem of Fourier, cannot be reached, we firmly believe, but through tears, and toil. Let others paint the glories of the golden age to come, which we believe in as firmly as they. We thank them for its bright vision. It cheers us on our way—as we see it rising some centuries' length before us; but let them not delude themselves or us



or their fellow men by the hope that we may dwell in it. Its glories are only for the redeemed; so then we must say to our brethren, "come and toil and be poor with us, and when the last man of this generation shall in this way have purchased his redemption, the corner stone of the first phalanstery may be laid."

The Lyons Gazette, a journal devoted to Catholicism, is in the highest degree scandalized at an article published by us under this title, "Jesus Christ and Fourier." The pious journal takes occasion from this article to charge us with sacrilege and blasphemy, and to attack the theory of Association with a violence that might lead us to say with the author of *Lutrin*: "Does so much venom enter into the soul of the devout?"

Of what impropriety have we been guilty? Have we denied the grandeur and the divinity of the evangelical precepts? Have we placed Fourier above or even on a level with Jesus Christ? Not at all. We have said that Fourier's greatness consisted in having, better than any other man, understood the gospel. These are our words — *Fourier is the greatest of the servants and disciples of Christ, because he alone, of all those who take this title, has discovered the means of realizing the precepts of the Messiah.* We should expect sincere catholics to welcome with pleasure such a declaration, and to rejoice at finding so advanced and easy the reconciliation between the Christian doctrine and a recent school whose future power cannot be disputed. Instead of rejoicing, the Lyons Gazette is indignant. Between Christ and Fourier no possible harmony: it is impious to unite these two names. "Jesus has promised to men, happiness in virtue, in renunciation, in humility, in the contempt of riches and material enjoyments, not otherwise — *happy the poor, happy those who suffer.* If any one would be my disciple, let him take up the cross and follow me. Blessed are ye when because of me men shall revile you. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great will be your reward in Heaven." These and many other evangelical maxims appear to the Lyons Gazette entirely incompatible with the theory of this Fourier, who preaches the emancipation of the human passions.

We, on the other hand, affirm that there is not the least contradiction between the precepts of Christ and those of social science. The Gospel and the *Theory of Universal Unity* are both teachings from on high, one divine, the other scientific; they are the complement of each other, and in absolute accord fundamentally. The difference of social mediums through which these teachings have entered the world, perfectly ex-

plains the manner in which identical principles have produced different consequences.

God has not created man for unhappiness, even on this earth, where we find so many scattered elements of a magnificent harmony. If God is good, if he is our father, as we all believe, he wills that the greatest possible amount of happiness should be realized incessantly in creation. Such, in fact, is the common principle that unites Christianity and Fourier; to diminish suffering, to increase happiness, in a word, to make the whole creation realize the greatest possible sum of enjoyment.

At the epoch when Christ appeared, the sciences were in their infancy, industry was just commencing, small material riches circulated through the nations slavery was the law of the world. In such a condition of things, how could the power of suffering be limited? By assisting the poor through devotion, through charity; by living poor in spirit, that is to say, weaned from terrestrial riches.

The population of the globe could then be rescued from the most frightful misery, and a certain pittance of comfort be distributed to it, only by the renunciation, self-sacrifice, and almsgiving of the rich.

To give them an example, to carry to its full extent the power of religious sentiment over all the inclinations, all the claims of nature, the cenobite submitted their flesh to every privation, renounced even the enjoyments of friendship and family, the luxuries of art, the pleasures of intellect for death in destitution and solitude, their eye fixed on the image of the sacrificed God.

We comprehend the grandeur and the happy influence of these exceptional types as salutary, at the epoch when they occurred, as they would be out of place at the present day. These models of renunciation and abstinence supported the courage and energy of all christendom. They taught the rich and powerful that man is not by nature destined to be the slave of passions which urge him on towards individual gratifications, and that if his faith is living he can subordinate, even sacrifice these secondary inclinations to the religious sentiment, to brotherly love, to that master passion which inspires all devotion, and which we call unityism.

Love of the neighbor, liberal almsgiving, reverence for the poor who are members of Christ, resistance to temptation, that is to say, the attraction which would lead us to enjoy individually and to monopolize our brother's portion, continual sacrifices for which the christian will be recompensed in Heaven, these are the obligations imposed by Christ on his

disciples. These are the consequences that must have flowed, at the time of Christ, from this superior principle; *to realize for all creation the greatest possible amount of happiness.* These are the consequences which have necessarily flowed from it while Humanity was deprived of material riches, and ignorant of whatever appertains to social organization.

Now let us change the circumstances; let us place ourselves eighteen hundred years in advance; science has made progress, industry has created a thousand treasures, a system of social organization has been introduced, which stimulates production and multiplies not only material but intellectual riches indefinitely, so that every one can abundantly satisfy all his desires without encroaching upon the portion of others. In addition, in the new social scheme, all men are so closely connected that the happiness of each individual is increased or diminished in proportion to the collective happiness, to the prosperity of the whole society. Certainly, Christ himself, seeing men so circumstanced, would not counsel them to impose upon themselves useless privations, suffering for the sake of suffering; he would point out to them a joy which should not be procured at the expense of any one, and to increase the general happiness, he would change water into wine, as at the nuptials of Cana.

Christ has not descended on earth in our day, to commence, in the midst of men, a second life, but Fourier, whom we persist in naming his greatest and most faithful disciple, has given to the earth the means of realizing a new social order, in which individual happiness will be in perfect accordance with the general happiness, an order which realizes all the conditions just indicated by us. Fourier was authorized to say that in this society the application of the principle, *to realize for all creation the greatest possible amount of happiness,* would consist in giving every man free scope for his twelve cardinal passions, the enumeration alone of which has so shocked the sensitiveness of the Lyons Gazette.

But, it will be said, the society of Fourier is only ideal. We believe, on our side, that it is practicable and that it will be put in practice: in the meantime, so long as individual happiness is injurious to the individual or the mass, we apply to it the rules laid down by Christ. *Renunciation and sacrifice must be the moral law of an epoch of ignorance, incoherence and misery.* These principles would become again the law of Harmony if it were possible to admit that the earth being covered with phalansteries, by an unexpected calamity the resources of the globe should be sensibly diminished and

the members of the human race forced to depend upon the devotion of their brothers. This axiom, sacred for Associationists: *it is necessary in every state to realize for all creation the greatest possible amount of happiness*, has for an indispensable consequence that *the collective interests must take the precedence of the individual interests*, when both cannot be realized, or to express the same truth in the language of the school: *All attractions must be subordinate to unityism*.

Whenever the Associationists shall find themselves placed in the same circumstances as the first disciples of Christ, they must necessarily imitate these first disciples, and truly men who have just given such a noble example to all parties, by imposing upon themselves privations, to secure an annual income for the propagation of their faith, can hardly be represented with justice as apostles of selfishness.

We believe that we have proved what we at first asserted, that the gospel and the theory of Fourier are two manifestations of the same principle, two phases of the same truth. Not only the gospel has historical priority, but we also recognize its priority in the hierarchical order. Fourier is a man like ourselves, who has discovered the practical means of realizing universal happiness, by organizing society on a better basis. This discovery comes within the domain of science and reason. It must needs be that man should subdue the globe by intellectual labor, in order that the globe, elevated to harmony, should become truly his domain, and that he should enjoy his work with the consciousness of a great mission fulfilled. Christ is the ambassador from a higher sphere, who, without freeing man from his painful and glorious task, has come to preach to him charity, teach him patience, and give him good hope. Christ has reanimated the courage of the laborer by bringing him *glad tidings*, by announcing to him that the will of God will be accomplished on earth as in Heaven.

**ANECDOTE OF A SOUTHERN MERCHANT.** We find in one of our southern exchanges a story told of a shrewd and cunning merchant, in order to illustrate a striking trait in human nature, that where money is readily made it is usually not well taken care of, and to show how important it is that every individual should examine the items charged in their bills.

A merchant of Mississippi during a day's business in which he had been crowded with customers, sold a saddle to the value of forty dollars, but had neglected to make the charge. Next day he missed the saddle and recollected the fact of the sale, but not the individual who had bought it. After racking his memory for some time to no purpose, he directed his clerk *Jim* to turn to his ledger alphabet and read off the W's then the

S's the B's and C's and other letters in succession; all to no purpose.

Tired out with the mental exercise, and as the readiest way of settling the difficulty, "Jim," said he, "charge a saddle to every one of the customers." This was accordingly done. When the planters had got their cotton in, and settling time came round, the bills were presented, and if occasionally one man more prudent than his neighbors, went through the drudgery of examining a long list of sundries got by different members of the family, he might possibly discover a saddle which they had not got, or one more than they had got, and objecting to the item, it would be struck out of course, alleging there was some mistake. When all the accounts had been settled up, "Well, Jim," said the storekeeper, "how many customers paid you for that saddle?" Jim examined, and reported *thirty-one*. "Little enough," exclaimed his employer, "for the trouble we have had to find out who got it."

## REVIEW.

*Hints towards the Development of a Unitary Science, or Science of Universal Analogy.* By GEORGE CORSELIUS. Ann Arbor, (Mich.): S. B. McCracken. 1846. pp. 22.

We have examined this little pamphlet with uncommon satisfaction. Its few pages contain a large amount of sound, important, and most timely thought, presented with the modesty which befits the vastness of the subject.

The author commences by demonstrating the unity of creation in all its spheres.

"This Universe in which we are, is not, as some are willing to believe, a bundle of shreds and patches, without order or connection of parts. Neither is there any thing arbitrary in its adjustments. It is the perfect work of the Divine Wisdom; by the Word of His Power are all things upheld, and kept in their appointed order; except so far as man, by the abuse of his freedom, has brought in perversions; but even these have their limits and their laws. This Divine Logos or Truth, from which the Universe has its birth, is also the True Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. Hence the laws of the outward world are, in their lower plane, the counterparts of the laws of our own minds. However strangely this announcement may strike the minds of some, we do nevertheless, every one of us, every hour of our lives, think and act upon the assumption that it is true. The truth of every science rests upon the fact of a perfect correspondence between the subjective and the objective; between the world within us, and the world without us: and if this correspondence does not exist, our whole life is an illusion, a fantastic dream! This truth may be illustrated by familiar facts.

"Whatsoever proceeds from the Divine Wisdom must proceed and exist according to law. The popular notion of the first creation having been a chaos, is a simple absurdity. There never could or can be any such thing; for disorder itself, moral evil, the kingdom of darkness has its laws, its order, which is simply the inversion of true order, and without law there can be no existence. Now what is the office of law? Is it not to distribute, to associate, to harmonize indefinite varieties into a one? All things which

stand in the order of their creation, by virtue of that order, form a one, held together by ineffable harmonies, by mutual uses, by sympathies which often send their genial glow through the heart of the humblest and least perfect of sincere workers in the cause of truth and good. And all beings who have inverted this order in themselves, do likewise form one kingdom, one organic whole, antagonistic to the former, but controlled and held in subjection by it.

"We have spoken of the agreement and correspondence between the worlds of mind and of nature; but as the world of mind is in the whole, such it is in each of its individuals; for man, individually, as well as in the aggregate, is, in his normal state, an image and likeness of the Infinite Spirit, in and by whom all things exist. Each individual mind, then, must, of necessity, contain within itself the elements of all things which exist without it; and on this correspondence, as we have before observed, depends the truth of all human science, and the very reality of our life itself."

He goes on to illustrate the law of unity as it is manifested in Nature.

"A principle of unity pervades each of the classes into which the objects of natural history are distributed: and there is no violent disruption of continuity in passing from one class to another, but a gradual transition by intermediates. As Coleridge observes, 'the metal, in its highest forms of being, is a mute prophecy of the coming vegetation, into a mimic semblance of which it crystallizes;' and it is at length agreed that the transition from the vegetable to the animal kingdom is so imperceptible, that it is impossible to separate them by a distinct line; and the different classes and orders in each of these kingdoms are, in like manner, connected by ambiguous or intermediate natures.

"Again, we shall find in each genus, both of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, one prominent species, in which the distinctive attributes of the genus exist in their highest perfection. Such is the wheat plant among the cereal grasses, the oak among quercine trees, the lion and the eagle among rapacious beasts and birds. Around this central or pivotal species are grouped, in order, the other species of the genus, as they gradually degenerate and depart from the common type or pattern, until the distinctive attributes of the genus fade away in the ambiguous species, which form the connecting links with other genera."

That most complete example, the human body, is thus set forth:

"If we analyze an individual, for example the human body, we find it made up of several distinct systems or classes of parts, having each its distinct function, yet all ministering to the unitary life. We find a digestive organism, a sanguineous system, a nervous system, a respiratory system, &c. Each of these systems or parts of the human organism has its distinct function, yet all are interactive and mutually dependent. The nervous system, the sanguineous, the absorbent, have each their centres and expansions. The nerves, the blood vessels, the absorbents diffuse themselves from their centres to every part of the body, and fill every the minutest part with their presence. They are distinct at their centres and in their main branches, but in their minute ramifications they become blended and assimilated, so that their differences can be no longer traced. The arteries are lost in the capillary veins and lymphatics, or blended with the nerves in the muscular fibre, the glandular struc-

tures, and the cellular tissues. We have here, as every where, distinct groups with their centres, their expansions, and their transitions into each other: and all co-operating in their order, all actuated by the central unitary life, the living soul, which through the brain and its derivations, is omnipresent in its little world, giving to the material body its form and shape, and harmonizing its immense complexity of parts to a living whole. Man, the living soul, is a unit. But by this living soul we do not mean the simple, uncompounded, unsubstantial somewhat, that the psychologists dream of. The human soul, though a unit, is not a simple thing without distinction of parts and powers, but an infinitely complex spiritual organism. It has not, according to the acute analyst, Dr. Brown, one or two faculties; or a dozen or so, according to others; or thirty or forty, according to the older phrenologists; but its faculties are as numberless as the minute glands in the cortical substance of the brain, or as the stars in the heavens, or as the species of things in the world without us. All the boundless variety of the outward world has its counterpart here. What is a faculty, but the power to know or do some thing? and have the things that we are made to know and do ever been counted up? They never have been and never will be. Yet in the midst of this endless variety the most perfect unity reigns, wherever a human soul exists in its unperverted, normal state. All the affections and faculties of this mind belong to the two essential constituents of the human being, the Will and the Understanding; and these two grand faculties, in their unperverted state, or when restored to true order, act as a one; what the understanding sees as beautiful, and true, and right, the will loves as just and good, and this the man loves to do. There is no longer a separation of what God hath joined together; there is no longer any conflict or war, but peaceful activity; peace, in its gentle might, in its majestic meekness, reigns supreme, and holds the powers of darkness and evil in eternal subjection. And this happy state of the individual is the image, the exact type of a true society, of a church, a commonwealth, of the universal brotherhood of man, when the laws of Universal Unity shall be understood and obeyed.

Before considering the analogies between the natural and spiritual worlds the writer makes the following just remark:

"In the world of nature there are no causes; — the phrase *natural cause* is a solecism, as much so as *cold heat*, or *dark light*. In the world of nature are *facts*, *phenomena*, arranged in orderly series — nothing more. And so far Mr. Hume and Dr. Brown are right. But when they assert that we have no other idea of cause than that of uniformity of sequences, they assert what is simply untrue. We have an idea of cause, of power; — it is a fundamental verity of reason itself. But if we think sanely of causes, we shall think of them as belonging to a higher and more interior world than that of nature. The rational mind cannot separate from the idea of cause that of intelligence, of will, of personality. The denial of this position involves all the absurdities of atheism or pantheism."

In the following paragraph is more true philosophy than can often be found in so narrow a space.

"We had occasion to remark at the outset, that the end of all things is use; that every intelligent being has an end in all his work; and we will add that the perfection of every work is

in proportion to the skill with which all the parts are made to minister to its end; or, in other words, the perfection of every work is in proportion to its unity. Is it not so? It was matter of dispute with the learned in the last century, whether final causes, or ends, were among the proper objects of philosophical inquiry — a conclusive proof how deeply the mind of that age was immersed in sensualism! Let us hope that the present age is able to think more sanely; for all the signs of the times indicate that the age of materialism, of doubt, and denial, is passing away; and that the age of philosophy and faith is dawning. We may at length understand, that if we do not see things from their ends and causes, we can know next to nothing about them. What progress would the wild man make in acquiring a knowledge of our watch, if the consideration of its end or use was excluded from his inquiry? This is the very thing that can enable him to understand *what* it is, and *why* it is. If we do not recognize an end, a use, in every thing which exists, we are so far atheists. In this end or use we have an image of the Divine Love or Goodness; in the arrangements by which this end is secured, we have an image of the Divine Wisdom. Even in those things in which the order of creation has been deranged by the abuse of man's free agency, we still see that which has reference to something which exists in the Creator, though not as an image, but as an opposito. For all evil consists in the perversion of what is good; it has no independent ground of existence."

With such an introduction Mr. Corselini arrives at the question of questions.

"But what is the end of the Divine Creator in this Universe? It may be plainly seen by all who are willing to see, that it is the indefinite multiplication of beings made in His image and after His likeness, to whom, from the Infinite Fulness of His Divine Love, He may communicate the felicities of eternal life. There can be no higher created being than man. All below the Creator can be only more or less perfect images, in their finite degree, of the Infinite Perfections of his own Divine Love and Wisdom. Doubtless there are creatures of a higher order of Humanity than we; beings more perfectly human, truer images of the Divine Perfections, more perfect recipients of that life of good and truth which is the essence of unperverted Humanity. But they are all parts of the one Humanity, brethren and equals to the humblest and weakest of sincere and true men upon this earth.

"Man then is the being for whose sake this universe exists to satisfy the Divine Love of God; or in other words, to receive from his Creator the endowment of all human perfections and happiness. THIS END IS THE PRINCIPLE OF UNITY IN THE UNIVERSE. Seen from this point, it bears, in every part, the image of the Divine Unity; because every part and particular has a distinct reference to the end for which the whole exists. This end was, of necessity, in the Divine Mind, when the Universe, with its infinity of objects, was produced, as surely as the watchmaker had his end and purpose, when he produced his time-piece. Every thing below man, in the order of his creation, exists for the sake of man. The idea of man, then, in the Divine Mind, included the idea of every thing below him; and he is therefore the medium through which, and from which, every thing below him was created. We do not, in making this assertion, forget the fact, that the material world, and numerous races of animals, were cre-

ated in order of time, before man; still man was the end, the final cause of the creation, and this end, in the Divine Mind, was the medium through which and by which, the lower world was first created. Could Creation have been effected without an end? could the Infinite Wisdom act blindly? But the work of creation is still going on. Preservation, we know, is perpetual creation. The Universe is re-created at every moment; and the creative energy must, of course, descend through the higher to the lower links of the chain. Now that man exists, all the lower tribes of living things must derive their life through him. He, being nearest the Creator, is the secondary cause, or medium, through which the Universe is continually created: Hence all things below him have in him their types or patterns; or they are all images or counterparts of some dispositions or qualities in man. And this fact will enable us to explain the existence of perverted creations; the tribes of noxious and destructive animals and poisonous plants.

"Can any man who thinks sanely, believe that the tiger, the fox, the wolf, the viper, the rattlesnake, came directly from the hands of the Creator; or that they could exist until man, by the abuse of his freedom, had perverted his own nature, which is the medium through which the creative energy reaches the lower links of the chain of being. There is nothing in our adorable Creator to which these things correspond, except as opposites. He could not intend the creation of such things as a part of his plan, any more than he could intend the creation of evil men. But since man has introduced moral evil into his life, since he has changed the truth of God into a lie, and changed the life itself he receives from his Maker into selfishness and its long train of malignant and destructive passions, it is right and useful that he should see the images of his perverted dispositions in the perverted and hideous creations about him. Since the tiger principle and the viper principle are in man, it is necessary and right that there should be tigers and vipers upon the earth. Since man has introduced disorder into his passions and his will, it is right that the etherial media, the colorific, electric, and galvanic energies, which are the connecting media between spirit and matter, should also be deranged, and through them the climates of the earth, and the equilibrium between heat and cold. Should we not hesitate to believe that our Creator designed so large a part of Africa for a barren and burning desert, generating poisonous airs destructive to life:

"Where nature breeds perverse,  
All monstrous, all prodigious things;"

Or so large a portion of North America and Asia to be the seats of perpetual cold? Do we not know that in the primeval time, the plains of Siberia down to the Northern Ocean, were covered with a rich tropical vegetation, and vast herds of elephants and other harmless animals, whose bones are yet mingled with the soil! Doubtless the same thing was true of the northern part of this continent. And what has been may be again; nay, must be. For if the prophecies of the Divine Word, and the better instincts of Humanity, are believed, we cannot but conclude that the covenant shall be renewed as of old, the state of primeval innocence and wisdom shall be restored upon the earth, and endure forever.

"These views will appear to some as an improper blending of natural science with Divine Truth. I know it has been the chief employment of the learned for a century or two past, to separate what God hath joined together; to separate faith from reason, and charity from faith, and science from religion, and man from man, and the Universe from God. The work of disintegration has been going on for ages, until every thing, science, society with its complex interests, the church, and human nature itself, are broken into fragments, and the human understanding, belittled by the contemplation of minute external differences has become almost incapacitated for the reception of interior and universal truths.

"The time is coming, and now is, when all knowledge, all truth, must be harmonized. Faith and science must no longer be set at variance.

"All Truth is from the Sempiternal Source Of Light Divine."

and it loses its rightful power when broken into hostile fragments. The disorder which man has introduced into his nature is reflected in all his systems of science as well as of society—in the conflicts of nations about disputed rights, and in the strifes of political parties and religious sects. But in the midst of all this warfare, the spirit of harmony is still at work; order is gradually arising out of the moral chaos; a clearer perception of the true end of society and of all things, is opening in the minds of men. The age of Universal Unity is dawning, and streams of heavenly light are beginning to pierce the clouds that have gathered about the mind for ages. With thinking men the conviction is common, that we live in a wonderful age—an age moved by unprecedented activities, and beginning to be controlled by grand and new ideas—ideas apparently new, but in reality as old as the earliest revelations of Divine Truth. Great Truths, which the evil of man's state had covered over with its black pall, are emerging from their long eclipse, and false institutions and perverse societies are troubled by their light in which they can see nought but threatening judgments and a consuming fire. It is, to the bold and the strong in faith, a time of rich promise, but also a time of great present disquiet and mourning to many of the wise and good. The good man cannot be happy without a Church and a State to look up to. He has not that now. He can reverence neither. Both the Church and the State are arraigned before the judgment-seat of a higher truth than their own, and they have no good defence!"

From these fundamental principles our author passes to their bearings upon the State and the Church. We regret that we cannot extract the whole.

"A State is an association of individuals for mutual protection, the establishment of justice, the security of freedom, and the promotion of the common welfare. A true State or Commonwealth has respect to all the interests of man, material and moral, and regards the former as existing for the sake of the latter. Its life is neighborly love, a regard for mutual good, the principle of Christian Brotherhood. Every nation is bound, of course, to govern itself by those laws of order which shall promote the highest good of all its members without distinction; restrain nothing but disorder, and secure

the most perfect freedom to all commendable and innocent purposes, thoughts, and actions. The law of Universal Unity embraces within its order the law of universal freedom; for no good is done by man except in freedom. A true commonwealth will know no other "national honor" than that which is found in deeds of justice and good will, and in the virtue, wisdom, and happiness of its people. Its members will feel themselves bound together by a common life, each caring for all and all for each. There will be little dispute about "the rights of man," for these, being involved in the absolute duty of all men to do right, will be regarded as unquestionable and Divine;—as the plain teaching of this precept, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This is the great fundamental law of human equality, the Divine expression of the *Unity of the Race*. And this unity of the human race depends, not as some imagine, upon descent from a common ancestor; but on a common life from the One Infinite Fountain of Love and Wisdom. We assert the unity of the race not only on this earth, but in all worlds. There is but one Humanity in the universe; and from the life of this one Humanity is derived the life and the law of all minor associations of mankind, as families, tribes, and nations: and thus each nation or society, by being true to the laws of its own well being, is in the way of promoting the highest good of the race.

"In such a society, party spirit will have a very limited range of action. Differences of opinion among those who have in view the common good, when tolerated, fade away and are lost in the superior light of a practical wisdom, that knows how to harmonize all honest differences and make them minister to a more perfect union.

"Does this order of society suppose a radical change in the nature of man? It is the end of the Divine Providence, and of every dispensation of grace and truth, to effect this radical change in man's nature, and thus restore him to his normal state; and whatsoever teaching or science does not look to this end, is of no estimation. Do we see no aspiration towards the state of order indicated above as that of a true society, no development of the laws of Unity, in the numerous reforms attempted in all departments of life? Some indications of this tendency we have just noticed. We have observed how the disorder which man has introduced into his nature is repeated in all the institutions of society, and even in all the kingdoms of nature; and it is a favorite theory of speculative men that these external derangements are to be rectified only by bringing the internal into order; and they hence discourage what they call external and superficial reforms, until the internal man shall be set right, when external order will follow of course. The theory involves half of a truth, which is commonly equivalent to a grave error. It is true that the reformation of external disorders must proceed from within, but the reformation within first manifests itself in attempts to correct the more glaring external evils. Creation ascends from the lowest degree to the highest; after the light has revealed the dry ground and the waters, appear the grass bearing seed and the fruit tree bearing fruit, the sun

yields his living warmth, and the moon and stars their welcome light; the waters become prolific, birds enliven the air, and the earth brings forth its living creatures; and at length when all things are prepared the HUMAN is manifested, MAN appears in the image of his Maker. This is the unchangeable law of creation, and in this order must all re-formation whether of the individual or of society, take place. And very striking have been the changes in this direction since the middle of the last century. Need we refer to the astonishing development of the physical sciences and their applications in the industrial arts, and the three-fold efficiency thereby given to the hand of labor—to the changes favorable to freedom and order, in political institutions—to the warfare waged, not without success, against the grosser and more destructive vices and oppressions in society? True it is, that seen from a merely natural point of view, the issue of this great conflict between light and darkness appears doubtful. Crime and misery appear to be on the increase; and evil and selfish passions too often mingle in the enterprises of Humanity, and impair their power, and blight their fruits. Yet from all these phenomena of the *movement*, the enlightened friends of progress gather heart and hope. The inflowing light reveals the thoughts of many hearts, and where deep-seated and inveterate evils exist, it bringeth not peace upon the earth, but a sword.

"One of the external evils which has excited deep and anxious attention, and called forth strenuous efforts for its suppression, is the use of intoxicating drinks. The more interior depravities from which this external vice flows, have been little thought of; but the vice itself has been combated almost on its own ground, from motives of worldly interest, of honor, of self-respect and natural affection:—it has been so combated against, and with great success, because the mass of mankind were incapable of acting from any higher principle. The warfare against evils must begin on the ground where the natural man stands, and from which he can see clearly gross external vices and crimes. When these are removed, he is elevated to a higher ground, and evils of a more interior and deadly kind, though less revolting in their external aspect, are presented to his view, as defiling his soul and warring against his peace; and so on through all the stages of his upward progress, until he attains to his rest. And as it is with an individual so is it with a society. 'First is the natural man, and afterwards the spiritual.' It will be easy to apply this principle of progress to every attempt to realize a better condition of Humanity—to the efforts in behalf of peace among nations—to the warfare against slavery and every form of injustice, and of human debasement and misery. The state of *celestial Peace*, with its ineffable harmonies, its ever joyous activity and freedom, must needs foreshadow its coming; must before its entrance into the world, cast a feeble and obscure image of its own heavenly form upon the institutions of society and other circumstances of man's external condition. And is there no word of prophecy in the fact that a large and growing band of hopeful men are laboring to actualize a condition of society in which all interests shall be harmonized; in which the precept 'Love

thy neighbor as thyself,' shall be a living fact; where labor shall be attractive and suitably rewarded, and a congenial sphere exist for all! In view of all these efforts of amelioration, may we not 'now learn a parable of the fig tree; when its branch is yet tender and putteth forth leaves, then know that the summer is nigh.' Yes, nigh already in its creative influences, though centuries may pass away before its confirmed reign shall bless the world—before the Will of the Father shall 'be done on earth as it is in the heavens.'

"Unity is admitted to belong to the very idea of a true church; but in what this unity consists is not so well understood. It is too commonly confounded with *sameness* in formulas of beliefs, or forms of polity, or submission to the same external legislative power. But in these things, mainly, must be manifested that boundless variety without which there can be no true and living harmony.

"The Unity of the Church must consist in its recognition of a common end, and its sincere and diligent working out of that end. This end is the establishment of the Lord's Kingdom in the hearts and minds of the human race—the putting away of evil and the doing of good. This principle, under whatever variety of forms of religion it exists, unites all minds, in whom it reigns, into a one; they have *one* Lord, *one* Life; they are willing subjects of the *one* Supreme Law of the Universe, 'brethren in the Lord,' and 'members one of another.' This Union embraces all who are in possession of any Divine Truth and religiously obey it. The heathen who know but one precept of the Decalogue, (and there are none, perhaps, without at least this amount of knowledge, else they could not be men,) and observe and keep it as a precept of religious obligation, are thereby placed in communication with *all* truth, and receive, in their degree, the life of heaven: they are thus, in their humble sphere, members of the Lord's body, and should not be treated as strangers and aliens. 'A bruised reed and a dimly burning taper,' represent their feeble life, but these shall be preserved until the Divine Truth gain its victory. 'All members have not the same office,' and the perfect human form embraces the whole endless variety of the Universe.

"It has been regarded as a question of great difficulty in the church, how to reconcile the existing variety with the required unity. The difficulty lies in the principle of selfishness, in 'the lust of dominion, and the pride of self-derived intelligence.' This union does not exist simply because the *end*, on which it depends, has not been honestly pursued. The Christian spirit, or *Charity*, has been wanting. Overlooking this Divine and all-sufficient bond—'this bond of perfectness'—men have sought to frame external and artificial ones to supply its place; as ingeniously constructed formulas of belief, and systems of polity. But all such attempts have failed, and ever must."

Mr. Corselius closes with these words, "Is not this true?" We thank God that the number of those who will respond with their whole souls to these lofty and generous ideas is daily increasing, and that the era is not distant when the truths, —

for a recognition of which we now appeal to men—shall shine as glorious and undeniable realities all over the earth.

*Christian Non-Resistance, in all its Important Bearings, Illustrated and Defended.* By ADIN BALLOU. Philadelphia: J. Miller Mc Kim, No 31 North Fifth Street. 1816. pp. 240.

The doctrine of Non-Resistance has been met by a degree of ridicule founded upon the ignorance of its critics rather than upon any appreciation of its grounds or the character of its advocates. A principle which gave lustre to the lives of George Fox and William Penn, is deserving of something more than the presumptuous sneer of a flippant paragraph writer. But the mode of treatment commonly applied to it is probably in a good degree a result of the erroneous positions of some of its ultra adherents, who in their zeal against the false, have failed to perceive the true, and in denouncing an imperfect order of all things strike at all order whatever. To this class of reasoners Mr. Ballou does not belong, and from such extravagant statements his exposition of his subject is wholly free. We can commend it as a calm, earnest and judicious manual. Among the illustrations adduced in support of the principle as a practical one, are many beautiful and touching anecdotes appealing to the heart and reason of the reader.

The disciples of a doctrine whose fundamental idea is that Attraction is both positively and negatively the only law and instrument of the Divine Government and the only true principle of order in the universe, must recognize that idea here set forth in somewhat different language. We do not think that Mr. Ballou or any other writer on Non-Resistance, has seen its whole extent or its grandest aspects; indeed, our impression is that they fall into mistakes, by dwelling on it exclusively from the moral point of view, or rather that their opinions would be modified if not expanded, if they should admit in all its force as a scientific formula, that sublime affirmation of Fourier, "Attractions are proportional to Destinies."

There is one particular in which we wish that Mr. Ballou were a little more specific and urgent; we mean in the social application of the doctrine he teaches. Every precept of the gospel and every truth of reason which he brings forward, condemn as with the voice of supreme justice, the institutions of present society, and command that they be renewed. If it be necessary to press the Law of Love upon individuals, it is not less necessary, and perhaps more so in this age, to press it upon society; if it should be manifested in private lives, much more should

it be organized in social relations which are their perpetual conditions.

The following extract from the preface explains the purpose with which the author undertook the work.

"It is a book for the FUTURE, rather than the PRESENT, and will be better appreciated by the public half a century hence than now. But a better future is even now dawning, and it is needed to help develop the coming age of love and peace. A great transition of the human mind has commenced, and the reign of military and penal violence must ultimately give place to that of forbearance, forgiveness and mercy. Such a work as this will meet a deep-felt want of many minds scattered up and down Christendom. So strongly was the author persuaded of this fact by various indications, that he felt impelled by a sense of duty to prepare this Manual as a supply for that want. Providentially the worthy friend, who assumes the pecuniary responsibility of its publication, generously came forward to facilitate the object, and thus by a concurrence of effort, it has made its appearance. It is now sent forth on its mission of reconciliation. The author feels a comfortable assurance that the blessing of the Most High God will accompany it wherever it goes, that it will diffuse light among many that sit in darkness, and promote in some humble degree that glorious regeneration of the world for which the good men of all ages have constantly prayed and hoped."

*The American Review: A Whig Journal of Politics, Literature, Art, and Science.* No. XIX. July, 1846. New York: George H. Colton, 118 Nassau St. pp. 104.

"There was a time" when the monthly visits of this magazine honored our table and instructed our minds, but that time is past. One day, ah day unlucky! we criticised it, and have not seen it since, until yesterday, when we got sight of it at second hand. We have read it with the avidity of an appetite sharpened by long abstinence, from beginning to end; its politics, its criticism, its philosophy, its poetry, its history, every word, and now propose to do what we feared we might never be permitted to do again, to say a word as to its merits.

The present number opens with an article of great ability on the Mexican War, by Hon D. D. BARNARD. Had the American Review many contributors worthy to be put in the same rank with Mr. Barnard, it would be, to say the least, far better than it is. In the present instance, the writer does justice to the subject and to his own reputation; he states the case with eminent force and fairness, and comes to his conclusions by reasoning not easy to set aside. Next follow some verses by W. T. BACON, of which the less said the better. Leigh Hunt is the theme of a made-up article, a sort of thing for which our Review has always displayed a penchant. On the heels of this comes an article of some

seventeen pages, on American and European Civilization which has many good thoughts; if it has a fault, it is the want of a clear knowledge of what Civilization is; but for a magazine it is not so necessary to understand a subject as to know how to write "about it and about it." Miss ANNA BLACKWELL contributes a poem called "A Father's Reverie;" Dr. WIERZBICKI a "Chapter on the History of Poland;" a nameless poet addresses this Age with the information that "It is the age of bubble;" the Medical Eclectic narrates a third "Passage;" the Rev. RALPH HOYT, who is a poet, has a piece under the title of "Rain" in which many faults of manner are more than redeemed by a fine play of sentiment and a real naturalness. Beaumont and Fletcher are then criticised; the usual tribute is paid to Commerce and Finance, and a summary of foreign intelligence, and some notices of recent books complete the number.

On the whole, the American Review seems to us to have made some improvement, but in the gratification arising from such an impression, it should not be forgotten that the capacities even of magazines are boundless, and that the Ideal and Actual have as yet been combined in only the smallest possible number of American Monthlies.

## POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

### PEACE TO THE EARTH.

Lord, once our faith in Man no fear could move,  
O let it not despair!

Now trial comes:—Strengthen the might of  
Love;

Father! Thou hearest prayer.—

Thou hearest,—and we hear above this din,  
Thy solemn word rise clear;

"I purge this land from Slavery and Sin;  
The reign of heaven is near."

O never falter—ye who strive to bring  
To men the heavenly birth!—

For still the angel hosts unfaltering sing—  
"Peace to the weary Earth!"

O never falter—peace must come by pain;  
Heaven is not found but won—

Press the dark angel till he moulds again  
The peace he has undone.

We know not, Lord, what storms and trials  
strong

Must work the world's new birth;—

But we will strive—with this for working song,  
"Peace to the weary Earth!"

"Peace to the weary, struggling, sin-sick Earth!  
Peace to the heart of man!"

Storm shall bring calm—that high reward is  
worth

All we *must* bear—or can."

S. J.

Patience gradually softens the rudest  
asperities.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JULY 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.

ERRATUM. In our last number in the article entitled "Interest on Capital," (p. 33, 3d column) we stated that Capital must keep the improvements in order, and that a large portion must be renewed *every twelve years*. It should read *every twelve to twenty years*. This however, it is to be understood, is but an average calculation, and by no means a precise one.

### THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOR.—NO. III.

We pointed out in our preceding articles a few of the evils connected with the present repulsive and degrading system of Labor, and showed with sufficient clearness, we think, that nothing is to be hoped in the way of reform in this great department of human affairs from the four leading powers, which control society, namely: Capital and Commerce, Legislation, the Press, and the Church. The Church is passive and seems to think it out of its sphere to take part in the temporal matters of this world. The Press is the ally and servant of capital and commerce; the political leaders of the people unite uniformly with the stronger interests and classes in society, with those who control its influence, and direct the current of popularity.

We will attempt to state a few plain and practical, but fundamental truths, which are but little understood, and not at all acted upon.

First; the condition of the People, both physical and moral, is *dependent primarily and essentially upon the system of Labor*, its modes of prosecution, and the conditions connected with it.

Second; to secure to the people wealth, real liberty and independence, and intellectual culture, a true Organization of Labor must be devised and established.

Reformers in general and all those who are talking about the elevation of the laboring classes, are looking in a hundred erroneous directions for the means of improving their condition; they overlook the primary means, the very foundation of the whole problem.

So long as Labor is falsely organized, so long as it is repulsive, poorly requited, oppressive and degrading, as it now is, so long will the laboring classes be sunk in poverty, be pecuniarily dependent, coarse and ignorant, and nothing can pre-

vent it. You may establish a true system of government with perfect political liberty; you may cover the land with churches, and have morality preached by a hundred thousand tongues, and you will not extirpate these evils.

Industry—by which we understand all the branches of human activity, which create or preserve material wealth,—forms one great sphere of society, as politics or government forms another: Industry is the body of Society; it is that which feeds and clothes it, and supplies its physical wants. We might as well undertake to cure a man of a fever, the rheumatism, or other physical disease, without administering to him any remedies of a material character, or having any thing to do with his body, as to cure poverty, coarseness of the masses, pecuniary dependence, industrial extortion, and oppression, and the moral evils to which they give rise, without reforming the system of Industry.

It is the false Organization of Labor, which lies at the foundation of slavery and servitude under their various forms. Being repulsive and degrading, a few manage to escape, by fraud or violence, from its burthens, and become masters and employers, while the great majority are made slaves and hirelings. The fundamental cause of chattel slavery, of hireling labor, and the pecuniary dependence of woman, is repugnant industry.

We must organize Labor rightly: we must increase its productiveness by the extensive application of science and machinery: we must render its pursuits attractive, which is possible under a true system, and establish a just division of profits;—we must fulfil these and some other conditions to secure prosperity to all, and with it the means and time for education, which is the child of abundance, and to prevent coarseness and brutality among the laboring classes.

Briefly then, to draw all mankind voluntarily into the pursuits of industry, to prevent the desire on the part of a minority to have hirelings laboring for them, and to secure to every being pecuniary independence, by guaranteeing the free opportunity of labor as well as the fruits thereof:—to elevate the laboring classes to prosperity, intelligence, refinement, morality, and happiness, we must effect an INDUSTRIAL REFORM, devise and establish a true ORGANIZATION OF LABOR, in the place of the miserable modes that now exist.

Who is to take the lead in this great work, and how is it to be done? \*

\* This question is one which should particularly interest the Abolitionists. If they free the slaves, they will not wish them to become the hirelings of Capital, and emerge from one state of oppression merely to enter into another, which, although much less degrading and oppressive, is yet immensely distant from true liberty. They should strike for the integral emancipation of the slave, and this can only be done by a true Organization of Labor.



There are two classes of men in society and one power that can do it; and they can act separately or jointly.

1. The Associationists, who possess a scientific theory of the Organization of Labor.

2. The Laboring Classes, who can establish some of the simpler forms of combined Industry.

3. It can be done by the State, representing the Collective Will and Conscience of the people.

The primary object of the Associationists is an Industrial Reform, and the Organization of Labor upon the basis of truth and justice. They have the theory of this Organization, founded upon scientific principles—upon the laws of nature, discovered and developed after forty years of investigation by one of the most powerful intellects that the human race has produced.

Their aim is to establish ONE MODEL ASSOCIATION, which will show the truth in practice, and they feel confident that if they can succeed in obtaining the capital necessary to do this, they can set the example to the world, of the true and natural system of Industry, destined for man by Providence, but left to be discovered by human genius, which will be imitated rapidly and universally, like the steamboat, rail-road, or any other great improvement.

The Associationists possess a complete plan of industrial Organization which if applied, will render Industry ATTRACTIVE, dignify it, induce all classes, even the most wealthy to engage voluntarily in its pursuits, from the incentives connected with its exercise; which will offer to the different sexes and ages congenial and suitable occupations and the free choice of the same, and in fulfilling these conditions, will secure to every being the means of wealth, honors, and pecuniary independence. If the Associationists can succeed in obtaining the capital necessary to found one model Association, they will effect, we believe, a reform greater than the past has ever seen, or dared hope for. The present universally prevailing false system of Industry, with its poverty, fraud, oppression, and brutalization of man, will disappear; war will give place to the interests of peace and production; the bonds of the slave will fall; all who are oppressed will be set free; the spheres of woman and the child will be elevated to their true position in social life, and a world of discord will be replaced by one of universal harmony. We cannot overestimate the gigantic results of a system of attractive and dignified Industry; it is the material foundation of all ulterior improvement. Think for a moment of a reform which will enable every being in society to receive the best education that can

be given, to enjoy all the refining and elevating influences of the arts and sciences, and be capable of appreciating by proper intellectual culture the noblest sentiments and aspirations of which Humanity offers examples. *This, Attractive Industry will do*; indirectly because it will free mankind from poverty, brutalizing toil, and the differences of castes and classes, which are all based on repugnant labor; and directly, because it will flood the world with wealth, and secure to it the means of universal education, and the leisure for intellectual pursuits.

The Associationists form but a small band in society, and they may not for a long time to come obtain the capital necessary to carry out an industrial reform upon the plan which they propose. Let us examine the second means, and see what the producing classes themselves can do in this great work.

They would not operate in that complete and scientific manner which the Associationists propose, because the bodies of producers who could be induced to unite, would not combine the capital and possess the science necessary for a perfect organization. They would have to take up some few branches of a true system, and effect certain improvements, which would lead the way gradually to an integral reform.

Farmers and mechanics emigrating from the Eastern to the Western States, could establish a system of industrial Association, but without household or domestic Association, which would be a very important primary step. A number of families, say a hundred or a hundred and twenty, could form a plan of combined emigration and settlement; they could take up a tract of five or six thousand acres of land, and form what we will call a united or associated township. To save the expenses of a hundred granaries, stables, sheds, fences, and so forth, they could concert among themselves and build a few large granaries and stables, where their produce could be stored and their cattle taken care of collectively and economically; teams could be connected with these combined granaries and stables, furnished to the farmers at a much cheaper rate than they could keep separate teams of their own; sixty or eighty regularly employed would do the work of two hundred under the present system. These granaries, stables, teams, and all collective improvements, should be made joint-stock property, the shares owned by those who furnished capital or labor towards them. The stockholders would receive a certain rate of interest, which might balance the charges made for the use of teams or the storage of products, while those who owned no stock might aid in the care of the same, and thus pay

for their use. An economy of one half or two thirds would result from such a system of coöperation.

The families of the associated township should have a public store, and avoid the enormous profits, now paid to the country merchant, which are ruinous particularly in new settlements. A wholesale dealer of New York remarked to us, a few days since, that cotton goods which he had sold out of his store for twelve cents a yard, he saw retailed in Illinois for twenty-four cents. This was a profit of one hundred per cent. upon an article of first necessity: what must it be on an average with articles of luxury and of foreign production, like tea? We may almost say that the farmers in new settlements work, not for themselves, but for the merchants and lawyers who follow them to their new homes, and who, like swarms of drones, settle down wherever production has commenced, and in the end become possessors of a large part of the property accumulated. The families should combine to buy their goods at wholesale and at the cheapest rates, and also to dispose of their crops at the most favorable season and prices; they would thus avoid the enormous profits of those intermediate agents, called traders. A few of the best business men, who by their probity, inspired perfect confidence, would attend at certain seasons to the business of making purchases and sales, and a smart woman or two, after the goods were once purchased, could take charge of the retailing department in the Township.

Each family would have a separate farm, which it would manage in its own way, and also its separate house. The families however should concentrate, and build around a large square in the centre of the township, say of fifty acres, so as to be in the vicinity of each other, for otherwise the industrial combination and concert of action, which we propose, could not so easily be carried out. A portion of this central square might be occupied as a model farm, where the finest varieties of fruits, vegetables, and grains would be cultivated for the purpose of furnishing seed to the farmers. On this farm would be located the combined granaries and stables. The other portion of the square would be occupied by the public store and counting house, by a church and schoolhouse, and some other public buildings.

There are a few additional branches of work, which could be united and jointly prosecuted, as for example a dairy, which is now done to great advantage in some parts of Switzerland; a public bakery, which would save a great deal of fuel and labor; the families could send their flour to it and have it returned in



bread at a slight advance: a common wash-room, with a dash wheel, turned by a horse, would do the heaviest part of the washing, and save the women one of the most laborious kinds of work now done, and one which most exposes them to colds and other diseases. Industrial groups composed of those persons, who were less engaged in the special labors of each family, could attend to these combined branches of Industry with profit to themselves.

The economies which could be effected in these and other ways, would be very great, and with the spread of the spirit of coöperation, the principle of associated effort could be extended to branches which in the commencement would not be thought of. A proper degree of system which the common sense of the families would direct them in applying, if they once began rightly, would enable them to carry on successfully such a plan of industrial combination.

A certain proportion of mechanics should be associated with the farmers, so as to combine as far as possible agriculture and manufactures, which should never be separated. Instead of constructing fifteen or twenty separate shops, let a couple of large and comfortable edifices be erected on the public square, in which the mechanics could rent larger or smaller rooms answering to the wants of his branch of business. The economy in heating, to say nothing of the increased safety; in power, particularly if steam were used, and in other details would here again be very considerable. We leave the reader to imagine the advantages which would result from a judicious combination in this respect.

We see here a system of *Industrial Association* introduced into several departments of labor and business, but no *family or domestic Association*. Each family has its separate house and its separate farm, which it cultivates according to its best judgment. The products are stored with those of a similar quality in the public granaries. Sales are made upon deliberation of all interested, and the collective wisdom is consulted in all cases. A kind of exchange might be held once a week, for this purpose: any farmer would be free to dissent from the collective opinion, and dispose of his produce at such a time as he deemed most favorable. The families would purchase from the public store all articles that they required, at cost price, with the exception of a small commission added, to pay those who attended to the sales. The farmers and mechanics would deposit such of their products in the store as there was a daily demand for. This interchange of articles should be encouraged to the greatest extent possible, for it

would be a great advantage to the farmers to find a market for their lighter products which they could not send to a distance, and for the mechanics to obtain such articles, of a good quality and at first hands, saving a third or a half in the prices which they pay in our cities: they would in addition possess the advantage of selling their own articles directly to the consumer, and not to an intermediate agent, the merchant, who often refuses to purchase except at depreciated prices.

The advantages growing out of such a system of industrial coöperation, would be very great. We will again briefly enumerate them.

1. It would lead gradually to a true and direct system of commerce, based upon the principle of Consignment and Commission, and would give to the Producer the entire profit of his labor, save a small commission, while a third and often a half of the whole now goes to the merchant.

2. It would obviate nine tenths of the law-suits which now take place, and diminish in the same proportion the number of lawyers, for the greater part of litigation grows out of the present system of trade between individuals; this would be avoided by means of the township store and Counting House, which would be the general agent for the inhabitants. Any misunderstandings which should arise, might be settled by a Council of Arbiters, elected by the inhabitants, which would hold regular meetings.

3. The prosperity of the families would be greatly increased by the economies in granaries, stables, teams, purchases and sales, on the one hand, and by the opportunity offered to the women and younger persons, on the other, to become producers by taking part in groups, devoted to the combined branches of labor.

4. The cares and labor of the men would be greatly abridged by not having to attend to separate barns and teams, and to make several thousands of sales and purchases per annum in the neighboring town or village. The cares of the women would be greatly lessened by the combined dairy, bakery, washing establishments, and other associative arrangements.

5. The pecuniary independence of women and children would be in part secured in the groups, occupied with the associated branches of labor and ultimately it would be fully established. The enfranchisement of woman from pecuniary dependence, the opening to her of an honorable sphere of activity in industry, will be one of the first great steps in social progress.

6. The families in the Combined Township will enjoy the advantages of variety in social relations which are so restricted

at the present, because there are no industrial ties or association between them; they will also possess good schools for their children, and a place of worship, so often wanting in new settlements.

7. This new mode of life, in industry and social relations, would beget a spirit of general improvement and progress, which would lead gradually to a higher social condition, and ultimately to a complete transformation of our present false system of labor, and false and selfish social life.

8. A new sentiment of brotherhood, of collective friendship, of mutual support and guarantees, and of social justice and unity, would grow up under the influence of this system of United Interests and associated industry, and the way would be prepared for the social and moral, association, or Association of families, which is the true form of human Society.

Such would be the immediate and ultimate results of a plan apparently so simple, and operating only on the industrial element of society.

A new organization of the Township, as we have here briefly sketched it out, might be very easily applied in forming new settlements; it could also be introduced into the townships in the older States, provided a few intelligent and practical men in each locality devoted themselves earnestly to it, and directed the operation.

In another article, we will take up the question of the Organization of Labor by the State, or the collective Will and Conscience of the people, beginning with those branches now monopolized by Capital.

## EDUCATION.

In order to arrive at a true method of Education and to know what influences ought to be exerted upon the child, we must resort to Nature rather than to the arbitrary systems of men. These are made with honesty doubtless, and with the best abilities of their authors, but the system of nature is made by God and is infinitely better. If Society, as now constituted, bestows upon the child those influences which Nature designs it to have, and develops its powers according to the order of nature, why, well and good,—we shall then have nothing to say against it on this head;—but if it turns out that nature demands for the child a sort of training which it is impossible for present society to give, why then, according to our view, the case will be somewhat different. The first demand of nature in behalf of the child is, that its senses be completely and harmoniously developed, and that the instincts which are to guide its physical activity be fully called out. The order of nature is this; first, the senses and physi-

cal powers, then the heart, and then the understanding. Now what sort of education of the senses is possible in a society of isolated households, even where there is wealth? None at all, except that of accident. It is out of the question that any single family should be able to furnish the means of nicely training the eye, the ear, or the taste of its children. Perhaps this may seem to be a small thing to many persons, but nature does not hold it at so low a rate; she punishes our neglect of this first duty to our children, by making it impossible for any subsequent education to make up the deficiency, or to give symmetry and completeness to the man. Children can receive justice, we say justice because we mean it, only by a perfect and scientific method of cultivating their senses during the earlier part of their life. This, in an isolated household, is not possible. The most unlimited private fortune could hardly provide the apparatus and the teachers for this indispensable part of education, while in an Association they will be a matter of course. In the next branch of education, the development of the industrial aptitudes of the child, our admirable civilized society is equally at fault. Here the justice of our strictures may possibly, in some degree, be admitted. The mothers of troublesome boys, who a dozen times a day turn the house topsy turvy, and who are sent to school oftener, just to be got out of the way, will, without doubt, assent to the assertion that they ought in some way to be more profitably employed. And indeed, what a prodigal waste of energy and life is that which children every where make. Worse than waste, certainly; it is of a more positive character; it runs into mischief and destruction, as every body knows. Now this is not the plan of nature; she did not make children to be the scourges of gardens and orchards; all this comes from some mistake of ours.

The development and refinement of the senses is the first part of education; the development and direction of the industrial instincts is the second. For the truth is, that nature has implanted in every child certain infallible instincts, which, when developed and exercised according to her designs, will make the child, who is now the most mischievous and unmanageable of little imps, an ardent enthusiast for usefulness and good order. Every child has many aptitudes which we do not bring out or gratify except in the rarest cases of strongly marked characters, and the consequence is, that what would be the most admirable qualities in the child if rightly unfolded, being left to grow wild and undisciplined, make him the dread and dislike of the community. But any such unfold-

ing is plainly not to be thought of in the existing order of society, to which all industrial training of children, except that of arbitrary compulsion without any regard to their natural aptitudes, must seem an impossibility. But yet, such a training is nothing more than justice, and the neglect to discover the method of it and to apply it, is an irreparable wrong, which we have all of us to suffer for.

But there is another respect in which the basis of our civilization, the isolated family is even more repugnant to nature, and that is in committing the discipline of the child and the correction of its faults to the parents only. Their impulse is to love the child, and any chastisement or punishment which their sense of duty may make them inflict upon it, is a cause of the greatest pain to them. It violates the sentiment of parental affection. The true critics of the child are children. In a society organized according to the method of nature, they would discharge this office with justice and kindness, and render parental interference unnecessary. Moreover, the existing system gives no guarantee that children will be well trained. And yet what is more necessary than such a guarantee? It is not a matter of individual concern only, but of public interest. It is of great moment to the community, that its future men and women should be well prepared to discharge their duties as members of society, in a word, that they should be educated in the most judicious manner. A spoiled child is a public misfortune. Now the fact is, that at least seven eighths of parents are utterly unfit to educate their children, or to exert any positive influence upon them. Society ought in some way to be protected against this evil. But no protection can be devised while the isolated household is retained as the pivot of the whole social mechanism.

As to intellectual education, we apprehend that our modern society, our civilized and cultivated society is not quite so perfect as it is apt to fancy. However, it has here been compelled to adopt the principle of common sense and to *associate*, which is one thing in its favor. For the education of the minds of its children it does what it has not been wise enough to do for the development of their bodies or the expansion of their hearts, — it combines its forces. Schools and Colleges are not the affair of individuals or of families, but of the Community, of the State. Accordingly the mental training to be had now-a-days is superior to any other part of the education provided for the young. Still we do not think that even that is any better than it should be. But to say nothing more on this particular, by what rule does our Christian civilization distribute the advantages of intellect-

ual culture which it possesses? Does the State by which they are controlled declare that every child within its precincts has an undeniable right to all its treasures of learning as it has to the light and air? Does it throw open the doors of its academies, its universities, and say to all, "Enter freely! The knowledge, the culture you long for is yours!" By no means. It does not obey the voice of Divine Justice saying "Give to every child, of every class and condition the best possible education that it is capable of receiving, not as an act of charity but as the debt you owe it!" Nay it could not do this if it would; it is not so organized that it can. If it should declare by a law that its high schools and universities were open to every one of its children, to the poor as well as to the rich, how could the children of the poor avail themselves of the privilege? How could they clothe and feed themselves while engaged in study, when in our "well enough" social order they can barely live by working almost every hour! In order to educate its children society must be so established that every child and youth shall have not only the means of education but the means of living at the same time, or else justice to children is out of the question. For this the first condition is Association of Families; the thing is impossible without it.

We have not attempted to treat this subject with any completeness. We have hinted at it rather than discussed it. On some future occasion we shall speak of it more fully. Meanwhile, unless we are mistaken, we have suggested some principles which condemn the present social order without appeal, and these we submit to the reflection of our readers.

¶ We live amidst an order of society called human! In it men speak of religion; they invoke a Christianity which proclaims that all men are children of the same father, and are brethren! They pronounce the name of Jesus Christ who repeated continually that supreme commandment, "Love each other like brothers!"

SIGNS OF PROGRESS. We cut the following from the Daily Tribune of June 30. It was mislaid or we should have copied it sooner.

"The UNIVERSITY CHAPEL was filled last evening to hear the Oration and Poem delivered before the Delta Phi Beta of New York, and the delegate members from its associate chapters. The Orator, Mr. Howard Crosby, descended upon Social Organization. He spoke of how Society used to exist, how it now existed, and how it ought to exist. He commented strongly upon all aristocracy of wealth, which would ultimately destroy the hands of Society. He condemned the hollow heartlessness of society, in not attending more to the worth of intellect,

and the cultivation of those qualities of Humanity which serve to strengthen the pure and uncontaminated affections of our nature. He was listened to with great attention, and his remarks elicited much applause."

It is not long since our College Orators spoke of the Reorganization of Society only with a sneer at the shallowness of such an idea, or a jest at the fatuity of its advocates. If we have not yet changed all that, we see the change going on. There is no evading it. Existing social relations must be brought for trial before the tribunal of Christianity and of common sense, and with their condemnation as inhuman and absurd, will arise an irresistible demand for institutions based upon Universal Justice.

**INDUSTRIAL FEUDALISM.** The world is undergoing a transformation which must continue; on all sides great establishments are rising up, the preludes to enterprises yet more gigantic. This movement, which from a merely industrial point of view is worthy of admiration, since it leads to a greater production of wealth, will in a short time become the very law of society. In the presence of this new constitution of manufactures, commerce and agriculture on an immense scale, the question is forced upon us, Which is more advantageous to the laborer, the Wages System or Association?

Under the wages system the producer remains a hired laborer, that is to say a Paria in society with no other part in the advantages of fortune, than a miserable compensation not always adequate to his daily necessities; his children inherit his wretched condition and transmit it in their turn. The words Patrimony, Leisure, Abundance, Education, Influence, are not known in his language. He knows no other motive for action than need; he is born, he lives and dies in poverty, while before his eyes his employers and their children, enriched by his labors, lead an apparently happy life. But when the employer, instead of being a man is a company, the condition of the operative becomes worse in the same ratio as the power of capital is increased. As man and man, the workman and the employer can esteem and understand each other; the instinctive sense of brotherhood fortified by religion and education, brings them together; the master is accessible to pity, to generosity, to all the noble sentiments which are the glory of Man. But a corporation has no heart, no human sympathies; it has a rule to be rigidly followed, a treasury to fill; it recognizes no brotherhood; acts of friendship are forbidden to it; it is not a part of Humanity, it is a machine for making money. The operative, crushed by the sense of weakness, yields to despair, or what is

worse, falls into brutality. Go through the great manufacturing cities of France, for example, or those of England and Belgium, where the system is much nearer its final perfection than in this country, and tell us if such is not the wretched lot of the proletaries, that is, the hired laborers. And to this state American laborers are approaching!

Suppose on the other hand, that in industry carried on upon a large scale, with perfect accountability and a regular and frequent publication of the state of the business to all interested, the laborer should be an associate, a partner in the enterprise. Is it not evident that his condition would be entirely changed, that he would acquire a new self-respect, a new zeal in labor, a greater confidence for the future, a truer attachment to the superintendents and to his establishment, a new friendship and a new happiness! And would he not produce more than he does at present? Without doubt. A reform of industry is for the interest of Capital as well as for that of Labor.

**THE CATHOLICS AND ASSOCIATIONISTS.** In our miscellaneous columns to-day will be found a translation, which a friend has kindly furnished, of an excellent article from the *Democratique Pacifique* under this title. The translator takes the occasion to express her own peculiar views as to the establishment of Association and the necessary preliminaries to it.

☞ The Christian Watchman of Boston, a Baptist newspaper, republishes the article of the Worcester *Ægis*, on Association, which we noticed last week.

"OBJECTIONS TO ASSOCIATION," No. III. will appear next week.

☞ It is well known at the present day that the greater the profits of Capital, the more Labor is degraded and reduced to misery. Where does such a tendency lead us?

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N. R. GERRISH.

July 16, 1846.

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### MISCELLANY.

#### THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT.\*

SEQUEL TO

#### CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

#### VI.

But, mon Dieu! Could the skill of the most terrible Dominican who has ever performed the functions of grand inquisitor succeed against that of three women, when love, fear and friendship inspired each of them to the same end? Though Frederick tried in every manner, by a caressing amiability and a provoking irony, by unforeseen questions, a pretended indifference and indirect threats, nothing availed him. The explanation respecting Consuelo's presence in the apartments of the princess conformed exactly, in the mouth of madam de Kleist and in the affirmations of Amelia, with that which the Porporina had so happily improvised.—It was the most natural, the most probable one. To trust every thing to chance is the best way. Chance does not speak and cannot give the lie.

Tired of the conflict, the king gave in and changed his tactics; for he said suddenly:

"And the Porporina, whom I have forgotten in the other room! Dear little sister, since you are better, let her come in, her talk will amuse us."

"I feel inclined to sleep," replied the princess, who feared some snare.

"Well, say good-bye to her, and dismiss her yourself." Speaking thus, the king, anticipating madam de Kleist, went himself to open the door and called the Porporina.

But, instead of dismissing her, he at once introduced a dissertation upon German and Italian music; and when the subject was exhausted, cried abruptly:

\* 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.

"Ah! signora Porporina, a piece of news which I forgot to tell you, and which will certainly give you pleasure! Your friend, the baron de Trenck, is no longer a prisoner."

"Which baron de Trenck, sire?" asked the young girl with a skilful candor: "I know two of them and both are in prison."

"O! Trenck the pandour will die at Spielberg. It is Trenck the Prussian that has escaped."

"Well! sire," replied the Porporina, "for my part, I thank you. Your majesty has performed a deed of justice and generosity."

"Much obliged for the compliment, mademoiselle. What do you think of it, my dear sister?"

"What are you speaking of, then?" said the princess. "I did not listen to you, brother. I was just falling asleep."

"I am speaking of your protégé, the handsome Trenck, who has escaped from Glatz over the walls."

"Ah! he has done well," replied Amelia with great sang-froid.

"He has done ill," replied the king drily. "His affair was about to be examined, and he might perhaps have cleared himself from the charges which hang over him. His flight is a confession of his crimes."

"If it be so, I abandon him," said Amelia still impassive.

"Mademoiselle Porporina would persist in defending him, I am certain," returned Frederick; "I see that in her eyes."

"That is because I cannot believe in treachery," said she.

"Especially when the traitor is such a handsome youth! Do you know, sister, that mademoiselle Porporina is very intimate with the baron de Trenck?"

"Much good may it do her!" said Amelia coldly. "If he is a dishonored man, I would nevertheless advise her to forget him. Now, I wish you good-day, mademoiselle, for I feel very much fatigued. I beg you will have the goodness to return in a few days in order to

help me read this score; it appears to me very beautiful."

"Then you have recovered your taste for music!" said the king. "I thought you had given it up entirely."

"I wish to try to do so, and I hope, brother, you will come and help me. I am told that you have made great progress, and now you must give me lessons."

"We will take them together from the signora. I will bring her to you."

"That is right. You will give me great pleasure."

Madam de Kleist reconducted the Porporina to the antechamber, and the latter soon found herself alone in the long corridors, not knowing how to direct her steps in order to leave the palace, and not remembering where she had passed to reach the place in which she was.

The king's household being arranged on a footing of the strictest economy, to say the least, there were no servants to be met with in the interior of the chateau. The Porporina did not see a single one of whom she could enquire, and wandered at a venture in that gloomy and vast manor house.

Engrossed by what had just occurred, exhausted by fatigue, fasting since the day before, the Porporina felt her head quite weak; and, as sometimes happens in such cases, an unhealthy excitement still sustained her physical strength, she walked at random, more quickly than she would have done in a state of health; and pursued by an entirely personal idea, which strangely worried her since the day before, she completely forgot where she was, lost herself, crossed galleries, courts, returned upon her steps, descended and re-ascended staircases, met several persons, did not think to ask the way, and at last, as if awakening from a dream, found herself at the entrance of a vast hall filled with strange and confused objects, upon the threshold of which a grave and polite personage saluted her with much courtesy and invited her to enter.

The Porporina recognized the very

learned academicien Stoss, curator of the museum of curiosities, and of the library of the chateau. He had visited her several times in order to have her try some precious manuscripts of protestant music of the earliest times of the reformation, calligraphic treasures with which he had enriched the royal collection. On learning that she was seeking an exit from the palace, he immediately offered to attend her home; but he requested her so earnestly to cast a glance upon the precious cabinet entrusted to his care, and of which he was justly proud, that she could not refuse to go the round, supported by his arm. Easily diverted, as are all artistic organizations, she soon took more interest in it than she had thought herself inclined to do, and her attention became entirely absorbed by an object which the very worthy professor made her particularly remark.

"This drum, which seems by no means peculiar at first sight," said he, "and which I even suspect to be apocryphal, enjoys nevertheless a great celebrity. What is certain, is that the resounding part of this warlike instrument is a human skin, as you may yourself observe by the trace of the swelling of the pectorals. This trophy, taken by his majesty from Prague, in the glorious war which has just ended, is, they say, the skin of *Jean Ziska of the Chalice*, the celebrated chief of the great insurrection of the Hussites in the fifteenth century. It is pretended that he bequeathed this sacred skin to his companions in arms, promising that *wherever it was, there should be the victory*. The Bohemians pretend that the sound of this redoubtable drum put their enemies to flight, that it invoked the ghosts of their dead chiefs to fight for the holy cause and a thousand other wonders. — But, besides that in the brilliant age of reason in which we have the happiness to live, such superstitions deserve only contempt, M. Lenfant, preacher to her majesty the queen-mother, and author of a praiseworthy history of the Hussites, affirms that Jean Ziska was buried with his skin, and consequently — It seems to me mademoiselle that you are growing pale — Are you suffering? or does the sight of this strange object give you a feeling of disgust? That Ziska was a great villain and a very ferocious rebel —"

"It is possible, sir," replied Porporina; "but I have lived in Bohemia, and have there been told that he was a very great man: his memory is still as living there as much as that of Louis XIV. can be in France, and he is considered as the savior of his country."

"Alas! it is a country very badly saved," said M. Stoss smiling, "and I might make the sonorous chest of its liberator resound, without even causing to

appear his ghost, shamefully captive in the palace of the conqueror of his descendants." While speaking thus in a pedantic manner, the worthy M. Stoss drew his fingers over the drum, which gave out a dead and ominous sound, such as is produced by those instruments when veiled in mourning and beaten dully in funeral marches. But the wise curator was suddenly interrupted in this profane sport by a piercing cry from the Porporina, who threw herself into his arms, and hid her face on his shoulder, like a child terrified by some strange and frightful object.

The grave M. Stoss looked around him to discover the cause of this sudden terror, and saw, stopping at the door of the hall, a person whose appearance caused him a feeling of disdain. He was about to make a sign to that person to withdraw, but he had passed on, before the Porporina, clinging to him, had given him freedom to move.

"Really, mademoiselle," said he to her, as he led her to a chair, into which she fell exhausted and trembling, "I cannot understand what is the matter with you. I have seen nothing to occasion the emotion you feel."

"Did you see nothing? Did you see no one?" said the Porporina in a smothered voice and with a wandering air. "There, at that door — did you not see a man standing who looked at me with frightful eyes?"

"I saw perfectly well a man who often wanders through the chateau and who would perhaps like to give himself frightful airs, as you very justly say; but I confess to you that he intimidates me very little and that I am not one of his dupes."

"You did see him? ah! sir, then he was there, really? I was not dreaming? My God! my God! What does this mean?"

"It means that in consequence of the special protection of an amiable and august princess, who amuses herself, as I believe, with his follies, more than she gives credence to them, he has entered the chateau and is going to the apartments of her royal highness."

"But who is he? what is his name?"

"Do you not know? why then are you afraid of him?"

"In the name of Heaven, sir, tell me who is this man?"

"Eh! why, it is Trismegistus, the princess Amelia's sorcerer! one of those charlatans whose trade it is to predict the future and to reveal hidden treasures, to make gold, and display a thousand other social talents which were much in fashion here before the glorious reign of Frederick the Great. You have certainly heard it mentioned, signora, that madam

the abdess of Quedlimberg retains the taste —"

"Yes, yes, sir, I know that she studies cabalism, from curiosity doubtless —"

"Oh! certainly; how can we for a moment suppose that so enlightened, so learned a princess would be seriously interested in such extravagances?"

"In fine, sir, you know this man?"

"O! a long time; it must be fully four years that we have seen him appear here at least once in every six or eight months. As he is very peaceable and does not mingle in any intrigues, his majesty, who does not wish to deprive his dear sister of any innocent diversion, tolerates his presence in the city and even his free entrance to the palace. He does not abuse this liberty and while in this country exercises his pretended science for the princess alone. M. de Golowkin protects and is answerable for him. This is all I can tell you; but, mademoiselle, how can it interest you so deeply?"

"It does not interest me in any manner, sir, I assure you; and in order that you may not think me crazy, I must tell you that this man seemed to me, which was doubtless an illusion, to have a striking resemblance to a person who was very dear to me, and who is so still; for death does not break the bonds of affection, does it, sir?"

"That is a noble sentiment which you express, and quite worthy of a person of your merit. But you have been very much agitated, and I see that you can hardly sustain yourself. Permit me to attend you to your home."

On arriving at her apartments, the Porporina went to bed and remained there several days tormented by a fever and an extraordinary nervous agitation. At the termination of this time, she received a billet from madam de Kleist, who requested her to come and sing at her house about eight in the evening. This was only a pretext to conduct her secretly to the palace. They penetrated, by private passages, to the apartments of the princess, whom they found in a charming dress, although her chamber was but dimly lighted, and all the persons attached to her service had been dismissed for the evening under pretext of indisposition. She received the cantatrice with a thousand caresses; and familiarly passing her arm under hers, she led her to a pretty little circular apartment, lighted by fifty tapers, in which a dainty supper was served with luxury and good taste. The French *rococo* had not yet invaded the court of Prussia. They pretended there, moreover, at this period, a sovereign contempt for the court of France, and undertook to imitate the traditions of the age of Louis XIV., for which Fred-

erick, secretly busied in aping the great king, professed a boundless admiration. Still the princess Amelia was dressed in the latest fashion, and from the fact of being more chastely arrayed than madam Pompadour usually was, was none the less brilliant. Madam de Kleist had also put on her most attractive attire; and yet there were but three covers and not a single domestic.

"You are astonished at our little fête," said the princess laughing. "Well, you will be still more so, when you know that we three are going to sup together, helping ourselves; as we ourselves, that is, madam de Kleist and I, have already prepared every thing. We two have laid the table and lighted the candles, and never have I been so much amused. I arranged my hair and dressed myself entirely alone for the first time in my life, and I have never been better dressed, at least so it seems to me. In fine, we are going to divert ourselves *incognito*! The king sleeps at Potsdam, the queen is at Charlottembourg, my sisters are with the queen-mother at Montbijou; my brothers, I don't know where; we are alone in the chateau. I am considered ill, and I profit by this night of liberty to feel myself live a little, and to celebrate with you two, (the only persons in the world to whom I can trust,) the escape of my dear Trenck. So we will drink champagne to his health, and if one of us takes too much, the others will keep her secret. Ah! Frederick's fine philosophical suppers will be effaced by the splendor and gaiety of this!"

They seated themselves at table, and the princess showed herself in an entirely new light to the Porporina. She was good, sympathizing, natural, cheerful, beautiful as an angel, adorable in a word, on that day, as she had been in the most beautiful days of her earliest youth. She seemed to swim in happiness, and it was a pure, generous, disinterested happiness. Her lover had fled far from her, and she did not know if she should ever see him again; but he was free, he had ceased to suffer, and this radiant lover blessed her lot.

"Ah! how well I feel between you two!" said she to her confidants, who formed with her the most charming trio, that a refined coquetry ever concealed from the eyes of men: "I feel free as Trenck is at this hour; I feel good as he has always been, and as I thought I could never be again! It seemed to me that the fortress of Glatz weighed every hour upon my soul: at night it was upon my chest like a night-mare. I was cold in my bed of eider-down, at the thought that he whom I love was shivering on the damp tiles of a gloomy dungeon. I no longer lived, I no longer enjoyed any-

thing. Ah! dear Porporina, imagine the horror I experienced when saying to myself: He suffers all that for me! it is my fatal love which precipitates him living to the tomb! This thought changed all my food to gall, like the breath of the harpies. Pour out for me some champagne wine, Porporina: I never liked it, and for two years I have drank only water. Well, it seems to me that I am drinking nectar. The light of the candles is cheerful, these flowers smell pleasantly, these dainties are delicious, and above all, de Kleist and you are as beautiful as two angels. Oh! yes, I see, I hear, I breathe; I have become a living woman from a statue, a corpse that I was. Here, drink with me, first the health of Trenck, then that of the friend who fled with him; afterwards, we will drink that of the honest keepers who let him escape, and then lastly, that of my brother Frederick, who could not prevent him. No, no bitter thought shall trouble this festive day. I have no more bitterness against any one; it seems to me that I love the king. Here! to the health of the king, Porporina, long live the king!"

What added to the delight which the joy of this poor princess communicated to her two beautiful guests, was the cheerfulness of her manner, and the perfect equality she caused to prevail between the three. She rose, changed the plates when her turn came, carved, and served her companions with a childish and affecting pleasure. "Ah! If I was not born for the life of equality, at least love has made me comprehend it," said she, "and the misfortune of my condition has revealed to me the nonsense of the prejudices of rank and birth. My sisters are not like me. My sister of Anspach would lay her head on the block, rather than make the first salutation to a highness who does not reign. My sister of Bareith, who plays the philosopher and free-thinker with M. Voltaire, would tear out the eyes of a duchess who wore a piece more of cloth in her train than herself. They have never loved, you see! They will pass their lives in that pneumatic machine they call the dignity of their rank. They will die embalmed in their majesty like mummies; they will not have known my bitter sorrows, but also, they will not have known, in all their lives of etiquette and display, a quarter of an hour of *laissez-aller*, of pleasure and confidence, such as I enjoy at this moment! My dear friends, you must make my fête complete, you must be entirely familiar with me this evening. I wish to be Amelia for you; no more highness, plain Amelia. Ah! you look as if you would refuse me, de Kleist! The court has spoiled you, my child;

spite of yourself you have inhaled the malaria; but you, dear Porporina, who, though an actress, seem a child of nature, you will yield to my innocent desire!"

"Yes, my dear Amelia, I will do it with all my heart to oblige you," replied the Porporina, laughing.

"Ah! Heaven!" cried the princess, "if you knew what an effect it has upon me to hear myself called *Amelia*! Amelia! O! how well *he* used to pronounce my name! It seemed to me that it was the most beautiful name on the earth, the sweetest that woman ever bore, when he uttered it."

Little by little the princess felt the transport of her soul to such a degree that she forgot herself to think only of her friends; and in this attempt at equality, she became so great, so happy and so good, that she instinctively put off that sharp personality which had been developed in her by passion and suffering. She ceased to speak of herself exclusively, she no longer thought to attribute a little merit to herself for being so amiable and so simple; she asked madam de Kleist about her family, her position and her feelings, which she had never done since she was absorbed by her own troubles. She wished also to know the life of an artist, the emotions of the stage, the idea and affections of the Porporina. She inspired confidence at the same time that she felt it, and she experienced infinite pleasure at reading in the soul of another, and at seeing, in fine, in these beings different from herself hitherto, beings similar in their essence, as deserving before God, as well endowed by nature, as important upon the earth as she had long persuaded herself she must be, in preference to others.

It was the Porporina especially, whose ingenuous replies and sympathizing expansiveness struck her with respect mingled with a sweet surprise.

"You appear to me an angel," said she to her. "You, a girl of the stage! You speak and think more nobly than any crowned head I am acquainted with. I feel for you an esteem which almost reaches infatuation. You must grant me yours entirely, beautiful Porporina. You must open your heart to me and relate to me your life, your birth, your education, your loves, your misfortunes, even your faults, if you have committed any. They can be only noble faults, like that which I carry, not on my conscience, as they say, but in my conscience, in the sanctuary of my heart. It is eleven o'clock, we have the whole night before us: our little revel draws to its close, for we only brag, and I see that the second bottle of champagne will not be well received. Will you relate to me your history, such

as I ask it of you? It seems to me that the knowledge of your heart, and the picture of a life in which all will be new and unknown to me, will instruct me in the real duties of this world more than all my reflections have ever been able to do. I feel myself capable of listening to and following you as I have never listened to anything which was foreign to my passion. Are you willing to satisfy me?"

"I would do it with great pleasure, madam—" replied the Porporina.

"What madam? where do you find that madam here?" interrupted the princess gaily.

"I say, my dear Amelia," resumed the Porporina, "that I would do it with pleasure, were there not, in my life, an important, an almost formidable secret, with which the whole is connected, and which no need of effusion, no heart-felt attraction, can ever induce me to reveal."

"Well, my dear child, I know your secret! and if I did not speak to you of it at the beginning of supper, it was from a sentiment of discretion, above which I now feel that my friendship for you can place itself without scruple."

"You know my secret?" cried the Porporina, petrified with surprise. "O! madam, excuse me! that seems to me impossible."

"A *forfeit*! you constantly treat me as a highness."

"Forgive me, Amelia,—but you cannot know my secret, unless you really have an understanding with Cagliostro, as people pretend."

"I heard of your adventure with Cagliostro at the time, and am dying to learn the details; but it is not curiosity which actuates me this evening, it is friendship, as I have told you sincerely. So, to encourage you, I will say that, since this morning, I know very well that the signora Consuelo Porporina could legitimately, if she wished, take the title of countess de Rudolstadt."

"In the name of Heaven, madam,—Amelia—who could have told you—"

"My dear Rudolstadt, do you not know that my sister, the margravine of Bareith, is here?"

"I do know it."

"And with her, her physician Supperville!"

"I understand, M. Supperville has been false to his word, to his oath. He has spoken!"

"Be reassured. He has spoken only to me, and under the seal of secrecy. I cannot see, moreover, why you so much fear having a matter known which is so honorable to your character, and which can injure no one. The family of Rudolstadt is extinct, excepting an old can-

oness, who must soon join her brothers in the tomb. We have, it is true, in Saxony, some princes of Rudolstadt, who are your near relations, consins-german, and who are very vain of their name; but if my brother will uphold you, you can bear that name without their daring to complain—unless you persist in preferring your name of Porporina, which is quite as glorious, and much pleasanter to the ear."

"Such indeed is my intention," replied the Porporina, "in any event; but I should like much to know on what occasion M. Supperville gave you this information—when I do know it, and my conscience is freed from its oath, I promise—to relate to you the details of that sad and strange marriage."

"These are the facts," said the princess. "One of my women being ill, I sent to request Supperville, who, I understood, was in the chateau with my sister, to come and see her. Supperville is a man of wit, whom I knew when he resided here, and who has never loved my brother. That made me free in conversing with him. Chance led our conversation to music, to the opera, and consequently to you; I spoke of you to him with such praise, that either to give me pleasure, or from conviction, he went beyond me, and exalted you to the skies. I took pleasure in hearing him, and remarked a peculiar manner by which he endeavored to make me imagine in you a romantic life worthy of interest, and a greatness of soul superior to all my good surmises. I pressed him much, I confess, and he also allowed himself to be entreated a great while, I must say in his justification. At last, after having asked my promise not to betray him, he related to me your marriage at the death-bed of the count de Rudolstadt, and your generous renunciation of your rights and privileges. You see, my child, that you can, without scruple, tell me the remainder, if nothing obliges you to conceal it."

"That being so," said the Porporina, after a moment of silence and emotion, "although this recital must awaken in me very painful recollections, especially since my residence in Berlin, I will reply by my confidence to the interest of your highness—I mean of my good Amelia."

To be Continued.

Christianity and Republicanism, to a certain extent, have the same Origin, and Purpose, and Means, and End. They have the same Origin; for Truth and Freedom were born together in the beginning, at the Voice of God. They have the same Object, to unite our Race in one great Community, bound by the golden links of Universal Brotherhood, acknowledging one perfect law of Liberty and Righteousness and Love. They have the same means—the moral influences of correct

principle diffused in the calmness and thoughtfulness and quietude of Peace. They shall have at last the same glorious consummation. Then the sword shall be beaten into the plow-share and the nations shall learn War no more. Then the kingdom of God shall come, and His will be done on Earth as it is done in Heaven. Then shall our united and redeemed Humanity stand perfect in the divine resemblance, clothed in the white robe of innocence, crowned with the diadem of love, and extending in the stainless hand the fadeless olives of Everlasting Peace.—*Rev. T. L. Harris.*

### THE LOST LEADER.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,  
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat—  
Got the one gift of which fortune bereft us,  
Lost all the others she lets us devote;  
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,  
So much was theirs who so little allowed:  
How all our copper had gone for his service!  
Rags—were they purple his heart had been proud!  
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,  
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,  
Made him our pattern to live and to die!  
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us;  
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!  
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,  
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not through his presence;  
Songs may excite us,—not from his lyre;  
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,  
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire;  
Blot out his name then,—record one lost soul more,  
One task unattempted, one footpath untrod,  
One more devils'-triumph and sorrow to angels,  
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!  
Life's night begins; let him never come back to us!  
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,  
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,  
Never glad, confident morning again!  
Best fight on well, for we taught him.—Come gallantly,  
Strike our face hard, ere we shatter his own;  
Then let him get the new knowledge and wait us,  
Pardoned in Heaven, the first by the throne!

CINCINNATI. A correspondent of the Buffalo Express, writing from this city, thus speaks of it:

"I had heard of the rapid growth of cities—of the extent of the business of Cincinnati—that it had 80,000 inhabitants, but I had never realized its truth till I landed in the town. I have now been here several days, and my amazement is in no degree abated. Every thing is on a liberal scale; streets, steamboats, public and business buildings and private dwellings. Manifestly there is great wealth and much refinement; and though business is the chief vocation of the people,



education, religion, science, and in especial manner the fine arts, have found a congenial home in Cincinnati. The environs of Cincinnati are beautiful beyond any city I have ever visited. The hills in the rear of the town rise in bold and graceful sweeps to the height of 150 to 250 feet. — All these beautiful points have been occupied by wealth and taste as country residences. Sweet vallies and bold and lofty hills, adorned by nature and art, look out and down upon a magnificent city. The view from these hills, overlooking the whole city for miles to the East and West, and over the splendid plains of Kentucky opposite, is beyond example, striking. In the evening you look down on a city of vast extent, with long lines of brilliant gas lights illuminating the streets, and hear the busy hum of industry, the jar of the iron-mill, — the heavy movement of the omnibusses and drays, add to this the artillery of the high pressure steamboats answering to each other like a dialogue of monsters, and 'the sounds of music on the night air swelling.' The eye and ear are bewildered and confounded. All this has been accomplished by the hand of free labor, and enlightened Northern, Eastern and Western American business enterprise."

Almost every where the enjoyment of the goods naturally destined for all, has been the lot of a few. And the few, holding the people in subjection, and forgetting the sentiment of fraternity, have treated them like those animals they attach to the plough through the day, and leave to the stable and a handful of straw through the night.

## THE HARBINGER.

### THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

### SECTION II.—NOTICE IV.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

#### *Distinction between false Series and Series cut down.*

We pass from *speculative manufactures* (of articles for sale) to the domestic or *usual*, which may furnish a dozen series in necessary functions, such as the laundry, working in wood, or leather.

These series, which I proceed to indicate, will be for the most part defective, and little compatible with two of the three rules laid down in Chapter VI, namely: those of the *compact scale* and of the *subdivision of labor*. This defect is unavoidable during the first fifteen or twenty years of the Associative experiment.

The functions, which do not form a compact scale, will probably amount to some fifty genera and to a dozen series in the experimental phalanx, which will not wish to be the dupe of workmen from the city every time it wants a nail driven, for this would be making a sad encumbrance of the civilizees. To guarantee itself against this, it will engage instructors in every species of domestic labors, filling four or five categories, such as working in wood, in leather, in metals, in cloth, &c.

Of these various genera the following series may be composed:

- A. In wood: carpenters, joiners.
- B. *Ditto*: coopers, basket-makers.
- C. In leather: shoe-makers, glovers, hosiers.
- D. Mixed: saddlers, harness-makers, box-makers.
- E. In iron: locksmiths, spur-makers, blacksmiths.
- F. Mixed: coach-makers, wheelwrights, iron-mongers.
- G. In ornaments: dress-makers, embroiderers, lace-makers.
- H. In cloth: tailors, tailoresses, botchers, makers over of old garments, corset-makers.
- J. In metals: braziers, tinkers, lamp-makers, founders, pump-makers.
- L. Mixed: cutlers, toy-men, gunsmiths.
- M. *Ditto*: watch-makers, jewellers, goldsmiths.
- N. In thread: seamstresses, weavers.

There remain several occupations difficult to class in series, considering how slight a tie exists between them, such as:

- 1. Hatters.
- 2. Upholsterers.
- 3. Workers in feathers.
- 4. Braiders of straw.
- 5. Wig-makers.
- 6. Scourers of cloth.
- 7. Pasteboard-makers.
- 8. Furriers.
- 9. Printers.
- 10. Umbrella-makers.
- 11. Packers.
- 12. Glaziers.
- 13. Opticians.

A phalanx on the grand scale will have need of all these employments. It would be very inconvenient for it to go to workmen in the city to get the daily bulletin of its exchange and other minutiae printed; or a clock, a watch, a tobacco-box, a spoon, a knife, or a hat repaired; the instructors enrolled in the second or third detachments will have formed pupils in all these branches. Without adopting weaving-manufactories, it will take but little, a single group or so, to awaken this taste, and develop it in certain children to whom it is natural.

But the generation brought up in the civilized state will but slowly acquire a passion for these domestic manufactures, which, for this reason, will not be able during the first years to furnish regular series in each of the species indicated above, against the numerals 1 to 13, nor even in the genera marked A to N. Several of the twelve series from A to N will want compactness between their groups, and will be but poorly fitted to call out industrial intrigues. (Chapter VI.) Those will be series *cut down*, deficient in the springs of harmony, in the equilibrium of the passions. We shall be obliged, during the first generation, to content ourselves with these defective series, these that are cut down and not compact.

The functions 1 to 13 will form only detached groups: they have no mutual tie; but each of them, at the end of thirty years, will furnish a series, because the children brought up in Association will take part in a very great number of trades, in consequence of the *minute subdivision of labor*; so that in a function of very limited extent, like that of the packer or the umbrella-maker, the phalanx will easily have some thirty members, forming a series.

The introduction of these cut down and badly graduated series is a mistake into which inexperienced founders will often fall; it is important to warn them on this subject, already touched upon in Chapter VII., under the title of false series.

There is but little difference between the cut down and the false. I call that series false, which is badly assorted, badly graduated, but capable of correction, as we have seen in Chapter VII.

The series cut down errs by the same defect of inexact graduation, but without any possibility of remedying it, because it is composed of functions which cannot be dispensed with, although they have not sufficient affinity with one another to form a compact and finely shaded scale. In Chapter VII. I have given an example of a false series; I add one, a very methodical one, of a series cut down.

#### WORKING IN COMMON METALS.

Ascending Transition: = Makers of Lamps.

ASCENDING WING. {  
Tin-men,  
Braziers,  
Gun-smiths.

CENTRE.

{  
Locksmiths,  
Blacksmiths,  
Spur-makers,  
Iron-mongers,  
Wheelwrights,

DESCENDING WING. {  
Carriage-makers,  
Pump-makers,  
Coffin-makers.

Descending Transition: = Cutlers.

Here the functions are well graduated, but remote from one another, forming a scale of species and not of varieties. This fault is characteristic of the series cut down: they want compactness; their scale is of a loose order, although regular; and for this reason their groups are not susceptible of rivalries and graduated discords between contiguous groups. These are series on a reduced scale, for their component elements are species; whereas a good scale can only be formed of very minute shades of varieties, which will be in jealous discord with one another; here the twelve groups have functions too distinct to create discords, and it is a series cut down, deprived of the play of the *Cubaliste* or passion of rivalry and intrigue.

During the first generation, it will be a matter of necessity to form, in all the functions of *usual* or domestic manufactures and even in other branches of industry, these defective series, these accumulations of remote species: in fact, at its commencement the Associative mechanism altogether will be but Harmony cut down, since it will be deprived of the true and natural relations of love, which can only be established in the second or third generation, and also of the relations of the Harmonic family which can only spring up in the fourth and fifth generations of Association. (See Section V, which treats of the harmonies of family and of inheritance.)

Fortunately, the agricultural series, in the experimental phalanx, will not be subject to this deficiency of compactness which would paralyze every thing; they may be formed into a scale of finely shaded varieties, giving full sphere to the three Mechanizing Passions.

The principles which I have just established about the choice and direction of manufactures, both usual and speculative, are strongly opposed to those of the so called science of political economy, in whose eyes every industry is useful, provided it creates legions of half-starved wretches who sell themselves at a low price to the conquerors and chiefs of industry. Excessive competition always reduces this populace to the lowest minimum of wages when business is brisk, and to indigence in case of stagnation.

Association sees in manufactures only the complement of agriculture, the means of effecting a diversion for the passionate calms which would occur during the long vacation of winter and of the equinoctial

rains. Thus all the phalanxes of the globe will have manufactures, but they will strive to raise their manufactured articles to the highest pitch of perfection, so that the durability of the article may reduce the time spent in its manufacture.

On this point let us state a principle which has been overlooked by all the economists, a principle closely allied to what is said in chapter VIII of the varieties and quantities of attraction.

God has distributed only so much attraction for manufacturing labors as will occupy *one quarter* of the time which man can give to labor in Association. The other three quarters must be employed in the care of animals and vegetables, in the kitchens, the industrial armies, in short in every labor except manufacturing, under which head I do not include the kitchens for daily consumption, for they belong to the domestic service.

If a phalanx should seek to go beyond this natural quantity of manufacturing attraction, to push this kind of labor beyond a quarter of the whole time disposable for other than domestic labor, it would soon see its manufacturing, and consequently its agricultural attraction, prove abortive; for the agricultural series would lose a third part of their time for exercise, and consequently a third part of their members: their compactness and their activity would be diminished in the same ratio.

Thus the whole mechanism of industrial attraction would be overturned if we should proceed, as in civilization, confusedly and without observing any proportion between the amounts of industry and the amounts of special attractions which nature distributes among men.

Moreover, this proportion would be false in all the branches of manufacture, if they should manufacture, as to-day, inferior qualities, which are ruinous to the social body; for defective stuffs or colors, reducing the durability of a garment to a half or third or quarter of what it ought to be, would oblige them to augment so much the mass of manufactures, and to restrict proportionally the amount of time and strength which a limited population could devote to agriculture.

Sophists will reply, that this would be the very means of increasing population. This is precisely the fault to be avoided in Harmony; from the moment that the globe shall have reached its grand complement of about five thousand millions, the only care will be to secure the happiness of its inhabitants, and not to increase their number. Now this happiness would decline, if the equilibrium of attraction should be disturbed by taking time from agriculture to give to manufactures more than nature has assigned them; for she wishes to reduce the labors of manufacturing to the shortest possible duration, by organizing the intrigues of the series in such a manner as to raise every product to its perfection.

It is in obedience to this principle that manufactures, instead of being concentrated as they now are in cities swarming with ant-hills of poor wretches, will be spread over all the countries and phalanxes of the globe, so that man in giving himself up to manufacturing, may never deviate from the paths of attraction, which tends to employ manufactures only as an accessory by way of variety to agriculture, and not as a principal function,

either for a township or for any one of its individuals.

In closing these elementary notions on the formation of the series, let us reduce all the rules to one general precept, which is: To secure a full exercise to the three Mechanizing Passions in every function. Now if manufacturing industry should be increased at the expense of agricultural, which is more attractive, it would lead to an absurd result, to the slackening of these three Passions, whose activity is the pledge of industrial attraction and of all the benefits to be derived therefrom.

## REVIEW.

*Poverty: its Illegal Causes, and Legal Cure.* Part I. By LYSANDER SPOONER. Boston: Bela Marsh. 1846. pp. 108.

This pamphlet is from the same author, who, about a year since, published a work entitled "The Unconstitutionality of Slavery," which we took occasion briefly to notice; it struck us as a very singular production, being made up of propositions and arguments, which, while they betrayed considerable ingenuity, so outraged all practical good sense, as to be totally impotent in producing conviction. Yet knowing nothing of the author but that work, we were disposed to regard his reasoning faculties as temporarily perverted by his sympathies, and therefore attributed his elaborate sophistry to the intensity of his benevolence.

The little book now before us, however, leads us to suspect, that, in our simplicity, we were somewhat too charitable. We are now strongly inclined to the opinion that Mr. Spooner delights in playing the mountebank in logic—that is to say, he is proud of what he conceives to be his dexterity in proving paradoxes, and showing absurdities to be reasonable. Like the famous Herr Kline in another sphere, he appears ambitious to win applause by his feats of agility in the gymnastics of argument. But even in this aspect, we think the pamphlet now under consideration a very clumsy performance, without so much as the equivocal merit of logical adroitness.

The author sets out, without formal preface, by asserting, with much verbiage, the proposition, that poverty would be speedily removed and general wealth increased, if the judiciary would adhere to the principles of *natural law* in the construction of contracts. He then proceeds to specify the various ways in which these principles are violated, as by giving effect to statutes against freedom in banking, (which seems to us to have no connexion with the construction of contracts,)—by denying "the natural and constitutional right" of the people to contract for and to pay any rate of interest they think proper,—by extending the obligation of con-

tracts beyond their "natural and legal" limits, in this, that the debtor is compelled to apply in payment of a debt his acquisitions after the debt becomes due,—by allowing all debts to participate equally in the debtor's property, instead of giving the preference to the debt first contracted, &c. "The *natural law* applicable to contracts," Mr. Spooner says "forbids all such judicial decisions, and the judiciary, in shameful *ignorance* of that natural law, has wandered far astray, and inflicted upon society most of the evils to which it is now subject." Recollect, our author does not propose that the existing law should be so modified as to conform to his new doctrines—for he would evidently disdain that position—but he avers, in substance, that those doctrines are *now*, in fact, the law of the land by which all courts are bound, and that nothing but ignorance relieves from the guilt of moral perjury those judges who declare the law to be otherwise! He would scorn to appeal to legislatures to divert from its accustomed channel the current of judicial decisions—judges are bound at once to apply the remedy, after his exposition of the natural law! Such, at least, is the position he aspires to occupy, though we pretend not to define it in his language.

He next proceeds to announce certain propositions, which, for reasons not very obvious, he calls *economical* propositions. We abridge them as follows, the first and sixth only being expressed in the precise words of the author, and the italics being our own. 1. "Every man—*so far as consistently with the principles of natural law he can accomplish it*, should be allowed to have the fruits, and *all* the fruits, of his own labor." 2. In order to which, it is, *in general*, necessary that he should be his own employer, instead of working for another for wages. 3. To become his own employer, he must have materials or capital, upon which to bestow his labor. 4. If he be not the owner of the capital he must borrow it, and should be permitted to do so *at such rate of interest* as will induce the capitalist to lend it; and here the author for several pages, argues against the *legality* of usury laws. 5. The laborer wants to obtain capital at the lowest possible rate of interest, and in order that he may do so, *free banking* should be allowed. 6. "All credit should be based upon what a man has, and not upon what he has not," which being interpreted, turns out to mean, much to our surprise, that if a debtor be unable to pay a debt when due, he should pay what he can, and such payment should end the transaction. And 7. Prior debts should have prior liens, that is, the first creditor should generally be paid in full before the second receives any portion of his debt. "These principles," says the author, "are the

principles of *natural law*!" and if generally adopted and adhered to by the judiciary, would be the means of removing existing poverty, preventing future poverty, more equally distributing property, and greatly increasing the aggregate wealth of society!

Most desirable results, truly, and such as we are laboring to produce, and are willing yet to labor for, in any field where labor promises usefulness. But Mr. Spooner must excuse us for our total want of faith in the efficiency of his plan for preventing poverty and creating abundance. The means he proposes appear to us altogether inadequate to the proposed ends. We do not believe in the doctrine, — nay, we discard it as palpably absurd — that an array of judges, jurors, sheriffs, and lawyers, which together constitute a civilized court, can, by any thing they can determine about law, whether common, natural, or any other, do much to prevent poverty; and least of all should we look for that result from such construction of law as Mr. Spooner would give us. We have not room for a full consideration of this interesting subject, which is a vast and copious one; but we subjoin a few thoughts suggested by a glance at our author's singular positions.

The first of the foregoing propositions, taken in connexion with the qualification by which it is limited, strikes us as remarkably void of significance. Had our author simply announced that every man should have the fruits, even *all* the fruits of his own labor, he would have proclaimed a principle which would have commended itself to every unperverted mind as plainly consonant with justice, and therefore unquestionable, — a principle, which none would have presumed to deny in theory, however its operation might be thwarted, in practice, by the selfishness of unorganized individualism. But he seems to shun all simple and unequivocal truths as unworthy of his genius. To walk upon solid ground like other men would be no exploit, and might perhaps attract no attention; therefore to mount on stilts, and hobble even in the most unwieldy fashion, seems more to our author's taste. We cannot otherwise account for his declaring a fundamental principle of "*natural law*" to be, that every man should have the fruits of his labor *only so far as the principles of that same "natural law" will permit him*. To say nothing of the arbitrary character which a proposition thus qualified, ascribes to "*natural law*," the question arises, What right in the fruits of their labor Mr. Spooner conceives men to have, or whether any. We are left entirely in the dark on this point, inasmuch as we are not apprized of the number or extent of the obstacles which the law of nature has interposed to ob-

struct the obvious course of justice in rewarding human labor.

The other six propositions, which our author enumerates as primary or fundamental principles, are not, by his own showing, properly *principles* at all, notwithstanding the epithet "*economical*" is applied to them with so much apparent gravity. They are rather pre-requisites or conditions of the first proposition, which alone he makes fundamental, and which would be truly so, if he had not extracted all meaning from it by an absurd limitation. These latter propositions are manifestly only the means of giving practical effect to the first, and do not deserve the place assigned them of independent or leading truths.

But let that pass — and let us presume that our author believes, what no person with an ordinary endowment of the sense of justice can avoid believing, that every man is entitled to the fruits, nay, *all* the fruits of his own labor; that this is a right to which the *natural law* affixes no limit, though the relations of men to each other in the actual condition of society may greatly derange its operation. The question then presents itself, what reason have we to suppose that his doctrines, being adopted by the judiciary, would banish injustice and prevent poverty more effectually than those which now prevail? The agencies for effecting these important ends are chiefly the following: 1. Free Banking. 2. Removing all restrictions upon the rate of interest. 3. Discharging a debtor on payment by him of what he has the means to pay when the debt falls due. The other agencies, such as giving prior debts the advantage of prior liens, even if insisted on as important, are evidently subordinate. Let us pardon, for the moment, the eccentricity, or the conceit, which leads our author to affirm that these are truly principles of the existing law, disregarded by reason of the obtuseness of judges who have heretofore stupidly mistaken what the law really is, and let us treat them in the only way they can properly be treated, that is, as changes in our jurisprudence, seriously proposed for consideration.

First, *Free Banking*. The advantage of this, our author says, is to enable the laborer to obtain capital at the lowest possible rate of interest; and it will make the rate of interest low, because the banker loans credit, and credit costs nothing. "If a man can afford to loan *money* for six per cent. interest, he can certainly afford to loan his *credit* for three." For the income, which is obtained by loaning *money*, costs the sacrifice of the income which might be obtained from the property which that *money* would purchase; but a loan of *credit* costs only the trouble and risk attendant upon the loan. (p. 14.)

"All banking profit is a net profit without cost." (Ib.)

Such is our author's reasoning, and one who can resort to such transparent sophisms, must presume much upon the heedlessness or stupidity of his readers, or must be grossly blinded himself. The credit here referred to as loaned, must be to the borrower, and for all practical purposes, *equivalent* to money, otherwise it will not, in general, answer the ends of the borrower at all. It must be a *circulating medium*, and must be such that it will purchase as much property as money itself would do. Hence the loan of it involves an equal sacrifice with the loan of money — that is, the sacrifice of the income which might be obtained from the property that it would purchase; and in this aspect, credit is no cheaper than money. "But credit costs nothing," says our author. Yet he must know, if he has ever looked into the subject enough to authorize him to speak of it, that the banker is very successful who can sustain a credit, for example of one hundred thousand dollars, in the form of a circulating medium, with less than seventy or eighty thousand dollars of actual capital, and that immediately or very speedily available; while the expense of thus swelling seven or eight dollars to ten, is often fully equal to the increase of income. Moreover, if Free Banking is to multiply the number of loan offices, as our author contemplates, and as it must do, to effect his objects, then will it proportionally multiply the number of unproductive agents who are to be quartered upon productive industry, and must aggravate, instead of mitigating the burdens of the working classes.

Again, interest being always of the same kind with the principal, if the one is depreciated, the other will be depreciated in the same ratio; hence the *rate* per cent. cannot be affected by the *cheapness* of the credit loaned, the interest which is payable in the same credit, being necessarily equally cheapened with the principal.

Finally, It is not the credit of the banker that the laborer wants in order to become his own employer, but *real* capital. The shoemaker wants leather and tools; the farmer, land and agricultural implements; all want food, raiment, and shelter. The banker creates none of these things. If his credit is worth anything to the laborer, it is because it will procure them. But if by banking, whether free or restricted, the currency of a country is expanded, the inevitable result will be that prices will rise; and though money, and the credit which circulates as money, may be altogether more abundant, yet the amount necessary to procure a given amount of real capital being proportionally increased, the difficulty of obtaining an

adequate supply is the same as before. Free Banking might enable some persons to procure capital who would not otherwise have obtained it, but this must be effected by wresting it from others who are by the same means deprived of it. These are all truths too palpable to need mentioning to such as have ever turned their thoughts in this direction.

Second, *Removing all restrictions upon the rate of interest.* But does not every body know that usury laws, that is, laws limiting the rate of interest, were not enacted until the oppressions of the money lender had become too grievous to be borne! The necessity of such laws was proclaimed by a multitude of victims—persons of small or moderate fortunes ruined by the exactions of the wealthy usurer. The experiment which our author proposes respecting interest was thoroughly tried long ago, with no very satisfactory success.\* We do not indeed, believe that exorbitant interest is the only means by which capital oppresses labor, perhaps it is scarcely the chief;—but being the most obvious, it has been guarded against, imperfectly enough, by legislation. We are not even certain, that a repeal of the usury laws would add much to the means of oppression which capital at the present day enjoys. But however that may be, the idea that poor people can generally borrow money, by being permitted to contract for eight, ten, twenty or even fifty per cent., or any other rate of interest, is too preposterous to be entertained, for a moment, by any one who knows the world. What temptation will a promise of a high rate of interest hold out, in cases where there is a moral certainty that neither interest or principal will ever be paid? And such cases, for want of judgment, or foresight, or by reason of some other infirmity, are extremely common among the poor. But were it otherwise, the usurer would be sure to exact enough to leave the poor borrower but a pittance for his labor.

Third, *Discharging a debtor on payment by him of what he has the means to pay when the debt falls due.* Except in cases of fraud or wilful neglect, Mr. Spooner says that such discharge is required by the *natural law*. We will remark here, in passing, that the phrases *natural law*, *natural right*, and others of like import, are used *ad nauseam* by our

\* In Ohio, as we are informed, under the decisions of the courts of that state, there was no restriction upon the rate of interest which might be contracted for and collected, until a few years since, and there is none now which is effectual; yet we never heard any one pretend that the poor laborer was the gainer by that state of things. So, for a long period after the settlement of that state Banking was free, and at length was very freely engaged in, not without disastrous results! Had poverty been prevented there, by these means, or materially diminished, we think a fact so important would not have escaped attention!

author. There is nothing too absurd to be proved by his flippant asseverations as to the principles of *natural law*. Thus, we should suppose it to be a plain principle of natural law to construe a contract as the parties understood it when it was made; and therefore if it be understood by the lender and borrower of money as it always is—that the acquisitions of the latter for an indefinite period shall be liable to pay the debt, we should think the *natural law* would require of judicial tribunals to give the contract that effect, as far as possible. Not so Mr. Spooner. Such natural law would not be imposing enough, not sufficiently far-fetched and artificial for him. According to his natural law, parties have no right so to understand each other. But more seriously—what is there now to prevent parties from making their contracts in conformity with Mr. Spooner's notions, if they choose? Nothing. There is no law to make invalid a condition in a contract of loan, that the lender shall have recourse only to such property as the borrower may have when the debt falls due. Suppose however, that the law were as Mr. Spooner insists it should be—or, rather as he insists it is—would he prohibit the borrower of money from pledging his acquisitions for any future period for its re-payment? If so, what would become of "the natural and constitutional right of parties to make their own contracts," so rigorously insisted on in denouncing any legal restriction upon the rate of interest? If not, what lender of money would fail to exact and stipulate for an indefinite liability, especially if lending to a *poor laborer*? But we are doing injustice to the good sense of our readers, besides wasting their time and ours. One of our author's eulogists said of his former work, that "if the talent laid out in it were laid out at the bar it would make him distinguished and rich." We do not pretend to know what kind of talent may make a lawyer rich, but if such exploits in dialectics as we have been reviewing, will do it, it must be by gulling weak clients, not by convincing astute judges. And we seriously affirm, that, if it were worth the pains, we could show that none of the author's reasoning is better than that we have made the subject of comment—that much of it is even worse. What he says respecting the identity of *debt with bailment*, insisting that the former is in the nature of a loan of goods to be used and returned; as also respecting certain principles of existing law, cited as unquestionable, as that a promise is void, if he who makes it, is unable to perform it:—would, if said in like manner in a court of justice, raise a smile upon the face of the gravest judge in Christendom. Happily, however, the work is a harm-

less one. It will never make converts enough to form a sect—probably not even enough to hold a meeting. Its sophistries are mostly pointless and powerless. It would not be safe to say that they will mislead *nobody*, but it is quite safe to say that they will mislead very few, and that even the imperfect notice we have bestowed upon them might have been dispensed with. For ourselves, we have not the highest respect for the existing system of law—whether it amounts to what, in the declaration of our independence, is called a *decent* respect, we are not certain,—yet, in its main features, that system is perhaps as good as the present state of society admits. At all events, we are far enough from thinking that it would be improved by engrafting upon it the doctrines of this pamphlet, or any of them. But let us not forget to say, that questions like those which our author attempts to discuss and elucidate, when society shall be properly organized, will all become obsolete. They pertain only to a state of social antagonism and subversion—a state which we are happy to believe, is temporary, and must ere long pass away.

We will not conclude without a single remark respecting the peculiar *modesty* of the title which our author has chosen for his work. The "causes" of poverty are certain judicial decisions in regard to contracts, and they are "illegal" because such decisions express the opinions of judges concerning *natural law*, instead of those of Mr. Spooner. The "legal cure" is found by reversing this process, that is, by persuading judges hereafter to be governed by Mr. Spooner's opinions instead of their own. It is very simple.

Part I. only of this work is yet published. A brief announcement apprizes us that "it will probably be continued to the fourth number." We shall await the appearance of the remaining numbers without the slightest impatience.

*A First Latin Book.* By THOMAS KERCHEVER ARNOLD, M. A. Carefully revised and corrected by Rev. J. A. SPENCER, A. M. From the Fifth London Edition. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1846. pp. 333.

This book, which we have lately met with, offers such facilities for the teaching of Latin, that we would introduce it to the notice of those teachers who are still looking for that heretofore unfound treasure, a good Latin book for beginners.

We know not but we may claim for it the merit, which the followers of Manesca's French System, (which as we shall presently show, was its first original,) claim for his admirable course; that after having gone faithfully through with it the pupil will thoroughly understand the language. At any rate, he will have a very good capital of knowledge, with which to

commence his Latin reading. The peculiarity of the system consists in its enabling the pupil to begin to write the language as soon as he has learned the four regular conjugations of the verb. The sentences are short and simple, and the words familiar. It is at first perhaps a little alarming to one who has always viewed the Greek and Latin languages with the reverence paid to some time-honored, moss-grown, antique work of art, to approach them so nearly as we do in these modern systems of teaching. No words less solemn than those of the announcement "Dens creavit cælum et terram"—or perhaps the important assertion of the great fundamental fact in the Israelitish history "Jacobus habuit duodecim filios," are sufficiently reverend to serve as portals to the sacred structure; but a short experience in teaching small boys Latin, will soon show that, according to the old systems, there is greater outrage done to these sacred passages than is done to the language, by administering in homœopathic quantities familiar sentences constructed of household words.

But our purpose in noticing this book, is not so much to recommend it to the public as to render justice to the author of the system on which it is based, to JOHN MANESCA, a man of great mind and most noble heart, taken from this world too early for the good of Humanity and for his own fame.

The following is the first sentence in the preface of the American Editor of the book now in our hands. "The valuable introductory work now presented to the American public is the first of a series of classical school books on the basis of Ollendorff's much and justly admired system." We have no objections to the bestowal on Mr. Ollendorff of all just commendation for his excellent manual of the German language, our knowledge of which enables us to coincide with the public approval. But we must object to the appropriation which he has made of the credit of having invented the system, as one of the most outrageous pieces of plagiarism that we have ever met with.

The facts in the case are these: The late Mr. MANESCA of New York who, after thirty years study and experience as a teacher, composed his "Oral System of teaching living Languages, illustrated by a Practical Course of Lessons in the French,"—which we will say in passing, is the only thorough and satisfactory method that we are acquainted with, of learning that language,—gave lessons to an intimate friend of ours, who afterwards employed Ollendorff in Paris as a teacher of German. With great difficulty our friend prevailed on Ollendorff, who wished to instruct him in the ordinary mode, to adopt the method of Manesca,

which he explained to him at length. After much opposition he submitted to the wish of his pupil, and with a written copy of Manesca's French exercises as a guide, they went over the German, until our friend could speak it with sufficient ease. Afterwards Mr. Ollendorff published his "new method" of learning the German, without a word in acknowledgement of the source from which he had drawn, and although he has met with great success, having printed two or three books on the German, and having applied the "new method" to the French and Italian, he has never, to our knowledge, had the conscience to admit that he was not the author of it, or to refer to the accident which put him on the road to fortune. But it is time that his borrowed plumes should be taken off, and the honor rendered where it is due. The system which so eminent a scholar as Dr. Arnold has thought worthy to apply to the Latin, is not the invention of Ollendorff, but of JOHN MANESCA.

*Memoirs and Essays illustrative of Art, Literature, and Social Morals.* By Mrs. JAMESON, Author of "The Characteristics of Women," "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles," &c., &c. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1846. pp. 183.

A new book from Mrs. Jameson is an infusion of so much fresh life into our languid literature. We go to it with a certainty of conversing with a generous and gifted mind—with a woman, of large heart and independent thought, who has a right to talk to us of Nature and of Art, because she has been baptized into both their spheres, and still more because she never isolates herself from the human while yielding to the attractions of these two kingdoms of the Beautiful. Devoted to the ideal and æsthetic side of life, she does not lose sight of the practical. Arts and literature and nature's influences she feels and studies not without reference to the destiny of her race. She does not seek to wean herself from the consciousness of the too sad facts of human existence, by immersing her soul in all this honey. Italy and the Alps, the picture-galleries and artists' studios, all alive to them as she is, she does not try to enjoy without considering that such enjoyment and such elevation are the common right of all her sisters and of all Humanity now excluded from all that, from all that best part of themselves, by the necessities of a false "position" warring with their "mission." There is no exclusive dilettantism about her; there is a woman's soul enough emancipated from the chains of ignorance and petty care to feel and understand these glorious things, yet with a sense of loneliness in the enjoyment which proves the solidari-

ty of the race. For nature refuses her whole soul, and art keeps veiled her purest beauty, and philosophy withholds her inmost secret even from the most finely educated and most prophetic single soul; and all the communion which they grant to it, only wakes the yearning for that harmonious oneness of all souls, in which alone the joy can be complete.

In this volume we have half a dozen essays, all relating to one of the two topics, Art and Woman. These two subjects Mrs. Jameson has treated in connection ever since she became an authoress. Her first work was to compare feminine ideals, such as she found in the highest creative art of Shakspeare. Then she gave us "Female Sovereigns," instances of women lifted into unnatural and painful prominence, cursed by position which afforded every thing except the "one thing needful," namely, true relations with collective womanhood. In her sketches of German and Italian art, her "Diary of an Ennuyée," &c. she proves herself a native citizen and well qualified expositor of the realm of the Beautiful, but still forgets not that she is a woman, still deplores, not for herself alone, the false position in which society holds woman, impatiently yet hopefully criticising the great wrong. In her American "Rambles," the boundless virgin forests, the everlasting youth of Niagara, the healthy unsophisticated life of the Indian, make her feel more strongly the falseness of this civilization to nature and to the true faculties of man. There is still more of the reformer, yet no less of the artist, in the present essays;—the first the roughest, the latter the gentlest path e'er trod by man or woman: so do extremes meet. Who so fit to feel the evils of society as the artist, who holds a private key (to which however cleaves the curse that he cannot make it public) to regions so much more native to the soul? The motto which Mrs. Jameson translates from the German for one of her essays, is most applicable to herself:

"For the Painter

Is not the Painter only, but the Man;  
And to unfold the human into beauty,  
That also is Art."

We will glance at the artistic essays first.

There is one on Washington Allston, which our readers may have seen before. To a beautiful and clear sketch of his life, are appended glowing reminiscences of personal communings with himself and with his pictures, and a number of his valuable axioms. We only regret that one so competent has not given us fuller analyses of some of his exquisite creations. Yet her few brief notes are always significant and to the point. No modern writer, unless it has been Goethe,

has so succeeded in conveying distinct images of works of art to the mind through words, as Mrs. Jameson.

There is one piece on the "Xanthian Marbles," interesting to those who would know what former days have done in art. In another a noble tribute is paid to the actress singer Adelaide Kemble. Here again she celebrates the woman in the artist. With just allusion to her vocal and scientific qualifications as a musician, more account is made of her dramatic attributes, and of her power of impersonating character. The circle of her operatic roles is rehearsed with a good deal of discrimination; and a very just conception of the difference between the *effective* music of modern Italy and the *expressive* compositions of the great German masters is evinced, by telling us how much she *made* of Rossini's Semiramis, how much she *found* and *brought out* in Mozart's Donna Anna.

But by far the most delightful of these papers is "The House of Titian." Not Titian's self is fuller of the mellow light and vivid colors of Venice and of the whole luxury of Venetian life, than her glowing style is full of them both. We know of no transcript from nature so living and so exquisitely beautiful, except it be Hawthorne's introduction to the "Old Manse," or Goethe's description of the Lago Maggiore. She sums up Titian thus:

"He neither painted like a monk, nor like an academician; nor like an angel, as it was said of Michael Angelo: but he painted like a MAN! like a man to whom God had given sense and soul, a free mind, a healthy and a happy temperament; one whose ardent human sympathies kept him on earth, and humanized all his productions; who was satisfied with the beauty his mother Nature revealed to him, and reproduced the objects he beheld in such a spirit of love as made them lovely. Sorrow was to him an accidental visitation which threw no shadow either on his spirit or his canvass. But the pleasures he so vividly enjoyed never seem to have either enslaved or sullied his clear healthful mind. He had never known sickness; his labor was his delight; and from the day he had learned to handle his pencil, he never passed a day without using it. His life of a century, spent, with the exception of a few occasional absences, in his beloved Venice, was one of the happiest, the most honored, the most productive, as it was one of the longest on record."

Verily if Raphael was the Mozart, and Michael Angelo the Handel, Titian was the Haydn of colorists. That Mrs. Jameson does not lose herself with any sentimental blindness in this dream of the past and city of art and moonlight, is evident from the following healthy observation:

"And not to forget the great wonder of modern times,—I hear people talking of the railroad across the Lagune, as if it were to unpoetise Venice; as if this new approach were a malignant invention to bring the syren of the Adriatic

into the 'dull catalogue of common things;' and they call on me to join the outcry, to echo sentimental denunciations, quoted out of Murray's Hand-book; but I cannot—I have no sympathy with them. To me, that tremendous bridge, spanning the sea, only adds to the wonderful one wonder more;—to great sources of thought one yet greater. Those persons, methinks, must be strangely prosaic *au fond* who can see poetry in a Gothic pinnacle, or a crumbling temple, or a gladiator's circus, and in this gigantic causeway and its seventy-five arches, traversed with fiery speed by dragons, brazen-winged, to which neither Alp nor ocean can oppose a barrier—nothing but a common-place. I must say I pity them. I see a future fraught with hopes for Venice;—

"Twining memories of old time  
With new virtues more sublime!"

"I will join in any denunciations against the devastators, white-washers, and so-called renovators; may they be—rewarded! But in the midst of our regrets for the beauty that is outworn or profaned, why should we despond, as if the fountains of beauty were reserved in heaven, and flowed no more to us on earth? Why should we be always looking back, till our heads are well nigh twisted off our shoulders! Why all our reverence, all our faith for the past, as if the night were already come 'in which no man can work?'—as if there were not a long day before us for effort in the cause of humanity—for progress in the knowledge of good?"

And again, read this:

"The real value, the real immortality, of the beautiful productions of old art lies in their *truth*, as embodying the spirit of a particular age. We have not so much outlived that spirit, as we have comprehended it in a still larger sphere of experience and existence. We do not repudiate it; we cannot, without repudiating a *truth*; but we carry it with us into a wider, grander horizon. It is no longer the whole, but a part, as that which is now the whole to us shall hereafter be but a part; for thus the soul of humanity spreads into a still-widening circle, embracing the yet unknown, the yet unrevealed, unattained. This age, through which we have lived—are living—in what form will it show itself to futurity, and be comprehended in it—by it?—not, as I believe, in any form of the fine arts; in machinery perhaps; in the perfecting of civil and educational institutions. This is our prosaic present which is the destined cradle of a poetical future. *Sure I am, that an age is opening upon us which will seek and find its manifestation in the highest art: all is preparing for such an advent*; but they who would resuscitate the forms of art of the past ages, might as well think to make Attic Greek once more the language of our herb-women. Those tongues we call and account as dead have ceased to be the medium of communion between soul and soul; yet they are really living, are immortal, through the glorious thoughts they have served to embody; and as it has been with the classical languages, so it is with the arts of the middle ages; they live and are immortal,—but for all present purposes they are *dead*.

"Piety in art—poetry in art—Puseyism in art,—let us be careful how we confound them."

So much for the artist. Now for the reformer. But Mrs. Jameson is only negatively a reformer; a protester, and that most earnestly, against existing

wrongs, while she suggests no remedy. An essay on "'Woman's Mission' and Woman's Position," and another on the "Relative social position of Mothers and Governesses," close the volume. It is the aim of the first to show that all our fine talk about woman's heavenly mission in this world, is idle mockery so long as her social position contradicts it all. Two commissions of inquiry it seems were instituted by the English Government into the condition of the women in the manufacturing towns and agricultural districts, three or four years since. Their report excited general horror; but the talk soon died away, and there the movement ended. Mrs. Jameson insists that these facts still are interesting; she would keep them before the minds of the "better sort" who moralize about woman as the presiding angel of *Home*, and who poetize about woman in many an ideal character, but never in this to which society condemns her, of the *Laborer*. Woman is driven from her home, in childhood, girlhood and wifehood. The poor little female children, to help out the parents' wages, when they are five or even three years old must toil in the factories seven or eight hours a day. When they grow up to girlhood, they prefer the factory life to domestic service; and the liberty they gain by it becomes the worst license, for their only education is the society of the rude and the depraved. Says the report:

"By constantly associating with the depraved adults, they fall into their ways,—drink, swear, fight, smoke, sing, and care for nobody.—The girls of some of our manufacturing districts are becoming similar to the female followers of an army; wearing the garb of women, but actuated by the worst passions of men."

And Mrs. Jameson adds:

"From among such as these, the men, debased as themselves, take to them wives; for there has existed in the lower—that is, in the laboring classes—a necessity for marrying, such as the Malthusians have not dreamed of in their philosophy. 'Jim!' said a nobleman, in my hearing, to a laborer who was ditching in his grounds,—a poor, pale, half idiotic looking object,—'I hear you have got married since I was down last; what could have put such a thing into your head, you fool?—Are you not ashamed?—What can you expect, but that you and your children will become a burthen to the parish?'"

"'If you please, my lord,' replied Jim, twirling a ragged hat on his thumb, 'I was, as one may say, caten up with varmint, and—I married a wife to keep me clean!'"

In the agricultural districts the case is no better, except as air and green fields are better than close lanes and factories. This state of things belongs to England, it is true. It has not yet reached us. But the significance of the picture is the same for civilization everywhere—wherever competition is the law of industry, and capital can reduce the laborer to a



servile dependence for the chance to labor. It has the same truth for us already, which the portrait had in Mr. Hawthorne's story—the portrait of two lovers; at first it bore no likeness to them and displeased them; but it was hung up, and as they lived together month after month the likeness grew, or rather they grew like the picture; for the painter had painted deeper than the surface and painted the essential *fact* of their two characters.

To such things we are tending; and what shall be done? Mrs. Jameson owns that Education is an empty word; that it is of no use to educate the daughters of society for spheres which society will never let them enter. She remarks the fatality of impotence in all legislation on the subject. She sees that the evil resides primarily and radically in the social position of woman, and she cries out earnestly in the name of Justice and Humanity and all our ideals of true womanhood, that something should be done to change this. As we have said, she hints no remedy. Her conclusion is simply an interrogation:

"But returning once more to the especial purpose of this essay, let me ask one question of those best able to solve it. Let me ask what is the reason that, in legislating in behalf of women (as in the Custody of Infants' Bill,) or in originating any measures, private or public, of which the employment or education of women is the object, such strange, such insurmountable obstacles occur as seem to daunt the most generous and zealous of their public advocates, and defeat all the aims of private benevolence, however well and wisely considered? It seems to argue something rotten at the very foundation of our social institutions, that this should be so invariably the case.

"The importance of the education of the women, the dreadful evils which spring out of their neglected and perverted state, are pointed out and acknowledged. But how will our legislators, in framing a national system of education, meet and dispose of the strange contradictions which arise out of the social position of the woman?—a law of nature, which renders her necessary to the home;—a law of opinion,—a license of custom,—which renders the protection of a home necessary to her; and a state of things which throws her into the midst of the world, to struggle and toil for her daily bread?"

"This, then, is what I mean when I speak of the anomalous condition of women in these days. I would point out as a primary source of incalculable mischief, the contradiction between her assumed and her real position; between what is called her proper sphere by the laws of God and nature, and what has become her real sphere by the law of necessity, and through the complex relations of artificial existence. In the strong language of Carlyle, I would say that 'here is a LIE, standing up in the midst of society.' I would say, 'Down with it, even to the ground;—for while this perplexed and barbarous anomaly exists, fretting like an ulcer at the very heart of society, all mere specifics and palliatives are in vain.'

Certainly it is a great acknowledge-

ment for the moralists of these times, to come to this conclusion, to own that social position is greater than law, education, morality, or religion, and that that must be righted first. We feel that Mrs. Jameson must be thoroughly prepared now to study the great question of a social reorganization. We see no hope for her but in that. And we hail her noble and heart-felt appeal as a new confirmation of our reading of the facts of to-day; as a new evidence that we have not overrated the lies and contradictions of our social state, the tendency of things to commercial feudalism and to general ruin, and the necessity of a reform which shall begin with industry. Mrs. Jameson feels the wrong as it affects woman, and feels that woman's condition is the index of every state of society;—then as she is true to her soul, she must soon think with us.

*The Redskins; or Indian and Injin; Being the Conclusion of the Littlepage Manuscripts.* By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Two Volumes: New York: Burgess, Stringer and Co. 1846. pp. 247, 230.

This publication concludes the author's series of novels on the Anti-Rent question in particular and everything else in general. Never was a book of a more multifarious character than the present. First, it professes to be a novel; second, it is a treatise on morals; third, it teaches what kind of manners are proper for a gentleman; fourth, it is an essay on spelling and pronunciation; and fifth, it is a more or less violent eructation of Mr. Cooper's sentiments, convictions and opinions on a great variety of subjects; and in all of these aspects it is equally a bore.

As a novel it is stupid, except one or two flashes of the old spirit; as a treatise on morals its arguments are tolerable *as far as they go*, but they are repeated over and over again, with a pertinacity which we presume was not as unpleasant to their writer as it has been to us, (for on our honor, we have waded through the whole;) as a gospel of good behavior, it speaks with the authority of one who in that regard, is *sans peur et sans reproche*; it lays down what gentlemen may do, and what they may not, with all the precision and confidence which result from minute and prolonged study of that order of creation, and must strike all those who have not been "abroad" with amazement at the extent of its researches and the vast amount of its information; we suggest that a selection be made from it under the title of "Manners for young gentlemen of respectable families,"—it might become a standard work at once; its doctrine of spelling and pronunciation might also be perused with advantage by the same young gentlemen. Finally, as to the decisive and continuous expression of the

writer's opinions upon all things connected or unconnected with the above great branches of human authorship, which begins with the preface, pervades every page and closes with the last word of the appendix, we will simply say that it reminds us of a grain of common sense triturated, to use a term of homœopathy, in a mountain of vanity and arrogance.

If Mr. Cooper could be persuaded to leave his own personality out of view, to confine his moral, political and other philosophy to set treatises, and to return to his earlier style of writing he might, even with the exhaustion of his materials, produce books which his former readers might find a degree of pleasure in, and which would be liable to no heavier condemnation than that of mediocrity. But so long as his novels serve mainly as vehicles for his own introduction upon the stage, we fear that but little profit will be derived from them in any quarter.

## POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

### THE ICE-RAVINE.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

Never was the sight so gay,—  
Down the rapid water flows,  
Deep the ravine's roundelay,  
Stealing up the silent snows.

Like an organ's carved wood-work,  
Richly waxed, the ice-tubes stand,  
Hidden in them stops do lurk,  
And I see the master's hand.

Swift his fingers strike the keys  
Glittering all with rings of light,  
Bubbles break, and fancy's ease  
Sparkles instant, swift, and bright.

Then upon the rocks, the roar  
Of the streamlet sounds the bass,  
Deeply shaking through the floor  
Of sparse snow and frosty grass.

Red as richest wine the hue  
Of the running brook, that brings  
Through the Ice-ravine their true  
Music for the native kings.

Solemn stands the ash tree near,  
Not a leaf upon his crown,  
Still the barberry, still the clear  
Landscape of the meadow's down.

There they listen, all the day,  
Wind may roar, and rain may run,  
Clear or dull the streamlet's play,  
Sounds that music, all in one.

For some unanswering good thou vainly strivest,  
He is the hero, who contented stands,  
Grasping the Present by unswerving hands;  
Thou only in the mocking Future livest.

Like fish within the net thou art a captive,  
Rolling and darting at the spaces small,  
Not calmly champing grain within thy stall,  
To thy own bonds and harnesses adaptive.

W. E. C.



## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 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.

## OBJECTIONS TO ASSOCIATION.—NO. III.

(Continued from p. 92.)

The "incentives to labor," which are found to be most powerful in existing society,— "individual interest in property" and "individual responsibility," will be, as we have seen, at once strengthened, enlarged and purified by Association; and therefore should we stop here, the argument is already unanswerable in favor of the superior *productiveness* and *efficiency* of Associated Labor. But as yet we are but on the threshold of this important subject. Association not only gives added intensity to well known motives to exertion; but it opens a wholly new era of the sovereignty of man over nature, by solving the problem of *Attractive Industry*. This brings us to consider

3. The objection of the Oberlin Reviewer,—that in Association "labor will be converted into drudgery; for in the effort to render it attractive, the only real attractions are removed." p. 242. In answering this statement, we shall not attempt critically to follow the objector, for his reasonings are quite too loose, fragmentary, and perplexed, to enable us thereby to develop satisfactorily the great doctrine, of *ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY*. We prefer rather to present in the positive form a few plain thoughts upon the same subject.

(1.) Why then is Industry now *un-attractive*? What bad conditions cause labor to seem repulsive? Can these be modified, or removed? Does Association tend to alleviate any or all of such evil influences?

Labor is now repulsive in the first place, because it is so prolonged, severe and exhausting. By increasing the number of workmen, the toils of those engaged in production would be proportionately diminished. Association proposes that *all* shall labor; and thus diminishes the pressure of present drudgery by converting taskmasters into operatives, and prodigals into producers.

Again, Labor is now irksome from its monotony, mechanical repetition, everlasting sameness. Association provides for variety of occupation, gives weary muscles rest, while it rouses those before unused to action, and thus perpetually renews the exhilaration of conscious energy.

Labor is now disagreeable, from the

foul airs, dirt, squalor, noise, close confinement amidst which it is performed, and by which health is exhausted, and every sense pained. Association shows that it is practicable to arrange all branches of industry in such a manner, as at least will greatly relieve, and in many cases wholly put away existing discomforts.

Labor is now degrading from its accompanying servitude, the laborer being compelled by necessity to give himself up, body and soul, as a tool to the master who employs him. In Association, labor will be of equals among equals, freely exercising judgment and conscience.

As affairs are now managed, also, labor is unattractive, because chance more than taste or natural qualification, determines men's pursuits, making life, to a vast majority, a true hell of tantalizing situations. But Association shows it to be for the universal good that each workman should devote himself to the pursuit for which he has most aptitude and fondness.

Labor is painful now from its loneliness, silence, want of social excitement. Association substitutes for spiritless isolation the stimulus of companionship.

Again, the consciousness of all surrounding strife, of jealous competition, of the enmity of fellow workmen, and the dishonesty of dealers; the cheating and falsehood through which one must work his way by force or cunning, make labor loathsome now. Association substitutes for those debasing influences, honor, truthfulness, mutual aid, generosity.

The smallness and uncertainty of remuneration, and the capriciousness, partiality, and grudging unkindness with which justly earned wages are paid, make labor now a source of perpetual anxiety, irritation, embarrassment, mortification. Association, by its method of dividing profits, exalts the self-respect and gratifies the feelings of each laborer; and quickens justice by making the emolument the measure of real service.

Lastly, labor is now odious, because it still bears the brand and stigma of disgrace affixed to it under the systems of slavery and serfdom. But Association takes off the galling yoke, and puts on instead the crown of honor, by showing that dignity is proportioned to usefulness, and that the only shameful state for a human being so richly endowed with varied faculties, is sloth.

Now we confidently demand of our objector, whether in the suggestions thus far offered, he can find anything visionary, chimerical, impracticable? Would not the changes in the conditions of labor, which we have described, diminish its *un-attractiveness*? Does not Association seem admirably adapted to ensure these changes? Can any man of common

sense doubt of the propriety of rendering labor less repulsive? Can any man of common enterprise admit that we have reached the limit of improvement in the conditions of labor? Is it easy or possible to conceive of a point, beyond which no further elevating influences can be introduced among the circumstances which now degrade labor?

We shall assume then, that Association is fully justified in attempting to make industry as it exists in actual society, less unattractive;—and that it is wise in the modes it proposes for effecting this much needed reform. Even in this negative view of the subject, therefore, a very strong case is made out in favor of associated over isolated industry. But now let us inquire,—

(2.) Whether there are any kinds of industry which are at present attractive to the persons engaged in them? If there are any such, let us discover the causes of this attractiveness. And when we have determined these, let us ask whether they can or cannot be made universally operative.

Our first remark under this head is the obvious, yet very important one, that man is *naturally*, instinctively, every where, and always,—unless disease, bad training, or evil customs have crippled him,—an active, an industrious being. The very first impulse of the child, is to use its muscles; the sorest trial of old age, is the consciousness of impotency; the heaviest curse which our present luxurious and artificial societies engender, is ennui; the most terrible penalty inflicted upon the criminal, is deprivation of work. Man has an inextinguishable desire for constant, strenuous, efficient employment. He longs to produce effects, to mould, fashion, arrange all things. He is restless without objects upon which to expend his force. He is cheerful just in the degree that he is fully occupied. He is *Man* according to the measure in which he labors for a useful purpose. To sum up this plain statement of facts, which all experience corroborates, in a word, our joy is proportioned to the conscious putting forth of energy for an end. We are not endowed with a single faculty of body, mind, heart, which is not fitted and manifestly designed to give pleasure in its activity, and which does not become a source of pain by its inaction. The very art and skill of human life then is to secure the harmonious exercise of all our powers. And nature prompts us through every pulse and nerve to seek a scheme of perfectly ordered industry, as the very means intended by our Maker for our well-being and enjoyment. *INDUSTRY, in itself considered, then, is ATTRACTIVE.*

In the second place we observe that the reason why sports are so attractive, not-

withstanding the outlay of strength which they demand is, that while they set before the mind an *end*, they keep interest alive by perpetual *variety*, give the stimulus of companionship and *sympathy*, and place the person engaged in them amidst the *beautiful influences* of the external world and of art. A profound analysis of the pleasure experienced by men of all times and lands in games, would teach us much as to the conditions of attractive industry. A child is never so much gratified as by some toy, which has a substantial use, and which gives to him in miniature a conception of the activity which he sees around him in the labors of his elders. Children's amusements are barren and empty now, because so unmeaning. Make their plays symbolic, and at once interest is heightened. So in the athletic games of Greece, a conscious sense of healthy vigor on the part of the candidates, and gratification in beholding symmetric development of the human frame on the part of the spectators, formed a chief source of pleasure. In hunting and fishing, again, the worth of the prey, of the trout, the salmon, the woodcock, the deer, is one of the great sources of exhilaration. A walk is more rich in sources of enjoyment to him who carries the case of the botanist, the hammer of the mineralogist, the microscope of the zoologist, the pencil of the sketcher, the note-book of the poet, than it is to the stroller without an object. So much in illustration of the importance of having an *end* in sports. It needs scarcely a word to show the effect of *variety* in keeping up the flow of spirits in sports. Nothing is more wearisome than prolonging one kind of amusement. To the hunter, it is the continual change of scene, and situation, and ever new adventure, which nerve the weary limbs for effort. Dramatic representations, boat races, gymnastics, dances, pantomimes, all trials of force, skill, chance, give illustrations of this exhilarating effect of alternation. Then again, consciousness of the on-looking eyes of spectators and fellow players, hope for the admiration which accompanies success, fear of the shame which awaits failure, anticipations of sympathy extended to manifestations of power and accomplishment, assurance of honor to be awarded for the courage, promptness, fortitude, good temper, displayed,—these and many similar feelings keep the heart in a glow through the game. Finally, sports derive a charm from the beauty of the natural scenery, or of the artistic decorations amidst which they are pursued, and by which they are accompanied. Every scene is thus thrilled with pleasure, the imagination quickened, and heart and mind kept lively by fresh suggestions. We have thus given

a hasty analysis of the sources of delight, which young and old find in those modes of putting forth effort,—always fatiguing, often dangerous, and the more exhausting and adventurous generally the better,—which we call plays, games, sports. And now we ask, whether there is any reason for doubting, if we could preserve similar elements,—an immediate end, variety, sympathy, and beauty,—in our modes of industry, that these latter would become equally interesting. Why should not they be just so much *more* interesting, indeed, as they are sure to be more manly, honorable, useful, worthy? It is not labor, but the unnecessary drudgery we have connected with it, which makes it odious. Many games require far more energy, steadfastness, decision, skill, than ordinary toils, and are more fatiguing; yet they are passionately pursued.

Passing from the admitted fact,—that man is naturally active, and intensely active,—and from the universal experience of the delight which all healthy human beings take in games, we in the third place say, that most persons even now find some kinds of industry which are attractive to them. He must be a dolt indeed, who can meet with no occupation which is delightful. Most men even amidst our present arrangements of industry, have several such occupations, either as regular pursuits, or for leisure hours. The astronomer in his watch-tower, exposed for long nights to the cold, and poring over minute calculations,—the chemist in his laboratory, amid fumes that are nauseous and unhealthy, acids which stain indelibly the skin, and explosive powders which endanger eye sight and even life,—the musician, the painter, the sculptor, the architect,—artisans of inventive faculty and skill in all branches,—the enterprising business-man on the hot wharves and in the crowded streets,—the horticulturist amidst his gardens and nurseries,—the scientific agriculturist surrounded by the complicated details and urgent responsibilities of his estate,—the busy housewife in her well-appointed establishment,—the teacher,—the physician,—the surgeon,—thousands, too many to enumerate, all about us, every day, devote themselves enthusiastically to labors which would be utterly disgusting and wearisome to their neighbors. And how simple the explanation of this is. These fortunate individuals have the opportunity of pursuing the work, for which they have an instinctive or habitual adaptation. Make natural fitness the universal rule in assigning occupations; take off the pressure of harassing anxieties; secure means of rest and alternation, without which the most dearly loved employment grows distaste-

ful from its monotony; and why should not life become so full of buoyant, earnest activity, that drudgery would be unknown? Indeed, it is astonishing, that with such abundant and instructive facts before them, all civilized societies have not long since, from the simple dictate of common sense, attempted so to arrange industry, as to give every one the chance to do those things and those only, for which he has a native bias. What an immense economy of power and talent would be thus ensured! But when societies shall attempt this obviously prudent organization of industry, they will find themselves necessarily and inevitably entering into Association.

In the fourth place, we mention in passing, the well known scenes of festive labor,—the barn-raising, husking frolics, hop-picking, quilting parties, "bees," sewing circles, which are common all over the country, remarking only, that the element of pleasure which makes these meetings attractive—*agreeable society*—might be, and ought to be intermingled with all modes of industry.

In the fifth place, we ask, why are the duties of fire-companies so attractive? The labor is of the most exhausting quality; the danger is often great; the reward is small. And yet there is never any difficulty in finding persons who, year in and year out, will faithfully undergo the severe toils and risks involved in the situation of a fireman. Corporate pride, the chance of honorable preferment, confidence in the power of an engine, gratification in the beauty of its finish and equipments, the pleasures of society at the club-room, in addition to the adventure and effort needed, are the elements of attraction; and these or similar sources might easily be blended with the exercise of every handicraft.

We have room only in the sixth place, to refer to the notorious fact, that the most hideous, unnatural, degrading of human occupations, we mean War, has been rendered one of the most attractive of all pursuits. How has this been done? How has man's instinctive horror of murder, his natural dislike of pain, hunger, exposure, been overcome? How has he been tempted to leave home, and to break the dearest ties in this most horrible of all modes of activity? The answer is simple. The love of enterprize, of the desire for opportunity to exercise courage and devotedness is the first incentive to war; and it is surely possible to find other spheres for these than the destruction of fellow creatures, of earth's bounties and of treasures of art,—spheres of production, discovery, usefulness. Next in the order of a soldier's motives comes the hope of honor and distinction; can this not be turned to humane as well as

to devilish ends? The social excitements of the camp, friendship, generous alliances with courteous and polished men of various character and experience, are also inducements to the young man to join the army or navy. Would not like intimacy of intercourse with similar classes in industrial occupations, be yet more agreeable? Men follow the addresses to the imagination and the senses, from the uniforms, trappings, standards, music. Why can not similar appeals be employed with like results, to rouse men to useful labor? But last and most powerful is the influence of perfect ORGANIZATION. The charm of the warrior's life, after all, is to be found in the complete order of the military system,—in the union of so many individuals into one force,—in the co-working of the various battalions, regiments, companies, platoons,—in the transmission of authority from the General through the series of officers to each private,—in the exactness of the manœuvres, the measured movements, the timely step, the erect posture, the orderly arrangement of the arms. It is this beauty and completeness of organization, again we say, which enchants the soldiers. And is it not a standing reproach, that the only thoroughly organized mode of human activity, is that of murder? Can any man be so dull as not to see, that all which now makes the military life attractive might be introduced, with vastly greater variety and efficiency, into industry? What is needed is, similar opportunity for noble action, for gaining honor, for society, for gratification of the imagination and the sense of beauty, and finally similar thoroughness of organization; and it will at once appear that man instinctively prefers creation to destruction. Now this is exactly what Association proposes in its system of Attractive Industry.

(3.) We come then to a more exact account of what this system of Attractive Industry is. Thus far we have purposely confined ourselves to a popular mode of statement. Now we must for a short space be more philosophical. We have already described several of the elements of Attractive Industry; we will now classify them methodically. Our treatment of this great subject must be brief; but we can still, we trust, make its leading principles distinct.

We begin by reasserting what we have before alluded to, that it was manifestly our Creator's intention, to make the *exercise of every power a source of pleasure*. Secure the harmonious exercise of all human powers, then, in due measure, and in right directions, and active life will become, naturally and necessarily, a scene of ever fresh enjoyment. Will any one have the hardihood to deny so plain a

truth as this? No! but its very obviousness prevents our recognizing its sublimity. What an insult to Divine benignity it is to be so heedless, as we are, of the rich provisions of his love. God fills the human heart with desires for varied good, each one of which was designed to be an ever-flowing spring of delight, to the person impelled by them, and to all with whom he should co-operate. *God's own energy is blissful*; his industry,—if we may make our meaning clear by so bold a use of the word,—is attractive, that is, he rejoices to act, loves the being he acts with, and loves the objects he acts upon; and as the "Father worketh," so did he mean that all his children should work—in joy. Therefore did he harmonize their nature—*religious'y*, so that they might love him in free service; *intellectually*, so that they might perceive and admire universal order; *socially*, so that they might love each other in coöperative labor; and *materially*, so that they might find pleasure through every sense from surrounding objects. The harmony of man's nature, inwardly and outwardly, religiously, intellectually, socially, physically, was Eden, the garden which Adam was to till; the garden which he shall till again, and wherein he shall once more meet God.

But here the objector would probably say, "You touch now the very difficulty. I am willing to grant that God at first designed labor to be pleasant,—that his original plan was *Attractive Industry*; but man has sinned and fallen, labor is now under the curse, and until the curse is taken off, labor will never be joyful, industry will never be attractive." To answer this, we must make a brief digression. We admit all that is implied in this objection; nay! we assert it in its fullest force. But now what is Sin? It is a four-fold discord in man's nature, namely, sensuality, selfishness, stupidity, and separation from God. What is the Fall? It is a four-fold discord in man's relations, namely, want of concert with the natural world, conflict with his fellow man, ignorance of laws of divine order, and loss of communion with God. What is the Curse? It is the poverty, pain, wretchedness, warfare, oppression, duplicity, sophistry and prejudice, hopelessness and fear, which man has groaned under for these long centuries; and which he will and must continue to groan under, until he is renewed by the Holy Spirit, and re-formed after the divine ideal of man. Then where and how, lastly, will the curse be removed? Now, and here, and just in the degree in which man practically obeys the Divine Will, comes into true relations of love with his fellows, learns the laws of heavenly justice, and is reunited with God. "Do you grant

then," may now ask the objector, "that we religionists are right in demanding *individual regeneration* as the one thing needful?" By no means, friend and brother. Your view of degeneracy and regeneration is a *simplicistic* and *partial* one. Ours on the contrary is composite and universal. We demand *prayer, science, charity, and obedient work*, all together and at once; we demand radical, thorough-going, unsparing reformation. We have no belief in the possibility of separating the inward and the outward, of being holy in heart while we are disordered in mind, unkind in action, and unhealthy in body. We demand *perfect obedience*; and with all sincerity, we claim to be the only TRUE PERFECTIONISTS; for we believe in the possibility, we assert the necessity of a Perfect Life, Religiously, Scientifically, Socially, Naturally. Our doctrine in a word, is—that Christ introduced the KINGDOM OF HEAVEN upon Earth, the reign of God's SPIRIT, which is LOVE; that what is now needed is, that man should obey fully, heartily, in principle and practice, the "New Commandment;" and that when Love becomes the Law of Society, in every detail of life, Paradise will be regained, and God will "make his tabernacle with man," as he has promised.

The doctrine of ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY then, is the true Christian doctrine. We say decidedly that it is the only doctrine we know of, which does any justice in faith and hope, to the glorious predictions of Christ; and that it is the only attempt we have ever heard of to fulfil in daily, hourly conduct, the sublime prayer, "Thy Will be done on Earth, as it is in Heaven."

The system of Attractive Industry is an endeavor to do *Perfect Justice* to human nature in all the relations of productive labor.

It teaches, that if the *Laws of Divine Order* are perfectly obeyed in industry, *Continual Joy* will be the result.

In our next number, we shall proceed to show by an exact analysis of the motive-powers,—the active springs of man, how perfect justice is done in Association to Human Nature, and how the conditions of perfect activity are secured.

¶ The annual product of France is estimated at the present time at seven thousand millions of francs, or something less than fourteen hundred millions of dollars; that of the United States at fifteen hundred millions of dollars, and that of Great Britain at eighteen hundred millions. The population of these countries is as follows: France, thirty-three millions; the United States, seventeen millions; Great Britain, twenty-six millions. If the annual product of these

nations were divided equally among all their inhabitants, it would give to each person, man, woman, and child, in France, eleven cents per day; in the United States, twenty-four cents; and in Great Britain, nineteen cents — fractions omitted.

This simple statement demonstrates several important facts, among others the two following.

1. If we distribute the present product of Industry equally among all the people, which is the dream of some reformers, who wish an equal division of present wealth, we shall reduce the whole world to a state of poverty, or at least pinching mediocrity. This would be no improvement.

2. To secure wealth or prosperity to all — which is the primary desire and the primary necessity of human nature — we must greatly increase Production by a good *Organization of Industry*, and we must establish an equitable system for the division of profits. "Increased production and just distribution" are the only remedies for individual and collective poverty.

The division of the present small product of nations is most unjust, and if statistical information were possessed so that a clear statement could be made upon the subject, the extent of modern devices to obtain the fruits of the present system of repugnant labor without undergoing its drudgery, would strike us with amazement. So large is the sum absorbed by governments, by commerce and stock-jobbing, which are the two greatest modern bloodsuckers of productive industry, by the judiciary, the aristocracy, where one exists, and other unproductive functions, that in France, out of a population of thirty-three millions, twenty-three millions have on an average but six cents per day, and this to defray all expenses of food, lodging, clothing, education and pleasures. We have not the same information with regard to the United States and Great Britain, but we will hazard the following estimate, which will not be found far out of the way. We may calculate that in the United States, out of every twelve hours of work performed by the laboring classes, from five to six hours go to commerce, the judiciary, the government, and other non-productive agents. In France, from six to seven, and in Great Britain, from seven to eight, and even nine. Thus the laboring man in modern civilized nations gives from five to nine hours of labor out of every twelve that he works, to support the government, pay the profits of commerce, the interest on national loans, maintain the aristocracy and the church, defray the expenses of the judiciary and monopolies, and to meet other sources of waste and absorption.

## ASSOCIATION MEETING AT HINGHAM, MASS.

A meeting was held in this village on Tuesday evening, July 22, in the Town Hall, at which addresses were made by Messrs. RIPLEY, BRISBANE, and CHANNING, on the leading doctrines and purposes of the Associative School in this country. A large and respectable audience was collected, and from the interest with which the speakers were listened to, it may be inferred that a spirit of inquiry was awakened in regard to the doctrines of Association, and the necessity of a social reform. The present condition of society was freely considered, the objectionable principles on which it is founded were pointed out, its inconsistency with the teachings of Christianity and the demands of human nature was exhibited without disguise, and a description given of a true order of society, adapted to the elevation, union, and happiness of the race.

This meeting was held on the invitation of a few female friends of the cause, residing in the beautiful village of Hingham, and to their zeal and energy it was principally owing that a large audience was assembled on short notice, and every preparation made that could contribute to the success of the occasion.

CIVILIZATION ENCOURAGES THE FINE ARTS. "Haydon, the Historical Painter, has committed suicide, in consequence of pecuniary embarrassments. He had previously written to several eminent men for assistance, but received little. Peel sent him £50, and after his death sent £200 to his family and gave one son a place in the customs."

Such is the fate of genius in our boasted Nineteenth Century! Nor is this a solitary instance; there are others within our own knowledge which, though not so extreme and painful, are still enough, we should think, to make any man of sense or sensibility condemn the social system of which they are the effects. And yet it is no new thing, rather it is a fact so common that even sympathy in its despair to find a remedy has become almost indifferent. "Such men must be poor," we are told; "it is the fault of their own imprudence; what a pity that they cannot manage better!" But it is not the sufferers who are in fault. It is the false order of society in which they are placed, which gives them no protection, forces them to do what they are not qualified for, and leaves their heaven-born spirit to be stifled by petty obstacles, perverted by uncongenial surroundings and driven to bitterest desperation by neglect and want. Let us have a society which shall welcome genius and guard it as the most sacred trust, which shall give free development to every gifted nature, which shall

neither call on the Artist for the exercise of those faculties which he has not, nor defraud him by calling out only a part of those he has, and which shall ensure him absolute independence, and that without charity or patronage, and then we shall deserve to be visited by those whom God has destined to that high office.

FEMALE LABOR. The fate of the female operatives is too hard in this free land of plenty. The majority of them are toiling for a mere subsistence. But the women of Paris are said to be even worse remunerated, the seamstresses, for instance, receiving one hundred and eighty cents per week, for the labor of thirteen hours a day, out of which sum they provide themselves with food and clothing, pay rent, &c. — *Providence Herald*.

Why is it, Mr. Herald, that "the fate of the female operatives is too hard in this free land of plenty?" By what republican necromancy is it, that while an average of four hours labor would support all in abundance, the workers are made to toil from ten to sixteen? Why do not the products of labor go to the producers? Proving that the manufacturers make large dividends will not answer these questions, but only increase the difficulty. Why is it, republicans of Rhode Island, that laborers in your State do not work for themselves and get their own produce? — *Young America*.

TO THE DAUGHTERS OF "REDUCED GENTLEMEN." Again and again have we called upon our readers to admire the benevolence and loving kindness of advertisers, as exhibiting themselves in the newspapers. We give a new case, from the Times of a recent date: "Wanted, with no salary, or a MERE TRIFLE; for the sake of a comfortable and respectable home, where she would be treated with the greatest kindness, and her morals attended to, a young French Person, of the Established Church of England, who can speak no English, or scarcely any. She would be required to perform no menial office, except dressing and attending to the wardrobes of three little girls; the rest of the time she would be occupied in needlework. She must be able to read her own language well, and have enough knowledge of writing and arithmetic to teach children six or seven years old. The object being chiefly for the children to have practice in talking French, the less English known the better. If a young lady, she would often be admitted into the parlor, and would have her meals in the school room. Reference as to respectability required. To the daughter of a reduced gentleman this would be a desirable home. Direct to C. B., Post Office, Exmouth." It is not very difficult to imagine the sort of "kindness" to be bestowed by this Samaritan, who, to the daughter of a "reduced gentleman" gives "no salary, or a mere trifle," leaving the unfortunate father to supply the child with clothes and her mite of pocket-money. We can almost understand the sort of "morals" that must be practically taught her; namely, to make the most, by every sort of pinching and screwing, of miserable dependents; and at the same time to air an appearance of religion by lisping about the Established Church;

to which C. B. we presume, is attached—like a whitlow to a bishop's thumb. And then the sweet leisure proffered to the young French slave! After she had taught "the three little girls" their daily French, she would spend "the rest of her time" making the little petticoats of her pupils. If, too, she were a real young lady, she would be admitted now and then, with the cat, into the parlor. But, like the cat, she would "have her meals" in another place. Oh, daughters of reduced gentlemen! learn to trundle a mop—to clean knives—black stoves—polish shoes—forget your books, forget all that may have educated your taste, your sensibility—be at once sturdy, healthy housemaids, and flee from the "comfortable and respectable home" with the "three little girls" proffered by the C. B.'s of Exmouth. And now, who is this C. B. Can the Exmouth folks guess at him or her? As Englishmen, we would punish the advertiser for this cold-blooded, deliberate insult, offered in the basest misery of spirit to the "reduced gentlemen" of a noble nation. Were we clothed with powers of paternal despotism, we would send our benevolent Janissaries to Exmouth; we would have C. B. searched out; and when found—for his or her insult to France and to humanity—we would make him or her wear wooden shoes for a twelve-month, and every market-day eat a dinner of frogs in the open market-place. This we would do "as we live by bread."—*Punch.*

**A REBUKE ADMINISTERED.** Very salutary impressions have frequently been produced upon the minds of foreigners by the pious example of the native converts. I was on one occasion dining on board an English ship of war with Queen Pomare, other members of the royal family, and several chiefs. A large table was prepared on the quarter deck. All being seated, the plates were soon abundantly supplied, but not one of the natives attempted to eat. The captain was greatly surprised at this, and said to me, "Mr. Pritchard, I fear we have not provided such food as the natives like; I don't see one of them begin to eat." I replied, "You could not have provided anything that the natives would like better; the reason why they do not commence eating is simply this, they are accustomed always to ask a blessing." Before I could say anything more, the captain, evidently feeling a little confused, said, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Pritchard; please to say grace." I immediately "said grace," when the natives soon gave proof that they liked the food which had been provided. One of the officers from the other end of the table looked at the captain very significantly, and said, "We have got it to-day!" And then addressing himself to me, he said, "Mr. Pritchard, you see what a *graceless* set we are." All the gentlemen seemed to feel the rebuke thus unintentionally given.—*Pritchard's Reward.*

**A CONSCIENTIOUS LAWYER.** The late Roger M. Sherman, one of the most eminent lawyers that Connecticut has ever seen, states his principles as to litigation in these words:—I have ever considered it as one of the first moral duties of a lawyer, and have always adopted in my own practice, *never to encourage a*

*groundless suit or a groundless defence;* and to dissuade a client from attempting either of them in compliance with his animosities, or with the honest prepossession of his judgment; and I ever deemed it a duty, in a doubtful case, to point to every difficulty, and so far as I could, discourage unreasonable anticipations of success." When will the time come for such to be the usual practice of lawyers!

**A CERTAIN LAWYER** had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude, standing with one hand in his pocket. His friends and clients all went to see it, and every body said, "O, how like, it's the very picture of him." An old farmer only dissented, "taint like, no 'taint," said he drily, looking out of the corner of his eye. "'Taint like!" exclaimed every body, "just show us wherein 'taint like." "'Taint like, no 'taint," responded the old farmer; "don't you see he has got his hand in his pocket; 'twould be as like agin if he had it in somebody's else pocket."

**SOCIETY AMONG THE MONKEYS.** The monkeys in Exeter Change used to be confined in a line of narrow cages, each of which had a pan in the centre of its front for the tenant's food. Chancing to be present one evening at supper time, we observed that, when all the monkeys were supplied with their moses, scarcely any one of them ate out of his own pan. Each thrust his arm through the bars, and robbed his right or left hand neighbor. Half what was so seized, was spilt and lost in the conveyance, and while one monkey was so unprofitably engaged in plundering, his own pan was exposed to similar depredation. The mingled knavery and absurdity was shockingly human. Had a Monkey Reviewer, however, admonished the tribe of the aggregate of loss to the simial stomach, and beseeched them to commence the reform of honesty each on himself, what monkey would have had sufficient reliance on his neighbor's virtue to commence the virtue of forbearance? Placing the cages more apart seemed the more rational scheme of reform.—*London Examiner.*

And now O people, tell me what has become of thy right in this world; tell me what formerly was, what now is, thy laborious and over-burthened life.

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July 16, 1846.

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### MISCELLANY.

#### THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,\* SEQUEL TO CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.  
Translated for the Harbinger.

VII. †

"I was born in I know not what corner of Spain, I know not exactly in what year; but I must be about twenty-three or twenty-four years old. I am ignorant of my father's name; and as to that of my mother, I believe that she was as uncertain about her parents as I am. She was called at Venice the *Zingara*, and I, the *Zingarella*. My mother had given to me as my patron Saint, Maria del Consuelo, or, as you would say, our Lady of Consolation. My earlier years were wandering and miserable. My mother and I travelled over the world on foot, living by our songs. I have a vague remembrance that, in the forest of Bohemia, we received hospitality at a chateau, where a handsome youth, the lord's son, named Albert, loaded me with attentions and kindness, and gave a guitar to my mother. That chateau was Giant's castle, of which I was one day to refuse to become the chatelaine. That young lord was count Albert de Rudolstadt, whose wife I was to be.

"At ten, I began to sing in the streets. One day, when I was singing my little song on the place Saint Mark, at Venice, in front of a café, master Porpora, who was there, struck by the justness of my voice and the natural method which my mother had transmitted to me, called me, questioned me, followed me to my garret, gave some assistance to my mother, and promised her to get me into the *scuola dei*

*mendicanti*, one of those free schools of music, of which there are so many in Italy, and whence come all the eminent artists of both sexes; for they are directed by the best masters. I there made rapid progress; and master Porpora conceived a friendship for me, which soon exposed me to the jealousy and ill turns of my comrades. Their unjust treatment and the contempt they manifested for my rags, early gave me the habit of patience, of reserve and resignation.

"I cannot remember the day on which I first saw him, but it is certain that at seven or eight years old, I already loved a young man, or rather a child, an orphan, abandoned, studying music like myself, by means of protection and charity, living like me upon the pavement. Our friendship, our love, for it was the same thing, was a chaste and delicious sentiment. We passed together, in an innocent vagabondism, those hours which were not devoted to study. My mother, after having uselessly opposed it, sanctioned our inclination by the promise she exacted from us at her death-bed, to be married to each other, as soon as our labor should place us in a position to bring up a family.

"At the age of eighteen or nineteen, I was quite advanced in singing. Count Zustiniani, a noble Venetian, proprietor of the St. Samuel theatre, heard me sing at church, and engaged me as first cantatrice, to replace Corilla, a handsome and powerful virtuoso, whose lover he had been, and who was unfaithful to him. This Zustiniani was in fact the protector of my betrothed Anzoleto, who was engaged with me, to sing the first-man's parts. Our débuts were announced under the most brilliant auspices. He had a magnificent voice, an extraordinary natural facility, an attractive person; all the handsome ladies patronized him. But he was lazy; he had not had so skilful or so zealous a master as mine. His success was less brilliant. He was grieved at first, then vexed, and lastly jealous; and I thus lost his love."

"Is it possible," said the princess Amelia, "for such a cause? Then he was very vile!"

"Alas! no, madam; but he was vain, and an artist. He obtained the protection of Corilla, the disgraced and furious cantatrice, who stole his heart from me, and quickly led him to offend and wound mine. One evening, master Porpora, who had always opposed our affection, because he pretends that a woman, in order to be a great artist, must remain free from all passion, from all engagement of the heart, discovered to me Anzoleto's treachery. The next evening, count Zustiniani made to me a declaration of love, which I was far from expecting, and which deeply offended me. Anzoleto pretended to be jealous, to believe me corrupted—he wished to break with me. I fled from my lodging in the night; I went to my master, who is a man of prompt inspiration, and who had accustomed me to be prompt in execution. He gave me some letters, a small sum of money, and a direction for my journey; he placed me in a gondola, accompanied me to the main land, and I departed alone, at break of day, for Bohemia."

"For Bohemia!" said madam de Kleist, who at the Porporina's courage and virtue opened her eyes very wide.

"Yes madam," resumed the young girl. "In our language of adventurous artists, we often say 'to tramp in Bohemia,' to signify that we embark in the hazards of a poor, laborious and often culpable life, in the life of the Zingari, who are also called Bohemians. As to myself, I departed not for that symbolical Bohemia, to which my fate seemed to destine me like so many others, but for the chivalric country of the Tchèques, for the fatherland of Huss and of Ziska, for the Bohmer-Wald, in fine for Giant's Castle, where I was generously welcomed by the family of the Rudolstadts."

"And why did you go to that family?" asked the princess, who listened with great attention; "Did they recollect having seen you when a child?"

\* 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.

† The adventures of *Consuelo*, already published, may have been forgotten by the reader. The author has thought best to condense them as much as possible. Those persons who are so fortunate in memory as to retain the whole of a long history, will find this repetition wearisome; they are requested to skip this chapter, in order not to fatigue their attention.



"By no means. I did not recollect it myself, and it was not till long afterwards, and by chance, that count Albert remembered and helped me to remember that little adventure; but my master Porpora had been very intimate in Germany with the respectable Christian de Rudolstadt, head of this family. The young baroness Amelia, niece of the latter, required a governess, that is, a lady-companion, who should pretend to teach her music, and relieve her from the monotony of the dull and austere life they led at Riesenbourg, (Giant's Castle.) Her noble and good family welcomed me as a friend, almost as a relation. I taught nothing, spite of my good will, to my pretty and capricious pupil, and —"

"And count Albert fell in love with you, as must needs be!"

"Alas! madam, I cannot speak lightly of so grave and painful a matter. Count Albert, who passed for a crazy man, and who united to a sublime soul, to an enthusiastic genius, strange eccentricities, an entirely inexplicable disease of the imagination —"

"Supperville told me of all that, without believing it, and without making me understand it. People attributed to the young man supernatural qualities, the gift of prophecy, second sight, the power of making himself invisible. — His family related strange things on these points. — But all that is impossible, and I hope that you have no faith in it!"

"Spare me, madam, the suffering and the embarrassment of deciding upon facts which are beyond the scope of my understanding. I saw inconceivable things, and, at certain times, count Albert appeared to me a being superior to human nature. At others, I saw in him only an unfortunate, deprived of the light of reason, from the very excess of his virtue, but at no time did I see him like to common men. In delirium as in calmness, in enthusiasm as in depression, he was always the best, the most just, the most wisely enlightened, or the most poetically exalted of men. In a word, I cannot think of him or utter his name without a thrill of respect, without a deep tenderness, without a kind of horror, for I am the involuntary, but not entirely innocent cause of his death."

"Come, dear countess, dry your beautiful eyes, take courage and continue, I listen to you without irony and without profane levity, I swear it to you."

"He loved me at first, without my having a thought of it. He never spoke to me, did not ever seem to see me. I believe that he first perceived my presence in the chateau, when he heard me sing. I must tell you that he was a great musician, and that he played the violin as nobody imagines it can be played. But I

believe I was the only person who ever heard him at Riesenbourg; for his family never knew that he possessed this incomparable talent. His love had its origin therefore in a transport of enthusiasm and musical sympathy. His cousin, the baroness Amelia, who had been betrothed to him two years and whom he did not love, felt vexed with me although she did not love him either. She declared this to me with more frankness than wickedness; for, in the midst of her caprices, she had a certain greatness of soul; she became tired of Albert's indifference, of the dulness of the chateau, and, one fine morning, left us, carrying off, so to say, her father, baron Frederick, count Christian's brother, an excellent and weak man, indolent in mind and simple of heart, slave of his daughter and passionately fond of the chase."

"You say nothing of count Albert's invisibility, of those disappearances of fifteen or twenty days, after which he suddenly reappeared, believing or pretending to believe that he had not left the house, and not able or not willing to tell what had become of him while they were searching for him every where."

"Since M. Supperville has related to you this fact, apparently so marvellous, I will give you the explanation; I alone can do so, since this matter has always remained a secret between Albert and myself. Near Giant's Castle there is a mountain called Schreckenstein, (stone of horror,) which conceals a grotto and several mysterious chambers, ancient subterranean constructions of the time of the Hussites. Albert, having gone through a series of very bold philosophical opinions, and religious enthusiasms carried even to mysticism, had remained a Hussite, or, more properly speaking a Taborite in his heart. Descended by the mother's side, from the king, George Podiebrad, he had preserved and developed in himself the sentiments of patriotic independence and of evangelical equality, with which the preaching of John Huss and the victories of John Ziska have, so to speak, inoculated the Bohemians."

"How she talks of history and philosophy!" cried the princess, looking at madam de Kleist; "who would have told me that a girl of the theatre would understand those things as well as I who have passed my life studying them in books? I told you, de Kleist, that there were, among those beings whom the opinion of courts consigns to the lowest ranks of society, understandings equal, if not superior, to those which are formed in the highest with so much care and expense."

"Alas! madam," returned the Porporina, "I am very ignorant, and I had never read anything before my residence at

Riesenbourg. But there I heard so much of these things, and I was obliged to reflect so much in order to understand what passed in Albert's mind, that I was at last enabled to form an idea of them."

"Yes, but you have become mystical and somewhat crazy yourself, my child. Admire the campaigns of John Ziska and the republican spirit of Bohemia, if you will, I consent to that, for I have on those matters ideas quite as republican as your own, perhaps; for to me also, love has revealed a truth opposed to what my school-masters taught me about the rights of the people and the merit of individuals; but I do not share your admiration for the Taborite fanaticism, and their delirium about Christian equality. That is absurd, cannot be realized, and leads to ferocious excesses. That thrones should be overturned, I consent and — would myself labor at the work, in case of need. That republics should be established after the manner of Sparta, of Athens, of Rome, or of ancient Venice: that is what I can admit. But your sanguinary and filthy Taborites are no more to my liking than the Vaudois of flaming memory, the odious anabaptists of Munster and the Picards of ancient Germany."

"I have heard count Albert say that all those were not precisely the same thing," replied Consuelo modestly; "but I should not dare discuss with your highness upon subjects which you have studied. You have here historians and learned men who have attended to these important matters, and you can judge, better than I can, of their wisdom and their justice. Still, even if I had the happiness to have a whole academy to instruct me, I do not think my sympathies would change. But I resume my recital."

"Yes, I interrupted you by pedantic observations, and I ask your pardon. — Continue. Count Albert, proud of the exploits of his fathers, (that is very easily understood and very pardonable), in love with you moreover, which is more natural and more legitimate still, would not admit that you were not his equal before God and before men? He was quite right, but was that the reason for deserting his father's house, and for leaving all his family in affliction?"

"I was coming to that," resumed Consuelo; "he went to reflect and meditate in the Hussite grotto at the Schreckenstein, and he took the more delight in it, because only he and a poor crazy peasant, who followed him in his wanderings, knew of those subterranean abodes. He became accustomed to retire there every time any domestic trouble or violent emotion caused him to lose his self command. He could feel the approach of his attacks, and to conceal his delirium from his ter-



rified family, he reached the Schrecken-stein by a subterranean passage he had discovered, the entrance to which was a cistern situated near his apartment, in a flower garden. Once arrived in his cavern, he forgot hours, days, weeks.—Nursed by Zdenko, that poetic and visionary peasant, whose exaltation was somewhat similar to his own, he had no thought of again seeing the light, or of revisiting his family, until the fit began to pass away; and unhappily these attacks became each time more intense and took longer to dissipate. Once at least, he remained so long absent, that they thought him dead, and I undertook to discover the place of his retreat. I succeeded with much trouble and danger. I descended into the cistern, which was in his garden, and by which I had one night seen Zdenko secretly ascend. Not knowing how to direct my course in those abysses, I came near losing my life. At last I found Albert; I succeeded in dispelling the sorrowful torpor into which he was plunged; I restored him to his family, and made him swear never to return without me to his fatal cavern. He yielded, but he warned me that it was condemning him to death; and his prediction was but too well realized.”

“How so? That was restoring him to life, on the contrary.”

“No, madam, not unless I succeeded in loving him, and never being a cause of regret to him.”

“What! you did not love him! you descended into a well, you risked your life in that subterranean journey—”

“Where the simple Zdenko, not understanding my design, and jealous, like a faithful and stupid dog, of the safety of his master, was near murdering me. A torrent was near swallowing me up. Albert, not recognizing me at first, was near making me share his madness, for terror and emotion render hallucination contagious. Finally he was seized with another fit of delirium while accompanying me through the subterranean galleries and almost abandoned me when closing the exit. I exposed myself to all this without loving Albert.”

“Then you had made a vow to Maria del Consuelo to effect his deliverance?”

“Something of that kind, in fact,” replied the Porporina with a sad smile: “a feeling of tender pity for his family, of deep sympathy for him, perhaps also a romantic attraction, sincere friendship certainly, but not a shade of love, at least nothing similar to that blind, intoxicating and delightful love I had experienced for the ungrateful Anzoleto, and in which I verily believe my heart had been prematurely exhausted!—What shall I tell you, madam! after this terrible expedition, I had a brain fever, and was at the

brink of death. Albert who is as great a physician as he is musician, saved my life. My slow convalescence and his assiduous cares placed us on a footing of fraternal intimacy. His reason was entirely restored. His father blessed me and treated me like a beloved daughter. An old humpbacked aunt, the canoness Wenceslawa, an angel of tenderness, but full of patrician prejudices, was herself resigned to accept me. Albert implored my love. Count Christian even became his son’s advocate. I was troubled, I was terrified. I loved Albert as one loves virtue, truth, the beau ideal; but I was still afraid of him; I had a repugnance against becoming a countess, against contracting a marriage which would excite the nobility of the country against him and against his family, and which would cause me to be accused of sordid views, of mean intrigues. And then, must I confess it! it was my only crime perhaps!—I regretted my profession, my liberty, my old master, my artist’s life, and that exciting arena of the stage, on which I had appeared for an instant to shine and disappear like a meteor; those burning boards on which my love had been broken, my unhappiness consummated, which I thought I should always curse and despise, and where I nevertheless dreamed every night that I was applauded or hissed. That must seem to you very strange and miserable; but when one has been educated for the stage, when one has labored all one’s life for the purpose of engaging in those combats and gaining those victories, when the first battle has been won, the idea of never returning there is as frightful as would be to you, madam and dear Amelia, that of being no longer a princess except upon the boards, as I am now twice every week—”

“You are mistaken, you talk nonsense, my friend! If from a princess I could become an artist, I would marry Trenck, and I should be happy. You did not wish from an artist to become a princess in order to marry Rudolstadt. I see well that you did not love him! But that was not your fault—we cannot love whom we will!”

“Madam, that is a proposition, of the truth of which I should like much to be convinced; my conscience would be easy. But I have passed my life in the endeavor to solve this problem, and have not yet succeeded.”

“Let us see,” said the princess; “this is a grave matter, and as abbess, I must attempt to decide in cases of conscience. You doubt if we are free to love or not to love? You think then that love can make its choice and consult reason?”

“It ought to be able to do so. A noble heart ought to subject its inclinations,

I do not say to that worldly reason which is only folly and falsehood, but to that noble discernment, which is but the appreciation of the beautiful, the love of truth. You are a proof of what I advance, madam, and your example condemns me. Born to occupy a throne, you have sacrificed false grandeur to true passion, to the possession of a heart worthy of your own. I, born to be queen also, (upon the stage,) have not had the courage and generosity to sacrifice joyously the tinsel of that lying glory to the calm life and sublime affection which were offered to me. I was ready to do it from devotedness, but I did not do it without sorrow and fear; and Albert, who saw my anxiety, did not wish to accept my faith as a sacrifice. He asked from me enthusiasm, partaken joys, a heart free from all regret. It was my duty not to deceive him; besides can one deceive in such matters? I therefore requested time, and it was granted me. I promised to do my best to attain that love similar to his. I did so in good faith; but I felt with terror, that I could have wished not to be compelled by my conscience to make that formidable promise.”

“Strange girl! You still loved *the other*, I would wager!”

“O my God! I thought indeed that I no longer loved him; but one morning, when I was waiting on the mountain for Albert, to walk with him, I heard a voice in the ravine; I recognized a song which I had formerly studied with Anzoleto, I recognized especially that penetrating voice which I have so loved, and that Venetian accent so sweet to my remembrance; I leaned forward, I saw pass a cavalier; it was he, madam, it was Anzoleto!”

“Eh! indeed! What was he doing in Bohemia?”

“I learned afterwards that he had broken his contract, that he was flying from Venice and the resentment of Zustiniani. After having become very quickly wearied of the quarrelsome and despotic love of Corilla, with whom he had successfully reappeared at the Saint Samuel theatre, he had obtained the favor of Clorinda, the second cantatrice, one of my old school fellows, whom Zustiniani had made his mistress. Like a man of the world, that is, like a frivolous libertine, the count avenged himself by taking back Corilla without dismissing the other. In the midst of this double intrigue, Anzoleto, bantered by his rival, became vexed, then angry, and one fine summer’s night leapt with his whole weight upon the gondola in which Zustiniani was taking the air with Corilla. They escaped with an upset and a warm bath. The waters of Venice are not deep every where. But Anzoleto, thinking with reason that this joke would carry him to the Leads, took

to flight, and directing his course towards Prague, passed by Giant's castle.

"He passed on, and I joined Albert in making a pilgrimage to the grotto of the Schreckenstein, which he desired to revisit with me. I was sad and agitated. I suffered, in that grotto, from the most painful emotions. That gloomy place, the Hussite bones, of which Albert had made an altar on the bank of the mysterious fountain, the admirable and heart-rending tones of his violin, I know not what terrors, the darkness, the superstitious ideas which recurred to him in that place, and from which I no longer felt strength to preserve him—"

"Say all! He thought himself John Ziska. He pretended to have an eternal existence, the memory of past ages; in fine he had the madness of the count de Saint-Germain!"

"Well, madam, yes, since you know it, and his conviction in that respect made so vivid an impression upon me, that instead of curing him of it, I have come almost to share it."

"Can your mind be weak, spite of your courageous heart?"

"I can have no pretension to be a strong minded person. Whence could I have derived that strength? The only solid education I ever received, was given me by Albert. How should I not have yielded to his ascendancy and shared his illusions? There were so many, and such elevated truths in his mind that I could not distinguish error from certainty. I felt in that grotto that my reason was wandering. What terrified me most was, that I did not find Zdenko there, as I had hoped. For several months Zdenko had not made his appearance. As he had persisted in his fury against me, Albert had sent him away, driven him from his presence, after some violent discussion without doubt, for he appeared to feel remorse. Perhaps he thought Zdenko had committed suicide on leaving him: at least he spoke of him in enigmatic terms, and with mysterious reservations which made me shudder. I imagined, (may God pardon me that thought!) that in an attack of delirium, Albert, unable to make the unfortunate renounce the idea of taking my life, had taken his."

"And why did this Zdenko hate you so much?"

"It was a consequence of his insanity. He pretended to have dreamed that I had killed his master and that I danced afterwards upon his tomb. O! madam, that ominous prediction was accomplished; my love did kill Albert, and a week afterwards I made my debut here in one of the gayest comic operas; I was compelled to do so, it is true, and I had death in my soul; but the melancholy destiny of Al-

bert was accomplished, conformably to Zdenko's terrible prognostics."

"Really, your history is so diabolical that I hardly know where I am, and I seem to lose my wits in listening to you. But continue. All this will be explained without doubt!"

"No, madam; that supernatural world which existed in Albert's and Zdenko's mysterious minds has never been explained to me, and you must, like myself, be contented with understanding the results."

"Well! M. de Rudolstadt had not killed his poor fool, at least?"

"Zdenko was not a fool to him, but a companion in misfortune, a friend, a devoted servant. He wept for him; but, thank Heaven, he never had the thought of sacrificing him to his love for me. Still, I, foolish and culpable, was persuaded that this murder had been accomplished. A freshly filled grave in the grotto, which Albert confessed to me contained what had been most dear to him in the world before knowing me, at the same time that he accused himself of I know not what crime, caused me to be covered with a cold sweat. I thought it certain that Zdenko was buried in that place, and I fled from the grotto, crying like a crazy woman, and weeping like a child."

"There was good reason for it," said madam de Kleist, "and I should have died of fear. A lover like your Albert would not have suited me the least in the world. My worthy M. de Kleist believed in the devil, and made sacrifices to him. It was he who made me such a coward; and I believe he would have made me crazy, if I had not determined to divorce him."

"You have strong marks of it notwithstanding," said the princess Amelia. "I think you were divorced a little too late. But don't interrupt our countess de Rudolstadt."

"On returning to the chateau with Albert, who accompanied me without thinking to justify himself against my aspersions, I found, guess whom, madam."

"Anzoleto?"

"He had presented himself as my brother, and was waiting for me. I know not how he had learned, while continuing his journey, that I was living there, and was about to marry Albert; for there was such a report in the neighborhood before anything was settled respecting that matter. Either from spite, or some remains of love, or from love of evil, he had retraced his steps, with the sudden intention of preventing that marriage and carrying me away from the count. He put every engine in motion to succeed, prayers, tears, temptations, threats. I was apparently immovable: but in the depths of my weak heart, I was agitated

and felt no longer mistress of myself. By means of the lie which had served him as an introduction, and which I dared not unmask, though I had never spoken to Albert of this brother whom I never had, he remained the whole day at the chateau. In the evening, the old count made us sing some Venetian airs. Those songs of my adopted country awakened in me all the recollections of my childhood, of my pure love, of my beautiful dreams, of my past happiness. I felt that I still loved—and not him whom I ought, whom I wished, whom I had promised to love. Anzoleto besought me to receive him that night in my chamber, and threatened that he would come in spite of me, at his own risk and peril, and especially at mine. I had never been other than his sister; thus he colored his project with the best intentions. He would submit to my decision, he would depart at break of day; but he wished to say farewell. I thought that he wanted to make a noise in the chateau, to create scandal; that there would be some terrible scene with Albert, and that my reputation would be sullied. I conceived a desperate resolution and executed it. At midnight I made a little bundle of the most necessary clothes, wrote a note for Albert, took the little money I had (and by the way, forgot half of it), left my chamber, mounted the hired horse which had brought Anzoleto, paid his guide to assist my flight, passed the draw-bridge, and reached the neighboring city. It was the first time in my life I was ever on horseback. I rode four leagues at a gallop; then I sent back the guide, and pretending to go and wait for Anzoleto on the road to Prague, I gave the man false information as to the place where my pretended brother was to find me. I took the road to Vienna, and at break of day found myself alone, on foot, without resources, in an unknown country, and walking as fast as possible in order to escape those two loves, which appeared to me equally fatal. Still I must say that, after some hours, the image of the perfidious Anzoleto was effaced from my mind, never to return, while the pure image of my noble Albert followed me, like an ægis and a promise of the future, through the dangers and fatigues of my journey."

"And why did you go to Vienna rather than to Venice?"

"My master Porpora had just arrived there, brought by our ambassador, who wished to enable him to retrieve his fortune, which had been exhausted, and recover his ancient glory which had become dim and discouraged, before the success of more fortunate innovators. I luckily met with an excellent youth, already a musician full of promise, who, passing through the Böhmer-wald had heard of me, and

thought of seeking me in order to ask my influence in his favor with Porpora. We returned together to Vienna, on foot, after much fatigue, always cheerful, always friends and brothers. I was the more attached to him because he did not think of paying court to me and because I did not myself imagine that he could have such a thought. I disguised myself as a boy, and played my part so well as to give occasion to all kinds of queer mistakes; but there was one which was almost fatal to both of us. I will pass over the others in silence, in order not to prolong this recital too much, and will mention this one only because it will interest your highness, much more than all the rest of my story."

To be Continued.

## THE HARBINGER.

### THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

#### SECTION II.—NOTICE IV.

##### COMPLEMENT OF THE FIRST PART.

##### *Self-Deception of Opponents; The Owenists.* (1)

The reader will have already perceived that my theory of Association does not fall into the arbitrary methods of system-makers; it is founded in nature, adapted to the human passions and to the theorems of geometry; for the mechanism of the *passional Series* is geometrical in every sense; this will be proved in the chapters which treat of the division of profits, Sect. V, and of analogy, Sect. VII.

We may now examine the inconsistencies of the nineteenth century on this head, which, in an affair on which the entire change of the condition of the human race depends, in the discovery of the method of Association, reposes confidence in declaimers under the guise of philanthropy, and prescribes no rule for them to follow either in theory or in practice.

We see that there was a discovery to be made, namely the *passional Series*; a discovery which required profound researches into the arrangements and the workings of a spring so foreign to the civilized mechanism.

If men had been willing to set about it with the slightest degree of method, they would have demanded of pretenders, like Robert Owen and others, a discovery, and not arbitrary statutes, not such silly notions as community of property, the absence of divine worship, and the rash abolition of marriage: these are the whimsies of a break-neck politician, and no new means at all; and yet it is in this stuff that the nineteenth century has confided now for twenty years.

Observe that, from the first, Robert Owen has pursued the contrary course to association: ignorant that agriculture should be the basis of the associative mechanism, he assembled two thousand weavers at New Lanark, without an acre

of ground to till. While committing this great mistake, he boasted that he would convert the world to his method; and sought an audience with several sovereigns as the presumptive regenerator of the social world. His science was no other than that of the sophists, to risk all, and rush headlong into innovations; *audaces fortuna juvat*; and especially to trumpet his philanthropy abroad; men are easily duped by this disguise.

How can our century, after so many experiences, after having seen every ambitious man for nearly forty years past muffle himself up in this title, — how can it let itself be caught again by this false coin of philanthropy? A true philanthropist would have said: "We must try Association; but we ought at the same time to exercise ourselves in the investigation of the natural method and awaken a competition for its discovery."

A course so loyal never will be adopted by men who want to play a part without the real means: Mr. Owen has preferred to give himself out as a discoverer; he has built a system which is the counterpart of that of William Penn, the founder of the Quakers. In another place I shall give the parallel: let us only remark now in the system of Owen, a headlong political infatuation, determined to risk all, to attempt monstrosities without foreseeing the results.

For example: as to liberty in love, (2) he does not foresee the general licentiousness which would prevail as soon as the new sect should have become established: he seems no more to have considered the mechanism of free loves, than he has the effects of the absence of divine worship. Before admitting even half-liberty in love, counterpoises must be introduced such as the Harmonians themselves cannot create in less than fifteen or twenty years experience of the life.

For the rest, as to any changes which the love-relations may undergo, not one of them can take place until it is demanded by the government, by the ministers of religion, and by all the fathers and husbands (3) of society; when those four classes, with one accord, shall vote an innovation, we may be sure that it will be useful and not dangerous.

Undoubtedly the conjugal system engenders a host of vices; I have described a goodly number of them in the *Treatise on Universal Unity*. All these disorders are no reason for suppressing marriage, but only for reducing it to a methodical scale, for establishing in marriages a regular series, comprising seven degrees, beside the *ambigu* and pivot.

To speak of the first and second degrees only, is it not evident that a sterile marriage is a somewhat weaker bond than a marriage which gives one child? Here is a distinction between the first and second degrees; it remains to establish it between the other seven. But I postpone the details, only observing that, even if we understood the nine degrees to be established in marriage, we should still have to understand and organize the state of things which will furnish counterpoises and guarantees against the abuse of liberty, an abuse which Mr. Owen has not foreseen; he wants to emancipate all at once, to give free reins to love, as if we were on the isle of Otaheiti, in the country of Hamil, at Lancerot, at Java, in Lapland and other places where customs

and prejudices have established counterpoises.

Let us pass by this discussion, since mankind will have no occasion to occupy themselves with it until after thirty years of universal Harmony. During the first associative generation, it will be necessary to leave love in the state of hypocrisy and universal deceit which characterises civilization: love and paternity are the last passions which men will be able to reduce to a true regime; a difficulty never dreamed of by those who wish, like Mr. Owen, to make as rash an experiment in the liberty of the passions as the philosophers of 1791 did in the emancipation of the negroes.

It is the abundance of these sophists which creates so much prejudice against true discoverers, and makes our age the age of detraction: this is the dominant sin now more than ever. In fact it is the endemic vice of the civilized character; the most precious discoveries have been proscribed at their first appearance: coffee and the potatoe were prohibited by law and placed in the rank of poisons; Fulton the inventor of the steam-engine, and Lebon the inventor of gas-lights, found nobody to listen to them in Paris.

From these recent blunders of the Zöluses [sour critics] we may judge what confidence can be placed in their decisions; they call themselves the champions of light, the enemies of obscurantism (4); they accuse this minister of being a new Omar, and that society of being an assembly of extinguishers; ah! what are they themselves, when they declare that *there cannot be such a thing as a discovery in the calculation of attraction*; and when they tell men *not to read a book* which offers the complete theory, of which Newton has given us only a fragment?

Thus the nineteenth century shows itself the worthy successor of the fifteenth and of the generation which persecuted the Columbuses and Galileos; then it was superstition which proscribed the new sciences; now they are proscribed by those who call themselves the enemies of superstition. Such is the secret of their pretended zeal for the progress of intelligence; such their sublime career: they attack superstition only that they may practice oppression as much or more than it. Strange inconsistency! They extol to the clouds the man who has taken the first step in the calculation of attraction, Newton, who has learnedly treated only its least useful branch, a matter of pure curiosity; for of what use is it to us to know the weight of every planet? It remained to explore the two important branches of Attraction:

THE USEFUL, or theory of *Passional Attraction*.

THE AGREEABLE, or theory of *Analogy and of Causes*.

The man who brings forward these two sciences is a brute beast according to the Zöluses, who nevertheless exalt Newton, for having treated only of the *useless* branch, that of natural effects in attraction, while he is able to explain no cause; if you ask the Newtonians why God has given seven satellites to Saturn and only four to Jupiter who is of twice the size; or why a ring to Saturn and not to Jupiter, they cannot answer.

Their science is none the less beautiful for its mathematical exactness; but it is only a germ limited to the exposition of effects and not of causes; and now at

this moment when the theory of causes is unveiled, it would be proper either to reject Newton, since he commenced the study of attraction, or to protect his continuator who is far more worthy of support, in that he has treated the two branches of the useful and the agreeable, one of which conducts to social happiness, a matter of far more consequence than science.

Let us add that the calculation of analogy, although a branch of the agreeable, has still its useful side, for it is to this new science that we shall owe the discovery of all the natural antidotes, for the most part now unknown, such as those against gout, hydrophobia, epilepsy, and other maladies which baffle all our art. It should seem for the interest of our century and especially of France, to make a truce of its ill will against discoverers, and to extend to the most precious of discoveries, if not a positive protection, at least a hesitating reception, impelled by considerations which every impartial man will appreciate; such a reception as this, for instance.

"It is the first time that a regular theory has been presented to us on the problem of Association, reputed insoluble, and on the mechanism of the harmony of the passions, considered to this day an impenetrable enigma: if this theory is practicable, it will give us goods which all ages have vainly dreamed of, the end of pauperism effected by the grant of a *minimum* to the poorer class, the voluntary abolition of slavery and the slave-trade, the reign of truth and justice, founded on the benefits to which they will lead in the new order. It is the part of prudence, therefore, to examine this theory, to point out its weak sides, to invite those who are best qualified to rectify it, if they can, and failing this, to make a practical trial of it, which will be free from risk, since it turns entirely upon agricultural and domestic labors, evidently lucrative under the system of combination and economy which it introduces."

To this the smart minds reply: "One might lend an ear to this, if the author only knew how to clothe his thoughts in customary forms and render homage to august modern philosophy." This is the trick of all the sophists: a discoverer would justly be suspected if he should adopt this hypocritical manner; people would have reason to think him no better than the rest, only one charlatan the more, seeking to bring himself upon the stage *per fas et nefas*: these scientific contrabandists know how to assume the academic tone, the passport of errors and of humbugs. My object here is to awaken the fine minds to a consciousness of their illusions and their self-deception; to prove that they are the first victims of their credulity towards system-makers.

For twenty years now association has been talked of. If men had taken measures to reach the end, or true association; if they had not placed a blind confidence in men like Owen, they would have obtained the true theory: one experiment would have decided the metamorphosis; the chaos of Civilization, Barbarism and Savagism would have already disappeared, the savans and artists would all be living in great opulence, and would not be reduced to the necessity of declaiming against (4) obscurantism (which they practice themselves towards discoverers;) they would enjoy full liberty, fortune and

dignities, without being under any Omar's rod.

To disabuse them of this self-deception, of this mania for choosing the servile part and poverty, must I crawl at their feet? The more I flattered them, the less would they believe me. We have lately seen, at the time when universal systems were the fashion, an eloquent sophist lavish incense upon the savans, praising them all by name, and yet not succeed in getting his universal system accredited among them: (in which, by the way, he had only forgotten the analysis of man, or of the passions and attractions; that of the three mechanisms, the civilized, the barbarous and the savage, and of their characters, permanent, successive and interlocked; that too of the civilized basenesses, such as false commerce, or inverse competition and inverse circulation; he had also forgotten the theory of destinies future and past, the theory of *causes* in movement, &c. &c.)

The savans justly reproached him with saying nothing new, with repeating in other terms what a hundred others had said before him. I should rank myself in the category of these smart system-makers, if I should muffle myself up in their academic forms, from which frequently one derives but little fruit. The aforesaid author only reaped the very ordinary compliment of knowing that he made himself read by flattering the academic powers.

The tone of adulation is not familiar to discoverers; instead of oratorical suppleness, they have that character of uprightness and firmness which Horace admires in the just man: *non civium ardor prava jubentium mente quatit solida*. My subject does not suit the tone of adulation; the business is to remind men of their refusal of faith in Providence, of their want of hope and activity in seeking the divine code, their lack of charity, their indifference towards a discovery which promises speedily to put an end to slavery, to poverty and to all the miseries of Humanity.

Here the only tone which would be suitable is the *ex cathedra*: we do not demand of the Bossuets and the Bourdaloues that they shall offer incense to a perverse age; we approve of them when they thunder against the false doctrines which lead us astray; and if I have not their eloquence, I ought not the less to adopt their manner, to disdain the vulgar suppleness of scientific charlatans, and to keep to the tone of downright frankness, which alone befits a discoverer supported by proofs mathematical and undeniable.

One rock upon which the learned world is sure to split, is jealousy; they cannot bear to see an intruder carry off the finest prey; and the first impulse of each one is to deny, to stifle the discovery which he cannot appropriate to himself, to excommunicate the profane discoverer who, in spite of the monopoly of genius, seeks to introduce himself into the privileged ranks, to set at defiance the law:

"Nul n'aura de l'esprit que nous et nos amis."

I know if the question were of any moderate discovery, it would be imprudent to violate this law. A modern poet, *Viola le Duc*, has well said: "If any new idea comes to you,

"Sachez la presenter avec menagement,

Comme leur propre idee arrangee autrement."

So by way of a passport to his discovery, the author must say to the monopoly

lists of genius: "It is to your vast lights that I owe it, it is from your learned writings that I derived its elements; you had created all the materials of this new science; I have applied them according to your sage methods; I only discharge a debt in dedicating to you a discovery which is your's much more than it is mine; it is but a gem detached from your crown, and which I am bound to replace."

To these words the philosophic world would say: "Here is a work written with wisdom, and with impartiality; the author knows how to make himself read; his tone is decent, his style is elegant, sweet and marketable: *Era metet Sosius — dignus intrare in nostro docto corpore*."

If I should present myself, conser in hand, it would be deceiving the learned world; it would be better for their interest, to tell them frankly what will be their benefit and what mine in this affair, to assign to each his lot.

Theirs will be immense; to the pecuniary benefits above mentioned they will add a no less immense harvest of glory. I give them virgin mines; my theory opens the whole new scientific world to them, gives them access to twenty sciences of which I cannot treat myself even partially; I reserve to myself only that of passionnal attraction, upon which much will remain to be said after me. As to the other sciences, I offer the key to them. That of analogy will require more than two hundred thousand very extended articles; I can scarcely give two hundred of them, because I am not versed in the three branches of natural history; I should have had to expend three years of exclusive study upon them; I have not been, nor shall I be able to do it.

The savans then, may congratulate themselves in this affair, that the prey has fallen to a man who cannot devour it, and who is obliged to leave to them the greater part of it, only reserving to himself the honor of the discovery. Fortune has served them well in opening the scientific mine to me: a man better prepared than I might have taken it all to himself.

After this frank explanation, it remains to caution them against their propensity to detraction and to jealousy, of which they would become the dupes in such a case; but I shall let men more in credit than myself speak, who reproach them with being blinded by pride and littleness. Condillac tells them: "New science which should be treated with great precision and exactness, would not be on a level with the general comprehension; those who had read nothing would understand them better than those who had made great studies, and especially those who had written much."

So much for the pride and jealousy which blind them to the point of pretending that the science of passionnal attraction, treated with great precision and exactness, is not intelligible! I have seen girls of fifteen years comprehend wonderfully the mechanism of the passionnal series, explained by the three Causes and the three Effects (Chapters V. and VI.); and practiced savans will pretend it is obscure; it is because they do not wish to comprehend it. If I were dead and there were no obstacle to plagiarism, they would find out too well how to comprehend and travesty my theory; they would

try to appropriate it *in part*, for no one will think of trying to pillage it as a whole. My *right of possession* is too well established by the insults of my contemporaries, declaring that *there cannot be such a thing as a discovery in the theory of attraction*: why have they not pronounced this learned decision against Newton? Why did they not excommunicate Newton as they excommunicated Columbus, whom the Court of Rome hastened to absolve as soon as it became better informed; so will the antagonists of the Associative theory do; they will not be slow to disclaim their own acts of Vandalism.

Condillac, cited above, has signalized the pride which irritates them against the new sciences; another shall signalize their littleness; I transcribe his expressions about the outrage done to an illustrious man by the Zoiluses of his time.

"Bacon, whose philosophic genius made him a contemporary of the 18th century, Bacon, who has opened in his writings an inexhaustible treasury of truths, did himself the wrong of taking too high a flight, and of hovering so far above the heads of the men and the ideas of his time, that he exercised no influence over them." (Jouy.)

The same thing is seen to-day: my doctrine, like that of Bacon, is not too elevated; but our age, like that of Bacon, is too little to attain to it, with the exception of some few persons whom I may chance to meet, *pauci sed boni*. I only seek such men who like Bacon and Condillac, give their age the wise counsel to *reform the human understanding, to forget all they have ever learned of philosophical sciences*: men more afflicted with obscurantism, than the same class were when Jesus Christ reproached them with it, saying: "Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered." (St. Luke. chap. xi.)

The scribes of our days are still what they were at the time of Christ. Newton has given them the key to the science of attraction; they have seized it, and not knowing how to enter in themselves, how to advance farther than Newton, and study the branches which this geometrician had not treated, they wish to-day to cover up the knowledge of it and defame the discoverer who has given to the world the sequel of the Newtonian calculation, the theory of passionnal attraction and of associative unity: a science without which all the others are but a reproach to human reason; for of what use to us are these scientific trophies, so long as the multitude, deprived of the necessities of life, are below the condition of wild animals, which live happy in liberty and without care!

"We grant that," say the critics; "but you ought in your theory to have kept on the right side of the sciences so much revered, such as tender moralism, the sweet and pure friend of commerce." Ah! it is by its alliance with commerce and falsehood that it has become contemptible; it has apostatized in its last moments; it was excusable in its errors when it preached contempt of riches, because of the impossibility of gaining them by just means in Civilization; it has forfeited its right to esteem by acting with the mercantile spirit: if it had attacked it by a search after a true regime, it would have opened for itself a fine

escape from civilization, a brilliant career of social progress; it has yielded loosely to the pleasant vice, it has embraced the worship of the *golden calf*,—how can it lay claim to consideration!

I assert that so long as men were ignorant of the theory of attraction, or the harmonious development of the passions, so long they were obliged to keep to the repressive method called moralism. But from this moment it becomes useless, and we do not even owe it honorable capitulation, because it has rejected the light, the Associative theory which alone can guarantee a recompense to virtue, and because it has at all times fallen short of its duties, such as the frank analysis of civilization and of its characteristics. (Section VI.), and the search after the true mode of commerce. It has only speculated upon the sale of systems, of which each year sees some forty hatched, for the good of mercantile morality. "We have had this year only seventeen treatises upon morality," said a journal of 1803, lamenting the very moderate harvest. It was speaking of France alone; add to this the other states which make a merchandise of morality, or which manufacture it to order, (and the business is brisk in England, Germany, and Italy,) and the treatises must amount to at least forty in a year, even in times of dearth; and, as all these treatises are contradictory, each overthrowing its predecessor, we must change our conduct and our manners at least forty times a year in order to be docile to the lessons of sweet and pure morality; we must have moreover a great deal of money to buy these innumerable controversies, a great deal of time and patience to read them, and a great deal of intelligence to comprehend them, for their authors do not comprehend them themselves. Will they explain to us how a man can be at the same time the friend of commerce and the enemy of perfidious riches? These are two of the dogmas of morality, as judicious, as homogeneous as all the rest. Is there one of them which is not regarded in pity by its authors themselves? Seneca, while preaching up the renunciation of riches, this very day, without taking thought for the morrow, and telling us to embrace philosophy without delay, accumulated a fortune of a hundred millions of francs. Thus moralism has never been anything but empty rhetoric add a mask for ambition. Every hypocrite who meditates any fraud, muffles himself up carefully in moralism.

It is said in reply, that morality is none the less excellent in itself, although it does serve as a mantle to hypocrisy. No; it is vicious, and for a double reason; first, because it ruins him who tries to put its doctrines faithfully in practice, while it conducts to fortune him who takes it for a mask and not for a guide; and secondly, because its dogmas are contradictory and for the most part impracticable, like that which commands us to love and speak the solemn truth: let a man enter a parlor and speak the solemn truth there of the persons assembled, unveil the embezzlement of such a financier who happens to be present, the gallantries of such a lady, in short the secret conduct of all who are in the room, and he will be scouted by the general voice: let him see fit to publish the truth and the whole truth about the squandering of the public revenues, and compromise high person-

ages, and he will see to what the practice of the solemn truth leads. All the dogmas of moralism are equally impracticable.

Is it not confessed on all hands that it has constantly produced the opposite effects to what it promised, and that the more a nation begets of treatises on morality, the more it becomes engulfed in depravation? Here then is a science which deceives in practice, as well as in its doctrines, all so contradictory. It has made a bad end; it has prostituted itself in its old days, by entering into alliance with the mercantile spirit, the source of every vice: religion has not soiled itself with this infamy.

But why this tirade against tender morality! Because hypocrites borrow its support to calumniate the theory of attraction. They are jealous at seeing spring up a science which will really give the goods so vainly promised by this astute morality, which will establish the kingdom of truth, of justice and good morals, conduct to fortune those who practice these virtues, and conduct to ruin and dishonor those who endeavor to deal falsely.

Some of these calumniators also want to cloak themselves with the religious spirit, and pretend that the theory of attraction is not in full harmony with religion; it is not I, but the Gospel, which shall answer these *Tartuffes*: the word of Jesus Christ shall confound them. I will treat of this subject in a special article.

For the very reason that my theory goes hand in hand with religion in every point, it must necessarily conflict with these modern scribes and pharisees, these insidious moralists, these mountebanks of virtue whom Christ unmasked so well, and whom he cursed as obscurants, as sophistical vandals, who feign that they seek the light, but are in reality leagued together to stifle it as soon as it appears. They are still what they were at the time of Christ; could they fail to defame the master-piece of divine wisdom, the code of associative unity and of the harmony of the passions applied to industry!

If the moralists are of good faith, and wish to appear so, why do they not accept a challenge, and try an experiment, that experience may decide between their science and mine! If they augur well of their own method and ill of mine, they should desire to see an authentic experiment confound me; it would be for them a signal triumph. My object is the same which they profess, to establish the kingdom of truth, justice, and the real virtues. It would soon be seen which of the two methods reaches the end.

If mine is just, it ought to decide the question in six weeks of full operation. Theirs has had not six weeks, but thirty centuries of operation in numerous empires; the progress of evil has been the only result. They have obtained several trials for the false associative method of Robert Owen: by dint of constant praises in the journals they have procured for its author subscriptions for a great quantity of establishments, which have proved abortive as we know, since no slave-holder has adopted it for his negroes, and no savage horde has submitted itself to it.

They have deceived themselves, then in their systems of Association, as

their systems of incoherent industry; their means are evidently illusory. This is a presumption in favor of a theory opposed to theirs, and operating in some weeks. If they do not accept the challenge, it will be a signal proof of their bad faith and their complete indifference to true social progress.

Let us warn them of the false position in which they place themselves. A single incident will reduce them all to a sudden recantation: as soon as some notable writer, anxious to play a great part, shall declare himself *doubtfully* for the examination and the trial, then the Zeiluses, finding themselves compromised, will think it best to retract in all haste, without waiting for a trial which would cover them with ridicule. The critics of Columbus were confounded, when the confessor of Isabel, more judicious than the savans, advised a trial; the calumniating clique was instantly broken up.

Here the hesitating part would be much the safest for a writer; for Columbus ran two risks, shipwreck in unknown seas, and the danger of a false route and fruitless search; but in the experiment of industrial attraction there will be, instead of risk, the guarantee of enormous profit in all cases. In proposing this trial, a writer supported by the precept of Descartes, DOUBT AND EXPERIENCE, will obtain the most brilliant success. He will be in politics what Saint Augustine was in religion: he will overthrow the false gods of science, the tottering edifice of philosophy; he will be the apostle of the social metamorphosis. I shall allude again to the high fortune which this part will realize to the orator.

(1.) *The Owenists.*—We should transcribe the excellent things of this chapter with less pain had our author spoken of that sincere and indefatigable philanthropist, Robert Owen, in terms of kindness to him, however he might judge his system, or his want of system. His condemnation is sweeping and unsparing. Yet we think it is not to be set down to personal feeling, so much as to want of patience with anything like social organization without science, and attempts at harmony without order. Fourier's genius ran so much in that vein of tracing a serial law in all things; it had become so much the habit of his mind to observe the mathematical conditions of variety in unity, that nothing was so offensive to him as mere sentiment without science, or the mere blind instinct of liberty without order. To these things his soul was even morbidly sensitive, as a nice ear is to discords. Chaos and confusion were the offence against which his whole life and thought did battle. He saw enough of them in the present arrangements of society, which he labored to supplant by the true unitary temple of Humanity, built according to the divine order of architecture, whose laws he had profoundly and successfully explored. The discord, of course, became the more unendurable, as it bordered the more closely on his harmonies. Chaos and incoherence in civilization were all in the

natural course of things; but chaos and want of any science or perception of divine order in a scheme to regenerate society, was too much for him. And to see this scheme popular; to see the confidence with which it was announced to rulers and to people, and the eagerness with which it was caught up, while he could find no one to look with him at those glorious tables of the Law from which the SOCIAL SCIENCE and a perfect vision of the future harmony of Man, in characters of light, flashed in upon his solitary studies—to mark this contrast was irritating even to as great a mind as his.

In justice to Mr. Owen it should be said, that he finally abandoned New Lanark, for the very reason which Fourier brings against it; namely, the impossibility of obtaining more land in the neighborhood; and that he constantly disclaims any pretension to an illustration of his system, either in New Lanark, New Harmony, or any of the other "Communities" which have sprung up during his lifetime.

Meanwhile how plainly does this weakness, if it be a weakness, of Fourier prove the folly of the charge so often brought against him, of being a disorganizer and of aiming at universal license. His love of order is his "weak point," as the saying is: it is there that he is most sensitive, even to the degree of sometimes forgetting his equanimity and general kindness of nature. The greatest eye-sore in the world to him, next to hydra-headed civilized duplicity, which he knew too well to attack one of its heads at a time, was any random, headlong scheme of innovation, any desperate plunge for liberty, which always reaps the retribution of restraints ten times more arbitrary than were known before.

(2.)—*Liberty in Love.* As translators and commentators, our business is not to defend or call in question Fourier's ideas; it is simply to place the author and his system in a true light, to bring them palpably before our readers: let them judge. In translating him we do not identify ourselves with him. We do not feel called upon to compare our own opinions with his, for the benefit of the public, as we go along; nor is our silence to be taken for assent. It does however properly fall within the translator's province to try to make his author understood, and to guard him from being misunderstood. We are interested that justice should be done to him, and justice in two respects:

1. Justice to the special ideas under consideration, that they pass for what they are and nothing more.

2. Justice to the social doctrine as a whole, that it be not prejudiced by the

questionableness of a part, which may be separable from the main body. "He says some strange things; here is a notion that is evidently wild: here is another that is quite immoral, exceedingly dangerous if it should be put in practice: therefore I'll none of his philosophy; how is it possible that he should know anything?" Is that sound logic? If applied to every writer, how many books would be read? none certainly, but those which contain nothing, or which only harp upon old truisms till they sound worse than nothing. "Were I ever so sick I would not buy one of your drugs, for there are some poisons on your shelves." Why not say this, as well as reject truth, which is the medicine of the mind, because its discoverer may be also subject to imaginations and errors? "He loves wine and women; and he gambles: his politics therefore are false; he shall not be my oracle on the subject of Corn Laws, Tariff, or Sub-treasury; let the nation perish before I listen to one of his speeches." What would become of Whig or Tory, if they judged their great statesmen by this principle? "But Solomon had many wives, and David's eye once wandered; how can there be any truth in such a book?" Well, then, shall we fling away the Bible? Did you judge the Declaration of Independence by Jefferson's religious orthodoxy? As you answer these questions, so are you bound to answer this: Whether Fourier's peculiar notions of the relations of the sexes as they will be after a total reorganization of society, and after the experience of several generations in a life of harmony, integral activity and truth in all relations—whether these notions, be they right or wrong, are to be brought in evidence against his whole science of Attractive Industry and Social Unity?

The observation will not hold here that Love and Marriage are the type and regulator of society always, and that a scheme, a science of society, which is false or wanting on that subject, must be worthless altogether. For Fourier proposes no change in our Marriage system. He only aims to organize attractive industry, of which he holds the science. In this way he would peacefully supersede old wrongs, and convert the duplicity and strife of human interests and passions into a state of harmony and truth, which would be Heaven on earth. As to Love and Marriage he only says, that after the reign of perfect purity and truth and harmony and love and justice shall be established; after all the other relations of mankind shall be set right; after business and politics shall be made to conform with the moral law written in the heart; then the relations of the sexes will be very different from what they now are;



then there will be truth in love also : then marriages will be real marriages ; and liberty, so far as it is necessary, will be pure and safe. He occasionally indulges himself in pictures of this state of things. They may be fanciful, or they may be rational predictions. But they are stated not as things to be aimed at, but only as consequences which he supposes will follow — what ? an artificial arrangement of his own suggestion ? No ; but any state of things which shall be a *true* state : that is, any state of things in which truth and justice and holiness and the highest spiritual and moral elevation shall take the place of the universal lies, oppression, sensuality and degradation which are now the rule.

The passage to which this note refers, although so brief, is very apropos to the newspaper controversy now raging on this subject. Fourier's statement here is two-fold.

1. Here is a negative statement. He denies the propriety of unlicensed liberty in love. At the expense of some seeming intolerance to Mr. Owen, he exclaims against it with great indignation. He says that man has no claim to the title of discoverer or to the confidence of the world, who advocates such absurdities as "community of property, absence of divine worship, and *rash abolition of marriage*." This is enough. Those who charge him with a licentious intent, can never again do so with candor, after having read this statement. Whatever he may advocate, it is not unbridled freedom. Lawlessness, promiscuousness, confounding of distinctions, headlong simplistic energy of any passion, without proper counterpoises, is the one thing most abhorrent to his very soul. It was because he saw these hellish spirits all so rife in what we call our civilization, here in the shape of decent, secretly-consuming lies, and there in open violence, turning all Christendom into a frightful pandemonium, that he sought a remedy, and sought so honestly that he found the very law and science of the thing, which, inasmuch as it is Law, *must* sooner or later reign.

2. Here is a positive statement. His remarks imply that there should be liberty, but *organized*, divinely governed liberty. By liberty he means not license ; but he means the harmonious development of all the faculties and passions, which make up individual or collective man. For he, like Swedenborg, regards society, the human race collectively, as one complete Man ; perfect only in the perfect organization and subordination of all its faculties and members.

He says there should be liberty, for without it there can be no truth. He calls the workings of the present system

of legalized restraints to witness. His criticism of civilized marriage, in the *Treatise on Universal Unity* alluded to, is as irrefutable as it is appalling and disgusting in its expositions. But all this, he says, is "not a reason for suppressing marriage ;" it is only a reason for "reducing it to a methodical scale, for establishing in marriages a regular series comprising seven degrees, &c." And he proceeds to hint of two degrees ; whether he has ever constructed the whole series of seven, we are not aware. But in this observe the law of his mind, the method of his thinking upon every subject. He traced the series in every thing ; throughout all of nature's creations, and correspondingly in the distribution of passions and characters among men, and in the organized relations of men, he never found monotony the rule, but always graduated variety, at least a seven-toned scale or octave of beautiful harmonious differences. Did he look at this law too long, until it stamped itself on his brain, like the impression of a bright object steadily viewed in the sun, until its figure stood between him and every thing he saw ? And was it a mere sacrifice to the rigid consistency of science, real or presumed, which led him to conclude, that in love human natures were formed for all degrees of constancy, and not all for one precise law ? Let the reader judge when he shall be better qualified than we are. Enough to say, that if it be a *law*, and not a fact too indiscriminately transferred from one sphere or series into another, then it must hold good in all things ; and that at all events it was not a very wicked imagination, although it might have been a hasty one, which reasoned from the conversion of discordant varieties into richest harmony by means of the series or scale in music, to a similar conversion in the spheres of all the passions.

His system therefore has two poles : liberty, or the not stifling of whatsoever has a right to live, and order, or the not allowing it to clash with other living agencies. These two poles he seeks to coördinate ; and in fact one pole is inconceivable without two. It is the want of order *now* which suffers nothing to live, but reduces the creation of the all-wise God to the practical absurdity of giving existence to that which has no liberty of existing. To remove this practical absurdity and restore this order was the one aim of Fourier's studies. To say, there must be order, that there may be liberty in love, is the same thing as to say there must be order, that there may be love at all. How can there be this order ?

He does not proceed to organize Love at once. On the contrary, he declares,

that many other things, and in short all other things, must be ordered first. "Even if we understood the nine degrees to be established in marriage, we should still have to understand and organize a state of things which would furnish counterpoises and guarantees against the abuse of liberty." "It will not be till after thirty years' experience of universal harmony, that men will have occasion to occupy themselves with the question." "Love and Paternity are the last passions which can be brought under the regime of truth." Let his modifications of marriage be what they will, this certainly is postponing them to a very safe distance in point of time, and it is making them consequent upon conditions, which if they could follow, they must necessarily be right and safe. We see then he is for trying no experiments in this matter. He is for knocking away no established bulwarks against the pent up floods of licentiousness, although he shows innumerable points at which the imprisoned stream is secretly rotting and leaking through the soundest barriers which civilized morality can impose. He proposes to do nothing about it. The reformation will come just so soon as society ceases to be a lie and becomes a truth ; just so soon as the law of selfishness and individual antagonism is done away in industry and the business of life ; so soon as truth, justice and real liberty, which is harmonious and healthy life is every faculty of every being, shall have become established ; so soon as peace and love and happiness shall reign, and universal unity shall have drawn together the elements of its glorious symphonic temple out of the crying confusion of this great chaos of false notes, false by position, by perversion, not by nature. Here is a work which will not be accomplished in a day. And yet its day is near. To conjecture or predict what sort of marriage or substitute for marriage will follow that great day, is a very different thing from that with which Fourier and his followers are charged, namely, with endeavoring to alter the present customs of society in that respect. There are religious sects holding abstemiousness among the chief of virtues, who interpret literally the saying of Christ : "In heaven there will be neither marrying nor giving in marriage." And if the kingdom of heaven is ever to come on the earth, (and heaven is harmony,) what change too great to anticipate in every human relation, and why, these religionists might say, shall not the purity of man correspond to the purity of angels ?

In conclusion, Fourier's doctrine on this subject, may be summed up in a word :

1. No truth in love or marriage without liberty.



2. No liberty without order, even God's order.

3. No order, liberty, or truth in love without a divine order of society first, which shall reconcile all human interests, do away with all the duplicities and conflicts of modern civilization, and make the very industry and pleasures of daily life an ever varied round of holy worship.

Finally, let not Associationists, as such, be held responsible for any ideas which Fourier may have upon this subject. The class of persons who are laboring to establish Association according to his ideas of industry made attractive by the serial law, have for the most part evinced little curiosity about his speculations upon Love and Marriage; while of those who have read them, it is doubtful if there be so much as one who is ready to accept them and endorse them all. The wisest course perhaps, is not to judge, but confessing the whole subject too vast and difficult for us, and too remote in its application, to hold it in suspense. As a matter of fact, so far as we are informed, the sublime ideas of Swedenborg respecting love, whether they be the opposite of Fourier's in principle or only in appearance,—the most religious view of love that ever was expressed, which represents it as the meeting of two souls inwardly and from forever destined to be the complement of each other's being,—this is quite as commonly the cherished and congenial view among believers in the social unity of man, as is the view of Fourier.

(3.)—*The fathers and husbands of society &c.* In other places Fourier includes the matrons in this catalogue, and universally he declares that in the true order Woman, in her collective capacity, and by divine right, shall legislate in all affairs relating to the union of the sexes.

(4.)—*Obscurantism.* In the *Theory of Universal Unity* Fourier divides the philosophers who have imposed their fruitless systems on the world into two classes, the dupes and the pretenders. "For we cannot do less than consider as dupes those who have believed that civilization was the true destiny of man, and that it was necessary to perfect it, instead of seeking the way out from it." "We shall name Sophists *Expectants* all those writers who have, since Socrates, invoked a light which they confessed themselves unable to find in their own science; and we shall designate by the title of *Sophists Obscurants* all those characters who boast their specific of perfectibility, although very well convinced of its impotence themselves." The *obscurants* are those who declare that there is nothing new under the sun, and pretend that no-

thing remains to be discovered, "that their science has perfectibilized all perfectible perfectibilities."

## REVIEW.

*Columbian Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine.* Edited by JOHN INMAN and ROBERT A. WEST. August, 1846. Vol. VI. Number 2. New York: Israel Post, 141 Nassau Street. pp. 96.

Patriotic and critical writers have in times past lamented the want of an "American" literature. It is time for such complaints to cease. Let our friends be consoled; let their grief turn to gladness and their fears to felicitations. Here we have the thing "*in proprio personio*!" American all over and all through, outside and inside, from beginning to end. No paltry imitation this of the foreign article. It is of home invention and manufacture, "national," and nothing else, being totally unlike any other literature that the world has now, ever had, or, we hope, ever will have.

Nor is the *Columbian* the sole child of this new literature; it has many children. As far as numbers go it certainly cannot be accused of sterility. Among the animal tribes there are instances of remarkable fecundity, but not the most fruitful can boast an offspring more numerous than this family of magazines. What rank among them is held by the *Columbian* we profess not to know nor indeed does it matter much. Enough that they are birds of a feather; the length of their tails and the variety of their hues we leave to the curious in those branches of knowledge.

To the making of a "*Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine*," there go a variety of materials, the chief of which is puffing. Like the rolls and flourishes of drums and trumpets, which on the stage usher in some army of half a dozen blockheads armed with tin-pointed spears, the god-fathers and nurses of this youthful literature make no stint of preliminary noise. Modesty is a quality unknown to them, truth something they never heard of. The next material in the compound is an occasional article from the pen of some really clever writer,—a story by Mrs. CHILD or Miss SEDGWICK, or a poem by LONGFELLOW or LOWELL. These serve as capital to boast on, and as salt for the mass of unmitigated trash, the fifth rate sentimentality, and tenth rate moralizing, which in prose and verse make out the rest. The whole is done up in fancy covers, things called engravings are stitched in with pictures of fashions and perhaps a little music; the "judicious and impartial" critics of the daily press go into raptures over it, and a large number of silly girls and brainless youths swell its subscription lists and hang with de-

light over its pages. Heaven protect us from such a literature!

The prospectus of the new volume of the *Columbian*, which adorns the inside of its cover, is a fine example of the *modus operandi* which this class of humbugs generally employ. We quote a few sentences.

"Without boasting, (for we have ever left that to our cotemporaries,) the work has obtained an enviable celebrity.

"OF THE LITERARY PART OF THE WORK we can say with truth, that we have led the way in bestowing the utmost solicitude and treasure upon that department. There has been in this country an apparent race between publishers as to which should cater most successfully in producing the *greatest number* of illustrations.

"WE CLAIM THE HONOR of at all times counseling against such a course, and of having dared to spend the most money on the *quality* of the embellishments and on the literary department. This was seen and appreciated by the public, and soon discovered by our competitors, who felt themselves losing ground, and they are now following our lead.

"We are glad of it. It will raise the standard of our literature. Embellishments are desirable, if given in the highest style of the art, so as to form the taste and inspire a love of the excellent, otherwise not. They are invaluable, if original, and representing persons and scenes in our history and literature, in which our hearts are bound up, and to which memory ever recurs with delight. One such engraving is worth a score of those that are thrown off in some magazines, as if the QUANTITY without reference to QUALITY, could be successfully substituted in place of original design and beauty, nationality, and the most costly finish.

"WE CLAIM THE HONOR OF INTRODUCING THIS CLASS OF EMBELLISHMENTS—and we promise to continue them—and we feel a pride in not having yet broken a promise, whatever others may have done. While we do this, we lavish our money MOST FREELY upon our AUTHORS, who enable us to publish THE VERY BEST LITERARY MAGAZINE IN THIS, AND PERHAPS ANY OTHER COUNTRY.

"Our authors like independence of judgment; they understand and applaud it. Thanks to them, for it shows they join us in our efforts to raise the standard of our national literature. Each article published in this Magazine, is subjected to two readings by different judges: and only when their judgments of its merits agree, is it allowed to appear. This has given it the enviable reputation it has obtained, of never containing an article devoid of interest and literary merit."

### "IN THE NEXT VOLUME

will appear a series of engravings, the like of which has not appeared in this country.

"THE STIRRING EVENTS OF THE WAR have been seized upon by our artists, who have now in different stages of progress, splendid and graphic representations of the intrepid achievements of our heroes in arms. The mortally wounded and immortal

### "MAJOR RINGGOLD AND HIS NOBLE CHARGER,

and the surrounding battle scene, will appear in August, in one of Saddy's inimitable mezzotints, drawn by Matteson.

"We have not room here to foreshadow our designs in this department. Suffice it to say, that one of our engravings costs, and is worth more than all that appear in some of the magazines."

Now then, let us spend a moment in looking through "the very best magazine in this and *perhaps any other* country;" such a prodigy ought not to be passed by without examination. The first engraving depicts the death of Major Ringgold and the battle of Palo Alto; it may be a representation of that event; we hope it is; it would be a pity that it should have no merit of any kind. The

next is called a "Legend of Chelsea Hospital;" Charles II. and Nell Gwyn figure in it. The artist in this picture corrects an error which has crept into history; we see that Nell Gwyn, who, as we have understood, was a person of some beauty, was in fact, plainer if anything than a Dutch dairy woman. We are glad to have the matter set right.

We have neither space nor time to go over the list of articles; the best is by H. T. Tuckerman; Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Anna Blackwell, and Fanny Forrester each contribute poems, all of which seem to us more true than original in sentiment, or perfect in form and expression. The remainder consists of the usual namby pamby.

The most disgusting feature of this system of *magazinery* is the assumption it constantly puts forth, of being designed for *ladies*, and of representing in some way, the women of the country. This is either the worst of insults or the most disgraceful of facts, and in either case we wonder how women who have learned in any degree to know the true dignity of their sex, can be parties to it. The words which in these times Woman should address to Woman, should be like the mountain air, clear and bracing, coming down from the heights nearest Heaven. Away with this mawkish vapidity, this puny sentiment, and let the Woman of this age speak, divine, original, aspiring, radiant with a severe loveliness! And at least let not those who know what woman should be, lend themselves, for the sake of temporary satisfactions of any kind, to publications whose chief tendency is to belittle and weaken her.

Our remarks are not aimed at the Columbian especially, which is about as good as any of its compeers. All of them deal in the same wares and operate in the same manner; all are alike a disgrace to literature, and a hindrance to generous culture. They stultify the taste of their readers and propagate a sickly and sickening sentimentalism. They increase and perpetuate the moral and intellectual inanity from which they derive their support. *Pereant omnes!*

*Voyages of Discovery and Research within the Arctic Regions, from the year 1818 to the Present Time.* By Sir JOHN BARROW, Bart. F. R. S. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1846. pp. 359.

This is a summary of the various narratives of English expeditions to the Arctic Regions which for the last twenty-five years have excited the interest of Christendom, and added so much to the stores of natural science. It does justice to the courage, perseverance, and skill of the brave and adventurous men who were engaged in those perilous undertakings, and preserves, in a brief form, the history

of their trials and achievements. While it awards the highest praise to Parry, Franklin, Richardson, James Ross, and Back, it handles with merciless severity the pretensions of Sir John Ross, whose honors are made out to be wholly undeserved.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is that which relates Parry's attempt to reach the Pole over the ice to the north of Spitzbergen. The party went as far as eighty-two degrees forty-five minutes, when they were compelled to give up the enterprise, on account of the state of the ice, and the fact that the sub-glacial current carried them back during their periods of rest farther than they could advance when they were in motion.

The following interesting fact is narrated by Parry.

"The circumstance of the Aphis borealis having been found on floating floes of ice on the Polar Sea, at one hundred miles distance from the nearest known land, and as far north as eighty-two and three-quarters degrees, renders it in a more than ordinary degree interesting. As the one it resembles seeds on the silver fir, so it is supposed that the floating trees of fir that are to be found so abundantly on the shores and to the northward of Spitzbergen might possibly be the means by which this insect has been transported to the northern regions."

"Perhaps so," adds Sir John Barrow, "but it may be asked, By what possible means were the *firs* thus transported?"

Sir John suggests the following plan for reaching the pole.

"It would consist of two small ships similar to those which, after three years' service in the Antarctic Seas, are now engaged in the ice of the North Polar Seas; they should be sent in the early spring along the western coast of Spitzbergen, where usually no impediment exists, as far up as eighty degrees; take every opportunity of proceeding directly to the north, where, about eighty-two degrees, Parry has told us, the large floes had disappeared, and the sea there was found to be loaded only with loose, disconnected, small masses of ice, through which ships would find no difficulty in sailing though totally unfit for boats dragging; and as this loose ice was drifting to the southward, he farther says, that before the middle of August a ship might have sailed up to the latitude of eighty-two degrees almost without touching a piece of ice. It is not then, unreasonable to expect, that beyond that parallel, even as far as the Pole itself, the sea would be free of ice during the six summer months of perpetual sun through each of the twenty-four hours, which, with the aid of the current, would in all probability destroy and dissipate the Polar ice.

"If, then, on the return of Sir John Franklin's ships, the screw-propeller applied to each should have been found to answer, a fair opportunity would be afforded of deciding the question. The trial would soon be made, and, from the experience of Parry, would be made without danger of loss to ships or men, for it is probable they would not have any ice-bound shores to contend with. The distance from Hakluyt's Headland to the Pole is six hundred geographical miles. Granting the ships to make only

twenty miles in twenty-four hours (on the supposition of much sailing-ice to go through), even in that case it would require but a month to enable the explorer to put his foot on the pivot or point of the axis on which the globe of the earth turns; remain there a month, if necessary, to obtain the sought-for information, and then, with a southerly current, a fortnight, probably less, would bring him back to Spitzbergen.

"To such as may venture to raise their feeble objections against this, and other daring enterprises if not attended with the prospect of probable profit, let them receive the answer given by that brave old navigator, Sir Martin Frobisher, when attempts were made by his friends to dissuade him from engaging in the discovery of a northwest passage: "It is the only thing in the world that is left yet undone whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate." We may still say, "The North Pole is the only thing in the world about which we know nothing; and that want of all knowledge ought to operate as a spur to adopt the means of wiping away that stain of ignorance from this enlightened age."

We confess that we watch every attempt like this with peculiar attention. We are among those who believe that no region of the earth is destined to remain forever uninhabitable. We cannot conceive that the circumstances which shut Man out of so large a part of his heritage are in their nature permanent. — The ices of the poles, and the fatal heats and miasmas of the tropics, are alike only temporary perversions destined to disappear before the Unity of the Race. With the integral cultivation of the globe, those excesses of climate which make the scourge of so large a part of its surface, will cease, and the powers of nature come into friendly accord with Man. Then the ways of God will be justified, and His Providence act unopposed in Nature through its true medium and instrument, a Divine Social Order in Humanity.

*An Oration delivered before the Authorities of the City of Boston, in the Tremont Temple, July 4th., 1846.* By FLETCHER WEBSTER. Boston: 1846. J. H. Eastburn, City Printer. pp. 33.

This might be thought a tolerably creditable production for a college sophomore, but is not quite equal to the place or the occasion on which it was delivered. In all the qualities proper to such a performance it is a sad falling off from its predecessors, and sheds no very lustrous honor on the body who have brought it before the public. Amongst its weak and sometimes laughable assertions and reasonings there is, however, occasionally a glimpse of good sense like the following. Mr. Webster has been speaking of the beauty of the idea of universal peace and the abolition of physical violence.

"Could there be some means of reaching such a condition pointed out to us, which we could act upon, it would become us at once to make the attempt. We approve the object heartily, every body approves it, the whole world desires it; our education and our religion teach us to

hope and pray that such an event may at last arrive."

There is one way in which this condition may be reached, a way plain, practicable, demonstrated by science, beginning at the right end and leading by sure steps to the goal. That way is the organization of one township on the principles of justice to man, of social harmony and industrial attraction. To establish universal peace among nations, and introduce the Kingdom of Love upon the earth we need not begin by the political transformation of empires. Let us show the example of a single community without war in any of its forms and it will conquer the world. This is the way and the only way in which war can be completely abolished, as we hold ourselves ready to demonstrate upon any ground whatever. Does it not then become all sincere men earnestly to examine if this be true, and if it be so "at once to make the attempt?"

*The Swedenborg Library*, Nos. 23 and 24. New York: John Allen. Boston: Otis Clapp. 1846. pp. 66.

The present is an extra number of this series, containing an essay on the Last Judgment, the name of whose author is not given. It combats with conclusive arguments the ordinary idea that there is to be a day of judgment, attended by the destruction of the physical universe, and maintains the doctrine that the last judgment is a spiritual crisis in the church, falling not very far from the present time.

It would be difficult to conceive a more preposterous idea than that which has been generally entertained with regard to the end of the world. A planet, or a universe is a natural growth as much as an animal or a tree. Like all other things it has its origin, its periods of vigor and of decay, and its end, in regular and orderly succession, and any theory which fails to perceive this truth is at least exceedingly defective. It is almost needless to say, that the theology of Swedenborg is free from any such imperfection. We advise those of our readers who are not acquainted with his doctrine on this point to read this pamphlet.

*Recollections of Mexico*. By WADDY THOMPSON. Fourth Edition. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1846. pp. 304.

The fact that this is the fourth edition of Mr. Thompson's "Recollections" within a few months is evidence at least of a very general curiosity about Mexico. We are happy however to say, that the book has not succeeded through the force of circumstances alone. It is one of the most readable volumes that we have lately laid our hand on.

*The Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England; with a Treatise on the Popular Progress in English History*. By JOHN FORSTER, of the Inner Temple. Edited by J. O. CHOWLES. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1846. No. 1. pp. 96. To be completed in Five Numbers.

We are glad to see this truly valuable work added to the catalogue of cheap American publications. Without endorsing or even discussing Mr. Forster's opinions on topics of historical controversy, we would do ample justice to the clearness and strength of his style, his habits of patient and profound research, his general candor and fairness, his ready insight into character, and the felicitous and discriminating manner of his sketches. It is good to contemplate the history of those sturdy, robust souls, which were nurtured in an atmosphere of noble ideas, before commercial selfishness had dwarfed and degraded the character to the contemptible standard of the present mammon-worshipping age. Read of the strivings and doings of these heroic spirits, O wretched idolaters of the Exchange, and let the blush of conscious ignominy burn your cheeks as with coals of fire.

*Philosophical Theories and Philosophical Experience*. By A. PARIKH. From the Second London Edition. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. 1846. pp. 69.

This little book is written with great vigor and originality of style, and may be read with profit by all persons capable of reflection. Though we do not think its views by any means conclusive, they are well stated. The deductions from them with reference to the existing relations of society are undeniable. The author shows clearly that Christianity, philanthropy and practical justice alike demand a wide-reaching reform. If the succeeding volumes of the series are equal to the present we hope they will meet with a wide circulation.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

George P. Reed, 17 Tremont Row, Boston, has lately published:

1. *Variations on the March in Othello*. By HENRI HERZ. Op. 67. pp. 19.
2. *Twenty-four Studies for the Left Hand*. Composed for the Piano-forte by CH. CZERNY. Op. 718. In three numbers. pp. 27.
3. *Overture to Alessandro Stradella*. By F. VON FLOROW. Arranged for the Piano by A. L. DE RIBAS.

HERZ and CZERNY! the two grand masters in the mighty finger-drill which rages all over Europe, in every metropolis and ambitious province of music's realm, and which even musters many adroit digits on this side of the ocean.

And, by the way, that word *adroit* (French, *a droit*), was not so bad; for the left hand is so drilled as not to know itself from the right. This is the era of mechanical expansion. The human race has turned its energies to making tools; for what ends it will use them appears not yet, unless to a prophetic few who dare to believe that man has a destiny upon this globe beyond the present hour. We are training our material faculties, developing our material resources. Instead of leading great lives, we are "doing a great business;" instead of making characters and men, we are making machines, and even making machines of men. And so it is in the Fine Arts. The sentiment which first created them for its own expression, seems to have moulded, painted, builded, and sung itself out, *for the present*, and is now awaiting a new era, another stage in the development of Humanity, in preparation for which of course the material basis must be laid first. In the sphere of the useful, man must multiply his natural hands and fingers by inventing and constructing every sort of machinery; in the sphere of the Beautiful, expression, poetry, sentiment give way for the time, while the *material* of each Art is being elaborated with astonishing devotion and effect. Especially so in music. How to get out all there is in an instrument, how to make fingers and nerves perform the utmost of their capability: these are the two problems; and most heroically are they being solved. Piano-fortes and fingers, grown so capable, so craving of fresh difficulties, actually employ a corps of talent of no mean order to compose *for them*; and the published *opera* (opuscula!) of Herz and Czerny count up to seven or eight hundred, where Beethoven's only reached a hundred and thirty. They are useful in their way; but their music is to the real music of the soul, only what rail-roads and steam-engines and our so-called "improvements," are to the real improvement of man.

We do not speak to find fault or condemn. On the contrary we shall sincerely recommend the works above named, as highly useful to those who will consider *what* use should be made of them.

No. 1, if we may judge by the fragments of symphony which are sketched in, in smaller notes, between the Variations and at the Introduction of the piece, was intended as a Concerto for piano-forte and orchestra; one of those labored brilliancies which are got up to display an instrument and a principal performer in a concert-room, the noble orchestra consenting to serve as feeble back-ground, and noisy and unnoticed foil and interlude in the breathing-spells of the furiously

toiling virtuoso. It is not so difficult as many of them are, and yet it challenges quick eye-sight, and light fingers, and strong wrists.

As to the introduction, the orchestral part is about as good as similar openings to most of these show pieces, sufficiently chromatic, sufficiently varied in its movement, to indicate that it ought to mean something. The pianist sets off with a gay sprinkling of shooting stars and all sorts of fire-works, closing with an indefinite quantity of *cadenza*—all very pretty and very well. Then comes the March from "Othello," a solid, stately, proper sort of March,—the best thing in the nineteen pages, of course, for it is Rossini's; and the orchestral *Tutti* wind it up with something original and strong.

Now the Variations which are supposed to be more original yet, are three in number; the first two full of motion, (*piu mosso*; *con velocita*), and the third full of expression (*con moll' espressione*), labelled as a staid *Andantino*, though it flutters perpetually as if to fly away and outstrip the *piu mossos*; and finally its ethereal quality can no longer contain itself and it bursts into a million sparkles like a rocket, glittering and twinkling and playing all manner of gambols under license of another indefinite *cadenza*. All three of these form a very clever sort of musical pyrotechnics; but why they are called Variations, is as hard to answer as that question nearly always is of things so named. The two first are indeed variations, in one sense, of the March; they keep the general outline of its melodic phrases, however frizzled and sophisticated; but the March is bold and grand and solid, while the Variations are of the very airiest species of whip-syllabub. Now Variations did once have a meaning. Variations appertain to whatsoever has life, naturally flow out of every good thing. If you have a good thought, what is all your thinking but so much variation of it, developing it, expanding it, and drawing out its proper inferences, till it becomes complete and glorified in its own surroundings? What is the growth of a plant but variations from its germ? Just so in music; a happy theme haunts the composer, and cleaves to him with such a power that he cannot leave it. Still his inventive activity goes on, and out of his theme keeps evolving more and more, in perfect unity with it, yet ever new and varied; identical in sentiment, in spirit, but wondrously transformed in outward figure. Study Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, the one that contains the funeral March, and learn what Variations are. There are no mere mechanical *risaccamientos* of the theme, suggested by an idle fancy *ab extra* and not possessed, enkindled by the theme; each Variation is only

a worthy and exalted reproduction of the solid, solemn, and religious strain, which could not exhaust itself in its first form, and craved these changes, each as solemn and religious as itself. True Variations are like the variations of the same human face under the changing moods of some one thought or passion; but those of Herz and others, are childish attempts to alter the expression of a marble bust by decking it with filagree and ribbons.

We trust, then, that no one will use this piece for the improvement of his or her musical taste, or for the nourishing and quickening of deep sentiments in the soul, the proper ministry of music. But it may be very useful as an exercise, by which to acquire rapidity, versatility and ease in performance. And it may be useful in the way of pleasure, such as one can very properly afford himself sometimes in going to see fire-works. The pleasure to the performer must be greater than to the hearer, since he can renew the sense of triumph over difficulties, and reproduce the glow of the intense exercise of nerves and muscles. But may none be so foolish as to practice music of this stamp alone.

5. Czerny's exercises for the left hand we shall not criticise as compositions; for they are only exercises. And yet they are very pleasing exercises, such as one can repeat many times without weariness, and feel the left hand gradually overtaking the right in the power and individuality of each of its fingers, and in lightness, which depends so much on power.

3. The Overture to Stradella gave very general satisfaction to the audiences of the Boston Academy of Music. There is a good deal of meat in its opening and more solid passages,—the successive themes are cleverly developed one from another,—the harmonies rich, and the modulations varied without confusion. But the lighter movement towards the end is rather common-place. Signor Ribas is doubtless qualified to arrange it.

## POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

### MIDNIGHT.

BY W. W. STORY.

Midnight in the sleeping city! Clanking hammers beat no more;  
For a space the hum and tumult of the busy day are o'er.

Streets are lonely and deserted, where the sickly lamp-lights glare,  
And the steps of some late passer only break the silence there.

Round the grim and dusky houses gloomy shadows nestling cower,  
Night hath stifled life's deep humming into slumber for an hour.

Sullen furnace fires are glowing over in the suburbs far,  
And the lamp in many a homestead shineth like an earthly star.

O'er the hushed and sleeping city, in the cloudless sky above,  
Never-fading stars hang watching in eternal peace and love.

Earth's night-cone of shadows stretches far away in silent space,  
And the nearest stars are gleaming as across its path they trace.

There a misty track of star-dust whitens through the upper night,  
Where a myriad systems travel through the pathless infinite.

From their deep, unfathomed distance where the groping mind is lost,  
Vague, mysterious greeting send they when by earth's night shadow crossed.

Ever night and day are present in our planet's whirling flight;  
Chasing still the shade of evening, steals the morning rim of light;

Ever chasing, never reaching, like a wild impetuous youth  
Who pursues the dream of Beauty and the ideal form of Truth.

Indian palms with shady blessing bask within the tropic day,  
While the midnight's swift auroras on the polar icebergs play;

So in changeful alternation ever more the heart doth move,  
And while half in sorrow lieth, half is sleeping sunned by Love.

Life is never quite unclouded, nor its circle wholly fair—  
But the morning Hope still creepeth on the shadow of Despair.

Years and centuries have vanished, change hath come to bury change,  
But the silent constellations in their measured beauty range.

Great Orion's starry girdle—Berenice's golden hair—  
Ariadne's crown of splendor—Cassiopeia in her chair;

Sirius, the never-moving—and the clustering Pleiad train—  
Aldebaran's mystic beauty, Pegasus and Charles' wain;

They are circling calm as ever on their seen but hidden path,  
As when mystic watchers saw them with the reverent eye of Faith.

So unto the soul benighted, lofty stars there are that shine  
Far above the mists of error with a changeless light divine.

Lofty souls of old beheld them burning in life's shadowy night,  
And they still are undecaying mid a thousand centuries' flight.

Love and Truth, whose light and blessing every reverent heart may know,  
Mercy, Justice, which are pillars that support this life below;

These, in sorrow, and in darkness, in the inmost soul we feel

As the sure, undying impress of the Almighty's burning seal.

Though unsolved the mighty secret, which shall thread the perfect whole,

And unite the finite nature unto the eternal soul,—

We shall one day clearly see it—for the soul a time shall come,

When enfranchised and unburdened, thought shall be its only home;—

And these fitful intimations, glancing on our feeble sight,

Truth shall gather to the circle of its own majestic light.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 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 OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

The progress which industry has made in the last half century is certainly in many respects a subject of congratulation. The miraculous achievements of mechanical genius, the increase of national wealth and the diffusion of the appliances of comfort and elegance are an honor to the ingenuity and energy of the age, as well as an intimation of still greater triumphs in the future, and a foundation for a higher order of human relations. In this point of view, it is impossible to look upon the march of productive labor without admiration. The beauty, perfection and cheapness of its creations, and the gigantic scale on which it is prosecuted alike transcend all previous conceptions of the power of man. Nothing in the past can be compared with the industry of the present. The activity of nations formerly perverted in war and destruction, or wasted in the useless inaction of peaceful ignorance, is now occupied in the production of substantial good, with the forces of obedient nature coöperating in the work. In the roar of some large factory is a prouder testimony to the supremacy of man over the outer world, and a surer evidence of the grandeur of his destiny than history has any record of. We do not listen to it without a thrill of pleasure as we think of the finite omnipotence which Humanity is destined to exercise upon the earth and the incalculable beauty and delight which it will create and enjoy.

But there is another side to the picture, which may well damp all our satisfaction. Beside the exploits of genius and the increase of wealth, there are facts standing in gloomy and startling relief which not

only create alarm for the present and doubt for the future, but appeal imperatively to the humane instincts of every heart. We see that national prosperity is no guaranty against destitution on the part of the majority of the people, and that the very laborer whose toils produce the riches that are the prop and boast of the state may starve while the means of almost unbounded luxury are passing through his hands. We see that the rich grow richer and the poor poorer, in equal proportions, and that the sufferings of the masses are aggravated in the precise ratio in which the means of satisfying every desire become more plentiful! And with this increasing poverty of the producing classes, new burdens are of course laid upon their backs. On them not even the mercy shown to animals is bestowed. The less their powers of endurance the more they must endure, into their most bitter cup is ever shed a new bitterness, beneath the lowest depth there is always a lower deep.

In the history of modern labor some of the darkest chapters are to be found in the reports of proceedings in the British Parliament. From them we learn to what fearful issues Civilization has arrived among our elder brethren of the free Saxon blood, and indeed through the whole of Europe, and what we ourselves have to expect from the sure operations of the same causes unless we are warned in time. What we have to expect do we say! The evil is not in the indefinite future; it is close at our doors if not already within them. The organization of labor for the benefit of the few, the subjugation of Man by Capital is an established fact amongst us. An Industrial Feudalism is building up on our republican soil, and converting free Americans into its cowering serfs. Shall it continue until it usurps the whole domain of manual labor and makes every laboring man its slave, or shall we resort to a preventive which will increase the amount of production, establish freedom and justice among all classes, and secure the rights not of one party or of one interest, but of all?

But let us glance for a moment at the statements made in the course of a recent debate in Parliament on a bill to limit the hours of labor in factories to ten.

Mr. COLQUHOUN supported the bill, which he maintained was for the interest of both employers and operatives. There was nothing to be feared by the manufacturers from competition with France and Austria, where the hours of work were from *seventy-eight to eighty-five*, as English laborers would produce more in sixty. As to the diminution in wages which a reduction would cause, it was stated in respect of that, that a reduction of one hour's labor would cause a loss to

the laborer of seven and a half per cent. on the amount of his wages, but according to the evidence of Mr. Leonard Horner, the Factory Commissioner, the weekly wages was 11s. 7d.; so that on the yearly earnings of £31, the reduction would be £2 4s., leaving him £28 16s. No doubt the manufacturers said they must protect their laborers from suffering any such reduction, but he would ask what was the loss those manufacturing operatives had sustained in consequence of competition? Why, according to Mr. Horner, from the year 1828 to 1841, the fall of wages in consequence of competition, was not seven, or seven and a half per cent., but was seventeen per cent! And the lowest reduction known was eleven per cent. In one mill in Manchester alone wages fell between the years 1828 and 1829, thirteen per cent!

Mr. COWPER also defended the measure and among other things said that perhaps, after all, the most rational ground of alarm was the prospect of that sad moral, physical, and mental deterioration to which considerable portions of his fellow-countrymen might fall. It was indeed a subject of serious alarm, that such a number of young persons should be daily launched into manhood and womanhood, without any of that education which was fitted to prepare them for the duties of life, without having undergone social training, but weakened in body and demoralized in mind, without respect for their superiors, without the love of goodness, without that knowledge of and reverence for the divine law, which was the surest guarantee for the security of the present social state, and which mainly conduced to the prosperity of the empire.

Mr. CRAWFORD supported the bill, on the ground that the prolonged hours of labor interfered with the education, morality, and all the social relations of the community. They were also producing a physical deterioration in the race of men who inhabited the manufacturing districts, as was proved by the constant complaints of the recruiting officers, who formerly got the best soldiers from them, and who now stated that the difficulty of obtaining tall and able-bodied men there was daily increasing.

In a subsequent debate on a bill regulating the labor of children in the lace factories, Mr. DUNCOMBE said, that in these factories children from six to eight years of age were employed and kept at labor all night! It might be said that their labor was not great; but many of them never saw their beds at all—they were obliged to lie down on the floor of their work-rooms and sleep as they could,—and those who lived in the immediate neighborhood of the factories, and were allowed to go home to their beds, were

raised up every two or three hours to wind up their bobbin machines! Mr. Doncombe wished to have a restriction put upon this night labor; SIXTEEN HOURS a day was he thought as long as the factories should be allowed to run. The life of the working man ought to be protected.

Sir JAMES GRAHAM opposed the bill on various grounds, among others, because he did not believe that the moral and physical condition of the working classes could be improved by any legislation which should permanently diminish the demand for their labor, and leave them in a state of hopeless destitution, instead of full employment. If Parliament interfered in the lace manufacture, it must also in the case of the pin-makers, the nail-makers, the fustian-cutters, and various other trades; and if it did so, it could not, in justice to the workmen, stop short of the establishment of a *minimum* of wages. The commencement of such a career would be the downfall of the manufacturing prosperity of England, and its termination would be the loss of her position among the nations of the earth.

Col. ROLLESTON said that the present system of non-interference with the lace trade was most injurious to the morals of the children engaged in it. As chairman of the quarter sessions for the district of Notis, he informed the house that a quarter sessions scarcely ever passed without some of these children being brought to the bar as criminals.

Sir ROBERT PEEL contended that such an interference in the hours of labor would be useless unless they were prepared at once to establish a *minimum* of wages, an assertion which hardly needs proof. If the hours of labor are limited, there must be some limitation to the decrease of wages, a thing most difficult if not impossible to establish by any arbitrary enactments. Civilized policy runs of necessity in a vicious circle, and all attempts at real improvement in the relations of labor, must defeat themselves as long as hostility of interests is the pervading law of society. The oppressions and evils under which the laboring classes suffer, cannot be remedied by mere limitations of hours or of wages, and if we trust in them we shall be disappointed. Only a peaceful and complete reform which shall bring Labor and Capital into unity, can reach the seat of the disease.

LECTURES ON ASSOCIATION IN SALEM, MASS., AND DOVER AND PORTSMOUTH, N. H. Messrs. CHANNING, BRISBANE, and DANA, addressed the citizens of Salem at the Lyceum Hall on Friday evening July 24th, on the present state of society and the necessity of a reform which shall establish unity of interests and practical

justice among men. They were listened to with interest and attention, and at the close of their speeches, they distributed a large quantity of tracts among the audience. We were sorry that a larger number were not present, but we do not doubt that the good effects of this meeting will appear on subsequent occasions. On the evening of Saturday following, Messrs. BRISBANE and DANA visited Dover, where they were gladly received by the zealous friends of the cause, and on Sunday evening they lectured in the Temple at Portsmouth to a large and intelligent audience, among whom were many firm believers in the Combined Order. A strong desire was here expressed as well as at Dover and Salem, to hear more prolonged and complete expositions of the theory. We trust that this wish may soon be gratified and that many faithful and enthusiastic adherents may be gained to the cause.

#### ATTACKS ON THE DOCTRINE OF ASSOCIATION.

Some Journals of the whig party among which the *N. Y. Courier and Enquirer*, *Express*, and *Buffalo Advertiser* are conspicuous, prompted by a sincere hatred for the Editor of the *Tribune* have recently devoted a good deal of space to attacks on the associative movement, of which that gentleman is well known to be a steady and earnest supporter. In this warfare they have been aided by the *New York Observer*, a religious paper of the Calvinistic school, of large circulation and great influence, actuated in the present case as must be hoped by other motives than those which envenom the columns of its coadjutors.

- These veracious journals, to which we shall hereafter pay our respects more fully, quote statements from the writings of Fourier which are not accepted by a single associationist to our knowledge, either in this country or elsewhere, and attempt to fasten them upon us! In respect to these writings we took our ground years ago, and have never varied from it. Nothing but the most wilful malignity could attempt in this way to falsify the position which the Associative school of this country, as well as of France, have again and again explicitly defined.

The editor of the *Tribune* in his rejoinder to their attacks, makes a clear and forcible statement of the true principles and purposes of the Reform we advocate, which we defy the most prejudiced and bitter adherent of existing perversions to impugn. He closes with the following eloquent paragraphs.

"Such is a rude sketch of the ideal of Association. Do you say that Human Nature is too depraved to permit its realization? Then let regenerated *Christian*

nature teach it how. Do you object to our *means* for effecting the desired renovation? Then devise better and commend them to general adoption as early and earnestly as possible. Do not stand quarreling with us about our way, but propound your own better way and push it forward. It must by this time be evident to all that new instrumentalities, new ideas, are essential to the realization of that Equal Right to Life, Liberty, and Happiness proclaimed in our Declaration of Independence and aspired to by the benevolent all over the world. Still the dark dens of Ignorance and the foul haunts of Sin cluster in the shadow of our moss-covered Churches; still Crime and Pauperism are advancing in this favored land of Light and Liberty; still millions toil for the most meagre subsistence, constantly haunted by the fear that the opportunity to toil will be withdrawn and all means of earning a livelihood denied them; still we see that radical Injustice and strong temptations to Crime are interwoven in the whole framework of society. Men who say you love God and your neighbor! stay not to differ with us, but grapple with this mountain of abuses resolving that it shall be destroyed.

"Alas! appeals more moving though not more earnest than ours have fallen but on faithless and stony hearts! From the spectacle of this wounded, bleeding body of Humanity, the Priest and the Levite pass coldly by on the other side, muttering that Man was born to suffer and that wrong and woe must continue to the end of the world. They leave to despised Samaritans and sinners the task of binding up these ghastly wounds and striving in their best way to heal them. Heaven grant that these may be found worthy to endure obloquy and calumny, loss of friends and of wealth, so that theirs may be the true honor of having done or suffered something to promote the great cause of Man's universal wellbeing!"

READY-MADE LITERATURE. The following announcement regularly ornaments the columns of the Baltimore Saturday Visitor. We have not the honor of knowing who the gentleman may be who thus proffers his genius to the use of the world, but his advertisement is too amusing not to be copied. His terms are reasonable and we hope he drives a fair business.

#### THE MILFORD BARD

Will write for any person in Baltimore, or the United States, on any subject connected with literature. Lectures and orations, on any subject, from \$5 to \$10, according to length; sentimental letters, \$3; inscriptions for tombs, from \$3 to \$5; medical theses, \$20; pieces for declamation, \$3; sentimental tales, from \$5 to \$10; essays, \$3 to \$5; addresses on presenting presents, \$5; advertisements, from \$1 to \$5; songs, sentimental, patriotic, or comic, \$3; acrostics, \$1; poetic addresses to ladies, and poetry for albums, &c. &c. 5 cents per line. Distant correspondents can address me at the Washington University, Baltimore, (*post paid* and payment in advance.) Citizens can call at the University, or address me through the post



office, (post paid and enclosing remuneration.) *Confidential in all cases.*

MILFORD BARD.  
Washington University, Baltimore.

☞ Editors friendly to me, will please give one or two insertions.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

—O, July 12th, 1846.

Messrs. EDITORS: When in Cincinnati a short time since, on my way to the South, I purchased three copies of Mr. Brisbane's Book, and two of Mr. Godwin's. I gave one of the former to a Mr. R. of New-Orleans, who promised to send a subscription for the Harbinger. I also gave one copy of Mr Godwin's book to a gentleman in Louisville, Ky., who promised me to read it and if he liked it or not, to hand it to others to read,—I used all the means in my power to spread the doctrines of Association, while on my tour. To many the idea was new and difficult of comprehension. They invariably confounded it with Shakerism, Rappism, &c. It is truly astonishing that the human family, particularly the operatives, should be so hard to convince of their own interest. We see men uniting in associations for almost every thing, short of their genuine interest, that of protecting themselves in their right to labor, with the right to a fair remuneration for that labor. It is not difficult to point out the evils under which society now is laboring, but the difficulty seems more in convincing persons of the practicability of Association, or the best way to remedy those evils.

I design to try to get the friends of Association in this vicinity together; we must hold meetings, and try to do something that will ultimately tell. Our country is new, and the inhabitants are not so far removed from each other as they are in places more densely populated. This makes it more difficult to convince them of the necessity of reform. I design to visit Trumbull Phalanx this fall. I have some serious thoughts of joining them if I can get my children to do the same; I should consider it of but little use for me to join, and leave my children out, who now have families; as one great inducement to join would be the schooling of my grand-children. I shall also visit the western parts of this state in a few weeks, and try to obtain more subscribers to the Harbinger. You may rest assured, that I shall do all in my power that is reasonable for an old man to do, to forward the cause of suffering Humanity. I have no idea of living to see a perfect Association, although it is my decided opinion that that will be the next phase that Humanity must assume. A change, and that shortly, must take place; Humanity, especially in Europe, cannot remain long in its present situation.

**THE MORAL LAW.** The law of universal brotherhood, the essence of unperverted Christianity, is impracticable under the present system—if system that can be called which is a mere chaos of conflicting interests; born of chance and of selfish instinct, over the surface of which the spirit of reason, directing and arranging each part for the production of the greatest happiness, has never moved. That society should be founded upon laws by which *all* might live together in the most happy manner possible, has yet to be acknowledged. The present constitution of society, on the other hand, has been left to form itself; part has been added to part, as time and circumstances, the increase of mankind, and the formation of section after section, have called for it—each portion fashioned after the individual interests of class, without any reference to the good of the whole. It has been said, and truly, that “our laws and institutions are not the product of wisdom and virtue, but of modern corruption grafted upon ancient barbarism.” Thus it is we find “all mankind heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry or masonry between them; crammed in like salt fish in their barrel; or weltering (shall I say!) like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each striving to get its head above the rest.”—Bray.

“ORGANIZATION OF LABOR,” No. IV., will appear next week.

The *rabble*, as the common people are contemptuously called, individually enfranchised, have generally been the property of those who regulate the relations between the members of society, the operations of industry, the conditions of labor, its price, and the division of its fruits. What it has pleased them to ordain, they have named law; and the laws have been for the most part only measures of private interest, means of augmenting and perpetuating the domination of the few over the many.—*La Mennais*.

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N. R. GERRISH.

July 16, 1846.

## THE HARBINGER

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# THE HARBINGER,

## DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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### THE HARBINGER.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

TUPPERFORD FARM, NEAR MARIETTA, O.,  
July 12th, 1846.

To the Editors of the Harbinger.

DEAR BROTHERS: I have long wished to address you, and I will not any longer defer doing so; not because I have the vanity of thinking that I can unfold any new truth, or even suggest any new idea; but because we (my family and myself, five persons) are Associationists, and we think it is our duty to report ourselves at head quarters—to enlist, not against the poor Mexicans, but against the hordes of vicious, pernicious institutions, laws, customs, and prejudices arrayed by antiquated civilization against the onward progress of the race.

Without troubling you with a long account of ourselves, I will just say that we are at present plain Ohio farmers; not wealthy, particularly in cash, and consequently have a very limited influence; but that the whole of that is sincerely and without reserve devoted to the holy cause of Unityism, which is our *religio*.

My wife and myself are prepared, at any time to sign the Constitution, and become members of the American Union of Associationists. We have long been converts to the principles of Association, and our children share our opinions on that subject. I am prepared therefore to declare that we,—all we are and all we own,—are resolved to join some Phalanx as soon as it can be done with any degree of safety and expediency; that is, without too great a loss in disposing of our property. In the mean time we wish to do every thing that our limited means will permit to help the cause.

There are several Associationists in this part of the country; but so dispersed that it is extremely difficult to rally them. We tried it last year and we had several meetings. Our object was to form, at first, a society of inquiry; but we had to give it up; our number was too small, and we were too scattered. I have no

doubt however, that if a good lecturer, Mr. Brisbane, Mr. Channing or any other known apostle, on his way through this great West, could make it convenient to stop a few days in Marietta, that some considerable effect might be produced, although it is notorious that most of the influential inhabitants of the place are of the old, stand-still school. We must not be faint hearted however; we must knock at every door.

I said before that I had not the vanity to think that I could develop for you any new truth, yet as I am persuaded that our efficiency and success with the public will, in a great measure, depend on our numbers and on the compactness of our organization, I hold it to be the duty of each and every one of us to declare himself or herself, and freely to communicate whatever he or she may think might be of utility to the cause. I will therefore, at once and without apology, offer a few suggestions which, if you think them worthy of it, you may, on a proper opportunity, lay before a meeting of the Union that they may be disposed of according to their worth or practicability.

I had reflected a good deal on the advantages that might result from organizing all the scattered Associationists of the United States in one society, and I felt delighted when I learned, through the Harbinger, that this idea had been acted upon. I had also hastily sketched in my mind a plan of a Constitution for such a society, and I find with pleasure that the one adopted by the Convention, as far as it goes, is very similar to mine; but it seems to me that it does not go quite far enough. I would have the principle of solidarity or guarantee, more extensively applied and brought forward with more relief. In the first place, I would propose to insert after the sixth Article of the Constitution of the American Union,

Art. 7th. This American Union shall be to the Associationists of these United States a pivotal centre towards which they may converge, on which they may lean, and from whence they may, on the

one hand, ascending, form an alliance, a holy league of brotherly sympathy and mutual support with the Associationists of all other countries; and, on the other hand, descending, guarantee to each other at home a system of mutual protection and assistance,—a sort of mutual insurance,—particularly to such as have had the generous intrepidity to venture as pioneers on the dangerous experiment of testing, without adequate means, the practicability of our principles.

Art. 8th. The American Union, through their proper officers, will accordingly as soon as practicable, open a correspondence with all foreign organized societies of Associationists and particularly that of France; will announce to them our organization, our objects and views; will proffer to them our brotherly affection and sympathy, and claim a reciprocity from them.

Art. 9th. The American Union shall also be considered as the Collector, the Treasurer, and the Administrator, for specific purposes, of all the funds that may be contributed by the friends of Association. These purposes shall be 1st, the diffusion of Associative principles; 2nd, lending pecuniary assistance to such Phalanxes in the United States as may happen urgently to need it; and 3dly, forming a permanent fund, destined, when large enough, to found an experimental Phalanx on a large and regular scale.

Art. 10th. No contribution shall be accepted by the Union as a gift, unless the contributor especially require it. Any sum, small or large, whether presented once for all, or as a periodical subscription or rent, may be accepted, but it shall be considered as a loan, and in all cases a receipt and credit on the books of the Union shall be given for the same.

Art. 11th. These loans shall be considered as advanced to the whole body of Associationists of the United States, and shall be reimbursable, or payable at any time, with an interest of — per cent. per annum, in the stock of any Phalanx that the contributor may elect. N. B. To

this arrangement the Phalanxes will not be likely to object because they will more than cover their risks by the benefits secured to them by the labors and administration of the Union.

Art. 12th. The Union shall in another respect act the part of a parent towards the Phalanxes or associations which are or may, at different times, be formed in these United States. It is not by pecuniary difficulties alone that the success and indeed the existence of those meritorious institutions is often menaced. They are exposed to other difficulties chiefly of a moral character; such as want of skill, sometimes of integrity in the leaders; ignorance and the deleterious influence of previous habits and prejudices in the members; incongruity and want of harmony amongst all the elements, &c. &c. Such difficulties could often be removed by timely advice and mediation. Let it be one of the duties of the Executive Committee of the Union to appoint suitable agents to perform those offices of conciliation, instruction or peace-making, by which much good may be done and much mischief avoided.

I would also propose that, on signing the Constitution, a *pledge* be taken by such of us at least as are willing to do so, to something like this effect:

"I, the undersigned, believing, First, that Man who, as far as we can learn from history, tradition and analogy, has never, since he was first placed on this globe, ceased progressing towards a better state destined for him on this earth by his omnipotent and universally benevolent Creator, has not yet reached that destiny; Second; that the principal obstacles to his attaining that higher state arise from the incongruity and incoherence of all his past and present social arrangements; Third; that, although he can be checked, man cannot be stopped in his onward progress; but that, on the contrary, he is in the present age advancing with unprecedented rapidity; and that, as indicated by numerous and indubitable signs, the time is either come, or near at hand when a great step is to be made; and fourth; that, amongst all the schemes and plans which have, at various times, been proposed for the reform of social and political abuses, the system advocated by the school or body of men calling themselves Associationists is the most practicable and efficient because it is the most conformable to the laws of God as manifested in all nature, and particularly in the physical and moral constitution of man:

"I do pledge myself to exert, with discretion and propriety, all the means and influence that I possess to help forward this work of God, this great cause of Humanity. So help me God!"

I finally propose that we adopt a motto

and a badge. The first might be — *Brotherhood in Unityism*, or merely *Unityism*; and the second a lyre with seven strings, or the seven primitive colors with a white band.

Such, gentlemen, are the suggestions which I wish to venture at present. To some persons they may appear unnecessary, perhaps even futile; but we know with what effect such means have, before now, been employed by partial associations for warlike and other purposes; we have to operate upon similar materials, why not employ similar means of success if they are honorable? The above are however, mere suggestions for the consideration, and approval or rejection of those in whose judgment I have much more confidence than in mine.

Your Brother in Unityism and the Cause of Humanity.

GILES M. MARTIN.

P. S. It is with pleasure that I see by the last number of the Harbinger, (July 4,) that, amongst your numerous correspondents, some entertain ideas and make suggestions very analogous to mine. I like the financial scheme of Brother O. M. of New York (page 55): the more the better.

CINCINNATI, July 18, 1846.

To the Editors of the Harbinger.

BELoved FRIENDS: Arriving here on the 11th ultimo, I found our brethren of the Associative movement unorganized, but preparing to form themselves into an Affiliated Society, as proposed in Mr. Channing's Circular. This excited pleasant hopes; but, being anxious for immediate work, I inquired whether there was any organized body of Reformers in the city who dared publicly, to call in question the existing order of things; and, learning that weekly free meetings were held on Sunday afternoons at the Kemble street Chapel, in the northwest part of the city, composed chiefly of Socialists or Communists. I resolved to be among them; for I had not, during my last eight months residence in Columbus, met with any one looking for a better state of society than is to be found in Civilization. I accordingly, attended several of their meetings, and found them so interesting, that this letter must be devoted to their description.

The meetings are as free as any unorganized body can be. There is no chairman, moderator, or president. Any one is permitted to speak, who has any thing to say, whether it relates directly, indirectly, or not at all, to the matter under discussion. Yet there is decorum observed by all, and frequently a profound and intense interest is awakened in the assembly, by the utterance of some powerful truths, in a plain and forcible manner. Their object

is to investigate the causes of prevailing moral and social evils, and to discover and apply the proper remedy. Such an object as this could attract only the sober-minded and thoughtful class of men and women; and such require very little restraint or admonition from a presiding officer. Their faith in the no-government principle leads them to dispense with such a functionary, and, from all that I could gather, they seem to be persuaded of the possibility of establishing a social state in which all external restraint shall be abolished; and this without the least definite conception of the great Law of Attraction, or of the Combined Social Order, which is its highest exponent. This *persuasion* of theirs, is, however, the necessary prelude to an enlightened faith. Even now, in the midst of this enthusiastic dream of Liberty without Law, or Social Order without Science, they tacitly confess the truth, in the fact that leading minds are among them, watching and giving direction to their proceedings. Perhaps a better description of these meetings could not be given than in a sketch of the characters of the leaders; an outline of these, I shall now attempt.

The three leading minds are HIRAM S. GILMORE, JOHN O. WATTLES, and J. P. CORNELL, all of them benevolent and intelligent men. Mr. GILMORE is the projector of a self-sustaining Manual Labor School, or Agricultural College, for the purpose of educating and preparing characters suitable to enter upon the new Social order of Community. He is a man of fortune, amply able to live in easy elegance, if he chose; yet his every-day employment is that of a teacher in a High School for colored children, in this city, of which he is the founder and the principal. The wealth at his command is generously distributed to all benevolent enterprises that meet his approval. These noble traits of character give to his manners a mild, serene, and benignant aspect which secure for him the respect and esteem of all. He is deeply impressed with a sense of the absolute necessity for a new social order, but argues that mankind are not yet prepared to enter into it, and hence are his reasons for establishing the College.

JOHN O. WATTLES, the well known advocate of freedom for the slave, is a colleague of Mr. Gilmore, a fellow teacher in the High School, Editor of the Herald of Progression, (semi-monthly,) a warm advocate of Communism, and very nearly, if not quite, a religious enthusiast.

Mr. CORNELL is a practicing lawyer, of this city, who has made some remarkable discoveries concerning the existence of a spiritual world, and the possibility of communicating with the inhabitants

thereof, by means of Human Magnetism. He is decidedly skeptical on all theological systems and creeds, and treats all "opinions" on such subjects as unworthy of attention, resting himself solely on "facts that can be demonstrated." The chief "fact," on which he relies, is, that communication being now open with the spiritual world, access may thereby be had to the source and fountain of Truth itself. He teaches also, that from clairvoyants may be learned the means by which such communication may be given to any one who desires it; and, moreover, that, as we can thus converse with the inspired authors of the different books of Scripture, we can ascertain from them, in their own proper persons, precisely what they meant to teach, and that thus Divine Truth can be established beyond the possibility of doubt or cavil, and harmony and universal unity be introduced to mankind at large.

Now, if, with this brief outline of three of the most prominent minds, you can imagine the effect produced by the reaction of their counsels upon the minds of from one to two hundred others, promiscuously assembled as above stated, you may be able to form some conception of the character of these meetings, and the latitude of their discussions. Consider, also, that not one of them doubts that terrible evils are inherent in the present social system, for they are felt by all, and most keenly by not a few, and that they are, therefore eagerly attentive to any proposition that looks towards a remedy—and you have a picture of an audience highly susceptible of the marvellous and the wonderful. Wild and incoherent as are many of the notions to which they give utterance, they are nevertheless the precursors of important truths now about to be unfolded to the human mind. To turn from them with contempt and disgust, would be unwise and inhuman; for all important developments in science have been preceded by crudities and absurdities, as all history proves.

Of course, I could not remain a silent spectator among such a people, nor could I refrain from raising the standard of Universal Unity, and pointing to the Combined Order of Associated Industry, as our social Destiny. What the result may be, I know not; but this I know, that all who ask in sincerity and truth, shall receive, and that abundantly. Truly the earth is ripening for harvest, and reaping time is at hand. The people are every where famishing for lack of spiritual nourishment—they ask for bread, and receive stones. Here, then, is work for enlightened Associationists. Who else can answer correctly the weighty questions that are continually arising in the minds of men, or account for the

many wonderful phenomena of the revolutionary times in which we live! Let us work manfully while it is day.

Your brother in Unity,  
JOHN WHITE.

Mc CONNELSVILLE, MORGAN COUNTY, O.  
July 12th, 1846.

Editors of the Harbinger,

GENTLEMEN: Mr Eleazer Smith the foreman in my foundry, authorizes me to say to the friends of Association, that he will subscribe and pay, one thousand dollars for purchasing a suitable domain, and for erecting thereon such buildings as will render it a desirable residence;—provided one hundred others can be found who will each subscribe and pay the same amount. You are authorized to make this public. I will vouch for Mr. Smith's responsibility, and rather than see the enterprise fail I think I would subscribe another thousand dollars.

Respectfully,

JAMES L. GAGE.

We are particularly happy to receive the above, as a similar plan has now for some time been in process of elaboration. A circular will shortly be addressed to the friends of the cause upon the subject.—Eds.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,\*

SEQUEL TO

#### CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

VIII.

"I guess that you are going to speak of him," said the princess, pushing aside the candles to see the narrator better, and resting both her elbows on the table.

"As we descended the course of the Moldaw, upon the Bavarian frontier, Haydn and myself were carried off by some recruiters in the service of the king your brother, and flattered by the delightful anticipation of becoming a fifer and drummer in the glorious armies of his majesty."

"You a drummer?" cried the princess with a burst of laughter. "Ah! if de Kleist had seen you so, I bet you would have turned her brain. My brother would have taken you for his page, and God knows what ravages you would have committed in the hearts of our fine ladies! But what is that you say of Haydn? I know that name; I have lately received some music by Haydn, as I remember, and it is good music. He is not the child you were speaking of?"

\* 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.

"Excuse me madam, he is a youth of about twenty, who appears fifteen. He was my travelling companion, he is my sincere and faithful friend. At the entrance of a small wood, where our kidnappers stopped to breakfast, we took to flight; we ran like hares, and had the good fortune to reach a travelling carriage which contained the noble and handsome Frederick de Trenck, and a formerly noted conqueror, the count Hoditz of Roswald."

"The husband of my aunt the margravine of Culmbach!" cried the princess: "yet another love-match, de Kleist! and, moreover, the only honest and wise thing my fat aunt has done in her life. What sort of a man is this count Hoditz?"

Consuelo was obliged to make a minute portrait of the chatelain of Roswald; but before she had finished it, the princess interrupted her to ask a thousand questions about Trenck, about the dress he wore on that day, about the most trifling details; and when Consuelo related how Trenck had flown to her defence, how he was almost struck by a bullet, how he at last put the brigands to flight and delivered an unfortunate deserter, whom they were carrying bound hand and foot in their cabriolet, she was obliged to recommence, explain the plainest circumstances, and recite the most indifferent words. The joy and emotion of the princess were at their height when she learnt that Trenck and Count Hoditz having admitted the two travellers into their carriage, the baron had paid no attention to Consuelo, that he had not ceased to gaze upon a portrait hidden in his bosom; to sigh, and to talk to the count about a mysterious love for an exalted personage, who caused the happiness and the despair of his life.

When Consuelo was allowed to proceed, she related that count Hoditz having guessed her sex at Passaw, had wished to take too much advantage of the protection he had granted her, and that she had fled with Haydn to resume her humble and adventurous journey, in a boat which descended the Danube.

Then she related in what manner, playing upon the pipe, while Haydn with his violin made the peasants dance in order to earn their dinner, she had arrived one evening, at a pretty priory, still disguised, and passing as the signor Bertoni, a wandering musician and singer by profession. "The host of that priory," said she, "was a passionate lover of music, and moreover a man of wit, and of an excellent heart. He conceived a great friendship for us, especially for me, and even wished to adopt me, promising me a pretty benefice, if I would only take the minor orders. The masculine sex began to tire me; I had no more taste for the

tonsure than for the drum : but a strange event made me somewhat prolong my abode with that amiable host. A lady travelling post, was seized with the pains of child-birth at the gate of the priory, and was delivered there of a little girl, whom she abandoned the next day, and whom I persuaded the good canon to adopt instead of me. She was called Angela, from the name of her father Anzoleto ; and madam Corilla, her mother, went to Vienna, to solicit an engagement at the court theatre. She obtained it, excluding me. M. the prince de Kaunitz presented her to the Empress Maria Theresa as a respectable widow ; I was rejected, because accused and vehemently suspected of being in love with Joseph Haydn, who was receiving lessons from Porpora, and who lived in the same house with us."

Consuelo related her interview with the great empress. The princess was very curious to hear respecting that extraordinary woman, in whose virtue they did not wish to believe at Berlin, and whose lovers prince de Kaunitz, doctor Von Swieten, and the poet Metastasio were reported to be.

Finally, Consuelo mentioned her reconciliation with Corilla by means of Angela, and her debut in the first parts at the imperial theatre, thanks to a remorse of conscience and a generous impulse on the part of that singular girl. Then she spoke of the relations of noble and sweet friendship which she had with the baron de Trenck, at the Venetian ambassador's, and related minutely that on receiving the farewell of that amiable young man, she had agreed with him on a means of mutual understanding, in case the persecution of the king of Prussia should render it necessary. She spoke of the roll of music, the sheets of which were to serve for envelope and signature to the letters he was to transmit to her, in case of need, for the object of his love, and she explained how she had been recently enlightened by means of one of those sheets respecting the importance of the cabalistic writing she had given to the princess.

It will be understood that these explanations consumed more time than the rest of her story. At last the Porporina having spoken of her departure from Vienna with Porpora, and of her meeting with the King of Prussia in the dress of a simple officer and under the name of the baron de Kreutz, at the wonderful chateau of Roswald in Moravia, she was obliged to mention the important service she had rendered to the monarch without knowing him.

"That is what I am curious to hear," said madam de Kleist. "M. de Poelnitz, who babbles willingly, has confided

to me that recently at supper, his majesty declared to his guests that his friendship for the beautiful Porporina proceeded from a much more serious cause than a simple fancy."

"Still I did a very simple thing," replied madam Rudolstadt, "I made use of the ascendancy I had over an unhappy fanatic to prevent his assassinating the king. Karl, that poor Bohemian giant whom the baron de Trenck rescued from the hands of the recruiters at the same time with myself, had entered the service of count Hoditz. He recognized the king ; he wished to avenge upon him the death of his wife and child, who had been killed by the misery and grief occasioned by his being carried away a second time. Fortunately this man had not forgotten that I also had contributed to his safety, and given some assistance to his wife. He allowed himself to be convinced, and the gun to be taken from his hands. The king, concealed in a neighboring chamber, heard all, as he afterward told me, and for fear lest his intended assassin should have a return of his fury, took, on his departure, a different road from that in which Karl proposed to lie in wait for him. The king travelled on horseback, alone with M. de Buddenbrock ; it is therefore very probable that a skilful marksman like Karl, whom I had that morning seen hit a pigeon on a mast three times, in the fête which count Hoditz had given us, would not have missed his aim."

"God knows," said the princess with a thoughtful air, "what changes that misfortune would have occasioned in European politics and the lot of individuals ! Now, my dear Rudolstadt, I think I am well acquainted with the remainder of your history up to the death of count Albert. At Prague, you met his uncle the baron, who carried you to Giant's castle, where you saw him die of consumption, after having married you at the moment he breathed his last sigh. So you could not decide upon loving him ?"

"Alas ! madam, I loved him too late, and have been very cruelly punished for my hesitation and my love for the stage. Compelled by my master Porpora to make my debut at Vienna, deceived by him respecting the feelings of Albert, whose last letters he had suppressed, and whom I thought cured of his fatal love, I allowed myself to be carried away by the fascination of my art, and while waiting for my engagement at Berlin, had at last played at Vienna with a kind of intoxication."

"And with glory !" said the princess, "we know that."

"A miserable and fatal glory," resumed Consuelo. "What your highness does not know, is, that Albert had secretly come to Vienna, that he had seen me play ;

that following my steps like a mysterious shadow, he had heard me confess to Joseph Haydn, in the wing, that I could not renounce my art without a horrible regret. Still I loved Albert ! I swear before God that I had discovered by my feelings it was still more impossible to renounce him than my vocation, and I had written to tell him so ; but Porpora, who considered this love as nonsense and folly, had discovered and burned my letter. I found Albert dying of a rapid consumption, I pledged to him my faith and could not restore him to life. I saw him upon his bed of state, madam, dressed like a lord of olden time, beautiful in the arms of death, with a brow as serene as that of the angel of forgiveness, but I could not accompany him to his last abode. I left him surrounded by lighted tapers in the chapel of Giant's castle under the guard of Zdenko, that poor crazed prophet, who extended his hand to me smiling, and rejoicing at the quiet sleep of his friend. He, at least, more pious, more faithful than I, deposited him in the tomb of his fathers, without understanding that he would not again rise from that bed of rest ! And I departed, dragged away by Porpora, a devoted and savage friend, a paternal but inflexible heart, who cried in my ears even over the corpse of my husband : 'You appear next Saturday in the *Virtuosi ridicoli*.'"

"Strange vicissitude, in fact, of an artist's life !" said the princess, wiping away a tear, for the Porporina sobbed as she finished her history ; "but you do not tell me, dear Consuelo, the most beautiful trait of your life, and it was that of which Superville informed me with admiration. In order not to afflict the old canons, and not to depart from your romantic disinterestedness, you renounced your titles, your dower, your name ; you required secrecy on the part of Superville and Porpora, the only witnesses of that hurried marriage, and you came here poor as before, Zingarella as ever —"

"And artist forever !" replied Consuelo ; "that is to say, independent, virgin, and dead to all feeling of love, such in fine as Porpora incessantly represented to me the ideal type of the priestess of the muses. He has carried the day, my terrible master ! And I have now reached the point he desired, but I do not believe I am more happy, or of more avail. Since I love no longer and feel myself no longer capable of love, I feel no more the fire of inspiration nor the emotions of the stage. This freezing climate and this court atmosphere cast me into a gloomy dejection. The absence of Porpora, the kind of abandonment in which I am left, and the wishes of the king, which prolong my engagement against my will — I can confess it to you, can I not, madam ! —"

"I ought to have guessed it! Poor child, people think you proud of the kind of deference with which the king honors you; but you are his prisoner and his slave, as I am, as are his whole family, his favorites, his soldiers, his pages, his little dogs. O magic of royalty, glory of great princes! how mean you are in the eyes of those whose lives are exhausted in furnishing you with rays of light! But, dear Consuelo, you have still many things to tell me, and they are not those which least interest me. I expect from your sincerity that you will tell me positively on what terms you are with my brother, and I will incite you to it by my own frankness. Believing you his mistress, and flattering myself that you could obtain from him a pardon for Trenck, I sought you in order to place our cause in your hands. Now that, thanks to heaven, we have no need of you for that purpose, and that I am happy to love you for your own sake, I believe that you can tell me every thing without compromising yourself, the more that my brother's affairs do not seem very far advanced with you."

"The manner in which you express yourself on that point, makes me shudder, madam," replied Consuelo, becoming pale. "It is only a week since I have heard whispered about me in a serious manner this pretended inclination of the king *our master* for his sad, trembling subject. Until then I had never imagined anything possible between him and me but a cheerful conversation, benevolent on his part, respectful on my own. He has professed to me some friendship and a too great gratitude for my so natural conduct at Roswald. But from that to love there is an abyss, and I really hope he has not passed it even in thought."

"I believe the contrary. He is rough, teasing, familiar with you, he speaks to you as to a little boy, he passes his hand over your head as over his greyhounds; he affects before his friends, for some days past, to be less in love with you than with any one else. All this proves that he is in the way to become so. I know him well; I warn you that in a short time you will be compelled to decide. What part will you choose? If you resist him, you are lost; if you yield you are none the less so. What will you do, in case that happens?"

"Neither one nor the other; madam; I will do as do his recruits, I will desert."

"That is not easy, and I do not wish it, for I feel strangely attached to you, and I believe I should put the recruiters once more upon your tracks, rather than see you depart. Come, we will find a means. The case is serious and requires reflection. Tell me all that happened after the death of count Albert."

"Some strange and inexplicable events in the midst of a sad and monotonous existence. I will relate them as they occurred and perhaps your highness will assist me to understand them."

"I will try, on condition that you will call me Amelia as you did just now. It is not midnight, and I do not wish to be a highness until broad daylight to-morrow."

The Porporina resumed her narrative in these terms: "I have already told madam de Kleist, when she did me the honor to visit me for the first time, that I was separated from Porpora at the Prussian frontier, on arriving from Bohemia. I know not even at this day, if my master's passport was irregular, or if the king had anticipated our arrival by one of those orders, the rapidity of which seems marvellous, to forbid to Porpora an entrance to his kingdom. This thought, perhaps culpable, struck me at once; for I remembered the rough levity and the grumbling sincerity with which Porpora defended the honor of Trenck and blamed the severity of the king, when at supper with count Hoditz, in Moravia, the king, passing as baron de Kreutz, himself informed us of the pretended treachery of Trenck, and his confinement at Glatz—"

"Indeed," cried the princess, "was it about Trenck that master Porpora displeased the king?"

"The king has never spoken to me about it, madam, and I feared to recall it to him. But it is certain, that, spite of my prayers, and his majesty's promises, Porpora has never been recalled."

"He never will be," returned Amelia, "for the king forgets nothing, and never forgives frankness when it wounds his self-love. The Solomon of the North hates and persecutes whomsoever doubts the infallibility of his judgments; especially when they are only a gross invention, an odious pretext to rid himself of an enemy. So you may put on mourning my child; you will never see Porpora at Berlin."

"In spite of the sorrow I experience at his absence, I no longer wish to see him here, madam; and shall make no attempts to procure his pardon from the king. I have this morning received a letter from my master, informing me of the reception of an opera of his at the imperial theatre of Vienna. After a thousand difficulties he has at last attained his object, and the piece will be put in study. I shall therefore rather think henceforth of joining him than of bringing him here; but I fear to be no more free to depart than I was free not to come."

"What do you mean?"

"At the frontier, when I saw my mas-

ter compelled to enter a carriage and to retrace his steps, I wished to accompany him and to give up my engagement at Berlin. I was so indignant at the brutality and apparent bad faith of such a reception, that I would have paid the forfeit by working in the sweat of my brow, rather than penetrate any further into a country so despotically governed. But at the first evidence of my intention I was ordered by the police officer to enter another post-chaise which was brought and got ready in a twinkling; and as I saw myself surrounded by soldiers quite determined to compel me to it, I embraced my master with tears, and allowed myself to be conducted to Berlin, where I arrived at midnight, overpowered with fatigue and sorrow. I was deposited quite near the palace, not far from the opera, in a pretty house belonging to the king, and so arranged that I was lodged there absolutely alone. I found domestics at my orders and a supper prepared. I have learned that M. de Poelnitz had been commanded to have all ready for my arrival. I was hardly installed, when a message was sent me from the baron de Kreutz to know if I were visible. I hastened to receive him, impatient to complain to him of the reception given to Porpora and to ask of him a reparation. I therefore pretended not to know that the baron de Kreutz was Frederick II. I might be supposed ignorant of it. The deserter Karl when confessing to me his project of assassinating him as a high Prussian officer, had not mentioned his name, and I had only learned it from the mouth of count Hoditz, after the king had left Roswald. He entered with a smiling and affable air which I had not seen in him under his incognito. With his false name, in a foreign country, he was a little awkward. At Berlin, he seemed to me to have recovered all the majesty of his part, that is to say, the protecting bounty and generous sweetness with which he knows so well on occasion to adorn his absolute power. He came towards me with his hand extended, and asked me if I remembered having seen him anywhere. 'Yes, sir baron,' I replied, 'and I remember that you offered and promised me your good services at Berlin, in case I should have need of them.' Then I related to him with earnestness what had happened to me at the frontier, and asked him if I could not demand of the king a reparation for this insult given to an illustrious master and this constraint exercised upon myself.

"A reparation!" replied the king, smiling maliciously, "nothing more.—Would M. de Porpora wish to call the king of Prussia into the lists? and would mademoiselle Porporina require perhaps



that he should bend his knee before her?'

"This raillery increased my vexation. 'Your majesty may add irony to what I have already suffered,' replied I; 'but I should much prefer having to bless than to fear you.'

'The king shook my arm rather roughly: 'Ah! you play a cunning game,' said he, fixing his penetrating eyes upon mine: 'I thought you simple and full of candor, and now I see that you knew me perfectly well at Roswald.'

"No, sire," I replied, 'I did not know you, and would to Heaven I had never known you!'

"I cannot say the same," replied he with gentleness; 'for without you I should probably have remained in some ditch of Roswald park. Success in battle is no ægis against the ball of an assassin, and I shall never forget that if the destiny of Prussia is still in my hands, it is to a good little soul, an enemy of all cowardly plots, that I owe it. So, my dear Porporina, your ill-humor will not make me ungrateful. Be calm, I beseech you, and tell me exactly what you complain of, for hitherto I do not understand much about it.'

"Whether the king only pretended to know nothing of the matter, or whether in fact his police officers had thought they discovered some defect of form in my master's papers, he listened to my recital with much attention, and then said to me with the calm air of a judge who does not wish to decide too hastily: 'I will examine into this and give you a good account of it; I should be much surprised if my people had, without reason sought a quarrel with any traveller *en ordre*. There must be some misunderstanding. I shall know, be assured, and if any one has exceeded his orders, he shall be punished.'

"Sire, it is not that which I ask. I ask of you Porpora's recall.'

"And I promise it to you," replied he. 'Now, lay aside that gloomy look, and tell me how you discovered the secret of my incognito.'

"Then I conversed freely with the king, and I found him so good, so amiable, so bewitching in his words, that I forgot all the prejudices I had against him and only admired his wit at once judicious and brilliant, his benevolently easy manners, which I had not found in Maria Theresa; in fine, the delicacy of his sentiments upon all matters on which he touched in conversation. 'Listen to me,' said he as he took his hat to go away, 'I have a piece of friendly advice to give you on your first arrival; it is, not to speak to any one of the service you rendered me, nor of the visit I have paid you this evening. Although

there is nothing that is not very honorable for us both in my haste to thank you, it might occasion a very false idea of the free and friendly relations I wish to maintain with you. You would be thought desirous of what, in court phrase, is called the favor of the master. You would be an object of mistrust to some, of jealousy to others. The smallest inconvenience would be the drawing about you a crowd of petitioners who would wish to make you the channel of their stupid requests; and as you would, without doubt, have the good sense not to wish to play that part, you would be subjected to their pertinacity or their enmity.'

"I promise your majesty," replied I, 'to act as you now command me.'

"I do not command you, Consuelo," returned he; 'but I trust in your wisdom and uprightness. I saw in you, at the first glance, a beautiful soul and a just mind; and it is because I wished to make of you the fine pearl of my department of the beaux-arts, that I sent, from the depths of Silesia, the order to provide you with a carriage at my expense to bring you from the frontier, as soon as you presented yourself. It is not my fault if it was made a sort of travelling prison, and if you were separated from your protector. While waiting for his restoration to you, I wish to replace him, if you consider me worthy of the same confidence and the same attachment that you feel for him.'

"I confess, my dear Amelia, that I was deeply touched by this paternal language and this delicate friendship. There was perhaps mingled with it a little pride; and the tears came into my eyes, when the king extended his hand on leaving me. I had almost kissed it, as was doubtless my duty; but since I am in a train to confess, I must say that at the moment of doing so, I felt seized with terror and as if paralyzed by the chill of mistrust. It seemed to me that the king cajoled me and flattered my self-love, in order to prevent my mentioning that scene at Roswald, which might produce in some minds, an impression contrary to his policy. It seemed to me that he feared to be ridiculed for having been good and grateful towards me. And then suddenly, in less than a second, I remembered that terrible military regime of Prussia, of which baron Trenck had minutely informed me; the ferocity of the recruiters, the misfortunes of Karl, the captivity of that noble Trenck, which I attributed to the deliverance of the poor deserter: the cries of a soldier whom I had that morning seen beaten, as I passed through a village; and all that despotic system which makes the strength and the glory of the great Frederick.' I could no

longer hate him personally; but I already again saw in him that absolute master, that natural enemy of simple hearts who do not understand the necessity of inhuman laws, and who cannot penetrate the arcana of empires."

#### PATIENCE.

FROM THE DUBLIN NATION.

Be patient, O be patient! put your ear against the earth:

Listen there how noiselessly the germ of the seed has birth;

How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,

Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in the day!

Be patient, O be patient! the germs of mighty thought

Must have their silent undergrowth, must under-ground be wrought;

But as sure as ever there's a Power that makes the grass appear,

Our land shall be green with Liberty, the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient, O be patient! go and watch the wheat ears grow!

So imperceptibly, that ye can mark nor change, nor throe;

Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown;

And then, again, day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient, O be patient! though yet our hopes are green,

The harvest fields of Freedom shall be crowned with the sunny sheen:

Be ripening! be ripening! mature your silent way,

Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on Freedom's harvest day.

#### AN UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENT OF FOURIER.

Translated from *La Democratie Pacifique*.

Each repast of the day has a special character, a *tone* which prevails generally at the three classes of tables. I will confine myself to the description of the *Antienne*, or first repast, which takes place in the morning before leaving the palace.

The *Antienne* cannot be made perfectly regular;—a beautiful disorder will distinguish it. As the hour of rising will differ with different persons, the *Antienne* will be divided into three acts;—there will be the first *Antienne* for those groups which commence their labors very early in the morning; the grand *Antienne* for the mass of the groups, who will appear an hour later, and the *post-Antienne* for those who rise last. The tables will be renewed at each of the three acts; in general, every repast will have more or less this division into three acts.

The grand, central *Antienne* which takes place at about five in the morning, is very gay and very attractive in every respect. The travellers of distinction

who have passed the night at the out-post will usually be presented at the central *Antienne*. The bulletins of news which have arrived during the night will be published; there will be announced also the spectacles prepared by neighboring Phalanxes, the movements of caravans approaching the region and the movements of industrial armies. Finally there will be there the reports which have arrived during the night, whether of the Congress of Unity sitting on the Bosphorus, or the inferior Congresses of the Amazon, the Chesapeake, &c.

The *Antienne* is also a second Exchange: it affords the opportunity of rectifying previous negotiations, as for instance, when any of the arrangements of the previous evening are affected by the news of the night or by other incidents subsequent to the holding of the Exchange. At the *Antienne* in such cases, sudden measures are agreed upon.

The combination of these agreeable incidents renders the *Antienne* a very irregular repast, a merry confusion, which alone would serve to call up at five in the morning those most inclined to late rising, even if they were not moved by the desire of assisting at the sessions of the groups which commence at the close of the *Antienne* and even before. Thus after the central *Antienne* hardly an eighth of the Phalanx are remaining in bed.

In fine weather, the central *Antienne* closes with the minor parade of the morning. Here is a description of it. I suppose it takes place at five o'clock.

At a quarter before five a chime of bells sounds the call for the parade and the hymn of the dawn. In the course of five minutes every preparation for going down is made in the halls of the *Antienne*; on descending, the instruments of the musicians, the decorations of the priests and the officers of the parade are found under the porches. When five is struck, the Athlete, Conrad, aged fourteen, the major on duty, gives the command to form the groups. I have before said that the officers of the minor parade are chosen from the choir of Athletes; thus the aids of Conrad are like him thirteen or fourteen years old; the Athletes, Antenor and Amphion for the groups of men, and Cloriada and Galatea for the groups of women.

Amphion and Galatea go on one side to form the bands of music; Antenor and Cloriada to arrange the procession. This is formed in the following manner.

I suppose there are in all four hundred persons, men, women, and children, who make up twenty groups ready to go to different parts of the domain. The twenty standard bearers take their places in line at regular distances facing the peristyle with their banners before them.

The musicians are formed in vocal and instrumental divisions, with a priest or priestess at the head of each group. Before the priest or priestess there is a burning censer, with a child of the same sex, carrying perfumes, and there is a hierophant or high-priest between the columns of the two sexes. The drums and trumpets are stationed on the two sides of the peristyle; the animals and carriages are drawn up on the sides of the court.

In the centre is the major Conrad, having beside him his aide, and before him four children of the choir of Neophytes, who carry signal flags to transmit the orders to the telegraph, which repeats them to the domes of the chateaux, to the groups already abroad on the domain, and to the palaces of the neighboring Phalanxes.

When all is ready, a roll of the drum orders silence and the major announces the salute to God. Then the drums, trumpets, and all the instruments are heard; the chimes from every dome sound also, perfumes fill the air, the waving of the banners is repeated from the spires of the palace and of the chateaux; the groups which have already gone forth unite in the ceremony, travellers alight, and caravans before quitting their stations join in the salute.

The salute lasts but a few moments, and then the high-priest gives the signal for the hymn. The priests and priestesses at the head of the vocal and instrumental parties chant the prelude and then the hymn is sung in chorus by all the groups.

After the hymn is finished the little Khan orders the roll to be beaten to the banners, the musicians break their ranks, lay aside their instruments, and go each to take his place under the ensign of his industrial group. The procession defiles in free order and not in regular masses, for being formed of persons of different ages from young to old age, it would not be easy for them to march in line with a regular step as is done at the grand parade. They arrange themselves in an artificial disorder; each group takes its carriages and leading them forward, they defile before the grand peristyle where are placed certain dignitaries, a paladin of the sovereign bearing his escutcheon if it is the minor parade, and if it is the grand parade a paladin of the emperor of unity bearing the cycloidal crescent.

Each group on its passage receives a salute proportioned to its rank. The groups of agriculture and masonry which are first, are saluted with the grand flourish, equivalent to the drum-beat in the fields. Thence each goes to its place of labor.

The hymn to God traverses the globe in different ways; on the day of the

equinox there is a grand parade at day-dawn, and the spherical hierarchy presents to the rising sun a chain of phalanxes of two or three thousand leagues, whose hymns, for twenty-four hours follow each other around the globe in every longitude that receives the light. At the two solstices, the hymns are chanted at the same time over the whole globe by the entire human race, at the instant corresponding to noon at Constantinople.

For the Harbinger.

### LETTER ON EDUCATION.—NO. III.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

In previous letters I have sketched, in a very superficial manner, the advantages which an Association can offer, even in its earliest stages, for the education of young persons. The most important part of the subject, the religious education of the young, has been omitted entirely. It is the most difficult and delicate point to decide upon, and Association thus far has thrown but little light upon it.

Yet we feel the need of clear convictions upon the subject more even than does civilization, since the latter has its system of forms and observances in which the young are drilled, till they have the address to escape or the docility to accept them; but in Association no form is willingly accepted, that has not been renewed or recreated by the renewed life breathed into the sentiments which the form is meant to clothe. Many who were first engaged in the Associative movement, were persons of religious natures who so deeply felt the heartlessness and coldness of sectarian worship, and the inadequacy of the mere preaching of the word to cause a renewal of life, that by the sincerest action of the religious sentiment within them, they rejected, if they did not assail, the Church, the Clergy, the Word, and the Sabbath, as they now exist and are understood.

But the religious sentiment has infinite life: in the new relations of persons in Association this life expands and becomes vigorous. It cannot be trained by external pressure, but if left to its unimpeded natural action, it sooner or later demands worship, it demands the sacred rest and retirement of a holy day, a spiritual guide and teacher, and the word from God to meet and support with its authority and sanctity the movement of the spirit within.

None more than those who have been through such an experience, can appreciate the delicacy and difficulty of appealing by any external arrangement or direct teaching to the religious sentiment in the soul. The more religious their own nature, the deeper and more ardent their attachment to the new-found forms that give it expression, the more reluctant will

they be to incline others to use them prematurely, or to hurry them out of a scepticism which is often the necessary pause of the soul, its chrysalis state, the nearest state to the highest.

Now children, though not conscious sceptics, are not naturally religious. Some I have known, in the course of a long experience, perhaps I can more truly say only one or two, who turned to the Divine love as the flower turns to the sun, and thirsted for it and drank it in as the flower drinks the dew. Rare beings, who never left the angels, but to come on messages of love to us, to tell us of their home: for them this life had not enough of fragrance, joy and peace, and they went away when they had finished their errand of mercy. We could teach them nothing. The utterance of our dear-bought, stern and colder wisdom, of our half knowledge would only have impertinently interrupted the whispered teachings of the angels who gently led them through the rough paths of their short pilgrimage. But these are the exceptions. Children generally, are lost in the intense action of the senses, which seem at first to be intended as their sole teachers: in their exercise, under favorable circumstances, the love of beauty is called out and a perception of external harmony, at the same time that much positive knowledge is gained of the material world. They are too busy when healthy, even to be affectionate: as they rush along in the plenitude of new-found life, they will sometimes take our over-flowing love, but rarely stop to reciprocate it: they are rich and can do without it; and as for a higher love than ours, how can hearts that have not yet learned to feel the incompleteness of earthly joys unlinked to those of Heaven, know the need of that? In every lovely external creation and in every childish joy God presents himself unseen to them; and is not what we term religious education, the tearing away of the veil which conceals the divine presence, before the Father is ready to reveal himself? He also presents himself unseen in the sentiment of justice, so early awakened in the childish breast. In thoughtlessness and bustle these young beings often do injustice, but they never suffer it to be done unreprieved. To what do these apparently desultory remarks lead us? Clearly to this; that we must meet this intense external life religiously, guardedly, conservatively, link it to those types of the religious sentiment which man in his more expanded state has been inspired to adopt, but leave the little spark of divine life, which our Father is feeding hour by hour from secret sources which we know not of, unfanned by our rough breath. If you ask where are these symbols to be found,

I must answer, nowhere but in the imagination of the longing worshipper, who while he is gazing on the New Jerusalem, surely to come — catches a glimpse of a temple more sublime, an altar more pure, a ritual more gorgeous, than earth has ever dreamed of.

Meanwhile, what is to be done with the child? Cultivate and refine his taste for beauty, till he can find no adequate expression of it, but in just such visions as the New Jerusalem reveals. Quickened his sense of justice, till his longings for its perfect fulfilment can find rest and content only at the throne of Him who is perfectly just. Love him till you have called out the affections of his nature so strongly that even your love is a poor and faint and unworthy return for the yearnings of his heart. And if there be any simple rite, any living spoken word, any holy guide, sacred enough to meet our souls in their best state, let him share their holy influence.

I have here given you, in truthfulness, my friend, the results of the experience of a few years' life — not in Association, for there is none, but in one of the few spots where a rude attempt has been made at a combined effort for a new social order. Perhaps I have erred in using the word *Association* at all, since in its true sense that word includes all that Humanity, in its highest state of perfection on earth can give, and I would not by lightly availing myself of its use, corrupt it from its higher sense. Believing the few first steps in a right direction to be great gain for those who have been bruised by the roughnesses of the every day paths of civilized life, I cherish the hope that you, with your children, will soon join our little band, assuring you that for one devoted to the cause of Universal Unity, a day even in these outer courts is worth a thousand.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

*Cantus Ecclesiæ, or the Sacred Chorister: being a collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Chants, Sentences and Anthems: comprising a selection of the best standard compositions, and a large number from the works of Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Sarti, Sabbatini, Naumann, Graun, Rossini, Donizetti, &c. together with many original compositions by American Authors; and a System of Instruction in Vocal Music, by L. MEIGNEN, Esq., written expressly for this work.* By W. H. W. DARLEY and J. C. B. STANBRIDGE. Third Edition. Philadelphia: Thomas Cowperthwait and Co. 1845.

We regard this as a very superior collection of church music. Indeed, it may safely be asserted that compositions of so much character as the majority of these show, have never before crept into an American Psalm Book, if we make the

single exception of the "Beethoven Collection" published in New York. And the *Cantus Ecclesiæ* has the advantage over that, for practical uses, from the fact that its arrangements are more simple and do not task the ordinary voice so painfully. It has already been in use sufficiently long to test its excellence; and age is a greater recommendation than novelty, when the article is good.

The first part consists of Psalm and Hymn tunes, to the number of about two hundred and fifty. These are well selected: the fact that we are enabled to make the following classification of them, proves it.

1. There is a goodly number of the best of the old familiar tunes, such as Old Hundred, Nuremburg, Surry, Swanwick, Wareham, Seasons, Hamburg, &c. No collection can be complete in itself, supplying what all seek, who have any associations of their childhood's sabbath mingling with the new emotions of a steadily improving musical taste, if it omit the best, and best remembered, of these tunes. They are too far engrained into such musical organization as Americans may be said to have, to be entirely laid upon the shelf; and that they are really good is proved by their universality. The present collection seems to have retained of this class only such as show intrinsic excellence, and not to have cherished any Pusey-istic partiality for the vulgar, canting sort of strains which always formed too great a part of New England Psalmody.

2. Upon this good homely basis are superinduced copious draughts from the true well-heads of song, from the classic composers of Europe. Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, furnish some half a dozen pieces each. Naumann, Graun, Pleyel, Hummel, Winter, also appear; Giardini, Donizetti, &c, of the Italians. These compositions evidently give the tone to the collection; the influence of their style is visible both in the selections of old psalmody, and in the original compositions and arrangements of the whole. This is as it should be; there is more religion in the instrumental Quartettes and Sonatas from which these classic Psalm tunes are derived, than the so called Sacred music of any but the Catholic church has ever manifested. Let us draw the music of our worship from the deepest fountains, from those who poured out their inmost lives in music, and who did not deal with it as a ceremony or as an amusement merely.

3. The original compositions are not too many, and not too unworthy of the high company in which they present themselves. They display, if not an equal mastery, at least a reverent congeniality, a real disposition to resemble the

nobler friends with whom they stand. That is, there is a certain classic leaning to be perceived in them. Among the best we notice the compositions of the late lamented Mr. Carr. The editors do not intrude themselves so much as modern editors of Psalmody are prone to do; and what they *do* contribute is certainly creditable. We notice one name recurring oftener perhaps than any other, that of C. Hommann. Whether he is to be classed among the "original composers," the book gives no external evidence. But judging from the *internal* evidence, from the depth, originality and true artist style of his contributions, he should be a standard classic author, a true German among Germans. They are decidedly among the most interesting and expressive pieces in the book.

Here are the various elements of a Psalm book for all tastes, yet with one pervading tone, of a Psalm book suited to the times, and bidding fair to last, mingled in very just proportions. We will only add that the whole is arranged so as to be *easily read*: the accompaniment for Organ or Piano is written out in full, instead of merely a figured Bass; the poetry, though not remarkable as poetry, it must be confessed, is not crowdedly printed for the sake of giving a number of verses to each tune; and generally, the style in which the work is got up is generous, beautiful and clear.

Part II. consists of Chants, Anthems, Sentences, &c. Here comes the distinguishing feature of the book, and what gives it a higher value than a homely Psalm book even if carried to the perfection of the thing, and that is, a collection of pieces drawn from the sublime Masses of Mozart, Naumann, Sarti, &c. They are single movements from the masses, just an *Agnus Dei*, or a *Sanctus*, or a *Benedictus*, sometimes shortened, and adapted to English words, mostly easy enough of execution, and as much more beautiful and more religious than our so called Anthems, as are the Madonnas of a Raphael in comparison with the stiff family portraits, which so kill every thought of nature in the house. The prayer, too, from Rossini's *Moses in Egypt* is to be found here; and a vocal adaptation of that beautiful solemn melody in the overture to *Zampa*; also a passage from Beethoven's lovely violin Quartette in D; with many other good things. We only regret the occasional patching out of one piece with another, as where a funeral anthem is made by adding to the few first measures of the stately *Kyrie* in Mozart's Twelfth Mass, a part of the *Agnus* from another. With this exception, we trust that music of this stamp will become familiar in our churches. Indeed we know not why our Pro-

testantism should exclude the real vitality of the Catholic worship, the natural religion of the heart which never clothed itself in such immortal warmth and beauty as in the music of the Mass.

Of the "System of Instruction" by Mr. Meignen, we can only say that it seems clear and comprehensive, and well thought out; a good guide for teachers, who of course must fill in the necessary amount of exercises at each step at their own discretion. The exercises here given are necessarily few; but there is one, in the shape of a Fugue, which is not absolutely difficult, and which combines so many of the points of elementary study in the art of reading music, that it cannot be practiced too much. We are glad to see something of this truest form of composition mingled with the musical student's very first ideas and habits. Mr. Meignen drops the American absurdity of changing the application of the Sol-Fa with every change of key. In his explanation of the Minor Scale, however, he gives only one of the several forms, and that by no means the most philosophical one. It makes pleasanter melody, no doubt, to make both Sixth and Seventh sharp ascending, and natural descending; but the laws of Harmony evidently justify only the sharp Seventh in both cases, with a long interval between it and the Sixth.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 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.

### Statement OF THE "AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS," WITH REFERENCE TO RECENT ATTACKS.

Observing with regret, though without surprise, that misconceptions, errors, and calumnies are widely circulated in relation to the doctrines of Association,—We, the undersigned, OFFICERS OF THE "AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS," feel bound once again to state to our countrymen the real objects which we have in view.

We are convinced, that the Associative movement is a Providential one,—that it fulfils the promises so long announced through ages of conflict and suffering; that it opens a new era of justice and peace; that it practically embodies the Christian Law of Love, establishes the liberties and rights of citizens which have been sought in vain by legislators in ancient and modern times, and successfully

completes the reforms which the philanthropists of all Christian and civilized lands are proclaiming. Therefore do we summon all men to hearken to our criticisms of existing outrages and miseries, to respond to our appeals for efficient effort to remove these intolerable wrongs against Man,—to accept the principles of the Combined Order of Society, if they can see them as we do, to be just and wise,—and practically to apply them in hope and truth.

We have consecrated our lives, our energies and all that we most hold dear, to the advancement of this great cause; and while we humbly assume the responsibilities involved in its advocacy,—contentedly meet the hardships, sacrifices, and difficulties which necessarily await the pioneers in every movement of reform, and which are inevitably proportioned to the magnitude of the interests concerned, and of the abuses to be removed; and cheerfully forgive those, who from whatever motive oppose and persecute us; we do yet earnestly desire that humane and hopeful souls should not be diverted by ignorance or prejudice, from a knowledge of the truths which it is our privilege to announce, or from co-operation in the effort, which Providence calls upon the men of this age and land to make.

To all who pray for the coming of the kingdom of God; who long to do HIS will on earth, as it is done in heaven; who believe in the possibility of human brotherhood in every relation of society; who admit that all men have inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; we say, come and let us reason together. If we are right, aid us; if we are wrong, teach us; but let us all be up and doing, to put away the abominable inhumanities which every where disgrace our professedly Christian communities.

It is our conviction that the existing system of society called civilization is radically false and corrupt in several of its prominent institutions, and that a reform of this system is laid as a solemn duty upon every enlightened people. We hold that the wrongs and evils, the miseries and crimes which prevail in society, are but the branches of one great trunk, which is the social mechanism itself. We attack not the branches alone, but aim to lay the axe at the root and to remove the whole deadly growth together.

The institutions belonging as elements to present society which we condemn as false, corrupting, brutalizing or oppressive, and which can only be removed by an integral reform, are briefly the following:

War, or legal and honorable butchery, carried on by nations; Slavery, or the ownership of man by man; the system of

Labor for Wages or the slavery of Capital; the existing wasteful, complicated and fraudulent system of Commerce; free, anarchical Competition, with its hatreds, jealousies, frauds and lies; the monopoly of the Soil, and of Machinery; Pauperism; Prostitution, and all approximations to it, such as mercenary marriages, and legalized impurity; the present defective methods of Education, and unequal opportunities of the same; the repugnant and degrading system of Labor, which lies at the foundation of slavery, idleness, physical debility and disease, and general poverty in society; the universal CONFLICT OF INTERESTS and HOSTILITY OF CLASSES.

In place of all these we aim to establish a new SOCIAL ORDER which shall create abundant riches, and distribute them according to the laws of Justice; which shall banish poverty and pauperism, and the miseries to which they give rise forever from the earth; which shall associate the interests of all classes, and destroy in their very source, the causes of selfishness, antagonism, fraud, litigation and crime; which shall secure to every child the benefits of a complete moral, intellectual and physical development; which shall break the chains of the slave and the fetters of want and starvation that bind the hireling; which shall banish idleness from society by so organizing Industry as to dignify it and render it ATTRACTIVE; which shall secure an honorable and congenial sphere of activity in industry, and the arts and sciences to woman, together with pecuniary independence and the enjoyment of equal rights with man, which alone can remove prostitution and venal marriages effectually from the world; which shall render the health of the body, and a true development and harmonious action of all the faculties and passions of the soul, which constitute happiness, the general rule instead of the exception as they now are; which shall establish an enlightened and philanthropic public opinion that will honestly examine and accept new ideas, new discoveries and plans of improvement; and which in short shall base the prosperity, liberty, and peace of nations upon a true and sure foundation.

Thus we propose to reform society and lay earnest and resolute, though patient and conciliatory hands on the barbarian institutions which civilized man has too long tolerated and against which the conscience and judgment of Christendom cry aloud.

But there are other institutions of modern society which we leave untouched,—whose beneficial influences we recognize, and whose tendencies to a higher good should be developed and perfected, while at the same time we are assured that if

any radical changes are to take place in them they will be accomplished by other men than those of the present times; the chief of these institutions are the Christian Church, Marriage, and Representative Government.

Thus in relation to the church, we believe that the time is approaching when the scattered and hostile sects into which it is divided, will be brought into the same fold, and one Universal Church will be established on the earth. But we have, as a body, no idea whatever of undertaking the reform necessary to effect this result; that work lies out of our sphere; we leave it to the future. But still we do not hesitate to declare that it cannot be brought about while discord and selfishness are the fundamental laws of society, and we call upon Christians of every sect to be more true to their professions. "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

And so with regard to Marriage; we hold that it is the most sacred and important of existing social ties, and thus that it is the pivot on which the order of society depends. Accordingly our position is that the existing institution is to be maintained in its greatest possible dignity and purity. We believe that with the establishment of TRUTH and JUSTICE in the practical affairs of society; with the abolition of poverty, and with the guarantee of pecuniary independence to all persons, the most fatal temptations to debase and profane this relation will be removed, and that mercenary marriages and other legalized prostitution, with the loathsome dens and stews that are tolerated in the midst of the most virtuous and religious communities, and the degrading and brutish habits which make society a hell, will disappear. But to purer and nobler generations, more upright, honorable, and generous, we leave all legislation on this subject. It is for us to maintain the institution inviolable. Nevertheless we shall not refrain from the duty of exposing in the strongest colors the meanness, the shameless iniquity and corruption on the one hand, and the bitter, life-consuming sorrows on the other, which prevail in this relation throughout society.

The system of Representative Government, it is hardly necessary to say, we regard as the greatest step of modern political improvement. We believe that it embodies a part at least of the idea of human liberty, and that it is one of the chief instrumentalities by which Providence is working out its purposes of good in the present epoch.

So far from aiming at the destruction of either of these institutions, we regard

their preservation as an indispensable condition of the reform to which we are devoted. Our work consists in the Organization of Industry upon true principles, so as to bring about a great increase of production or real wealth, and to distribute it with exact justice; in the establishment of an economical and equitable system of commerce; and in the guarantee to every human being of the essential and inalienable rights of Man, which are the right to Integral Education, the right to Labor, and the right to the fruit thereof. This work we claim to be the completion of the vital movement of the American Revolution, and the application in practice of the morality of the Saviour, "Do ye unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

Thus we humbly conceive ourselves to be engaged in the cause of Human Progress, and laboring for an object sacred in the eyes of God and good men, the elevation of Humanity. To this cause great and generous souls of all ages have devoted themselves. For the good of the Race they have given their lives in faithful thought or heroic action; never doubting that the day of deliverance would come, they have passed serenely from the stage, leaving for our instruction their sufferings, their deeds and their words. To all these noble spirits we acknowledge our debt as members of the human family. We revere their memory and look in their teachings for indications of needful truth and of present duty.

Preëminent among these men in our view, is CHARLES FOURIER, a genius raised up in these modern times. Especially do we look upon him with gratitude and satisfaction, because, unlike many other thinkers, he descended from universal and abstract ideas into the sphere of primary, practical necessities, the sphere of Labor. He is the first man of science who has conceived that the law of Order which works the harmony of the material universe and holds the planets balanced in their orbits, was destined by the beneficent Creator to prevail in the industry of man. This law he calls the Series, and he teaches that Labor should be organized in accordance with it. The Organization of Labor in the associated township, according to the Series, is briefly what we, as a body, accept from his writings; and on the realization of this measure we are assured that the safety and progress of society now depend. As to Fourier's theories of Marriage, of Cosmogony, and the Immortality of the Soul, we do not accept them, and this is the position which the Associative School in this country and in Europe, have always taken and never varied from. As men laboring in behalf of a Social Reform which we hold to be the cause of

God and of Humanity, and the Mission of the Nineteenth Century, we seek for Truth wherever it is to be found, and by whomsoever it is put forth. We consider Fourier as a servant of this cause, and not as its master, and take from him such parts of his system as he has demonstrated to our understandings, and no others.

A word in regard to our mode of action. All great reforms in the past have been accomplished by revolutions, violence, or destruction. Measures even of comparative unimportance, like reform in the tariff or currency, are effected only by infuriated party conflicts, and produce revolutions in industry and commerce that cause the ruin of thousands.

Every such procedure we condemn as characteristic of complete ignorance as to the science of society, and the true principles of social progress.

The plan we propose, while it is strictly scientific, is at the same time peaceful and conservative. We wish to test our doctrines in the organization of a single township. With a less number of persons than may be found in an ordinary township, we can make an experiment of our views, in the establishment of a Model Association. We believe that we can so arrange manual and other industry, as to render it all honorable and attractive, and abridge a multitude of repulsive, unwholesome, and degrading labors; that we can introduce a system of combined architecture, and effect vast economies in modes of living; that we can establish a just division of profits; guarantee congenial spheres of employment, and a true social position to every person; extend equal opportunities of education to all; bring about unity of interests and general co-operation, and place the social relations of the people on a footing of truth, honor, justice, equal rights, and active benevolence.

Thus in one local, practical experiment, made scientifically on a small scale and not affecting the general interests of society as much as a single election in some of our cities, we propose a final proof of our method of Association. If it succeeds on this scale, as all larger political divisions are but the repetition of the township, there will be no difficulty in its universal application, to the unspeakable benefit of society and of every being in it. If it fails, though we shall not give up our faith in the Divine Providence, or in the Better Future of Humanity, we shall be the first to abandon this plan and to seek for other and better modes.

Let it not be said that the failure of the incomplete experiments which have been attempted, demonstrates the impracticability of our method; they have not one of them had the first requisites of a true Association, and not one has in any mea-

sure attempted the application of the Serial Law to Industry, which, as we have said, is the essential thing in the plan we advocate.

We submit our principles, our purposes, and our methods, to the calm and honest judgment of our countrymen, with little fear but that they will do us justice. And in the name of God and of Humanity, we call upon those who presume to attribute to us the worst of motives, not to overlook the present condition and prospects of society. With a moneyed Feudalism usurping the control of productive labor, and converting freemen into serfs; with the growing frauds, virulence and debasing influences of political contests; with pauperism, prostitution, and unutterable abominations increasing over the earth, as men, as Americans, as Christians, they cannot be silent or inactive. Let them discover a remedy for these evils, and with earnestness apply it; let them find a means of embodying the spirit of Christianity in the relations of men; let them put the doctrines of human brotherhood which Christ taught, into the institutions of society and the deeds of daily life, and our humble gratitude will be added to the joy in heaven and the benedictions of mankind. But if they do it not, these are the words of their condemnation: "I was a hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not."

- \* HORACE GREELEY, *President.*
- \* PELEG CLARKE, *Vice President.*
- \* FREDERIC GRAIN, " "
- \* E. P. GRANT, " "
- \* JAMES KAY, JR., " "
- \* CHARLES SEARS, " "
- \* BENJAMIN URNER, " "
- \* H. H. VAN AMRINGE, " "
- \* W. H. CHANNING, *Dom. Cor. Sec'y.*
- \* PARKE GODWIN, *For. Cor. Sec'y.*
- \* JAMES T. FISHER, *Rec. Sec'y.*
- \* FRANCIS GEO. SHAW, *Treasurer.*
- \* GEORGE RIPLEY, *Director.*
- \* CHARLES A. DANA, " "
- \* ALBERT BRISBANE, " "
- \* O. MACDANIEL, " "
- \* EDMUND TWEEDY, " "
- \* JOHN ALLEN, " "
- \* JOHN S. DWIGHT, " "

August 10, 1846.

NOTE. The gentlemen whose names are marked with a \* have, of necessity, not been consulted in the preparation of the foregoing statement, but as there is no doubt of their assent to it, there has been no hesitation in affixing their names.

CINCINNATI AUXILIARY SOCIETY. It gives us great pleasure to learn that our friends in Cincinnati have promptly acted on the suggestion lately made, to form *Societies Auxiliary* to the American Union of Associationists; this is the true way to strengthen our hands and lend efficient aid

to the cause of Association. We trust that the example of our Cincinnati friends will be followed wherever a few persons interested in Social Reform can be gathered together; their fellowship and interchange of thoughts cannot fail to be beneficial, and by their united effort they can accomplish much which must otherwise remain unattempted. Every society can become a centre of propagation, at a trifling expense to its members, by establishing a library of works on Association, distributing papers and tracts, and arranging for lectures to the people. Let our friends every where feel this incumbent on them; they can thus do a great deal for the cause and speed the day of the final triumph of Associative principles.

The Society at Cincinnati will hold weekly meetings for discussion. The following gentlemen have been appointed officers:

- CHRISTIAN DONALDSON, *President.*
- BENJAMIN URNER, *Vice President.*
- WILLIAM R. FIELD, *Treasurer.*
- J. B. RUSSELL, *Corresponding Secretary.*
- ELIAS LONGLEY, *Recording Secretary.*
- N. R. MEADER, } *Executive Committee.*
- R. CLASON, }
- J. BLINN, }

#### THE NEW YORK OBSERVER ON ASSOCIATION.

We have hitherto taken no part in the controversy, in which a portion of the New York Press is now engaged with the Editor of the Tribune, on the subject of Association. The discussion, as conducted in New York is, perhaps, of too personal a character to require our attention; and no one who reads the Tribune, and perceives the admirable strength and calmness with which its Editor meets assaults, that display less of the wisdom of the serpent than the poison of the asp, can suppose that he needs the slightest support from friendship or sympathy. The Editors of the New York prints who have thought to immolate Mr. Greeley, under the pretence of attacking the Social Reform, which is now arousing the attention of this country, will find it no white day, in which they commenced the warfare. That gentleman is too well known for his transparent purity of purpose, his generous devotion to the welfare of society, his disinterested zeal for the cause of Humanity, and the energy, courage, and fidelity with which he employs transcendent intellectual endowments for the promotion of truth and justice, to suffer, either in his reputation or his repose, from the most envenomed shafts that malignity and prejudice can direct against his spotless fame. They will only recoil against the breasts from which they came, and which, if common report



can be at all trusted, are by no means cased in armor of impenetrable proof.

But we have no desire, for ourselves, to consider this controversy in a personal point of view; we will not dispute the privilege of the *Courier and Enquirer*, the *Express*, and the *Observer*,—the mystic triad of the latest Holy Alliance,—to air their vocabulary of insult and abuse, in misrepresenting Association; they may pour forth the unclean vessels of their wrath, in any way in which their own exquisite taste may dictate, without remonstrance or comment from us; but when they presume to enter the sphere of principles, and to discuss the general position and character of the great Associative movement, which is to form the salient point in the history of this nineteenth century, we hold it our duty to meet them face to face, and by the repetition,—if need be, for the thousandth time,—of facts, which ought to be familiar to every one who undertakes to speak on this subject, to guard the cause, which is more sacred to us than life, from misunderstanding and unjust reproach.

We shall, at present, confine ourselves to the statements of the *Observer*, and we trust no one will regard the temperateness of our discussion, as a proof of our blindness to the vulgarity, impertinence, and stupidity of its attacks. We use these words merely as an intellectual criticism on the character of its articles, without the slightest sense of outraged feelings; and to show that our perceptions of moral obliquity are not blunted by the calm confidence in truth with which we meet its manifestation. If we abstain from such personalities, as abound in the articles of the *Observer*, it is because we feel that they are unworthy of our cause, and can cheerfully leave their use to disputants who find them essential to their success.

The sum total of the charge brought against Association, expressed in the shortest manner is, that it designs to abolish the institution of marriage, and introduce a system of universal licentiousness in the intercourse of the sexes. "The Associationists, under the pretence of a desire to promote order and morals, design to overthrow the marriage institution, and in the place of the divine law to substitute the 'passions' as the proper regulator of the intercourse of the sexes." "They are secretly and industriously aiming to destroy the foundations of society, and to introduce a system in which the most unrestrained indulgence of the sensual passions is enjoyed and sanctified by the name of virtue."

In proof of these assertions, the *Observer* quotes certain passages from the writings of Albert Brisbane, as illustrative of the doctrine of Fourier; and at a subse-

quent stage of the discussion, introduces an extract from a work of Fourier himself, as an evidence to support the truth of its accusations.

The whole argument of the *Observer* against Association is resolved into the assertion, that the design which it charges upon it was an essential element in the system of Fourier. With a little more logic and a little less rhetoric, the Editor would have perceived that three things were essential to the validity of this argument. 1. That Fourier advocated the abolition of the marriage institution. 2. That this is an essential element in his system of industrial reform. 3. That it is accepted, as a part of their design by the Associationists in this country. Neither of these points has been made out by the *Observer*; and the third, the most important of them all to the success of his argument, he has not touched upon at all; which omission vitiates whatever reasoning his articles may contain, and authorizes us to set them aside as altogether worthless.

We will now supply the omission and state

*The relation of the American Associationists to the System of Fourier.* The movement in favor of a Social Reform by an improved organization of Industry, has been gradually preparing in this country for the last ten or fifteen years. It grew out of the convictions of many devoted and earnest minds,—laboring in different spheres of action and thought,—regarding society from different points of view,—in most instances, wholly unknown to each other,—and without previous union or concert, arriving almost simultaneously at the same conclusions in regard to the existing relations of labor, the falseness or imperfection of most of our present social institutions, and the need of a radical, uncompromising, universal reform.

They perceived that the most oppressive evils, by which modern society is hурdened, proceeded from the present system of unrestricted competition in the arrangements of business, and the intense devotion to the acquisition of wealth as its inevitable result. They saw every where the rights of labor crushed by the tyranny of capital; the claims of private gain made paramount to the promotion of the common good; the accumulation of money deemed more important than the elevation of man; and a foul and loathsome spirit of selfishness, with worship of mammon, and lust of lucre, creeping over the heart of the nation, which called for more effectual measures to arrest its progress than indignant protest, moral exhortation, or sentimental whinings.

In their view, the present organization of society, founded on the principle of

antagonism, with its retinue of oppressions, frauds, carnage, poverty, and unmitigated wretchedness, was in violation of the divine spirit of Christianity, the true intent of our Republican institutions, and the essential tendencies and demands of human nature. The only sufficient remedy for all these monstrous evils, as they were convinced, was to be found in the establishment of true social relations, based on the principles of united interests, instead of competition, seeking wealth by combined, systematic industry instead of rapacious, fraudulent speculations, and enjoying the economies of domestic arrangements on a large scale by combined families instead of the extravagance and waste of the isolated household.

The idea of the two first attempts at Associated life in this country (independent of those aiming at the establishment of a community of property, with which we have no concern,) was the result of these convictions, without reference to the system of Fourier, and even without the knowledge of its existence. At a subsequent period of the movement, the attention of the public was called to the discoveries of Fourier in the laws of social organization, by the publication of Mr. Brisbane's Exposition of his doctrines, and it was natural and unavoidable that many of those who for years had been deeply interested in the question of a Social Reform, should welcome the brilliant lights thus presented, as a guide in the obscure and tangled paths, which they had attempted to penetrate without aid.

The announcement of Fourier's discoveries gave a new impulse to the movement. It aroused the minds of many who had heretofore been indifferent to the subject: and strengthened the convictions of others, who had long perceived the necessity of a social reform. It tended to concentrate the vague aspirations which had been indulged, on a plan of practical operation, and to give scientific precision and symmetry to hopes, that had rested only on instinct. With an increasing knowledge of Fourier's principles as to the organization of labor, and the harmony of the passions, the vastness and grandeur of his system were more thoroughly appreciated; the advocates of social reform were more and more persuaded that his doctrine of attractive industry was the condition of all genuine progress; the power and acuteness of his criticisms on the present order of society excited an irresistible influence; and his system of social harmony, uniting the loftiest conceptions with the minutest details, and founded on strict scientific analyses, awakened a strong and enthusiastic desire to submit his principles in regard

to the arrangement of industry, to the test of a practical experiment.

This is a brief and simple statement of the whole matter. The Associationists of this country are laboring for a Social Reform on the principles of joint-stock property, attractive industry, unity of interests, and mutual guarantees. They revere Fourier as a great discoverer in social science; they accept the results of his investigation, so far as they accord with their own sense of truth; but they do not acknowledge his authority as their master; they do not court a dominion over their minds which he never claimed; nor do they by any means hold themselves responsible for any portion of his system, which they have not publicly avowed and defended. This ground is the one which they have always taken, and to charge them with responsibility for all the descriptions and doctrines that may be found in the voluminous writings of Fourier, is treating them with the grossest injustice and betrays a complete ignorance of the whole movement.

We defy the Observer to bring forward the slightest proof that the views which it has ascribed to Fourier on the abolition of marriage, have ever been received by the Associationists of this country. We will not stop here to inquire how far it has given a correct representation of Fourier's ideas on the subject. But we demand of it, by all the laws of conscience, honor, and morality, to which it professes such a profound attachment, either to substantiate its accusation or to retract it. It well knows that the former cannot be done or it would have done it already. It well knows that the passages it quotes from Mr. Brisbane, in support of its charge, so far from lending it the least aid, effectually refute it. It knows, if it knows anything of the matter, and if it does not, it ought to hold its peace forever on the subject, that the American Associationists, both collectively and individually, have expressly disclaimed all responsibility for Fourier's theories, except so far as they relate to the organization of attractive industry, and that the very extract which it parades, with an air of such triumphant exultation, has been publicly protested against, under their own names many years since, by the leading Associationists in this country. The position which they held at that time, they have held from the beginning, they have held it ever since, they hold it now; and the attempt to drag them before the tribunal of popular credulity and prejudice is a no less infamous procedure than if one were to assert that the Editor of the Observer possesses seven wives, and concubines at discretion, because he reveres the piety and beauty of the Psalms of David. Can

he not admire the religious sublimity of the Hebrew minstrel, without adopting the domestic relations of the Hebrew monarch? If so, let him do the great body of Associationists in our land the justice to believe that the acceptance of Fourier's principles of industrial reform by no means involves the advocacy of his doctrines on the marriage institution.

We do not happen to have in hand the protest referred to, which was published in the Tribune, we think in 1842, but if documentary evidence be wanting to confirm our statements, we present the following extracts from the proceedings of the public meetings of Associationists, which are decisive in the matter.

The first is a Resolution, adopted at a General Convention of Associationists in New York, 1844.

"Resolved, 6th. That the NAME, which in this first Annual Convention of the Friends of Association, based upon the *Truths of Social Science discovered by Charles Fourier*, we adopt for ourselves, recommend to those who throughout the country would co-operate with us, and by which we desire to be always designated, is, **THE ASSOCIATIONISTS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**. We do not call ourselves *Fourierists* for the two following reasons: 1st. Charles Fourier often and earnestly protested in advance against giving the name of any individual man to the *Social Science*, which he humbly believed to be, and reverently taught as a discovery of the *Eternal Laws of Divine Justice*, established and made known by the CREATOR. 2d, While we honor the magnanimity, consummate ability, and devotedness of this good and wise man, and gratefully acknowledge our belief that he has been the means, under Providence, of giving to his fellow men a clue which may lead us out from our actual Scientific and Social labyrinth, yet we do not receive all the parts of his theories, which in the publications of the Fourier school are denominated 'Conjectural'—because Fourier gives them as speculations—because we do not in all respects understand his meaning—and because there are parts which *individually* we REJECT; and we hold ourselves not only free, but in duty bound, to seek and obey TRUTH *wherever revealed in the Word of God, the Reason of Humanity and the Order of Nature*."

The second is a Resolution passed at the first meeting of the American Union of Associationists, held in Boston, in the month of May last.

"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 or 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."

We hold the Observer, accordingly, to the responsibility of charging men with opinions which they have formally and expressly disclaimed,—and this with a view of exposing them to public obloquy, as the advocates of a great and beneficent reform. To use his own language, "*we nail this base coin to his forehead*," and let him stand as a convicted calumniator. There is only one plea by which he can escape the position in which we have placed him, and that is, that Fourier's views of the relations of the sexes are inseparably connected with his system of industrial reform.

We shall examine this point at our leisure.

#### THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOR.—NO. IV.

Modern Civilization is tending rapidly to a Commercial or Industrial Feudalism, which will bring the world under the control of a new Power, establish a new tyranny, and lead the civilized order into a feudal system, the counterpart of that which prevailed at its commencement. Of all the political catastrophes which the people and honorable men among their leaders should endeavor to avoid, this is the greatest and most threatening.

As this subject is entirely new, let us take it up with some regularity, but as briefly as possible.

Society, like a man, is subject to growth and decline, and in this ascending and descending movement, goes through four successive ages or phases, Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age, each having different characteristics. In fact, this is a law, applicable to all organized and living bodies; every thing that lives and grows, has its ascending and descending movement, with its different ages or phases, and forms in one sense a circle, returning to a state much resembling that from which it started. Upon this law of movement is based another law, that of the Contact of Extremes, which is a very useful guide in studying the important question of social progress, and the tendency of an order of society such as Civilization or any other. The figures on the face of a clock, afford us a familiar illustration of this movement in a circle, and of the contact of extremes, the smallest figure, 1, being nearest the largest, 12.

All things move in a circle, but the circle is progressive, like that formed by a wheel rolling on a plane or, like a spiral. Extreme old age, which at the close of life, is familiarly called a second infancy, and possesses many characteristics of its

opposite extreme. Thus the life of man forms a circle, though progressing onward towards a new destiny. Each day is a circle, and twilight is a repetition of the dawn. The gamut of sounds is a circle, taking Do as the key note, at the seventh note, Si, a progress has been made which brings its sound to hold very nearly the relation to Do that Re does, the first above it, and the eighth note or octave, is in perfect identity or unison with it, thus making the circle complete, but with an ascending or descending movement in pitch. The gamut of colors forms a similar circle. Starting from violet, we ascend through indigo, azure, green, to yellow, and descend by orange to crimson, which is a neighboring tint, and much nearer to it than green or yellow.

The same law applies to society, which is a living, progressive organism. It forms an ascending movement, comprising infancy and growth; and a descending movement, comprising decline and old age. There is a period of apogee, which forms the centre or pivot of the progressive series. These two movements are divided, as we stated, into four phases, and according to the law of contact of extremes, the fourth phase resembles the first, and reproduces in an inverse form, its leading characteristics. The termination of one society leads to the next higher; the termination of Civilization leads to Guarantism, as Barbarism leads to Civilization, and Patriarchalism to Barbarism.

We must not make a partial or erroneous application of analogy, and suppose that the close of one society leads to social death or extinction like the close of life in man; the life of man is to be compared to the whole career of the social life of Mankind on earth, and the different societies, like the Savage, Patriarchal, Barbarian, Civilized, Guarantism, the Combined Order, are but links in this great whole. The closing of the career of one is but the transition to the next higher. The social career of mankind is to come in a future period to a close, like the life of a man. Nothing in the universe is exempted from this law; every thing that lives is subject to birth, growth, apogee, decline, death. Every thing is a Series, moving in a progressive circle, with a beginning and an end, which are transitions from a past to a future existence. Birth and death are the principle of variety and change, of life and movement in the universe; without them, it would become petrified, stagnant, dead. The universe is an infinite circle of infinitely progressive series or lesser circles, and the least is an image or emblem, although more or less abridged, of the infinite one.

Mankind, taken collectively, are now

in their social infancy. The most advanced nations have passed through three false or preliminary societies, the Savage, Patriarchal, and Barbarian, and the greater part of the fourth, called Civilization. During the course of these societies, Humanity has been in a state of *collective* weakness and poverty, from the want of a full development and true organization of Industry; and in a state of *collective* ignorance, from the want of a knowledge of the sciences and the laws of nature.

We do not say *individual* weakness and poverty, because men as individuals, in these false societies, approximate in strength to those of the true societies, which are to follow. The Savage, for example, is as strong or stronger than the civilized man, but how much more powerful is the latter by the development of industry and the arts;—in travelling, for example, by the rail-road, by which the weakest civilized man can go ten times as far in a day as the strongest savage; in war by the cannon; in production, by the machine which does the work of thousands. In science, the school boy of the present day, knows more of astronomy than did Plato, although far inferior in individual genius. Mankind are just now beginning to enjoy the advantage of collective knowledge, by their progress in the positive sciences. The greatest of the sciences, that of society, is only wanting to them to enable them to organize a true Social Order and enter into a state of collective prosperity and happiness.

It is this collective weakness or want of industry, and this collective ignorance or want of knowledge, which are the causes of the errors mankind have committed, and which have entailed upon them the calamities they endure.\*

The most advanced nations or members of the human family, those of Europe and America, are in the fourth false society, called Civilization, based upon incoherent individual action and isolated families. The basis of the true societies will be combined collective action, and association.

The most advanced of the Civilized nations, like France, England, the United

\* They may be summed up under nine heads:

1. War of all kinds, religious, political, and industrial.
2. Poverty, internal and external; individual and national.
3. Fraud and extortion of every variety—financial, commercial, and so forth.
4. Oppression and tyranny—religious, political, domestic or familial, and industrial.
5. Neglect and ravage of the earth's surface, and derangement of climate.
6. Diseases artificially produced, like the plague, cholera, small pox and others.
7. Circle of error with slow and suffering progress, and without an opening for improvements and inventions.

Pivots. { *Universal Selfishness and Distrust.*  
           { *Duplicity of Social Action.*

States, are at the close of the third phasis of Civilization, and tending rapidly to the fourth. This last phasis will be one of great suffering and degradation, and should be avoided if possible.

A change can take place from a lower to a higher society as soon as the former has attained its apogee or maturity, which is its central or pivotal epoch. Pivots can serve for transitions as well as extremes. Civilization had attained the characteristics of its apogee, which are the nautical art and experimental chemistry, in the middle of the eighteenth century: since then it has rapidly declined into the third phasis, and is now sinking into the fourth, with a Commercial Feudalism as its leading feature.

If the statesmen of Civilization were men of progress and large views, they would make use of all the materials now accumulating in society, which, in the hands of the great capitalists, bankers, and merchants, are destined to lead to a Commercial Feudalism, in the organization of Industry upon principles of justice, instead of its present basis—*incoherent individual action, monopolies de facto, anarchical competition, and the supremacy of capital over labor and talent.*

The materials, which the present phasis of Civilization is developing, are, among others, labor-saving machinery, banks, incorporated joint-stock companies, trust companies, insurance companies, national credit, and means of extended communication, like rail-roads and canals. Machinery and corporate companies are leading to the establishment of vast industrial galleys, such as large manufactories, where the people in different countries toil from twelve to sixteen hours a day, (thirteen in New England,) in confined rooms, to enrich the owners of the machinery. These powerful corporations are fairly introducing the Industrial Feudalism into manufactures, and have rendered the laboring classes who are destitute of the implements of production, as completely dependant upon them as were the serfs of old upon the great Barons.

The trust, and other companies for loaning money on real estate, are accumulating mortgages upon the landed property of the country, and are preparing the way for the extension of the Feudalism to Agriculture, when agricultural machinery is discovered, or when manufactures are completely organized.

National credit is prostituted to nefarious purposes, to carry out the schemes of political intriguers at the head of governments, and to enrich the vampires of finance, the great stock-jobbers of Civilization, or the gamblers in the public funds, who absorb in their parasitic operations an enormous amount of the product of useful and honorable

Industry. Wise statesmen would, to a moderate extent at least, have made use of this collective credit, to aid in organizing Labor upon a true basis; that is, for the advantage of the whole people, and not of a few capitalists alone.

The ORGANIZATION OF LABOR would form an entrance into a new Social Order, to which we give the name of *Guarantism*, because in it will be established a general system of guarantees,—guarantee to every being of Labor adapted to his or her age and capacity; guarantee of the fruits of labor, based on a just distribution of profits; guarantee of education, or moral and intellectual culture, and of social aid and encouragement for all. These form the first of human rights, the industrial rights of man, which have never occupied the attention of politicians.

A system of guarantees based upon a true Organization of Industry and Commerce, would elevate the people to a state of general prosperity and comfort, and to a comparative degree of happiness. It would prevent the majority of the sufferings and tortures which Civilization inflicts upon the masses, and would abolish forever poverty, pauperism, drunkenness, and prostitution, that brood of social monsters which this society engenders more universally and with more shamelessness than either the Savage, Patriarchal, or Barbarian systems.

Let us now proceed to present an analysis of Civilization, its division into its four phases, with the four leading and pivotal characteristics of each phasis. We will take modern Civilization, established after the downfall of the Roman Empire, and developed out of a mixture of the German and Roman elements. Antique Civilization, of which Greece and Rome offer the leading examples, varies somewhat in character, and never advanced beyond the second phasis.

Let us once more state that Society is a living body or organization, subject to growth and decline, with its four principal ages.

#### TABLE OF CIVILIZATION WITH ITS FOUR PHASES.

##### INFANCY, OR FIRST PHASIS.

**Exclusive Marriage**, which distinguishes it from the Barbarian Period.

Aristocratic or Military Feudalism.

**Pivot.** *Civil Rights of the Wife.*

Federation of the great Barons.

**Tone.** Illusions in Chivalry.

##### YOUTH, OR SECOND PHASIS.

**Enfranchisement of the Communes**; privileges of the Free Towns.

Cultivation of the Arts and Sciences.

**Pivot.** *Enfranchisement of the Serfs, or Industrial Classes.*

Representative System.

**Tone.** Democratic Agitations.

##### APOGEE.

Nautical Art; Experimental Chemistry.  
Destruction of Forests; National Debts.

##### MATURITY, OR THIRD PHASIS.

Commercial and Financial Spirit.

Joint-Stock Companies.

**Pivot.** *Maritime Monopoly, (of England.)*

Anarchical Commerce.

**Tone.** Illusions in Economism.

##### DECLINE, OR FOURTH PHASIS.

Agricultural Banks and Loaning Companies.  
Large Commercial and Industrial Corporate Companies.

**Pivot.** *Commercial Feudalism.*

Directors of the Feudal Monopoly.

**Tone.** Illusions in Association.

We will make a few remarks upon some of these characteristics as they may not be readily understood by the reader. Exclusive marriage forms the transition from the Barbarian period with its scraglios and the slavery of Woman. The concession of civil rights to the wife constitutes fully the first phasis of Civilization, and distinguishes it clearly from the Barbarian and Patriarchal societies.

The destruction of forests, particularly on chains of hills and ridges, which has taken place to such a lamentable extent in Europe, drying up the streams and deranging the climate, is one of the worst scourges of Civilization, worthy to be coupled with national debts, which cripple agriculture by withdrawing capital from it, and concentrating it in the arenas of stock-jobbing, giving rise to political commotions and revolutions.

The maritime monopoly of England is, with regard to Europe, complete; and this monopoly enables the English nation to control trade almost universally, and levy a commercial tribute upon nearly the entire globe. The United States form a partial counterpoise, but no efficient check.

It is this monopoly of the ocean and control of trade, which has drawn England with such power into the great commercial movement,—the leading trait of the third phasis of Civilization, and has led to the vast development of her manufacturing industry, the regular organization of which under a system of corporate monopoly, is the commencement of a Commercial Feudalism.

As the fourth phasis of Civilization is not yet established, the reader will not be surprised, if he does not understand the characters laid down in it. To explain the second, large commercial and industrial corporate companies, suffice it to say, that the whole present system of petty commerce and industry, carried on in the most anarchical, wasteful, and dishonest manner, will be swept away, and powerful Companies, incorporated with special privileges, will absorb or assume the monopoly of it, and organize it with some degree of regularity, but selfishly, and oppressively for the mass.

The Directors of this new Feudalism will be the great bankers and capitalists,

the merchant princes, who will be the nobles of this gigantic monopoly, holding the same relation to the laboring classes, as did the lords and barons of old to the serfs of their day. It will perhaps be averred that the intelligent population of this modern age will not submit to the state of industrial vassalage, which this new Feudalism is preparing to establish, and that it therefore will be broken up. This is a vain hope and a great error. The poor and dependant hirelings in the manufactories of our country are already, after but twenty years' operation of the system, reduced to a state of obedience and discipline, which would satisfy, we should think, a Pacha of the Barbarian period, and which foreshadows the complete subserviency and deplorable degradation of the laboring classes at no distant period, when the feudal monopoly has the two great productive elements of society, the soil and machinery, completely in its power, and a thick population has overstocked the labor market, and reduced the masses to be the humblest of slaves, self-made, voluntary slaves, from starvation.

To digress for a moment, let us say that the political struggle in England for the abolition of the corn laws, is merely a contest between the Commercial Feudalism on one side, and the Landed Aristocracy or Feudalism on the other. The former on its side combines the bankers, manufacturers, merchants, and all who are interested in building up this new power. Their victory will not help the people, but lead to a coalition between the Commercial Feudalism and the Nobility, and to the strengthening of the whole oppressive structure of the English Social Order.

Each phasis, as we see by the table, has its Tone, its fashionable illusion; that of the third or present phasis, it is evident, is treatises and controversies on political economy, teaching the secret of the wealth of nations, while all nations are sinking deeper and deeper into debt, with vain and delusive struggles on the part of legislative bodies to economize in a few expenses of the Administration, while national usury, and modern contrivances for squandering the public money, are increasing the financial burthens imposed upon the people.

The Tone of the fourth phasis will be speculations and vagaries upon Association,—false and tyrannical Association. The Press, dependant upon the Commercial Feudalism, will endeavor to persuade the people that this new system of coerced industrial association, with its vast joint-stock, agricultural, and manufacturing establishments, organized and governed by powerful companies, with the laboring classes dependant upon them for work

and daily bread, is perfection, true liberty and democracy. This will be believed, as it is now believed that under our Constitution the people possess true liberty, the highest that can exist, while in fact they have not even their first and most important rights—the right to Labor and the fruit of their Labor, without which their political rights are almost useless to them, and while slavery, hireling subservency, poverty and pauperism, reign throughout the land.

We can form some slight idea of what the Commercial Feudalism will be, as regards its industrial working—without regard to its political effects,—by our large joint-stock manufactories in towns like Lowell. Machinery, or the means of production, are in the hands of a few capitalists, who control labor, and, as a consequence, the laboring classes who are dependent upon their labor for support. The opportunity of producing and making a living are, by this monopoly, *de facto* usurped from the producing classes, and placed in the hands of corporations. The former consequently are entirely dependent upon the latter; and we can easily imagine what this dependence is, and what it will grow to be, when we know that the aim of the governing party is a perfectly selfish one,—the accumulation of wealth out of the toil of the governed, and that their means of action and control are want and destitution. These terrible instruments of dominion have replaced the sword and the lash, which were the governing means in the first Feudalism.

The operatives in our large manufactories are subjected to long hours of exhausting toil, and to strict discipline; they are entirely subservient to machinery, in fact mere servants and tenders upon it, and in the power consequently of those who own it; their mode of living, in many respects, is pointed out to them, at least with the female operatives, and a variety of regulations affecting their daily life, are laid down for them to follow.

Any one who will examine the system scientifically, will see in it the first dawn of a grand scheme of industrial monopoly and tyranny, with its multitudes of hirelings; with a people of industrial serfs, and a few great companies, ruling them by the power of wealth.

These large establishments are sweeping away the small mechanics and manufacturers, and forcing them to enter as operatives into the service of the companies. This will continue as fast as the different branches of manufactures are monopolized, till at length our independent mechanics on a small scale, will disappear. The system will be extended from one branch of industry to another, until it is applied to agriculture; many

years cannot pass before a movement in this direction will take place. Large joint-stock farms or vast agricultural establishments, analogous to our joint-stock manufactories, will be established; a strict and economical system of labor, scientifically applied, and with extensive machinery, will be introduced; and combination or association in edifices and the mode of living, will be established. Our little farmers will then also disappear, and be forced to seek admission as agricultural operatives in the large joint-stock farms. Then will be effected the establishment of a general system of false Association, and Civilization will enter into its fourth or last phasis.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE. No. LXXXVI. August. New York. 1846. We rarely find occasion to differ from any statement or assertion to which the editor of the Merchants' Magazine gives the authority of his name. In the last number of his excellent journal, however, Mr. Hunt expresses an idea which does not display his usual acuteness. Commenting on the assertion of one of his correspondents, that "although we are accustomed to regard Egypt as a country sunk in barbarism, it possesses a navy consisting of thirty-eight vessels of war," the Editor remarks, "we do not think that a navy is any very decisive indication of true Christian Civilization." But is not our present civilization,—whether "truly Christian" or not, we leave to the theologians of the *Courier and Enquirer* to decide,—entirely built on the foundation of antagonistic interests? Are not these interests always maintained by the right of the strongest? Could society as it now is, be kept together by any other principle than that of force? Do not our most learned teachers tell us that the gallows is the necessary prop of law and order,—that there could be no piety without the penitentiary,—that blood is the only seal for the covenant of our freedom? O, Mr. Hunt, are you such a blind fanatic as to trust to nature without a navy,—to believe that men can love each other well enough to dispense with Paixhan guns,—or that sacred commerce can prosper without red-hot shot?

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N. R. GERRISH.

July 16, 1846.

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# THE HARBINGER,

## DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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VOLUME III.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1846.

NUMBER 11.

### MISCELLANY.

#### THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT.\*

SEQUEL TO  
CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

#### IX.

"Since that day," continued the Porporina, "I have not again seen the king in my apartments; but he has sometimes ordered me to Sans Souci, where I have even passed several days in succession with my comrades Porporino and Concio-lini; and here, to play upon the harpsichord in his little concerts and accompany the violin of M. Graus, or that of Bender, or the flute of M. Quantz, or finally the king himself."

"Which is much less agreeable than to accompany the others," said the princess of Prussia; "for I know, by experience, that my dear brother, when he makes false notes or fails in the measure, blames those who are playing with him and quarrels with them."

"It is true," replied the Porporina; "and his skilful master, M. Quantz himself, is not always safe from his little injustices. But his majesty, when he has allowed himself to be carried away in this manner, soon repairs his fault by acts of deference and delicate praises which shed balm upon wounded self-love. It is thus that by an affectionate word, a single admiring exclamation, he succeeds in causing his harshness and his bursts of passion to be forgiven, even by artists, the most susceptible people in the world."

"But you, after all that you know of him, and with your modest integrity, could you permit yourself to be fascinated by this royal basilisk?"

"I will confess to you, madam, that I have often experienced the charm of his fascination without perceiving it; as such little tricks have always been unknown to

me, I am always their dupe, and it is only on reflection that I afterwards guess them. I have also seen the king often upon the stage and even sometimes in my box after the performance. He has always shown a fatherly kindness towards me. But I have been alone with him only two or three times in the garden of Sans Souci, and I must confess that it was after having watched for the hour of his promenade and placed myself in his way on purpose. He then called me or came courteously to meet me, and I seized the opportunity to speak to him of Porpora and to renew my request. I have always received the same promises, without ever seeing any result. Recently, I have changed my tactics, and asked permission to return to Vienna; but the king has heard my prayer sometimes with affectionate reproaches, sometimes with a freezing coldness, and more frequently with decided ill-humor. This last attempt, in fine, has not been more successful than the others; and even when the king has drily replied to me, 'Go, mademoiselle, you are free,' I obtained neither a settlement of my accounts, nor a passport, nor permission to travel. Matters have remained in this position, and I see no other remedy but flight, if my situation here becomes too difficult to bear. Alas! madam, I was often wounded by Maria Theresa's want of taste for music; I did not then imagine that a music-mad king was more to be feared than an empress without ear.

"I have given to you a sketch of my relations with his majesty. I never had occasion to fear or even to suspect that caprice of loving me which your highness attributes to him, only I have sometimes had the pride to think that, thanks to my small musical talent and to the romantic circumstances in which I had the honor to save his life, the king felt a kind of friendship for me. He has told me this so often and with an air of such sincere frankness; he has seemed to take such a good natured pleasure in conversing with me, that I have become accustomed,

unwittingly perhaps, and certainly in spite of myself, to love him also with a species of friendship. The word is a strange one, and doubtless misplaced in my mouth, but the feeling of affectionate respect and of timid confidence with which I am inspired by the presence, the look, the voice and the gentle words of this royal basilisk, as you call him, is as peculiar as it is sincere. We are here to say every thing, and it is agreed that I shall hesitate at nothing; well, I declare that the king causes me fear, almost horror, when I do not see him, and breathe the rarefied air of his empire; but that, when I do see him, I am under the charm, and ready to give him all the proofs of devotedness which a timid but pious child can give to a severe but good father."

"You make me tremble," cried the princess; "if you should allow yourself to be domineered over or cajoled so far as to betray our cause?"

"O! as to that, madam, never! have no fear. In whatever concerns my friends, or even other persons, I defy the king and even those more skilful, if such there be, to entrap me."

"I believe you. You exercise upon me by your air of frankness, the same fascination which you experience on the part of Frederick. Come, do not be troubled, I do not compare you with him. Resume your story and tell me of Cagliostro. I have been told that at a magical exhibition he showed you a dead person, whom I suppose to have been count Albert."

"I am ready to satisfy you, noble Amelia; but if I resolve upon relating to you yet another painful adventure, which I could wish to forget, I have the right to address to you some questions, according to the agreement we made?"

"I am ready to answer you."

"Well, madam, do you believe that the dead can leave the tomb, or at least that a reflection of their form, animated by the appearance of life, can be evoked at the will of magicians and seize upon our imaginations so far as to be reproduced

\* 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.



before our eyes and to disturb our reason?"

"The question is a very complicated one, and all that I can answer is, that I believe in nothing which is impossible. I believe no more in the power of magic than in the resurrection of the dead. As to our poor foolish imagination, I believe that capable of every thing."

"Your highness—forgive me, you do not believe in magic and yet—but the question is indiscreet, without doubt!"

"Finish: 'And yet I am addicted to magic;' that is well known. Well, my child, allow me to explain to you this strange inconsistency only at some more proper time and place. From the parchment sent by the sorcerer Saint-Germain, which was in reality a letter from Trenck for me, you can already have guessed that this pretended necromancy may serve as a pretext for many things. But to reveal to you all that it conceals from the spies of courts and from the tyranny of laws would not be the work of an instant. Be patient, I have resolved to initiate you into all my secrets. You deserve this more than my dear de Kleist, who is a timid and superstitious creature. Yes, such as you see her, that angel of goodness, that tender heart, absolutely wants common sense. She believes in sorcerers, in ghosts and fortune-tellers, the same as though she had not before her eyes and in her hands the mysterious moving strings of the great work. She is like the alchemists of past times, who patiently and skilfully created monsters, and were afterwards affrighted at their own work, so far as to become slaves of some familiar demon proceeding from their alembic."

"Perhaps I should not be more courageous than madam de Kleist," returned the Porporina, "and I confess that I have before my eyes a specimen of the power, if not of the infallibility of Cagliostro. Imagine that, after having promised to make me see the person of whom I was thinking, and whose name he apparently pretended to read in my eyes, he showed me another; and still while showing him to me alive, he appeared entirely ignorant that he was dead. But spite of this double error, he resuscitated before my eyes the husband whom I have lost; this will always be for me a sad and terrible enigma."

"He showed you the reflection of some one, and your imagination did the rest."

"I can assure you that my imagination had nothing whatever to do with it. I expected to see in a glass or behind a gauze, a portrait of master Porpora; for I had spoken of him several times at supper, and, while loudly deploring his absence, had noticed that M. de Cagliostro paid attention to my words. To ren-

der his task more easy, I chose, in my thought the figure of Porpora as the subject of the apparition, and I expected it firmly, not considering this trial as serious, until then. In fine, if there has been a single moment in my life, for a year, in which I did not think of M. de Rudolstadt, it was precisely that one. M. Cagliostro asked, on entering his magical laboratory with me, if I would consent to be blindfolded and to follow him holding his hand. As I knew him to be a man of good reputation, I did not hesitate to accept his offer and only made it a condition that he should not leave me for an instant. 'I was about,' said he, 'to beseech you not to withdraw from me a single step, and not to let go my hand, whatever may happen, whatever emotion you may experience.' I promised this, but a single affirmation was not sufficient. He made me solemnly swear that I would not make a gesture nor an exclamation, in fine, that I would remain mute and impassive during the apparition. Then he put on his glove, and after having covered my head with a hood of black velvet which fell as low as my shoulders, he made me walk about five minutes without my hearing any door open or shut. The hood prevented my perceiving any change in the atmosphere; thus I could not know if I had left the laboratory, so many turnings and windings did he make me take in order to deprive me of all knowledge of the direction we were pursuing. At last he stopped, and with one hand took off the hood so lightly that I did not perceive it. My breathing becoming more free, alone informed me that I had the liberty of looking; but I was in such thick darkness that I was not much better informed. Little by little, nevertheless, I saw a luminous star, at first vacillating and feeble and soon clear and brilliant, displayed before me. At first it seemed very far off, and when it reached its full brightness, it appeared to me quite near. That was the effect, I think, of a light more or less intense behind a transparency. Cagliostro made me approach this star, which was a hole pierced in the wall, and on the other side of that wall I saw a strangely decorated chamber filled with tapers placed in a symmetrical order. That apartment had in its ornaments and arrangement, all the appearance of a place intended for magical operations. But I had no time to examine it much; my attention was engrossed by a person seated before a table. He was alone and had his face hidden in his hands as if plunged in deep meditation. I could not see his features; and his figure was disguised by a dress which I had never before seen worn by any one. As well as I could distinguish, it was a robe, or rather, a mantle, of white satin, with purple, and

fastened upon the breast by hieroglyphic jewels worked in gold, among which I distinguished a rose, a cross, a death's head, and several rich cords of various colors. All that I could understand was, that this was not Porpora. But after one or two minutes, that mysterious personage whom I began to take for a statue, slowly moved his hands, and I distinctly saw the face of count Albert, not such as I had seen the last time, but animated in its paleness and full of soul in its serenity, such in fine as I had admired him in his most beautiful hours of calmness and confidence. I was about to utter a cry and to break, by an involuntary movement, the glass which separated me from him. But a violent pressure of Cagliostro's hand recalled to me my oath, and excited in me I know not what vague terror. Besides, at the same instant, a door opened at the extremity of the apartment in which I saw Albert, and several unknown personages, dressed almost like him, entered sword in hand. After having made various singular gestures, as if they were playing a pantomime, they addressed to him, each in his turn and with a solemn tone, some incomprehensible words. He rose, walked towards them, and answered them in words equally obscure, which presented no meaning to my mind, although I now know the German as well as my mother tongue. This dialogue resembled those we hear in dreams; and the strangeness of this scene, the marvellousness of this apparition seemed like a dream, so much so that I endeavored to move in order to be sure that I was not asleep. But Cagliostro compelled me to remain motionless, and I recognized Albert's voice so perfectly that it was impossible to doubt the reality of what I saw. Finally, carried away by the desire of speaking to him, I was about to forget my oath, when the black hood again fell over my head. I tore it off with violence, but the crystal star was already effaced, and all was again darkness. 'If you make the least movement,' hollowly murmured Cagliostro in my ear, with a trembling voice, 'neither you nor I will ever see the light again.' I had strength enough to follow him, and to walk some time with him in zigzags through an unknown void. At last, when he finally took off the hood, I found myself again in his laboratory, dimly lighted, as it was at the commencement of this adventure. Cagliostro was very pale and still trembled; for I had felt, while walking with him, that his arm was agitated by a convulsive shiver, and that he made me walk very fast, as if he were affected by great fear. The first words he addressed to me were bitter reproaches upon my want of good faith and upon the horrible dan-

gers to which I had exposed him by seeking to violate my promise. 'I ought to have recollected' added he in a harsh and angry tone, 'that the word of honor of women does not bind them, and that one must be cautious in yielding to their vain and rash curiosity.'

"Until then I had not thought of sharing the terrors of my guide. I had been so struck by the idea of finding Albert alive, that I had not asked myself if this was humanly possible. I had even forgotten that death had forever removed from me that friend so precious and so dear. The agitation of the magician at last reminded me that all this was miraculous, and that I had seen a spectre. Still my reason repelled the impossible, and the sharpness of Cagliostro's reproaches excited in me a diseased irritation which saved me from weakness. 'You pretend to take your own lies in earnest,' said I to him sharply; 'but you play a very cruel joke. You play with the most holy things, with death itself.'

"*'Soul without faith and without strength!'* replied he angrily but with an imposing expression, 'you believe in death as do the vulgar, and yet you have had a great master, a master who has said to you a hundred times: *Man does not die, nothing dies, there is no such thing as death.* You accuse me of lying, and you seem to forget that the only lie there is here is the very name of death in your mouth.' I confess to you that this strange reply confused all my ideas, and for an instant overcame all the resistance of my troubled mind. How could this man know so well my connection with Albert, and even the secret of his doctrine? Did he share his belief? or did he make of it a weapon in order to acquire an ascendancy over my imagination?

"I remained confused and cast down. But I soon said to myself that this gross manner of interpreting Albert's belief could not be mine, and that it depended upon God alone and not upon the impostor Cagliostro to evoke the dead or to restore life. Convinced, in fine, that I was the dupe of an inexplicable illusion, but of which I should perhaps discover the solution at some future day, I rose praising the sorcerer for his skill, and asking him, with a little irony, an explanation of the strange discourse held by those shadows among themselves. Thereupon, he answered me that it was impossible for him to satisfy me, and that I ought to be contented with having seen *that person* calm and *usefully occupied*. 'You will ask of me in vain,' added he, 'what are his thoughts and his action in life. I am ignorant even of his name. When you thought of him in asking of me to see him, there was formed between yourself and him a mysterious communi-

cation which my power has been able to render effective so far as to bring him before you. My science extends no further.'

"*'Your science,'* said I, 'does not extend so far; for I thought of master Porpora, and it was not master Porpora whom your power invoked.'

"*'I know nothing of that,'* replied he with a frightful gravity; 'I wish to know nothing. I saw nothing, either in your thought or in the magic tablet. My reason could not endure such a spectacle and I must preserve all my clearness of mind in order to exercise my power. But the laws of science are infallible, and you must necessarily, though perhaps unconsciously, have thought of some other person besides master Porpora, since it is not he whom you have seen.'

"Such are the fine words of all those fools!" said the princess, shrugging her shoulders. "Each of them has his peculiar style of proceeding; but all, by means of a certain captious reasoning which may be called the logic of madness, manage never to be in the wrong and with their great words to confuse the senses of others."

"Mine were certainly confused," returned Consuelo, "and I no longer possessed the faculty of analysing. That apparition of Albert, whether real or false, made me feel more sensibly the grief of having forever lost him, and I burst into tears."

"*'Consuelo!'* said the magician in a solemn tone, presenting his hand to conduct me out, (and you may well imagine that my real name, unknown to every one here, caused me a fresh surprise, coming from his lips,) you have great faults to make amends for, and I hope that you will neglect no means to recover the peace of your conscience.' I had not strength enough to answer him. I attempted in vain to conceal my tears from my comrades, who were impatiently waiting for me in the neighboring saloon. I was still more impatient to retire; and as soon as I found myself alone, after having given free scope to my sorrow, I passed the night lost in reflections and commentaries upon the events of that fatal evening. The more I tried to comprehend them, the more I was lost in a labyrinth of uncertainties; and I must confess that my suppositions were often more crazy and more diseased than would have been a blind belief in the oracles of magic. Fatigued by this fruitless labor, I resolved to suspend my judgment until I received more light. But since that time I have remained impressible, subject to nervous attacks, sick at heart, and profoundly sad. I did not feel the loss of my friend more vividly than before; but the remorse which his generous pardon

had assuaged in me tormented me continually. Exercising without obstacles my profession as an artist, the frivolous excitements of success soon cloyed me; and moreover, in this country, where the mind of man seems as gloomy as the climate—"

"And as despotism," added the abbess.

"In this country where I feel myself saddened and chilled, I soon discovered that I could not make the progress of which I had dreamed."

"And what progress do you then wish to make? We have never heard any one who approached you, and I do not believe that a more perfect cantatrice exists in the world. I say what I think, and this is not a compliment à la Frederick."

"Even if your highness be not mistaken, of which I am by no means certain," added Consuelo, smiling, "(for excepting the Romanina and the Tesi, I have never heard any other cantatrice than myself,) I think there is always much to attempt and something to be attained beyond all that has been done. Well, that ideal which I conceived in myself, I might have approximated to in a life of action, of struggle, of daring enterprise, of partaken sympathies, of enthusiasm, in one word! But the cold regularity which prevails here, the soldier-like order established even in the wings of the stage, the calm and continued benevolence of an audience which thinks of its own business while listening to us, the high protection of the king which guarantees to us a success already decided on, the absence of rivalry or novelty in the persons of the artists and the choice of works, and especially the idea of an indefinite captivity; all this citizen's life, coldly industrious, sadly glorious and necessarily covetous, which we lead in Prussia, has deprived me of all hope and even of the desire of perfecting myself. There are some days on which I feel so deprived of energy and devoid of that pleasing self-love which assists the conscientiousness of an artist, that I would pay for a hiss to rouse me. But alas! whether I fail in my opening, or am exhausted before the end of my task, I receive always the same applauses. They give me no pleasure when I do not deserve them: they grieve me when, by chance, I do deserve them; for they are then quite officially counted, quite as much measured by etiquette as usual, and yet I feel that I have merited more spontaneous ones! All this must seem childish to you, noble Amelia; but you desire to know the whole of an actress's soul, and I conceal nothing from you."

"You explain it so naturally that I conceive it as if I experienced it myself. I am capable, to do you a service, of

hissing you when I see you torpid, with the intention of throwing to you a crown of roses when I have roused you."

"Alas! good princess, neither the one nor the other would meet with the approbation of the king. The king does not wish his actors to be offended, because he knows that infatuation follows speedily after the hooting. My ennui is therefore without remedy, spite of your generous intention. To this languor is added, each day more and more, the regret of having preferred a life so false and void of emotion to a life of love and of devotedness. Since the adventure with Cagliostro especially, a black melancholy has seized upon my soul. Not a night passes but I dream of Albert, and I again see him irritated against me, or indifferent and absent, speaking an incomprehensible language and engrossed by meditations entirely foreign to our love, as I saw him in the magic scene. I wake bathed in a cold sweat, and I weep on thinking that in the new existence into which death has caused him to enter, his sorrowing and dismayed soul perhaps feels my disdain and my ingratitude. In fine, I did kill him, that is certain; and it is not possible for any man, had he made a compact with all the powers of heaven and hell, to reunite me to him. I can therefore remedy nothing in this useless and solitary life which I lead, and I have no other desire than to see its end."

To be Continued.

**SOCIETY VERSUS CRIME.** A little boy, only five years old, was found wandering among the purlieus of Water and Cherry streets, one night last week, and taken to the 4th Ward District Station House. The little fellow told a pitiful story, was homeless and faint from hunger. His mother was in the Penitentiary for intemperance; his father had enlisted in the Mexican campaign, leaving his little sister and himself homeless and destitute. *Query*—If these little innocent children should come up depraved and dissolute, as they most assuredly will—the one to end his career inside of prison walls, the other to finish hers among the haunts of vice, at whose door should the wrong be laid? Thousands who have hid themselves in dens of shame, or are dragging the felon's chains, can answer it in anguish of spirit—*Society is accountable for crime.*—*Young America.*

**CRIMINAL STATISTICS.** The Commitments from the City Prison for the past year have swelled to over 10,000, while the Arrests have been upwards of 40,000—and very many of them committed for no crime but that of poverty. (For proof of this examine the Registry of Commitments.) The Commitments for the present year will increase to 13,000, which demonstrates clearly that our unprecedented prosperity is rapidly driving the masses into pauperism and crime. May there not be some radical deficiency in our social organization? and will not those ever vigilant, watchful, untiring,

self-denying philanthropists of the *Express* and *Courier*, who are living in those four story mansions in Union Square, analyze the subject and explain the causes of this growing evil. We had an idea that it might be in a great measure attributable to men's being deprived of their birthright to the soil that they are compelled to pile up in cities until starvation and griping landlords drive them to despair, and they are swept away into the yawning vortex of pauperism and crime. Can the two above named truth-telling journals solve the matter differently? Come, let us reason together.—*Young America.*

## THE CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

It is very much the custom of political economists to represent the condition of the laboring classes as eminently prosperous, compared even with what it was in the middle of the last century. "The laboring classes," says Mr. McCulloch, "have been the principal gainers (by the improvements in the arts and sciences), as well by the large numbers of them who have succeeded in advancing themselves to a superior station, as by the extraordinary additional comforts that now fall to the share even of the poorest families." That the improvements in the arts and sciences, and in machinery, have raised the condition of the middle, and increased the comforts of the upper classes—of all kinds of capitalists, there can be no doubt. That they have raised many to the middle that belonged to the lower class, is equally certain. Neither can it be denied that the poor can now obtain many things that were considered as luxuries even to the rich, two centuries ago. And yet that the body of them is happier, and therefore better off, there is much reason to doubt. They judge of the condition of their class, not by what it was two hundred years ago, but by the condition of those above them. If they have more comforts, they have more anxiety; and such extra comforts, which, by the advance of the age, have become necessities, are earned only by more incessant labor.

We shall find also, on a close examination, that much of the apparent improvement that is observable in the condition of the poor, lies very near the surface.

"Among the popular fallacies employed to propagate the belief of the increasing prosperity of the laboring classes, are the Savings' Banks. But we will venture to say, that laborers who are householders, rearing families, are rarely indeed contributors to these useful establishments; unless they have some extraneous source of income. We have demonstrated the utter impossibility of a married workman, in the ordinary trades, saving anything, unless he starve his family. A very large proportion of them are female servants and children, who are directed by their mistresses and friends to this means of placing their small savings. Instead of the wonted gown or cap, a present from a sensible mistress to a faithful servant, is now frequently a deposit receipt for a pound or two—the nest-egg of the future hoard. In examining the classes and description of depositors in a savings' bank, in an English county, we find the greatest number to be female servants, who also hold

the greatest amount of funds. There are also children, apprentices, schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, seamen, clergymen, half-pay officers, revenue officers and pensioners, small farmers and females engaged in trade—probably single women—guards and drivers of coaches, and male domestic servants; but a small proportion of artificers, mechanics, and handicraftsmen, or of the laborers of husbandmen, and that small number, it is fair to conjecture, are single men, saving that they may prudently marry, if ever a working man can prudently marry."

"Another common fallacy in looking to the condition of the laboring population, is the reduced price of all manufactured goods, and especially of clothing. The flimsy texture of the spurious wares which have deeply injured the character of British goods in every market of the world, and driven them from some, is never considered. A laborer's wife may now have four or five pretty-patterned cotton gowns for 4s. or 5s. each, where her grand-mother's would have cost 20s.; but then it would have worn and washed out six of the gay and modern flimsy dresses; which, moreover, must cost four times lining and furnishing; and either the housewife's time, if she have the necessary skill, or else her husband's money to the mantuamaker. The same spurious economy holds of all articles of female dress, and many of male dress, used by the laboring class. How true it is that what is low-priced is not often cheap! But admitting that the pretty cotton gown and shawl, and the Sunday stockings of women and girls, are greatly cheaper, though worthless and flimsy, how does it stand with the more essential articles of clothing in our climate? We shall take the women's flannel and stuff petticoats and gowns; their warm long-wearing shawls and cloaks, stout shoes, and worsted stockings. These, if good, and of lasting texture, are no cheaper—cannot be cheaper than those which laborer's wives formerly manufactured for themselves in their cottages, and now often go without, because they cannot afford to wear them, unless the lady of the manor deals out garments at Christmas. Articles of prime necessity to the comfortable condition of working men's families, are meat, beer, substantial woolen fabrics, and good shoes; and these never have been cheap in wealthy, manufacturing England; and never can be, even in the best times, easily admissible to the laboring class in anything like reasonable plenty under the present system."

The operation of machinery upon the condition of the working classes, notwithstanding the great decrease in price of many of the necessities of life consequent upon its improvement, is clearly indicated in the following passage from Porter—article, Pauperism:—"Owing to the operations of the war and a succession of deficient harvests, the prices of almost all the articles required for the support of life were, at the beginning of this century, driven up to a distressing height, which state of things continued through the remaining period of the war, and for one or two years beyond its termination. Since then, the fall that has occurred in the prices of all the articles comprising the poor man's expenditure has been

\* Tait's Magazine, 1839. p. 21.

so great, that we may fairly estimate it to be fully equal to the simultaneous fall in the price of grain, so that the sum of 9s. 9d. in 1831, would have purchased as much as 17s. would have bought in 1801. Applying this test we shall find that the weight of pauper expenditure in proportion to the population at the two periods, was as 7 in 1831 to 4 in 1801." Now, although this may be in part accounted for from the injurious operation of a bad system of poor-laws, yet it is a sufficient indication that the laboring population in both town and country, were kept as near the starving point as possible. The sum expended for the relief of the poor in 1834 in England and Wales, among a population of 14,531,957, was £6,317,255.

On the condition of the people, in both town and country, a great mass of information has been collected, which may be found in accounts published by the Statistical Society; in the Reports of the House of Commons on the Education, (1838,) and on the Health, (1840,) of the Poorer Classes in large Towns; in Dr. Alison's Report on the Poor of Scotland, and Mr. Alison on the Principles of Population; in Mr. Slaney's State of the Poorer Classes in great Towns; in the Reports of the Hand-Loom Inquiry, and of the Poor Law Commissioners, &c. We select the following from such statements:—

"In London, one-tenth of the whole population are paupers, and 20,000 persons rise every morning without knowing where they are to sleep at night; at Glasgow, nearly 30,000 persons are every Saturday night in a state of brutal intoxication, and every twelfth house is devoted to the sale of spirits; and in Dublin, 60,000 persons in one year passed through the fever hospital."—Alison on the Principles of Population, vol. 2, p. 80.

"The number of individuals charged with serious offences is in England five times greater than it was thirty years ago; in Ireland six times; but in Scotland twenty-seven times."—Ibid, vol. 2, p. 98.

"The cost of punishing and repressing crime is calculated at above a million and a half sterling in England and Wales."

"The annual cost of vicious characters, of both sexes, throughout the country, is estimated at ten millions per annum; the cost of 4,700 vicious characters in Liverpool alone was reckoned at £700,000 per annum."

"The outlay in drunkenness and the use of spirituous liquors injurious to health, (after every allowance for reasonable conviviality,) is above fifteen millions per annum throughout the kingdom."

"The poor rates now amount annually to upwards of four millions per annum."

"Here, then, we have an enormous aggregate outlay, amounting to above thirty millions per annum, (equal to the whole interest of the national debt,) the cost of poverty and crime, to be gradually and constantly lessened, as we turn our exertions to the improvement of the poorer classes."

"The safest, wisest, cheapest way to support any given number of persons, from birth to death, is to teach the young, to encourage and assist the middle-aged, and to protect the old; to induce the people to exert themselves to support themselves, and to be frugal, industrious, provident for their own benefit."

But to do this they must have fair play; they must have reasonable encouragement, leading, and assistance; they must be afforded the means of gradually improving their condition, and not doomed to constant toil to increase the general wealth, which they see fructifying and augmenting, while they are depressed and dispirited, confined to unhealthy habitations, amidst filth and wretchedness, and with no relaxation or amusement but the occasional excitement of drunken excess. Can any one deny that this is the case with multitudes of the poorer class in great towns? It is vain and idle to say it is their own fault; that they are reckless, improvident, dissolute. They are the children of the circumstances in which they are placed, and these circumstances speak aloud, and in a tone not to be mistaken, of the error or neglect of those whose duty and interest it was to have improved their condition."—Mr. Slaney's Reports of the House of Commons on the Education and Health of the Poorer Classes, &c., p. 11.

From the same source we quote also the following:—"In Liverpool there are upwards of 7,800 inhabited cellars, occupied by upwards of 39,000 persons, being one-fifth of all the laboring classes in that great town; and an account of undoubted veracity states, 'that the great proportion of these inhabited cellars were dark, damp, confined, ill-ventilated, and dirty. In Manchester, also, nearly 15,000 persons, being almost 12 per cent. of the working population, live in cellars; and in the adjacent town of Salford, 3,300.'

"The proportion of cases of fever occurring among the inhabitants of cellars is about 35 per cent. more than it ought to be, calculating the proportion of the inhabitants of cellars to the whole population; the mortality of Liverpool was last year 1 in 33 1-2. 'That of England, 1 in 51, and of Birmingham, 1 in 60.'

"Mr. J. Robertson, an eminent surgeon at Manchester, after remarking that, when well fed, the families of working people maintain their health in a surprising manner, even in cellars and other close dwellings, states, 'That in 1833-4-5 and 6, (years of prosperity,) the number of fever cases admitted into the Manchester House of Recovery, amounted to only 421 per annum; whilst in the two pinching years, 1838-9, the number admitted was 1,207 per annum.'

"In Leeds, with a population of above 80,000 persons, the state of the streets, courts, and dwellings inhabited by the working classes, appears greatly neglected; paving, sewerage, and cleaning, (as applicable to the health of these workmen,) seem seldom thought of, and never enforced; and the general conclusion of the Town Council is, 'that the greatest part of the town is in a most filthy condition, which demands immediate remedy.'

"Your Committee cannot help repeating their conviction, that, in addition to the physical evils which this want of the means of carrying off the refuse and impurities from their dwellings entails upon the poorer classes, it is impossible to deny, from the evidence before them, that their moral habits are affected by the same causes. That a constant residence in a tainted and polluted atmosphere, whilst it predisposes them to disease, and renders them less able to repel its attacks, also produces a degradation of moral

character, an indifference to the common decencies of life, and an utter recklessness of all those comforts which persons in their station, might be expected to enjoy."

"The effect of this utter prostration of energy, and of all the better feelings of the mind, has been to reduce multitudes, who might otherwise have passed through their humble spheres, to have recourse to ardent spirits as a desperate alleviation of their wretchedness; and your Committee need hardly point out how surely this irresistible temptation leads, step by step, to habitual dissipation and debauchery."—Bray's Philosophy of Necessity.

To be Continued.

For the Harbinger.

## THE AGRICULTURAL, HORTICULTURAL, AND INDUSTRIAL COLONY OF PETIT-QUEVILLY.

Translated from the *Democratique Pacifique*.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, Henry III. caused to be constructed at Rouen a little chapel, as an asylum for noble ladies infected with leprosy.

All around the edifice hideous figures, carved beneath the cornice, showed the passers by how horribly that malady disfigures the human countenance.

If the idle stroller who passes from Paris to Rouen, and from Rouen to Havre; if the tourist who goes to Normandy to copy beautiful nature and the thatched roofs beneath which he admires the poetry of hunger, should conceive the happy idea of walking some fine summer's evening from Rouen to Petit-Quévilly, he might chance to perceive on the side of the hill, in the middle of a vast park, the antique chapel, soaring to the skies; instead of a belfry, the bushes which grow up through the disjointed ragged stones of its walls; and to hear the echoes repeat a sacred chant, which the night-breeze wafts across the valley.

And if he should step upon the threshold, he would see the newly restored interior of the chapel; he would see the whitened nave, the inlaid floor, the grotesque capitals of the little columns modelled in plaster, and opposite the door two ogive windows of stained glass; in the middle of the choir an altar wholly new and a hundred children chanting the praises of God.

The service over, he would see them go out, defiling two by two, saluting every one they meet upon the way.

Then if, piqued by curiosity, he should approach the person who appeared to be directing the movement and inquire of him what this establishment of young people in the heart of the country might be, he would be greatly astonished to hear the person answer with a smile:

"This, sir, is the colony of detention for juvenile offenders."

"Detention!—but detention gives one

the idea of a prison;" and here the traveller introduces himself into the park by a gate which he has found wide open,—no bars, no gaolers! and the buildings which the children have just entered have unbarred windows, and the people who accompanied them appear to be so good, so kind! —

And now if our traveller wishes to comprehend somewhat of the mystery which he beholds, let him address the director of the colony. M. Lecoite will be obliging enough to do him the honors, as he did to me.

And if he happens to be one of those who smile when we persist in saying: "Render useful the passions of man!" let him follow M. Lecoite, let him listen to the extraordinary facts which he is about to relate, let him visit and examine in detail the whole establishment, and he will smile no more when we shall say: "No, man is not born wicked! place him in the conditions proper to his nature, and he will do good naturally."

The agricultural, horticultural and industrial colony of Petit-Quévilly was founded, ten years since, by M. Lecoite.

This man, of a rare merit and of great devotion, had great difficulty in obtaining the consent of the prefect of the department to his philanthropic project; he called it a Utopia!

Nevertheless, after many negotiations, he obtained authority to lodge, support and bring up nine children under detention; he employed them in the kitchen garden, the orchard, &c., and gave them lessons in writing, reading and arithmetic.

A short time after, a second offender was sent to the colony. This one, having stolen from the prison of Bicêtre, at Rouen, a sum of 500 francs, had begged the favor of admission at Quévilly, only that he might find an opportunity to escape. He did it without difficulty. As soon as M. Lecoite became aware of the escape, he called the first nine and asked them if they wanted to go in search of the fugitive. They all set out, explored the environs, and returned, *all of them*, to the colony, after a long excursion. Imbued with the principles of honor which had been taught them, they could not abuse the confidence reposed in them, and considered themselves as prisoners upon parole.

But this *fact* proved a triumphant answer to those who cried out, Utopia; the authorities opened their eyes, and the number of the colonists was soon considerably increased. It is now 75, and will soon be raised to 100.

These children wear on entering the colony, a blouse of grey linen, and pantaloons with one leg grey, the other blue. This custom prevents the new-comers

from escaping without being immediately recognized. As soon as their good conduct warrants it, these pantaloons are exchanged for others altogether grey. This latter uniform, which all of them may merit, does not attract upon them, when they go out, the looks of those who despise detained offenders.

You may remark among them, nevertheless, several who wear a collar of red or blue, and some with one of yellow.

Those who wear no collar, having had no bad marks during six months, are inscribed upon the table of re-instatement; they have the right of going to the city and obtaining a position.

Those who wear a red collar have had no bad marks during two months; they are inscribed upon the table of recompense, and have, like the preceding, the right to elect their chiefs and to form the penal jury.

Those who wear the blue collar, are those who have had less than five bad marks during the month, and who have been set down on the table of reproof.

Finally, the yellow collar indicates that they have had more than five bad marks during the month, and that they have been entered upon the table of punishment.

The punishments are by no means frequent and have almost always for their cause some rogueries which would be very pardonable any where else but in a house of detention.

All corporeal punishment is banished from the discipline of the house. The prisoners choose their chiefs, and the discipline is administered by a jury composed of those among them who have distinguished themselves by their good conduct and their aptitude for labor. Thus we see developed in these children the sentiment of dignity, the idea of justice, the respect for regulations which they themselves are or may be called upon to enforce, and consequently the respect for law in general.

Let us now visit the establishment.

In a little kitchen we see a kettle, in which a single woman, assisted by two young children, prepares the soup for 75 stout eaters.

The tables and benches of the refectory, like all the other furniture of the house, have been constructed by the criminals.

If we enter the carpenters' or wheelwrights' shop, we see those who exercise these trades alternately with agricultural labors, making up weavers' shuttles for Indian fabrics, as well as wheel-barrow and other utensils. Be not astonished if they execute with success whatever they undertake, for they do it with a right good will! And how should it be otherwise! He who is turning that wheel,

and who to-morrow is to drag the wheelbarrow of which it forms a part, has he not the greatest interest in its being well poised! Perhaps too, ambition mingles itself in the matter somewhat. To gain a rank at the coming elections, he must show proofs of capacity to those who compose the group of which he wishes to be chief.

It is from these motives, also, that the blacksmiths and locksmiths manufacture such fine spades and picks.

The cider-mill, the grist-mill, and the pump which draws water for the gardens, may be put in motion by a mechanical contrivance.

The stable, too, contains three or four cows entrusted to the care of one of the youngest and best subjects. It is this same *prisoner* who is sent out to sell milk and vegetables in the city, and who every day brings back the horse and carriage, and brings back precisely the money which he has received.

Here I ought to recall the following fact:

A few days since, one of the largest of the young prisoners of Petit-Quévilly, escaped from the colony. In spite of active searches, they had found no trace of him, when, on the 27th of last April, this little milk-man descried the fugitive in a street of Rouen. Instantly leaving his horse and carriage, he ran up to the great boy, seized him by his clothes, and summoned him to return with him to the colony. The other, comparing, doubtless, the ennui of his vagabond life with the sweets of retirement at the colony, mounted the carriage without hesitation, and an hour after had returned to the establishment.

In a pleasant school-room, of which again the chair, the benches, and the tables, are the work of the colonists, M. Lecoite and his son teach every day, to those of them who know already how to read and write, a course of geometry applied to the arts and trades, and a regular course in the art of pruning and forming trees. On Thursday these pupils pursue, also, a course in linear designing.

Lessons in music even are employed at Quévilly as a means of amelioration.

On each side of the school-room is found a dormitory of fifty iron bed-steads, well swept, aired, and forming for these young delinquents a singular contrast with the smoky and infectious garrets, where, in Normandy as elsewhere, the children of the laborer come to lie down, after thirteen hours of constant toil in the fetid atmosphere of the workshop.

I have seen some thirty of the colonists engaged in clearing a part of the forest: this is a very painful kind of labor, and certainly quite unattractive in itself. Still there they were, with their whole heart

and soul; you would have said that they were ready to offer up their lives, if necessary; and yet there was no task-master to urge on the laborers with blows.

But it is so easy to labor where there is plenty of company! And those who cultivate these lands, are they not, so to say, the farmers! Will they not reap the fruits of their own toil?

Remark moreover, that they have before them a ditch of the whole length of the piece to be cleared, and that they are to carry it forward, parallel with itself, from one end of the field to the other.

The right wing of the laborers is leagued against the left wing, and the centre against both wings; moreover each one struggles against all; no one can fall into the rear; he cannot do it, it would be disgraceful! There is a rank to be obtained! it is a veritable steeple-chase!

Such is the result which comes from the employment of *enthusiasm*, of the *cabalist passion*, of *ambition*! and the *alternating passion*, too, the *papillonne*, which here finds itself at home in the midst of verdure, in the heart of the country, on the hills of Normandy. I have seen it turned to good account: thanks to it, that these children, who work from morning till night, are never fatigued, that the exclusive use of one or two members never exhausts them and provokes disease, that too long living within four walls never makes their faces wan. No, thanks to the variety of their labors, now in the fields, now in the school, now in the shops, they are all in good health, fresh, robust, and rest themselves from one toil by another.

Nevertheless, these colonists who already realize so many prodigies, are not completely interested in production: they must stay but a short time in the colony and they will not be called to eat the fruits of the orchard which they have planted; when they wish to go out and labor, under the sole direction of a chief elected from their number, whether it be as gardeners, as terrace-makers, or as house-carpenters, they gain one franc per day: but half of this gain goes back to the colony. And yet, in these conditions still imperfect, how much good can be derived from these children, who otherwise, would have cut out so much work for society!

I ought to say in closing, that the colony of Petit-Quévilly is entitled the *agricultural*, *horticultural*, and *industrial*, and not the *penitentiary* colony, like that at Mettray; that Madame Lecoigne has merited the praises lately addressed to her by the prefect of the department, for her devotion and the entirely disinterested cares which she never ceases to bestow upon her adopted children; that

the young colonists are treated there like children of the house, and not like criminals; that they find there counsels, words of encouragement, and a friendly hand to draw them from the paths of vice into which they had got fatally misled; that compulsory labor is rendered almost attractive to them, and that they are there brought up, reinstated, corrected without being punished.

An institution like this is certainly on the true way, on the way of veritable charity; and yet there are persons who cry out scandal, who reproach the man who has so well comprehended his mission of patronage, with favoring the children who have fallen, in preference to the children of the poor.

M. Lecoigne answers them thus:

Of 60 children who are detained,

8 are natural,

12 are fatherless,

10 are motherless,

3 with neither father nor mother.

—

33

Seven are detained as accomplices in theft with their parents.

These 60 children have together 170 brothers and sisters, of whom

7 are natural,

23 fatherless,

32 motherless,

5 without father or mother.

—

67 children bereft of parents.

The other 103 are often confided, while their parents are undergoing punishments of a greater or less duration, to brothers and sisters under fifteen years of age.

While applauding the thought of founding colonies for children of the unfortunate class, a thought which we have ourselves suggested in a report read in 1836, we have nevertheless believed that *young offenders*, who also form a part of the poor class, claimed priority by the excess of their misery, and still more by the excess of evils with which society is menaced, if efforts are not made to turn them from the precipice of vice and crime.

I have read in a journal that there are in France 14,700,000 acres of uncultivated lands.

J. F. P.

TRUFELSDROECK is one of those who consider Society, properly so called, to be as good as extinct; and that only the Gregarious feelings, and old inherited habits, at this juncture, hold us from Dispersion, and universal, national, civil, domestic and personal war! He says expressly: "For the last three centuries, above all, for the last three quarters of a century, that same Peri-cardial Nervous Tissue (as we named it) of Religion, where lies the Life-essence of Society, has been smote at and perforated, needfully and needlessly; till now it is quite rent into shreds; and Society, long pining, diabetic, consumptive, can be regard-

ed as defunct; for those spasmodic, galvanic sprawlings are not life; neither indeed will they endure, galvanise as you will, beyond two days."

"Call ye that Society," cries he again, "where there is no longer any Social Idea extant; not so much as the idea of a common home, but only of a common, over-crowded lodging-house! Where each, isolated, regardless of his neighbor, turned against his neighbor, clutches what he can get, and cries 'Mine!' and calls it peace, because in the cut-purse and cut-throat scramble, no steel knives, but only a far cunninger sort, can be employed! Where friendship, communion, has become an incredible tradition; and your holiest sacramental supper is a smoking tavern dinner, with cook for evangelist? Where your priest has no tongue but for plate-licking; and your high guides and governors cannot guide; but on all hands hear it passionately proclaimed: *Laissez faire*; leave us alone of your guidance, such light is darker than darkness; eat your wages, and sleep!" — Carlyle.

## REVIEW.

*Napoleon and his Marshals.* By J. T. HEADLY. Two Volumes. Fourth Edition. New York: Baker and Scribner. 1846. pp. 331 and 316.

The appearance of the fourth edition of Mr. Headly's popular work gives us an opportunity to express our sense of its merits.

We think his admiration of the intellectual power, practical energy, and intense enthusiasm of the subjects of his descriptions, has blunted his perceptions in regard to the true character of the dreadful occupation to which they were devoted. Judged by the lowest ideal standard of morality, war, in every form, is an abomination, — the horrible and loathsome result of a perverted order of society. No ingenious sophistry, no vulgar commonplace of the conventional moralist can reconcile it for a moment, with the spirit of Christianity, or the better nature of man. It is, we admit, the unavoidable result of human imperfection, under a social system founded on antagonism of interests, but it is none the less on that account, an accursed spectacle, at the sight of which an infernal spirit might almost blush.

The view, however, which Mr. Headly presents of Napoleon and his Marshals, we think is far more correct, than the traditional opinions which, received from English writers, and those who have followed servilely in their wake, have prevailed to a considerable extent, among scholars, law and order men, conservative politicians, gentlemen of property and standing, and indeed the "better classes" (Heaven save the mark!) generally in this country. It has been the fashion to depict Napoleon as an unmitigated monster, and if the time has passed for using his name as a spell to frighten crying children with, he is still held up to pub-



lic odium as a man, who had sacrificed every quality that becomes a man to a reckless, unprincipled, and all-devouring ambition. Mr. Headly shows clearly and justly the falseness of this view. He maintains, and successfully, we cannot help thinking, that compared with other eminent warriors and statesmen of his day, he was by no means inferior in moral qualities, while in brilliancy of genius, and vigor of action, he was immeasurably beyond them.

The principal defects, which would be felt by a reader, in this book, necessarily grow out of the plan of it, which is not so happy as might at first thought be supposed. It is a gallery of portraits of the great actors in contemporary scenes, intimately and inseparably connected with each other, in many cases personally engaged in the same stirring incidents, so that the attempt to present an independent history of each of them in the same work, is like copying the successive phases of a landscape in different points of view, — though there may be variety of expression and of feature, the general materials are the same, similar details must be often introduced, and without uncommon skill and power of execution, the effect at length becomes monotonous. This is somewhat the case with these volumes. A single memoir, taken by itself, from almost any portion of the work, will be found to possess great dramatic spirit and variety; the author's power of picturesque description is very rarely surpassed; he throws himself alive into the midst of the scene which he portrays; he brings his personages before you warm with flesh and blood; and after reading his account of a great achievement in arms, you feel as if you had taken part in it yourself, you hear the clarion tones of the hero ringing in your ear, as they rise above "the sound of crashing bones, like hailstones against windows," and stop to wipe the dust and blood from your brow. In these passages, Mr. Headly shows consummate skill in giving picturesque relief to apparently trivial circumstances. Thus in describing Macdonald's passage over the Alps in winter, where terrific avalanches did the work of the cannon ball, he speaks of the drummer who was swept down into the dismal abyss unhurt, and "crawling out from the mass of the snow which had broken his fall, began to beat his drum for relief. Deep down, amid the crushed forms of avalanches, the poor fellow stood, and for a whole hour beat the rapid strains which had so often summoned his companions to arms. The muffled sound came ringing up the face of the precipice, the most touching appeal that could be made to a soldier's heart. But no hand could reach him there, and the rapid blows grew fainter

and fainter, till they ceased altogether, and the poor drummer lay down to die. He had beaten his last reveillé, and his companions passed mournfully on, leaving the Alpine storm to sing his dirge."

These few isolated touches present a picture of desolation and misery, that comes nearer the heart than the description of slain armies.

But, in reading all these memoirs together, the very intensity of interest becomes too great to last, and the unavoidable repetition or at least near resemblance of the scenes described produces a feeling of tediousness, like that experienced in being introduced to a variety of persons on a public occasion, or wandering through the alcoves of a large library.

We should like to see a continuous history of Napoleon's campaigns from Mr. Headly's pen. The acuteness of his perceptive powers, which enables him to give such clear and sharp outlines to important events, and his skill in the effective grasping of characters and incidents, would ensure a work of exciting interest, if not of profound reflection.

We notice frequent instances of carelessness and impropriety of style in these volumes, which would be more conspicuous in a less highly colored, less impassioned production. These are minor blemishes in a work of genuine power. We should be glad, however, if it contained nothing to offend a correct, not to say a fastidious taste. Mr. Headly has evidently no leaning towards England and the English; but we trust that he will keep on good terms with the English language and not insult it by the use of colloquial and provincial expressions, which are out of place in the writings of one who has talents to make him an honor to the literature of his country.

*The Expedition to Borneo of H. M. S. Dido for the Suppression of Piracy: with Notes from the Journal of James Brooke, Esq. By Captain the Hon. HENRY KEPPEL, R. N. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1846, pp. 414.*

This book contains a large amount of information as to the inhabitants, products and capacity of the island of Borneo. In this point of view it is valuable and interesting, though written in a very dry style. The best of it is the extracts from the Journal of Mr. Brooke, an English gentleman of fortune, who has been led by a humane desire of benefiting the island and by personal necessity of finding some more generous and adventurous mode of life than civilized society has to offer, to take up his residence in Borneo and to become, by a singular course of circumstances, the *rajah* or governor of one of its most important provinces.

On a voyage from Calcutta up the Chi-

na Sea for the recovery of his health Mr. Brooke, we are told,

"Saw for the first time the islands of the Asiatic Archipelago—lands of vast importance and unparalleled beauty—lying neglected, and almost unknown. He inquired and read, and became convinced that Borneo and the Eastern Isles afforded an open field for enterprise and research. To carry to the Malay races, so long the terror of the European merchant-vessels, the blessings of civilization, to suppress piracy, and extirpate the slave-trade, became his humane and generous objects; and from that hour the energies of his powerful mind were devoted to this one pursuit. Often foiled, often disappointed, but animated with a perseverance and enthusiasm which defied all obstacles, he was not until 1838 enabled to set sail from England on his darling project."

For carrying out his plan Mr. Brooke procured a schooner of 142 tons, and prepared a crew for the purpose by previous discipline under his own eye. His own spirit and enthusiasm can best be appreciated by the following extract from the announcement of his design published in the year 1838.

"The voyage I made to China opened an entirely new scene, and showed me what I had never seen before, savage life and savage nature. I inquired and I read, and I became more and more assured that there was a large field of discovery and adventure open to any man daring enough to enter upon it. Just take a map and trace a line over the Indian Archipelago, with its thousand unknown islands and tribes. Cast your eye over the vast island of New Guinea, where the foot of European has scarcely, if ever, trod. Look at the northern coast of Australia, with its mysterious Gulf of Carpentaria; a survey of which, it is supposed, would solve the great geographical question respecting the rivers of the mimic continent. Place your finger on Japan, with its exclusive and civilized people; it lies an unknown lump on our earth, and an undefined line on our charts! Think of the northern coast of China, willing, as is reported, to open an intercourse and trade with Europeans, spite of their arbitrary government. Stretch your pencil over the Pacific Ocean, which Cook himself declares a field of discovery for ages to come! Proceed to the coast of South America, from the region of gold-dust to the region of fure—the land ravaged by the cruel Spaniard and the no less cruel Buccaneer—the scene of the adventures of Drake and the descriptions of Dampier. The places I have enumerated are mere names, with no specific ideas attached to them; lands and seas where the boldest navigators gained a reputation, and where hundreds may yet do so, if they have the same courage and the same perseverance. Imagination whispers to ambition that there are yet lands unknown which might be discovered. Tell me, would not a man's life be well spent—tell me, would it not be well sacrificed, in an endeavor to explore these regions? When I think on dangers and death, I think of them only because they would remove me from such a field for ambition, for energy, and for knowledge."

Besides the noble ambition and courage here manifested, Mr. Brooke possesses a cool, sound and ready judgment, patience,



great kindness and firmness, in short all the qualities necessary to exercise a permanent and commanding influence over savage tribes. We have never met with a man more completely adapted to the work he has undertaken, and cannot doubt, although a postscript appended to the present work informs us that he was in a critical situation a few months since, that he will confer a lasting benefit on the people and the country to which he has devoted himself.

The inhabitants of that part at least of Borneo in which Mr. Brooke's establishment is situated, are not Malays, but a distinct, original race, called Dyaks. They seem to be naturally a mild, industrious people, and unusually susceptible of improvement.

Among other peculiar customs they have the following, which, rude as it is, shows that they are by no means destitute of common sense.

"The common habitation, as rude as it is enormous, measures 594 feet in length, and the front room, or *street*, is the entire length of the building, and 21 feet broad. The back part is divided by mat partitions into the private apartments of the various families, and of these there are forty-five separate doors leading from the public apartment. The widowers and young unmarried men occupy the public room, as only those with wives are entitled to the advantage of separate rooms. The floor of this edifice is raised twelve feet from the ground, and the means of ascent is by the trunk of a tree with notches cut in it—a most difficult, steep, and awkward ladder. In front is a terrace fifty feet broad, running partially along the front of the building, formed, like the floors, of split bamboo. This platform, as well as the front room, besides the regular inhabitants, is the resort of pigs, dogs, birds, monkeys, and fowls, and presents a glorious scene of confusion and bustle. Here the ordinary occupations of domestic labor are carried on—padi ground, mats made, &c., &c. There were 200 men, women and children counted in the room and in front while we were there in the middle of the day; and, allowing for those abroad and those in their own rooms, the whole community cannot be reckoned at less than 400 souls. Overhead, about seven feet high, is a second crazy story, on which they stow their stores of food and their implements of labor and war. Along the large room are hung many cots, four feet long, formed of the hollowed trunks of trees cut in half, which answer the purpose of seats by day and beds by night."

We might easily prolong our extracts, but will rather refer our readers to the book itself. It is as we said written in a dry style which does no justice to materials that a skilful hand might have wrought into a most fascinating narrative. Still for those who seek for a knowledge of facts, this will render it more valuable, as the plain and sometimes clumsy relation excites the utmost confidence in the truth of every statement.

We regard with profound interest this movement for opening the Malaysian is-

lands more fully to European intercourse. It will bring evils in its train undoubtedly; the natives will have to deal with other men than the admirable hero of the present volume; sacred commerce will do its perfect work upon them, and they will be visited by the vices which belong to Civilization. But this must be gone through with, and is not the end. There is a time coming when the untold riches of those noble islands will be fully developed, when the lavish generosity with which nature has exhausted her stores upon them will be directed in true channels by the industry of man, and when they will be occupied by happy and exalted human beings.

*Captain O'Sullivan; or Adventures Civil, Military and Matrimonial of a Gentleman on Half Pay.* By W. A. MAXWELL, Esq. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1846. pp. 139.

This is a poor book, without consistency or probability,—very much inferior to the cheap reprints of the Messrs. Harpers generally. With the exception of one or two good hits at character, and an occasional touch of dramatic power it has nothing to recommend it. If our memory serves us, the author has written books worth reading, but in the present case he has fallen short of that standard.

## POETRY.

*From the Newrin Examiner, (an Irish paper.)*

### THE THREE PREACHERS.

There are three preachers ever preaching,  
Each with eloquence and power;  
One is old, with locks of white,  
Skinny as an anchorite;  
And he preaches every hour  
With a shrill fanatic voice,  
And a bigot's fiery scorn:—  
"Backward, ye presumptuous nations:  
Man to misery is born!  
Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer—  
Born to labor, and to pray;  
Priests and Kings are God's Vicegerents,  
Man must worship and obey.  
Backward, ye presumptuous nations—  
Back!—be humble and obey!"

The second is a milder preacher;  
Soft he talks as if he sung;  
Sleek and slothful is his look,  
And his words, as from a book,  
Issue glibly from the tongue.  
With an air of self-content,  
High he lifts his fair white hands:—  
"Stand ye still, ye restless nations;  
And be happy, all ye lands!  
Earth was made by One Almighty,  
And to meddle is to mar;  
Change is rash and ever was so;  
We are happy as we are;  
Stand ye still, ye restless nations,  
And be happy as ye are."

Mightier is the younger preacher;  
Genius flashes from his eyes,  
And the crowds who hear his voice,  
Give him, while their souls rejoice,  
Throbbing bosoms for replies.

Awed they listen, yet elated,  
While his stirring accents fall:—  
"Forward! ye deluded nations,  
Progress is the rule of all;—  
Man was made for heartfelt effort;  
Tyranny has crushed him long.  
He shall march from good to better,  
Nor be patient under wrong!  
Forward! ye awakened nations,  
And do battle with the wrong.

"Standing still is childish folly,  
Going backward is a crime;—  
None shall patiently endure  
Any ill that he can cure;  
Onward! keep the march of time;  
Onward, while a wrong remains  
To be conquered by the right;  
While Oppression lifts a finger  
To affront us by his might;  
While an error clouds the reason;  
While a sorrow gnaws the heart;  
While a slave awaits his freedom,  
Action is the wise man's part:—  
Forward! ye awakened nations!  
Action is the People's part.

"Onward! there are ills to conquer,—  
Ills that on yourselves you've brought;  
There is wisdom to discern,  
There is temperance to learn,  
And enfranchisement for thought.  
Hopeless Poverty and Toil  
May be conquered if you try;  
Vice and Wretchedness and Famine,  
Give Beneficence the lie.  
Onward! onward! and subdue them!  
Root them out; their day has passed;  
Goodness is alone immortal;  
Evil was not made to last,  
Forward, ye awakened people,  
And your sorrow shall not last."

And the preaching of this preacher  
Stirs the pulses of the world.  
Tyranny has curbed its pride;  
Errors that were deified,  
Into darkness have been hurled;  
Slavery and Liberty,  
And the Wrong and Right have met,  
To decide their ancient quarrel.  
Onward! preacher; onward yet!  
There are pens to tell your progress,  
There are eyes that pine to read,  
There are hearts that burn to aid you,  
There are arms in hour of need.  
Onward, preacher! Onward, nations!  
Will must ripen into Deed.

### SONNET. BUONAPARTE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

He thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak,  
Madman!—to chain with chains and bind with bands  
That island green that sways the floods and lands,  
From Ind to Ind; but in fair daylight woke,  
When from her wooden walls, lit by sure hands,  
With thunders and with lightnings and with smoke,  
Peal after peal, the British battle broke,  
Lulling the time against the Coptic sands.  
We taught him lowlier moods, when Elsinore  
Heard the war moan along the distant sea,  
Rocking with shattered spars, with sudden fires  
Hazed over; at Trafalgar yet once more  
We taught him; late he learned humility,  
Perforce, like those whom Gideon schooled  
with briars.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 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 NEW YORK OBSERVER ON ASSOCIATION.

This paper, professing a high religious character, has recently joined the ribald coterie of Webb, Brooks, and Co., in their malignant assaults on the Editor of the Tribune, and in the prosecution of this disgraceful warfare, has been guilty of the same sophistry and misrepresentation of the true question at issue, that have characterized the effusions of its lofty-minded predecessors.

If the assertions of the Observer have any meaning at all,—if they are not the merest bugbears intended to throw the more credulous portion of the community into a desperate panic,—they mean that it is the design of the American Associationists to attempt the abolition of the marriage system, and the removal of all wholesome laws for the regulation of the intercourse of the sexes. In fact, the Observer brings this charge without reserve or qualification. Whether this proceeds from wilful ignorance, intellectual obtuseness, or an unprincipled indifference to truth, we are not called upon to decide. The candid reader will be able to make up his mind on this point without great difficulty. We will not stop to impugn motives, but will confine ourselves to the calmest exposition of the facts in the case. At all events, it is seldom that a more unfounded accusation is brought forward against a personal enemy, in the bitterest utterances of private malice. It is seldom that a more conspicuous violation of justice can be found in the blood-red annals of religious bigotry. Even the ravings of political animosity, in its own peculiar sphere can hardly furnish a parallel to it. Not a line, not a letter, in the writings of Associationists in this country, can be made to justify the charge, even by the ingenious tortures which the Observer so well knows how to apply to language. Not a word has been uttered by them in public addresses or private conversation, which can give even a color of reason to the statements of the Observer. On the contrary, they have declared again and again the true object of the movement in which they are engaged; they have been scrupulous in their attempt to guard against misapprehension; they have stated with the utmost precision, fairness, and discrimina-

tion, their relation to Charles Fourier; they have shown what portions of his system they accept and advocate, and what portions they pass by; they have always disclaimed his authority as a master, and especially, have left his speculations as to the relation of the sexes, in future ages, among the uncertain conjectures of a bold theorizer, with which they had no concern.

We pointed this out with sufficient clearness in our last article on this subject, and showed that the statements of the Observer must fall to the ground, unless it could be demonstrated that the advocacy of the industrial reform proposed by Fourier, involved the acceptance and defence of his views in regard to the modification of marriage which he supposed would be introduced in a future condition of society.

The distinction between these two portions of Fourier's system is so obvious to every one, who has even a slight acquaintance with the subject, that it seems almost like a waste of words, to attempt to set it in a clearer light. We will not, however, be impatient of the most familiar details, repeated as they often have been, for the sake of those who are candidly seeking information on the subject; while we leave those who are anxious only to make out their case, and vilify their opponents, to the ignorance and prejudice, which are their congenial element.

It is well known by all who have paid any attention to the writings of Associationists, that the system of Fourier comprises a clear, methodical, and thorough plan for the organization of labor, for economy in domestic arrangements, for the union of property in joint-stock co-partnership, for the equitable distribution of profits, and for the guaranty of education, suitable employment, competent support, and social position, to every member of the associated townships, into which he supposes the community in general is to be divided. In connection with this plan of combined industry, although logically and practically distinct from it, Fourier presents a vast body of speculations, inquiries, assertions, and predictions, in respect to the theory of the Universe,—the doctrines of cosmogony, ontology, and psychology,—the correspondences and analogies between the spiritual and material worlds,—the changes in government, climate, and the physical relations of the globe, which will be produced under a unitary system of cultivation,—and the modifications in the relations of marriage and the intercourse of the sexes which will result from the prevalence of truth, justice, freedom, order, harmony, and material abundance, in a social condition founded on the nature of

man and the immutable laws of the Creator.

The first portion of this system,—the plan of Industrial Reform as the condition of social virtue, union, and happiness,—is all that has been adopted or defended, either by the Associationists of America, or of France; the practical realization of this plan in a township arranged on the associative method is the great object of their movement; this is the work which they feel themselves called on to perform; the great idea which they would present on every occasion to the attention of their countrymen; the responsible mission, which they would devote every energy to accomplish. With the other portions of Fourier's theories they have no more concern than with the visions of Swedenborg or the speculations of Plato; they have never defended them, never sought to introduce them, never regarded them as presenting any claim on the attention of the practical reformer or philanthropist, never in fact, deemed them to come within the sphere of argument or discussion, as they are presented only as conjectures "or reveries," "as a description of the customs and habits of Herschel or Saturn," to use the language of Fourier himself concerning them. Now on what grounds of reason, or common sense, or common honesty, can the Associationists be made responsible for views which they do not hold, which they have never brought forward, which they have uniformly disclaimed, because they are found in a vast ocean of speculation, by a theoretical writer, whose principles on the organization of industry they believe to be supported by a rigid demonstration and the plainest dictates of common sense? Can we not believe the sublime doctrines of charity, of universal love, which the Bible sets forth, because, forsooth, it defends the custom of ferocious war in a barbarous state of society? Must we reject the principles of democratic freedom contained in the Declaration of Independence because Mr. Jefferson repudiated the Orthodoxy of the Church? Or, to use a more practical illustration, should we reject the "organization" of travel by rail-road cars, if we found that in the opinion of their inventor, their influence would produce an entire revolution in the customs of commerce and the rites of religion? We should rather examine the invention itself, calculate the effect of its immediate practical application, consider the evils it would remedy and the advantages it would produce; and leave the speculative predictions of its author to be decided by the experience of ages, and the Providence of God.

This was the manner in which Fourier presented his system of attractive industry, as claiming the test of a fair and

sufficient experiment. He does not contend for an absolute, indissoluble connection between the two portions of his system, which we have described. Whatever may be thought of my speculations, — this is the uniform tenor of his reasonings, — here is a plan for the organization of industry, which may be put in practice without interfering with any existing interest or custom of society. Call me a fool or a madman, if you please, on account of what you deem my visionary prophecies; but do not reject my practical arrangements for labor, which may be submitted at once to the test of experiment. He urged the importance of this step, as an essential condition of redeeming the race from the abyss of social corruption and misery, in which it is now weltering. The effect of a true organization of industry, in his opinion, would be the immediate abolition of fraud, falsehood, oppression, antagonism, hatred, jealousy, strife, violence, and wretchedness in the relations between man and man. A new and divine order would be introduced with the special sanction of the divine, beneficent, universal Providence. This order would be the realization of celestial harmony on earth, the fulfilment of prophetic hopes, the practical embodiment of the Christian spirit in social institutions. By the introduction of this order, he expressly maintains, no change in the marriage relation will be produced. He condemns, in terms of the most unsparing severity, those wild innovators, who have wished to do away with this institution; and always declares with the utmost explicitness, that the true relations of industry must be established, without interfering with a sacred tie, that is at the foundation of social order in the world. The positive work then, to be done, according to Fourier, is the establishment of true industrial relations, on the principles of coöperation and attraction, in place of the present system of anarchical competition, commercial fraud and oppression, and the subordination of labor to capital. This is the work in which the Associative school are engaged; for this and for this alone, they are responsible; and whether in future ages of the world, after the laws of universal harmony are understood and applied, after the reign of deception, tyranny, and violence shall have passed away, and the globe shall be inhabited by a nobler, wiser, truer, and more religious race of men, than have yet been seen on its surface, the union of order and liberty will be possible in the intercourse of the sexes, and the purified "passions" of our nature will take the place of conventional restrictions; — this they do not undertake to decide, and leave the affirmations of Fourier on the whole subject to

the development of future epochs of harmony and wisdom, which they believe ordained by the all-embracing Providence of the Deity. They, certainly, cherish the faith, that whatever changes may spring up in the progress of society, the present system of open licentiousness, shameless degradation, and heartless deception, which not even the influence of the marriage tie is able to repress, will give place to true and honorable relations, which will preserve the dignity of womanhood, and contribute to the highest elevation and harmony of the social state.

The distinctions which we have pointed out, between the Industrial Reform proposed by Fourier, and the speculations which have called down such a shower of oburgation is always maintained by the most enthusiastic advocates of his system in France. They propose no change in the marriage relations. They disclaim all responsibility for Fourier's conjectures, anticipations, and predictions. They would deprecate as much as the most austere descendant of the Puritans, any approach to disorder or licentiousness, in the new industrial arrangements which they wish to establish. In view of these undeniable facts, with what face can it be stated in a professedly religious Journal, that the Associationists of this country, — a large proportion of whom have derived their first knowledge on the subject from the columns of the 'Tribune, — a body of persons comprising men of the highest education, devoted to inquiry and thought, with a host of plain, practical, business-like farmers and mechanics, in every part of the United States, — with no small number of women of the greatest intelligence, refinement, moral worth, and religious principle that our country can boast of, who are devoted to this cause as the essential condition of human progress and elevation, — with what face, we ask, can it be asserted that they are conspiring to rob society of the guardian institution of marriage, and remove those salutary restraints, which with all their influence, are inadequate to the preservation of purity and order, in the present false, corrupt, and corrupting relations of social life?

We ask no more than fair and exact justice from friend and foe. But we claim from our countrymen, — what we do not expect from our antagonists, — an impartial hearing on our purposes and principles, and a judgment on the merits of our cause from the frank and unreserved representations of its advocates, rather than from the gross caricatures of its enemies.

Our publications are before the world. They show, with the clearness of sunlight, the ground which we take. No man can read them, who is not blind and

drunk with prejudice, and not perceive that we maintain the distinction between the different portions of Fourier's writings, which was laid down by their author himself, and which has been constantly recognized by his followers in France. Here are the statements of Mr. Godwin, one of the most intelligent advocates of Association in this country, as the Observer remarks, although it is pleased to express its surprise, that a man who had enjoyed the discipline of the Princeton Theological Seminary, and who even once had a leaning towards the Presbyterian Pulpit, should have sunk into such a gulf of perdition as the theory of Universal Unity.

"The School of Fourier. proposes but one thing; THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOR IN THE TOWNSHIP. It has no other object; no other faith as a School." "It is true that some persons with a lightness that verges on malignity or bad faith, obstinately accuse that school of a design to abolish property, the family relation, and religion: but can they in the face of the sketch we have just given, hope to persuade the public of so barefaced a falsehood? Is the family likely to be injured in a condition of society which will furnish new and strong guarantees for its independence, peace, and happiness? where the interchange of family affections will not be interrupted by the influence of adverse interests? Is there no longer meaning in words? Are the most positive avowals of intention and principles not to be believed?" "Whoever, then, undertakes to criticise or accuse this School must, to be honest, do so on other grounds than these. He must take up directly and only the project they present, and prove that it is itself worthless or impracticable. Random charges against opinions which we reject and plans which we do not propose, can only expose the authors of them to the contempt of all fair-minded people."

Such has been our uniform, unvarying declaration of principles and purposes. With this evidence before him, the man who presumes to charge the American Associationists with the designs alleged by the New York Observer, brands himself as a convicted calumniator, and solicits the contempt of every just and honorable mind.

At the same time, we do not hope to escape the fate of those who announce new truths to an unbelieving world. We have no wish to shun it, and if the blood of the martyrs be the seed of the church, we shall not shrink from the utmost sacrifice in the discharge of our mission. So deep, so intense, so irrepressible are our convictions of the falseness and pollution of the present order of society, — of the degradation of our most sacred

and essential institutions, — of the debasing influence of the favorite pursuits of men, — of the presence of cunning hypocrisy in the Church, and of unblushing iniquity in Congresses and Courts, — of the foulest oppressions and deceptions in the relations of business, — and of desolating abominations in private life, — that we can use no honeyed words in describing the atrocities, with which "Earth is sick and Heaven is weary." We speak out the burden of our souls, with sternness, with severity, with austere denunciations of the wrong, though with tears of agony at the outrages on Humanity. For this sin, in a wicked and adulterous generation, we do not hope to be forgiven. We know what is before us, and we have taken our ground, not as we trust, without counting the cost. We have no quarrel with our revilers; if we speak in harsh terms, it is for the sake of expressing our sense of the true character of their assaults; but we cannot be aroused to wrath, for alas! they are as noble and as wise, as the pestilent atmosphere of civilization, in which they live, and move, and have their being, will permit them to become. If it had been their privilege to be born in those happier ages, when the law of God written upon the heart shall take the place of the legislation of man, — when falseness, and antagonism, and social rottenness, now scarcely concealed by the whited sepulchres of conventional decency, shall yield to the glorious harmonies of a true social order, — the most contemptible Levite among them all, who now has neither eye nor heart for the wretchedness of his race, might have been a model of lofty manhood — the false, bloated hypocrite, who now prates of morality in order to cover the deep infamy of his own character, might have been pure, sincere, upright, sound to the heart's core, with no need of mummery or mask.

Thus far we have been discussing general principles for the most part; hereafter we may examine the false assertions of the Observer more in detail, if we should think it worth while to resume the subject.

#### OBJECTIONS TO ASSOCIATION. — NO. IV.

(Continued from p. 124.)

In considering that part of the criticism of the Oberlin Reviewer which relates to Associated Labor, we found ourselves compelled in our last article to abandon the attempt to follow him, and to state negatively and positively, the doctrine of Attractive Industry.

We will now, though at the risk of protracting somewhat the discussion, examine this subject in a more scientific manner, and show the real causes of the repulsiveness and degradation at present connected with Labor.

The analysis of the human Soul shows us that it is a Unity or Whole, composed of twelve springs of action, called Affections, Passions, or Attractions, as the twelve notes of Music constitute the Whole of Sound, or the seven prismatic Colors, the Whole of Color.

These twelve Attractions crave satisfaction; crave joy and happiness as their destiny; — or in other words, they demand a harmonious action and development in an external system adapted to them, and this is the case with every being without exception. They who renounce happiness on earth, — which seems to be a contradiction of the rule here laid down, — do so to secure it in another world, or to secure an end, which is the object of some one attraction exclusively, which leads them willingly to the sacrifice that is made.

Thus happiness, which truly defined is the harmonious development of the springs of action in Man, is the unvarying demand of the human Soul, and proves, if the law of "Destinies proportional to Attractions" be true, that happiness is to be the lot of mankind on earth.

To secure to the Attractions the satisfaction which they demand, we must present to them those external harmonies which correspond to their nature. Musical harmony, for example, is the external, the outward correspondence of the faculty called hearing, as beautiful scenery, or beautiful works of art are correspondences of the faculty of sight.

External harmonies attract the passions or faculties to which they correspond, and excite them to action. Thus music, or harmony of sound, attracts the sense of hearing; pleasing scenery, with its harmonies of form and color, attracts the sense of sight; delicately prepared viands, with their harmonies of flavor, attract the sense of taste; groups of friends attract the friendship of those who are in sympathy with them; children attract the parental sentiment in parents; and thus with the entire scale of the twelve motive powers in Man.

The twelve radical Attractions may be classed under three heads, according to the following table.

**FIRST CLASS. Five Sensitive Attractions,** which tend to material elegance, beauty, refinement, and harmony.

**SECOND CLASS. Four Social Attractions,** which tend to the formation of social sympathies and ties between beings, or to social harmonies.

**THIRD CLASS. Three Intellectual or regulating Attractions,** which tend to universal order and general unity, — to mathematical harmonies.

Each of the twelve radical springs of action has its special tendency, or its centre of attraction.

#### FIRST CLASS: THE FIVE SENSITIVE OR MATERIAL ATTRACTIONS.

1. *Taste*, — Attraction to harmonies of flavor.
2. *Smell*, — Attraction to harmonies of perfume.
3. *Sight*, — Attraction to harmonies of form and color.
4. *Hearing*, — Attraction to harmonies of sound.
5. *Touch*, — Attraction to harmonies of contact in the externals of things.\*

#### SECOND CLASS: THE FOUR SOCIAL ATTRACTIONS.

6. *Friendship*, — Attraction to groups of our fellow beings from identity of character and identity of function. It comprises the sentiments of benevolence and philanthropy, and leads to social equality and the brotherhood of the Race.
7. *Love*, — Attraction to beings of the opposite sex, from spiritual and material sympathy; source of the deference of the stronger for the weaker sex, and of general delicacy and refinement in the social intercourse of beings.
8. *Ambition*, — Attraction to alliances with our fellow men in groups of colleagues and partisans, united for the attainment of the same end.
9. *Familism*, or the family affection, — Attraction to groups of parents and children, from the tie of consanguinity, and the tie of adoption; source of the deference of the older to the younger age, and of a social providence in society.

#### THIRD CLASS: THE THREE REGULATING, OR DISTRIBUTIVE ATTRACTIONS.

10. *Emulation*, — Love of progressive classification, of graduated contrasts and inequalities, giving rise to differences of tastes and opinions, and hence to rivalry.
11. *Alternation*, — Love of variety and change.
12. *The Composite*, — Love of accords of contrasted and identical elements, of the combination of two or more functions or pleasures; source of enthusiasm.

#### PIVOTAL, OR COLLECTIVE ATTRACTION, — Love of Universal Harmony and Unity.

Present to Man material harmonies, groups of beings, and an organization corresponding to these twelve Loves of the Soul, and you will attract him to them with irresistible power. Material beauty and harmony will attract the five

\* The senses are not simple elements, but compound faculties, or rather elementary organisms, which can be divided into elementary perceptions. The sense of hearing, for example, comprises the perception of all the various shades or modulations of tone. These perceptions form the parts of a Unity or Whole, called the sense of hearing, as the twelve attractions form the parts of the Soul, — the collective Unity. Music comprises as many elementary parts, as there are elementary perceptions in the sense of hearing which created it and consequently is its only external correspondence. These remarks apply to all the other Attractions. Friendship, for example, comprises Friendship proper, or direct sympathy for one or more beings, up through various degrees of sympathy to universal Philanthropy, wherein is the complete or universal development of this affection. Cordiality, equality, charity, and mercy, are among its attributes. Ambition, or Honorism, embraces the sentiments of association, elevation, dignity, justice, and what in phrenology is termed love of approbation, self-esteem, &c. We subdivide the twelve radical Attractions into thirty-two; these into one hundred and thirty-four, and the latter into four hundred and four, which is the complete division. Let us here remark that the tenth faculty comprises analysis, causality, comparison, &c. The twelfth, ideality, imagination, constructiveness.

senses; groups of kindred souls will attract the four social or cardinal affections, and method, order, and harmonious distribution, will attract the three intellectual or distributive affections.

There is no department of society, or sphere of life, in which it is so important to open a field of action and development for the human passions, as in Industry.—(Agricultural, manufacturing, and domestic Labor.) Industry is for Man the source of health and riches, which are his two primary wants; it is the foundation of his physical and moral development, and of his power over the material world. It is also the means by which he fulfils the high trust confided to him of Overseer of the earth, and of the kingdoms upon it. Industry is at present so falsely organized, that it violates methodically the twelve radical Attractions, outrages them in every way, and entails upon those who from want are forced to undergo its burthen, poverty, ignorance, and other evils.

It is perfectly practicable to give to Industry an Organization which will be in perfect correspondence with the Attractions of the Soul, which will offer to them in its pursuits the means of their legitimate and harmonious action. If we do this, Man will be drawn voluntarily to Industry, he will engage in it from choice, and with delight: it will become pleasing and ATTRACTIVE to him.

We do not say that the mere material Labor, considered as such, connected with Industry, and abstracted from the pleasures and advantages to which its performance will give rise, will be rendered attractive, any more than we pretend that the mere act of laying colors on the canvass, polishing the marble of the statue, or striking the keys of an instrument, is, in itself, abstracted from all the effects which follow, pleasing to the painter, the sculptor, or the musician. But this work is the means, the medium by and through which beautiful and harmonious results, which please some of the Attractions of the Soul, are produced, and it is executed with delight by the artist who loves his art. In like manner the labors, efforts, and thought requisite in the exercise of Industry, will become the means and the medium for the satisfaction of the Attractions, and will therefore be performed voluntarily, or from attraction.

Thus Industry can be rendered ATTRACTIVE, by being adapted to human nature, and made the avenue to health, fortune, rank, honors, and other satisfactions of the human heart.

We will now point out summarily how Industry, as now organized and prosecuted, violates methodically the twelve Attractions of the Soul, and becomes, as

a consequence, hateful and repulsive to Man. We will begin with the first class.

#### VIOLATION OF THE FIVE SENSES.

1. *Violation of the Sense of Sight.* Our workshops and manufactories are for the most part dirty, gloomy, and ugly; the same is the case with the tools and dresses. Parsimony and neglect reign every where. On our farms too, the fields are monotonous and dreary. There is no display or elegance either in agriculture or manufactures; no visual harmonies to attract the eye. Thus this sense is violated.

2. *Violation of the Sense of Taste.* In nearly all civilized countries, the producing classes can scarcely obtain with their scanty wages, a sufficiency of the coarsest food, and no where a varied and delicate fare such as this sense demands. The agricultural laborer does not consume the products which he raises; his fairest fruits and vegetables, his poultry and other delicacies are sent to market to be consumed by the rich, while he lives upon the commonest articles. Thus the Industry of Civilization guarantees no satisfaction of the sense of Taste, and hardly the means of nourishment, or its simplest demands. This sense is violated like the preceding Attraction.

3. *Violation of the Sense of Smell.* In our crowded manufactories and workshops, in mines, and other confined localities, where Industry is prosecuted, there prevails the greatest neglect as regards cleanliness, ventilation and purification of the atmosphere. The laboring classes toil amidst stench, and often in an unwholesome and even deadly atmosphere, as in our dye-houses, our steel and chemical manufactories. Thus the sense of Smell is outraged to the last degree, instead of being gratified as it could be in nine-tenths of labors, and in the worst case, purity of atmosphere at least could be secured by proper ventilation, and the bad effects of certain branches of work prevented by short hours of labor.

4. *Violation of the Sense of Hearing.* The din of noisy branches of Industry is increased to a frightful extent in our workshops and manufactories, where for economy's sake five hundred looms, a score or two of copper smith's benches or blacksmith's forges, are crowded into one large room, or several branches of work conducted in one locality, where each workman must hear the noise of all the others. No pains are taken to separate noisy occupations, and to diminish the clatter of machinery. The sense of Hearing is not only violated, but tortured, and to such an extent that deafness and other diseases result from it.

5. *Violation of the Sense of Touch.* Manufactories, which are cold and damp

in winter, hot and confined in summer; uncomfortable clothing, tools and implements; exposure to a broiling sun in field labor for the entire day;—these, and a hundred other circumstances connected with Labor, under its present miserable organization, outrage the sense of Touch, and inflict upon it a torture which would alone be sufficient to drive Man from half of the branches of Industry which he exercises, even if the eleven other passions were not violated in them.

#### VIOLATION OF THE FOUR SOCIAL AFFECTIONS.

6. *Violation of Friendship.* The laborers in our fields and manufactories are not brought together voluntarily, from sympathy of character and choice of occupation, but by chance, by the will of an employer, who hires and assigns them their posts and their company. Persons of incongruous characters, and incompatible habits and manners, are thus forced to herd and toil together like animals, which gives rise to as many antipathies and discords, as there should be sympathies and friendly ties. The exactions and tyranny of employers, engender also a spirit of hostility between them and the employed, which completes the circle of animosities, by extending them to inferiors and superiors, hirelings and capitalists, servants and masters. Thus Friendship, under the present unnatural Organization of Industry, is either entirely stifled, and a state of selfish apathy takes its place; or it is positively outraged, and antipathy and hatred are engendered, which add moral discords to the material ones already existing.

7 and 8. *Violation of Love and the Family Affection.* There is no proper division of Labor and judicious classification of its details, so as to allow both sexes and the different ages to take part in, and enliven its pursuits by their presence. Most branches of agriculture, and the lighter branches of the mechanical arts, if rightly organized, could be prosecuted by women and children, as well as by men; but under the present system, the father works solitarily in some lonely field, or with a mass of hirelings in a manufactory; the mother is engaged in the kitchen, and the children are idle or at school. Thus parents and children, friends and lovers, rarely meet in Industry, which is precisely the sphere in which they should meet. The combination of these classes in Industry, would tend powerfully to make it Attractive, which is the supreme practical end of a true Social Order. Thus the two minor cardinal Affections, Love and the Family sentiment, are left out of view, and entirely unsatisfied in the present Organization of Industry.

8. *Violation of Ambition.* Labor as now prosecuted, offers no avenue to wealth, honor, and consideration in society, which are leading desires of this Passion. He who labors with his own hands, never gets rich; (a rare exception only confirms the general rule;) he remains a poor and dependent drudge, more often despised than respected or tolerated. All the aspirations of Ambition are denied to those who are regularly engaged in Labor. As a consequence, Man avoids it as he would a scourge, and seeks a career in politics, war, commerce, the law, the sciences, the pulpit, where he has a chance at least of arriving at wealth, favor, and position.

This is the negative side, a glimpse of advantages refused. The positive side, the disadvantages incurred, are the following. The laborer is a hireling, dependent upon a master or employer, who controls him, because he holds the capital or implements of Industry to which he must have access in order to labor, without which he starves. He must do the employer's bidding; work the number of hours which he fixes, at the function which he points out, and in the company he selects. There is no Liberty in Labor, no individual independence, no free choice of occupation, no guarantee of regular employment, no making of rules and regulations by the employed, like the fixing of the hours of labor or the division of profits, no choice of industrial leaders, but on the contrary, arbitrary sway, oppression, and degradation. The masses obey without a will of their own the dictates of him to whom circumstances have given capital or credit. The tyranny that reigns in Industry is on a par with the tyranny that reigns in political relations under a Turkish Pasha.

Thus the powerful Passion, Ambition, which prompts Man to such persevering and energetic efforts for the gratification of its aspirations, finds no field of action, no satisfaction in what should be the most important of all spheres of activity,—productive Industry,—but is degraded and destroyed in it. Should we be surprised that Industry is repulsive and abhorrent, when it thus violates and stifles the Attractions of the Soul, those motive powers to which an appeal must be made to rouse men to action?

#### VIOLATION OF THE DISTRIBUTIVE AFFECTIONS.

For a general description of the conditions which must be fulfilled to give scope and satisfaction to the three Distributive Attractions, we refer the reader to the translation of the *New Industrial World*, Harbinger, Vol. ii. No. 7, p. 99, and sequel. We will here briefly examine a few of these requisites.

10. *Violation of Emulation.* There is

no noble emulation in the Labors of Civilization. Man toils either alone or at an isolated branch of Industry, so that no comparison in execution, talent and skill, between closely allied branches, can be established, and as a consequence, no rivalry can exist. We see the opposite, or the subversive effect of this Passion, in the envious competition which reigns in civilized Industry, and which engenders as many hatreds as noble emulation would produce sympathies. The powerful zest of emulation between groups, is entirely lost under the present system of Labor, as this sentiment finds no action and development in it.

11. *Violation of the Love of Alternation.* Prolonged and monotonous labors are a leading feature of the present industrial system. The same round of toil is continued twelve and fifteen hours per day, and day after day, and month after month, which of itself is sufficient to render Industry a hateful and intolerable burden. If our favorite pleasures, the ball or opera, for instance, were subjected to this system of prolonged application, and they were continued twelve or fourteen hours without intermission, they would become as repulsive as most branches of Labor now are. How important then to introduce moderate hours of work and varied occupations into the great field of productive Industry, the true source of health and wealth to Humanity. The rich and varied faculties implanted in the human soul, which demand such varied spheres of activity, are deadened by this monotony and exclusive absorption, while the body is falsely developed, and frequently diseased. Thus the Attraction of Alternation, the love of variety, which leads to integral development and universality, and thereby to equilibrium, is violated under the present system of Labor, and one more outrage added to the list of those inflicted upon human nature.

12. *Violation of the Composite.* There is no union of the useful with the beautiful, of the material with the spiritual, of industry with art, or of external beauty and harmony with the social sympathies and affections, in the Labors of Civilization. There are no accords and leagues of groups with identity of tastes, as there is no emulation between groups that have dissonant or rival tastes. There is in short no combination of display and splendor with the practical realities of Industry, which enthusiasm, imagination, the love of the ideal, demand. Thus is the twelfth Attraction in Man violated in our Organization of Labor, which is a conflict of material and moral discords, of physical and social antipathies, and of monotony and deformity in every way.

The combination of these discords, de-

formities, and false arrangements outrages methodically the twelve Attractions of the Soul, the Senses, the social Affections, and the love of Order, Justice, and Liberty; repels Man from Industry, and renders it REPUGNANT and DEGRADING.

In a succeeding article we will examine the twelve leading conditions which must be fulfilled to dignify Industry and render it ATTRACTIVE.

#### ASSOCIATION IN ALGIERS.

It is well known that the attempts of France to plant colonies in Algiers have been far from successful. According to official reports the average expense to the government of the villages whose foundation has been attempted, has been more than two thousand francs for each family. The result, says the *Democratique*, from which we translate the following particulars, is that Algiers is occupied by a wretched population, dying of hunger, and plunged in all kinds of vices.

In this state of things the French government has entertained with approbation the proposals of the "Agricultural Union of Africa" at the head of which is M. Gauthier, a captain of artillery, and has granted to the 'Union' the territory and the pecuniary assistance usually allotted to its Algerine colonies. These allowances are the travelling expenses for the laborers of the colony, construction at the public charge of the fortified enclosure, of the church, the parsonage, the town house, a hospital, school houses, *creche*,\* wells, watering places, wash houses, streets, &c.

The colony of the 'Union' is formed on the principle of Association. Its property is represented by joint stock shares, and its land, by the terms of the grant, is never to be divided. All the associates, whether stock-holders or laborers, are to share in the product of its operations in proportion as they contribute to them, that is, the former according to their capital invested, the latter according to their labor and skill. Each member of the society, man, woman or child, will have an account opened with the Directors. Each person from the gardener to the superintendent, will be engaged for a fixed salary and function, with the right to a living of a certain *minimum* kind, corresponding to the interest fixed as the *minimum* payable to the capital. The profits over and above this *minimum* of support and interest will be divided to each person, capitalist or laborer, in proportion to the sum received by him in the first distribution as salary or interest.

\* The *creche* is an establishment lately introduced in France for the care of infants and young children during the day while the mothers are engaged in their avocations. For the laboring classes whose necessities render them unable to devote themselves to the care of their children this is an excellent arrangement.



Hence it results that the active elements of the village are united in one body, and have a direct, common interest in the public prosperity. All are *associated*; the individual interest is completely united with the public interest; all lose or gain, all rise or fall together, and still the principle of individuality is respected, and individual property has a free chance of accumulation; every one has his *own*, his rights and his account with the whole body; it is by the union of individual possessions that the unitary social property is formed. Such results are obtained by applying the principle of Association at Sigville, the name which the "Agricultural Union" proposes to bestow on its colony. It is situated on the river Sig, on the road from Oran to Mascara, half way between the two places and almost ten miles from the sea.

The part taken by the government in the establishment of this colony we have already spoken of. The Society on its side makes the following engagements:

To collect in the space of five years 225 to 300 families, or about 1,400 persons for whom buildings of mason work shall be provided, and to give such an extension to its operations that

1,680 acres of land shall be cultivated in grains and planted with trees.

1,680 acres in grass natural or cultivated.

1,050 " " orchards and plants needing shade.

630 " " gardens.

420 " " vines.

5,460 acres, which is the amount of the grant.

The Society is also to construct a flour mill, and several work shops; it is bound at the end of five years to have planted:

250,000 feet of land with mulberry trees.

150,000 " " " with olive trees.

100,000 " " " with orange, lemon, and different kinds of fruit trees.

100,000 feet of land with poplars.

1,200,000 " " " vines.

It is also to erect stables and other buildings for 300 horses and colts, 2,000 horned cattle, 4,000 to 5,000 sheep, 500 to 600 swine, and 8,000 to 10,000 fowls.

The population of the township being obliged to form a company of volunteer soldiers, will be able to organize its defences so as to be sufficient for every occasion. The first five years will be devoted to the fulfilment of the above conditions, after which it will be able to enlarge its operations considerably.

The inhabitants of the province of Oran take a lively interest in this undertaking. The leading men of the province have appointed a committee to furnish it with the aid of their capital and their influence. Indeed, both the government and the country of Algiers have the greatest concern in the success of the enterprise. This success will solve in the

happiest manner the unsettled question of the colonization of the north of Africa.

The interest of the European colonists is not the only one involved in this question. Besides the Caucasian inhabitants of the country there are the Arabs, whom neither reason, nor philanthropy, nor justice will suffer to be left out of the account. The extermination of the Arabs or their banishment into the desert are notions as absurd in practice as they are odious in theory. In this connection, a fact proper to edify minds rebellious against the idea of Association, is, that several Arab chiefs have already become subscribers to the stock of the "Agricultural Union."

This colony is by no means a trial of the phalanstery of Fourier. Its founders adopt the Associative principle, as a basis, and look for order, unity, coöperation from the convergence of interests which that principle must produce, and from the exercise of an intelligent authority on the part of the directors of industry, who will form at the same time the civil and military powers. But the plan is not entertained of testing the *serial method* which is the leading feature of the phalanstery; the only thing borrowed from Fourier is his *economical system*.

Between the notion of agricultural Association and the system of Fourier there is such a distance that he had formed the idea of the former long before discovering the latter. He himself declares that when he began to speculate on the association of three hundred to four hundred families of agriculturists forming a combined township, he was so far from his system and so much under the influence of the prejudices in vogue, and the chimera of impossibility, that he did not even believe that such an association could be realized.

Thus while the doctrine of association is not involved at Sigville, and will not be compromised by the failure of the establishment, it may gain from its success, which will prove, not the *serial method* indeed, but the excellence of association considered as a social and economical principle. If this principle realized by means of any *organization whatever* produces prosperity, unity, the accord of interests, a great step will be taken and a powerful testimony given to the doctrine of association. If the attempt fails, as the organization proposed by Fourier is not employed, his theory cannot suffer from the failure. From these considerations we shall watch the progress of Sigville with profound interest.

It is said that 300,000 people are engaged in cheating the English government—in other words, they are engaged in the smuggling trade.

Mr. POWERS AND C. EDWARDS LESTER. We have before taken occasion to administer a little wholesome reproof to the above named concocter of books, for the free and easy impertinence with which he ventured into too close personal relations with great men. We were not disposed to quarrel very violently with his vanity and self-conceit, they seemed so harmless and so natural to him,—and hoped in good faith, that when he got rid of his windy sufficiency, enough would be left to make a somewhat entertaining and popular writer. His recent affair with Mr. Powers, however, according to the documents brought forward by that accomplished scholar and gentleman, George H. Calvert, places him in an unfortunate position. It appears by them that he made use of the name of Mr. Powers, in order to produce a book that would sell, in a manner that was entirely unauthorized, and when called to account therefor, was guilty of subterfuges, to call them by the mildest name, unworthy of a scholar or man of truth. We thank Mr. Calvert for his generous zeal in vindicating the fame of our eminent countryman, Mr. Powers, of whose character we have too great reason to be proud, to allow it to be victimised by literary cupidity or personal vanity. The generation of Boswells are barely tolerable at best, but when they are governed by a mercenary spirit, instead of an affectionate admiration, they become a nuisance. We can pardon a little man for clinging to the coat-tail of a great one, in hopes to be lifted up himself, but when it comes to taking advantage of his position, and exposing the great man in an unbecoming manner for the sake of money, we would thank any one to put a stop to such monkey tricks.

¶ We cut the following paragraph from the farewell address of "The League."

"Our Association, like every other institution, must perish when its destiny is fulfilled; but it leaves to the world the rich bequest of a bright example. Henceforth let no laborers in the cause of enlightened philanthropy despair of success. The stripling with his stone and sling, has proved adequate to the overthrow of the mighty giant. Noble ends sought by noble means, more than compensate for any original disproportion of physical strength and power."

Associationists may take these words to heart as well as the example of the movement whose last utterance they are. The devotion, energy, and unflinching resolution of "The League" were expended in behalf of a reform in custom-house regulations, the abolition of a tariff, at the highest, for the temporary and partial relief of the laboring population of a



single country. Shall our efforts for a universal reform, for the permanent freedom, elevation and happiness of the whole family of man be inferior to theirs? In God's name, No! Let all that we are, and all that we have, be laid upon the altar of this cause. Whatever temporary difficulties may obstruct it there is triumph in the Future, for it has on its side the progress of Humanity, and the eternal promises of God!

¶ We have observed with a good deal of surprise in a late "Anti-Slavery Standard" an allusion to Miss Fuller, on occasion of her retiring from the literary department of the Tribune, which it seems to us must have had its origin in some private grief, rather than in any just or gentlemanly feeling. Whatever may be the defects of that lady, in style and manner, as a writer, her singular nobleness of character, her disinterested advocacy of unpopular truth, and her enlightened enthusiasm in the cause of human freedom and elevation, should be sufficient to shield her from such an aggression, — and from a quarter so truly honorable, as we believe that to be, from which it came. The true reformer, it would seem, has too great a work to do, in contending with the baseness, selfishness, and injustice of the present age, to afford to throw away his strength, in reproaching those, who if not in the same path with himself, are yet seeking the Highest, and doing what a brave life and true speech can do to realize it on Earth.

¶ As long as the laborer and the employer are two persons and not one and the same; as long as the land, machinery, workshops, tools, are owned by one party and the other is only a hireling; as long as labor-saving machinery works directly against the laborer and not directly for him; as long as there is unlimited competition between employers, and between laborers, so long the working classes will be the Pariahs of society, so long labor will be a stigma, and so long pauperism and crime will increase in compound ratio with the growth of industry and the increase of wealth. Good men may preach truth more eloquently than angels, and fill all hearts with religion and philanthropy so that alms shall be given as generously as Heaven sends down rain, but the evil will only increase. It is not gifts which will remedy pauperism, but Justice. Society is like a railroad train run off the track, the more steam you put on and the more you oil the wheels, the more violently it rushes to destruction.

¶ O high-souled Democrat, whose heart glows with the love of liberty and

whose tongue is agile with praise of Equal Rights and the great spread of the same now taking place, is there no drudge in thy kitchen, or man in thy stable, endowed with a soul like thine whom thou lookest down upon as a menial? Faugh upon thy Democracy! thou art a hypocrite and a fool, unless it be thy endeavor to make Equal Rights something more than a legal fiction.

**NEW INVENTION.** During the recent hot weather, an invention has been introduced upon the rail-roads of Holland for the prevention of the dust by which travellers have been incommoded. It consists in putting immediately behind the tender, a water-car, or a common low freight car with large iron water casks. To the casks are attached pipes leading into an iron box about the size of a stove pipe, which extends across the width of the track. This box is perforated like a sieve. While the train is in motion, the pipes are opened and the road is sprinkled as if by a fine shower. — *Schnellpost.*

**FREILIGRATH.** German papers bring the intelligence that this poet is about to emigrate from his poetic solitude near Zurich, to a London counting-house, a piece of news which at first they discredited. In this resolution, Freiligrath is governed, as is well known, by the noblest motives. He is determined to be in the most complete sense independent, and free from reliance, even on the book-sellers, who are now so much intimidated; he is resolved to be hindered by nothing from living according to his convictions.

We believe that he has chosen the better part, and that even this outward limitation will contribute to make his mind more fruitful. A German paper adds to the announcement of Freiligrath's entrance into a respectable commercial house in London, the following details. The duties of his place will employ him six or seven hours daily, and will leave him time enough for poetry and study. His salary is, at the commencement, two hundred pounds sterling, with a prospect of improvement. — *Schnellpost.*

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N. R. GERRISH.

July 16, 1846.

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### MISCELLANY.

#### THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,\*

SEQUEL TO

#### CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

X.

"But have you not contracted some new friendships here"? asked the princess Amelia. "Among so many witty and gifted persons whom my brother boasts of having drawn from all quarters of the world, are there none worthy of esteem?"

"There certainly are, madam; and if I did not feel myself inclined to retirement and solitude, I might have found many benevolent souls about me. Mademoiselle Cochois —"

"The marchioness d'Argens, you mean?"

"I do not know if she is so called."

"You are discreet, and you are right. Well, she is a distinguished person."

"Extremely so, and very good at heart, though she may be a little vain of the attentions and the lessons of the marquis, and somewhat looks down upon the artists her companions from the height of her grandeur."

"She would be much more humble did she know who you are. The name of Rudolstadt is one of the most illustrious of Saxony, while that of d'Argens belongs only to the small gentility of Provence or Languedoc. And madam de Coccei, how is she, do you know her?"

"As, since her marriage, mademoiselle Barberini no longer dances at the opera, and lives most generally in the country, I have few opportunities of seeing her. Of all our actresses, she is the one with whom I feel most sympathy, and I have often been invited by her and her husband to visit them on their estate; but the king has given me to understand that

this would displease him greatly, and I have been obliged to give up that pleasure, without knowing why I should suffer such a privation."

"I will inform you. The king paid court to mademoiselle Barberini, who preferred the son of the grand chancellor to him; and the king fears the effect of this evil example upon you. But among the men, are you intimate with no one?"

"I have much friendship for M. Francis Benda, his majesty's first violinist. There is a similitude between his fate and mine. He led the life of a zingaro in his youth, as I did in my childhood; like myself, he cares very little for the grandeurs of this world, and prefers liberty to riches. He has often told me how he fled from the court of Saxony to share the wandering, joyous and miserable lot of the artists of the highway. The world does not know that there are upon the roads and in the streets virtuosos of great merit. An old blind Jew completed, over hills and valleys, the education of Benda. He was called Löbel, and Benda never speaks of him but with admiration, although he died upon a heap of straw or even in a ditch, perhaps. Before applying himself to the violin, M. Franz Benda had a magnificent voice and made singing his profession. Grief and ennui made him lose it at Dresden. In the pure air and in vagabond liberty, he acquired another talent, his genius took new flight; and it is from that travelling conservatory that has issued the magnificent virtuoso whose assistance his majesty does not disdain in his chamber concerts. George Benda, his youngest brother, is also an original full of genius, by turns epicurean and misanthropic. His capricious mind is not always amiable, but he always interests me. I think that this one will not succeed in dressing as do his other brothers, who now wear with resignation the gilded chain of royal dilettantism. But he, either because he is the youngest, or because his natural character is unconquerable, always talks of taking flight. He is so heartily ennuied

here, that it is a pleasure for me to be ennuied with him."

"And do you not hope that this partaken ennui will lead to a more tender feeling? It would not be the first time that love was born of ennui."

"I neither fear nor hope it," replied Consuelo; "for I feel that it can never be. I have told you, dear Amelia, that something strange passes within me. Since Albert is no more, I love him, I think only of him, I can love only him. I verily believe this is the first time, of a certainty, that love has been born of death, and yet this is what happens to me. I cannot be consoled for not having granted happiness to a being worthy of it, and this tenacious regret has become a fixed idea, a sort of passion, a madness perhaps."

"It seems to me something like it," said the princess. "It is at least a disease — And yet it is a malady which I well conceive and which I also experience; for I love an absent person whom perhaps I shall never see again: Is not that almost like loving a dead one? — But tell me, is not my brother prince Henry an amiable cavalier?"

"Yes, certainly."

"A great amateur of the beautiful, an artist soul, a hero in war, a striking and pleasant though not handsome face, a proud and independent mind, the enemy of despotism, the unsubdued and menacing slave of my brother the tyrant, in fine the best of the family, certainly. They say he is very much in love with you; has he not told you so?"

"I listened to it as a jest."

"Have you no desire to take it seriously?"

"No, madam."

"You are very difficult, my dear; what defect do you find in him?"

"A great defect, or at least an invincible obstacle to love on my part: he is a prince."

"Thanks for the compliment, you rogue! Then he had nothing to do with your fainting fit on the stage the other evening! It was said that the king, jeal-

\* 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.

ous of the manner in which he gazed at you, had sent him away under arrest at the beginning of the opera, and that grief made you quite ill."

"I was entirely ignorant that the prince had been arrested, and am very sure that I was not the cause. That of my accident was very different. Imagine, madam, that in the middle of the piece I was singing, somewhat mechanically, as happens to me too frequently here, my eyes wandered at random over the boxes of the first tier, near the stage; and suddenly, in that of M. Golowkin, I saw a pale face appear at the bottom and lean insensibly forward as if to look at me. That face, was Albert's, madam. I saw him, I recognized him; I know not if it was an illusion, but it is impossible that one could be more terrible or more complete."

"Poor child! you have visions, that is certain."

"O! that is not all. Last week, after I had given you the letter from M. de Trenck, I lost my way in the palace as I was retiring, and at the entrance of the cabinet of curiosities I met M. Stoss, with whom I stopped to converse. Well, I there saw that same face of Albert, and I saw it threatening, as I had seen it indifferent the evening before at the theatre, as I have incessantly seen it in my dreams angry or disdainful."

"And M. Stoss saw it likewise?"

"He saw it very well, and told me that it was a certain Trismegistus whom your highness is pleased to consult as a necromancer."

"Ah! good Heaven!" cried madam de Kleist, becoming pale; "I was very sure he was a real sorcerer! I can never look at that man without being afraid. Although his features are handsome and he has an air of nobleness, there is something diabolical in his physiognomy and I am certain that he assumes, like a Proteus, all the appearances he wishes to frighten people. With that, he is a grumbler and censurer like all his kind. I recollect that once, when drawing my horoscope, he reproached me bitterly for having divorced M. de Kleist because M. de Kleist was ruined. He made a great crime of it. I wished to defend myself, and as he was rather haughty with me, I began to be vexed, when he predicted to me with vehemence that I should be married again, and that my second husband would perish by my fault even more miserably than the first, but that I should be well punished for it by my remorse and the public odium. While saying this, his face became so terrible that I thought I saw M. de Kleist resuscitated, and I fled to her highness's apartment, uttering great cries."

"Yes, that was a funny scene," said the princess, who sometimes, as if in

spite of herself, resumed her dry and bitter tone; "I laughed at it like a crazy woman."

"There was no reason!" said Consuelo artlessly. "But who is this Trismegistus in fine? And since your highness does not believe in sorcerers—"

"I have promised to tell you some day what sorcery is. Do not be in such a hurry. For the present, know that the diviner Trismegistus is a man whom I value highly, and who may be very useful to all three of us and to many others!—"

"I should much like to see him again," said Consuelo; "and though I tremble at the thought, I should like to assure myself in cold blood if he resembles M. de Rudolstadt so much as I imagined."

"If he resembles M. de Rudolstadt, you say—well, you recall to me a circumstance which I had forgotten, and which will perhaps explain all this great mystery in a very common place manner.—Wait! let me think a moment—yes, now I remember. Listen, my poor child, and learn to mistrust all that may seem supernatural. It was Trismegistus whom Cagliostro showed to you; for Trismegistus has relations with Cagliostro, and was here last year at the same time with him. It was Trismegistus whom you saw at the theatre in count Golowkin's box; for Trismegistus dwells in his house, and they busy themselves together in chemistry and alchymy. In fine it was Trismegistus whom you saw the next day in the chateau; for on that day and shortly after having dismissed you, I saw Trismegistus; and by the way, he gave me full details respecting Trenck's escape."

"So far as to boast of having contributed to it," said madam de Kleist, "and to be reimbursed by your highness for money which he certainly had not expended for that purpose. Your highness may think of him what you will; but I dare to tell you, that man is a *chevalier d'industrie*."

"Which does not prevent his being a great sorcerer, is it not so, de Kleist? How do you reconcile so much respect for his science with so much contempt for his person?"

"Eh! madam, they go together in the best manner possible. We fear sorcerers, but we detest them. Exactly as we do with the devil."

"And yet we wish to see the devil, and cannot do without sorcerers. This is your logic, my beautiful de Kleist."

"But madam," said Consuelo, who listened eagerly to this strange discussion, "How do you know that this man resembles M. de Rudolstadt?"

"I forgot to tell you, and it was a very simple chance that made me know it. This morning, when Supperville was tell-

ing me your story and that of count Albert, all that he said of that strange personage made me curious to know if he was handsome, and if his face corresponded to his extraordinary imagination. Supperville reflected a few moments and at last answered me: 'Well, madam, I can give you a very exact idea of him; for you have among your *playthings* an original who would be horribly like that poor Rudolstadt if he were more meagre, more wan, and wore his hair differently. That is your sorcerer Trismegistus.' This is the point of the matter, my charming widow; and it has no more sorcery in it than Cagliostro, Trismegistus, Saint Germain and company."

"You remove a mountain from my breast," said the Porporina "and a veil from before my eyes. It seems to me that I am born again into life, and that I awake from a painful sleep! Thanks be given to you for this explanation! Then I am not deranged, then I do not have visions, then I shall no longer be afraid of myself!—And yet, see how the human heart is formed;" added she after a moment's revery; "I believe that I regret my fear and my weakness. In my extravagance, I had almost persuaded myself that Albert was not dead, and that at some future day, after having made me expiate by horrible apparitions the evil I had caused him, he would return to me without clouds and without resentment. Now I am very sure that Albert sleeps in the tomb of his fathers, that he will not rise again, that death will not lose his prey, and this is a deplorable certainty."

"Can you have doubted it? Well there is a happiness in being crazy; as for myself, I had no hope that Trenck would ever escape from the dungeons of Silesia, and yet that was possible, and it did happen."

"If I were to tell you, beautiful Amelia, all the suppositions to which my poor imagination gave itself up, you would see that, spite of their improbability, they were not all impossible. For example, a lethargy,—Albert was subject to them—But I will not recall those senseless conjectures; they pain me too much, now that the face which I took for Albert's is that of a *chevalier d'industrie*."

"Trismegistus is not what people think him.—But what is certain is that he is not the count de Rudolstadt; for it is several years since I have known him, and since he has practised, in appearance at least, the trade of a diviner. Besides he is not so like the count de Rudolstadt as you persuade yourself. Supperville, who is too skilful a physician to have a man buried in a lethargy and who does not believe in ghosts, has verified differences which your trouble did not permit you to remark."

"O! How I should like to see that Trismegistus again!" said Consuelo with an absent air.

"Perhaps you will not see him again very soon," replied the princess coldly. "He left for Warsaw the very day you saw him in this palace. He never remains more than three days at Berlin. But he will certainly return in a year."

"And if it were Albert!" resumed Consuelo, absorbed in a profound reverie.

The princess shrugged her shoulders.

"Decidedly," said she, "my fate condemns me to have either fools or crazy women for friends. This one takes my sorcerer for her late husband the canon de Kleist, that one for her dead husband the count de Rudolstadt; it is lucky for me that I have a strong head, for perhaps I should take him for Trenck and God knows what would happen! Trismegistus is a poor sorcerer not to profit by these mistakes! Come, Porporina, don't look at me with such a wild and horrified air, my beauty. Recover your senses. How can you suppose that if count Albert, instead of being dead, had awakened from a lethargy, so interesting an event would have made no noise in the world! Have you retained no connection, moreover, with his family, and would they not have informed you?"

"I have retained none," replied Consuelo. "The canoness Wenceslawa wrote to me twice in the course of a year to announce to me two sad events: the death of her elder brother, count Christian, my husband's father, who finished his long and sorrowful career, without recovering the memory of his misfortune; and the death of baron Frederick, the brother of Christian and the canoness, who was killed when hunting, by rolling from the fatal mountain of the Schreckenstein to the bottom of a ravine. I replied to the canoness as was my duty. I dared not offer to carry to her my sad consolations. Her mind appeared to me, from her letters, divided between her goodness and her pride. She called me her *dear child*, her *generous friend*, but did not seem in any way to desire the assistance and the cares of my affection."

"So you suppose that Albert, resuscitated, lives tranquil and unknown at Giant's castle, without giving you notice, and without any one's imagining such a thing out of the enclosure of said castle?"

"No, madam, I do not suppose it; for it would be entirely impossible, and I am crazy to wish to think so," replied Consuelo hiding her face in her hands.

The princess seemed, as the night advanced, to resume her bad character; the mocking and inconsiderate tone in which she spoke of things so dear to Consuelo's heart, affected the latter most unpleasantly.

"Come, don't look so grieved," resumed Amelia roughly, "This is a fine party of pleasure indeed! You have told us stories to bring the devil on earth; de Kleist has been so pale and trembling all the time, I believe she will die of fear; and I, who wished to be happy and gay, I suffer at seeing you suffer, my poor child!—" The princess pronounced these last words with the good diapason of her voice, and Consuelo, raising her head, saw that a tear of sympathy was flowing down her cheek, while the smile of irony still contracted her lips. She kissed the hand which the abbess extended to her, and inwardly pitied her for not being able to remain good four successive hours.

"However mysterious your Giant's Castle may be," added the princess "however savage the canoness, and however discreet her servants, be sure that nothing happens there more than elsewhere, which is secured from a certain degree of publicity. Though they took great pains to conceal the eccentricities of count Albert, the whole province soon knew of it, and they had been long spoken of at the little court of Bareith, when Superville was called to attend your poor husband. There is now in that family another mystery, concealed doubtless with no less care, but which has been no better kept from the public malice, that is the flight of the young baroness Amelia, who was carried off by a handsome adventurer shortly before the death of her cousin."

"And I, madam, was ignorant of this for quite a long time. I can even inform you that all is not discovered in this world; for hitherto no one has been able to discover the name or condition of the man who carried off the young baroness, any more than the place of her retreat."

"That is what Superville told me indeed. Well, that old Bohemia is the country of mysterious adventures: but that is no reason why Count Albert should be —"

"In the name of Heaven, madam, let us speak no more of that! I ask your pardon for having wearied you with this long story, and when your highness shall order me to retire —"

"Two in the morning!" cried madam de Kleist, who shuddered at the doleful sound of the palace clock.

"In that case we must separate, my dear friends," said the abbess, rising; "for my sister of Anspach will come to wake me as early as seven in order to entertain me with the mad pranks of her dear margrave who lately returned from Paris, madly in love with mademoiselle Clairon. My beautiful Porporina, you queens of the theatre are queens of the world by fact, as we are by right, and

your lot is the best. There is no crowned head you cannot carry off from us if you have such a fancy, and I should not be astonished at some future day, to see mademoiselle Hippolyte Clairon, who is a girl of wit, become margravine of Anspach, in competition with my sister, who is a fool. Come, give me a pelisse, de Kleist, I wish to accompany you to the end of the gallery."

"And your highness will return alone?" said madam de Kleist, who appeared much troubled.

"Quite alone," replied Amelia, "and without any fear of the devil or of the hobgoblins who held their court in the chateau for some nights past, as I am told. Come, come, Consuelo! we shall see madam de Kleist's fine fear on crossing the gallery."

The princess took a taper and went first, dragging after her madam de Kleist, who appeared, in fact, far from confident. Consuelo followed them, a little frightened also, without knowing why.

"I assure you, madam," said madam de Kleist, "that this is the unlucky hour, and that there is great rashness in passing through this part of the chateau at this moment. What objection can you have to letting us stay half an hour longer! At half past two there is nothing to fear."

"No, no," returned Amelia, "I should not be sorry to meet her, and see what she looks like."

"What are you talking of?" asked Consuelo, quickening her pace to address madam de Kleist.

"Don't you know?" said the princess. "The white woman who sweeps the stairs and corridors of the palace when a member of the royal family is about to die, has revisited us for some nights past. It seems that she takes her diversion in this direction. Therefore it is my life that is threatened. That is why you see me so easy. My sister-in-law, the queen of Prussia, (the weakest head that ever wore a crown!) is kept awake by it, as I am told, and goes to sleep every night at Charlottembourg; but as she, as well as the queen my mother, who is no more reasonable than she, has an infinite respect for the sweeper, those ladies have taken care to forbid that the phantom be watched or in any way disconcerted in her noble occupations. Thus the chateau is swept very thoroughly and by Lucifer's own hand, which does not prevent its being very dirty, as you may perceive."

At this moment a large cat, coming from the dark extremity of the gallery, passed, rustling and noisy, by the side of madam de Kleist, who uttered a piercing cry, and wished to run towards the apartment of the princess, but the latter held her by force and filled the echoing space

with her sharp and hoarse laughter, more dismal even than the north wind which whistled in the depths of that vast building. The cold made Consuelo shiver, and so perhaps also did fear; for madam de Kleist's distorted features indicated a real danger, while the boastful and forced gaiety of the princess did not announce any very great confidence.

"I wonder at your highness's incredulity," said madam de Kleist with a broken voice and a little vexation; "if you had seen and heard, like myself, this white woman, on the eve of the death of the king, your august father—"

"Alas!" replied Amelia in a satanic tone, "as I am very sure that she does not now come to announce that of the king, my august brother, I am well satisfied she should come for me. The she-devil knows well, that one or the other of those two deaths is necessary in order to make me happy."

"Ah! madam, do not speak thus at such a moment," said madam de Kleist, whose teeth were so set, that she pronounced her words with difficulty.—"There, in the name of Heaven, stop and listen! does not that make you shudder?"

The princess stopped with a sneering air, and the noise of her silk dress, thick and rustling like paper, ceasing to cover more distant sounds, our three heroines, who had almost reached the great staircase that opened at the extremity of the gallery, distinctly heard the dry sound of a broom which struck unequally upon the stone stairs, and seemed to approach by ascending from step to step, as a servant in a hurry to finish his work would have done.

The princess hesitated an instant and then said resolutely: "As there is nothing supernatural so far, I wish to see if it is a sleep-walking lacquey, or an intriguing page. Drop your veil, Porporina, you must not be seen in my company. As to you, de Kleist, you may be ill, if you please. I give you notice that I shall pay no attention to you. Come, brave Rudolstadt, you who have engaged in worse adventures, follow me if you love me."

Amelia walked with a firm step towards the entrance of the staircase; Consuelo followed her without being allowed to take the light in her stead; and madam de Kleist, as afraid to remain alone as to go forward, dragged herself behind them hanging to the Porporina's cloak.

The infernal broom was no longer heard, and the princess reached the balustrade over which she held her light that she might see better at a distance. But, whether she was less calm than she wished to appear, or whether she perceived some terrible object, her hand

failed and the enamelled candlestick with its taper and collar of cut crystal, fell with a crash to the bottom of the resounding spiral. Then madam de Kleist, losing her wits, and caring no more for the princess than for the actress, began to run in the dark until she found the door of her mistress's apartments, where she sought refuge, while the latter, divided between an insurmountable emotion and the shame of confessing herself vanquished, returned in the same direction with Consuelo, at first slowly, and then little by little, quickening her steps; for other steps were heard behind her's, and they were not those of the Porporina, who walked on the same line with herself, more resolutely perhaps, though she made no boast. Those strange steps, which from moment to moment, approached nearer and nearer, sounded in the darkness like those of an old woman with high heels, and clacked upon the tiles, while the broom still did its duty and struck the wall heavily, now to the right, now to the left. This short passage appeared very long to Consuelo. If anything can overcome the courage of truly firm and healthy minds, it is a danger which can neither be foreseen nor understood. She did not pride herself upon a useless boldness, and did not turn her head a single time. The princess afterwards pretended that she had done so in vain, in the darkness; no one could disprove or determine the fact. Consuelo only remembered that she had not slackened her pace, that she had not said a word to her during their forced retreat, and that, on entering her apartment rather precipitately, she almost slammed the door in her face, so anxious was she to close it. Still Amelia would not confess her weakness, and soon recovered her sang-froid to laugh at madam de Kleist, who was almost in convulsions, and to reproach her very bitterly for her cowardice and want of consideration. The compassionate goodness of Consuelo, who suffered at the favorite's distressed condition, restored some pity to the heart of the princess. She deigned to perceive that madam de Kleist was incapable of hearing her, that she was swooning upon the sofa, with her face buried in the cushions. The clock struck three before this poor woman had entirely recovered her senses: her terror still manifested itself by tears. Amelia was tired of not being a princess, and did not like to undress and wait upon herself, having moreover her mind affected by some ominous presentiment. She therefore resolved to keep madam de Kleist until daylight.

"Until then," said she, "we can readily find some pretence to color the matter if my brother hears of it. As to you, Porporina, your presence here could not

be explained so easily, and I would not for anything in the world, have you seen to leave my apartments. You must therefore go alone and at once, for we are very early risers in this rascally inn. Come, de Kleist, be calm, I will keep you, and if you can say a word of good-sense, tell us how you came and where you left your *chasseur*, that the Porporina may use him to go home with."

Fear makes us so deeply selfish, that madam de Kleist, enchanted at not having again to encounter the terrors of the gallery, and caring very little for the anguish Consuelo might experience at being obliged to make the passage alone, recovered all her presence of mind to explain to her the road she had to take and the signal she must give in order to join her confidential servant at her exit from the palace, in a well sheltered and unfrequented spot, whither she had ordered him to go and wait for her.

Provided with these instructions, and very certain of not losing herself this time in the palace, Consuelo took leave of the princess, who was by no means anxious to re-attend her through the gallery. The young girl therefore departed alone, feeling her way, and reached the formidable staircase without obstacle. A hanging lantern, which burned below, assisted her in the descent, which she accomplished without any unpleasant encounter and even without fear. This time, she was armed with good-will; she felt that she was performing a duty towards the unfortunate Amelia, and, in such cases, she was always courageous and strong. At last, she succeeded in leaving the palace by the mysterious little door of which madam de Kleist had given her the key, and which opened upon the corner of a back court. When she was entirely out of the enclosure, she skirted the outside wall to seek the *chasseur*: and as soon as she had given the signal agreed upon, a shadow, detaching itself from the wall, came straight to meet her, and a man, enveloped in a large cloak, inclined himself before her, and silently offered her his arm in a respectful attitude.

To be Continued.

## VIA CRUCIS VIA LUCIS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Through Night to Day!  
And when the solemn fold  
Of darkness wraps creation all;  
Trust on! Trust on!  
For sunrise bright and bold  
Shall break and burst the midnight pall.

Through Death to Life!  
Aye, through this vale of tears  
The thorny path of being hurled,  
High, high above,  
We reach Heaven's wedding feast,  
The joy, the gladness of a better world!

Through Storm to Calm!  
And when through earth and sky  
The wind-god drives his thund'ring wheel,  
Trust on! Trust on!  
For sweet and gentle calm  
Shall o'er the wildest tempest steal!

Through Frost to Spring!  
And when the northern blast  
Shall freeze the very marrow of the earth,  
Trust on! Trust on!  
For through the ice-bound sod  
Spring's breezes give sweet flowers birth.

Through War to Peace!  
And when 'mid bristling spears  
A thousand deaths beset thee near,  
Trust on! Trust on!  
For close on slaughter's din  
Flow songs of peace and freedom's cheer.

Through Sweat to Sleep!  
And when the mid-day sun  
Wears thee and wastes with saltry heat,  
Trust on! Trust on!  
Soon blows the evening wind  
To rock and smooth thy slumber sweet.

Through Cross to Cure!  
And when the ills of life  
Like demons haunt thy weary bed,  
Trust on! Trust on!  
Soon shall, 'mid direst griefs,  
The peace of God be o'er thee spread.

Through Woe to Joy!  
Weep'st thou at morning tide?  
And still to tears is midnight giv'n?  
Trust on! Trust on!  
Trust to thy Father's care,  
Who keepeth constant watch in Heav'n!  
*New York American.*

## THE HARBINGER.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

WATERBURY, August 16th, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have been so incessantly occupied in professional duties since my residence in this place as to find but little opportunity for exercising my pen upon any other subject. It would take too long to tell you all that I am obliged to do, and the manner in which my time is necessarily occupied, but I snatch the present moment to send a word or two in reference to our grand and holy Cause.

The every day scenes that I witness, and the prompt visits of the Harbinger remind me continually of our foul social bane and its antidote. The abominable evils of the former need no description from me: their hideous obtrusiveness it would seem is almost sufficient to penetrate any opacity but the money-getting one, for that is impervious to all light except the light of selfishness. A society whose tendency is to lock up in a few garners all the material and physical means of human existence, and to restrict their distribution to such as can pay silver and gold for them, and which bids such as cannot, — "starve!" — a society which allows the possessors of hands strong and skilful for labor, and

souls willing to perform it, to wear away their best energies in the almost vain attempt of finding it; labor, when found and performed yields the merest scruple of reward, — often so inadequate to the lowest demands of life as to drive thousands to the alms house, prison and prostitution shambles: — surely the leaders of such a society, those whose slightest influence might change these horrid features, must in the sight of God and Humanity be considered as guilty of their continuance if in view of the truth that is now being shed abroad, they stand aloof from the duty which rests upon them.

I know not what that heart is made of which can be borne through modern civilized society in sight of the woe, want, and misery that has settled down like a pall upon what are called the lower classes, — which pervades like a pestilence the whole body with a moral palsy, — without the keenest, nay, the most agonizing solicitude for their improvement and comfort. In our large cities, although the evil is by no means confined there, are made the heaviest draughts upon human sympathies. It is some years since I was a resident in a city, and now, when I occasionally visit one, I am astonished at the ever increasing amount of wretchedness that is witnessed. I can account for the apparent indifference that is manifested by the wealthy classes towards their unfortunate brothers, only as the result of constant familiarity with such scenes and not from a want of human feeling. Would to God that a few of the wealthy men of your city would manifest their sympathy with the cause of Humanity, by lending their aid in such an experiment as has been proposed by the Associationists. If at the worst the experiment should fail, they would only lose their money: but money is oftener lost in experiments with less sacred motives, and they who risk it in such a cause may well feel assured of not losing thereby the approbation of Heaven.

The columns of the Harbinger bring to my mind the most cheering evidence of the determination of the advocates of our Cause to carry it forward with spirit and energy. The organization of the 'Union' will be found a powerful means for the dissemination of our principles. It will also collect into one body our various and separated forces. The Associationists as yet do not hardly know each other, so widely are they scattered; yet by a prompt enrolment under the constitution of the Union they will establish a bond of sympathy that will conduce most essentially to a better acquaintance: they will become more interested in the work they have undertaken, when they possess a true knowledge of their numbers and

strength: the timidity naturally consequent upon a feeling of isolation will give way to an increasing zeal and devotion as we become aware of the support of others in the same cause. Every Associationist should endeavor to organize an affiliated society, and if he or she find none ready to join with them, let the individual send his name and residence to the Parent society, that the publications of the cause may be sent to all our friends, and every where be distributed among the people.

It seems to me that the time is come when a more thorough attempt at a practical realization of our doctrines, should be undertaken, than has yet been made. The Associationists are undoubtedly strong enough in the requisite means, both intellectual and material, for an experiment on a tolerably large scale. No one would for an instant doubt their ability to commence and carry forward an ordinary settlement in the back woods, under all the disadvantages of the present methods of society, with precisely the same chances of success which have characterized the settlement and growth of every modern town and village. Surely, with the economies of Association, with the energy and devotion which our doctrines supply to all true believers in them, with the knowledge and practical experience already acquired by some of our pioneers, we might marshal our forces and apply our means under a well organized plan and go forward to certain victory. There will not be wanting any of the requisites needed for a new movement of this nature — spirit and true courage will be felt on all hands enabling us to bear every sacrifice with patience and cheerfulness: confidence in our principles will contribute a willing determination to meet and encounter all the fatigues incident to our labors: we shall be of one heart and of one soul when thus united under so glorious a task. Let us then ascertain our real numbers and strength, and in the name of Humanity bend our shoulders to the car of progress and propel it onwards to its triumph. Let our wealthy Associationists speak out like the noble example of our brother in Ohio: a few examples like his will soon elicit corresponding voices, and contributions will flow in from all quarters towards the building up of our holy enterprise.

There, my dear friend, I commenced with the design of writing merely a friendly letter to you. I hardly know what I have said above, I only know that the last number of the Harbinger inspired me to say something in relation to the new movement hinted at.

Yours, as ever,

In the cause of Humanity.



## THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

SECTION THIRD.  
EDUCATION IN HARMONY.NOTICE FIFTH.  
EDUCATION OF EARLY INFANCY.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*Civilized Education contrary to Nature and Good Sense.*

In passing from principles to their application, I should repeat that the apparent difficulty in the Associative theory is, to establish a satisfactory division of profits, so that each one may share according to the three elements of production, namely, CAPITAL, LABOR, and SKILL. The civilized order only understands how to make the distribution to capital, in proportion to investments; it is a problem of arithmetic, and not of genius; the Gordian knot of the Associative mechanism is the art of satisfying each one on the score of labor and talent. Here is the obstacle which has frightened every age, and prevented scientific research.

To dodge this double problem of distribution, the Owenists resort to community of property, abandoning to the mass the entire profit except the interest on investments. This is confessing a fear of looking the Associative problem in the face.

The only way of attaining to this equilibrium in distribution, is by extending to men, women, and children, (*au trois sexes*), the harmony of the passions. The children, who pass for nothing in our social mechanism, are the working pivot of Associative harmony and of industrial attraction. We must first examine, then, what springs attraction sets in play among the neuter sex, or children below the age of puberty, who, wanting the two passions, love and paternity, have not so many springs as the adult age for the formation of the passional series. The method, studied once for children, will be the more easily applied to adults of both sexes, who present more means, more passions. It is with education, then, that we must commence, especially as it will be the branch of mechanism which must first be organized, because children, being but slightly falsified by prejudices and mistrust, will be more docile to attraction than the parents; they will give themselves completely up to it after the first week, and will almost immediately manifest the excellence of the regime of the passional series.

The Associative education has for its end the full development of all the faculties, material and intellectual, and the application of them all, even of pleasures, to productive industry.

Civilized education pursues the opposite course; it compresses and denaturalizes the faculties of the child; the little exercise which it does allow them only tends to keep the child aloof from industry, to make him hate it, and to excite him to destructiveness. It leads youth in a direction contrary to nature; for the first end of nature or attraction is, LUXURY: (Chapt. I.) and this can only spring from industry, now altogether odious to the child, although industrial products, such as sweet-meats, dainties, toys, exert a lively

attraction upon him. He is then in a false development, at war against himself. Our pretended observers of human nature do not perceive these contradictions: let us analyze them, making a distinction between *internal* and *external luxury*. (Chapt. I.)

INTERNAL LUXURY, *corporeal vigor and refinement of the senses*. The civilized education is contrary to health; the more expensive it becomes, the more it enfeebles the child. A hundred children of ten years old, taken at random, from among the opulent class who give them guardians and physicians and delicate food, will be less robust than a hundred children in the country, who go half naked, exposed to the inclemency of the seasons, nourished upon black bread, and who never see a physician. Thus the civilized education separates man from health or internal luxury, in proportion to its efforts to conduct him towards it. It removes him also from the refinement of the senses, which, naturally gross with the children of the peasantry, are made so artificially and from theory, in the child of opulence. The parents and teachers check in him the propensity to ornament, and especially to gastronomic refinement, the principal spring of the natural or harmonic education. On the other hand, the civilizes, even in the country, are less robust than the savages who have no system of philosophic education. (I speak of countries where the vicinity of civilizes has not caused hordes to degenerate by their petty oppressions, by their strong drinks, their diseases, &c.)

Still, among civilizes, we often see examples of longevity which attest that man is capable of a very long career, if only seconded by natural education and attractive industry. He would commonly attain to the term of the ultra-centennaries, like the Rovin family, in Hungary, the least robust of whom lived one hundred and forty-two years, and some of them one hundred and seventy, a longevity extending to the females as well as the males.

There recently died in France, (October, 1825,) a surgeon by the name of TIMAN, at Vaudemont in Lorraine, at the age of one hundred and forty, and in a condition which promised one hundred and eighty years. "The day before his death," say the reports, "he had, with great skill and firmness of hand, performed an operation for cancer on an aged woman. He had never been bled, nor purged, nor physicked, having never been sick, although he had never passed a day of his life without getting intoxicated at supper, a repast which he never omitted." We see that his premature death was the effect of some injury received during the operation of the day before. Such is the kind of health which will commonly result from the Associative education.

Our education, which removes us from health or internal luxury, operates in the same contradictory way with regard to external luxury or riches. I have just remarked upon the destructive mania of children, and their aversion to useful industry. But of all proofs, the most striking is that already given in the Preface, the *absorption of vocations*. I have cited on this subject the case of the wagoner who became a skilful founder by the effect of chance, by fortuitous initiation. This fact is the condemnation of all the systems of civilized education;

they afford no means of discerning and developing, from the earliest age, the industrial vocations which each child possesses, to the number of twenty or thirty, and not one alone; on the contrary, they travesty all characters. Seneca and Burrhus formed a Nero, who would have been a very beautiful character in Harmony; Coudillac, with his metaphysical subtleties, only produced an imbecile; J. J. Rousseau did not dare to bring up his own children; Diderot, and many others, have done no better in this line. For the rest, Civilization feels very sensibly that it is altogether out of the course of nature in the matter of education; it is almost the only point on which it is modest enough to confess that much remains to be discovered.

I suppress several pages of very important details on this contradiction between civilized education and NATURE. It would still remain to examine its contradiction to GOOD SENSE, by its confusion of methods and duplicity of action. Besides the variations of system in public instruction, there are also in use, whether at home or in the world, a dozen heterogeneous methods, giving the child so many contradictory biases, which, at the age of puberty, are absorbed by a new education, called the *spirit of the world*; here again a chapter must be omitted for the sake of abridgement. I have described four of these methods in the *Universal Unity*; there are many more: I count as many as sixteen, given by parents, teachers, neighbors, relations, comrades, valets, and so forth. At present I will cite but one.

THE WORLDLY, or education by *absorption*, which borders upon all the others; eliminating or modifying in them whatsoever does not suit it. When a child, at the age of sixteen, makes his entrance into the world, he is taught to mock the dogmas which intimidate and hold in check the earlier age, to conform to the manners of the gallant class, to laugh as they do at moral doctrines, the enemies of pleasure; and soon also to laugh at the principles of probity, when he passes from affairs of gallantry to those of ambition. What an absurdity in our sciences, to fashion children after a system of opinions and precepts which will be despised and spit upon when they grow up! A young man who should be too scrupulous of opportunities, would become the by-word of the public, and even of the moralists themselves. The maturer portion of the world would ridicule still more the financier who would not embezzle a shilling, when he might with all impunity. With one voice he would be declared "an imbecile, a visionary, who did not know that when the horse is at the rack, it is that he may eat." In what a false position our sciences place themselves, with these doctrines of perfectible Civilization, which are perfect only in their impracticability or folly: such among the sixteen divergent modes of education is the *hereditary* principle, the tendency of the father to inoculate upon his children all his own defects. The attorney, the merchant, give their children the most crafty man for a model; a Jewish father praises the most cringing; a drinker admires the man who has drunk well from his childhood up; a gambler fashions them to love gaming; and then morality informs us that the natural teacher is the father!

Let us turn now to the natural or harmonic education, which is free from these contradictions. I shall divide it into four phases and one prelude, or process of rough-hewing, applied to the youngest age.

Prelude, the unformed age, or earliest infancy, 0 to 2 years.

First Phase, education anterior, in early childhood, 2 to 4 1-2 years.

Second Phase, education anterior, in middle childhood, 4 1-2 to 9 years.

Third Phase, education ulterior, in higher childhood, 9 to 15 1-2 years.

Fourth Phase, education posterior, in mixed childhood, 15 1-2 to 20.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### *Preparatory Education, Early Infancy.*

Let us here recall the great problem which the Associative education has to resolve: it is to render the natural characteristics of a Nero, a Tiberius, a Louis XI., as useful as those of a Titus, a Marcus Aurelius, or a Henry IV.

To attain this end, it is necessary to develop honestly, from the cradle, the natural capacities which our domestic education tends to stifle and to caricature, even in the infant in the cradle.

The civilized system bestows upon this age, purely material cares alone; it is not so with the Associative education, which, from the age of six months, operates very actively upon the intellectual faculties, as well as upon the material, which become false from the earliest age with us.

The model Phalanx, operating upon children already vitiated by the civilized education, will have difficulty in trying the arrangements of harmony upon the ages between nine and twenty; but we may operate with success upon children from two to nine, and still better upon the unformed (*brut*), age from birth to two years old.

(I must postpone several principles which should be laid down here on the unity and integrality of education: these didactics would be irksome to the reader.)

In the first place it should be observed that the support of the two extreme ages, the little infants under three, and the patriarchs or the infirm, is considered in Association as a work of charity and common obligation for the whole social body; the Phalanx undertakes gratuitously the whole charge of children under three years; the entire township bears the expense of the halls or seristeries of the sucklings, (*nourissons*), and the two classes (*poupons et lutins*) of the weaned. I will not add here the children from three to four and a half, (*bambins*), who already earn their support. As to the series of women employed in tending and amusing children, they are remunerated, like all the others, by a dividend upon the general product.

The compass to be followed in the details of Associative education, is the same as in the whole mechanism; the thing is, to form series, whether of functions or of functionaries; there must then be a series of nursery attendants, a series of halls, and a series of children, all three distinguished into genera and species.

Early infancy comprises the two classes of sucklings and the weaned. Each is subdivided, without distinction of sex, into a series of three terms, to wit:

The gentle, or good-natured,  
The restless, or troublesome,  
The turbulent, or intractable.

To lodge these two collections of infants, it will require two seristeries, each consisting of three halls at least, with smaller rooms attached for sleeping chambers, separated from the noisy halls, with rooms adapted to the functions of the nurses and attendants, and also of the physicians who visit the children every day, without distinction of rich or poor. On this point it should be remarked, that in Harmony, the medical art, like every other function, speculates in the opposite direction from our calculations of civilized egotism.\*

In a great Phalanx, the functions of the attendants of young children and their assistants do not occupy more than a twentieth or twenty-fourth part of the immense number of women whom Civilization absorbs in this service; and yet the poorest infant is there much better cared for than the child of a monarch can be in Civilization; let us explain this mechanism.

The series of attendants and their aids comprises nearly a fourth part of the active women, and only occupies them a sixth part of the time bestowed upon the care of civilized children, which reduces the service to a twenty-fourth part of the actual time: let us examine.

There are employed each day, for the six halls of the two seristeries of the sucklings and the weaned,

18 attendants in six sessions, relieved every two hours,

6 officers, for inspection and direction.

Total, 24 attendants on duty each day, with an equal number of assistants, who, for the most part, are little girls from seven to nine years old. You often find them very zealous at this age for the care of little infants. The whole force engaged in the care of children, then, is about forty-eight women and young girls.

And as each one's turn comes round but once in three days, the series of attendants with their aids should consist of one hundred and forty-four, fur-

\* In Civilization the physician is paid in proportion to the number of sick persons whom he has treated; it is for his interest, then, that sicknesses should be numerous and long, especially in the rich class.

The contrary is the case in Harmony; there the physicians are paid by a dividend on the general product of the Phalanx. This dividend is conditionally rated: it is greater or smaller in proportion to the *collective* and *comparative* health of the entire Phalanx. The smaller the number who have been sick or died in the course of the year, the greater will be the dividend of the physicians. Their services will be estimated by their results, and by comparison with the health statistics of the neighboring Phalanxes which enjoy equal advantages of climate.

The interest of the physicians in Harmony, is the same with that of Life Insurance Companies; they are interested to prevent, and not to treat disease; thus they watch very actively that nothing may compromise the health of any class; that the Phalanx may have fine old men, and robust children, and that the mortality may be reduced to the *minimum*.

The dentists speculate in the same way upon sets of teeth; the less they operate, the more they gain; thus they watch assiduously the teeth of children as well as of the parents.

In short, it is the interest of these functionaries that every one should have a good appetite, a good stomach, and a good set of teeth; if they should speculate upon individual cases as physicians now do, there would be duplicity of action in their industry, opposition of the individual to the collective interest as in the civilized mechanism, which is a universal war of the individuals against the masses; and our political sciences dare to talk of unity of action!

nishing each day one-third of that number. Add to this six superior officers, and here will be a hundred and fifty women for the series of attendants and assistants. This is but a fourth part of the number employed in the same way in Civilization; for a village of eighteen hundred persons contains nine hundred females, of whom six hundred take part in the care of infants.

The care of infants, then, is reduced to a twenty-fourth part of the time and of the hands devoted to it in Civilization; here is a reduction

Of one-fourth in the number,  
Of one-third in the days of service,  
Of one-half in the hours of actual labor.

These three numbers multiplied give one twenty-fourth.

It may be replied that this calculation is exaggerated, inasmuch as the women in the villages do not give sixteen hours a day to the children; they go to the fields, it is true; but they frequently give to the child a part of the night: both mother and daughter watch over it when it is indisposed, and its cries disturb moreover the sleep of the father. This is a real loss for a laborer who has need of repose. But, in order to be on the safe side, let us reduce the sum total of the three economies to a twelfth instead of a twenty-fourth; it being my practice in all cases to reduce the regular estimate one-half.

I pass now to a parallel of the two methods.

An attendant is not bound to be on hand in the seristry during the whole twenty-four hours, like a soldier on guard, or like the attendants of children in the houses of the rich; she has only to be present at the hours of active duty.

This service would grow irksome if it took place every day: an attendant need not trouble herself at all about the children during her two days of vacation. The care is constant notwithstanding the changes of attendants, for their series is divided into emulous groups, each practising its favorite system, and admitting none who are not adepts in the said system and passionately devoted to it.

An attendant may, from absence or any other cause, get her place supplied by a colleague. The service of the night does not fatigue her, for there are in the cabinets of the seristry, beds for the attendants who may wish to sleep during a portion of the night comprised between their watches, as from midnight to four in the morning.

An attendant, in Civilization, is scolded and found fault with by those who pay her for this perpetual slavery; in Harmony, she will be complimented continually by the mothers who come to the seristry to suckle or to see their children, and to admire the good keeping of the mats and cradles.

The series of attendants and their aids receive not only a large dividend, but also great honors; they are considered as the common mothers, and they hold a distinguished rank in the festivities. Their function offers great opportunities for advancement, for it requires many officers, at least a third part out of the whole number. It requires the combination of all these incentives and facilities for exercise, in order to form a series of sufficient emulation and passionate devotion, for a labor so unattractive in itself.

These attendants are very precious to the mothers, in Harmony, who cannot, as

with us, find leisure for the care of their infants. A mother, in Association, frequents some forty industrial groups, whose rivalries she warmly espouses; she is pained to be kept away a single month, by the period of child-birth, from these exciting sessions; and consequently, from the day of her first getting about, she will be very eager to revisit all these groups; she will have no anxiety about her child, knowing that it receives the very best care in the seristery of the sucklings, where it is tended night and day by expert nurses, naturally disposed and qualified for this service.

I have said that the sucklings and the weaned are distributed through six distinct halls for the gentle, the restless, and the turbulent; so that the uproarious ones may neither incommode the quiet, nor the restless who are tractable.

Of these six fields of duty, the attendants have their choice, and take that post to which attraction calls them; and they are stimulated too, by rivalry with the neighboring Phalanxes, which may differ from them as to method. They have also different systems among themselves, which they apply to different groups of infants; it is a subject of intrigue for the fathers and mothers, each of whom is partial to the method of some particular group of attendants. Obligated to support their reputation, they try the infants in a preparatory hall before classing them and admitting them to the halls furnished with mats.

Civilization, always *simplistic* or simple in its methods, knows nothing but the cradle for an asylum for the infant. Harmony, which operates in all things according to the composite order, gives him two situations: it lets him alternate from the cradle to the elastic mat or hammock. These mats are suspended by their corners, so that they form cavities in which each child may nestle without crowding his companions. Nets of cord or silk, placed at regular distances, keep the child in place without depriving him of the power of moving and of looking around him, or of approaching his next neighbor, from whom he is separated by a net.

The hall is warmed to the right degree for keeping the child lightly clad, so as to avoid the incumbrance of furs and blankets. The cradles are moved by machinery, which sets twenty in vibration at once. A single child may perform this service, which with us would occupy twenty women.

The nurses form a distinct series, and should be classed according to temperaments, so far as to be adapted to the children, especially in the case of a change of milk. Indirect nursing is very much practised in Harmony, because it is very lucrative and not fatiguing, and because the Harmonians, more judicious than Rousseau, will think it the part of prudence, when the mother is of a delicate complexion, to give the child a robust nurse; this is like grafting a tree, reinforcing its nature from another; nature demands these crosses. Couple a feeble infant with a feeble mother, and you extenuate them both for the honor of a moral reverie. For the rest, great pains will be used to perfect the system of artificial suckling, and to employ it in concurrence with the natural, or by itself. In Association, a mother, however opulent she may be, will never think of bringing up her child isolatedly with her-

self; the child, in that way, could not receive a quarter part of the care which it would find in the seristery of the sucklings; and all the expense imaginable could not unite with this isolated method the benefit of a corporation of intelligent attendants, *passionately fond* of their work, relieving each other incessantly, in three degrees of character adapted to three corresponding characters in children. A princess could not, by any possible expense, have halls so neatly kept in order, and elastic hammocks, with the immediate vicinity of other infants, mutually serving to divert each other, and classed by correspondence of characters. It is principally in this education of early infancy that we perceive how much the richest potentate of Civilization falls below the means which Harmony will lavish upon the poorest parents and children.

In Civilization, on the contrary, every thing is so arranged that the suckling child becomes the torment of a house which seems altogether organized for self-torture. The child, unconsciously, desires the arrangements which it would find in a seristery of Harmony; in the want of which he drives parents, servants, neighbors to distraction by his cries, at the same time injuring his own health.

This leads me to speak of the germs of intellectual education, which the richest potentates can in no case secure to their children of one or two years. They lay out, to obtain this, an enormous sum, without any fruit except to travesty the natural character of their child, to falsify his faculties and spoil his health.

To explain this self-deception, I appeal to a principle which will not be contested, which is "that the two extreme ages, the ages of transition, ought to be preserved from lively passions and kept calm; because their organs, their senses have no longer, or have not yet, the force to give themselves up to violent emotions which would be injurious and often fatal to themselves; but they can bear gentle emotions; and such it will be well to employ in the education of children under two years."

Let us indicate this employment by an example of the cultivation of the senses, applied to the whole mass of infants.

At the age of six months, when we never think of giving a child the slightest instruction, numerous precautions will be taken to form and refine their senses, to fashion them to dexterity, to prevent the exclusive use of one hand or one arm, which condemns the other arm to perpetual awkwardness; to habituate the child from the cradle to an accuracy of musical ear, by causing Trios and Quartettes to be sung in the halls of the sucklings, and by promenading the infants of a year old to the music of a little band with all the parts. They will also have methods for adding general refinement of the sense of hearing to musical refinement, to give the children the quick hearing of the rhinoceros and of the Cossacks; and so with all the other senses.

There are pertaining to the five senses a number of perfections, to which the infant will be formed in Harmony. The attendants will have various rival systems of material culture. Hence the Associative child will in three years be more intelligent, more fitted for industry, than many civilized children are at ten, who have at this age nothing but antipathy for industry and for the arts.

Civilized education develops in the infant from the cradle only anti-social manias: every body is engaged in perverting his senses, until he is of an age when they may pervert his mind. If he happens to be born in France, both parents and servants sing to him airs which have neither tune nor time; every where he is deprived of the use of his toes, and it is the same as if he had one false arm.

It is believed in Civilization that the toes are useless; the Harmonians will use them as much as the fingers of the hand: for instance, the organ will have keys for the toes; and the organist astride of a seat will play with the fingers of his feet almost as much as with those of his hand. He will manage the pedals with his heel, as we do with the foot.

The part of attendant therefore will require numerous talents, and will not be limited, as in France, to singing out of tune and telling wolf stories. The attendants will exercise their wits especially to prevent the children from crying: calmness is necessary to them, and the art of preserving it will be the point of competition between rival systems.

The uproar of little children, so distracting now, will be reduced to a mere trifle; they will be very much softened in the seristeries, and the reason is, that peevish characters are humanized by the company of those like them: do we not every day see bullies and cut-throats become very gentle and renounce the massacring humor, when they find themselves in the company of their equals? It will be the same with the children brought up in a seristery of Harmony and distributed through several characteristic halls. I calculate that those of the third class, the turbulent and diabolical, will already be less naughty, less outrageous, than the gentle are to-day. And whence this mitigating influence? Will they, according to our moralistic method, have *changed the passions of the little infants*? Certainly not; they will only have developed them without excess, by procuring them the recreation of sympathetic society, the distribution into triple series, into groups of character, (the gentle, the mixed, and the positively ugly,) during the two ages of early infancy, comprising the sucklings and the weaned.

What diversion will they offer to these young shoots of depravity? This will be a thing for the attendants to invent: stimulated by the rivalry of methods, they will, in less than a month, have divined the means of quieting children and putting an end to their infernal charivari. For the present I only establish as a principle the necessity of uniting them in bodies, and distributing them by series of age and character, as also the attendants by series of characters and systems. The Series is always the compass of all wisdom in Associative harmony; it is the torch which God presents us in the ray of light. To wander from the Serial regime is to court the darkness.

The point in which failure is most to be feared, is in the keeping of little infants, because they can neither explain their wants nor their instincts; every thing has to be divined. How is this to be done? In the same way by which attractions are discovered in the parents themselves: always form Series, in functions, in halls, in temperaments, in characters, in ages, in methods, and in every thing.

In view of the necessity of a unitary education, and of the fusion of classes among children, I have recommended and I now repeat the advice, to choose for the experimental Phalanx polished families, especially in the lower classes, since these classes will necessarily mingle with the rich in labor, and they should find in this amalgamation a charm which will depend much on the politeness of subalterns: on this account, the people of the environs of Paris, Blois, and Tours, would be very suitable for the experiment, provided a good selection should be made.

It remains to verify the regularity of the arrangements pointed out, and their conformity with the three Mechanizing Passions, which should direct all, and of which the combined play is the pledge of equilibrium and of harmony. (Chap. V. and VI.)

The *Cabalist*, in the halls where the sucklings and the weaned are brought up, has for its nourishment the rival methods practised by the attendants, in their own and in the neighboring Phalanxes. These methods are a subject of discussion and of party spirit among the parents; they have their option of confiding their child to such or such a class of attendants, provided the latter consent; for they never receive a child who might compromise their reputation. If, through any fault of temperament or excess of malignity, he should not be admitted by any group of attendants, they would place him in the hall of the ambiguous, to be managed like the others.

As to the child himself at this early age, he is not yet susceptible of emulation, being deprived of speech, and knowing in his intrigues no resource but tears, by which he understands how to reduce his parents to obedience.

The *Composite* is developed in the attendants by a double charm: 1. Subdivision of labor, whereby each devotes herself to the function she prefers, without being overburdened with other employments, like the attendants in Civilization, who perform the labor entire. The attendants and their aids in Harmony subdivide the work; each in her hour exercises only that part which has been assigned to her; there are always in the seriatary sixteen attendants, aids and officers, which is more than are necessary to divide the functions according to tastes. 2. The tribute of applause which they receive from the parents who have espoused their method, and also from the neighboring townships, or from travellers partial to this method.

In the children, the *Composite* springs from the double charm procured them by the system of elastic mats divided into contiguous nestling places; there they gain for the body, liberty and flexibility of movement; for the mind, contact with their fellows whom they love to see and to approach, — a contact which would be dangerous and cause disasters without the separation by a net of silk or linen.

The *Alternating passion* is satisfied in the attendants by the intermittent nature of their service, limited to one day out of three, and to eight hours in four sessions, in the intervals of which they are free for other things, without falling into the slavery of civilized mothers and attendants who have no respite.

It is satisfied in the child by the alternation from the cradle to the hammock, by varieties in the pleasures of all the

senses, in food, concerts, spectacles, toys, rides in little carriages, &c.

So much for the education of early infancy; here are fixed rules and not systems which every one may vary after his own caprice. I shall follow the same method in the education of the other ages of childhood, and in all the relations of parents; always the combined development of the three Mechanizing Passions whose nature it is to direct the other nine, and consequently to direct the whole Associative mechanism, distributed in passionnal series, out of which all combined play of the three regulating passions is impossible.

To make the proof complete, it would be necessary to verify the calculation for each one of these arrangements, and ascertain whether it favors the play of the three Mechanizing Passions; whatever can obstruct that, must be false and ought to be suppressed, replaced by a process which will attain the end.

The rules here given for the education of early infancy, are only the application of the principles established in Chapters V. and VI.; and as they will extend to all ages and all relations, we see that the Creator has provided for every thing by very simple methods, whose observance is a guarantee against mistake. Let us then cease to listen to the alarmists who would terrify us with the impenetrability of mysteries. The Gospel has told them: *Seek, and ye shall find*; but in education, as in every thing else, they have preferred to make a trade of arbitrary and repressive systems, rather than to seek the system of nature, which, once understood, takes leave unceremoniously of all these civilized methods tending to suppress and change the passions, whether of children or of parents.

## REVIEW.

*The People.* By M. MICHELET. Translated by G. H. SMITH, F. G. S. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1846. pp. 185.

It is now some months since this book was reprinted in this country, but we have not yet seen any evidence that it is understood or justly appreciated. In France and in England it has excited attention, but on this side of the water we are not aware that its doctrines and merits have received any graver examination than those stereotyped notices, in which newspaper editors announce that such a book has been printed, that the publishers have given them a copy, and therefore the public cannot do better than buy the whole edition.

It is perhaps not surprising that the present work should fail to call out so strong an interest amongst us as its aim would justify. Aside from its being published when our immortal and glorious Mexican war left no room in their minds for other things, it seems too exclusively French in its tone and objects, to have any great attractions for superficial and hasty readers. Its author is a Frenchman, — a man of the nineteenth century withal, — devoted to his country, its history, its people, its life, its destiny.

Full of the vigor and enthusiasm, of the hope and faith so essential to the man of the present epoch, he is an ardent patriot, while he is a poet who sees in his own country the hope of Humanity. In his view France stands at the head of nations, or rather of the world. In the progressive development of mankind in modern times at least, she has been and is the leader. Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood, there are the ideas of France, or more truly they are France itself. Accordingly it is in no narrow and selfish sense that all his thoughts and affections turn upon his country. If it is to France he speaks, for her that he writes, for the elevation and glory of her people that he labors, it is a France with which all men are connected, in whose welfare the good of all is concerned. More than this, the great social questions which he discusses are questions that, with various modifications, are now arising in every civilized country, and to whose consideration Americans as well as Europeans are imperiously called. In this point of view at least, M. Michelet may have something to say for our present practical advantage; let us see.

Besides, to digress for a moment, is it so certain that France does not fill the distinguished post which her historian here claims for her? We have no personal attachment to France, no private partiality to her people or her character, or her literature. Still it seems to us indisputable that she is the teacher of the world. Although certain classes amongst us, the essence of whose wisdom is prejudice, and whose benevolence is apt to take the form of malignity, may imagine that she is only an abyss of error, folly and wickedness, and that the epithet "French" is a conclusive argument against any idea whatever, she does not any the less represent the thoughtful intellect, or at least, the clear, intelligible, instructive good sense of these modern times. France is the country of Science, and faithful to that office, puts into positive formulas what other nations get at by way of instinct, presentiment, imagination, study, and even action. The fact, that her language is a universal medium of communication is an indication of the part she plays in the world, the part of interpreter, of expounder, of mediator.

This however is not precisely the superiority which M. Michelet assigns to his country. He regards her as the grand apostle of liberty; her mission in his view is a political one. On this head we will not contradict him; we have a similar conviction, though his explanation of the matter is perhaps not one that we could accept.

We have called M. Michelet a poet; this is to us the most striking phase of

his character. He thinks in images: ideas move over the stage of his mind like living persons; sentiments rise before him as actions, and mere abstract thoughts become dramatic as he gives them out. Not seldom too his sentences, always alive, always full of spirit, rise into a higher strain. We have met passages whose originality, conciseness and beauty reminded us of those magical periods of Emerson, of whose charm the mind never grows weary.

The "People" who form the subject of the book now before us, comprise not the French nation but only the French laboring classes. Before the Revolution swept away the distinction, there were three great classes in France, the Nobility, the Bourgeoisie, and the People. Since that time only the two latter have in reality existed,—the wealthy and respectable class, and the mass of uneducated and necessitous working men, peasants, mechanics, factory laborers, servants, in short *le Peuple*.

It is on the fate of this vast body, as M. Michelet truly divines, that the fate of society depends. As the world discharges or neglects its duty towards them it pronounces the word of its own destiny. The elevation of the Laboring Classes, is the riddle which the age must read or perish;—whether M. Michelet has given any hints towards its solution we hope presently to discover.

After an interesting account of his own history and experience, from which we learn—what we hear rather too frequently through the book—that he comes himself from the people and passed his youth at the trade of a printer, we come to the work itself. This is divided into three parts. The first bears the title of "Slavery and Hate," under which the author criticises some of the leading features of French social relations, many of which are not peculiar to that country alone. To the servitudes of the peasant the first chapter is devoted. This is particularly valuable as an exhibition of the division of landed property in France, and the constant tendency of the land to pass from the hands of the peasantry, who hold it in small parcels, into those of the money-lenders, the usurers. M. Michelet of course does not start from any principle in relation to the right of man to the soil, indeed he does not appear to have any principle on that point. His sole aim is to show the facts in the case, to do justice to the essential ground of character in the class he is describing and to depict the wrongs that are wrought upon them by social discord and antagonism. But of this antagonism it must be confessed that he manifests both here and elsewhere only an imperfect notion. He appears to regard the principle of "Hate," as existing

in the individuals who make up society rather than as a fundamental law of social relations in general,—as a degeneracy brought about by unfortunate circumstances rather than as the legitimate result of radical vices in the constitution of society itself.

Next follows an account of the evils connected with manufactures. The servitude of man to machinery, the vices which follow as a reaction after prolonged and exhausting toil, and the mental and physical debasement which is the inevitable result of the factory system are set forth with much power and feeling. We quote a few paragraphs.

"The number of this wretched portion of our population enslaved to machines, amounts to rather more than four thousand souls,—about a fifteenth part of our working class. All who can do nothing else, take to the tending of machines; and, in proportion to their number, their wages lower, and their wretchedness increases. On the other hand, articles, thus cheaply manufactured, are brought within the reach of the poor; so that the misery of the *machine-workman* lessens in some degree the misery of the workmen and peasants, who are, probably, about seventy times the more numerous."

"By creating machines to have created creators,—mighty workmen that invariably pursue the work to which they have been once set,—was a great temptation to human pride. But, on the other hand, what a humiliation to see man, by the side of the machine, sunk so low! . . . One's head turns and heart is chilled when, for the first time taken over those fairy-houses, where the polished and dazzling engines of iron and copper seem to think, to will, and work of themselves, whilst man, pale and weak, is the lowly servant of these iron giants. 'Look,' said a manufacturer to me, 'look at this ingenious and powerful machine, which takes in filthy rags, and compelling them to pass, without ever committing a mistake, through the most complicated transformations, yields them up in tissues as beautiful as the finest Veronese silks.' I looked and admired, but with feelings of pain; for I could not help seeing, at the same time, the care-worn looks of the men, those faded girls, those deformed children, the slaves of the machine."

"Physical weakness, moral impotence. The sense of impotence is one of the greatest miseries of their condition. This man, so weak in presence of the machine, and who follows its every movement, is dependent on the mill owner, and still more dependent on a thousand unknown causes, which may at any moment stop his work and deprive him of bread. The ancient weavers, who, however, were not like those of the present day, the slaves of the machine, humbly recognized this impotence. It was their creed. They took as their text, 'God can do all, man nothing.' The true name for this class is that which Italy first gave them in the middle age—*Humiliati*."

From the factory laborer M. Michelet passes to the mechanic. In his condition he sees much that is favorable. In view of some facts, we fear that he has not recollected others with sufficient clearness. Indeed, in dwelling

upon the domestic relations which are sometimes the lot of the French mechanic, the poetic and sentimental tendencies of our author seem to make him forget that there is slavery in this case also, and that the life of the workman and his family, as is but too well known, is one of uncertainty and poverty. But we will not refuse to look at the best side of the picture; we hear gladly of any advantages that any where relieve the wretched condition of laboring men.

The writer proceeds to treat the servitudes of the manufacturer, the shopkeeper, the merchant, the public functionary, and of the rich.

Here again he does not seem to grasp the whole of his subject, or to perceive the immediate source of the evils he exhibits. The value of these chapters and indeed of the whole work, lies in detached thoughts and sentiments, and in the spirit of the whole, rather than in its scientific truth and completeness. We meet with little that is to be absolutely condemned; none of the heartless calculations and sophisms of the economists; no lifeless conservatism; no stupid adherence to existing evils. There may be much which seems like declamation, much that actually is so; still, every where we find a soul of truth, of faith, resolution, and hope. Though he may not give us the whole pathology of civilized slavery, or understand the whole law of freedom, he is not the less a man of sincere and generous aspirations, a man whose heart beats for Humanity, and a sure prophet of that Future which is even now at our doors. With regard to the details of social evils, it is not then necessary to controvert him, since as to what is general, he is in the right. The man who admits in earnest that society as it is now organized, is in so many respects a system of slavery, is certainly not far from the most thorough conclusions upon the subject.

The second and third Parts of the "People" treat of "Enfranchisement by Love." Of this word, Love, we will say in passing, that we wish some more definite and less sentimental term stood here in its place. It expresses the truth, however. It is through Love that the People are to be set free; and we will go a little farther with our author, and say it is through love of Nature and love of the Nation. But here we must stop. As in the discussion of slavery, he is right in principle, but wrong in the details. He commences by referring us to nature, to instinct; it is in the instinct of the people that the vital, recuperative power resides. Here too, in a certain sense he is right. But when he attempts to find out what that instinct is, he blunders sadly. He sets out on a vague and

pathless search without a guide, and only mistakes in supposing that he arrives at the goal.

In special nostrums, legal and political applications, he has no faith. "The disease," he says, "is the coldness, the paralysis of the heart, which produces want of sociability; and this want of sociability originates chiefly in the false supposition that we can isolate ourselves with impunity, that we have no need of one another." True words these, M. Michelet, springing from a sound human heart! But where does this "false supposition" originate, and how is it to be remedied? That is a question which we fear you are ready to answer with rhetoric alone.

As we said, the instinct of the people is to be studied: abstractions of learned heads, generalities, — life is not in them, but in the original, simple heart of the simple, the child, the man of genius. In this connection, many brilliant things are said, and many exceedingly true things. The old dogma of total depravity is refuted with all the feeling of a man, and the essential goodness of the human passions, and the benevolence of God are maintained. But all that our author comes to in referring us back to nature, is that the cultivated and refined classes must in some way return to the popular instinct and so renew their life! A most lame and impotent conclusion to draw from a principle so potent as was laid down at the outset. And yet, as the *ignis fatuus* is still a light, so there is in this conclusion a spark of truth, though it needs we fear another interpreter than M. Michelet to bring it completely out. But there are stirring words in his pages; we will give a few of them.

"Who would not offer up vows for this grand people, who, from humble and obscure regions, aspire, scale upwards gropingly, without light to mount, and not having a voice even to utter their groans withal? . . . But their silence speaks. . . . It is reported of Cæsar, that, whilst coasting along the shores of Africa, he had a dream. He saw as if a great army, weeping and extending their arms to him imploringly. When he awoke, he wrote on his tablets Corinth and Carthage; and he rebuilt the two cities. I am not Cæsar, but how often have I not had Cæsar's dream! I saw them weeping, I understood those tears:—'*Urbem orant.*' They want their City; they pray her to receive and protect them. . . . Poor solitary dreamer that I am, what could I give to this grand voiceless people? All I had, a voice. . . . May it be their first entry into the City of Right, from which they have been hitherto excluded. I have given a voice in this book to those who are not in a capacity to know whether they have a right in the world. All those who groan or suffer in silence, all who are aspiring and struggling towards life, are my people. . . . They are the People. May they all enter with me! Why cannot I aggrandize the City into solidity? She totters, crumbles, as long as she is incom-

plete, exclusive, unjust. Her justice is her solidity. But if she wishes to be just only, she will not even be just. She must be holy and divine, founded by Him who alone can found.

"And she will be divine, if, instead of jealously closing her gates, she calls unto her all God's children, the lowest, the humblest, (wo to him who shall blush to own his brother!) Let all, without distinction of class, without classification, weak or strong, simple or wise, bear hither their wisdom or their instinct. These powerless, these incapable ones, *miserabiles personæ*, who can do nothing for themselves, can do much for us. They have in them a mystery of unknown power, a hidden fecundity, living sources in the depths of their nature. When she summons them, the city summons that life which can alone renew her. Here, then, after this long divorce, may pride in all its various shapes be cast off; may the City of Protection extend from heaven to the abyss, vast as the bosom of God!

"For my own part, I solemnly swear, that if there remain but one behind, whom she shall reject and not shelter with her right, I will not enter, but remain on the threshold."

Next to the love of nature, according to M. Michelet, enfranchisement is to be wrought by love of the nation, of the Native Land. He believes in nationality, in devotion to one's country; a profound and most true faith. Let us pardon him, it is alloyed with exaggeration, if in his mind the idea of his country, its greatness, its mission, somewhat exceed the reality. It is apt to be the fault of those whose minds and hearts are opened in a degree to take in the whole of Humanity, to forget that the race is, or should be, a body of many members, not a confused mass but a perfect and orderly organization. Thus it has grown to be the fashion in some quarters to decry patriotism as a narrow and even obsolete sentiment. On the contrary we believe with M. Michelet, that it is a most generous and necessary one. As Humanity advances, he well argues, nations become more and more marked in their individuality; the more perfect the unity, the more distinct and different its elements. The only salvation for every nation which has arrived at sufficient maturity to know and decide, lies in its faithfulness to its idea, in the fidelity with which it accepts and performs its part in the universal drama. This the nation whose members are not bound together in the bonds of a true patriotism cannot do; nay, such a nation is already blotted from off the earth. In this point of view the sentiment of devotion to the nation becomes indeed a sacred, a religious feeling. It is devotion to Truth, to Humanity, to God, and we find no extravagance in that glowing enthusiasm with which our author declares that "France is a Religion." Would to God that there were more of that same enthusiasm in the world, that not in France only, but in America and every where, were many souls filled with the idea of their

country and ready to devote themselves to it with a resolution as stern and solemn, though with a higher and more joyous purpose than the Roman of old!

The fault of modern France according to our author is, that she has not preserved and realized the faith of the Revolution. That faith was concentrated in the education of the People, and the work of France at this hour is to revive it and put it in practice. This should be not education of the head alone, cramming the minds of the young with dead facts, but living development, culture of the heart, and especially the infusion of the love of France into the soul of every child. Here again we find that M. Michelet does not follow his own principles quite to their results, probably has no conception of what those results are. As before, he is vague and somewhat declamatory even with his eloquence and truth of feeling. But shall we therefore presume to condemn him? By no means. Because he does not see through the whole complex mechanism of society or understand where is the true place for amendment to begin, — because he does not know, that the first thing, the only sufficient thing to be done for the *people* is the Organization of the Labor by which they live, — because he has not proclaimed the great, fundamental, eternal Rights of Man, and raised a perhaps useless voice against the violations of Justice by which he is surrounded, we feel no impulse to treat his book with cold, unsympathetic criticism. Instead of this we are glad to recognize the Man in his words, to know that there is a warm heart beating in his bosom, and to catch the tones of hope and faith from his lips. Besides it is by no means certain that he has not uttered as much truth as his countrymen are prepared for. They may receive his teachings when they would reject more thorough counsels.

Finally, then, we must look upon "The People," as a sign of better things than its pages contain. It is a book of glimpses, of isolated truths, and of aspirations. As such it is the natural and peculiar product of a period and country of transition. It is written not for all times but for the time now passing: it is prophetic not directly but secondarily, and means more than unskilled eyes may see in it. Its value is thus to be sought in connection with the present epoch, and in that connection there is that in it which might cheer the most desponding heart. It is not the least of these numberless voices by which the advent of Justice, Harmony, Wisdom, Beauty, in Humanity are now foretold.

Before leaving the subject, we have an act of justice to perform. In the third Part of "The People," M. Michelet has a Chapter on Association. To a passage



which speaks of the cheese-making associations of Jura, he appends the following note. We give it in the words of the English edition.

"Often quoted by FOURIER. I am a man of history and tradition; therefore I have little to say to one who boasts of proceeding by the method of absolute eccentricity (*ecart absolu*.) Still I will seize this opportunity to utter my admiration for his many ingenious, profound, and often very practical views, my tenderest regard for a much misunderstood genius whose whole life was devoted to the happiness of mankind. I shall one day speak of him as my heart dictates. What a singular contrast does his apparent materialism exhibit to his self-denying, disinterested, and spiritual life! This contrast has reappeared in his disciples to their great glory. While the professed friends of virtue and religion, their sworn defenders, are clandestinely playing the safe game of skulks, the disciples of Fourier, who talk of interest, money, pleasure, have trodden selfishness in the dust, and bravely smitten the Baal of the Exchange. The Baal! No, the Moloch, the idol that is devouring man."

This expression of feeling towards Fourier and the French Associationists, the Messrs. Appleton have presumed to omit from their edition, a piece of contemptible meanness which needs only to be known to be understood.

*Martin the Foundling; or, the Memoirs of A Valet de Chambre.* By EUGENE SUE. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Here is the first part of a new romance by Sue, which promises to have the exciting interest of his former productions. We are not informed whether the Messrs. Harpers reprint an English version, or employ a translator of their own, but in either case the translation is wretched enough to be classed with their edition of the *Mysteries of Paris*, and first edition of the *Wandering Jew*. It is disgraceful for a house so well able to command the best talent, to put forth such outrages on the author and on the English language.

*The Grammatic Reader.* By EDWARD HAZEN, A. M. Two Numbers. New York: J. S. Redfield. pp. 47. 96.

These are externally the most beautiful school books we ever saw, and we presume the most beautiful that were ever printed. Almost every page is illustrated by one or more wood engravings of great spirit and perfection. As mere specimens of art they are excellent, and for presents to young persons nothing could be more pleasing.

We are happy to see an endeavor like this to refine the taste of children. If books like these could become popular through the country there would be an end of the wretched pictures which meet the eye so frequently in village parlors, and of the coarse taste we sometimes see in this way where we might expect bet-

ter things. For this end alone we trust that Mr. Hazen's book may find an abundance of buyers.

Of his grammatical theory we can only say that it strikes us as rather complicated for the use of pupils in general, correct as his analysis may be in point of fact. Of this, however, we should not like to speak positively without examining his grammar, which exhibits the matter more fully.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 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.

### OBJECTIONS TO ASSOCIATION.—NO. V. (Continued from p. 174.)

Having shown that all the ordinary incentives to industry, (that is, all the good ones,) will only be enhanced by Association; that it will make each one's interest in property stronger and at the same time nobler, and the sense of individual responsibility deeper;—and having unfolded somewhat cursorily the great idea of Attractive labor, alluding to the general fact of man's perpetual attraction towards labor of some sort, and pointing out some instances in which already the most disgusting and fatiguing kinds of toil, as they would be under the mere spur of necessity, are transfigured into soul-absorbing delights by due combination of circumstances, sympathies, motives;—we attempted in our last article to go further and give a scientific and exhaustive classification of all the attractions or natural promptings of man, and of the objects to which they urge him and relate him, thus determining his destiny. This was in fact an analysis of that primary collective principle of attraction, which we call the Soul, into some of its leading branches, or more special and determinate attractions. The soul is the summing up of all desires and loves, which lie hid in it like colors in the ray of light. It would overflow in all directions, it would embrace and feel every thing, it would rush to the very heart and centre of all being; solitude and inactivity are death and denial of its very nature; its nature is to love and to find God, and it seeks him in his manifestations, for which it has its special attractions and faculties of access. These Fourier calls the Passions, dignifying an unfortunate and degraded word. And first, the soul craves all the forms and qualities of matter, and seeks its way thereto, with exquisite dis-

crimination, through five curious channels called the *Senses*. This is the first determinate direction of the soul, the first main branch of its attractions. But matter, though its varieties are infinite and all informed with beauty, which is the ultimate of God, does not exhaust the soul's attractions. It only excites the demand for communion with intelligent and conscious being, for the Human, for intercourse with other souls. We crave society. Let the intercourse be ever so trivial and shallow, let it be even gross and sensual, still the fact that there is life beneath this dallying, that the pleasure has a soul in it, that it is a meeting of persons, makes it something more than the mere taste of a peach or smell of a rose, which though they may delight, are not society. Hence the four *social affections*, which considered well, will be found to include all others; namely, Friendship, Love, Familism, and the Corporate sentiment. Always one of these relations to his fellow-beings give the key-note to man's moods and thoughts. His hope, his pride, his fear, his jealousy, his shame, his admiration, and the whole troop of feelings and emotions for which we have names, always are about some one or several of these four. It is either as a friend, or as a lover, or as a parent or kinsman, or as a member of some corporate union, that man summons round him any of these good or evil spirits. This is the second main branch of attractions.

But neither of these classes could procure to man a single satisfaction, without the intervention of the third class before named. Material impressions must not come promiscuously, confusedly, and without measure. It is not all sights, and sounds, and flavors, which delight, without selection and without order. There are certain abstract laws of order, certain principles of arrangement, certain mathematical conditions which the soul demands in all things, and without them every thing is false. And the same holds of society. Friendship, Love, Ambition, have their laws. We require harmony in our sensations, harmony in social relations. Conditions as absolute as those which convert confused sounds into music, or shocking mixtures of incongruous flavors into exquisite pleasures of the palate, must also reign in the spheres of friendship and of every social relation. There must be rich accords and correspondences, whence enthusiasm flows; and there must be graduated differences, whence emulation; and there must be alternation, and contrast, and healthful, timely transition from one sphere to another. These are the three presiding laws of distribution in the material and the moral universe; these are the three Graces of life, and the three Fates of all

our destiny; the three sides of the scientific prism which divides the unitary ray of light into colors, whose variety is still a unity, because a series. Our demand for the fulfilment of these conditions is as natural as our demand for material and for social pleasures, and it is therefore a branch of the soul's attractions, gathering into one what Fourier calls the three *Regulating or Distributive* attractions.

But we cut this short, lest we tarry too long in the metaphysical and abstract, and we make the application immediately to Labor. Labor, in its broadest sense, is the activity of the human faculties; and we have been analyzing the springs of action; not the *faculties*, but the *inotive impulses*, not the instruments, but the springs of the soul's energy. These perpetually move man and perpetually demand to be satisfied. The universe and every creation of God's providence ministers to that satisfaction, when once the proper relation between man and other men and nature is established. These springs of action, or attractions, indicate what would be the true relations. They are the key to man's true destiny. These twelve conditions satisfied, and nothing short of this, can bring him into unity with himself, with nature, with his fellow man, with God; while without this he is nothing but a contradiction; without this there is no real life, no happiness, no true fulfilment of his mission, and in fact no reason for his superfluous and troublesome existence. Now if these are the true destiny of man, then man is not himself in any sphere, in any circumstances where these are thwarted or suppressed. In whatever he engages he should be able to "do it with all his heart, and all his mind, and all his strength;" and this he can do nowhere where his *senses* do not meet with beauty which is the garment of God, not hiding but illustrating the great spiritual facts; where he cannot meet all that is within him out of him, doubly realizing and enjoying it in others through his *social attractions*; and where as a condition of both the others, he cannot hail the presence of those great *distributive laws*, by which the passions in himself, as well as the bones and nerves in his own body, the objects of sense throughout all nature's kingdoms, and the characters of men, are arranged in graduated series, such that each by being truly and earnestly itself is most in harmony with all the rest. Labor, then, which occupies so much of his time, should also occupy and furnish sphere for all of these ceaseless natural currents and determinations of his life; and these in turn should all attract to labor, should minister unfailing motive and delight to it; its mill-wheels should be planted where these streams

may turn them. And so man should be most the worker when he is most surrounded with the luxuries of the senses, when he is most given away to friends, most happy in the silken chains of love, most respecting and respected in the real ranks of honor; and finally, when his all-blending *enthusiasm*, his all-criticising, difference-seeking and refining *emulation*, and between the two his wholesome love of *alternation*, are most effectually called out in correspondence with those three distributing laws, which sweep into some system every mass of matter falling through space, crystalize into beauty the fluid details of nature, build up the wondrous symmetry of this temple called the body out of random elements and atoms, marshal mere sounds into most significant music, and only wait the completion of their work in so graduating and so harmonizing the passions and the characters of men, that their most irreconcilable varieties shall only enrich the series by which each becomes more necessary to each, and differences go round till they complete the circle of the ONE.

Labor must be made attractive, else there is contradiction in the works of God. For man is nothing but attraction; he consists entirely, as a willing, moving being, of these twelve attractions, leading him towards his life, and pointing out his destiny. His occupation, therefore, his sphere of activity, his whole outward existence must attract, must meet these willing impulses in order that he may be man. His material, social, and intellectual nature must all find growth and gratification in whatever he experiences or does. There is an inward necessity in his nature that he should labor and realize himself in labor answering to his attractions. And it is unjust to God, to speak of any other necessity than this. Outward necessity deals with him as if he were a machine, and had not these attractions, drawing him towards material, social, intellectual and divine harmonies. Labor must be more than a stern condition of our life; it must be our life, be the suggestion, the fulfilment, the expression of the passions which constitute us active beings. "Give us God's curse rather than Fourier's blessing," do you say? O reviewer, can you so calumniate God's providence as to believe that he can curse man with an outward necessity, having endowed him with the inward necessity of a blessing?

Again. The purpose of labor is to sustain life. All other organic natures sustain life by living. The plant imbibes and elaborates its sustenance by the very act of becoming a plant. Its own attractions do the work of supporting it, and minister to its growth. It should be so with man. The very springs of impulse

in him which demand gratification, in other words, his very nature, should be what sets him to work. His labor should be that nature feeding, clothing, and sustaining itself by the very act of living itself out.

It may be replied, however, that there is a higher incentive to labor than any or all of these attractions, namely, Duty. But duty is the sense of obligation, which says, do this because it is *right*. Where does this sense of obligation, this recognition of right begin, but in the idea of harmony? Right is what harmonizes with all things, with God's law and God's love. Wrong is what violates this harmony; this *must* not be, and here begins the sense of Duty. Duty therefore is only another name for the collective voice of *all man's attractions*, whose blended action tends to Universal Unity, and forms one central passion, called in the technical language of Fourier, *UNITYISM*, or the religious sentiment. When labor shall be attractive, when it shall nourish the physical, social and intellectual man, labor will be religion, and its every act an act of worship.

In the last article we showed how civilized labor violates the twelve conditions of man's happiness, man's true humanity. We are now to consider the conditions of rendering labor attractive. We need not enter into much detail and give the reverse of the picture then drawn of the violation done to each of the twelve passions. It would be superfluous, so clearly is that reverse implied in the whole statement. Nor can we do anything more than very briefly hint at the solution of this most important problem.

In general, then, we say that Labor, to be made attractive, should be organized in correspondence with the physical, social and intellectual wants of man. *Physically*, it should refine and elevate his senses, and bring him into true communion with outward nature. *Socially*, it should bring him nearer to his fellow man, in all the relations of Love, Friendship, Family, and Class. *Intellectually*, it should satisfy that love of order, which is a presentiment of the actual laws presiding in God's whole creation, and without whose regulating presence sensual and social pleasures pall, and turn to bitterness and discord. In other words, the conditions of attractive industry are, (1.) *Luxury*, or pleasant circumstances. (2.) *Society*. (3.) *Proper Organization*. These are the three ends of attraction.

#### I. LUXURY.

Summed up by Fourier in the two terms: *internal luxury*, or Health: *external luxury*, or Wealth. In short it is the gratification of the five senses. This is no mean or illegitimate requirement.

That person is wisest, gentlest, most devout, whose senses are best developed and refined. Mark how much the shutting of one of these avenues tends to unhumanize and to impair the finer graces of character; how blindness, or deafness, makes man coarse and harsh, instead of spiritualizing and refining him by the denial of a sensual pleasure. The senses are what first stimulate to labor. Man must produce in order to eat. And it is not hunger, it is the sense of taste, which first suggests the seeking of food. It is not a mere necessity, it is the anticipation of a pleasure. Why did not God design the act of eating to be wholly unaccompanied with taste? Because this *pleasure* was essential to the true destiny of man. And so with all the other senses. It is by them that we become acquainted with the qualities of outward objects, and enter into a certain sympathy or communion with them, through pleasure. Outward objects, termed collectively nature, are one of the revelations of God. It is by harmony with these, in other words, by the pleasures of Sight, Taste, Hearing, &c., that we become receptive of this Revelation, the revelation of Beauty, or the Divine in the outermost of the three spheres of being.

The physical circumstances of labor *can* be made agreeable. Effort is not necessarily pain; application need not be privation. This was sufficiently illustrated in a former article, where we alluded to the severe toil voluntarily undergone in sports, in scientific experiments, or under the stimulus of corporate enthusiasm. The scenes of industry in Association will tell as plainly of a presiding genius of art and beauty, as the scenery of the theatre does now, for industry will be the true theatre of man. The fields will be a garden to the eye. The shops will not be without their architecture, their symbolic decorations, their triumphs of art, which is one with nature, over the mere artificial squares and angles of utility which shut nature out, and limit and contract and chafe the soul. All will be beauty. Nature will not be puritanically shorn of her graceful ringlets by a narrow, utilitarian, selfish, patchwork system of agriculture. Nature and the sun's all-glorifying light will be free to enter wherever it is possible; and where it is not, their presence will be echoed in the still more wonderful creations of Fine Art. The implements will look inviting; the dresses will be in harmony with the work, and will add new charm to figures symmetrical from varied exercise, and glowing with intelligence and health. And what a part might music play? Would it not be as economical here, as in the movements of destructive armies? And then of fragrance; does not the

smell of mignonette, or new-mown hay, transport one into new spiritual states? and is it not a perfectly simple thing to use these subtle ministers to haunt the very atmosphere of toil with beautiful and pure suggestions, and keep out every intimation of the vulgar and the loathsome? Then as to the sense of touch, it is not necessary to soil, harden, and distort that most delicate and exquisitely beautiful master-piece of the divine artist, next to the human face, the human hand. It was never meant that its delicacy should be destroyed, that it should lose the finest of all senses, that of touch; that it should grow out of all proportion with the rest of the body, and instead of being the next to the most expressive portion of a man, hang like a dead pound weight of matter at his side. Depend upon it, that with proper implements and proper alternations this abuse shall disappear.

But we have yet to mention the most important thought under this head; and we will illustrate it by the remaining one of the five senses, that of Taste, although it equally applies to all the others. Productive industry, it is every where said, is the main-spring and mover of the whole social system. To what is industry applied? To the creating, shaping, and perfecting of outward objects, and rendering them available for use. And how can it do this? By understanding the qualities, capacities, and uses of all outward things. And how can it get this understanding? By using them itself. By becoming a connoisseur and critic of all forms, and sounds, and smells, and flavors; by refinement of its senses, constantly going before the refinement of its manufactures. The pivotal and principal sphere of labor, the foundation of all others, is agriculture, and its great work is to procure our food. To produce the finest qualities and greatest varieties of fruits and vegetables is the point of its ambition. This implies the finest and most delicate discrimination of flavors, a familiarity with minute shades of difference, and above all, a scale of differences graduated according to the differences of personal taste, so that the lovers of each may be enthusiasts about its special cultivation. Hence that phrase so shocking to the ears of tender moralism, *gastro-sophic refinement*, which Fourier so unhesitatingly holds up as the great lever in the most important part of the education of children, namely, the development of their industrial vocations. A mere consideration of the word *grossness* will set us right in this matter; our senses make us sensual, and outward contact degrades us because we take nature in the *gross*; because we fail to analyze, and discriminate, and refine, and learn what spiritual

laws of beauty reign in every thing presented to our senses. Refinement, epicurism, is just what we need to unsensualize our physical enjoyments, to make the food of the body become also the food of the mind, and to make matter every where a revelation of God, for the reception of which he has provided us with these five magnetic channels of communication. It is the luxury of man that creates industry and arts, far more than it is necessity. The latter may just keep him alive; but by keeping him alive it develops the new necessity of luxury, and this in turn finds hands and tools, and strikes out scientific lights, to do its bidding. But we must glance away from this point to the next, having only indicated an inexhaustible vein which any one may work out. The thought will become clearer, however, as it receives its complement from the two branches which are to follow.

## II. SOCIETY, OR GROUPS.

Man cannot forego society; wholly or too much alone, he is not himself. Pleasures, as above, are nothing, except he share them with beings like himself. He must meet himself in others, find himself out of himself, else all that is not himself becomes a non-conducting medium to him, a vacuum, in the centre of which he is imprisoned and moored fast. In his social attractions originates this phrase of *Groups*. By these the individual attains to fuller force and individuality by ceasing to be *merely* individual, and contributing himself to make up the collective Man, wherein all are members one of another. This is the distinctive thought of Association. Collective manhood must absorb the petty and conflicting individualities, before attraction can take the place of constraint, the faculties of one cease to interfere with those of another, and the worship of Joy commence upon the earth.

There will be various orders of groups, according to affinities. The simplest will be those of

1. *Friendship*, the generous sentiment of youth which overlooks distinctions. Nothing seems to call this out, and create congenial circles, so much as similarity of industrial vocations. In Association every occupation will be freely chosen; those who meet in it therefore, will meet because this occupation strikes a common chord in all their natures. It will not be a bond of necessity. They will not come together disgusted with their function, and ill assorted to one another; but because this function, or precise province of a function, naturally attracts them and proves them fit companions, so far as it goes. Then the constant change of occupations, the shifting from group to group, gratifies each indus-

trial and social affinity in turn, makes the individual many-sided, generous and capable of appreciating and enjoying many forms of character. There will be no check upon these free assimilations in consequence of any opposition of interests. The interests of laborers and capitalist, of rich and poor will be one. No one will be imprisoned within the artificial barriers of caste or fashion. His sympathies will flow to those who can best meet them. The poor are not excluded from the refined manners of the rich; and the rich are not imprisoned in their insane and foolish state, impervious to the reinforcing currents of fresh strength and genius in the poor. Business will not make enemies of friends. Friendship, therefore, which now shrinks from the unsanctifying chill of business relations, which reserves itself for the parlor and the journey, and the ball-room, and for cherished childhood, all of which are privileges of the rich; friendship, which has to shield itself in these exceptional retreats, and shrink from the market and the shop where interests conflict; will then pour all its energies into the channels of cheerful labor and production, and be a mighty stimulus to industry. Suspicion of others will cease to be the watchword of success.

2. *Love.* Now a source of all exclusiveness and jealousy; a blind experiment of passion which will not wait for true affinities; a prostitution of the holy of holies in the heart. By the free, social intercourse of sexes in the round of alternating labors, by meeting in spheres where attraction is the spell that draws all in, and where character comes out without disguise, there will be opportunity of knowing one another and of testing the foundations for true union, which will cut short this dismal tragedy of false and secretly repented marriage. The sphere of woman will be sacred, and extend its sanctity over all the occupations of men. Attractive industry will draw love forth from its shame-facedness and selfish seclusion, and give it a chance to know itself by the clear light of day and useful works, no longer the pale victim of moonshine and illusion. And thus purified and strengthened, it will in its turn lend all its attractiveness to the useful labors of life. It will impart enthusiasm to the groups. It will nerve the arm with its supernatural strength, and scale the rugged heights of labor by its own unconscious magic. There are mighty motives among men; but how out of place, how unavailable! Association will bring them all to bear. Love will withhold its favors from the idle, and neither will it give in idleness. Then woman will not merely be set up as the doll queen of a tournament, and drop her glove to the champion in the lists of

vanity's poor contest, but she will help man win, and she will share with him full many of his peaceful victories.

3. *Familism.* "There is nothing in the wide range of influences, in Association or out of it," says the Oberlin reviewer, "which tends to sweeten toil like the necessity growing out of family dependence." Here he deceives himself by the carelessness of his own language. It is not the necessity, it is the end, that sweetens labor in this case. Now there is nothing sweeter than spontaneous devotion, with all its pains-taking sacrifices, to those we love, and who look up to us. But when it becomes an iron necessity, devotion does not like such prompting and loses something of its freedom, and the sweetness of the thing is diminished in proportion. In prosperous families there may be much of this sweet stimulus to labor. But remember, these are the exceptional cases: how is it in the families of the poor? There the sight of one another is a reminder of necessities, far more (we fear) than it is of love. The bond between them has had no opportunity to prove itself a free bond. A relentless Siamese-twin ligament grapples them together perforce, and there is little time to ask what *would* we do for one another, but what *must* we! and your Must is a terrible uprooter of sympathies which do not understand that way of growing. We will only say that in Association there will be no such cold wind to freeze up the consanguineous current. Free and genuine ties of sympathy will reign in the family, as in all other circles, from the fact (1) that there will be no marriages of interest, without love, and (2) that the children will be the common charge, sharers of an integral common education, wherein they are trained to industry, to support themselves, relieving the parent's anxiety and actually coöperating with him in his own attractive labors. And, even in the families of wealth, consider the dull spell of over-familiarity, which has long since benumbed all interesting communication between its members! How would they like to mingle in new groups according to actual present affinities, and after some time meet each other fresh again as real living personalities, and not as mere dull circumstances of each other's monotonous life!

4. *Ambition.* In Association the laborer will feel himself respected. He will not lose caste by what he does; he will not be a mere tool and pair of hands to some other. He will enjoy the dignity of a man. He has his proper share in all his earnings. He has his choice of spheres wherein to labor. He is a member of some twenty or thirty groups, and feels their corporate enthusiasm, and meets in these as equals, persons of transcendent

character and fame in other things. He chooses his society. The overflowing of sympathies from one to another never can be indiscriminate. In the whole scale or hierarchy of characters, he will know where to find his own. By union with those least unlike him, his antipathy to those who are most unlike him becomes mitigated, and he finds himself in one series with them, making up one whole of character, and working to one end.

But this is a natural transition to the law of order, to our third head, of ORGANIZATION, or of SERIES. And we see no way for it, but to postpone it to our next number. It is the real nucleus of the whole problem of attractive industry, and may very well be treated separately.

THE LOWELL UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS. Our friends in Lowell, Mass. have organized for the purpose of carrying on the good work. They enter upon it with the right spirit, and will not fail to render a good account of themselves. More than fifty names are already attached to their constitution,—a band larger than many that have succeeded in revolutionizing the world. Let them only feel what they have to do, and lay their hands heartily to it and it will be done; but to this they need no exhortation. The officers of their society are,

JOHN ALLEN, *President.*  
SARAH G. BAGLEY, *Vice President*  
WILLIAM T. G. PIERCE, *Secretary.*  
D. H. JACQUES, *Treasurer.*

They hold two meetings in the week; one on Saturday evening for social intercourse and recreation, and one on Sunday evening for lectures and discussions,—an excellent arrangement. Let Associationists unite socially, and learn to know each other not only as laborers in a common cause but as personal friends. In this way they will become more firmly united, and their efforts will be rendered more thorough and efficient.

In relation to Tracts, we will say to the society at Lowell, and to affiliated bodies elsewhere, that the Parent Society designs to prepare and publish a complete series of tracts for popular distribution, and that only the want of funds for the purpose delays its execution. This is an object which small contributions can attain. By forwarding a few dollars the publication of a new tract can be ensured; while at the same time the donors will be entitled to the value of their remittance in our publications.

POVERTY AND ITS LESSON. The *Christian World* argues that the poor exist in this world in order to "afford opportunities for a generous and all-comprehensive sympathy." Poverty is thus a divine institution, and the authority of the Sa-

viour is brought in to show that it is a permanent one! If poverty is of God's appointment, it is certainly strange that the devout in general are so anxious to escape from its blessings, and so unwilling to provide for their fellow Christians the occasion of bringing their virtues into exercise. "Poverty," concludes the *World*, "has a great lesson to teach;" this is true, but the *World* does not seem to understand that the lesson of poverty is that Society is upside down, and that it is the duty of Christians to institute such an organization of Labor as that every man shall do his share of the world's work, and receive no more than his share of the profits. This will put an end to poverty, and leave no opportunity for that blasphemy which makes God the author and Christ the apostle of pauperism.

**TURKEY REVOLUTIONIZED.** An intelligent correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*, writing from London, sketches the "movement" of the time in various parts of Europe, and that of Turkey in particular he presents in the following light. This is indeed a revolution, though bloodless and tranquil:

The Pope having entered the lists as a reformer will not surprise you more than to find that the Grand Turk has done the same. For the first time in the annals of his dynasty, the Sultan of Turkey has paid a visit to his Asiatic dominions, and on his return received the congratulations of the ambassadors of the Porte. This is the first instance on record of the *corps diplomatique* having had an audience *en masse* with the Imperial Sovereign of Turkey; and by way of showing still farther innovation, his Majesty received their excellencies in the state room, to which they were ushered, and remained standing during the whole of their visit.

Education is to proceed in Turkey with giant strides. 20,000 schools are to be forthwith established throughout the country, and a normal school for teachers is to be instituted at Constantinople, under Emir Pacha, who was educated at the English University of Cambridge, where he took high degrees for mathematics and classics.

Another circumstance, without precedent in modern history, is the fact that the Sultan, on his return from his tour, went to the Sublime Porte and made a report to the Vizier, as to the condition of the provinces he had visited, issuing orders for their future better government. Among other things he declared that he had abolished all custom duties at Adrianople, Broussa, Konian, and Tokat, and then went on in the following free trade style:

As it has been acknowledged at all times that duties on food, provisions and cattle, are extremely prejudicial to agriculture and commerce, we order, in consequence, after having collected all necessary information on the subject, that henceforth all duties of the kind, affecting the city of Constantinople, shall be entirely abrogated, and that this act shall come into effect from the date of the 1st day of next March.

The Imperial Soliman, you will perceive, is becoming a good Cobdenite, and

now he has only to give a cheap postage, to aid him in carrying out his reforms and rendering them effective.

There is one point more in the character of this reforming Moslem which will entitle him to and secure for him the gratitude of the whole Christian world. You have already had some powerful details in your columns of the persecutions of the American Protestants, and all that they have suffered from the ex-communication of their bishops. A Vizerial letter to the Pacha of Erzeroum says that the Protestant faith has spread in some degree among the Armenians—particularly at Constantinople. They had been anathematized by the Patriarch, and thereby injured in their trade and business, and obliged to close their shops.

The Sultan had forbidden the prime to act at Constantinople, and the same law must be enforced at Erzeroum. The Armenian Primates are "not to be suffered in any way to persecute or interfere with the converts when engaged in their trades and commerce." His excellency is finally ordered "to protect and defend them."

The Morning Chronicle correspondent at Constantinople, in his last despatch, emphatically states that "Protestantism is now planted in the Ottoman empire, and it is my belief that it will strike its roots deep and spread them wide."

**GRAND CAIRO** has a population of 300,000 or 400,000, and there is but one book-store in the whole city. The Arabs have a great aversion to printed books, and prefer to give \$100 for a manuscript copy of the Koran, rather than use a printed one which might be purchased for \$2. The bookseller was commanded by government to keep his store open, but regarded it rather as a losing concern.

**LA BELLE FRANCE.** It is stated in *La Reforme*, a French publication, that of thirty-three millions of people in France, twenty-seven millions do not drink wine; thirty-one millions never taste sugar; twenty millions never wear shoes; twenty-one millions never eat meat; eighteen millions eat no wheaten bread; and four millions are clothed in rags.

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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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N. R. GERRISH.

July 16, 1846.

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## DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

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### MISCELLANY.

For the Harbinger.

#### THE CATHOLICS AND ASSOCIATIONISTS.

We translate from the *Democratie Pacifique*, a communication from M. Arnaud, a liberal member of the Catholic Church, in answer to an attack upon the festivals of the Associationists, by a Catholic, published in the "Religious Universe." As every man represents a class, more or less extensive, this communication may be considered very important as it gives information, for the first time to many Associationists in this country, of the existence of an intelligent sympathy with their movement in the bosom of the Catholic Church.

Let us not despair of our country. If a whole population of faithless politicians, of avaricious speculators seem to expand and seize as a leprosy upon the entire social body; thanks be to God, the fountain of generous instincts is not entirely dried up. Thousands of devoted hearts, of chosen souls are rising full of hope to sustain manfully the struggle and to rouse this nation sleeping in indolence. Does not every one feel around him the agitation? From the depth of this gloomy repose, at all points arise cries of alarm, which soon are changed to cries of liberty and fraternity.

I know not what has passed over our heads. A vague shuddering announces at the same time the imminence of the danger and the hour of deliverance, and from one end of France to another, men of benevolence call and answer to each other. A common interest unites them. They close their ranks to advance with more force and security to meet their new destiny. Ask them whither they are going, they do not know. What do they expect from the future? Few can tell. When Christianity first penetrated ancient Europe, innumerable hordes of barbarians irresistibly impelled by the hand of God precipitated themselves, like a

storm upon this superannuated society. Blind instruments of the Divine Will, their swords traced through the world those furrows, in which the germs of modern civilization were to fructify. At the present time, the soldiers of liberty, also urged on by an irresistible power, are arming themselves for the struggle, a new, a pacific, though ardent struggle, where the *sword of the word* will take the place of the sword of the barbarian, and the enthusiasm of the propagandist, that of the demon of destruction.

It can be proved by history that whenever a serious evil manifests itself, God reveals the remedy which will cure it; now the malady of this age, the malady which has already seized upon the masses, is selfishness. Selfishness prevails everywhere, in the high places of politics, and in the relations of private life. Every one is centered in an impenetrable individualism. Alone with his own interests man has no other care than to multiply and extend them, without pity for the rights of others which are invaded and sacrificed. The remedy is expansion, the sentiment of fraternity among men. Let us then announce it with joy,—the courage of the defenders of this holy cause will not fail; they have already measured the extent of our sufferings; if the danger is great, their devotion will be greater yet. Look at them in their operations; divided in their doctrines, in their opinions, in their habits of life, they are found united in a common religion, the religion of devotedness.

How many experiments also, of every kind, how many systems ask the control of opinion and the trials of experience! Formerly the genius of man employed itself in constructing gigantic plans of campaigns, in preparing the subjection of various nations under one vast net of conquests; at the present time, the scrutinizing eye of the philosopher is employed in penetrating the secrets of the organization of human societies. In their train advance impatient spirits who hope in the morning to see realized the dream

of the evening. O! how much more useful would be their labors, how much more secure their success, if they entered the unknown regions of science supported by the unalterable principles, which the church holds in trust! How much more efficient would be their charity, if it were kindled at the altar of the Catholic faith! But whatever these brave men may be, we will still cry to them, "Courage." Whenever a seed of faith, a ray of hope manifests itself, whenever a generous burst of feeling attests that charity still lives, we will aid by our wishes, we will be present by our sympathy. Honor then, to all these noble characters; to them also, as to the sages of antiquity, their faith will be imputed for righteousness; the benedictions of Heaven are abundant for brave men; *truth visits sooner or later hearts purified by devotedness*. Let them advance then with confidence. The future opens before them full of mysterious promises, the future, an inexhaustible mine for those who, armed with the patience of the strong, can wait and laboriously separate the pure gold from the alloy which debases it: let them unite to stimulate their zeal and communicate their hopes—illusions, perhaps—but will they not learn, by approaching each other, the language of brotherhood: will they not separate more devoted to consoling their brethren, better prepared for all earnest effort?

In the midst of the various manifestations which recently have been made, there is one worthy in the highest degree, of attracting the attention of all minds preoccupied with the destiny of their country; we mean the last Associative manifestation. The Associative school has just celebrated again, by its annual festival, the memory of its master. Let us say it with sincerity, it was a beautiful and touching spectacle. In the heart of this city where every one seems unremittingly devoted to the care of his fortune, his ambition, his prosperity, his personal greatness; in the midst of this population frozen by the cold calculations



of finance, the eye rests with refreshment upon those assemblies, where hearts are beating, where enthusiastic acclamations welcome generous words, the inspiration of poetry.

We will leave the pretended philosophers of the day to smile and indifferently pass before the threshold of this assembly. For ourselves, we point it out to France as a happy presage, we indicate it to Catholics as a salutary example and as a warning that precious conquests are preparing for truth, in the ranks of those men who at least have the merit of seeking it.

That there is mingled, at the foundation of these new doctrines, healthy thought and useful truth, with illusions and dangers, we do not doubt; future times will subject them to a serious examination, but at this day, in the warmth of their demonstrations, we dare not criticise them. We can offer only words of sympathy with the memory of that brilliant festival, where eight hundred men, young and old, were assembled to exchange fraternal sentiments.

Numerous toasts were pronounced, in the midst of deep emotion; all noble ideas, expressed with enthusiasm, excited warm applause; every misery, every tale of grief found an echo; nothing was forgotten: liberty, order, cleanliness, infancy, old age, the arts, industry, agriculture—Poland! That sister, riveted strongly (but for a day) to the chain of slavery, could not but be hailed with love in an assembly of Frenchmen united for liberty. I would be permitted to quote the very words. "After three days of sleep in the mournful sepulchre, Poland awakens like Christ, to the eyes of the admiring people; soon she will resume her place in the band of free nations. To the triumph of Poland! to the freedom of the Slavonic race! to the deliverance of all oppressed nations!"

But in the midst of these ardent desires, these wishes, these aspirations, the watch-word is *Unity*—Unity! Catholicism has brought it to the earth. Collecting the elements dispersed by paganism, it pursued slowly its work, new nations arose, the civilizing spirit of Christianity extended by degrees its beneficent influence; the passions soon found themselves out of place in the heart of this unity, they attempted to interrupt it; man proclaimed his religious independence, he wished to be sole master and sole judge, but alas! he was in chains. After wishing alone, without guide and without restraint, to open a path to Heaven for himself, he wished to move alone with his interests, as he had remained alone with his pride; follow him a little time, you will not fail to meet him alone with his selfishness.

Is it astonishing that these repeated attacks on Catholicism have produced confusion and anarchy instead of harmonious unity? Let us transport ourselves, in imagination, to the end of the last century; the principle of dissolution had made such ravages that the future was despaired of. But if man was disturbed, terrified already by the vanity of his pretended conquests, God did not cease to watch over France. After the storms of a cruel and bloody revolution, a fruitful idea appears, the idea of Association. Timid at first, it elaborates itself in some solitary minds; and then enthusiasts compromise it by their parodies. In spite of all obstacles, however, the idea enlarges, spreads; the word is soon seriously uttered, many voices repeat it, belief adopts it, it moves statesmen, journalists, economists; it is now understood that the question of Association is one of the greatest questions of modern times. The same men who had broken the Catholic unity and heaped it with ruins in the name of human independence, are the first to feel the need of reconstructing. Intrepid laborers, they are preparing, perhaps unconsciously, the realization of Christian principles in the social relations, and consequently the triumph of catholic unity. Wonderful are the designs of Providence! To console and build up its church, it avails itself of the hand which was lifted up to shake it to its foundations.

Yes, we say it with humility, the Catholics should not have the honor of the commencement of this work. Too nearly connected, for a long time, with the grandeur and interests of this world, they have forgotten to advance, to advance always, while any progress could be made in the institutions or habits of society; to devote themselves always, while there remained a wound to be healed, a brother to be consoled. Interested in preserving in the organization of their country the portion that destiny had allotted them, they attempted, governed by deplorable illusions, to introduce into the relative and progressive institutions of human society, the necessary immutability of religious dogmas. No one is ignorant to-day of the fatal consequences produced by these prejudices. How many men, Christians in the depths of their souls, have withdrawn from Catholicism, because the inactivity of their brethren seemed to take root in the precepts of their faith! Such is the origin of this ever to be regretted schism, that it is truly time should be repaired.

The moment has come when Catholics and liberals, separated for a day, may unite to labor together for the common cause. Let those return to us, with their conquests, who have enlarged human sci-

ence, who have claimed so many wonders from industry, and from nature so many long unknown secrets; let them come to us and draw the life which is wanting to their works, from the source of all truth and justice; let them come to lay the foundation of their edifice, on the rock which storms do not shake; let them come and place it under the shelter of the church if they do not wish to see crumbling in a day, the undertaking which their laborious efforts have painfully prepared.

Let them not fear that their merits and their glory will be forgotten. Humanity will guard the memory of the great names that have served it. Those men who first, after the work of destruction of the last century, have restored to the world the idea of unity; have first comprehended and announced, according to the purpose of the church, that instead of fragmentary individualism, every economic and social science must have Association for its basis; these men, whatever may be their errors, will have a right to the esteem and gratitude of the nations.

To connect the interests of the earth, by the law of solidarity, as religion unites hearts by a common faith, this is the problem for whose solution every man is waiting: To seek elsewhere the laws of production and the distribution of riches, is to entangle oneself in a chaos of inextricable contradictions. Suppress for a moment, in imagination, the beneficent results which Association promises, and suddenly every step of progress, every new advance of science and art, becomes a subject of alarm. What preparation for the future would be made by the gigantic development of the means of locomotion, the employment of machines in industry, the organized press endeavoring at every hour to disseminate life and light in the midst of our institutions? What would be the object of all those new inventions, our iron roads, our locomotives which have neither obstacles nor limits, every element of nature conquered by the genius of man and becoming under his hand a docile agent, and that mysterious and mute language, which soon with the rapidity of lightning will convey human thought from one extremity of the world to the other? What purpose would all these serve, if the social elements, impelled by an intense activity, should perpetually engage in conflict: if in this agitation and confusion, men, strangers to each other, should approach for a moment on this field of industry, not to aid each other, but to conquer, soon separating, more indifferent, more cold, laden with the spoils of their victims.

On such conditions the power of man would be a curse, a fatal gift from

Heaven for the misfortune of mankind, a fatal instrument in the hands of a few, for the ruin of the masses. Every new discovery would deserve to be drowned by a concert of unanimous reprobation. Certainly there is nothing exaggerated in our language. Whence comes at present the general distress when so great an impulse has been given to our industry? Is it not because the inconveniences this movement has for the moment produced, are so striking that a future is predicted full of commotion? Then pusillanimous hearts, instead of bravely undertaking their work, depending upon Providence, who knows how to proportion the means to the necessities of each epoch, exhaust themselves in vain lamentations, and are disconsolate at not being able to carry back their country many ages. Let them be assured, the word *Association* has been pronounced; there is a universal correspondence in human as well as divine science. There is more than an accidental coincidence in the simultaneous appearance of modern industrial genius and the idea of Association. This lesson of history will not remain sterile, we are sure. With the principle of Association, every thing that necessarily caused inquietude, becomes a fruitful source of happiness for the people. Honor then to all those who engaging in this way, seek with perseverance, full of faith in the future. From their united efforts will sooner or later burst forth a bright light. Let us not despair; every day true hearts will learn to know each other better; we should regard it as a crime not to encourage their generous enthusiasm.

But it must be acknowledged, this enthusiasm, this excitement, may intoxicate and lead to deplorable errors. Thus it is necessary to seek in these new systems whatever can be reconciled with the indestructible principles of the Catholic faith. This is the object of a work we are preparing.

FREDERIC ARNAUD.

## THE CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

(Continued from p. 165.)

We would avoid giving an exaggerated picture of the condition of the working classes, and pass over, therefore, not as untrue, but as partial, the great number of heart-rending descriptions that are daily presented to us of the state of the laboring population in particular localities, London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Huddersfield, and extensive agricultural districts. These accounts, however, show that if the average annual income of the poor be £20 or £40, that income is most unequally distributed so far as regards particular districts.

The following statements, descriptive of the condition of the poor and of the effects of the incessant toil to which they are reduced, in the deterioration of the race in

both bodily and mental constitution, were given by a physician of eminence, in a course of lectures on Education, delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Birmingham, in the spring of 1839, and their interest and value principally depend upon their being founded on personal experience, derived from long practice amongst the poor in both town and country. The enlightened and philanthropic lecturer defined the end of Education to be the improving and perfecting of every human being, in every bodily and mental faculty; and his object in the following quotations was to show the counteracting circumstances which make education in this sense quite unattainable by the mass of the people.

"The large manufactories of Lancashire, and some parts of Scotland, present a combination of all the evils incidental to the condition of a working man, and on a large scale.

"Too early employment—too long employment—too much fatigue—no time for relaxation—no time for mental improvement—no time for the care of health—exhaustion—intemperance—indifferent food—sickness—premature decay—a large mortality.

"There is every reason to believe the frame of body and mind of persons employed in manufactories, where they are on their feet all the day, in a heated atmosphere, and living on a poor diet, becomes so feeble and irritable, as to lead, as a matter of course, to intemperance and disorderly passions, and to an actual degeneration of the species; so that the mortality becomes very great, and the sickly and imperfect state of a great proportion of the children who are reared, is such that a greater and greater deterioration in each generation is inevitable. The visitor to the large manufactories sees little of the misery they entail. The sick and feeble are at home; in miserable houses or in cellars. Those who are present are interested by the coming of strangers, and their general appearance, it is only fair to state, bespeaks animation and pretty good health. The visitor sees them for half an hour, but he cannot forget that as he sees them—on their feet, and in continual, although not perhaps, laborious exertion, they remain during the whole of every day except Sunday. For the consequences he must go to their homes; he must inspect their food; their lodging, accommodations; he must observe what are their relaxations, and, if they can so be called, their pleasures. Still more—he must examine their children, and particularly when all the causes acting upon them have brought them into the public Charitable Institution; and then he will see what neglect and over-work can do for an industrious, and even intelligent class of people.

"He will find these children, for the most part, not deficient in intelligence; but also for the most part, *sickly*. The remarkable thing, indeed, if the poorest children are looked at, in the workhouses and asylums, (the children of parents reduced to indigence, or gone to an early grave, entirely worn out,)—the remarkable fact is, that there is an *universal* appearance of sickness among them; a healthy face is an exception:—the spectator is surrounded with pale, blue, flabby faces, inflamed eyes, diseases of the scalp. Many little creatures sit over the fire, with faces of old people; shrivelled, wasted, wretched objects, with slender

limbs, a dry, harsh, loose, coarse skin; large joints, prominent eyes and jaws;—these little creatures are cold and feeble and fretful, and utter plaintive cries like a suffering animal. Ask the medical officers concerning these circumstances, and you will learn that the children are well fed, well lodged, well clothed, and allowed proper exercise in the open air, and the older children are instructed in a school. Education, physical and moral, is not neglected; but it is working on materials too imperfect to be much improved. The organization is frail and incomplete: the stock of life is barely sufficient for a few years. If the children are attacked with acute illness, they can neither bear the disease nor the remedies: the loss of a little blood is fatal to them. Curative processes cannot be set up. The medicating power of Nature is not active in their frames. The tissues of their bodies are all unfinished pieces of Nature's workmanship, and prone to disease; their hearts are feeble, and blood is not vigorously circulated, nay, it is not healthily elaborated in their bodies; and the regulating nervous system is as faulty as the rest of their economy. Herded together, without parental care, and the thousand little offices comforting to early childhood, their affections have a small range, and their countenances are blank and melancholy. They are even the victims of diseases never seen amongst the comfortable classes of society. Every common disorder leaves consequences not to be got rid of—measles and small-pox leaving ophthalmia and blindness.

"All this is distressing, but not wonderful. In many a region, misery and exposure produce a marked physical degeneration, and even create diseases scarcely known in other circumstances.

"It might lead me away from my immediate subject, if I were to state how often epidemics of all kinds prevail among the poor alone. Yet you cannot be too often reminded that as such diseases find a reception in miserable courts and alleys, and from thence spread over the more happily circumstanced families, so also the moral infirmities allowed to grow among any part of a population, spread their infectious influence all around. There is, however, another, and a very large portion of our community, whose state, although often boasted of, is not, in my opinion, more favorable to the preservation of *perfect* life of body and mind than that of the manufacturing poor. I mean the laboring poor of agricultural districts. What I say concerning these poor people is the result of much observation of them, and I consider it a duty to lift the veil from a subject surrounded by many respectable prejudices. I know that they are kindly visited and assisted by the wealthier classes living in the country, and charity waits upon them in every shape, in sickness, or for the education and clothing of their children. Indeed but for this charity—and often, but for the boundless charity of the clergyman alone—the people would be utterly lost. But their extreme poverty, and their constant labor, so influence them, that the majority—I am sure I speak within bounds—have never the enjoyment of health after forty years of age. A thousand times in the course of dispensary practice, I have felt the mockery of prescribing medicines for the various stomach complaints to which they are so liable,

and which are the product of bad food — insufficient clothing, wearing toil, and the absence of all hope of anything better in this world."

"The peasant's home is not the abode of joy or even of comfort. No children run to kiss their sire's return, or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.' The children are felt to be a burden, ill-fed, ill-clothed, and lying on beds worse than the lower animals; they are ragged or clothed by charity; untaught or taught by charity; if sick, cured by charity; if not starved, fed by proud charity; of which they bear the marks in the fantastic uniformity of their dress, or in the prison-like look imparted by the general order under which they live, that their clustering hair shall be cut close to their heads, lest they should grow up fond of admiration. Observe their look of humility, of discontent, their abject curseys. In such a habitation, in the poorhouse, is it possible to apply Physical and Mental Education? Its very elements are repelled from such a place. Dullness of the mental faculties, obtuseness of the moral feelings, and sickly bodies, can alone be formed." . . .

"In agricultural districts, boys are very early employed in the fields; and their minds become utterly vacant. The scenes in which they live have no charms for them. They toil early and late in certain services; never live well; are condemned to poverty if they marry. For them also physical and mental education is quite out of the question.

"The girls are no better off — many of them work laboriously; and marry the poor laborers we have spoken of. Others become servants. Servants in underground or back kitchens — no out-of-door exercise, no friends, no followers, no visits to others, no mental or other variety, yet every virtue expected from them, and a good humour which not even the consideration and injustice and caprice of others can ruffle."

"In the case of the manufacturing laborer, the necessary poverty is, I presume, by no means so pressing: their wages are better; they buy provisions in towns, at better advantage; but their exhaustion from over work, and their living surrounded by temptations to sensual gratifications, and particularly to intemperance, conspire to make them as destitute as the agricultural laborer. The latter, excluded from many temptations, never receives enough to support a family; his food is just sufficient to prevent divorce of soul and body for the best years of his sad life; if sickness assail him or his children he has no hope but the poor-house; and after toiling until he is old, the yawning poor-house still awaits him. On the brink of that gulf he has ever been, and he sinks into it at last."

"I lately accompanied a friend over a large and well-conducted Union-Workhouse in an agricultural district. The persons whom I saw there were of two kinds; aged and helpless men who had toiled, as they do in most countries, with the certain prospect of pauperism before them all their lives long; and younger men, who appeared to be deficient in intellect. Of the women, several also were old and helpless; a few were young, and of these, several, I am inclined to think more than half, were idiotic. There were nurseries and schools for the boys and the girls. In the nurseries I was shocked with the spectacle of little laugh-

ing idiots, the children of idiotic mothers; but in the older children, with a few exceptions so striking that one felt surprised to see them there, the children presented coarse features; their heads were singularly low and broad, as if they had a broad shallow brain; and in several instances the upper dimensions of the head were so evidently defective, that no one could help observing it. Every physiologist, nay, every ordinary observer, would say of such a shaped head, that it was associated with very small intellectual power; and the figure of the head, taken with the faculties and expression of the face, was too manifestly such as every observer would say prophesied ill for the future character of the individual. Great care might possibly do much; but when you consider these evils of birth, and the unavoidable privation and neglect to which these human beings must be exposed as they grow up, the awful consideration presents itself that they are predoomed, from childhood, from birth, before birth, to ignorance and helplessness, or to crime: to the lowest toil, to want, to premature death, or to pauperism in age.

"As in the agricultural workhouse, we find the human brain brought to a very low state of development, and the faculties of the mind very limited, so in the manufacturing workhouse we find the results of causes of degeneracy acting on a population whose faculties are kept in greater activity, but whose bodies are deteriorated, and whose offspring are prone to every evil that belongs to an imperfect structure of every tissue of the body, and to the imperfect action of the organs which circulate the blood, or which elaborate the chyle, or which should renew and repair the perpetual waste; so that, even in them the brain cannot long continue healthy and efficient. If the children in the agricultural workhouse were taken out and brought up ever so carefully, I believe that a very small proportion of them would exhibit a capacity of much mental improvement. If the children in the manufacturing workhouse were separated, and brought up in families where every article of diet and regimen was very carefully attended to, many of them would be found incapable of continued life beyond a few years. They might escape some of the worst forms of disease which now carry them off in infancy, but a considerable portion would eventually perish of some form or other of tuberculous disease — consumption — or disease of the mesenteric glands. With these, then, you see how limited must be the effects of the best physical and moral education that could be devised, even if it could be at once and in every case applied. And so long as these classes remain in this state, disease and premature death, and many moral evils which disfigure life, must be perpetuated. Of both these classes of the poor, a proportion will still live to be thirty or forty, and become, unhappily, the parents of children who will inherit their infirmities of mind and body, and their tendencies to disease; until, by the gradual augmentation of the evil, successive families are extinguished. Less time is required for their total extinction than is commonly supposed. Sir A. Carlisle says, that where the father and mother are both town-bred, the family ends with the third generation.

"I am unwilling to accumulate painful images; it may be enough to quote the

words of a very able writer on Medical Statistics, which point at several instances of human deterioration. 'Life and death, then,' says Dr. Bissett Hawkins, 'mainly depend on the prosperity of the circumstances which surround us; physical prosperity and moral happiness, which often depend and re-act upon each other, present a safe-guard at every crisis of existence, both to individuals and to nations. We may often judge with tolerable accuracy of the mortality which is likely to exist in any given country, town, or hospital, from the degree in which poverty or wealth, knowledge or ignorance, misfortune or success, are seen to prevail. Wherever want or misery prevails, there the mother is more likely to die in labor, there still-birth will be more frequent, there the deaths during infancy will be more numerous, there epidemics will rage with more violence, there the recoveries from sickness will be more tedious, and the fatal termination of it more probable; and there, also, will death usually approach at an earlier period of life than in happier situations.'

"My reason for dwelling on these points is, that I would fain show the mockery of expecting, by anything which philanthropy can devise, the production of mental power, or even of virtue, any more than of healthy bodies, in the children of a very considerable portion of all the most civilized communities of Europe, in their present condition; and that until this condition is so modified that the human economy can be healthily exercised, no physical education, no general instruction, no scheme of benevolence, can train these children into healthy adults. You cannot engraft virtue on physical misery. To hope to plant Temperance, Forethought, Chastity, Content, in a soil where the body and soul are corrupting, where the materials of the body are advanced towards death, and incapable of the full actions of vitality, is the dream of benevolence. You must secure good food, clothing, lodging, and cheerful mental stimulus to all classes, before you can raise them above that condition in which they will be glad to forget their misery in any sensual gratification that offers. Until then, they must continue feeble and sickly, discontented and fretful, and prone to fly for consolation to stimulants; and, becoming parents, their children will inherit their imperfections, some dying early, and others living in such a state that at length, perhaps, the intolerable magnitude of the physical and moral evil may suggest a remedy, and the means of effecting that first object of education, the formation of a healthy and virtuous people.

"It seems scarcely credible that in an age which, compared with feudal days, appears civilized, thousands of children are every year born only to be the prey and victims of disease, of early death or of public punishment; their parents are not able to support the life they have created; and the wretched progeny being consigned, one may almost say, before birth, to fill the hospitals and jails; to be swept away by diseases from which all the comfortable classes are comparatively protected, or to linger out a wretched age in the poorhouse. There is no physiologist who, contemplating these things, can complacently conclude, that it is not possible to do something better for the health and life of every child that is born into the world.

"I anxiously wish to avoid being betrayed into exaggeration on these points; and I would say, generally, that there are not many occupations which would be in themselves unwholesome, if it were not for the number of hours in which it is requisite for those to be employed who live by the labor of their hands, or even by the exercise of their minds, in business. The merchant's desk, the professional man's study, the author's library, the artist's studio, the manufactory, the shop, possess nothing deadly to mankind, if human beings are not too long in them at one time; or too laboriously exercised whilst there, or not exposed to fatigue at too early an age. It seems a sad result for an honest and industrious house-painter, that his hands and feet should become paralyzed, and that he should be liable to attacks of excruciating pain and delirium. It would seem cruel to consign a youth to such a business, but with care and cleanliness these results are, generally speaking, avoidable; and if time be allowed in which good air may be breathed; the working clothes laid aside; they may be altogether escaped. Scarcely any of the evils arising from trades and occupations are unavoidable in themselves. The circumstance, therefore, that constitutes the hardness of life of the working classes, is not so much the nature of their work; for in this, and the muscular or mental exertion required for it, there is actual benefit to the health, and pleasure to the sensations, and recreation to the mind; but it is the absorption of life itself into labor, so that the body and the mind are no longer educated, no longer heeded, when life's toil has fairly begun, and the health of both must be sacrificed, and men must die to live."

"It would occupy too much time to take even the most passing view of the poor of large cities not employed in manufactures. Dr. Bateman, who wrote so much and so well on the diseases of London, tells us, what we may well believe, that in hot weather their houses are so heated and ill-ventilated, as to produce a state of faintness, depression of spirits, languor, pains in the back and limbs resembling those from fatigue, a fluttering in the region of the stomach, vertigo, tremors, cold perspirations, and various symptoms of indigestion; with feeble pulse. Impure air, fatigue and anxiety, contribute, he says, to produce these effects; which they chiefly do in woman. How these must influence the temper, affections, and habits, and how interfere with the proper care of their children's bodies and minds, I am sure you will readily imagine."

"Visit the same poor people in winter; you will find every cranny closed, and fever carrying off its victims in great numbers."

"Often, very often doubtless, moral evils flow from hence to the better quarters of the town, and poison the peace of happy families: often, very often, the infection of fevers there cherished, floats over the luxurious parts of the capital, and awakens the great and wealthy to the sense of the common lot of Humanity."

"Nor can we from these evils ever be free until all receive the benefits of physical, and moral, and mental education, which they cannot do so long as they are steeped to the lips in poverty."

"You must give them — the poor citizen — the manufacturer — the agricultur-

ist — leisure for instruction, and comforts which will prevent their being reckless; and then, fear not that they will refuse to be comfortable. Then they will become provident, careful of their health, prudent as to marriages, temperate, content, in short, reflecting creatures, exercising that now dormant brain, that capability and god-like reason, which their good Creator gave them, not to rust in them unused."

"From the observations I have made, you will gather that I do not believe the world to be so constituted that a large portion of mankind must, from the very necessity of nature, be consigned to constant poverty, ignorance, suffering, disease, vice, and premature death."

"I even confess that I am shocked when I hear the sacred writings quoted with comfortable satisfaction over 'good men's feasts,' as affording assurance that there must ever be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water;' for without at all denying the necessity of these services, I have never found any reason to believe that hewers of wood and drawers of water must, as a matter of course, be starved, and sickly and vicious, and limited in this life to half of the allotted years of men. I fear we dishonor the Great Unseen Father of all his creatures by suppositions of this kind; and wrest the words of Scriptures to some purposes which He is far from approving."

"Valueless, indeed, in my opinion, would all our own advantages be, if we could still cherish the selfish belief that for us and for our children alone such gracious advantages were conferred."

"There is nothing in the structure and capacities of any portion of mankind to sustain the notion that the same Deity who endowed them with feelings, affections, appetites, sensations, and intellect: the same Being who accorded to rich and poor alike the gifts of light and air, has still ordained, that to any one class, and for ever, are to be denied the power to enjoy, not mere physical life alone, exempt from many miseries now incidental to their share of it, but also those pleasures of contemplation and reflection, those upliftings of the mind to Him, and all that intellectual and spiritual life, which alone gives mere physical life any solid value to us. Feeling, that for us the delights of existence are increased a thousand-fold by the possession of health and by opportunities of instruction, whereby are developed countless sources of pure and elevated enjoyment, we must not, we cannot, ungratefully turn round and say that, except for a small number, the blessings of good air, good food and clothing, immunity from epidemic diseases, leisure and freedom of heart, healthy and peaceful old age, and a disposition to seek after immortal good, are forever and absolutely denied."

Such is the account presented to us of the present condition of the majority of the working class, by one of the leading minds of the age; and there is no reason for supposing that their condition in other countries is more prosperous."

"It has been observed," says Mr. Alison, "that the paupers of England are better fed than the laboring poor of the Continental States; it may be safely affirmed that, in every gradation of rank above the workhouse, the difference is still more remarkable. Mr. Young observes that 'the laboring classes in France are 76 per cent. worse clothed,

fed, and lodged, than their brethren in this country; and it is a remarkable fact, that, with the increase of agricultural wealth in the former country since the Revolution, a corresponding change in the diet of the peasantry has taken place. Notwithstanding this change, however, it is calculated by the latest political writer in the two countries, that the quantity of butcher-meat, butter, and cheese, consumed in Britain is 50 per cent. greater than in France. A comparison of the food of the poorer classes in Poland, where the peasantry live entirely on inferior grain, while their splendid harvests of wheat are transported untouched to the London market, with that which is consumed by the same classes in Sweden or Switzerland, where ages of comparative freedom have diffused opulence through the rural population; or of that daily in use among the Irish poor, with that which for ages has subsisted among the opulent yeomanry of England, is sufficient to demonstrate the truth of these observations."

"Traversing the country south of Moscow," says Clarke, "it is as the garden of Eden, a fine soil, covered with corn, and apparently smiling in plenty. Enter the cottage of the laborer, and you find him, though surrounded with these riches, often in want of the necessities of life. Extensive pastures often furnish no milk to him; in autumn the harvest affords no bread to his children; every road is covered with caravans bringing the produce of the soil to the lords of Petersburg and Moscow, while the cultivators who raised it are in want of the necessities of life."

"In the rich and fertile plain of Lombardy, where three crops annually repay the labor of the husbandman, and the means of perpetual irrigation are afforded by the streams that descend from the adjoining mountains, want and indigence generally prevail among the peasantry. Inhabiting a country which abounds in wine, it is seldom they drink anything but water; their clothing is scanty and wretched; their dwellings destitute of all the comforts of life. On the public roads, in the villages, in the cities, the traveller is assailed by multitudes of beggars, whose squalid looks and urgent importunity attest but too strongly the abject distress to which they are reduced. On the mountains, as on the plains, he perceives the traces of a numerous population, and the benignity of the climate clothes the wooded slopes with innumerable villages, whose white walls and elegant spires give a peculiar charm to Italian landscape; but within their walls he finds the well-known features of public misery, and the voice of distress supplicating for relief, in scenes which, at a distance, appear only to teem with human happiness."

"Provisions are incomparably cheaper in Poland and in Russia than in this country; but are the Polish or Russian peasants half as comfortably fed, lodged, or clothed, as the corresponding classes in this country? Every one knows that, so far from being so, or obtaining any benefit whatever from the cheap price of provisions in their own country, they are in truth the most miserable laborers in Europe, and feed upon scanty meals of rye bread, in the midst of the splendid wheat crops, which they raise for the more opulent consumers in this country. In the

southern provinces of Russia, wheat is often only ten shillings a quarter, from the total want of any market. But what is the consequence? Why, that wages are so low that the Cossack horseman gets only eight shillings and sixpence a year of pay from government. Wheat and provisions of all sorts are much cheaper in Ireland than in Great Britain; but nevertheless, the Irish laborers do not enjoy one half of the comforts or necessities of life which fall to the lot of their brethren on this side of the Channel."

"The mere necessities of life are sold almost for nothing in Hindostan and China, but so far from obtaining any benefit from that low rate of prices, the laboring classes are so poor as to taste hardly anything but rice and water; and wages are so low, seldom exceeding twopence a day, that every sepoy, foot-soldier, and horseman, has two, and every naive, three attendants to wait upon his person."

To the friend of Humanity it affords, however, unspeakable consolation to reflect, that if there is any truth in the principles advocated in the former parts of this work, the evils we have been considering are not a necessary part of human nature, nor irremediable. That such is the case may be inferred from the advance already made, from the improved physical condition of the upper and middle, and in some respects even of the lower, classes of society as compared with what it was a century ago. The tables of mortality show a great increase in the average term of human life.

"In 1700 the mortality in London was	1 in 25
1751 " " "	1 in 21
1801 " " "	1 in 35
1811 " " "	1 in 38
1821 " " "	1 in 40
1801 in England and Wales,	1 in 44
1811 " " "	1 in 50
1821 " " "	1 in 58
1831 " " "	1 in 52†

Various epidemics and diseases have entirely disappeared.

"There died of the plague in London,

In 1348 about 100,000	In 1625 about 35,000
1563 " 20,000	1635 " 10,000
1592 " 15,000	1665 " 68,596
1603 " 36,000	

"And this was the last—what the Court never thought of, the Fire of London effected."

Life has been lengthened in proportion as man's knowledge of the Physical and Organic laws, and his obedience to them, have increased, and we trust to show that nothing more is necessary to remove the numerous evils that now afflict society, and the working classes in particular, than a similar knowledge of, and obedience to the Moral Law, which requires that all our Institutions should be framed in accordance with the happiness of the greatest number. In proportion as we succeed in doing this, we shall find that moral evil will disappear from the face of the earth, like those physical calamities which have given way before science and increased knowledge of the laws of Nature. — *Bray's Philosophy of Necessity.*

¶ There are words that kill; watch therefore over your tongue, and never allow it to be soiled by calumny and evil speaking.

\* Alison, vol. i. pp. 202, 200, 435, 454; vol. ii. 419, 420.

† Ibid, vol. i. p. 222.

## THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT.\*

SEQUEL TO

### CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

#### XI.

Consuelo remembered that madam de Kleist, the better to conceal her frequent visits to the princess Amelia, often came on foot in the evening to the chateau, her head enveloped in a thick black hood, her form in a dark colored cloak, and resting upon the arm of her domestic. In this manner, she was not remarked by the people of the chateau, and might pass for one of those persons in distress who disguise themselves in order to beg, and who thus receive some assistance from the liberality of princes. But, spite of all the precautions of the confidant and her mistress, their secret was somewhat like that of a comedy; and if the king did not testify any vexation at it, it was because there are some little scandals which it is better to endure than to noise abroad by opposing them. He well knew that these two ladies conversed together much more about Trenck than about magic; and though he condemned both subjects almost equally, he shut his eyes and was inwardly pleased with his sister because she affected a mystery which would relieve him from all responsibility in the eyes of certain persons. He was perfectly willing to pretend to be deceived; he was not willing to appear to approve the loves and follies of his sister. It was therefore upon the unfortunate Trenck that his severity had fallen heavily, and he was even obliged to accuse him of imaginary crimes in order that the public might not guess the real cause of his disgrace.

The Porporina, thinking that the servant of madam de Kleist wished to assist her incognito, by offering his arm to her in the same manner as to his mistress, did not hesitate to accept his services and to lean upon him in order to walk steadily upon the ice covered pavement. But she had not made three steps thus when this man said to her in an easy tone: "Well, my beautiful countess, in what humor did you leave your capricious Amelia?"

Spite of the cold and the north wind, Consuelo felt the blood mount to her cheeks. Apparently this valet took her for his mistress, and thus betrayed a revolting intimacy with her. The Porporina, seized with disgust, withdrew her arm from his, saying to him coldly: "You are mistaken."

"I am not accustomed to be mistaken,"

replied the man in the cloak with the same ease. "The public may be ignorant that the divine Porporina is countess de Rudolstadt, but the count de Saint Germain is better informed."

"Who are you then?" said Consuelo, overpowered by surprise. "Do you not belong to the household of madam the countess de Kleist?"

"I belong only to myself, and I am the servant only of truth," replied the unknown. "I have just given my name; but I see that madam de Rudolstadt is not acquainted with it."

"Are you the count de Saint Germain in person?"

"And what other could give you a name of which the public are ignorant? Stop, madam countess, twice you have almost fallen in two steps you have made without my assistance. Have the goodness to take my arm again. I know the way to your dwelling very well, and consider it a duty and an honor to reconduct you thither safe and sound."

"I thank you for your kindness, sir count," replied Consuelo, whose curiosity was too much excited to permit her to refuse the offer of this interesting and strange man. "Will you also have the kindness to tell me why you address me thus?"

"Because I desire to obtain your confidence at once by showing you that I am worthy of it. I have known your marriage with Albert for a long time and have kept it an inviolable secret for both of you, as I will keep it so long as such is your wish."

"I see that my wishes in that point are very little respected by M. Superville," said Consuelo, who hastened to attribute to the latter M. de Saint Germain's notions respecting her position.

"Do not accuse that poor Superville," resumed the count. "He has never said anything, except to the princess Amelia, to make his court to her. It is not from him that I have the fact."

"And from whom then, in that case, sir?"

"I have it from count Albert de Rudolstadt himself—I well know that you will tell me he died at the conclusion of the religious ceremony of your marriage; but I shall reply to you that there is no death, that no one, no thing dies, and that we can still converse with those whom men call the departed, when we know their language and the secrets of their life."

"Since you know so many things, sir, you are not ignorant perhaps that such assertions cannot easily convince me, and that they pain me greatly, by incessantly bringing before me the idea of a misfortune which I know to be without remedy, in spite of the lying promises of magic."

\* 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.

"You are right to be on your guard against magicians and impostors. I know that Cagliostro terrified you by an apparition that was at least unseasonable. He yielded to the glory of exhibiting his power before you, without reflecting upon the disposition of your soul and the sublimity of his mission. Still Cagliostro was not an impostor, I must say thus much! But he is a vain man, and on that account has often deserved the reproach of charlatanism."

"Sir count, the same reproach is applied to you; and as it is nevertheless added that you are a superior person, I feel courage enough to tell you frankly the prejudices which combat my esteem for you."

"That is speaking with the nobleness which belongs to Consuelo," replied M. de Saint Germain calmly, "and I thank you for this appeal to my loyalty. I will be worthy of it and will speak to you without mystery. But here we are at your door, and the cold, as well as the lateness of the hour, prevents my keeping you here any longer. If you wish to learn things of the highest importance, and on which your future lot depends, permit me to converse with you in freedom."

"If your lordship will come to see me in the day time, I will expect you at any hour you may name."

"I must speak with you to-morrow; and to-morrow you will receive a visit from Frederick, whom I do not wish to meet, because I do not respect him."

"Which Frederick do you refer to, sir count?"

"O! not to our friend Frederick de Treack whom we have succeeded in getting out of his hands. But to that wicked little king of Prussia who pays court to you. Hold! there will be a grand ridotto at the opera house to-morrow; be there. Whatever disguise you may choose, I will recognize you, and make myself known to you. In the crush, we will find solitude and security, otherwise, my connection with you will bring great misfortunes upon sacred heads. Till to-morrow then, madam countess."

Speaking thus, the count de Saint Germain bowed low to Consuelo and disappeared, leaving her petrified with surprise upon the threshold of her dwelling.

"There is certainly, in this kingdom of reason a permanent conspiracy against reason," said the cantatrice as she fell asleep. "Hardly have I escaped from one of the perils which threaten mine, when another presents itself. The princess Amelia had given me an explanation of the last enigmas, and I thought myself quite tranquil; but at the same moment we meet or at least we hear the supernatural sweeper, who walks in that

chateau of doubt, in that fortress of incredulity, as quietly as she would have done two hundred years ago. I free myself from the terror occasioned by Cagliostro and here is another magician who appears even better informed respecting my affairs. That these diviners should keep a registry of all that concerns the lives of kings and of powerful or illustrious personages, I can conceive; but that I, a poor, humble and retiring girl, cannot conceal any fact of my life from their investigations, this is what confounds and disturbs me in spite of myself. Well! Let me follow the princess' advice. Let me expect that the future will explain this prodigy also, and while expecting, abstain from judging. What would be most extraordinary in all this, would be if the visit of the king, foretold by M. de Saint Germain, should really take place to-morrow. It would be the third time only that the king has visited me. Can this M. de Saint Germain be in his confidence? They say we must especially mistrust those who speak ill of the master. I will try not to forget it."

The next day, at one o'clock precisely, a carriage without livery and without arms entered the court of the house in which the cantatrice lived, and the king, who had sent to give her notice two hours before, to be alone and to expect him, penetrated to her apartments with his hat on the left ear, a smile on his lips, and a little basket in his hand.

"Captain Kreutz brings you some pears from his garden," said he. "Evil intentioned persons pretend that they come from the gardens of Sans-Souci, and were destined for the king's dessert. But the king does not think of us, thank God, and the little baron comes to pass an hour or two with his little friend."

This pleasant opening, instead of putting Consuelo at her ease, troubled her strangely. Since she conspired against his will, by receiving the confidence of the princess Amelia, she could no longer brave the royal inquisitor with an impassible frankness. She would thenceforth be obliged to manage him, to flatter him perhaps, to turn aside his suspicions by skilful coquetries. Consuelo felt that this part did not belong to her, that she should play it badly, especially if it were true that Frederick had a fancy for her, as was said at the court, where the courtiers would have thought they disparaged the royal majesty by using the word love with regard to an actress. Anxious and troubled, Consuelo awkwardly thanked the king for the excess of his goodness, and at once the royal countenance changed and became as morose as it had before been radiant.

"What's the matter?" said he roughly, knitting his brows. "Are you out

of temper! are you ill! why do you call me *sire*? does my visit interfere with some love intrigue?"

"No, sire," replied the young girl, recovering the serenity of frankness. "I have neither intrigue nor love."

"Well and good! if it were so, after all, what is that to me! but I should require you to make the avowal of it to me."

"The avowal! Sir captain means the confidence, doubtless?"

"Explain the distinction."

"Sir captain understands, nevertheless."

"As you will; but to distinguish is not to answer. If you were in love, I should wish to know it."

"I do not understand why."

"You do not understand at all! Look me in the face. You have a very vague glance to-day."

"Sir captain, it seems to me you wish to ape the king. They say that when he questions an accused person, he reads in the white of his eyes. Believe me, such manners are proper only for him; and moreover, if he came to my house to subject me to his business, I should request him to go about his business."

"That is, you would say: 'Be off, sire.'"

"Why not? The place of the king is upon his horse or upon his throne, and if he chose to come to my house, I should have the right not to suffer by his sullenness."

"You would be right; but in all this, you do not answer. You do not wish to take me for a confidant in your next loves?"

"There are no next loves for me, as I have told you often, baron."

"Yes, laughingly, because I asked you in the same manner; but if I speak seriously now?"

"I answer in the same manner."

"Do you know that you are a singular person?"

"Why so?"

"Because you are the only woman of the theatre who has nothing to do with passion or gallantry."

"You have a bad idea of the women of the theatre, sir captain."

"No! I have known some chaste: but then they had an eye to rich marriages; and you, nobody knows what you think of."

"I think of singing this evening."

"So you live from day to day?"

"Henceforth, I live no otherwise."

"Then it was not always so?"

"No, sir."

"You have loved?"

"Yes, sir."

"Seriously?"

"Yes, sir."



"And long!"

"Yes, sir."

"And what has become of your lover?"

"Dead."

"But you have been consoled?"

"No."

"Oh! you will be consoled?"

"I fear not."

"That is strange. Then you do not wish to marry?"

"Never."

"And you will never have love?"

"Never."

"Not even a friend?"

"Not even a friend as the fine ladies understand it."

"Bah! If you were to go to Paris, and the king Louis XV., that gallant knight—"

"I do not love kings, sir captain, and I detest gallant kings."

"Ah! I understand, you like pages better. A pretty cavalier, like Trenck, for example!"

"I have never thought of his face."

"And yet you have retained relations with him?"

"If it were so, they would be of pure and honest friendship."

"Then you allow that those relations subsist?"

"I did not say so," replied Consuelo, who feared to compromise the princess by this simple admission.

"Then you deny it?"

"I should have no less reason to deny it, if it were so; but why does captain Kreutz question me in this manner! What interest can he take in all this?"

"The king apparently takes some," returned Frederick, taking off his hat and replacing it roughly upon the head of a Polymnia, in white marble, an antique bust of which occupied the bracket.

"If the king did me the honor to come to my dwelling," said Consuelo, overcoming the terror which seized upon her, "I should think he wanted to hear some music, and should place myself at my harpsichord to sing to him the air of *Ariana abandonata*."

"The king does not like prevarications; when he questions, he wishes to be answered plainly and clearly. What were you doing last night in the king's palace? You see that the king has the right to come to your house as a master, since you go to his at improper hours without his permission."

Consuelo trembled from head to foot, but in all kinds of dangers she happily had a presence of mind which had always saved her as by a miracle. She recollected that Frederick often pleaded falsely to obtain the truth, and that he was reputed to obtain avowals more by surprise than by any other method. She therefore kept

on her guard, and smiling through her paleness, she replied: "That is a singular accusation and I know not what answer to give to such fanciful questions."

"You are no longer so laconic as you were just now," returned the king; "how clearly you betray yourself when you lie! You were not at the palace last night! Answer *yes* or *no*."

"Well, no!" replied Consuelo courageously, preferring the shame of being discovered in a falsehood to the meanness of betraying another in order to exculpate herself.

"You did not leave it at three in the morning entirely alone?"

"No," replied Consuelo, who recovered her strength, on seeing an almost imperceptible irresolution in the eyes of the king, and already rose superior to his surprise.

"You have dared to say no three times!" cried the king with an angry air and a glance of lightning.

"I will dare to say it a fourth time, if your majesty requires it," replied Consuelo, determined to face the storm to the end.

"O! I know very well that a woman will maintain a falsehood under tortures, as the early Christians maintained what they thought to be the truth. Who would flatter himself that he could draw a true answer from any female! Listen, Mademoiselle, I have had an esteem for you hitherto, because I thought you alone were an exception to the vices of your sex. I did not believe you either intriguing, or perfidious, or shameless. I had in your character a confidence which reached even to friendship—"

"And now, sire—?"

"Do not interrupt me. Now, I have my opinion and you will feel its effects. But listen to me carefully. If you should have the misfortune to mingle in little intrigues of the palace, to accept certain misplaced confidences, to render certain dangerous services, you would vainly flatter yourself that you could long deceive me, and I would drive you hence with as much disgrace as I have received you with distinction and goodness."

"Sire," replied Consuelo boldly, "as the dearest and most constant of my wishes is to leave Prussia, whatever may be the occasion of my dismissal and the harshness of your language, I shall receive with gratitude the order for my departure."

"Ah! you take it thus," cried Frederick, transported with rage, "and you dare to speak to me in such a manner!" At the same time he raised his cane as if he would strike Consuelo; but the air of quiet contempt with which she awaited this outrage made him recover his senses, and he threw his cane away, saying in an agitated voice: "Come, forget the right

you have to the gratitude of captain Kreutz and speak to the king with proper respect; for if you urge me too far, I am capable of correcting you like a rebellious child."

"Sire, I know that children are whipt in your august family, and I have been told that your majesty, to escape from such usage, formerly attempted to take flight. That means will be more easy to a Zingara like myself than it was to the prince royal, Frederick. If your majesty does not make me leave your kingdom in twenty-four hours, I will myself reassure you respecting my intrigues by quitting Prussia without a passport, even were it necessary to fly on foot and to leap over ditches like the deserters and smugglers."

"You are crazy!" cried the king shrugging his shoulders and walking across the chamber to conceal his vexation and repentance. "You shall go, I ask no better, but without scandal and without haste. I do not wish you to leave me thus, dissatisfied with me and with yourself. Where do you get your insolence! and what devil impels me to the good-nature I display with you?"

"It doubtless comes from a scruple of generosity which your majesty may dispense with. You think you are indebted to me for a service which I would have rendered to the least of your subjects with the same zeal. Therefore consider yourself acquitted towards me, a thousand times, and let me depart as soon as possible: my liberty will be a sufficient recompense and I ask no other."

"Again!" said the king, confounded by the bold obstinacy of this young girl. "Always the same language! Will you not change it with me! Ah! this is not courage! it is hatred!"

"And if it were so," replied Consuelo, "would your majesty care the least in the world?"

"Just Heaven! what do you say, poor little girl?" said the king with an accent of artless sorrow. "You do not know what you say, unfortunate! only a perverse soul can be insensible to the hatred of his fellow-creatures."

"Does Frederick the Great consider the Porporina a being of the same nature with himself?"

"Intelligence and virtue alone elevate certain men above others. You have genius in your art. Your conscience must tell you if you have loyalty—But it tells you the contrary at this moment, for your soul is full of bitterness and resentment."

"And if it were, would the conscience of the great Frederick have nothing to reproach itself with for having excited those evil passions in a soul habitually peaceful and generous?"

"Come, you are angry!" said Frederick making a motion to take the young girl's hand; but he stopped, restrained by that awkwardness which an inward contempt and aversion for women had caused him to contract. Consuelo, who had exaggerated her vexation in order to drive back into the heart of the king a feeling of tenderness ready to explode in the midst of his anger, remarked his timidity, and lost all her fear on seeing that he awaited her advances. It was a singular fact, that the only woman capable of exercising upon Frederick a kind of spell resembling love, was perhaps the only one in his kingdom who would not have wished to encourage this disposition at any price. It is true that the pride and repugnance of Consuelo were perhaps her principal attraction in the eyes of the king. That rebellious soul tempted the despot like the conquest of a province; and without his reflecting upon it, without his staking his glory upon this species of frivolous exploit, he felt an admiration and an instinctive sympathy for a strongly tempered character which seemed to him, in certain respects, to have a kind of relationship with his own. "Now" said he, abruptly thrusting into his vest-pocket the hand he had extended towards Consuelo, "do not tell me again that I do not care about being hated; for you would make me believe that I am, and the thought would be odious to me!"

"And yet you wish to be feared."

"No, I wish to be respected."

"And it is by blows of the cane that your corporals inspire your soldiers with respect for your name!"

"What do you know of that! what are you speaking of! What are you meddling with!"

"I reply *plainly* and *clearly* to your majesty's interrogations."

"You wish me to ask your pardon for a moment of anger provoked by your folly!"

"On the contrary: if you could break over my head the cane sceptre which governs Prussia, I would beseech your majesty again to take up that jonc."

"Bah! If I should caress your shoulders a little with it, as it is a cane given to me by Voltaire, perhaps you would only be more witty and more malicious. Well, I value this cane very much, but you require a reparation, that I see very well." Saying this, the king again took up his cane and attempted to break it. But notwithstanding the assistance of his knee, the jonc bent and would not break. "See," said the king, throwing it into the fire, "my cane is not, as you pretend, the image of my sceptre. It is that of faithful Prussia, which bends under my will and will not be broken by it. Do the

same, Porporina, it will be better for you."

"And what then is your majesty's will respecting me? This is a fine matter to exercise the authority and disturb the serenity of a great character!"

"My will is that you give up your idea of leaving Berlin. Does that offend you?"

Frederick's piercing and almost passionate glance sufficiently explained this kind of reparation. Consuelo felt her terrors revive, and pretending not to understand: "To that," replied she, "I will never be resigned. I see that I must pay too dearly for the honor of sometimes amusing your majesty with my roudades. Suspicion weighs upon every one here. The lowest and most obscure beings are not safe from an accusation, and I could not live so."

"You are dissatisfied with your emoluments?" said the king. "Well! they shall be increased."

"No, sire. I am satisfied with my emoluments, I am not covetous, that your majesty knows."

"That is true, you do not love money, I must do you that justice. I cannot tell what you do love, however."

"Liberty, sire."

"And what restrains your liberty? You want to quarrel with me, and you have no good reason to bring forward. You wish to depart, that is clear."

"Yes, sire."

"Yes! Is that very decided?"

"Yes, sire."

"In that case, go to the devil!" The king took his hat, his cane which, rolling upon the andirons, had not been burnt, and turning his back, went towards the door. But, at the moment of opening it, he turned again towards Consuelo and showed her a face so ingenuously, so paternally afflicted, so different, in a word, from his terrible regal brow or from his bitter smile of a sceptical philosopher, that the poor child was herself moved and repentant. Accustomed as she was with Porpora to these domestic storms, she forgot that there was for her in the heart of Frederick, something personal and savage which had never entered into the chastely and generously ardent soul of her adopted father. She turned to hide a secret tear, which escaped from her eye-lid; but the eye of the lynx is not more quick than was that of the king. He retraced his steps, and raising his cane anew above Consuelo, but this time with an air of tenderness with which he would have played with the child of his heart: "Detestable creature!" said he to her in an agitated and caressing voice; "you have not the slightest friendship for me."

"You are much mistaken, sir baron,"

replied the good Consuelo, fascinated by this half-comedy, which repaired so adroitly the real fit of brutal anger on the part of Frederick. "I have as much friendship for Captain Kreutz as I have aversion for the king of Prussia."

"That is because you do not understand, because you cannot understand the king of Prussia," returned Frederick. "Let us not speak of him. A day will come, when you have inhabited this country long enough to know its spirit and its necessities, on which you will do more justice to the man who tries to govern it as it should be governed. In the meanwhile, be a little more amiable with the poor baron, who is so completely wearied with the court and courtiers, and comes here to find a little calmness and happiness by the side of a pure soul and a candid mind. I had but an hour to profit by, and you have done nothing but quarrel with me. I will come again on condition that you will receive me a little better. I will bring *Mopsale* to amuse you, and if you are very good, I will make you a present of a beautiful little white greyhound that is now suckling. You must take good care of it. — Ah! I had forgotten! I have brought some verses of my composition, some stanzas upon music; you can arrange an air to them, and my sister Amelia will amuse herself by singing them."

The king went away quite gently, after having turned back several times, talking with a gracious familiarity and lavishing frivolous flatteries upon the object of his good-will. He knew how to say nothings when he pleased, though in general his words were concise, energetic, and full of sense. No man had more of what is called *fund* in conversation, and nothing was more rare at that period than this serious and firm tone in familiar intercourse. But with Consuelo, he could have wished to be a good boy, and he succeeded well enough in giving himself the air so that sometimes she was artlessly astonished. When he had gone, she repented, as usual, that she had not succeeded in disgusting him with her and with the fancy of these dangerous visits. On his side the king departed half-dissatisfied with himself. He loved Consuelo after his fashion, and could have wished to inspire her in reality with that attachment and admiration which his false friends the wits pretended when beside him. He would perhaps have given much, he who by no means liked to give, to know once in his life the pleasure of being loved in good faith and without after-thought. But he well felt that this was not easily reconciled with the authority he did not wish to yield, and like a satisfied cat which plays with a mouse ready to fly, he was not absolutely cer-

tain whether he wished to tame or to strangle her. "She goes too far and it will end badly," said he to himself as he re-entered his carriage; "if she continues so obstinate, I shall be obliged to make her commit some fault and to send her to a fortress for some time, in order that the discipline may bring down this proud courage. Still I should prefer to dazzle and govern her by the prestige I exercise over so many others. It is impossible that I cannot succeed with a little patience. It is a little labor which irritates and amuses me at the same time. We shall see! what is certain is, that she must not go now and boast that she has told me unpleasant truths with impunity. No, no! she shall not leave me unless submissive or broken." And then the king who had many other matters on his mind, as may well be believed, opened a book in order not to lose five minutes in useless reveries, and left his carriage without much recollection of the ideas with which he had entered it.

The Porporina, anxious and trembling, was engrossed somewhat longer with the dangers of her situation. She reproached herself greatly with not having insisted upon her departure until the end, with having allowed herself to be tacitly bound to renounce it. But she was drawn from her meditations by a parcel of money and letters sent to her by madam de Kleist for delivery to M. de Saint Germain. All was intended for Trenck, and Consuelo was to accept the responsibility; she was even to assume also in case of need the character of the lover of the fugitive, in order to conceal the princess Amelia's secret. She therefore saw herself placed in a disagreeable and dangerous position, the more so that she did not feel very sure of the loyalty of the mysterious agents with whom she was brought in connection, and who seemed to wish on the other hand to interfere in her own secret. She busied herself about her disguise for the ball at the opera-house, at which she had accepted a rendezvous with Saint Germain, even while saying to herself with resigned terror that she was on the brink of an abyss.

To be Continued.

The increase of crime in Boston is certainly very great, according to the account of the matter in the papers of that city; so great, indeed, as to call for additional accommodations in the House of Correction. The number of prisoners now in the House of Correction at South Boston, is one hundred greater than it was a year ago, and forty more than the number of cells—a case that has not occurred till this time since the institution was established.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

Has any one offended you, forgive as you would be forgiven.

## REVIEW.

*The People's Journal.* Edited by JOHN SAUNDERS. Part I—VII. Feb.—Aug. 1846. London. Boston: Crosby and Nichols.

We must not infer from the title of this new periodical, that it is intended to administer infinitesimal doses of instruction, so diluted and brought down to the capacity of the "people," as to have no more strength than warm water. It does not undertake to deal in any such sickish potions, and of course will not be patronised by those who think that this is the only form in which the people can safely be supplied with either nourishment or medicine.

The object of the work can be best stated in the words of the Editor. "We propose, in the words of our title, to deal in an earnest and business-like manner with the Claims of Industry. One of the profoundest thinkers of the present day has announced as with a prophetic voice, 'All human interests, combined human endeavors, and social growths, in this world, have at certain stages of their development required organizing; and Work, the grandest of human interests, does now require it.' But how is this to be attempted? The same lips have told us:—'The organization of labor must be taken out of the hands of absurd, windy persons, and put into the hands of wise, laborious, modest, and valiant men; to begin with it straightway; to proceed with it, and succeed in it more and more; if Europe—at any rate, if England—is to continue habitable much longer.' Taking this lesson deeply to heart, may we not all do something? THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL will at least do this, open freely its pages to those who, in the spirit of Thomas Carlyle, will seek to aid in the solution of the mightiest of all problems,—How shall we emancipate Labor?"

"We also propose to make THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL a zealous, and, —if it may be,—an efficient helpmate to the Working Man, by affording him full and timely information of what Philanthropists and Philanthropic Societies, of his own and every other class, have done, or are doing in his behalf; —by interesting itself in his HOME, and in the all-important subjects involved in that word, as Suitable Buildings, Domestic Management, Care of Health, Household Education, the Garden, and the Field Allotment; —by putting a really useful Almanack and Calendar ever ready at his hand, under the head of the "Coming Month;" —by describing to him the New Book that he would like to read, or the New Play, New Actor, or New Exhibition that he would probably like to see; —by giving him, through the means of the engravings

and accompanying letterpress of the People's Portrait Gallery, an almost personal knowledge of our great and good men and women, especially those of our time; —by endeavoring, in short, to promote the true business and duty of man's life—the development of *all* the capacities of his nature. For this, we require not only the knowledge how to support life by Industry and the Useful Arts, or how to guide life by the Social, Moral, and Religious Laws, but how to vivify, elevate, and spiritualize life, in a word, to make it happy, in the highest sense of happiness, by the study and enjoyment of Science, Art, Music, Poetry, and Literature, with all their varying and endless ramifications."

We are gratified with the fidelity, with which thus far the work fulfils the promise held forth at its commencement. It is truly devoted to the best interests of the laboring classes, discusses the wrongs which they suffer under the present social arrangements with independence and fearlessness, recognizes their just claims to a larger development, a more varied and substantial prosperity than they have yet enjoyed, and advocates the principle of coöperative industry as the only solid foundation for permanent relief. Connected with grave and earnest discussions we find a variety of lighter matter, narrative, description, poetry.—some of it excellent,—which will make the Journal very readable to all classes, and secure its popularity even among those who have no faith in its principles.

Among the contributors, we find the names of William and Mary Howitt, Harriet Martineau, W. J. Fox, Ebenezer Elliott, Barry Cornwall, and others of less celebrity. Mr. Fox furnishes an abstract of his popular lectures, "addressed chiefly to the working classes," which are marked by the same brilliancy and originality of thought, powerful reasoning, and masculine eloquence, which characterize the well-known productions of his pen in other departments. William Howitt has a series of letters to the laborers of England, which will repay a careful perusal. We are pleased to see the strong ground which he takes in favor of combined industry, as the true method of ensuring prosperity to the people; the next step, if he has any logical consistency, will lead him to a system of complete guarantees, and that attained, Association, in the strict sense of the term, will follow as a matter of course. Howitt alludes to Fourier, although he is evidently unacquainted with the extent and magnitude of his discoveries relative to the laws of social order; we trust his attention will be turned to them speedily; for to speculate on the organization of labor without reference to the system

of Fourier, is like neglecting the demonstrations of Newton in the study of the celestial mechanism. The remarks of Mary Gillies in regard to the evils of the isolated household, certainly betray a true instinct on the subject, and are a good preparation for the union of many families in one Association, — an arrangement, so favorable to large economies, to attractive industry, to mutual helpfulness, to the exercise of the purest and most disinterested social affections, that it cannot but be pointed out by common sense, even to those who have no conception of the Unity to which we believe the human race is destined. We find a special article on Fourier's system of Association, written in a spirit of candid, catholic, appreciation, and adapted to give a correct idea of it to the readers, who are so easily repelled by the technical formulas of the Associative School.

The work is embellished with wood engravings, most of which are very creditable, always excepting a hideous attempt at a likeness of Miss Martineau. The man who perpetrated this crime would be guilty of any atrocity, and the Editor of the Journal should be indicted as an accessory after the fact.

We understand that Messrs. Crosby and Nichols are agents for this Journal in Boston, and will furnish it for the exceedingly low price of \$2.50 per annum. The purchaser need not fear getting less than his money's worth, and we hope to see it obtaining a wide circulation in this country. As an entertaining work for what is called "family reading," we hardly know its superior, while its philanthropic spirit and devotion to the welfare of the masses, recommend it to the attention of the advocate of social progress.

*The Evils suffered by American Women and American Children: the Causes and the Remedy.* Presented in an Address by Miss C. E. BEECHER, to Meetings of Ladies in Cincinnati, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and other Cities. Also, *An Address to the Protestant Clergy of the United States.* New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 36.

This pamphlet does honor to a name already honorable. The Address contains a powerful and startling statement of the deficiency of public education in the new States of the West, and even in the State of New York. Besides this, it discusses with boldness and ability, some of the evils in the prevailing condition of Woman in this country. But before entering into any remarks, we will quote very briefly from Miss Beecher's own words on these points.

"Look then at the census, and by its data we shall find that now there are nearly a million adults who cannot read and write, and more

than *two millions* children utterly illiterate, and entirely without schools. Look at individual States, and we shall find Ohio and Kentucky, the two best supplied of our western States, demanding five thousand teachers each, to supply them in the same ratio as Massachusetts is supplied. Ten thousand teachers are now needed in Ohio and Kentucky alone, to furnish schools for more than two hundred thousand children, who otherwise must grow up in utter ignorance."

Concerning the state of Education in New York, she gives an extract from the Report of the State Superintendent for the year 1844, from which we take the following:

"Of the school-houses visited, only one-third of the whole number were found in good repair; another third in only comfortable circumstances; while *three thousand, three hundred and nineteen* were unfit for the reception of either man or beast. Seven thousand we found destitute of any playground, nearly six thousand destitute of convenient seats and desks, and nearly eight thousand destitute of any proper facilities for ventilation; while *six thousand* were destitute of out-door facilities for securing modesty and decency!"

"And it is in these miserable abodes of filth and dirt, deprived of wholesome air, or exposed to the assaults of the elements, with no facilities for exercise or relaxation, with no conveniences for prosecuting their studies, crowded on to comfortless benches, and driven by dire necessity to violate the most common rules of decency and modesty, that upward of *six hundred thousand* children of this State are compelled to spend an average of eight months each year of their pupilage!"

Miss Beecher concludes her statement of this part of her subject, as follows.

"Instead of spending time and money and employing agents to save the children of our country from ignorance and sin, the whole benevolent energies of the Christian world are engaged to *remedy* the evils that spring from this neglect. Children are left to the full influence of ignorance and neglect, till moral health and strength are ruined, and then the cure is sought in temperance lectures, Bibles, tracts, colporteurs, and home missions. If all the labor and money spent for these objects at the West, for the last twenty years, had been employed in securing, for the generation now on the stage, six hours a day of good moral and intellectual training by well qualified teachers, who will affirm that the result would not have been better?"

She then proceeds to consider the causes which act unfavorably on Woman; in her mind the education of the young and the elevation of Woman to a better position are united.

"The first cause that bears heavily on our sex is, the fact that in our country, the principle of *caste*, which is one of the strongest and most inveterate in our nature, is strongly arrayed against *healthful and productive labor*."

"The next cause which bears severely on the welfare of our sex, is the *excess of female population* in the older States from the disproportionate emigration of the other sex."

"Another cause of depression to our sex is found in the fact that there is no profession for

women of education and high position, which, like law, medicine, and theology, opens the way to competence, influence, and honor, and presents motives for exertion. Woman ought never to be led to married life except under the promptings of pure affection. To marry for an establishment, for a position, or for something to do, is a deplorable wrong. But how many women, for want of a high and honorable profession to engage their time, are led to this melancholy course."

"There is another class of evils, endured by a large class of well-educated, unmarried women of the more wealthy classes, little understood or appreciated, but yet real and severe. It is the suffering that results from the *inactivity of cultivated intellect and feeling*."

From these extracts it is plain that Miss Beecher has a perception of evils in the present condition of her sex of a very serious character. Her whole exhibition of this matter, particularly that part which relates to Lowell and the women employed there, has all the eloquence of a plain statement of the facts. We only wish that the public at large may take it really to heart, and open its eyes to the wrongs which are established in the midst of the most respectable and professedly Christian communities.

Miss Beecher's idea is that the true office of Woman is the education of children, and that this duty ought so to be arranged and established in society, as to offer an exalted and attractive career. In itself one of the noblest of employments, she sees no reason why it should not be endowed with all its essential dignity in the public esteem; why it should not offer to woman as wide a sphere for the exercise of lofty faculties and aspirations, for enthusiasm and the acquisition of respect, as War, which she uses as an example, offers to man.

Miss Beecher's plan is to establish a corps of women as missionaries of education in the destitute regions of the country. She proposes to commence on a small scale, sending out a few who are amply qualified for the work, and gradually to enlarge the operations of the institution, until every village of the West has its quiet apostle of knowledge, good habits, and religious truth. In this way she thinks the surplus female population of the East will be drawn to the West, and freed from the oppressions of eastern capitalists; endowed institutions will be provided to prepare women for the work of education, which will then attract suitable persons of all stations. She goes on in these terms.

"This will prove the true remedy for all those *wrongs of women* which her mistaken champions are seeking to cure by drawing her into professions and pursuits which belong to the other sex. When all the mothers, teachers, nurses, and domestics are taken from our sex, which the best interests of society demand, and when all these employments are deemed *respectable*, and are filled by *well-educated women*,

there will be no supernumeraries found to put into shops and mills, or to draw into the arena of public and political life."

To carry out this plan, a "Central Committee for promoting National Education" has been organized, and the services of Governor Slade of Vermont have been secured as agent, on which office he will shortly enter at Cincinnati, and Miss Beecher appeals to her countrywomen to form Associations, raise funds, and otherwise support the enterprise.

With regard to the function of Woman in society, we must, with all respect, dissent from the rather sweeping statement of our writer, though we are perfectly ready to agree with the general tenor of her views, and are more than rejoiced to see them thus put forth. Still the complete truth is that there should be open to woman not one channel alone for the action of a noble and true ambition, but that every branch of industry, art, and science, should offer her independence and distinction. In the present order of things, however, we welcome any movement which promises to give a free field for her sympathies and powers, and tends to render her an independent entity, much more one which, like the present, proposes the united action of women for an object of such unspeakable practical utility.

Miss Beecher has penetrated into some of the causes which oppress her sex, but we do not think that she has propounded an adequate remedy for them. The first of these causes in her list, the repugnance to healthy and productive labor, can only be removed by elevating *all* labor, in short by rendering it attractive. The second, the disproportion in the sexes at the East and West, may perhaps be affected by her plan, but, as a moment's reflection must shew every one, such relief can be but temporary. As to the third cause which in her view acts against Woman, the want of a profession which "opens the way to competence, influence, and honor, and presents motives for exertion," we do not see that her design, laudable as it is, lessens the difficulty to any extent, or that it can be removed by anything short of a reform of society which shall render Woman in all respects, an independent being, and not a mere appendage to man.

But we are far from any intention of depreciating the enterprise she so well advocates, or her own services in it. On the contrary, we sincerely wish her, God speed! Her labors are in behalf of Humanity, and every lover of his race must invoke success upon her efforts.

The Address to the Protestant Clergy which accompanies her Appeal to Woman, has the same humane character. It discusses at some length the efforts of the Catholic Church in the West, and is, in this respect, a model of the spirit in which

views and designs which are thought hostile to the truth should be controverted.

*Hochelaga, or England in the New World.* Edited by ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq. In Two Parts. New York, Wiley & Putnam. pp 174, 198.

The above unpronounceable title is an Indian name of Canada, and here serves to introduce to the public the experiences and opinions of an English gentleman, whose name is not communicated, in and concerning British America and the United States. The writer, as far as the book is evidence, is a man of dry, genial humor, acute, cultivated and honest mind, shrewd good sense, and great kindness of nature. He is also a conservative through and through, has no idea of human progress, regards that clause of the Declaration of Independence which affirms that all men are created free and equal, as an absurdity, and cherishes a conviction as pardonable as it is natural, that English institutions are on the whole far superior to any others. Add to this, that he is a man of too clear mind not to perceive that there is a future before the nations more vast in wealth and power than all the past, and we have a tolerable idea of the author of "*Hochelaga*."

The first part of the book is devoted to Canada, between which and the United States a running parallel is drawn, not always to the advantage of the latter. The second part treats of the United States, and more good-humored or keener criticisms of society and manners in this country we have never met with. Our political relations are also handled with a sturdy judgment and perfect freedom, though of course not without the biases of the writer's own mind. He expects to see three distinct nations grow from the present Union; at the South, an absolute monarchy based on slavery; at the North, a monarchy, with a commercial and military aristocracy, while at the West, democracy will make a last stand, and maintain an existence for a longer or shorter period. The chapter in which this view is advanced, is perhaps the most interesting in the book; we make a brief quotation, which expresses an opinion certainly not altogether without grounds.

"In the North the conditions of the people are approaching to those of Europe. The mere productions of the earth have ceased to be their dependence; their trading or manufacturing towns have grown into cities, their population is becoming divided into rich and poor; the upper classes are becoming more enlightened and prosperous, the poor more ignorant and discontented. Increased civilization brings on its weal and woe, its powers and its necessities; as these proceed, it will be soon evident that the present state-of-nature Government is no longer suitable; the masses will become turbulent, property will be assailed by those who want; and the wealthy and their dependents will be ranged in

its defence. Perhaps foreign wars may add to these difficulties, and to the temptations to "hero worship," always so strong in the human mind, but especially so in America. The result will probably be a monarchy, supported by a wealthy and powerful commercial and military aristocracy,—and a certain separation from the West."

The author does not put forward his speculations as to the future destiny of this country as absolute prophecy, but as sketches of what is probable. As to this, we will remark that the formation of a military aristocracy in the northern portion of the Union is improbable, but that a commercial aristocracy is a thing as certain as that the sun will rise to-morrow, unless we adopt the only means of preventing it, namely, THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOR FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PEOPLE, and not for the benefit of the Capitalists alone. At present the whole tendency of Industry and Commerce is to the establishment of such an aristocracy, more odious than the old military feudalism because of a meaner character, and because its means of oppression will be more sure and subtle.

We shall not attempt to follow our author over the different regions he traverses, though to do so might not be without profit. We commend him to our readers as an intelligent and penetrating observer. Before laying his book aside we will appropriate the following touches of humor.

"On the poop were several rows of coops, a sort of charitable institution for superannuated geese and ducks, and, in the list of sea stock furnished by the eminent outfitter in the west-end, was the item, six dozen chickens. These were represented by a grave assemblage of patriarchal cocks and venerable hens; among the former I speedily recognized, by his voice, the bird whose voice in the morning, like fire to a train, had set going the din so fatal to my slumbers. I promptly ordered his execution; he, however, amply revenged himself on those who tried to eat him the next day.

"While I was thus entering on my official duties, the crew were not neglectful of their part of the business. The sails were shaken out, the anchor weighed, and the voyage commenced by running aboard of a merchant ship moored a little ahead of us. On this occasion I made a philological observation, which subsequent experience has only tended to strengthen—that the language used by sailors, under difficulties, is more worthy of imitation for terseness and vigor, than for its elegance and propriety."

"There was no public reception during my very short stay, but I had the honor of being presented to the President. At eleven in the forenoon we arrived at the White House, under the shade of our umbrellas; from the intense heat, a fire-king alone could have dispensed with this protection. It is a handsome building, of about the same size and pretensions as the Lord Lieutenant's residence in the Phoenix Park in Dublin; but much as I had heard of the republican simplicity of the arrangements, I was not prepared to find it what it was. We entered

without ringing at the door; my kind guide, leading the way, passed through the lower premises and ascended the staircase, at the top of which we saw a negro dressed very plainly, in clothes of the same color as his face. He grinned at us for a moment, and calculating from the respectability of my companion that I did not mean to steal anything, was walking off, till he saw me with a simple confidence, which seemed to him too amiable to be allowed to suffer a betrayal, place my umbrella in a corner before entering the gallery leading to the private apartments: he immediately turned to correct my error, informing me that if I had any further occasion for its services, I had better not leave it there, 'for some one would be sure to walk into it.' I of course took his counsel and my property, and proceeded till we arrived at the door of the President's room. My guide knocked, and the voice of the ruler of millions said, 'Come in.' Before obeying this command, I of course left my unfortunate umbrella outside; this done, I walked into the presence and was introduced. At the same moment the watchful negro, the guardian spirit of my endangered property, thrust it into my left hand with another and stronger admonition to my simplicity; but this time his tone of compassion for my ignorance had degenerated into that of almost contempt for my obstinate folly. In the meantime, my right hand was kindly shaken by the President, according to custom; he told me to be seated, and conversed with much urbanity. I of course trespassed on his valuable time but for a few minutes, and then departed."

"The usual family dinner hour at Boston is from three to four, and, unless in a very large party, this rule is not broken in upon; the hours of evening parties are also very early. Among people who are tolerably intimate, the greater part of the visiting is carried on in the evening. Dancing is not usual at small parties, and, indeed, where society is so very agreeable, it would be a waste of time. The ladies particularly struck me as being very well informed, and much more efficient in conversation than—certainly the younger portion of, the men. Perhaps they do not altogether conceal their knowledge of this fact, and in some measure, but very slightly indeed, take rather a tone of instruction, looking upon the initiative as their duty, as also the explanation of any difficulties which may arise. A very pretty young lady, one evening, quoted three or four words of a well-known Latin sentence while speaking to me, and, lest I should feel puzzled, kindly translated it before continuing her observations. This must have been from habit, for as she had never seen or heard of me five minutes before, she could not have had time to discover any classical deficiencies on my part."

*Statement of Reasons for Embracing the Doctrines and Disclosures of Emanuel Swedenborg.* By GEORGE BUSH. New York: John Allen, Nassau St. Boston: Otis Clapp, School St. 1846. pp. 130.

This pamphlet contains the argument in favor of Swedenborg's theology, in a plain and powerful form, and is worthy the attention of all minds enquiring on religious doctrines. In giving the reasons which induced him to lay aside the Calvinistic dogmas for those of the New Church, Professor Bush furnishes the opportunity for a discussion of the relative

truth of the two systems, which we trust the scholars of the Church he has left, will not pass unimproved. Such a discussion is certainly called for by the present state of thought, and cannot be otherwise than beneficial to the cause of truth.

We quote the following assertion of a philosophical principle the importance of which cannot be exaggerated.

"I know of no more important principle ever advanced to the world than the one above-mentioned, to wit, that Thought in all beings is a resultant of Love or Feeling—that a man could not possibly have a thought if there were not some latent love to prompt it. If this be true, all systems of mental philosophy or theology which make Intellect the primary principle of man's being, and Feeling, Emotion, or Passion, a certain form or quality of Intellect, must be radically erroneous. The direct reverse is the fact. And that such is in truth the general intuition of the human mind, when not obscured by theories of psychology, may readily be inferred from the universal acknowledgment, that a man is as his HEART is, and his heart is his love."

*Lyrica Sacra; or War Songs and Ballads from the Old Testament.* By WILLIAM PLUMER, Jr. Boston: Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols. 1846. pp. 68.

This is an endeavor to convert some of the grandest passages in the old Testament into English rhyme. It would not be easy to conceive of a paraphrase which could entirely despoil these inspired utterances of their sublimity and beauty, but in the present case, the success of the author in that direction is precisely what might have been expected from the presumption of the attempt.

## POETRY.

### A WORD FOR POETS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

"A poet? Soh! what do you here?  
What right have you on this rich earth?  
What claim to live exempt from toil?  
Is't wealthy lineage?—noble birth?"

"The limbs you wear are strong as mine.  
Your hand—pah! 'tis a baby's palm:  
By what stout weekly labor, pray,  
D'you earn your leisure Sunday's calm?"

"Where lies your mattock?—where your spade?  
Your shuttle?—loom?—your axe?—your plane?"

Strip, strip! and, for your father's sake,  
Show us you were not born in vain.

"The very infants at my mill,  
Through half the night, through all the day,  
Run to and fro, and piece the threads,  
And know not what it is to play.

"Crippled, or sick, or weak,—they work.  
But you!—You doze out life and time;  
Wasting the nights in useless dream—  
The days in yet more useless rhyme!"

Alas! the poet did not speak.  
Apart, and half abashed he stood,

That he and his should be disdained,  
And all be thus misunderstood.

"What use?" at last he sighed, "what use  
To teach the blind the way to sight?  
The deaf to hear? The dumb to speak?  
The poor man to assert his right?"

"Is all this—nothing? God above!  
Do I not draw from out thy skies  
The music of their many spheres,  
And show wherein their beauty lies?"

"What use? Why were it not for me,  
And such as me, blind man would tread  
The violet in his ignorant scorn,  
And dust be on the rose's head.

"But we train up the youthful heart  
To injure nought, and nought abuse;  
And guide the willing mind from birth  
Till death; and do ye ask—'what use?'"

"My Brothers! to whose country hearths  
Of-times the Muses venture down,  
And thou, sage Sister, who has left  
The prim cap for the laurel crown,—

"Come,—tell them all ye dream and do—  
For noble acts by each are done—  
And bid them count the men whose deeds  
(In all that trade or science breeds)  
Surpass ye, underneath the sun!"

People's Journal.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 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.

ERRATA. In TENNYSON'S Sonnet on BUONAPARTE, in our paper of week before last, on page 169, line third, for *green*, read *quern*, and line twelfth, for *Hazed*, read *Blazed*.

### OBJECTIONS TO ASSOCIATION.—NO. VI.

(Continued from p. 191.)

We will briefly conclude our examination of the conditions of rendering industry attractive. To become so, it must answer to the natural attractions of man. Man, as we have seen, is constantly attracted and drawn into relations to three spheres of being, which are correlative with his own sensitive, affective and intellectual nature. His soul seeks harmony with *things*, through the material senses; with *persons*, through the social affections; and finally with *laws* or principles of order, through what we have called the distributive or regulating attractions. We have shown how labor, under the present pressure of competition, outrages every sense and crucifies the affections; and we have supposed the case reversed in an Association, where there shall be outward LUXURY to reconcile and tempt each sense to labor, converting what is now a painful necessity into a



healthful, delightful and refining influence, and rendering the whole man receptive of God's material revelation of beauty; and where there shall be true SOCIETY, or GROUPS, proceeding purely from industrial and spiritual affinities, by which means business and useful occupations shall cease to be a suspension and a shutting out of all considerations of Friendship, Love, Paternity or Class, and shall afford for these a series of rich and varied opportunities. But the chief, the difficult condition of rendering industry attractive, the one which is the condition of both the others, and which alone can prevent necessity or chance from crowding out attraction, to the utter derangement and defeat of all material or social harmony, is

### III. ORGANIZATION BY SERIES.

There must be series of objects, series of functions, series of characters or functionaries. There must be a graduated scale of varieties, as a foundation for any accords. Here is the beginning of attraction, in the fine discrimination of differences. Affinities are not absolute and between wholes. This is very well understood in the now familiar science of chemical affinities; we should be equally learned in the passional or social chemistry. It is the A B C of music; without the scale or series of tones there could be neither melody nor harmony; how, then, without a scale of characters, can there be social music? how, without a series of workers, working upon a series of objects, can there be a music of productive industry, a harmonious coöperation of the countless hands which ply their ceaseless trade of subjugating and moulding matter to the purposes of mind, and building up the material frame-work of our life? This third condition of attractive labor, like the first two, grows out of the soul's wants. LUXURY is the end or focus of our material attractions; GROUPS are the focus or converging point of our social attractions. In like manner SERIES are the focus and result of this third class, which Fourier calls the distributing, the mechanizing, the regulating attractions or passions of the soul.

To proceed with clearness, we must define these passions, we must appreciate the precise claims, respectively and collectively, of these regulating Three. And we must define also their objects, catch at least a glimpse of the three LAWS of whose presiding presence in the universe they warn us, urging us to recognition of the same in all our actions and arrangements. This is the distinctive philosophy of Fourier; this is his discovery. "*The Series governs the harmonies.*" Some abstraction here is unavoidable; for the question is not of mere knacks and special mechanisms, but of the

very principles of method. We shall only stumble in the practical, if we hurry by the abstract in a case like this. Organization, of every sort, presupposes theory; and where the organization proposed is new, where it is not an old habit which can go on asleep, forgetting its own reasons, the plainest and most practical description of it is nothing without a statement of the Why and Wherefore. Especially so here: because this organization of industry assumes to be the only true, the natural organization, hitherto not sought nor dreamed of; the order claimed is the Divine Order, now for the first time revealed; and the doctrine presupposes that the demand for such an order exists in the very nature of man, and for a key and indicator of its principles consults the natural attractions of the human soul. This then we must do. This Fourier did, and his numerous works present reiterated statements of the principles with which he started, mingled with a series of pictures of results in their last application to the forms of social life. But the intermediate steps, the methods of his reasoning, and the real metaphysics of his philosophy he has been prevented, by a fear of being too abstract for his readers, from fairly setting forth; and the consequence is that his classifications look arbitrary, his terms are technical and strange, and the books are very unsatisfactory to many readers, to all in short who have not the insight to divine the principle in the application. This is peculiarly the case with these three Mechanizing Passions, whose names sound so uncouth, and which he has both named and described with reference to one sphere only of their application; and even then, he does not hesitate to borrow the name sometimes from that *mis*-application in which these passions happen to have been most familiar to us, calling by the name of *Cabalism* the passion for discriminating differences, and by the name of *Ambition* that which properly is reverence for order and regard for true degrees. Let us now proceed.

The law of Series, we say, is found in three strong tendencies or wants or attractions of the human soul; — tendencies which regard not matter and material pleasures merely, not persons and sympathies merely, but certain mathematical laws of succession and combination in them both.

I. And first we have a tendency to seek unity in all things, even while the senses offer nothing but variety, and the affections all point to individuals. We require our pleasures to be compound. Nothing singly satisfies us; we must have it blended with a great deal more. We instinctively seek out the common feature in a multitude of particulars, and

make them meet if possible. Their difference distresses and distracts us, till they converge towards one centre and make up one whole. Succeeding in this we enjoy a very proud delight; exaltation and enthusiasm take possession of us; we have conquered repulsive tendencies, we have reconciled diversities, we have got a unity together, something that looks a little complete, that glows and becomes alive as we contemplate it; and our feeling is as of being united with the very heart and soul of things, as of getting home again and resting from endless roamings amid the contradictory and strange. This is what Fourier calls the Composite, or the exalting passion. It is the love of agreement. In its fullest exercise it cannot abide analysis or critical dissection. It is fanatically averse to distinctions and shuts its eyes against them. It always wants to rake the coals together and keep up a glowing heat. Its reasoning is rather that of sentiment than that of science. It is fonder of enjoying than of criticising: it is more ready to accept than it is to judge. It is all too ready to *consent*; and this in fact is what constitutes any pleasure of any kind; a pleasant sound is the consent of so many measured vibrations; a pleasant taste or odor is the consent of so many titillating nerves. These compounds when again compounded yield a heightened pleasure, and a more composite, as in works of art, a symphony, a picture, a cathedral, or a feast; each of which is so much realization to the soul of its desire for unity. New truth bursting on the mind awakens the same ecstasy; it is so much more of the doubtful, the contradictory, and the promiscuous conquered and reduced to unity. And these must not be solitary enjoyments; the sweeter the music, the lovelier the picture, the more ravishing the feast, the clearer the vision and the grander the conviction, the more the need of imparting and of sharing. Probably the highest experience of the composite, is where a multitude of souls are touched by some great sentiment; where art and eloquence conspire with patriotism or religion, and a thousand hearts beat as one, in the high harmony of soul and sense. Then the barriers of distinction, whether of character or caste, seem suddenly let down between us, we forget that we are strangers, we turn with equal trust to every one, converse where before we should not have saluted, and feel a common nature and a common consciousness, in unity with one another and as it were with God. These are our highest moments, in which we live most, most forgetting our own lives. It is the Composite which creates festivities and public worship.

Society is false, when it deprives us of

this charm, when it no longer ministers to our enthusiasm. Labor will be made attractive, by the blending of many in one feeling, by the corporate enthusiasm of each group, and still more by the holier enthusiasm of the thought that all are serving the same end, the great end of Humanity. The queen-bee "feels her tribe in her." The laborer in Association will feel his race in each true effort of his own, and will proudly smile upon the small thing he does, as if he saw in it the complement of the perfected beauty of the globe. The Composite demands that many should be working to one end, and that they be constant to one another, that an *esprit du corps* grow up between them. For this end the materials of sympathy must be multiplied; the function must suit those engaging in it; the more pleasures there are connected with it, both material and spiritual, the more there is to share, the more food for enthusiasm.

2. But in the very bosom of agreement, difference and rivalry begin. A criticising spirit naturally succeeds this high enthusiasm. We begin to compare and note the differences between us. Where we merged the individual in the whole and only saw resemblances, we now exaggerate the individual and draw nice distinctions. Each seems anxious to exceed the other, if only in some slight degree. All equality, all uniformity and monotony become detestable. Hence a wholesome emulation, by which each stimulates each and the various shades of character and function are distinctly brought out and perfected into elements of richer harmony. Here, in this restless tendency, is the first germ of improvement and of progress. Out of what seemed uniform and simple, there now develops itself a graduated scale of differences. The white ray splits and is refracted into a scale of colors. The single tone begets a whole scale of melody. The ideal pursuit which already unites many, soon betrays a variety of aspects which are espoused by each respectively with a peculiar zeal. In our present society we see this in its worst form, as in the cabals and intrigues of political parties, or of fashionable life. And hence the ignoble title under which this passion suffers, of *Cabalism*. Properly it is the spirit of progressive refinement. It nurses each little shade and feature of difference, till they all together form a graduated series, shading off on both sides from a principal and central type, and thus result in unity again.

There is the cabalism of thought and the cabalism of action. The same principle which makes a man a skilful analyzer and a critic intellectually, makes him socially a restless rival and intriguer, which

need not be in any bad sense. How irresistible among the best of friends is the tendency to cliques and coteries, to divide in factions about the minutest shades of the same faith and the same purpose, and more especially, of the same tastes. Science has long been exercising its cabalism in the numbering and classing of the different varieties of every natural object; in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, it has formed its series of genera, species, varieties, &c. And the further this discrimination of shades is carried, the more complete our knowledge and the more evident the essential unity of all things. "It is difficult to see any unity or correspondence between two wholes, as sound and color. But let science apply her prism to them, and instantly we have a series of tones and a series of colors, corresponding each to each; and thus we win from the two wholes a confession of relationship."

This hint will suffice to show how essential to any appreciation of harmony, and consequently to the gratification of any attraction, whether material or spiritual, is a fine perception of differences, and a power the opposite of that which blends all in a moment of enthusiasm. And this is what we had in view in saying that neither the material nor the social attractions of man could procure him a single satisfaction without the intervention of this third class of attractions, of which as a class this refining, emulative, cabalistic passion is the characteristic one. Thus to gratify our material attractions, material things and qualities and functions must be so arranged in series, that each individual may find what corresponds precisely to his own especial taste. Fifty persons may love roses and find a pleasure in their cultivation; here is an affinity of tastes, a group. But the bond between them, the ardor of their labor, the passionate attraction for each other and for it, is comparatively weak as yet. Let there be introduced a large variety of roses, and there will be partisans for each, laboring to perfect their favorite rose, devoted to it with enthusiasm, eager to establish its superiority above all others; and evidently the sum of attraction in the whole group is considerably enhanced. Carry it still farther and suppose the varieties developed into a complete series analogous to the series of musical tones, so that there may be as many sorts of leagues and rivalries and counterpoises among these groups or parties, as there may be discords and concords in music, and the result is now the most intense attraction, and a harmony that is complete; the discords between two or three are neutralized and absorbed by their relations to other members of the series. Just so two colors contrast badly,

till the presence of more colors absorbs their difference into a richer harmony. So too in the social sphere, in groups of Friendship or Ambition. Two persons have a marked aversion for each other, they mutually irritate or paralyze each other, it is placing both of them in a false position to bring them together alone. But the presence of some third one, if he be the proper person, operates like a charm upon them both, and between the three there is now freedom and vivacity and harmony. And the greater the variety of characters at hand, the greater will be the chance of their furnishing out a series amongst them, in which many will be harmonized, who never could be separately. So in the sphere of honor or ambition. Two who hold nearly equal rank may live in bitter mortifying rivalry; but the presence of a third whom they both look up to, makes them by their very strife converge more swiftly to one end.

This will be enough to show the necessity of series and minute subdivision of functions in all industry, before it can become attractive. We have no space to enter into a minute description of a series, to enumerate its terms and degrees, and the mathematical relations between them, to unfold all its accords and discords, or, so to speak, its "Thorough-Bass." And indeed it has not been our purpose to explain the series, but only to point out how much the direct and true development of any of our attractions presupposes and depends on such an order.

3. But this difference-seeking, emulous, refining tendency, while on the one hand it disturbs and raises questions in the proud feasts of the enthusiastic Composite; while it suffers not the happiest concurrence of elements to remain long, but will have progression; while it relentlessly breaks up all uniformity by the stealthy insinuation of differences which can only resolve themselves in some new harmony:—it on the other hand holds back the tendency to fly off into promiscuous and capricious change. It mediates between Unity and Variety, and creates measured series of varieties, which still point back and forward to the original Unity. Of this third tendency, the *Alternating Passion*, as it is called by Fourier, we will now briefly speak.

We weary of monotony. Change of some sort is indispensable to health of mind or body. The laborer must alternate in his employments; and hence a most important condition of attractive labor is that of *short sessions*, which can only be ensured to all by the associative organization in series of groups. There each person will be a member of some twenty groups in various series, according to the number of his original attractions

and talents. He will alternate from one to the other, thus enjoying not only fresh occupation, but fresh society, from hour to hour. It is by this means that the various series interlock into each other, and that the unity is kept up between them all. Without this alternation, were there a complete separation of different occupations, and every person identified with one and one only; a permanent separation of interests would grow up, and the harmony of the Phalanx as a whole would be entirely lost. By means of the short sessions, every individual has a corporate interest in almost every party, he is not constantly identified with some one interest, and thus the equilibrium must be preserved.

We trust this positive statement and exposition of the doctrine of attractive labor, imperfect and hurried as it is, sufficiently answers the objections of the Oberlin reviewer on that head. We have now concluded what we had to say upon the first general head of objections, that of Labor. Several other topics remain, as those of Family, Government, Religious Unity, and so forth. Of these we shall endeavor briefly to dispose in a succeeding article.

#### JOHN A. COLLINS.

A statement by Mr. Collins, acknowledging his abandonment of the schemes of philanthropy and social improvement, in the prosecution of which he has been so conspicuous for a few years back, is going the rounds of the newspapers, accompanied by almost every variety of comment. It is due to truth and justice to declare that whatever may have been the merits or defects of Mr. Collins's plans, they were altogether independent of the Associative movement in this country, with which they have sometimes been confounded by our discriminating and conscientious conductors of the press.

For ourselves, we have looked with interest on Mr. Collins's endeavors, as we should on those of any one who was alive to the evils of the present social state, and who was striving, with earnestness and power, to discover or apply a remedy. At the same time, we have never been blind to the radical evils of his system, and the intrinsic difficulties of carrying it into practice. The spirit in which he attempted to realize it, seemed to us far too exclusive, too rash, too destructive, to warrant any very sanguine hopes that his efforts would be successful. His attacks on religion, his repudiation of government, his failing to recognize the inequalities and gradations, which form the law of the Universe, and his violent hostility, — equalled only by that of the *Express*

and *Observer*, and in both cases with the same ignorance of the subject,—to the system of Fourier, always appeared to us to cast "ominous conjecture" on his whole enterprise.

Of course then we cannot be surprised at the result to which he has arrived. We wished for him a clear field to test his ideas; we have contended for his freedom, as we would for our own; and now that he has satisfied himself that he has been under a mistake, it is no wonder to us that he swings back again to the Conservatism from which he first started. He had no fixed system to rest upon, no principles that had fastened upon his mind with the force of demonstration, no religious belief that the social order which he advocated was the destiny of man as appointed by the Creator before the foundation of the world. His experience confirms us in the truth of the ideas concerning social progress, which are cherished by the Associative School. All reform must grow out of a true perception of the essential tendencies and demands of human nature; no element must be added, no element omitted; the material order must be satisfied by the organization of attractive industry; and the spiritual order, for which all things were made, must receive a true development by the establishment of the highest social relations,—the unity of man with man, leading to the unity of man with the Universe and with the Creator.

The career of Mr. Collins, we believe, was prompted by a sentiment of genuine benevolence; but sentiment alone, as the event has shown, is not enough; baffled and disappointed in his endeavors, he is led by the desire for human happiness, which no doubt dwells in his heart, from a reckless, unmitigated radicalism, to the decencies and respectabilities of orthodox Whiggery. He will find little there but dry husks and bitter herbs; neither of which will be much to his taste; we think he will hardly tarry long in his present position; but what his next remove will be, we shall not venture to predict.

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N. R. GERRISH.

July 16, 1846.

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# THE HARBINGER,

## DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

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### MISCELLANY.

☞ We ask the careful attention of our readers to the following article from the New York Tribune. The facts which it states would be incredible if related of any other state of society than the perfectible civilization which even our democratic and Christian America adheres to.

#### SOCIAL EVILS AND THEIR REMEDIES.

"Mamma," lisped a fashionable young lady the other day, "shall we have the same servants in Heaven that we have here? I should so like to have Polly to dress me in the mornings." The spirit here unconsciously evinced lies at the bottom of the deadly hostility of our time to the idea of a radical Reform of Society. Did the men and women about us sincerely desire the universal prevalence of Equality and Social Justice, all beyond would be easy. But they do not. Nearly all at heart believe downright Manual Labor degrading; they would avoid it if possible; or, if not, they would gladly leave their children in a condition to avoid it. The hod-carrier and the washerwoman share this feeling equally with the banker and the fine lady—we think they have more of it in the average. Let the canal-digger or gardener's journeyman draw a prize in a lottery or hear of a fortune left him by a dead relative, and he promptly throws his spade from him and swears he will never do another day's work so long as he lives. Such an oath is easily kept; idleness, gluttony, and drink generally finish him before long, leaving the most of his property to ruin his children. The banker may send his sons to a farm-school to learn the trade of gentleman-farming, but the newly inflated hod-carrier will be sure to put his boys through College (if money will do it) and into the learned professions, though as unfit for such a destiny as a horse for leader at the opera. So the world goes, every body striving to get on other people's shoulders, and so trampling down hundreds in his reckless selfishness. Not one in a hundred even recognizes the primary truth that it is base, unmanly, unchristian, to sneak through life without an honest and steadfast purpose of doing good in it, without creating (not by proxy) at least as much wealth as you consume. Many a good Christian (as he understands it) thinks it perfectly right to add hundred thousand after hundred

thousand dollars to his hoarded wealth, or to spend tens of thousands per annum on the food, clothing, lodging, &c. of his family of six or eight persons, while Ignorance, Want, Wretchedness, stalk hopeless and uncheered all around him. Alas! the Church itself often fails to remind him pointedly and frequently that this is not according to Christ. It is more likely to cry 'Infidel!' at him who does.

The *Courier and Enquirer* of yesterday had a characteristic article in reply to the last of Mr. Brisbane on Association. This is not from the pen of the responsible Editor of that paper, but from a colleague more adroit in his hostility to all Social Reform—a hostility resting on a profound conviction that the mass of mankind were made for beasts of burthen, and are not capable of being anything else. The point he labors at is of course Fourier's alleged errors with regard to Marriage. The solemn and repeated declarations of the American Associationists that they do not teach and have never taught any such doctrines as their enemies ascribe to them are concealed from the readers of the *Courier*, (as also from those of the *Express*.) as is Fourier's own reprobation of the work which forms the magazine of his enemies as "full of errors," and unfit to be re-printed; it is enough that it answers the purpose of exciting odium against any Social Reform, and drawing away attention from the real question at issue. But we are not to be drawn aside by such a feint. Admit that Fourier was wrong on this point, and not grossly misconstrued and misrepresented, what of it? Did not Luther and Milton err on the same question? Were not many of the early Protestants, the Anabaptists especially, still more mistaken upon it? Did not the Catholic world believe for a century that the impulse of the Reformation was universal Licentiousness? and that its end would infallibly be that? All this was proved, too, after the *Courier's* fashion. Time only could dissipate the delusion. So in the present case.

But the *Courier* condescends to tell us how it would have the injustice and evil of Society redressed—let us hearken:

"Our 'plan of reform' is that of the Bible, which was 'given to the world' before Fourier's day, and which will probably survive some time after it. Its leading principle is, that each individual should seek his own reform from every thing that is not right; and this is its plan for reforming the world. When all men become righteous, in their dealings with others, there will be no fraud;—there will be an 'equitable division of profits,' and all the beneficial results

which Mr. Brisbane extols. \* \* \* \* Our plan is the reverse of his in this respect, that it begins with the individual, and through him affects the mass," &c. &c.

The men who opposed Galileo and Columbus were equally sure with the *Courier* that the Bible upheld them, but their successors of our day have abandoned that mistake. The Bible now-a-days is not often made to justify anything worse than Wine-drinking, War, and Slavery, but in this instance we think it is pressed into harder service. Never mind; it will vindicate itself from all such unwarranted liberties in due time. We must have patience.

But to the *Courier's* plan of Social or Universal Reform. We have not a word of objection to the *Courier's* reforming itself radically and thoroughly, the sooner the better. Give us all the individual Reform you can; we will not oppose your plans in any spirit of retaliation. Yet our conviction is thorough that there must be reform in the relations of mankind to each other before a reform of each individual can be reasonably hoped for. It does seem to us that a St. Paul on every street corner preaching to the destitute and unemployed father of a family, "Do not drink with the first friend you have seen to-day when he offers to treat you;" to the hopeless drunkard's wife, "Do not partake of the poison which alone can make you forget the utter wretchedness of your condition;" to the poor, friendless, despairing seamstress who can earn but a dollar a week by sixteen hours' killing daily toil, and must pay half of this for the most squalid garret, "Do not cease to shudder at the affected kindness of the specious villian, who proffers you boundless luxury and life-long devotion;" to the shivering and penniless newsboy, "Do not cry your stale papers as Extras with important news from Mexico, though thus alone can you procure a supper and a bed;" it does seem to us, we say, that even St. Paul's preaching would not secure universal reform and righteousness unless he were divinely assisted to feed the famishing as well as to teach them.

We do not think the Editor of the *Courier* reasons as he does above—we mean the one who reasons at all—this one—in regard to anything relating to practical business matters. When a Canal or Railroad is to be constructed, we do not hear him say, "Let every one build so much as runs across his own land and it will be finished," nor with regard to legal penalties, "Let every man who de-

serves hanging, hang himself and justice will be done universally." If ten thousand of us were to land this day on a before uninhabited island, he would be the first to scout the specious wiseacre who should enunciate, "I propose that every man shall govern himself exactly as he should be governed, as that will be the best and cheapest of all governments." His prejudices would not in that case run counter to and overbear his judgment.

But "when *all men* become righteous in their dealings with others there will be no fraud, there will be an 'equitable division of profits,'" &c. God help the starving and the down-trodden! must they wait for this? Have you no nearer glimmer of hope for them? Perhaps Human Nature looks not quite so black to us as to you, but we fear the day is very far distant when "all men" will be thoroughly righteous. When we see our best and wisest eagerly adding hoard to hoard, while hundreds of the dens of squalid wretchedness and sin lie unheeded all around them, we feel that Human Suffering cannot wait for all men to become righteous.

Do read and think of the following extracts from the Monthly Report of the Office and Register Department of the Am. Female Moral Reform Society in this city, given in the "Advocate" of the 15th instant:

"*July.* A poor, very respectable woman whom we well know, and whose husband has been out of work ten months, called for advice in certain matters. I expressed a wish to see the work she had obtained, which she was reluctant to show me: it was a jean coat, with one pocket and four button holes, and 'must be well done, or she would get no more.' It was long before I could prevail on her to tell me the price she obtained for making it, saying 'the man would give her no more if she told—he gave as much as others—and was better than others, as he was kind and good.' She had walked two miles to obtain it—must do the same to return it—and was to receive *five cents only!*—Who would dare to buy or wear a garment so made?"

"The same man had given out, as she told me, the week before, *seven hundred shirts to make for five cents each, and then was obliged to send away twenty poor, starving creatures without any.* These customers speak highly of his justice and endeavors to serve them. At No.

—St. a Jew gives *ten cents* for making fine shirts with ten plaits in the bosom, neatly made, and four button holes. She made one, going for it and returning it the same distance; but found she should starve at that, and declined taking any more. She had to *buy her own thread*, costing two cents, which he did not allow, and *two days were required to make the shirt!*"

Here follow several accounts of poor women seeking work, and suffering for want of it, including one who had been driven to insanity for want of a home, who is again alluded to as follows:

"An applicant for a home, of some thirty years of age, who is known to us, and whose character for integrity and truthfulness is unimpeachable, was present and in tears at the interview of the 23d. After the girl had left, she gave us an account of *three others, who, from similar circumstances, had become lunatic.* One of these instances occurred last winter. The poor girl could get no place. She had no home, no friends in the country, who could help her. Want approached, and reason fled. She was taken to the lunatic asylum at Blackwell's Island; and in five months, was so much better, that her sister, at service in a neighboring county, came and took her to a place, where she is doing well.

"Two others, sisters, recently were taken there, at one time, from a respectable boarding-house in Mulberry Street, who became delirious from the same cause. Their board-bill was accumulating; they had no home, no place, and

no money. It so wrought upon the mind of one that she became insane; and this grief, in addition to their previous distress, unsettled the intellect of the other, and both were taken at one time to the island—one of them so raving that she was necessarily tied into the wagon.

"Of the six hundred whose names have been added to our Register since the 1st of June, one-third at least are friendless girls under twenty. *In consternation at approaching want, houseless, friendless, afraid of perishing with hunger, and afraid of the dangers that beset them from other quarters.*

"What wonder is it if they sicken and die—become a lunatic host? A colony of paupers swell the list of criminals in our prisons; or, worse than either, add a few more hundreds to the crowded dens of vice? Have we not reason to fear that we 'shall be visited for these things?'"

And it is of this awful Social chaos, in which a notorious brothel-keeper dashes about town in her glittering coach, and draws rents from \$300,000 worth of real estate which she has accumulated by her business, while poor men vainly look for employment through ten months on a stretch, sustained by their wives making coats at five cents each, that the devout *Express* of yesterday says,

"We think and feel that, *Society as it is organized, is the will of God, and for the best good of man.*"

Who can marvel that infidels abound when such as this passes for Christianity? How long, O how long shall the wealthy and the pious resist the conviction that concerted, combined, comprehensive, far-reaching Reforms are needed to redress such unbearable wrongs?

## THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,\*

SEQUEL TO

### CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

#### XII.

Immediately after the opera, the hall was levelled, illuminated, decorated according to custom, and the grand masked ball called at Berlin the *ridotto*, was opened precisely at midnight. The company present was passably mixed, since the princes and perhaps the princesses of royal blood were confounded with the actors and actresses of all the theatres. The Porporina glided in alone, dressed as a nun, a costume which allowed her to conceal her neck and shoulders under the veil, and her form under a very ample robe. She felt the necessity of making herself unrecognizable in order to escape the commentaries which her meeting with M. de Saint Germain might occasion, and she was not sorry to prove the perspicacity of the latter who had boasted that he would discover her, however disguised she might be. She had therefore arranged this simple and easy dress alone, and without admitting her maid to her confidence; and she had come closely enveloped in a long pelisse which she did not put off until she was in the midst of the crowd. But she had not made the

round of the hall before she remarked an annoying circumstance. A mask of her size and apparently of her sex, dressed in a nun's costume precisely similar to her own, came and placed herself before her several times, jesting with her upon their identity.

"Dear sister" said this nun to her, "I am very desirous of knowing which of us is the shadow of the other; and as it seems to me that you are lighter and more transparent than myself, I ask to touch your hand in order to be sure if you are my twin sister or my spectre."

Consuelo avoided these attacks and endeavored to gain her dressing room in order to change her costume, and to make some modification which should prevent a mistake. She feared that the count de Saint Germain, in case he had obtained, in spite of her precautions, some information respecting her disguise, might address himself to her Sosia and speak of the secrets he had mentioned the night before. But she had no opportunity. A capuchin was already in pursuit of her and soon seized her arm, whether she would or no. "You will not avoid me, sister," said he to her in a low voice; "I am your father confessor, and will tell you your sins. You are the princess Amelia."

"You are a novice, brother," replied Consuelo, disguising her voice as is customary at masquerades. "You are but poorly acquainted with your penitents."

"O! it is very useless to disguise your voice, sister. I do not know if you wear the costume of your order, but you are the abbess of Quedlimburg, and you may as well acknowledge it to me, who am your brother Henry."

Consuelo did in fact recognize the voice of the prince who had often spoken with her and who had quite a remarkable lisp. To be sure that her Sosia was indeed the princess, she denied again and the prince added: "I saw your costume at the tailor's, and as there is no secret for princes, I discovered your's. Come, let us lose no time in chatting. You cannot pretend to puzzle me, my dear sister, and it is by no means with the intention of tormenting you that I attach myself to your side. I have something serious to say to you. Come a little apart with me."

Consuelo allowed herself to be led away by the prince, fully resolved to show her face rather than take advantage of his error in order to discover the family secrets. But, at the first word he addressed to her when they had reached a box, she became attentive in spite of herself and thought she had a right to listen to the end.

"Be careful that you do not go too fast with the Porporina," said the prince

\* 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.

to his pretended sister. "It is not that I doubt her discretion and the nobleness of her heart. The most important personages of the *order* guarantee these, and though you should again laugh at the nature of my feelings for her, I will say moreover that I share your sympathy for that amiable person. But neither those personages nor myself are of opinion that you should compromise yourself with her before we are sure of the disposition of her mind. An enterprise that would at once seize upon an ardent imagination like your own or a justly irritated mind like mine, may at first frighten a timid girl, doubtless a stranger to all politics and all philosophy. The reasons which have operated on you are not such as to make an impression upon a woman placed in so different a sphere. Leave therefore to Trismegistus or to Saint Germain the care of this initiation."

"But has not Trismegistus gone?" said Consuelo, who was too good an actress not to be able to imitate the hoarse and changing voice of the princess Amelia.

"That you must know better than I, since the man has no relations here with any one but you. As for myself, I do not know him. But M. de Saint Germain appears to me the most skilful workman, and the person most extraordinarily well acquainted with the science which interests us. We must do our best to attach this beautiful cantatrice to ourselves, and to save her from the dangers that threaten her."

"Is she then really in danger?" asked Consuelo.

"She will be if she persists in repelling the sighs of M. the *marquis*."

"What *marquis*?" asked Consuelo astonished.

"You are very absent, sister. I speak of Fritz or the *grand lama*."

"Yes, the *marquis* of Brandebourg!" returned the Porporina, understanding at last that he referred to the king. "But are you very sure that he thinks of that little girl?"

"I will not say that he loves her, but he is jealous of her. And then, sister, you must acknowledge that you compromise that poor girl by taking her for your confidant—Well, I know nothing of that, I wish to know nothing; but in the name of Heaven, be prudent, and don't let our friends suspect that you are animated by any other sentiment than that of political liberty. We have resolved to adopt your countess of Rudolstadt. When she is initiated and bound by oaths, promises and threats, you will run no risk with her. Until then, I conjure you, refrain from seeing her and speaking to her of your concerns and our's.—And to begin, remain no longer at the ball,

where your presence is not proper and where the *grand lama* will certainly know that you have come. Give me your arm to go out. I can accompany you no further. I am considered under arrest at Potsdam, and the palace walls have eyes which would pierce a mask of iron."

At this moment some one knocked at the door of the box, and as the prince did not open, the person insisted. "That is a very impertinent fellow to wish to enter a box where there is a lady!" said the prince showing his bearded mask at the door-window. But a red domino, with a livid face the aspect of which was rather frightful, appeared and said to him with a singular gesture: "*It rains.*" This announcement appeared to make a great impression on the prince. "Must I go or remain?" asked he of the red domino.

"You must seek," replied the domino, "for a nun exactly like this one, who is wandering about in the crowd. I will take charge of madam," added he, designating Consuelo and entering the box which the prince hurriedly opened for him. They exchanged some words in a low voice, and the prince went out without saying another word to the Porporina.

"Why," said the red domino, seating himself at the bottom of the box and addressing Consuelo, "did you take a disguise precisely similar to that of the princess. It was exposing her as well as yourself to fatal mistakes. I do not recognize therein either your prudence or your devotedness."

"If my costume be similar to that of any other person, I am entirely ignorant of the fact," said Consuelo, who kept on her guard with her new companion.

"I thought it was a jest of the carnival arranged between you two. Since it is not so, madam countess, and chance alone has occasioned it, let us speak of yourself and abandon the princess to her fate."

"But if any one be in danger, sir, it does not seem to me that the part of those who talk of devotedness is to remain with their arms folded."

"The person who has just left you will watch over that august giddy-brain. Doubtless, you are not ignorant that the matter interests him more than it does us, for that person pays court to you *also*."

"You are mistaken, sir, and I do not know this person any more than I know you. Besides, your language is neither that of a friend nor of a jester. You will therefore permit me to return to the ball."

"Permit me first to ask you for a pocket book which has been entrusted to you for me."

"Not so, I have not been entrusted with anything for any body."

"That is well; you should say so. But with me, it is useless: I am the count de Saint Germain."

"I know nothing of that."

"Even if I should take off my mask, as you have only seen my features in a dark night, you would not recognize me. But here are my credentials."

The red domino presented to Consuelo a sheet of music accompanied by a sign which she could not mistake. She gave him the pocket book, not without trembling, and taking care to add: "Take notice of what I have said. I am not entrusted with any message for you; it is I, I alone, who send these letters and the accompanying drafts to the person you know of."

"So, it is you who are the baron de Trenck's mistress?"

Consuelo, terrified at the frightful falsehood required of her kept silence.

"Reply, madam," resumed the red domino; "the baron does not conceal from us that he receives consolation and assistance from a person who loves him. It is then indeed you who are the friend of the baron?"

"It is I," replied Consuelo firmly, "and I am as much surprised as wounded by your questions. Can I not be the baron's friend without being exposed to the brutal expressions and insulting questions you are pleased to make use of towards me?"

"The affair is too serious a one for you to stand upon words. Listen attentively: you charge me with a commission which compromises me and exposes me to personal danger of more than one kind. There may be therein some concealed political intrigue and I do not wish to engage in it. I have given my word to the friends of M. de Trenck to serve him in a love affair. Let us understand clearly: I have not promised to serve *friendship*. The word is too vague and makes me anxious. I know that you are incapable of lying. If you tell me positively that Trenck is your lover, and if I can inform Albert de Rudolstadt—"

"Just Heaven! sir, do not torment me thus; Albert is no more!—"

"In the language of men, he is dead, I know; but for you as for me he is eternally living."

"If you mean it in a religious and symbolical sense, it is the truth; but if in a material sense—"

"Let us not discuss.—A veil still covers your mind, but that veil will be raised. What is necessary for me to know at present is your position with regard to Trenck. If he is your lover I will take charge of this remittance on which his life perhaps depends; for he is deprived of all



resources. If you refuse to declare yourself, I refuse to be your messenger."

"Well," said Consuelo with a painful effort, "he is my lover. Take the pocket-book and let him have it as soon as possible."

"It is enough," said M. de Saint Germain, taking the pocket-book. "Now, noble and courageous girl, let me say that I admire and respect you. This is only a trial to which I wished to subject your devotedness and your self denial. I know all! I know that you lie from generosity, and that you have been sacredly faithful to your husband. I know that the princess Amelia, even while making use of me, does not deign to grant me her confidence, and that she labors to free herself from the tyranny of the *grand lama* without ceasing to play the princess and the prude. She is true to her character, and does not blush to expose you, you, a poor girl without position (as the people of the world say) to an eternal misfortune; yes, to the greatest of misfortunes! that of preventing the brilliant resurrection of your husband and of plunging his present existence into the purgatory of doubt and despair. But happily, between the soul of Albert and your own, a chain of invisible hands is constantly extended, to place in communication her who labors upon the earth in the light of the sun and him who labors in an unknown world, far from the eyes of vulgar men."

This strange language agitated Consuelo, though she had resolved to mistrust the captious declamations of pretended prophets. "Explain yourself, sir count," said she endeavoring to retain a calm and cold air. "I know well that Albert's part is not terminated upon the earth, and that his soul has not been annihilated by the breath of death. But the connection which may exist between him and myself is covered by a veil which my own death alone can raise, if it please God to grant us a vague remembrance of our preceding existences. This is a mysterious matter, and it is not in the power of any one to assist the celestial influence which unites in a new life those who have loved each other in a former one. What then do you pretend to make me believe by saying that certain sympathies watch over me to effect that union?"

"I might speak to you of myself alone," replied M. de Saint Germain, "and say that having known Albert in all time, as well when I served under his orders in the war of the Hussites against Sigismond, as later in the thirty years war when he was—"

"I know, sir, that you pretend to remember all your anterior existences, as Albert himself was unhealthily and fatally persuaded. I thank God I never suspected his good faith in this matter! but

that belief was so connected in him with a state of delirious exaltation that I have never accepted the reality of that exceptional and perhaps inadmissible power. Spare me then the embarrassment of listening to your strange conversation upon that subject. I know that many persons, impelled by a frivolous curiosity, would be pleased to be now in my situation, and to receive with a smile of encouragement and pretended credulity, the wonderful histories which I am told you relate so well. But I do not know how to act a part except when obliged to do so, and I could not be amused by what are called your reveries. They would remind me too forcibly of those which so terrified and afflicted me in the count de Rudolstadt. Deign, therefore, to reserve them for those who wish to share them. For nothing in the world would I wish to deceive you by pretending to believe them; and even if those reveries did not awaken in me any sorrowful recollection, I could not be willing to make sport of you. Be pleased, therefore, to answer my questions without endeavoring to mislead my judgment by words of a vague and two fold meaning. To assist your frankness I will say that I already know you have peculiar and mysterious views respecting me. You are to initiate me into I know not what important confidence, and some persons of high rank depend upon you to give me the first notions of I know not what occult science."

"Persons of high rank are sometimes strangely mistaken, madam countess," said the count very calmly. "I thank you for the loyalty you display towards me, and will refrain from touching upon things which you would not understand, perhaps from want of will to understand them. I will only say that there is in fact an occult science upon which I pride myself and in which I am assisted by superior light. But that science has nothing supernatural about it, since it is purely and simply that of the human heart, or, if you prefer, a deep knowledge of human life in its most inward springs and most secret actions. And to prove to you that I do not boast, I will tell you exactly what passes in your own heart since you are separated from the count de Rudolstadt, always with your permission."

"I consent," replied Consuelo, "for on this point I know that you cannot impose upon me."

"Well; you love for the first time in your life, you love completely, truly: and he whom you love thus, in the tears of repentance, for you did not love him a year ago, he whose absence is bitter to you, whose disappearance has discolored your life and taken all enchantment from

your future, is not the baron de Trenck, for whom you have only a grateful friendship and a quiet sympathy; is not Joseph Haydn, who is for you only a young brother in Apollo; is not king Frederick, who terrifies and interests you at the same time; is not even the handsome Anzoleto, whom you can no longer esteem; it is he whom you saw lying upon his bed of death and clothed with the ornaments which the pride of noble families places even in the tomb, upon the shroud of the dead, it is Albert de Rudolstadt."

Consuelo was for an instant struck by this revelation of her secret feelings from the mouth of a man whom she did not know. But on thinking that she had related her whole life and laid bare her own heart the preceeding evening before the princess Amelia, and recalling all that prince Henry had allowed her to guess of the relations of the princess with a mysterious brotherhood in which the count de Saint Germain bore one of the principal parts, she ceased to be astonished, and ingenuously confessed to the latter that she did not consider it a great merit in him to know things which she had recently confessed to a very indiscreet friend.

"You mean the abbess of Quedlimburg," said M. de Saint Germain. "Well, will you believe my word of honor?"

"I have no right to question it," replied the Porporina.

"Then I give you my word of honor," returned the count, "that the princess has not said a word to me of you for the reason that I have never had the advantage of exchanging a single word with her, nor with her confidant, madam de Kleist."

"Still, sir, you have a connection with her, at least indirectly."

"As to myself, all that connection consists in transmitting to her Trenck's letters and receiving hers for him through a third person. You see that her confidence in me does not go very far, since she persuades herself that I am ignorant of the interest she takes in our fugitive. However, this princess is not perfidious; she is only foolish, as all tyrannical natures become when oppressed. The servants of truth have hoped much from her, and have granted her their protection. Heaven grant they may not be obliged to repent it!"

"You judge severely an interesting and unhappy princess, sir count, and perhaps are badly acquainted with her affairs. I myself am ignorant of them—"

"Do not tell a useless falsehood, Consuelo. You supped with her last night and I can tell you all the circumstances." Here the count de Saint Germain related the smallest details of the supper of the

night before, from the conversation of the princess and madam de Kleist, even to the dresses they wore, the bill of fare of the entertainment, the meeting with the *sweeper*, &c. He did not stop there, and also mentioned the visit which the king had made that morning to our heroine, the words exchanged between them, the cane raised upon Consuelo, the threats and repentance of Frederick, all, even to the smallest gestures and the expression of their features, as if he had been present at the scene. He ended by saying: "And you were very wrong, artless and generous child, to allow yourself to be taken by the returns of friendship and goodness which the king knows how to assume on occasion. You will repent of it. The royal tiger will make you feel his claws, unless you accept a protection more efficacious and more honorable, a protection truly paternal and all-powerful, which will not be bounded by the narrow limits of the marquisate of Brandebourg, but which will hover over you on the whole surface of the earth, and would follow you even to the deserts of the new world."

"I know only God," replied Consuelo, "who can exercise such a protection and who will extend it even over a being so insignificant as I am. If I incur any danger here, it is in him that I place my hope. I should distrust all other care of which I know neither the means nor the motives."

"Distrust does not become great souls," returned the count; "and it is because madam de Rudolstadt is a great soul that she has a right to the protection of the true servants of God. This is the sole motive of that which is offered you. As to their means, they are immense, and differ as much in their power and their morality from those possessed by kings and princes, as the cause of God differs in its sublimity from that of the despots and triumphant heroes of this world. If you have love and confidence in divine justice alone, you are compelled to recognize His action in the men of virtue and intelligence who are here below the ministers of his will and the executors of his supreme law. To redress wrongs, to protect the weak, to repress tyranny, to encourage and recompense virtue, to spread abroad the principles of morality, to preserve the holy deposits of honor, such has been in all time the mission of a venerable and illustrious phalanx which, under various names and different forms, has been perpetuated from the origin of societies until our day. See the gross and inhuman laws that govern nations, see the prejudices and errors of men, see every where the monstrous traces of barbarism! How could you conceive that, in a world so badly governed by the igno-

rance of the masses and the perfidy of the rulers, any virtues can be put forth and any true doctrines made known? It is so, nevertheless, and we see lilies without spot, flowers without stain, souls like your own, like Albert's, grow and shine upon the terrestrial mud. But do you believe that they could preserve their perfume, save themselves from the impure bites of reptiles and resist the storm, if they were not sustained and saved by succoring powers, by friendly hands? Do you believe that Albert, that sublime man, a stranger to all vulgar turpitudes, superior to humanity so far as to appear mad in the eyes of the profane, drew from himself alone all his greatness, all his faith? Do you believe that he was an isolated fact in the universe, and that he never refreshed himself at a centre of sympathy and hope? And you yourself, do you think you would be what you are, had not the divine breath passed from Albert's soul into your's? But now that you are separated from him, cast into a sphere unworthy of you, exposed to all dangers, to all temptations, a girl of the theatre, confidant of the love of a princess, and reputed mistress of a king worn by debauchery and frozen by selfishness, can you hope to preserve the immaculate purity of your original candor, if the mysterious wings of the archangels are not spread as a celestial ægis over you? Beware, Consuelo; it is not in yourself, in yourself alone at least, that you can find the strength which you require. Even the prudence on which you pride yourself, will be easily baffled by the spirit of malice that wanders in darkness around your virgin pillow. Learn then to respect the holy militia, the invisible army of the faith which already forms a rampart around you. They ask of you neither engagements nor services; they order you only to be docile and confiding when you feel the unexpected effects of their beneficial adoption. I have said enough. It is for you to reflect thoughtfully upon my words, and when the time shall come, when you see miracles accomplished around you, recollect that all is possible to those who believe and labor in common, to those who are equal and free; yes, to them nothing is impossible for the recompense of merit; and if your's should be so exalted as to obtain from them a sublime reward, know that they could even resuscitate Albert and restore him to you."

Having spoken thus in a tone animated by an enthusiastic conviction, the red domino rose, and without awaiting Consuelo's reply, bowed himself before her and left the box, where she remained for some moments motionless and as if lost in strange reveries.

To be Continued.

EUGENE SUE AND THE UNKNOWN. It has been the custom, says the *Parisian Journal des Debats*, for the great novelist, notwithstanding his reputation as a man of fashion, to spend much of his time in visiting the garrets of the city, relieving the poor, and at the same moment gathering a deep knowledge of human nature. On a dark and sleety night last November, he was standing in one of the most wretched holes in Paris, where a poor widow and her two children were lying in a state of shocking destitution. They were without bread, or covering, or fire; and the beauty of one of the orphan children, a girl of some fifteen, added interest to the scene. Sue gave them some money, and left resolving to call next day. He did call, and to his utter astonishment, found the widow and her children surrounded with all the comforts of life—fire on the hearth, baskets of bread, Bologna sausages in profusion, and in fact every thing necessary to make home happy. In the midst of this scene of profusion stood a slender young man, very handsomely dressed. He was the cause of this sudden relief; the widow and her daughters blest him with tears in their eyes. Eugene Sue was much struck by this token of feeling in one so young, brilliant and gay. When the young fashionable left, he followed, determined to ascertain his residence, and after much trouble saw him enter a carriage near the Place Vendôme, and drive to the Chasse d'Antin. Sue followed, saw the stranger enter the Hotel of the Duc de R—. He waited for an hour for his reappearance, and at last saw a beautiful young lady of high rank come out of the hotel and enter the carriage. In that lady, Sue recognised, not only the handsome dandy, but the Princess d'Orleans, one of the daughters of Louis Philippe.

FLOGGING IN THE BRITISH ARMY. It is well known that the horrible and protracted torture of the lash, is a frequent punishment in the British army. It is probably one of the most dreadful punishments which the ingenuity of man ever devised, even in the days of the Inquisition. Among the items of news by the *Hibernia*, it was stated that a soldier had been flogged so severely at Hounslow, as to cause his death. The following is a portion of the evidence before the coroner's jury, taken from papers by the *Great Western*:

The man was fastened to a ladder which was nailed on the wall of the riding school. His hands were tied, and his back was bare to the loins, with his shirt off and his trousers on. The Colonel and the adjutant were present, and also Dr. Warren. Critten gave 25 lashes, and then Evans took the whip, and gave the other 25. The farrier gives a flourish in the air with the cat, and raises himself on his toes forward at every stroke. The 25 stripes were given without cessation. They went on till the first 100 lashes had been given, when they changed by order of the adjutant.

The whips were then brought in, wrapped up in a cloth and were handed out to the witness: each had nine thongs of whip cord, each thong knotted half way up, at intervals of a couple of inches; the handles about eighteen inches in length, were about the thickness of a man's thumb. The cords of two of the five cats were stained, hardened and dis-

colored with blood. The doctor did not approach any nearer to the deceased during the time he was under punishment. He called for a drink of water, and he had it out of a quart. He called for a drink of water two or three times. He did not appeal to the surgeon, nor did the surgeon ask any questions. There was not more than an interval of a minute's time at the change of the cats. The blood came before the first 25 was completed, nearly between the shoulders. There was a great deal of blood, and it ran down into the deceased's trousers. He never uttered a word, but once, when the second cats were taken. At the expiration of 100 lashes, he cried out, "lower, lower."

The above miserable wretch, a recruit, who had recently joined the regiment, was sentenced by a court-martial to receive *one hundred and fifty lashes*, on his bare back, for striking his sergeant with a poker. So much for the progress of civilization in Great Britain. — *Boston Journal*.

**MISSIONARY TESTS OF PIETY.** A writer in the "Bangor Whig and Courier," gives the following report of the position taken by the Rev. Dr. Anderson, the main pillar of the American Board, at a Missionary Convention in Bangor.

In regard to Polygamy, Dr. Anderson remarked, "that after a full consideration of the subject the missionaries came to the conclusion, that the sinfulness of polygamy was not so clearly taught in the New Testament as to make it a test of exclusion. It was, however, regarded by the missionaries as a bar to holding church offices." With reference to the question of slavery, Dr. Anderson said, "whether or not, slaveholding, under the circumstances of the case, was inconsistent with piety, in the Indian communities, the missionaries, who were excellent men, were better judges than we could be. The rule of the missionaries, which he thought a wise one, was to admit members on the single ground of piety." And that "slaveholding is not necessarily inconsistent with receiving a man into the church, that it is not to be regarded as a disciplinable offence."

In answer to inquiries, Dr. Anderson farther stated that the committee would recall a missionary who should receive into the church, persons entertaining Unitarian, Universalist, or Mormon views, even though he should deem them really pious persons.

The foregoing paragraph has excited some attention and some surprise; though much less than we should have believed would have been the case. It is a most remarkable avowal, and completely illustrative of the hollow and unsubstantial condition, the inconsistent and contradictory opinions of the larger part of the American religious community.

Where is the "New York Observer" and its echoes? Where are the religious newspapers and the pulpits which have exhibited such horror at the thought of some of the speculations of Swedenborg and some of the theories of Fourier upon love and marriage? Have they exhausted their distress, that they have none left for the morality of the Missionary Board? Or do they prefer to strain at a gnat, while they can swallow a camel?

We would recommend the importation of some foreign convert of a mission

church, with about four wives in his train, to defend and illustrate the position of their friends! A nearer view might tend to clear up the subject the better. Meanwhile, in behalf of the polygamist church members, who are, it seems, not allowed to hold church offices, though admitted to be church members, we protest against this unjust exclusion. If the New Testament is not clear upon the subject, this restriction is tyrannical, and an improper invasion of private rights, a "meddlesome" assault upon a "patriarchal, domestic institution." — *Christian World*.

### NEVER FEAR.

BY GOODWIN BARMBY.

Though the clouds are black as night,  
Never fear!

Though the lightning's deadly bright,  
Never fear!

Though the thunderbolt is red,  
Though the shaft of death is sped,  
God is present overhead —

Never fear!

Though the tyrant's axe is bright,  
Never fear!

Though the black block is in sight,  
Never fear!

Though a foeman is each knave,  
Though a coward is each slave,  
God is with the freeman brave —

Never fear!

Though the bigot's curses raise,  
Never fear!

Though the martyr's fagots blaze,  
Never fear!

Though they strive to cripple youth,  
Though they treat good deeds with ruth,  
God is ever with the truth —

Never fear!

Though the storm-god flaps his wings,  
Never fear!

Though the tempest death-song sings,  
Never fear!

In the clouds are blue specks fair,  
Through the dark boughs blows an air,  
God is present every where —

Never fear!

### THE ROTHSCHILD'S WEALTH.

THE FRUITS OF A BAD SYSTEM.

The Rothschilds have a fortune of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and Lord somebody, who lately died in England, has left a fortune of fifty millions of dollars. Though the Rothschilds operate in Paris and London, yet Frankfort, Vienna, and other German cities, have been and are the principal theatre of their business. And in what has this business consisted? In buying and selling stocks; in negotiating loans, or standing between lender and borrower, and receiving payment for transacting their mutual business. We urge nothing against this business, as we participate in no vulgar and groundless prejudices against brokers. They hold the same position between borrowers and lenders, or buyers and sellers of money and evidences of debt, with merchants between producers and consumers. Like merchants, they are distributors. But we do complain of the system which reduces millions to extreme poverty, and all its consequent miseries, and enables one man or family to amass,

in a single generation, one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Ten thousand dollars, invested in a farm, a mechanical trade, or in commerce, will afford an ample provision to a family of moderate numbers, and is more than most farmers, mechanics or merchants possess, even in our country of general distribution. The wealth of these Rothschilds, thus divided, would supply fifteen thousand such families. Divided in portions of five thousand dollars, more than the majority of our farmers and mechanics possess, it would supply thirty thousand such families, and at the rate of five persons to each family, would afford, with reasonable labor, all the comforts of life to one hundred and fifty thousand persons. Hence one hundred and fifty thousand persons must be reduced from comfort to absolute destitution, to enable one family to own one hundred and fifty millions of dollars! Such a system is awful! The statistics of Berlin, the capital of Prussia, with a population of three hundred and fifty-two thousand, show about seventy thousand paupers and criminals, the latter being driven to crime by poverty. And whence this enormous poverty? It is produced by bad government, producing standing armies, royal luxury, governmental loans, paper money, stock markets, monopolies of land and money, landed barons and rag barons. And how many paupers and criminals are found in the British Isles? The question can be answered by its bloated barons, landed and ragged. And we are rapidly building up the system. One individual in the East can own five millions of acres in the West, and thereby compel thirty-one thousand, two hundred and fifty men to remain landless paupers, instead of becoming independent farmers. And a bank can lend seven hundred thousand dollars to another "enterprising person" to speculate in stocks, while it will not discount a responsible mechanic's note for five hundred dollars. And so we go, building up a system that builds up Rothschilds and paupers! And where will it end? Just where it has ended in England and Germany. And where will that end? Just where it ended in France in 1789! Like causes, operating upon like subjects, always produce like effects. So God has decreed, and so man can not repeal. These Rothschilds, while accumulating one hundred and fifty millions of dollars from the pockets of others have not added a cent to the wealth of the world. They have not raised a potato, or manufactured a button, or distributed an ounce of bread between farmer and mechanic, or any others. We say this in reproach of the system, not of them. The system is founded upon the very vices of the political and social constitution. And thus through a system originating in mischiefs which ought not to exist, and which would not exist under a good government, well administered, is one family able to accumulate enormous wealth, and thus to create multitudes of paupers and criminals! Retribution must follow, and as it has followed, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord." "And I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation, of them that hate me." — *Dollar Newspaper*.

Life belongs only to God, and that is why it is written, "Thou shalt not kill."

## REVIEW.

*Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern; with an Historical Introduction and Notes.* By WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. In Two Volumes. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. pp. 279, 283.

We love to see our poets well clad, and to read their thoughts out of beautiful volumes, so that the eye may have its share of the feast. Let us commence therefore with a word of acknowledgment to the publishers, who have so well appreciated and promoted this natural fitness of things. Their editions of some of the more modern poets, as Tennyson, Motherwell, Whittier, Milnes, &c., have been worthy of their subjects, and such as devout admirers of these authors feel it quite a triumph to get hold of. This last outstrips its predecessors in beauty and clearness of typography, and in its uncommonly English and select appearance generally.

The collection of the Romantic and Historic ballads of Scotland, here reprinted, was made about nineteen years ago. The author of "Jeanie Morrison," was certainly the man for such a work. In justice to his own poetic feeling he could scarce escape it. The little volume of poems, which have made Motherwell so much lamented, are not more characteristic of him than this patriotic and somewhat antiquarian work. His own poetry seems to have been in a great measure inspired by the popular ballads of his language; his poetic sentiment seems to have been a conscious part of the popular vein of poetry flowing down from times remote. There is a certain sense of solidarity with the genius of his country and of the past, visible in all his efforts that way. He is the inheritor, together with his countrymen, of a certain venerable fund of poesy, which it is his natural vocation to nurse as capital and to increase somewhat. He does not create from himself purely; but he unfolds out of that. There is something very beautiful and profound in such a feeling; poetry to it is something more than a personal matter; it is the honeyed deposite of ages, the concrete manifestation of a spirit handed down, which, more than all the externalities of history and customs, keeps up the identity of the race.

We say, therefore, that such a work comes well from Motherwell, and is a true expression of his own poetic character, of which a sort of poetic reverence, considerably limited to country, forms so marked a feature. It was congenial to his whole nature to be gathering up these floating fragments of old song. "Minstrelsy" and poesy to him were one. He would be a minstrel himself, so far as the garish day-light of a nineteenth cen-

tury could tolerate such a character, and at all events he would arrest and transmit to posterity such fleeting voices of minstrelsy in its best days as have not utterly died away amongst the hills and by the lowly firesides. Many of these ballads, he informs us, are here for the first time published. He took them down himself from the lips of venerable crones,

"The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
Who used to chaunt it,"

and who learned it of their grandames. For the rest, he has given the most authentic versions (for he has a pious abhorrence of the "improvements" which such things receive from modern editors) of the principal substance of the best there is to be found in "Percy's Reliques," in the "Border Minstrelsy," and the other approved collections. They are of various degrees of antiquity; some of them belonging to the very earliest recorded productions in the English language. He takes the oral versions current among the people, as the standard of genuine text, in preference to any other. His theories upon the subject are set forth in a very diffuse, yet very valuable Introduction, filling half of the first volume.

This Introduction will repay a careful reading. Undoubtedly, it is the net result of all the learning thus far on the subject; nothing could give the reader, in so short a time, so clear a view of the whole field thus far explored, showing him precisely how much is known, and how much yet exists, of what is called English Minstrelsy. In it he unfolds the antiquities of the matter, with due reverence, mingled with due critical sagacity. He makes a distinction between the Romantic and the Historic ballads; distinguishing Ballad generally, from Song, by its dramatic character; discusses its probable origin and transmission; enters into an analysis of its subject matter and its intrinsic merits as a body of poetry, characterising its spirit and its structure, and especially its stereotyped identical treatment of similar scenes and circumstances, with a depth of earnest appreciating feeling, not so fanatical as to withhold some good humored glances at things amusingly simple, and with a wealth of poetic imagery in his own sentences, which make the treatise anything but prosaic;—and finally he gives a complete and critical list, a *catalogue raisonnee*, of all the collections which have ever been made from Bishop Percy down to Allan Cunningham (on whose ruthless spirit of "improvement" he is terribly severe) and to himself; enumerating every ballad or fragment added to our printed stock by each, and making the sum total, with his own additions, one hundred and sixty-three. He dismisses the theme with a

sigh for the "good old times," and a somewhat bitter protest against the "stream of innovation." And yet, in the following passage, we find this devout lover of the past strangely coinciding with our arch-reformer, Fourier, in his condemnation of a certain class of influential thinkers whom the latter distinguishes by the significant title "obscurants."

"The changes, which, within this half century, the manners and habits of our peasantry and laboring classes, with whom this song has been cherished, have undergone, are inimical to its further preservation. They have departed from the stern simplicity of their fathers, and have learned, with the *paltry philosophers, political quacks, and illuminated dreamers on Economic and Moral Science*, to laugh at the prejudices, beliefs, and superstitions of elder times. If they could separate, or if they whose follies they ape could separate, the chaff from the wheat, it were well; but in parting with the antiquated notions of other days, they part also with their wisdom and their virtues. The stream of innovation is flooding far and wide, and ancient landmarks are fast disappearing. All this may be mighty well in the eyes of those who have no thought but for the little day which bounds their own existence; but the mind whose sympathies embrace the past and grasp at the future, cannot view these changes unmoved."

Alas! we fear the criticism is too true, so far as these Economists and Moralists have any thing to offer. But there are other reformers now abroad, who mean to bind up the rich grain of the past, with the essence of every good thing which a poet can regret, into the fair sheaf of a glorious Future; and then our poet, if his spirit still looks back (as we would trust) to this dear globe, shall see a more than "*poetic*" Justice realized. For is not the poetry we cling to in the past, the soul of the far better day just dawning? Are not the poets of the past the statesmen of to-day, the prophets and reformers of to-morrow? We can respect the weakness which flees to the romance of history, finding but a scanty, bitter juice for soul's sustenance in the cold Fact of to-day. Its starting point and object are identical with the most far-seeing reform. It cannot abide the reign of unbelief and selfishness; it is in itself a longing for true life and unity; sometimes it takes refuge desperately in the bosom of the old Catholic Church; ah! if it only were catholic! and sometimes it tries to creep under the warm coverlid of antique poesy and superstition and dream away there like a good child; but it protests a shrunk and tattered coverlid at best, scarcely enough for the few fortunate diletanti; and meanwhile there are the poor weavers and delvers, there are the millions—what shall cover *them*? It is to a new Order that we look to save the poetry of the past.

Mr. Motherwell has collected in these

volumes sixty-seven pieces, of various degrees of age and excellence, of course, since the desire to rescue as much as possible of a fast perishing thing from the tooth of time, covers quite liberally with its ban of protection much which has only a generic and not a special title to admission. To most of the pieces are prefixed instructive notes, historical and critical, sometimes collating various "sets" or readings. A few however present themselves without any introduction, in full modern dress,—possibly some stray seeds of what he was saving dropped into the editor's own brain and begat them. They do no dishonor to their ancestors. On the contrary, another appears here as an antique, which stands in the American volume of Motherwell's poems as his own: namely: the spirited Cavalier's Song:

"A steed! a steed of matchlesse speede!  
A sword of metal keene!  
All else to noble heartes is drosse,—  
All else on earth is meane." &c.

At the end are added the tunes to which a number of the ballads are commonly sung, which have been noted down with great care from the singers' lips, and add much to the interest and living reality of the collection.

And now what is the worth of these old ballads? Their historical worth, of course, any one will see: but this is only incidental. What are their intrinsic claims as poetry? Criticism may make what it will of them, and so may moralism: the fact that they have so won the hearts of young and old, of wise and simple, that they take such early hold on the imagination and retain it even through our classical and metaphysical days, and that it is so refreshing to turn to them from the too much thought of more elaborate poems, is of itself enough to prove them poetry. The popular imagination is in love with them, say what you will; their affinity for that part of us which deals with poetry is certainly established. We by no means yield to that fanatical partiality, which sees poetry and pathos and sublimity in every rhyme, so it be old, and spelt in quaint old English. It must be confessed that much of it is very empty prose in substance, and but a sorry jingle in respect of sound. In all good company there are some bores and nothings. On the other hand, we feel that there is more of the true soul of beauty in them than can be extinguished by any new lights, moral or philosophical. Their subject-matter, the ideas of a past age, the bloody creed which they illustrate, the horrors of superstition and revenge which they recite, shall not deter us from admiring them and taking them to heart as poetry. These are but the circumstance, and not the essence, which in

spite of that preserves the poems. These may all be set aside, and still the poetry remains. They sing of war and selfishness, of cunning and revenge; but theirs is the music of the deep loving heart. The sun's light falls on every thing; so does the light of poetry; that there was some of its pure light gilding these black scenes is one redeeming feature in the bloodiest times. The spirit of the poetry itself, the atmosphere in which it embalms those fearful histories, is congenial with our own times and with the far better times we dream of. This constitutes the magic of all poetry; she is of all times, yet above all and better than all; she is the good genius of humanity, the inmost secret soul of human life, of which only the few are conscious; and, even while celebrating the deeds and passions of barbaric periods, she is essentially equal and coeval with the highest moral and philosophic conception of this and of all coming times. Hence it is that whatever is steeped in her element, lives. She binds the future with the past, and proves those fierce barbaric ages to be still human, and their characters, as faulty as they are, to be progressive phases of this same soul, which, purified and educated in better ages into the full stature of the children of God, shall know how to forgive and understand and own them. Beautiful glimpses into the human heart, of the simple trust of childhood, and of the miraculously enduring love of woman, meet us in these sad old rhymes. Stern, literal tales of woe, without apology or comment, they judge not, but simply sit with our own souls in silence looking at these wrongs, and somehow they have touched our moral sense as few sermons can. Blessed then be poetry, whether in the rude ballad chanted in the streets where it was born, or whether Milton, Coleridge or Shelley "build the lofty rhyme." She, with her sister, Music, is still the truest utterance of Man, and Man in the ages will abide by her.

*Italy, Spain, and Portugal, with an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha.* By WILLIAM BECKFORD, Author of "Vathek." In Two Parts. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway. pp. 174, 276.

Whoever caters for the Messrs. Wiley and Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading," seems to know where all the best old honey has been hived. No dainty nook in all the fields and groves of literature escapes him. The selectest reading of the few who may be most truly said to have cultivated literary leisure, now finds its way into this multiplying mill, and is distributed so that scarcely any rarities in the shape of books are left. Even so it should be; what is

best should belong to the most; if familiarity with the mind's best productions is what makes the few more liberal, more many-sided, more unenslaved to prejudices and conventions, more ideal and more hopeful, God grant that these same influences may speedily educate the millions and set them to thinking on a level with the best thinkers, and the world will get reformed the faster. The speculating selfishness of trade is doing a good work in this way, in distributing its own antidote.

Of "Beckford's Italy" we have had pleasant recollections for these dozen years, but we had hardly looked to meet it so soon among popular American reprints. The letters bear date all along from 1780 to 1795, and were published first in England in 1834. The author says of them:

"Most of these Letters were written in the bloom and heyday of youthful spirits and youthful confidence, at a period when the old order of things existed with all its picturesque pomps and absurdities; when Venice enjoyed her piombi and submarine dungeons; France her bastille; the Peninsula her holy Inquisition. To look back upon what is beginning to appear almost a fabulous era in the eyes of the modern children of light, is not unamusing or uninteresting; for, still better to appreciate the present, we should be led not unfrequently to recall the intellectual muzziness of the past.

"But happily these pages are not crowded with such records: they are chiefly filled with delineations of landscape and those effects of natural phenomena which it is not in the power of revolutions or constitutions to alter or destroy.

"A few moments snatched from the contemplation of political crimes, bloodshed, and treachery, are a few moments gained to all lovers of innocent illusion."

"Innocent illusion," things "not in the power of revolutions to destroy;"—here we have the tone of the man and of his book. A man of more thorough culture and refinement probably has seldom travelled; a man more fitted to expand and revel in all the feasts of beauty furnished forth by history, by nature, and by art, in the famous old places of the south of Europe, (to all of which, by the way, he held the unfailing "open sesame," being an Englishman of rank and fortune,) has seldom written of those countries. Entirely independent, with vigorous health and appetite for pleasure, with a profound love of nature and disgust at shams, yet not without a good-humored way of noticing them for our entertainment, with a highly classic turn of mind, given to roaming and to dreaming, yet perfectly self-possessed and apparently most kind-hearted, he goes to Italy and to Spain, to breathe a classic and romantic air, and to forget the common-place world. This is about as much object as he appears to have had. Yet

you cannot but like the man; his keen good sense, his knowledge of character, his appreciation of the beautiful, and his complete abandonment of himself to his subjects, both in the events themselves and in his style of telling of them,—a style moreover of distinguished purity, transparency, and richness,—all charm you as something very genuine, to say the least.

On setting out through Belgium, his quaint splenetic moodiness, with which he turns away from vulgar sights around him, and doggedly pursues his way towards Italy, dreaming it all over in anticipation, tells you what you have to expect from him,—an account of what he pleases to see and no more. When he gets there he goes into no sentimental rhapsodies, says but little of the pictures and statues, except where some one unexpectedly impresses him; but evidently flings himself into the arms of nature and the other spirits there which vie with nature, with the fullest gusto. And his pictures are distinct and faithful. The life was all open to him; princes, cardinals, and noble ladies, all were hand and glove with him. Especially so in Portugal and Spain; where the whole luxury of the Catholic establishment was at his service, and where the ways of priests and prelates furnished him most exquisite amusement. Life to him was all a spectacle; and a gorgeous one it was, with so long a purse, such eager curiosity, and such a talent for the beautiful and for adventure as he had. The account appended of the visit to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha, with the prince regent of Portugal, and several high prelates with their train, is like a story of enchantment. "Every thing that could be thought of, or even dreamed of, for our convenience or relaxation, was to be carried in our train, and nothing left behind but Care and Sorrow." The peep he gives you into the kitchen of the good monks there in their retreat, exceeds the most voluptuous imagination of good living.

The "innocent illusion" of the traveller are very instructive, although his book and life apparently were without moral aim.

*Swedenborgianism Reviewed.* By ENOCH POND, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Bangor, Me. Portland: Hyde, Lord, and Duren. 1846. pp. 296.

*Lectures on Swedenborgianism.* Delivered at the Theological Seminary, Andover, February, 1846. By LEONARD WOODS, D. D., Professor of Theology. Boston: Crocker and Brewster. 1846. pp. 168.

The conversion of Professor Bush to the doctrines of the New Church was a

most astounding event. We should as soon have expected an epic poem in the style of Ossian from the pen of Dr. Woods. A man brought up at the feet of our Calvinistic Gamaliels,—nay, a Calvinistic Gamaliel himself,—was the last person of whom one would predict that he could by any possibility be made to accept the sublime visions of the illustrious Swedish seer. The hard, dry, severe, prosaic tone of mind which the study of the Calvinistic theology tends to produce, is far enough removed from the ideal, imaginative taste which naturally delights in the bold and poetic revelations of Swedenborg. The adhesion of such a mind as that of Professor Bush to this system we do not pretend to explain. No one who has read his writings can for a moment doubt of his deep sincerity. His earnestness, his calmness, his spirit of independent inquiry, his strong religious sense, his manly candor and frankness must command universal respect, and predispose the minds of his readers to sympathy with his conclusions.

We are not surprised that his disclosures should have made a stir in the camp of his old friends. These publications appear to have been called forth by his movement. They were prepared, independently of each other, by two of our most eminent professors of theology in Calvinistic seminaries. This fact shows the importance attached to his writings. Every friend of truth and progress must be glad that the discussion has commenced. Almost anything is better than the dead, mill-horse routine traversed by the popular theologies of the day; and to call attention to the principles of Swedenborg, which, whether true or false, are profound, living, electric, is certainly doing a good service. Not that any man would gain the faintest idea of Swedenborg's style of thought from these works. The life, the glow, the piercing truth which his disciples value in his productions are as effectually eliminated from the dissections of our Professors, as are the beauty and vitality of the human form from the preparations of an anatomical museum. Their reasonings remind us of the mathematician trying to make out what is proved by the "Paradise Lost."

One thing strikes us very forcibly in these little volumes,—and that is, the mitigated, almost timorous tone in which the discussion is conducted. We happen to be pretty familiar with the writings of these authors. We have a profound and sincere respect for their intellectual ability. They are theological gladiators whom no one would like to meet unarmed. They have heretofore looked round, like Ajax Telamon on the battle field, scornful every foe with deadly defiance. But here their demeanor is hum-

ble, their tread subdued, and they strike as if they feared the rebounding of their blows. Calvinistic controversy hitherto, has generally been more like verjuice than honey, but here it is mild as milk.

Professor Pond has now and then an exhibition of simplicity, of rich *naïveté*, which almost reminds us of the Vicar of Wakefield himself. For example, read his description of the method which he took to ascertain the "spirituality" of the members of the New Church, by gathering up the opinions of their Orthodox neighbors on the subject. The result on the whole,—thanks to the candor of the critics he retains,—was rather favorable to our Swedenborgian friends, though it was shrewdly suspected that they were more "amiable" than "religious," and certainly were not heard to say their prayers as often as was proper.

Both writers make a great display of Swedenborg's heresies as to the relations of the sexes. As might be expected, they parade his statements in regard to what he himself calls "the delights of insanity," as a remedy for what he deems worse evils, and give no hint of his principles concerning the purity, constancy, and spiritual union which he describes and advocates as the essence of conjugal love, and the highest and holiest state of the human soul. They quote his assertion that "polygamy is no sin, when sanctioned by the religion of the country," as a demonstration of the libertine tendency of his system; but how does this differ from the decision of the Secretary of the American Board of Missions,—of which society both our authors are prominent advocates and counsellors,—that in the case of converts from heathenism, polygamy is no bar to admission to the Christian Church. The course of the Board of Missions we know, cannot make wrong, right; but if the stringent views expressed by our Professors be correct, they are guilty of a transparent inconsistency; they strain at a gnat, though they have swallowed a camel.

Professor Pond is occasionally guilty of false reasoning, which his more adroit friend of Andover seldom falls into. Thus he argues that Swedenborgianism is incompatible with Christianity, because its defenders maintain that it is incompatible with the "Old Church." But this is the very thing which makes it truly Christian, in the opinion of its supporters, because, as they believe, the "Old Church" is not Christianity, but a perversion of Christianity. Professor Pond is bound to show that true Christianity is represented by the Old Church, but this he does not undertake; and we fear it would prove a more formidable task, than even the perusal of the twenty or thirty volumes of



Swedenborg's writings, beyond which act of fortitude he seems to think the "force of nature can no further go."

Our worthy Professor inquires what has Swedenborgianism done for the world? This is a "terrible question;" for it might be indiscreetly asked of the Old Church itself as now constituted. Not that it is decisive. We believe that both the Old Church and the New have done more good than their enemies give them credit for. But when we consider the spirit of Christianity—the nature of its demands—the example of its author,—and then look at the state of society in the Christian world, the friends of the Church should not be over fond of bringing it to the test of practical results.

*Father Darcy.* By the Author of *Two Old Men's Tales*. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1846. pp. 166.

The appearance of the "Two Old Men's Tales" was too striking an event in modern English Literature to have been forgotten. The deep tragic power they displayed, their severity of outline and bareness of all superfluous ornament, the stern directness with which the narrative moved from its opening to its catastrophe, and their intensity and energy of passion bore too much the stamp of genius to allow us to look without interest upon any subsequent production of the same pen.

The present work, which is the last that has reached us, (for in the meanwhile the author has not been idle,) has many of the same features. The scene is laid in England, in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, and the beginning of that of James. The actors are those memorable men who were engaged in the gunpowder plot; the title of the book is the name of the Jesuit Provincial of England at the time, who is here represented as having been an instigator of that design; this charge is, however, denied by the Catholics, with what justice, students of history can judge for themselves.

With such materials the tale is constructed. Of course it is a tragedy, as what else could it be? The circumstances of that period so gloomy to the Catholics, whose religion was proscribed, where shortly before it had been triumphant, all conspired to force those fierce, impatient, fanatical men, to desperate deeds. In these pages they are living and moving; with their hearts laid bare, we see the workings of their subtlest passions, and see too, how great and glorious powers may be perverted to serve the devil. Beyond most modern writers, the author seems to have an instinctive perception of human impulses, and to know how the lives which were created for joy, are wrought into woe. We are not acquaint-

ed with her history except as it may be gathered from her books, but they show her to be one formed to learn the sharpest lessons of that Sorrow which has ever been the inmost companion of human hearts. A sombre hue colors the surface of her creations and of none more than the present. Not that she has an eye for what is gloomy alone, or never paints beautiful scenes and characters; there are many such delicate gleams of tenderness and holy calm,—loving and beloved persons there are, standing out with the same distinctness and individuality as the others, but they only heighten the melancholy of the wreck.

As far as our recollection serves us, "Father Darcy" is not equal to the book we first spoke of. It has a greater monotony, an occasional abruptness, and is somewhat burdened by too minute reference to the historical facts with which its narrative is connected. Still it is always powerful and often masterly; and in these times when new novels are no greater rarity than one's breakfast, ought by no means to be confounded with the indiscriminate mass which are forgotten on the shelves of circulating libraries. A novel is even yet a work of art, and if there be in it any spark of genius, is not to be discussed with the same carelessness as the morning's newspaper.

We cannot but wish that the rare gifts of the present writer were accompanied by that earnest yet joyous serenity which belongs to an insight into the true end and destiny for which Humanity exists. Then even her darkest hours would not be without the precursive radiance of the dawn, or her gloomiest night other than a time for repose before the more resolute and fruitful labors of the morrow. All the wisdom which is the world's by right is not concentrated in the experience of the past; there is a higher and better in the hope of the future.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

### MENDELSSOHN'S "SONGS WITHOUT WORDS." NO. I.

Before the quiet summer is all gone, and the bustle of the "musical season" is upon us, with concerts, oratorios and operas of all sorts to claim our notice, we will try to pen some grateful recognition of the musical spirits which have gladdened our retirement. Gliding subtly through whatever troops of cares and sorrows have at any time beleaguered the sick soul, these gentle spirits have gained entrance even to its inmost recesses, and made peace and sunshine there. There is no music like that which we get alone; especially in the country, where all else is still except what harmonizes, and where each sight and influence has a se-

cret understanding with all good music, flowing, as they all do, out of the same deep heart of things, revelations of the only Artist. With spirits clear and calm, thoughts undistracted, senses purified and made more delicate by genial summer air, one sits down to the piano with a sonata of Beethoven or Mozart, or a set of Chopin's Mazourkas, or something else as good, and gives them the study which they need, reads them thoughtfully, as if it were a profound poem, repeats passage after passage and lingers where he would prolong the charm, until the composition by degrees unfolds all its beauty and its symmetry, and has passed into his mind a living whole. This is worth a thousand concerts, though to them we owe the social excitement, which we also must have, and the education of the sense without which the imagination would but feebly aid us to comprehend the masters in our private readings. The symphony or overture which we have heard delighted from a full orchestra, does not begin to give out all its meaning till we refresh our memory of it in this private way; but with the piano forte arrangement before you, rather trying it over, than actually performing it, you hear ideal instruments, a more perfect orchestra of the mind; and instead of suffocating halls and glaring lights and whispering, giggling, unappreciating audiences, who have no business with good music, yet cannot keep away from the "fashionable concert," you may have the green shades and the blessed skies of morning, noon or sunset for surroundings, and perchance a friend or two at your elbow whose souls are in it, and who can keep still without ceremonious effort.

But some of the purest poetry of music has been composed expressly for the piano. Through the piano you can know MENDELSSOHN. We thank our good stars for this blessing. Each summer pleasure has been doubly consecrated, and nature has been made twice herself to us, by the almost daily hearing or practice of the "*Lieder ohne Worte*." Their most delicious, delicate, aro-mal melodies have entwined themselves in all our memories of this gorgeous, tranquil season. Toils, perplexed counsels, friendship's festivals, and solitary hours, have felt their sweet accompaniment. Could we but describe such music as we feel it! we should set every student of the piano to practicing these "Songs without Words." Refined and delicate as they are, deep and intellectual and even mystical in tone, and utterly without the "taking" qualities of more popular and brilliant things, they would not fail to grow upon one's liking, and insensibly refine and exalt his whole life, musical and moral. Here they lie before us, six beautifully

printed sets, of six songs each, a German copy, printed at *Bonn bei N. Simrock*, a name which you will find at the bottom of the title page of much fine music—a gift we would not willingly part with! Reader, you can find it, if you desire a thing so good for your own playing, or if you have some clever, deep-souled friend to play it to you, at Reed's emporium in Boston, or at Scharfenberg and Luis's in New York. If you repent procuring it, your's will not be what we should call a "saving repentance."

We have resolved in two or three articles to record the impressions which some of these voiceless, disembodied songs have made upon us. We shall turn them over one by one, as a mineralogist does each stone, and where one yields us anything that can be rendered into speech, anything not too imponderable and that does not altogether elude the scales of thought, we shall note down a few features. But we have already exhausted the little space we had allotted to ourselves for this number; and, (promising to go more into the heart of the matter next time,) we must leave room for the conclusion of "A Poet's Dream of the Soul," just published, from the pen of L. Maria Child. After a fanciful allegory, and yet a profoundly true one, in which she supposes the soul to have inhabited successively each of the lower forms of organization, existing first as a mineral, then as a plant, then as a bird, in each aspiring and yearning for the life of the next higher, and from each old limitation set loose by some destroying accident, and then born again according to its wish, until it reaches its consummation in man, the man of genius,—the story proceeds: (probably the "Concerto" alluded to is the one in G minor, performed so exquisitely by Mr. Timm at the Festival Concert in New York, last May:)

"In a happy German home, a young wife leaned lovingly on the bosom of her chosen mate. They were not aware that the spirit of a nightingale was circling round them, and would pass into the soul of their infant son, whom they named FELIX MENDELSSOHN. The poet-musician, as he grew to manhood, lost all recollection of his own transmigrations. But often when his human eyes gazed on lovely scenes for the first time, Nature looked at him so kindly, and all her voices spoke so familiarly, that it seemed as if his soul must have been there before him. The moon claimed kindred with him, and lulled him into dreamy reverie, as she had done when the undulating waters cradled him as a lily. In music, he asked the fair planet concerning all this, and why she and the earth always looked into each other's eyes with such saddened love. Poets listening to the Concerto, heard in it the utterance of their souls also; and they will give it again in painting, sculpture, and verse. Thus are all forms intertwined by the pervading spirit which flows through them.

"The sleeping flowers wakened vague reminiscences of tiny radiant forms. Mendelssohn

called to them in music, and the whole fiery troop came dancing on moon-beams into his 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'

"The sight of temples and statues brought shadowy dreams of Druids, and consecrated groves, of choral hymns, and the rich vibrations of Apollo's harp. Serene in classic beauty, these visions float through the music of 'Antigone.'

"The booming of waves, and the scream of gulls stirred halcyon recollections. He asked in music whence they came, and Euterpe answered in the picturesque sea-wildness of his 'Fingal's Cave.'

"The song of the nightingale brought dim memories of a pure brilliant atmosphere, of landscapes tinted with prismatic splendor, of deep blue lakes dimpled with sun-flecks; and gracefully glides the gondola, under the glowing sky of Italy, through the flowing melody of his 'Songs without Words.'

"But music is to him as the violin was to the nightingale. It repeats, with puzzling vagueness, all he has ever known, and troubles his spirit with prophecies of the infinite unknown. Imploringly he asks Euterpe to keep her promise, and reveal to him all the secrets of the universe. Graciously and confidently she answers. But as it was with the nightingale, so is it with him; the utterance belongs to powers above the circle of his being, and he cannot comprehend it now. Through the gate which men call Death, he will pass into more perfect life, where speech and tone dwell together forever in a golden marriage."

### MUSICAL CONVENTIONS.

The Teachers' Classes of Messrs. Webb and Mason, also those of Messrs. Baker and Woodbury, have been held during the past month in Boston, with increased zeal and attendance. The former furnished a noble chorus of over four hundred voices at one of their evening concerts; and the latter brought out Haydn's "Creation." We could not attend, but rejoice to know of such things going on. Messrs. Webb and Mason are about holding similar conventions in the western cities; and Messrs. Warner, Loder, Hill, and others are doing the same thing in New York. Verily, chorists and singing masters have begun to swarm; the months of August and September shall be known by the mustering of their armies, as well as by the hosts of grasshoppers and crickets. The choirs and singing circles of our country will no doubt feel the benefit of such interchange of models and ideas; and teachers will carry home a new enthusiasm from these meetings.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have received from G. P. Reed, 17 Tremont Row, the two first numbers of "Musical Flowers," intended to comprise "Six Rondos with Variations upon favorite themes," by C. T. BRUNNER, Op. 70. The subjects of these two are from "Norma" and "Lucrezia Borgia."—They are of moderate length, easy of

execution, being dedicated to "young pupils," and certainly form very graceful and agreeable exercises; besides being beautifully engraved.

Also, from the same publisher, a quite original and pleasing Waltz, entitled "*La Belle Lucie*," by W. MASON. The last strain has a style and an expression not unlike those of the running passage in Weber's inimitable "Invitation to the Waltz."

"Songs of Sacred Praise," or the "American Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes," by EDWARD HAMILTON, has been received. This is not altogether new, but waiting to be known. We shall speak of it so soon as we can give it the attention it deserves.

We are happy to announce that the translation of Godfrey Weber's great work on the *Theory of Musical Composition*, on which Mr. J. F. Warner has been so long engaged, is at length completed, and will soon be issued from the press of Wilkins, Carter, and Co., and O. C. B. Carter. No musical treatise of so much importance has hitherto been published in this country.

### POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

#### THE HANGING MOSS.

BY F. H. HEDGE.

I would I were yon lock of moss  
Upon the tressed pine,  
Free in the buxom air to toss  
And with the breeze to twine.

High over earth my pendant life,  
From earth and passion free,  
Should reck no more the creature's strife  
With Time and Deity.

No thought should break my perfect peace  
Born of the perfect Whole;—  
From thought and will a long release—  
A vegetable soul.

Thus would I live my bounded age,  
Far in the forest lone;  
Erased from human nature's page,  
Once more the Godhead's own.

#### SONNET.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

How many men, who liv'd to bless mankind,  
Have died unthank'd! Far-teaching, and self-taught,

They did what learning scorns to learn or teach;  
Their deeds are portion of the general thought;  
Their thoughts have pass'd into the common speech,

And labor's wages; yet they left behind  
Nor name, nor record! save the good that grew  
Out of the sacrifice which gives and saves!  
God! what a tree is rising from their graves,  
To shelter ev'n on earth, the wise and true!  
Then worship not fam'd words, which, like the winds,

Or Homer's song, seem things that cannot die,  
And ever-liv'd: they are but names of minds,  
Whose good or evil speaks immortally.

People's Journal.

## THE HOLY LAND.

(In imitation of the well-known German "Fa-therland.")

BY GODWIN BARMBY.

Where is the True, the Holy Land?  
Is it on mounts of Palestine?  
Is it where Mecca's minarets shine?  
Is it where Ganges flows divine?  
Not there, not there, that sacred strand;  
Not there the True, the Holy Land!

Where, then, the True, the Holy Land?  
Is it where Delphian laurels glow?  
Is it where Rome's fair myrtles blow?  
Is it where Erin's shamrocks grow?  
Not there alone, on any strand—  
Not there alone the Holy Land!

Where, then, the True, the Holy Land?  
Where love is law—and freedom, right;  
Where truth is day—and error, night;  
Where man is brave—and woman bright;  
'Tis there, 'tis there, that sacred strand—  
'Tis there the True, the Holy Land!

That is the True, the Holy Land,  
Where Mary doth the better part—  
Where Mary resteth in Christ's heart—  
Where, Mary, thou with Jesus art;  
Oh, there! oh, there! on any strand—  
Oh! there the True, the Holy Land!

Oh! there the True, the Holy Land,  
Where man and woman, hand in hand—  
As God the work divine hath planned—  
Walk forth a free, a glorious band!  
Oh, there! oh! there the sacred strand!  
Oh! there the True, the Holy Land!

Yes! there the True, the Holy Land,  
Where sovereign reigns fraternity—  
Where good is God and love is free—  
Where sisters, brothers, all shall be:  
There is the land, where'er the strand,  
Which is the True, the Holy Land!

People's Journal.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, 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.

## DANIEL WEBSTER ON LABOR.

This distinguished gentleman, in his recent speech on the Tariff, indulges in the following effort of rhetoric, which we have actually seen quoted as a gem of thought and feeling.

"Sir, I say it is *employment* that makes the people happy. Sir, this great truth ought never to be forgotten; it ought to be placed upon the title page of every book on political economy intended for America, and such countries as America. It ought to be placed in every farmer's almanac. It ought to head the columns of every farmer's magazine, and mechanic's magazine. It should be proclaimed every where, notwithstanding what we hear of the usefulness—and I admit the high usefulness—of cheap food—notwithstanding that, the great truth

should be proclaimed every where, should be made into a proverb, if it could—THAT WHERE THERE IS WORK FOR THE HANDS OF MEN, THERE WILL BE WORK FOR THEIR TEETH. Where there is employment, there will be bread.

"And in a country like our own, above all others, will this truth hold good—a country like ours, where with a great deal of spirit and activity among the masses, if they can find employment, there is always great willingness to labor, they will have good houses, good clothing, good food, and the means of educating their families: and if they have good houses and good clothing, and good food and means of educating their children, from labor, that labor will be cheerful, and they will be contented, and a happy people."

This is certainly making much out of little; it is "trite and original," to use the phrase with which a good lady complimented her minister's sermon. Without doubt if no corn is raised there will be no meal, and if people have nothing to do, they will do nothing. Q. E. D.

But if Mr. Webster knows anything about Political Economy,—of which he here makes a small display,—he knows that the happiness of the people is a consideration with which it has no concern, for the best of reasons. That admirable science treats of the *laws* which regulate production and prices, and regards the industry of man and man himself only as elements of these things. As for his happiness, it ought never to mention it; that is a subject from which for its own sake it should keep as far aloof as possible. Its professors and disciples cannot consistently attempt to set up as patrons of popular felicity, for from necessity "these philosophers consider men in their experiments, no more than they do mice in an air pump, or in a recipient of mephitic gas." Whether in the halls of state or of learning, they may preach *laissez faire*, but a regard to logical consistency, if not a sense of shame should keep them from speaking of the welfare of the human beings who create the wealth which furnishes subject-matter for their speculations. At best, when Political Economy speaks on that point, it can only chronicle among its *natural* and *essential* laws, these facts, namely, that the price of labor *tends constantly to the minimum on which life can be sustained*, as in the words of SAY, "The wages of common laborers can hardly rise or fall for any long time above or below the amount necessary to maintain *such a number of that class as is needed*," and that while the wages of labor thus universally tend to this *equilibrium*,\* to this lowest possible rate, the price of food, whether taxed or not, just as surely tends to an opposite *equilibrium*, that is, to the highest possible rate, and finally, that with the pro-

\* ——— by force of privations the number of laborers is reduced, and the equilibrium is re-established. — RICARDO.

gress of every country in the useful arts and the development of agricultural and manufacturing industry, the laboring masses are inevitably reduced to this *equilibrium* by causes against which neither Tariffs nor Free Trade afford a more certain protection than do an Indian conjuror's incantations against the small pox. Here is the sum total of Political Economy, with its chimeras of commercial liberty, of free competition, of *equilibrium*! It has no end but in the confession that prosperity for the nation is destruction for the people, and that improvements in industry are woes and not blessings for the industrial classes. Is the shallow sophism that they participate in these improvements,—are better and cheaper clothed, adduced in amelioration of this conclusion? We will answer with an authority; it is the historian HALLAM.

"There is one very displeasing remark which every one who attends to the subject of prices will be induced to make, that the laboring classes, especially those engaged in agriculture, *were better provided with the means of subsistence in the reign of Edward III. or of Henry VI., than they are at present.*"

And again: "But after every allowance, I should find it difficult to resist the conclusion, that however the laborer has derived benefit from the cheapness of manufactured commodities and from many inventions of common utility, *he is much inferior in ability to support a family, to his ancestors three centuries ago.*"

Does Mr. Webster expect to avoid precisely this result in America, or to secure to the people for any number of generations their "good homes, good clothing, good food, and means of education for their children," by any means which he or any other Doctor of Political Economy has ever proposed? If he does we will only say that in so far he exhibits something quite different from that profound understanding which he is generally admitted to possess.

Besides, it is not employment in itself, that makes the people happy. This is a thing of which they may have too much as well as too little, for their happiness. What does Mr. Webster think of the girls at Lowell, for instance, who are on their feet at work some *thirteen* hours a day? Is not that rather too much happiness, too much of a good thing? We presume most gentlemen would find it so.

But if without labor it is impossible to create the means of living; if employment be a condition of happiness, it is not the only nor the most important condition, as Mr. Webster ought to know. To state the whole matter in the briefest way, there are three great rights inherent in Man as Man, of which society is bound to furnish complete and infrangible guar-

anties. These are the right to Education, or preparation for labor, the right to Labor, and the right to the Fruit of Labor. But any bungling attempt to secure one of them without the others, is useless. What do I gain by my education unless I am secured the chance of exercising the faculties it has trained, or what good do I get from "employment" if I am not guaranteed the value that my industry has created?—

The real problem is, not to exclude foreign competition by means of Tariffs or any other clumsy contrivances, but to put an end to competition altogether; not to secure for the people a chance to work for wages, which means to be oppressed and cheated, but to abolish the wages system and introduce association of interests and exact justice in distribution of profits; not to theorize on the laws by which prices fluctuate, but to produce a *four-fold increase of the actual wealth*. Here is the business of reason, of common sense and of philanthropy: here is the question in which the permanent happiness of the people is involved. On this question a great mind may expend its energies without wasting them, but all talk about *employment and happiness* in the midst of the anarchy, oppression, injustice, and fatal tendencies which now prevail in industry, is a ridiculous absurdity. You might as well talk about employment and happiness for a people pillaged by Turkish Pachas.

#### "WAR TO THE KNIFE."

We perceive from the Tribune that the New York Coalition are still as ferocious as pirates in carrying on their desperate warfare against the advocates of Social Reform. If we could get a sight now and then of their newspapers, we should be able to know more of their movements. Our paper has been regularly sent to the *Observer* for several weeks past, but its noble-minded conductors do not vouchsafe to favor us with the perusal of its immaculate columns. Let them do their own work in their own way.

Meantime, we have had too much experience in the advocacy of unpopular truth, to fear the issue of any unjust and brutal assaults which it may experience. No doubt they create many bitter enemies, exasperate prejudice into virulence, and call forth a flood of foul passions; but they also awaken men to reflection, give currency to the doctrines which they first caricature and then malign, arouse the dormant sense of justice which is seldom dead in the human heart, and win a multitude of fair and honorable minds to an interest in the movement which they shamelessly calumniate.

As a specimen of the natural tendency of such outrages, we copy the following

extract from an article on the subject by the able editor of the New Bedford Mercury, — a man who has no sympathy with the Associative movement as such, but who shows a heart too large and generous to permit the utterance of wholesale slander in his presence without rebuke.

"We have read some of the recent expositions of the New York *Observer* and the New York *Tribune* on the subject of Fourierism. The *Observer* is very savage upon the new philosophy, and the *Tribune* is not less savage upon the *Observer*. We are not believers in what is called the doctrine of Association, but it seems to us that the *Observer* treats the subject very unfairly. Instead of examining the question in a liberal and impartial spirit as it is expounded by its advocates in this country, it selects passages from the works of Fourier which are certainly objectionable, but in the hands of the *Observer* receive a coloring which appears to us false and exaggerated. We allude to the speculations of Fourier on the subject of marriage which he himself applies to the far future, and which his disciples say were abandoned by him.\* At all events, the *Tribune*, which ought to know, states explicitly that the American Associationists do not maintain the early opinions of Fourier on the subject of marriage, and this disclaimer should prevent the opponents of Association from imputing those opinions to the American school. But the mad-dog cry and spirit of persecution, which always assail a new opinion, are employed by the *Observer*, and in the name of religion the world is called upon to put down a set of men who are chiefly firm believers in Christianity. This species of warfare was well enough fifty years ago, but is behind the spirit of this age. Opinions are not to be put down by anathemas but by argument. Mischievous doctrines must yield before the light of truth and reason — they will not yield to naked denunciation.

"So far as we can learn, the Associationists in this country, hold no immoral or irreligious doctrines. On the contrary, the purest motives seem to actuate them. They seek not to make infidels and profligates, but simply to improve the condition of mankind. This is a high, a holy, a moral, a religious work, and we should like to see every means attempted to perfect it. Existing institutions do not reach the great evils which grow out of the inequalities of social life. Humanity shudders at the misery and depravity which prevail even in this land of liberty, law, and plenty. If Christianity, which is invoked against these reformers, were employed as it is capable of being employed, for the elevation of man — if it were made to give comfort to the sinful and bread to the hungry — it might become the champions of that blessed faith to war in its name against all other reforms. But while a well fed and comfortably clad Christian community suffer

\* This is not strictly correct. Fourier condemned the "*Quatre Mouvements*," and endeavored to suppress it. This is the book quoted by the *Observer*. He also essentially modified his views of love and marriage, though still, objectionable statements somewhat similar, may be found in his later writings, but for no such speculations is the Associative School responsible. — EDS. HARB.

thousands to waste away their lives in constant toil scarcely yielding the commonest wants of nature, and pass by multitudes who are starving for want of work, and other multitudes who are sunk in vice for the same reason, it seems strange that men who do not reject the Christian faith but profess to reduce its precepts to practice, should not be allowed by the defenders of the various Christian sects to try the new means for the welfare of their race."

One word to the Editor of the Mercury. After stating some objections to the Associative system, — objections, by the way, which he will find on further investigation, not to be valid, since the system provides a remedy for the evils he fears, — he adds:

"Yet we do not hold these opinions as final. We are both willing and anxious to be convinced that philosophy has at length reached the great evils of life and can make the millions happy and prosperous. We therefore, do not oppose "Fourierism" or any other scheme which holds out a hope to Humanity, until experiment fairly tried has proved it impracticable. Those who can get along on their "own hook" had better do so, and rely upon their own exertions; but we do not see why those who have no other resources should not band together in economical Associations and make a fair trial of associated industry."

Here our friendly critic is in an error. This great experiment for the welfare of Humanity is not to be tested in the way he suggests. As well might a rail-road to the Pacific Ocean be carried through successfully, without funds, without practical skill, without business talent, as an experimental Phalanx be established by the class of persons he alludes to. This great idea is not to be realized by an appeal to selfish interests. It does not call upon those who can do nothing else, to engage in this mighty movement of the nineteenth century. All who cannot get along on their own "hook" in the present state, had better not "hook" on to this enterprise for the realization of the highest truth in social arrangements. The cause demands resources of a different order, from the banding together of "those who have no other resources." It claims the loftiest self-sacrifice which ever prompted the soul of man to noble deeds. It calls upon the rich to devote their wealth to a movement which will spread prosperity and joy throughout the world. It summons men of talent and character, of the highest intellectual culture, of the most indomitable energy of purpose, of the most celestial purity of principle, of the most enthusiastic devotion, to the redemption of a race weltering in an abyss of social wretchedness, to take part in an enterprise, which aims to realize the purpose of God in the earthly destiny of man. It invokes the Christian by all that is most precious in his faith,

or sublime in his hope, to consecrate himself to the establishment of a true human brotherhood on earth, in the spirit of Ilim, who, "though HE WAS RICH, for our sakes BECAME POOR, that we through HIS POVERTY might be MADE RICH." Until this holy cause shall command a devotion like this, it will not prosper. The wealthy, the powerful, the gifted, the "children of light" every where must engage in this movement, with the earnest conviction which an unconquerable sense of truth and duty inspires, or it cannot hope for success. Thank God, witnesses and martyrs if need be, are not wanting. Our devoted brothers in France have won the admiration even of a selfish and sensual age by their disinterested sacrifices. In our own country, a noble band have pledged their lives to this cause,—far more numerous and more powerful than is dreamed of by those who judge by the few scattered individuals who have found a public sphere in it,—and, sooner or later, the promise in whose light they work, will be fulfilled.

#### NEW SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

On our last page will be found the advertisement of a new medical school at Cincinnati. The *Louisville Democrat* contains the following notice of it, which we copy without endorsing its opinions any farther than to express our satisfaction at seeing such a movement in this department of science.

"The second session of the *Eclectic Medical Institute*, of Cincinnati, commences next November, in their new collegiate edifice, which is now in the progress of erection. The circular of the Institute may be found in our columns to-day. This is an institution which we think worthy of the public attention and of a generous support. Its characteristic title of "Eclectic" indicates that it discards the trammels of fashionable systems and of medical orthodoxy, for the purpose of selecting those principles, whether new or old, which are of practical value, no matter from what source they may be derived.

"Among the numerous and contradictory medical systems of the present day, there is no doubt a great mass of valuable knowledge, which would guide a rational practice if the useful information contributed by each innovator could be separated from the useless theories and the practice based entirely upon theory. In every system we find a certain narrowness, the diversified resources of the healing art are disregarded for the sake of using, upon all occasions, certain favorite remedies.

"We need more liberal views and a system of practice which shall preserve the vital powers and assist the curative efforts of nature, instead of destroying the constitution in the effort to destroy its diseases. To accomplish this purpose, the vast undeveloped resources of the *material medica* must be brought forth, and the properties of an immense number of vegetable substances must be tested by experiment before we can make any import-

ant progress in the treatment of disease. The most enlightened men of the medical profession regard this as necessary, and are conscious that the present condition of the profession is unsatisfactory, since the results of the best medical treatment are not a whit better than those of the systems which they condemn as quackery. It has been clearly proved, and admitted by the editor of the *British and Foreign Medical Quarterly*, that homeopathy has been quite as successful in the treatment of all varieties of disease as the orthodox system, and although he does not admit its superior success, there are many practitioners who have tried both systems and who confidently assert its superiority.

"If the old system, with all its resources, cannot confessedly accomplish more than a system which is considered entirely negative and void of effect, it is surely time that our medical colleges were looking out for reform. As a pioneer in this cause, we hail the new Cincinnati school. In this Institution many improvements of modern date, which are disregarded in older institutions, will receive proper attention. The milder system of practice introduced by the celebrated Dr. Beach, of New York, and published in his large work on the American practice of medicine, will be taught by Dr. Beach himself, who holds a Chair in the institute, and who, as a lecturer on clinical medicine, has great facility in imparting the knowledge which he has collected by many years of indefatigable labor in practice and authorship.

"Dr. Morrow, the professor of Pathology, Theory and Practice of medicine, whose views coincide with those of Dr. Beach, has long been known as a successful practitioner, and an instructive lecturer in his department. Professors Jones, Hill, and Baldrige, in the departments of *Materia Medica*, Anatomy, and Obstetrics, are said to be thoroughly practical men, who have carefully cultivated their respective departments, and who impart their information in a clear and satisfactory manner to their classes. The chemical department is in the hands of Dr. Oliver, who is esteemed an able teacher, and the whole faculty are characterized by a zeal and fidelity which are calculated to inspire confidence in their success. Our fellow citizen, Dr. Buchanan, occupies the chair of Physiology and Institutes of Medicine, for which position he is peculiarly qualified by his investigations of the human constitution. He is the only physiologist who has ever traced the physiological functions to their source in the brain. When his great discoveries concerning cerebral physiology, the nervous system, and the action of medicines upon the constitution, have been properly laid before the public, they cannot fail in time to originate a new era in the healing art. In this institution the great practical results of his system of Neurology will be properly developed. The graduates of such an institution, if they partake of the liberal spirit of its professors, will never become intellectual drones, or settle down in a mechanical routine of practice, to the neglect of every improvement made since their early pupillage. Such are the men we should like to see in the profession of medicine, and we have a strong presentiment that many such will be found among the *alumni* of the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati."

#### HOW IT STRIKES A STRANGER.

The "Tribune of the People," a fiery little German paper in New York, complains in this wise, of the tone of society which prevails in our country. "Here in America every thing is so cold, so lifeless—every body is looking after his business, and even on Sunday, when the force of habit carries him to church, he thinks of nothing all the time but how he can make money the rest of the week. The people are all as sombre, as frosty as if they cared for nothing in the world but money, and money over again. If they see any body enjoying himself, they are as much shocked as if he broke one of the ten commandments, as if pleasure were an impropriety and a crime! This is a cold, wearisome state of things! But what will these people do in the end with all their money, if they do not use it to make a single happy day?" Do not despair, good German brother! The voice of mirth and song is not limited to the banks of the Rhine, the Elbe, or the Danube. Many a strong, cheerful heart, protests like your own against the debasing worship of the idol, which cankers and corrodes every generous, hopeful feeling. Better days are coming. We are born free, and please God, shall yet live so. We are made to be one; and when men wake up to the great idea of Social Unity, the vile demon who now pollutes every source of joy, will be cast out. MAN will no more be crushed by MONEY-BAGS. He will throw off the foul hag that now clings to his vitals, poisoning him with the lust of gold. When he ceases to be throttled, he will begin to sing. Take courage, German friends. Your true, genial, hearty, Teutonic spirit will help us much. We welcome you to our land, cold and solemn as you find it. Do not fear but that it will thaw out. American freedom will yet be something more than a name; her beautiful rivers will resound with the melody of happy human voices; and the glorious motto which is blazoned on our flag, "We are one," will be written on our hearts.

#### WHERE ARE WE?

"For more than eighteen hundred years the world has had morality preached to it,—morality, both heathen and philosophical, Christian and natural! And what has all this preaching brought about? Riches and Luxury to Churches and Cloisters, to Priests and Princes; Hunger and Poverty to the Pious and Obedient; Apathy in regard to the Holiest and Highest; Pride and Haughtiness on the part of Scholars and Sages; Doubt, Prejudice, and IMMORALITY on the part of the Masses. Yea, verily, your preaching up of Morality has produced a state of Immorality which can scarce be

more horrible or of wider extent." Sound and pregnant words these, which we find in the *New York Volks Tribune*. Morality indeed! In an order of society where it is admitted that the Christian principles are set aside whenever dollars and cents are in question,—where female virtue is sold in our cities for the price of a pair of shoes,—where one "gentleman" stabs another in broad daylight without losing his rank,—where duellists and debauchees are the guardians of public morals,—where drunken men stagger in our halls of legislation,—where our honorable merchants despatch vessels freighted with disease and death to distant shores,—and where the muffled priest with the oath of God on his soul, connives at the iniquity which he dares not rebuke,—it is a beautiful thing to talk of morality! Morality, forsooth! We wonder that the Sun does not veil his face as he looks down on a world so stained and spotted with hideous sins. O man, is "there no flesh in thy obdurate heart," that thou dost not quiver in consternation at the daily spectacle which meets thy eye? With what cup of devils hast thou been drugged, to look on this scene of misery so unmoved? Is there no God in Heaven, no truth on earth, that thy drowsy soul is lulled in these deceitful dreams, as the Elysium of human destiny?—But thanks to the Almighty Providence, these direful exhibitions are but the pangs and convulsions of the social infancy of our race. We must needs go through this stage of universal movement. A crisis has now arrived. The time of transition is at hand. Humanity is struggling with the mighty throes that precede a higher manifestation of life. Chaos will give place to order and beauty. Free men and true will walk on the regenerated earth, and the charms of Eden will be restored with more than its primeval glory.

#### AMERICAN LABOR.

It is often said, and many persons suppose, that the descriptions given of the oppressions of the laborer in England, can have no application in this country. We tell you, friends, that the opportunity only is wanting to grind the laborer here to as low a state of degradation as is endured in the factories and mines of "merry England." The laws of nature are the same, whether they operate in the workshops of the old country, or the factories of the new. Corporations have no souls in either; money will accumulate money; power will tyrannize over workmen; capital will rule labor with a rod of iron; the operatives will perpetually have to work more and receive less; and nothing on earth can prevent this, so long as "sa-

cred competition" is cried up as the dearest of human rights, so long as antagonism of interests is the law of society. The reduction of the tariff is taken advantage of by many of our great lords of industry to cut down the wages of their workmen, with no view under Heaven but to increase their own profits which are already swollen too large. This step is not dictated by necessity, but by selfish policy. It is a fine thing to work a man for seventy-five cents a day instead of a dollar: but to think of lowering the profits of capital from thirty-seven (we will not say sixty which we might justly do in many cases) to twenty-five per cent, exceeds the bounds of human patience. "Your wages have always been too high," said one one of these gentry to a good friend of ours, "you ought to work as cheap as they do in England. We shall never do well until this is the case." "But," replied our friend, "we expect here a greater share of the comforts of life than falls to the lot of the poor English operative." "Comforts of life!" rejoins our money baron, "comforts of life! What more would you have? You already have more than you should. You dress too well, you make too much show, you are too extravagant; why, only think of it, your daughters now dress almost as well as my own. Bring down your living and then you can work as low as they do in England." Here the secret is out. No doubt it is a flagrant iniquity for the wife or daughter of a factory laborer, to dress as well as those of the owners; it will never do to permit that; for who knows, they might say, "but our own sons might fall in love with them, and wish to marry them;" and what dreadful confusion would thus be produced. A moral and religious people should never tolerate such horrible promiscuity. Far better that a whole city of factory girls should be worked in the fashion of Manchester and Lowell, than that a single bar should be removed from the sacred enclosures of our social despotism. Have we not need of patience, when such sentiments are expressed in broad daylight by hundreds of our "best men" and secretly cherished by hundreds and hundreds more, who dare not express them? And yet we live in a "great country;" we have been born in a land redolent of piety; a Gospel of equal rights and universal love is preached in our Churches; and sleek, smooth tongued saints meet us at the corners of the streets, solemnly deprecating any attempt at the realization of social justice, in the name of Him, who said to the great religious celebrities of his day "Ye serpents! ye generation of vipers! who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel! how can ye escape the damnation of hell!"

**PITTSBURG UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS.** From the Corresponding Secretary of this Society, Mr. James Nicholle, we learn of its formation. Though not large in numbers, it has the more important requisite of thorough faith in the doctrines to the support and spread of which it is devoted. It holds weekly meetings for the exchange of thoughts on our principles.

The **TRUMBULL PHALANX**, as Mr. Nicholls writes us, is located on Eagle Creek, ten miles from Warren, Trumbull County, Ohio, and within five miles of the canal that runs from Beaver, Pa., to Cleveland, Ohio. The Domain consists of 1,024 acres; the soil is of the best quality, level, easily tilled, and very productive. The situation is pleasant, and climate healthy. A never-failing stream of water runs through the Domain, on which are erected two Saw Mills, one Grist Mill, and a Carding Machine. The Association has a Tannery, and manufactures shoes. The institution is incorporated by the Ohio Legislature. The whole number of men, women, and children, is about 200; they are industrious, economical, moral, intelligent, harmonious, and happy. Five thousand dollars have been raised by the friends of the institution in Pittsburgh, with which it will be placed on a permanent foundation. The farmers in the vicinity are all favorable to the society, and some are disposed to join them and put in their farms as stock, but the Domain is large enough for the present number of members.

Rev. Mr. KIRK of Boston, in a speech at the late anniversary of the Home Missionary Society in London, said the following:

"But one thing is lacking in Great Britain, and that is the bringing of Britain's splendor and her misery side by side. This is the thing to change the aspect of society; this is the corrective for the evil; this is God's appointed way; and happy am I to stand here, with a stranger's eye and a brother's heart, to encourage you in this work."

If Mr. Kirk thinks this what is lacking he is mistaken. The splendor and misery of Great Britain have been side by side now for some length of time, and still both are increasing in the same ratio! God's appointed way, is not to put the two in closer contrast, but to make Justice the supreme law of Society instead of Injustice.—But we are happy to believe that a day of deliverance is to dawn on the victims of civilized antagonism in those noble islands. The voice of true philanthropy is beginning to declare in their borders the great social principle of Christianity which this age is destined to realize,—That is the principle of **MUTUAL GUARANTIES**. It may be uttered now in comparatively feeble tones, but we believe



that it is destined to do a greater work in England than any of the reforms which British zeal and perseverance have yet accomplished.

☞ We were guilty of unintentional injustice to Messrs. Appleton & Co. of New York, in relation to their edition of MICHELET's "People." It seems that there are two English translations of the book, one by Cocks prepared with the special approval of the author, which contains the note for the omission of which we condemned the American publishers. When we noticed the book, we were ignorant that the other translator, SMITH, whose version Messrs. Appleton & Co. republished, in the belief as they inform us, that it was truer to the original, had presumed to mutilate his author so outrageously. We are happy to be assured that so respectable a house is entirely innocent in this matter, and most readily say that we were mistaken. We must regret, however, that they republished the translation of SMITH without subjecting it to a more careful comparison with the French. The whole affair is another evidence of the necessity of a reform of that literary anarchy which surrenders the foreign author without defence into the hands of the most unscrupulous pirates. We not only need a mutual copy-right law with England, but a general international law which shall protect writers in different languages against such men as Mr. G. H. SMITH, F. G. S.

☞ We are requested to announce that Mr. James T. Fisher declines acting as Recording Secretary of "The American Union of Associationists."

**GLUCK'S MONUMENT.** A small marble tablet, broken and hardly legible, in the churchyard at Matzleinsdorf near Vienna, has this inscription: "Here rests an upright German man, a zealous Christian, a true husband, CHRISTOPHER, RITTER GLUCK, the great master in the sublime art of music. He died on November 15, 1787." Last year, two journals of Vienna called for contributions to the erection of a suitable monument to Gluck. The piano forte virtuoso, Dreychock, gave a concert for the purpose. A sum was collected which made it possible on the fourth of July, the one hundred and thirty-second birth day of Gluck, to erect a monument of polished granite ornamented with an iron effigy of the master. The performance of Mozart's Requiem in the parish church of the suburb of Wieden preceded the uncovering of the monument. The orchestra of the Imperial opera aided at this performance; the solo parts were sung by Messrs. Standigl and Eri, and Mesdames Hasselt, Barth, and Bury. — *Schnellpost*.

**NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA** has relays of post-horses stationed on four different routes standing in harness year out and year in, and changed regularly every two hours, in order to carry him away with the swiftness of lightning whenever the clamor of revolt shall sound again through the imperial chambers of St. Petersburg. No one in the palace knows either the day or hour when the Czar intends to set out upon a journey; at midnight perhaps, the adjutant on duty is awakened and without taking leave of his family, he mounts the coach to accompany to Odessa or to Italy, the Emperor, whom mystery, tearing speed, artificial invisibility are to preserve from the fate of so many of his ancestors. — *Schnellpost*.

#### THE AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS.

The Adjourned Meeting of this Society, will be held in Boston, on Monday Evening, September 21, at 7 1-2 o'clock, at Hall No. 1, Marlboro' Chapel. JOHN S. DWIGHT, Sec. Ex. Committee.

September 8, 1846.

#### ECLECTIC MEDICAL INSTITUTE, OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE Fall and Winter Course of Lectures commences in this Institution on the first Monday in November next, and continues four months, which is immediately followed by the Spring and Summer session, which also continues four months.

##### FACULTY.

B. L. HILL, M. D., Anatomy and Operative Surgery. Ticket, \$10.  
L. E. JONES, M. D., Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and Botany, \$10.

JAMES H. OLIVER, M. D., Chemistry and Pharmacy, \$10.

W. BEACH, M. D., Surgery and Clinical Medicine, \$10.

A. H. BALDRIDGE, M. D., Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, \$10.

J. R. BUCHANAN, M. D., Physiology, Institutes of Medicine, and Medical Jurisprudence, \$10.

T. V. MORROW, M. D., Pathology and Theory and Practice of Medicine, \$10.

Matriculation Fee, \$3. Payment for Tickets in advance.

This Institution was chartered by the Legislature of Ohio, and is under the control of a Board of Trustees. The course of instruction will embrace every thing of value taught in both the old regular colleges and the Reformed and Botanical schools of medicine.

Candidates for graduation will be expected to comply with the usual regulations. Boarding can be had at two dollars per week.

The new College Edifice, now in progress of erection, will be in readiness for the use of the Institute by the commencement of the session.

Persons wishing further information, will address a letter, post paid, to

T. V. MORROW, M. D.,  
Sept. 12. Dean of the Faculty.

#### GRAHAM AND TEMPERANCE HOUSE.

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Two separate Tables are provided, one suited for the accommodation of the eaters of meat, and the others carefully prepared for those who wish to exclude flesh meats from their diet.

Ladies and Gentlemen from the country tarrying a few or many days, can be accommodated with quietness, plenty, cleanliness, wholesome food, and freedom from the fumes of Alcohol and Tobacco.

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Terms One Dollar per day. Permanent boarders received upon reasonable terms.

A. L. SMITH.

#### 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.

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TERMS.—FOUR DOLLARS a week for board, washing, fuel, lights, and instruction in all branches.

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N. R. GERRISH.

July 16, 1846.

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# THE HARBINGER,

## DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1846.

NUMBER 15.

### MISCELLANY.

#### EDUCATION AND ASSOCIATION.

[We take pleasure in laying the subjoined letter before our readers. The general view of the Associative movement which it presents is interesting and worthy of attention.]

For the Harbinger.

THOMAS H. PALMER, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I comply willingly with your request to give you in writing my plan for an educational movement, but must say in advance, that it will necessarily be a mere sketch, the condition of my business forbidding me to devote the thought and time necessary to a minute and fully extended view of the matter. I will endeavor, however, to touch all the points; the filling up you will readily do yourself.

If I retain correctly in my mind the results of the different conversations we have had upon the subject, we have come to the conclusion that there is not upon the face of this broad earth, a place where man can be fully educated. And do I say too much, when I say that we have come to the conclusion too, that to labor to win such a place from the powers that hold the world in subjection, is the duty of every philanthropist, of every well-wisher of the race?

A glance at history must convince us that for society to retrace its steps, would not remedy the evils of which we complain, for certainly the previous forms of society did far less in the matter of education, than does civilization. And, as we see, to stand still is useless. The only hope then, is in a forward movement; and in this onward movement I cannot see that we are to invoke any new power, but only to apply fully a power that society has already developed.

In Association, a power that society has been slowly developing for ages, and now very imperfectly comprehends, and still less perfectly applies, I am confident lies the remedy for the intellectual, moral and physical darkness, ig-

norance and degradation, in which man is every where found. I cannot now stop to discuss the merits of Association: to show its adaptation to all the wants of man, would detain me too long. Nor can I think this still necessary; for the majority of thinkers whom I have known to examine it, have told me they had no doubt that Association would furnish the means and the arrangement in such a manner, that it would be possible to educate man fully, if he could only be elevated sufficiently to reach the point of full Association.

Here, no doubt, is the real difficulty of the matter. But if we would elevate Humanity, we must place within its reach all the necessary means with which to accomplish this object. If in Association only can the means for the full elevation and development of man be found, then Association is the object for which we ought to labor. All difficulties must be met and overcome. No means must be left untried, save that of hurrying men into it without sufficient preparation. All who go into Association must be prepared; for there must be no clashing there,—no expedients tried. The man who takes his place in Association, must be fashioned to fit it well. Like the stone placed by the builders, it must fit exactly, and be in-harmony with the rest. And in the building of God's temple, the stones must be shaped and hewn, if not polished, in the quarries from whence they are taken, for upon the building must not be heard the sound of a hammer, of an axe, or of any iron tool.

To secure a more thorough and elevating Education, and overcome the objections to Association just pointed out, the following plan is proposed.

To assemble those who have faith in the principles of Association, or enthusiasm on the subject of Education, in sufficient numbers to establish schools, and form with them primary or partial Association. For this purpose from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five adults, and a proportionate number of

children would be required. Sufficient land should be bought or rented, upon which to maintain the colony, well. There should be no attempt at household Association. Each family should have its separate house. These might be built by the Association and rented to the individuals, or they might be built by those who were to occupy them. They should be small, and built as cheaply as due regard to convenience and comfort would admit. To obviate the necessity of larger houses for each family, one or two large parlors, sitting-rooms &c., could be prepared and well furnished, where the members of the colony could visit each other, and where all company should be received. Barns, granaries, suitable edifices for schools and workshops, and a public store would complete the buildings. Through the store all sales and exchanges of produce from the farms and workshops would be made, and the members of the colony permitted to purchase the necessities of life at the very lowest prices. No cost that could be borne by the colony should be spared, to procure suitable books, philosophical apparatus &c., and no effort withheld to educate as fully as practicable every one of its members, adults as well as children. All work should be performed in Association, and the proceeds divided annually, after paying rents and interest upon capital equitably among the members. Members however, will not expect to accumulate property; they have associated for entirely another purpose, that of accumulating knowledge.

It will be found upon close examination that economy of over one half would result from such a system of association as this. The greatest benefits however, would result from its Educational advantages. Still, there are objections, one or two of which may be examined.

A great objection is the loss that would occur from building so many small tenements. Undoubtedly there would be quite a loss here; but this the resulting benefits would over-balance. To illus-

trate, I have in my mind's eye a man who has a family of several sons. To educate them is not only a duty, but unless he is totally depraved in mind and feeling it is his most anxious wish to do so. Where shall he procure the funds? for he is a man of but moderate means. To give even one son the advantages of a college would very much injure his little property; for this would cost him from eight to twelve hundred dollars. But in a system of partial Association such as we have given, an outlay of three hundred dollars, the labor of himself and sons, would support and give each one an education far superior to that which he could get by passing through a college or university as now conducted.

Another objection is that it would require too much capital. For, says the objector, the rich, or those who have abundant means will not be likely to try a new measure like this; and it is entirely beyond the ability of those who are without means. I answer that to neither of these classes does it look for support; but to the men of small capital, the more elevated of the laboring classes. To prove that it would be within the means of such, I proceed to show that a very small outlay of capital would be sufficient.

Land might be rented for a term of years for a small per cent. upon the capital invested. A few weeks since it became my duty, as one of the parties interested, to attend to the appraisal of the rents and profits of land belonging to an intestate estate. The appraisers, men in whose judgement both of us have the utmost confidence, and who are often called upon to perform like services, appraised first the right of soil, and then the rents at four per cent. upon this sum. When some surprise was manifested that the rent of land was worth no more than four per cent upon the capital invested, the appraisers offered to rent both their farms at that rate.

Upon farther inquiry I became satisfied that lands any where in the valley of Otter Creek, might be rented at four per cent. upon the capital invested, and in many instances at even lower rates. In a situation of things not expected to be permanent, it would certainly be better to rent, if the rate per cent. would thus be lower than the money could be procured with which to purchase. This would save the outlay of much capital.

There remains to be considered the amount of capital absolutely required. After a somewhat careful estimate I state it in round numbers at fourteen thousand and five hundred dollars. This estimate is made upon the supposition that the colony would put up all the buildings, as in that case they could be built much

cheaper than if each family were to build for itself. It supposes too, that each family would bring their own household furniture. Now divide this sum by the number of adults for which the estimate is made (one hundred), and it is one hundred and forty-five dollars to each adult, or two hundred and ninety dollars to each family; and from one third to one half of this could be paid in labor. An outlay of a very small sum indeed for the vast benefits that are expected to accrue from it.

To the question as to its practicability perhaps I ought not to attempt an answer. One deeply anxious for the progress and success of any cause, will not surely look too lightly upon opposing obstacles. This much I may say however, without stopping to point them out; from present indications I am confident that it is so. I believe that not far from us are the means, and that around us are the men, who, were the right efforts made, might be aroused and sent into the field to labor willingly for the truth, the hope of the race.

But one other point upon which I wish to fasten your attention, and I close. I have said that Association is the object for which we ought to labor. But the vast amount of capital necessary, and the thorough and systematic Education required of its members forbid any attempt at scientific Association. True, attempts have been made and are now making; some of them have failed entirely, others are progressing with more or less evidence of success towards the point aimed at. None of them however, have sufficient numbers, or sufficient means to enter on scientific Association; and if they had, and their members were taken from surrounding competitive society, their success would be more than doubtful. These attempts are all valuable as preparatory schools, and they are doing a work for which they will receive the thanks of future generations. There can be no doubt then, some of them will persevere, and gather around them the thoughtful and the true, and continue to educate each successive accession to their numbers; and until they are sufficiently educated, they will have sufficient strength and sufficient capital with which to reach the point. But I ask, cannot that day be hastened? Let us see.

Suppose that in every county, or what would be better still, in every town of New England, for we will take this area of territory with which to illustrate this position, a primary Association such as we have indicated were just now ready to go into operation. In the course of four or five years another movement might be made; for, in the course of four or five years' study, could be got a thorough

knowledge of the sciences generally cultivated, together with a knowledge of that most neglected of all sciences, the science of society. This would prepare them for another step. A thoroughly scientific Association could now be attempted.

Books would now be opened, so as to give all an opportunity of subscribing to its stock, and after all have studied the science of society, and become satisfied with regard to its laws, there can be little doubt that sufficient capital could be got at, and the domain secured. There still remains a vast work to be performed before it is fit for the Association. A unitary building and other edifices sufficient for the comfort and convenience of a large body of people are yet to be erected—or the home of the Association is yet to be built. This could be done in the following manner. Subscriptions to the stock of the Association could be taken, payable in labors of the members of the different primary Associations, and an industrial army thus organized and sent into the field, not to destroy, but to build up: In the course of three years the buildings would be completed, and a new form of society furnished with a new home. The members would of course be taken from the primary Associations. The nucleus thus formed, the process of crystalization would be commenced, and in due time finished, and the world rid for once of the competitive systems that have filled it with forms of wretchedness and the wailings of despair.

I think that I am borne out in the conclusion, that the object for which we ought to labor might be brought much nearer us, if we would but take the proper steps, than we have been led to suppose.

Respectfully, &c.

JAMES S. EWING.

Pittsford, Vt., August 27, 1846.

**FORESTS AND STREAMS.** That remarkable man, Humboldt, has reduced it almost to a demonstration, that the streams of a country fail in proportion to the destruction of its timber. And of course, if the streams fail, our seasons will be worse; it must get drier and drier in proportion. Every body knows, who can number twenty years back, that the water courses have failed considerably, and that the seasons have been getting drier every year. Humboldt, speaking of the Valley of Aragua in Venezuela, says that the lake receded as agriculture advanced, until beautiful plantations of sugar-cane, banana and cotton-trees were established on its banks, which (banks) year after year were farther from them. After the separation of that Province from Spain, and the decline of agriculture amid the desolating wars which swept over this beautiful region, the process of clearing was arrested, the old lands grew up in trees with that rapidity common to the tropics, and in a few years the inhabitants were alarmed by a

rise of the waters and an inundation of their choicest plantations. — *South Carolinian*.

## THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT.\*

SEQUEL TO

### CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

#### XIII.

Thinking only of retiring, Consuelo at last descended, and met in the corridors two masks who accosted her, and one of whom said to her in a low voice:

"Beware of the count de Saint Germain."

She thought she recognized the voice of Uberti-Porporino, her comrade and seized him by the sleeve of his domino, saying to him:

"Who is the count de Saint Germain? I do not know him."

But the other mask, without endeavoring to disguise his voice, which Consuelo immediately recognized as that of young Benda, the melancholy violinist, took her by the other hand, saying:

"Beware of adventures and adventurers."

And they passed forward quite hurriedly as if they wished to avoid her questions.

Consuelo was astonished at being so readily recognized after having taken so much pains to disguise herself; consequently, she hastened to go out. But she soon saw that she was observed and followed by a mask whom from his gait and figure she supposed to be M. de Poelnitz, the director of the royal theatres and king's chamberlain. She no longer doubted it when he spoke to her, whatever pains he took to disguise his voice and pronunciation. He addressed to her some frivolous conversation to which she did not reply, for she saw that he wished to make her talk. She succeeded in freeing herself from him, and crossed the hall in order to mislead him if he still thought of following her. There was a crowd, and she had much difficulty in reaching the exit. At this moment, she turned to be sure that she was not remarked, and was quite surprised to see Poelnitz apparently conversing confidentially in a corner with the red domino whom she supposed to be the count de Saint Germain. She did not know that Poelnitz had been acquainted with him in France, and fearing some treachery on the part of the *adventurer*, she returned to her dwelling devoured by anxiety, not so much for herself as for the princess, whose secret she had just

betrayed, in spite of her caution, to a very suspicious person.

On waking, the next day, she found a crown of white roses suspended above her head and fastened upon the crucifix she had inherited from her mother, which she had never parted with. She remarked at the same time that the branch of cypress which, since a certain triumphant evening at Vienna, when it was thrown to her upon the stage by an unknown hand, had always adorned the crucifix, had disappeared. She searched for it in vain on all sides. It seemed as if that gloomy trophy had been designedly carried away when it was replaced by this fresh and cheerful crown. Her servant could not tell how or at what hour the exchange had been effected. She pretended that she had not left the house the day before and that she had not admitted any one. She had not remarked, when preparing her mistress's bed, if the crown was there or not. In a word, she was so ingenuously surprised at the circumstance that it was difficult to doubt her good faith. This girl was very disinterested; Consuelo had more than one proof of it, and the only fault she knew in her was a great desire to talk and to make her mistress the confidant of all her idle stories. She would not have missed this opportunity to weary her with a long story and the most fatiguing details, if she could have told her anything. She only indulged in extravagant comments upon the mysterious gallantry of this crown; and Consuelo was soon so tired of them that she requested her not to trouble herself any more and to leave her in quiet. Remaining alone, she examined the crown with the greatest care. The flowers were as fresh as if gathered an instant before, and as full of perfume as if it were not mid-winter. Consuelo sighed sadly at the thought that such beautiful roses could certainly only be found at this season in the hot-houses of royal residences and that her maid might have been correct in attributing this homage to the king. "Still he did not know how much I valued my cypress," thought she; "why should he have taken it from me? no matter; whatever hand may have committed this profanation, cursed be it!" But as the Porporina was about to throw the crown from her with vexation, she saw fall a little slip of parchment which she took up, and on which she read the following words in an unknown hand:

"Every noble action deserves a recompence, and the only recompence worthy of great souls, is the homage of sympathizing souls. Let the cypress disappear from your pillow, generous sister, and let these flowers encircle your brow, were it but for an instant. It

is your diadem of betrothal, it is the symbol of your eternal marriage with virtue and that of your admission to the communion of true believers."

Consuelo, stupefied, examined for a long time those characters, in which her imagination in vain endeavored to seize some vague resemblance to the writing of count Albert. In spite of the distrust inspired by the species of initiation to which they seemed to invite her, in spite of the repugnance she experienced for the promises of magic, then so much in vogue in Germany and in all philosophical Europe, lastly in spite of the warnings given by her friends to keep upon her guard, the last words of the red domino and the expressions of this anonymous billet inflamed her imagination with that delightful curiosity which may rather be called a poetic expectation. Without too well knowing why, she obeyed the affectionate injunction of her unknown friends. She placed the crown upon her disarranged hair, and fixed her eyes upon a mirror as if she expected to see a beloved shade appear behind her.

She was drawn from her reverie by a sharp and quick ringing of the bell which made her shudder, and was informed that M. de Buddenbrock had a word to say to her immediately. That word was uttered with all the arrogance which the king's aid-de-camp introduced into his manners and language when he was no longer under the eye of his master.

"Mademoiselle," said he when she came to him in the saloon, "you will follow me at once to the king. Be quick, the king does not wait."

"I shall not go to the king in slippers and a dressing-gown," replied the Porporina.

"I give you five minutes to dress yourself decently," replied Buddenbrock taking out his watch and making a sign for her to return to her chamber.

Consuelo, terrified, but resolved to assume upon her own head all the dangers that might threaten the princess and the baron de Trenck, dressed in less time than had been allowed her, and reappeared before Buddenbrock with an apparent tranquillity. The latter had seen the king much irritated on giving the order to bring the delinquent before him, and the royal ire had passed into him, without his knowing what the matter was. But on finding Consuelo so calm, he remembered that the king had a great weakness for this girl: he said to himself that she might easily rise victorious from the coming struggle, and retain a grudge against him for his bad treatment. He therefore thought it best again to become humble before her, thinking that it would always be time to oppress her when her disgrace

\* 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.

should be consummated. He offered his hand with a stiff and awkward courtesy to assist her into the carriage he had brought, and assuming an attentive and polite manner: "This, mademoiselle," said he, seating himself opposite to her, hat in hand, "is a magnificent winter's morning."

"Certainly, sir baron," replied Consuelo with an ironical smile, "the weather is magnificent for a drive outside the walls."

While saying this, Consuelo thought with a stoical cheerfulness, that she might indeed pass the rest of this magnificent day on the road to some fortress. But Buddenbrock, who could not conceive the serenity of a heroic resignation, thought that she threatened to have him disgraced and confined if she was victorious in the stormy trial she was about to undergo. He became pale, tried to be agreeable, did not succeed, and remained anxious and out of countenance, asking himself with anguish, in what he could have displeased the Porporina.

Consuelo was introduced into a study, where she had leisure to admire the rose-colored furniture, faded, torn by the little dogs who played there continually, sprinkled with tobacco, in a word, very dirty. The king was not yet there, but she heard his voice in the next chamber and it was a frightful voice when in anger. "I tell you I will make an example of these rascals and that I will clear Prussia of this vermin which has so long tormented it!" cried he, making his boots creak as if he walked across the apartment in great agitation.

"And your majesty will render a great service to reason and to Prussia," replied his companion; "but that is no reason why a woman—"

"Yes, it is a reason, my dear Voltaire. Then you do not know that the worst intrigues and the most infernal machinations have their origin in those little brains?"

"A woman, sire, a woman—"

"Well, suppose you repeat it again! You love the women! you have had the misfortune to live under the empire of a petticoat, and you do not know that they must be treated like soldiers, like slaves, when they interfere in important affairs."

"But your majesty cannot believe that there is anything important in all this affair! You should employ anodynes and douches with the manufacturers of miracles and the adepts of the great work."

"You do not know what you are talking about, M. de Voltaire! What if I should tell you that poor La Mettrie was poisoned!"

"As any one would be who ate more

than his stomach could contain and digest. An indigestion is a poisoning."

"I tell you that it was not his gluttony alone that did it. They made him eat an eagle's foot, telling him it was a pheasant's."

"The Prussian eagle is very destructive, I know; but it is with the thunderbolt and not with poison that it strikes."

"Well, well! spare me your metaphors. I would bet a hundred to one he was poisoned. La Mettrie had given in to their extravagances and told every one that was willing to listen, half seriously, half ironically, that he had been made to see spectres and demons. They had struck with madness that mind so incredulous and so trifling. But as he had abandoned Trenck, after having been his friend, they punished him in their manner. And I will punish them in my turn, so that they shall remember it. As to those who wish, under the shelter of these infamous tricks, to lay plots and evade the vigilance of the laws—" Here the king closed the door which had remained slightly open, and Consuelo heard no more. After a quarter of an hour of expectation and anguish, she at last saw appear the terrible Frederick, rendered horribly old and ugly by anger. He carefully closed all the doors without looking at or speaking to her; and when he returned towards her, he had something so diabolical in her eyes, that for an instant she thought he meant to strangle her. She knew that, in his fits of fury, he displayed as if in spite of himself, the savage instincts of his father and that he even bruised the legs of his public functionaries by kicks of his boots when he was dissatisfied with their conduct. La Mettrie laughed at these cowardly brutalities, and asserted that this exercise was good for the gout with which the king was prematurely attacked. But La Mettrie was no longer to make the king laugh, nor to laugh at his expense. Young, brisk, fat and rosy, he had died two days before in consequence of an excess at table; and I know not what gloomy fancy suggested to the king the suspicion which he cherished of attributing his death at one time to the hatred of the Jesuits, at another to the machinations of the sorcerers in vogue. Frederick himself was, without confessing it, under the influence of that vague and childish terror with which the occult sciences inspired all Germany.

"Listen to me attentively!" said he to Consuelo, darting at her a glance of lightning. "You are unmasked, you are lost; you have but one means of safety, that is to confess all on the instant without subterfuge and without concealment." And as Consuelo prepared to answer: "On your knees, unfortunate,

on your knees!" cried he, pointing to the floor: "it is not erect that you can make such confessions. You ought already to have your forehead in the dust. On your knees, I say, or I will not listen to you."

"As I have absolutely nothing to say to you, you will not have to listen to me," replied Consuelo in a freezing tone: "and as to placing myself on my knees, it is what you never will obtain from me."

The king thought for a moment of overthrowing and trampling upon that audacious girl. Consuelo looked involuntarily at Frederick's hands which were convulsively extended towards her, and it seemed to her that she saw the nails lengthen and issue from his fingers as do those of a cat at the moment of leaping upon her prey. But the royal claws were immediately sheathed. Frederick, in the midst of his meannesses, had too much greatness of soul not to admire courage in others. He smiled, affecting a contempt he was far from feeling.

"Unhappy child!" said he with an air of pity, "they have succeeded in making a fanatic of you. But listen! the moments are precious. You can yet redeem your life; in five minutes it will be too late. I give you those five minutes, profit by them. Determine to reveal all or prepare to die."

"I am quite prepared," replied Consuelo, indignant at a threat which she thought could not be carried into effect and was brought forward to frighten her.

"Be silent and make your reflections," said the king, seating himself before his desk and opening a book with an affectation of tranquility which did not entirely conceal a deep and painful emotion.

Consuelo, while remembering that M. de Buddenbrock had grotesquely aped the king in also giving her, watch in hand, five minutes to dress, resolved to profit by the time, as she was ordered, and to trace out a plan of conduct for herself. She felt that what she must most avoid, was the skilful and penetrating interrogatory in which the king would entangle her as in a net. How could she flatter herself with misleading such a criminal judge? She risked falling into his snares and destroying the princess while she thought to save her. She therefore took the generous resolution not to endeavor to justify herself, not even to ask of what she was accused and to irritate the judge by her audacity, until he had without information and without equity pronounced her sentence *ab irato*. Ten minutes elapsed before the king raised his eyes from his book. Perhaps he wished to give her time to alter her mind; perhaps what he read had at last engrossed him.

"Have you formed your resolution?" said he at last, laying aside his book and crossing his legs, with his elbow on the table.

"I have no resolution to form," replied Consuelo. "I am under the dominion of injustice and violence. I can do nothing but suffer the inconveniences."

"Is it I whom you charge with violence and injustice?"

"If it be not you, it is the absolute power that you exercise which corrupts your soul and misleads your judgment."

"Very well: you place yourself in judgment upon my conduct, and you forget that you have only a few moments to redeem your life."

"You have no right to dispose of my life; I am not your subject, and if you violate the rights of mankind so much the worse for you. As for myself, I would rather die than live another day under your laws."

"You hate me ingenuously!" said the king, who seemed to penetrate Consuelo's design and made it unavailing by arming himself with a contemptuous sang-froid. "I see that you have been at a good school, and this character of Spartan virgin, which you play so well, accuses your accomplices and reveals their conduct more than you imagine. But you are poorly acquainted with the rights of mankind and with human laws. Every sovereign has the right to take the lives of those who come into his states to conspire against him."

"I, I conspire!" cried Consuelo, excited by the consciousness of truth, and too indignant to seek to exculpate herself, she shrugged her shoulders and turned her back as if to go, without too well knowing what she did.

"Where are you going?" said the king, struck by her air of irresistible candor.

"I am going to prison, to the scaffold, wherever you please, provided I can be excused from hearing so absurd an accusation."

"You are very angry," said the king with a sardonic laugh, "do you wish me to tell you why? It is because you came here with the resolution to act the Roman before me and you see that your comedy serves only as a diversion to me. Nothing is so mortifying, especially for an actress, as not to produce effect in a part."

Consuelo, disdaining to reply, folded her arms and looked fixedly at the king with an assurance which almost disconcerted him. To escape from the anger which was reawakening in him, he was compelled to break the silence and to return to his annoying raileries, still hoping that he would irritate the accused

and that to defend herself she would lose her reserve and distrust. "Yes," said he as if he replied to the mute language of that haughty face, "I well know that you have been made to believe I was in love with you and you think you can brave me with impunity. All that would be very comic if some persons whom I value more than I do you were not implicated in the affair. Exalted by the vanity of playing a fine part, you ought still to know that subaltern confidants are always sacrificed by those who employ them. Thus it is not those whom I intend to punish: they are too near to me for me to punish them otherwise than by severely chastizing you before their eyes. It is for you to determine if you will undergo that misfortune for the sake of persons who have betrayed your interests and who have attributed all the evil to your indiscreet and ambitious zeal."

"Sire," replied Consuelo, "I know not what you mean; but the manner in which you speak of confidants and those who employ them, makes me shudder for you."

"That is to say! —"

"That is to say you would make me think that in a time when you were the first victim of tyranny, you would have delivered major Katt to the paternal inquisition."

The king became pale as death. Every one knows that after an attempt to fly into England in his youth, he had seen his confidant beheaded by his father's order. Confined in prison, he had been carried and held by force before the window in order that he might see his friend's blood flow upon the scaffold. This horrible scene, of which he was as innocent as possible, had made a fearful impression upon him. But it is the destiny of princes to follow the example of despotism, even when they have most cruelly suffered by it. Frederick's mind had been rendered gloomy by unhappiness and after a restrained and sad youth he had ascended the throne full of the principles and prejudices of absolute authority. No reproach could be more grievous than that which Consuelo pretended to address to him, in order to recall to him his ancient misfortunes and to make him feel his present injustice. He was struck to the heart; but the effect of the wound was as little salutary to his hardened soul as the punishment of Major Katt had formerly been. He rose and said with an agitated voice: "That is enough, you may retire." He rang, and during the few seconds which passed before the arrival of his people, he opened his book and pretended to be again interested. But a nervous trembling shook his hand and made the leaf rustle when he tried to turn it.

A valet entered, the king made a sign and Consuelo was conducted to another chamber. One of the king's little greyhounds which had not ceased to look at her, wagging its tail and gamboling about to excite her caresses, started to follow her; the king, who had paternal feelings only for those little animals, was obliged to recall Mopsule, at the moment when she crossed the threshold after the condemned. The king had a fancy, not devoid of reason perhaps, of believing his dogs endowed with a kind of instinctive divination of the sentiments of those who approached him. He conceived mistrust when he saw them obstinate in giving a bad reception to certain people, and on the contrary, thought he could depend upon those persons whom his dogs voluntarily caressed. Spite of his inward agitation, Mopsule's strongly marked preference for the Porporina had not escaped him, and when she returned towards him hanging her head with an air of sadness and regret, he struck upon the table, saying to himself and thinking of Consuelo: "And yet she has no bad intentions towards me!"

"Did your majesty send for me?" asked Buddenbrock, presenting himself at another door.

"No!" said the king, indignant at the haste of the courtier to throw himself upon his prey; "go out, I will ring for you."

Wounded at being treated like a valet, Buddenbrock went out and during some instants which the king spent in meditation, Consuelo remained under guard in the hall of the Gobelins. At last, the bell was heard and the mortified aid-de-camp was none the less prompt in hurrying towards his master. The king appeared softened and communicative. "Buddenbrock," said he, "that girl is an admirable character! At Rome, she would have deserved the triumph, the car with eight horses and the oaken-crown! Have a post-chaise got ready, accompany her yourself outside the city and send her under a good escort on the road to Spandaw, to be confined there and subjected to the discipline of stato-prisoners, not the most gentle, you understand?"

"Yes, sire."

"Wait a while. You will enter the carriage with her to pass through the city, and will frighten her a little by your discourse. It will be well to make her think she is to be delivered to the executioner and whipped at all the corners of the streets as was the custom in the time of the king, my father. But, even while telling these stories, you will remember that you are not to displace a hair of her head and you will put on your glove when you offer your hand. Go, and learn, while admiring her stoical devoted-



ness, how you should conduct yourself towards those who honor you with their confidence. That will do you no harm."

To be Continued.

To communicate knowledge, to diffuse science, is to sow seed for the nourishment of successive generations.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

### NEW COLLECTIONS OF PSALMODY.

1. *Songs of Sacred Praise; or the American Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Anthems, Sentences, and Chants; for the use of Choirs, &c. &c.* Arranged and composed by EDWARD HAMILTON. Boston: Published by Phillips and Sampson. 1845.
2. *The Modern Harp; or Boston Sacred Melodist. A collection of Church Music, comprising, in addition to many of the most popular tunes in common use, a great variety of new and original Tunes, Sentences, Chants, Motetts, and Anthems.* By EDWARD L. WHITE and JOHN E. GOULD. Boston: Benjamin B. Mussey. 1847.

Our unmusical soil yields every year a larger crop of Psalm-tunes and Anthems than even the land of Luther boasts of. It is the natural result of multiplied concerts, singing-schools, and musical conventions. Hearing creates a desire to imitate, to execute; and this is followed by the desire of creating, of executing one's own. The surface has been loosened by these agencies, and now the latent seeds beneath begin to germinate. The musical capacity of the American people, whether of sense or soul, has just begun to be brought out; and the Americans are an enterprising people; they like to do everything with their own hands and out of their own heads; if they learn to admire any thing, instantly they want to *do* it; every capacity must be available,—that is the spirit of our times, our country. The readiest and most natural sphere in which to try one's hand is Psalmody; because it is easiest, and may be *tolerably* got through with without genius, and because it is the whole of our national musical culture, the only form of music which really has an audience and for which there is a sure demand.

The books thus called forth are too numerous to admit of thorough examination and criticism. Much, undoubtedly, is mechanical and shallow, and a mere affair of trade, or weak ambition. But it cannot be denied, also, that there is much that gives great promise. The general style and spirit of the compositions in most of these new collections, evinces a remarkable progress in respect to taste and knowledge. There is really much talent shown, with occasionally something like a deeper artistic feeling. We have already noticed the "Beethoven Collec-

tion" and the "Cantus Ecclesie." These aim high; but these have not the only claim to approbation. We cannot but admit the good sense of much that is said in a letter which we received, together with the first of the collections now before us, from its editor. Perhaps we violate our duty to a private correspondent and a stranger, by giving publicity to what he writes; but the following extract is so much to our purpose that we must take the responsibility of quoting it.

"I would venture to observe, that while I agree with all that you have so eloquently and beautifully said in regard to the music comprised in the "Beethoven Collection," and much of that in the "Cantus Ecclesie," I cannot help thinking that it is of little use to place before the public in America works in the highest style of art, when it is perfectly notorious that "Dandy Jim" has vastly more popularity than the most elegant composition of Mozart, and when there are not five hundred in Massachusetts even, that know any difference between Beethoven and I. B. Woodbury. The truth is the New Englanders will sing psalms, and under the pretence of worship and devotion will outrage the ears and souls of all men who have musical feeling enough to distinguish between "Dan Tucker" and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Of course they must have psalms to sing. Under such circumstances while it is wrong altogether to furnish them with superficial, unmeaning trash, is it not *wise*, upon the whole, to attempt to supply them with a style of psalm tunes which may *gradually* improve the public taste, without going to such lengths above and beyond it, as to transcend the capacity and understanding of the people? Place the "Beethoven Collection" in the hands of ninety-nine in a hundred of our church choirs, and they cannot sing one page of it. It is all Greek or somewhat worse to them. If they were to hear it correctly performed, it would be an unknown tongue to most. The consequence is, the book is thrown aside and condemned; and all this, not because the Americans have not as much natural susceptibility as the people of other countries, but because they have not been brought, by a gradual course of education, up to the point of appreciating elegant and classical music. It is conceded that so far as respects public musical entertainments, concerts and the like, the very best style of music should be given. But there you may secure the best talent. Psalm tunes on the other hand are sung by the people at large, as a general thing.

"Give the people however a fashion of music *somewhat* more elevated than they have been accustomed to, and demanding

a somewhat more zealous effort for its performance, and they are stimulated to master it, while taste is cultivated and skill in execution acquired.

"It has seemed to me that a book which should accomplish this end was very much needed in this country. I have thought that the "Beethoven Collection" was altogether too exalted in character to accomplish much in the way of improvement, though its elegant and graceful melody and learned and delicious harmonics will feed the longings of some few hungry souls. In truth it has been but little used hitherto, though it has been before the public three years or more.

"It has appeared to me also that many of the publications of the last ten or twelve years in this branch of music, so far from having any tendency to elevate the public taste, have in style both of melody and harmony fallen far below what they should be, and have well nigh rooted out of the people every sentiment of beauty and grace, and left nothing in their stead, but the driest and most unmeaning dead forms of music without soul or vitality.

"Having waited long, in vain, for some publication answering the end which seemed to me desirable, I have ventured, though with much diffidence, to attempt to furnish such a work myself. I am fully sensible how far short it comes even of my own idea of what was needed. Nevertheless I am encouraged to hope that it may answer to some extent the object proposed.

"There has been such a monopoly enjoyed by certain authors of church music books in Boston and New York, that it is with the greatest difficulty any new author can obtain a hearing at the bar of the public. I have therefore ventured to indulge the hope, that you might be induced to examine my book, and express your opinion of it in the "Harbinger." I must frankly confess that I should be frightened at the idea of your expressing a judgment upon the work as to its *absolute* merits, or as compared with such works as the "Beethoven collection." I would respectfully ask you to judge of it in comparison with the common works of the day, and with reference to the actual circumstances and needs of the choirs of our country."

The Collection of Mr. Hamilton contains about four hundred psalm and hymn tunes. Of these, one hundred are standard tunes, in common use, and indispensable to every collection. The other three hundred are new in this country; many of them are selected, with evident taste and judgment, from foreign authors, old and new, or contributed by some of his brethren in the art. But by far the ma-

majority are of his own creation. To these are added anthems, chants, &c, mostly his own also.

We have had barely time to examine the original pieces, and we think they will bear comparison, generally, with higher standards than the author seems disposed to claim. There is in the first place, a fine feeling in them; they are not altogether mechanical, but they satisfy the heart better than they could do if they did not come from the heart. They do not seem to be the cold elaborations of mere science, nor the cheap surprises of what we call *knack*. A composer, indeed, needs all these three things; feeling, inspiration, genius, which is of the heart; science, or ordering wisdom, which is of the head; and a ready practical facility, which belongs more to the senses and the hands. These pieces, though not evidence of genius, yet seem steeped enough in a refined and genuine sentiment, a more than superficial sense of beauty. As to science, we see every reason to be satisfied with the way in which the harmonies are handled; certainly here are richer and more varied modulations than are common in New England Psalmody; and the law of Unity is well observed. Then, as to the third point, that of practical *knack*, or power to make one's sentiment and science available, we think here is a goodly share of it; the pieces have a finish and an effect, which works of deepest genius sometimes fail of. So far as they go, they indicate a degree of musical culture which would have been deemed extraordinary here only a few years ago. And we doubt not, choirs who will practice, and congregations who will listen to this music, will find the average taste among them not a little raised; and realize more of the true influence of church music, than commonly could be expected from the most plain and barren, though with us, most popular form of it.

Ingenuity is puzzled to find names for so numerous a progeny. The names of saints, of great men, of notable old places, had long been exhausted, before gazetteers and directories at large were ransacked for every sort of uncouth name of town or person, wherewith to christen a new psalm-tune. Into this book an altogether new, and lovelier company are introduced: the graceful names of all the flowers. There is some sentiment in this, besides a review on botany. (!) We dare say many a wild-flower has been pressed ere now within the leaves of a psalm-book, by some village maiden on her way to church, and its aroma added somewhat to the sweetness of her favorite tune. Here are Eglantine, Clematis, Orchis, Convallaria, Anemone, and Aster, and whole Linnæan families besides.

Of the anthems, &c. much good might be said, if we may trust a hasty perusal. Some of the Benedictions, and the Lord's prayer, are peculiarly chaste and solemn. In general we commend the book; and although we are not very partial to this form of music, though a few old Gregorian or Lutheran chants, for sublimity, and for pathos some sweet quartettes from the works of Haydn or Mozart, (so long as we cannot have the highest form of church music, the Mass,) delight us more, however much repeated, than indefinite supplies of modern psalmody; yet we recognize the fact that this people *will* sing psalms, and that the demand increases with the practice. Therefore let there be a plenty of them, and let it, as far as possible, be good. He is a public benefactor who strives to make it so.

And now a word, and a brief one, for the "Modern Harp." There is more good music in it than we dared expect, knowing nothing of its editors. But there is also much that is common-place, hacknied in style, even if it be new in point of literal fact. Some pieces also offend us by an ambition without meaning; as the piece called "Aria," page 173, with its florid bass. In "Alton" we recognize a trivial and taking melody of Boildieu, which, trimmed as it is here of some of its ornaments, has little left. Another called "Mozart," takes strange liberties with the immortal composer, even to shortening the strains of one of his popular duets, by applying it to the Procrustes' bed of a C. M. hymn, and lopping off the bars that overreached. Still, we find a good solid body of the best old standard pieces here, and among the great variety of original contributions, (for there is about the same proportion between old and new as in the first collection) some certainly that are worth all praise. The editors state in their preface: "We have devoted more space to Anthems, Motetts, Quartetts, &c., suitable for public performances, also for Society and Singing School purposes, than is usual in most works of a similar character; and, at the same time, have been careful to present to the public new music adapted to the ever new and highly devotional portions of scripture and hymns, such as: 'The Lord is in his holy temple,' 'I will arise,' 'Create in me a clean heart,' &c. &c." A great variety of metres is also among its characteristics. Chanting occupies a large share; and the entire "Protestant Episcopal Church Service" is introduced.

We have been particularly pleased with the "Elements of vocal music" in this work, not only on account of the great clearness with which they are stated, but more on account of the numerous and very pleasing exercises and illustrations

which are scattered along. Mr. Hamilton's treatment of the same thing is commendable, though less provided with illustrations. Both treatises retain the complicated practice of changing the Solfeccio for every change of key. Mr. Hamilton's "remarks for the assistance of teachers," however, in his Chapter entitled "The Singing School," are good enough to offset the lack of illustrations.

We hear of no new Psalteries from the modern fathers thereof, Lowell Mason, or Mr. Webb, this season; the business seems to have passed into younger hands, and in their pupils they are glorified.

#### MENDELSSOHN'S "SONGS WITHOUT WORDS." NO. II.

Without words, and without names even! It is music speaking for itself, or rather speaking for the human heart, disdaining any other interpreter. Each melody, with its accompaniment, is like a pure stream flowing through rich scenery. The stream is the soul's consciousness, the scenery is the world of mingled associations through which it flows, time's shadow on its surface. Sometimes however the accompaniment suggests unearthly scenery, enchanted regions, and the song is like the life of a soul disembodied, or translated where it knows no more the fretting bounds of time.

Several of these pieces however have a title, indicating merely their general character: there is one styled a "People's Song;" and there are three "Venetian Gondola Songs." Let us take these latter to begin with. After being rocked by this music, till it haunts your thoughts, you feel that you know Venice, though you may never have been there.

"My soul is an enchanted boat,  
Which like a sleeping swan doth float  
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing."

The atmosphere, the limpid coolness of the water, the rhythm of its motion, and the soft, sad, yet voluptuous coloring of all things; in short, the very volatile essence of all that life, is, as it were, caught and perpetuated in these subtle, accommodating forms of melody. What is the meaning of Venice in history, is a question which might perhaps be answered, if we could only tell what influence this music ministers to the mind. Hearing it and losing yourself in it, you inhabit an ideal Venice, the soul, as it were, of the real one, without its sins and infirmities, its horrible suicidal contrasts.

The first of the three (Number Six of the Sixth Set) is a sustained Andante, in six-eight measure. The accompaniment, by a very simple figure, gives the rocky sensation of a gondola, while "the

oars keep time." The gentle key, G minor, indicates soft moonlight or star-light; and presently the song floats off, in loving thirds and sixths, full of tenderness and musing sadness, which has more of longing in it than of regret for actual suffering. It rises higher and louder at times, but never breaks through the gentle spell, always sinks back into the dreaminess of the hour. The sentiment is so pure, that one might dream himself in heaven; only the sadness makes it human. Far off in the smooth stream, the boat for a time seems fixed, suspended, and the voice alone, amid its natural accompaniments, informs the distance. Again the motion is resumed, but fainter and more remote, and as the sounds die away in the smooth shining distance, how magical the effect of those soft high octaves, ever and anon twice struck, as if to assure us that beyond it is as beautiful as here; and finally all the harmonies converge into a single note, just as broad spaces on the farthest verge and boundary of sight, are represented by a single fine line. At the introduction, after the rocking accompaniment, so soft and dreamy, has proceeded a few measures, you seem suddenly to touch the water and have a cold thrill of reality for a moment, as the harmonies brighten into the major of the key. The predominating expression of the Air, however, is more that of tranquil, childlike harmony and peace, than of any restless passion; an innocent delight just slightly tempered with the "still sad music of humanity." The coolness of the buoyant element allays all inward heat.

In the next one (Second Set, No. 6,) which is a quicker movement, marked *Allegretto tranquillo*, and in the key of F sharp minor, there is a more stirring and exquisite delight. It rises to a higher pitch of enthusiasm, as if the heart in its still joy overflowed. The beauty of nature seems almost too much for the soul, the harmony of all things too complete. Fancy's images rise thicker than before. The hills, the clouds, the gleaming waters, seem more living than before, and the soul stretches out its arms to them. Listen to that long high trill, which seems to carry the thoughts up and afar, as if they had left the body to play with the fleecy, pearly clouds about the moon, while the boat glides on in its sleep unconsciously below; and then the rapture of that bold delicious cadence, with which the reverie is ended, as if the skies came down with us to earth! The memory of that aerial excursion haunts the following melodies; the song floats in the middle, between two accompaniments, the waves below, and a faint prolonged vibration of that same high note above, like a thin streak of skyey color in a picture.

The last one, which is No. 5 of the Fifth Set, is perhaps the most beautiful of the three. It is in A minor, *Andante con moto*, and still the same rocking six-eight measure. There is even more of the physical sensation of the water in this. Ever and anon the stillness is startled by a loud stroke of the key-note, answered by the fifth below, and sometimes in the lowest octave, which gives one an awed feeling of the depth of the dark element, as if a sounding line were dropped. And again the mingled gurgling and laughing of the water, as it runs off the boat's sides, seems literally imitated in those strange chromatic appoggiaturas which now and then form a hurried introduction to the regular note. The whole tone and coloring of the picture is deeper than the others. It is a song of the depth of the waters. The chords are richer, and the modulations, climbing towards their climax, are more wild and awe-inspiring. But by degrees the motion grows more gentle, and the sea more smooth, and the strain melts away in a free liquid cadence, in the major of the key, like closing the eyes in full assurance of most perfect bliss.

You feel that no soul ever conversed more intimately with nature than did Mendelssohn when he composed this music. And music only could reveal what is here revealed. If the above remarks shall prove enough to satisfy the reader that we have a feeling about this music, and that it means more than words can express, they will have answered their end as far as we dared to hope. For in truth they are not in any sense a description, and perhaps deserve the penalty of a rash attempt to talk about what claims the privilege to be "without words."

## REVIEW.

*First Book of English for Children, based upon the "Significance of the Alphabet."* By CHARLES KRAITSIR, M. D. Boston: E. P. Peabody. 1846. pp. 88.

Dr. Kraitsir here makes an application of his theory of the alphabet, to the primary instruction of children. The book has various qualities on which we propose to remark, but before doing so, we will introduce the following communication from an esteemed friend in Boston, who has enjoyed the best advantages for becoming perfectly acquainted with Dr. Kraitsir's system, and is fully authorized to speak in its behalf.

Boston, Sept. 1846.

To the Editors of the Harbinger:

In an article on Dr. Kraitsir's "Significance of the Alphabet," you condemned him as a "bigoted conservative," for undertaking to show that there was any

significance to the existing alphabet, in which the English tongue is written, instead of proceeding to invent a new one! "One of his Pupils" sufficiently answered that, I think, in the *Daily Advertiser*; but if you will permit me, I should like to give your especial readers another side of the subject, by bringing to notice the "First Book of English," published in Boston last week by the same distinguished philologist. I am the more desirous to do this, because Dr. Kraitsir himself considers that his elementary books in the language, as he shall from time to time bring them out, will be the best, and indeed the only practical method of answering objections and charges of inconspicuous innovation on the one hand, and blind conservatism on the other.

The "First Book of English" just opens the subject, which is to be followed up, it seems, by an elaborate treatise on the English Language. It is a book for the first nursery and primary school instruction, prepared, as we understand, with immediate reference to the school Dr. Kraitsir is about to open in Boston. For though this is a High School, he finds it necessary to begin with a fundamental analysis of English, the medium of all our instruction, and which is taught on all sides, in an entirely empirical manner.

But I will plunge in *medias res*, as my object is a practical one. The lessons are accompanied with remarks, all along, upon the method of teaching: but as this may not be anticipated, and the book be neglected without examination, as something very abstruse, I should like to show that it contains the easiest method of teaching any person to read.

In a first lesson, which may be divided into any number of lessons, are some sentences composed of words which bring before the learner all the sounds of the old Roman alphabet, and one or two more, (*w* and *j*.) The analysis of these words, which he proposes that they should be taught to pronounce at once, gives the true alphabet-sounds, and he proves that these alphabet-sounds are more appropriate, even to the English language, than those we generally teach, while they preclude the perplexing necessity of learning new names to the letters, when studying foreign languages. Some Englishmen who have seen this book, tell us, that in those parts of England in which they were educated, the vowels are always taught as Dr. Kraitsir proposes in this book. It is obvious, however, from his reasoning, that the plan is right, whatever may be the custom in England or America.

Then follows a vocabulary of 1,100 words, which are to be spelt exactly according to these alphabet-sounds, and, by

means of more derivatives, the number may still be enlarged. The Doctor recommends that the children be taught to spell (split) them into their component sounds, (and even to write them,) before going farther. A thorough idea of the principles of the language, in their relation to the ear on the one hand, and the eye on the other, will thus be obtained, before the young mind is perplexed with exceptions of any kind. The importance of this to the whole education is almost immeasurable. Knowledge, in order, cultivates the mind; but desultory, disordered knowledge, confounds the faculties. To tell a child that the letter *a* sounds in one way, and then to have him find that two hundred times out of two hundred and forty, it sounds another way, (see proof on page 10,) destroys the instinct of order in the mind; and yet this is done in all our schools, with a thousand other similar things, every time a child learns to read English. This is why the baffled mind so often turns from the book, to that activity which we call play, but in which there is often more cultivation for the reason, because more freedom "to set things in a row."

Those who have understood the treatise on the "Significance of the Alphabet," will see all the importance of the division of the alphabet in this book, and of impressing it, from the beginning, on the memory of children, as a fact. After the first vocabulary has been learned, the teacher had best recur to the alphabet-scheme, and make it familiar, in its several divisions, by asking What sounds are made purely by the voice? what mostly with the lips, or throat, or tongue, or teeth? which are consonants? which of the consonants are liquids? which aspirates? which mutes, and so forth. When Dr. Kraitsir shall publish his second book, and enter into the principles of symbolization, (which means something more than re-presentation to the eye of of what was presented to the ear,) all the bearings of this method will become evident to the teacher. They can also be made intelligible to the learners, very early; for nothing more effectually interests children than symbolization; they intuitively feel that THE WORD is the mediator between the mind and nature.

Dr. Kraitsir then takes up such English sounds as were not in the old Latin language, that is, the modifications of the vowels by the letter *r*; the *sh*, *th*, *ch*; the *a* in *pat*, *o* in *not*, *u* in *pun*, which are treated luminously; and here Dr. Kraitsir suggests some simple and easy pointing of the existing characters that are used to denote these sounds, which he thinks is all the concession to a new phonography consistent with "the organism, history, and statistics of sounds and letters."

Rapid writing is good, but a deeply significant writing is better, even if it does take more time.

I would suggest to teachers to make it an exercise for pupils to use this suggested pointing in their script, until they cease to make mistakes in pronunciation.

The diphthongs are treated in such a way as to preclude any such monster as an improper diphthong, and to include those two diphthongs which are written respectively with one letter, namely, *i* in *pine*, and *u* in *cube*. This must necessarily follow, if the word diphthong means two sounds uttered by one impulse of the voice.

On the fiftieth page commences a more complicated matter. Here are arranged in columns a great number of words, showing that all the above sounds are found in English, written in a variety of ways. This is a peculiarity almost of the English language, and makes a difficulty in its correct pronunciation and orthography almost insuperable. These anomalies are grouped to be learned by heart. In another edition, Dr. Kraitsir would do well to separate these groups from each other more distinctly. The teacher, however, can do it, by making each anomaly a separate lesson. In several instances, Dr. Kraitsir proposes to make alterations in the prevailing custom, where such alterations would not hide anything essential in the history of the significations; but he shows, in his "Significance of the Alphabet," why he generally retains the *written* letters, even where the pronunciation has become inconsistent with them. It is because the highest use of an alphabet is, to preserve the words in their organic form to the eye, even after they have fallen away from the ear; for words are *symbols* only in their first form and pronunciation. Take the word *flail*, for instance: if the sound *ai* was written with *e*, (here I pronounce *e* as it should be, with the Italian sound,) we should lose the indication of the guttural which originally belonged to the word, and is still retained in the kindred words, *flog*, *flagellate*, &c. But that guttural, (represented by *i*, see alphabet-scheme,) is precisely the most important part of the symbol, implying the connection between the two moving parts of the instrument. This change of the guttural into the highest vowel, which is indicated in the alphabet-scheme, is a prevailing law of the French language, and there are many other instances of it in the English, (as *maid*, from the German *Magd*, *paid*, which refers ultimately to the Latin *pacare*, &c.) Effeminacy, doubtless, produced the dropping of the gutturals from pronunciation. Dr. Kraitsir has often remarked in his lectures the tendency of civilization to the surface,

and its neglect of principles, as marked in language. But while the vigorous truth is recorded in the writing, the active mind of any individual may recover itself, notwithstanding the general corruption. Amidst all the action and reaction of minds and words, traces of the original relation between man and nature have been preserved, if not always on the subtle material of impalpable air, yet by the strokes of the iron stylus and grey goose quill.

This part of the subject cannot be appreciated except by means of the second book, which Dr. Kraitsir promises, in which the art and science of symbolization will be treated. Language is *man* symbolized, and if civilization has corrupted it, so that a scepticism has arisen as to its ever having been otherwise than arbitrary, this is another proof of what Associationists believe firmly, namely, that civilization is not conducted on truly human principles. We must then return on our steps, and as man is restored socially and individually to the divine order, will not all that is lost, be found? TYRO.

Our correspondent is somewhat in error in saying that we condemned Dr. Kraitsir as a "bigoted conservative." He is certainly one of the last writers whom we should charge with any ultra conservatism. We said that the sentence he passed upon Phonography exhibited a merely partial knowledge of the subject and a rejection of one species of truth from the notion that it might not be reconcilable with another, after the example of those theologians, who will not tolerate the conclusions of geology, because they do not agree with their sense of the first part of Genesis. This we thought to be scientific bigotry, and we called it so, whether correctly or not is, as a personal matter, of no consequence whatever. The scientific principles involved in the discussion are, however, of great importance, and this must be our apology for dwelling for a moment longer on the statements of our correspondent.

Dr. Kraitsir's object, we are told, was to show that the existing alphabet in which the English tongue is written was significant. Now, if this means, as it seems to mean, that the Roman letters A, B, C, D, have any essential significance in themselves, we will only say that it is a proposition requiring for its establishment a sort of evidence with which we have not yet become acquainted. As far as we can judge, these ancient characters have not so much meaning *per se*, as so many quail-tracks. To show that the sounds of the human voice are significant is no very rash undertaking, though one which might employ the most vigorous genius and most

abundant learning, but to show any sense in the dots, lines, and curves which conventionally represent those sounds, or in any "existing alphabet" in which the English or any other tongue, ancient or modern, is written, is, we opine, a difficult business. The former is doubtless the object at which Dr. Kraitsir really aims; the signs of sounds, or letters of the various alphabets, he must regard as playing only a subsidiary part and as of importance only in so far as they are associated with the sounds themselves. We are, however, surprised that so acute a verbal critic as he should give so inaccurate a title to his book.

The argument in favor of a phonetic system of writing and printing, and the abolition of existing alphabets except as they may serve the purpose of philological antiquaries, (for which we suspect they will ere long be found not more valuable than for more ordinary uses,) commends itself too directly to universal good sense to be overthrown by the rather theoretical consideration which our correspondent brings against it. No sane person can deny in principle, that there should not be just as many letters as there are sounds and no more, and that every sign should always stand for one sound and for no other. Dr. Kraitsir himself abounds in the most just and severe condemnations of the falseness and absurdity of the ordinary mode of writing English. He even goes so far as to propound three or four alterations, although he sets aside so decisively any effort to produce in the language a complete agreement between the written characters and the vocal elements, and to introduce perfect practical truth in the spelling of words. In his view, under all the circumstances of the case, a very limited partial reform is all that is desirable; we must still go on for some ages at least, making children learn by heart whole vocabularies of anomalous words, multiplying their minds at the very outset of their intellectual culture by a systematic infusion of the accumulated absurdities of primitive ignorance and progressive corruption! And all for what? Why, because there is a certain class of words in the English language which in pronunciation have dropped letters whose signification made a part of their original meaning, and if we drop those letters in printing and writing there is danger that the primitive sense of the word or some part of it may be forgotten!

Now in the first place, admitting that Dr. Kraitsir's argument is as powerful as he thinks it, a knowledge of the original, occult significance of these letters, must in the nature of the case, be confined to the few, to philologists, philosophers, scientific and literary men. To

the great mass, who employ language only for the immediate wants of life, it is not so indispensable that their words should be written after a fashion symbolical of something to their ancestors a thousand years ago, as that they should be written in such a way that nobody who can read can make any mistake in them. When that is done, we shall have no more vulgarities and provincialisms in pronunciation, to say nothing of other things.

A still more important practical point is the great gain to be derived in education from the use of phonetic printing and writing. We all know what an expense of time and labor it is to learn to read and spell as the language is now written,—a process of which the book now in our hands promises little if any abridgment. But with a true method, the whole would be achieved as soon as the pupil had learned the vocal elements and the signs representing them. On this head Mr. Boyle's experiment with the negroes of Providence is most satisfactory. By some seventy hours instruction several adults who did not know a letter, and who were much less docile and ready-witted than ordinary children, were taught to read with ease in Phonotypy, a fact altogether conclusive in favor of phonetic printing and writing for the use of children, however desirable it may be afterwards to initiate them into the mysteries and beauties of cacography.

But let us look a little more closely at our correspondent's argument. Take the word *paid* for example; (*to pay*, Fr. *payer*, Span. *pagar*, Lat. *pacare*,) the letter *i* represents to the sight the guttural *g* which has been lost in the spoken word. If this letter is omitted in writing says Dr. Kraitsir, the word no longer in any way represents so much of the original composite idea for which it stands, as the *g* signifies. Our correspondent, speaking we presume the opinion of Dr. Kraitsir, goes the length of saying that words are symbolical *only* in their first form and pronunciation, which we will not stop to discuss. Now if a rigorous application of phonetics to writing and printing were to mutilate the existing monuments of the language, to blot forever from this word *paid* all evidence that at some time or other it contained a guttural so that philology could not ascertain it, there might be some force in the objection, though to our minds it would not weigh for an instant against the arguments on the other side. But phonotypy and phonography leave all the past untouched. For the purposes of science every guttural of which there is now any trace can still be got at. Not an antiquary shall be deprived of any profit or satisfaction that can be found in a mode of spelling in which hardly a hun-

dred words in the whole language are pronounced as they are written, and which has more than three hundred and fifty different modes of representing forty odd vocal elements. All this can be preserved for any necessary ends. But do not let us refrain from bringing such a mass of confusion into order because thereby the world at large may cease to employ the rags and tatters of a few useless symbols which they long ago ceased to know the meaning of, and do not care a straw about. Besides, to repeat an argument we have used before,—What is the use of any historical cheating in the matter? If our language indicates effeminacy, why let us write it down so. There is not much fear but that if a manlier race comes after us, as we trust there will at some day, their speech will do justice to them without the need of any preliminary disguise on the part of their ancestors.

But to turn to more positive considerations. As there comes a period in the progress of language in which some mode of writing is found necessary, so there is a second period in which there is felt a necessity of reducing writing to scientific principles. The early alphabets of all nations are of course defective, not being based on an accurate analysis of sounds, but it is just as much a matter of course that these defects should at the proper time be remedied, as it is that science should correct modes of agriculture, or change the arrangements of domestic life. The point at which this demand for reform arises, seems to be in language, as it is in society, the climax of abuses. When chaos has become complete, then appears the divine Law of Order and in due time its work is performed.

Now at this period of corruption, the movement of reform begins in the English, said to be the most corrupt of modern languages. What are the principles on which such a reform must proceed? Why, first, it must provide signs which shall exactly and unerringly represent the sounds of words,—a thing the old alphabet obscurely attempted, but altogether failed to do, thereby opening the door for all the abominations which Dr. Kraitsir justly anathematizes; and second, it must take the language just as it finds it spoken, or else it cannot act upon it at all. Let the language once be fixed and guarded against farther deterioration, and then, but not till then, it will be possible to restore and preserve a more significant pronunciation. Permanent improvement is easy in a true order of things, but in universal and complete anarchy, it has difficulties.

Moreover, as we said in our former article, the great want of philology, at this day, is, a Universal Alphabet, by

which all the words of all the languages can be truly written, that is, written as they are pronounced. The greatest difficulty in the way of philology is the fact, that each language has its own mode and its own absurdities and corruptions of representation, and all for the reason that not one of them has a scientific system of writing. This is much worse and more ridiculous than if every nation had a distinct scheme of musical notation for instance. Now what is needed, is an alphabet which can be applied without exception to every language, and by which the correct reading of foreign tongues will be as easy as of one's own. Would Dr. Kraitsir prohibit the invention of so useful an instrument? We trust not.

But it is perhaps time to bring this part of our remarks to an end, though we have not by any means got to the end of them. It may be thought that we have treated the matter in too utilitarian a light, and have dwelt too much in mere common sense views, if perchance our correspondent will admit that they have any sense at all. We have done so because they seem to us conclusive, and because our space would not serve for more. We have chosen to rest on considerations which every body can understand, rather than to bring forward the more transcendental aspect of the principles concerned. There is however, one suggestion with which we will pass to the "First Book of English." This is that Universal Unity contemplates unity of language, and that the first step towards it, is the adoption of a Unitary Alphabet. Without such an alphabet, the foundation for the one Universal Language, which is the Destiny of Man, cannot be laid. This is a thought which might brush away without occasion for sorrow, all the gutturals that Saxon throats ever uttered, did they stand in its way, but as we have shown, they do not. There is no opposition between a complete reform in the writing and printing of any and every language, and the preservation for the purposes of history, philology, and future corrections in pronunciation, of every significant letter which the influences of a false social order have removed,—admitting that the changes from the primitive forms of languages effected by the progress of society are always for the worse,—which is by the way capable of being denied.

We are unable to give to the "First Book of English" that notice which we wish. Of its merits we will say briefly that they are many and important. That part of it intended for the use of teachers, evinces the rich store of learning and the sharp ingenuity for which its author is distinguished. It abounds in pointed and unanswerable criticisms of

English orthography and pronunciation, and as a book to put into the hands of those whose minds have not been called to the subject, is very valuable. If it does not propose a thorough reform, we know of no work which is more conclusive as to the necessity of such a movement. But with all these merits as a manual for the instruction of children, it has some faults on which we shall speak very briefly.

The pervading defect of the whole is what we spoke of in our former article as a deficiency in accurate phoneticism. This is betrayed of course much more glaringly in a manual like the present, than in a theoretical work like the former. Thus in the first lesson, (p. 13,) in which we are told that all the words are written according to the true sounds of the alphabet, there are very many words containing superfluous, unpronounced, or silent letters, such as *kiss*, *smells*, *egg*, and so forth. Besides there are many which give other sounds to the vowels than those set down as the true ones. For instance, the orthodox sound of *a* is as in *ah*; but here we find *mama*, *papa*, *Julia*, *Susan*, the article *a*, *distant*, *rural*, in which it has the sound represented by *u* in *huddle*, and *magnetic*, *Alexander*, *Alexis*, where it has the sound of *a* in *bat*; the true sound of *i*, we are told, is as in *pin*, and of *e* as in *pet*, but in the same lesson we have *girls* and *finger*, where these letters have the sound of *u* in *cur*. This is however probably accidental, as a subsequent vocabulary gives a list of similar words. On another page, (17,) is a vocabulary containing eleven hundred words, in which every letter is said to be pronounced as in the alphabet, with no more correctness than in the former case. So in the "Fifth Vocabulary" there is a list of words in which "*o* is short as in *not*." Now the sound of *o* in *not* is not a shortening of the true *o*, but is the sound represented by *a* in *was* and *o* in *nor*, as a correct ear perceives in a moment. In this catalogue of words with *o* as in *not*, are *kingdom*, *wisdom*, *second*, and so forth. A little farther on is a list of words with "*u* short as in *pun*." This sound is not a shortening of the legitimate pronunciation of *u*, that is, as in *full*, but is substantially the same as *u* in *cur*. Under *u* as in *cube*, we also find *perjure*, *picture*, and so forth, where the letter has either the sound of *u* in *cur*, or else of *yea* in *yearn*.

But we will not pursue this criticism, which indeed we entered upon rather to demonstrate the necessity of making a careful instruction in the analysis of sounds, the first part of all teaching of language, than for the sake of catching a great scholar like Dr. Kraitsir tripping in these matters of detail. The depth

of the general ignorance on this subject may well be suspected when we find a writer whose learning and power of analysis and originality of mind are without peers in America thus in fault. But as long as the vocal elements are distinct entities, subject to precise laws of classification, we must begin at the beginning and make them the objects of thorough study. We cannot give them a partial attention, and hope to attain to a really scientific understanding of the English or any other language, even with the aid of Dr. Kraitsir's valuable formula. The only basis on which a philology, such as an enlightened scholar must aim at, can be erected is the science of Phonetics, a science which is only begun to be developed. There are results hidden in the undiscovered laws which regulate the elements of human speech, the imagination of which will ere long fire the soul of some Columbus who will open for the world that new continent.

If in criticising Dr. Kraitsir we have presumed to find his doctrine not so universal as was to be desired, we have not the less been rejoiced at the exemplification which it gives of the sublimest tendencies of the age. The recognition of Order every where, of the operation of Law in the midst of the greatest apparent confusion, the impulse towards Unity, the demand for a true science, have found in these times few voices more clear and strenuous than his. His philological formula too, is a striking assertion of the great principle of Analogy, which Swedenborg and Fourier found so potent an instrument. Could he but add to this the other law of these mighty thinkers, Classification by progressive Series, with the vast amount of materials at his disposal, and his unequalled power of analysis he would confer even greater favors upon Philological science than those for which she is already his debtor.

In laying aside his present work, we desire that it may "awaken attention to the necessity of a more scientific treatment of the language of Shakspeare" as earnestly as its author can do. We trust too, that the appearance of his promised treatise on the "Lexilology and Grammar of English" may not long be delayed.

*The Chaplet. A Collection of Poems.*  
By E. H. C. Edited by Rev. HENRY D. MOORE. Philadelphia: F. C. Wilson. 1846. pp. 120.

Some of these pieces we have occasionally met with in the newspapers with the name of their author, Edward H. Coggins in full. They are simple and unpretending, and often evince a good deal of agreeable naturalness, with much real human feeling. They are worth an ocean of that romantic nebulousity and



artificial jingle, which in the form of poetry occupies the pages of fashionable magazines. There are, however, some faults in the poems of the "Chaplet" which seem to come from an ear not sufficiently exact and a want of careful study. These Mr. Coggins might advantageously labor to correct.

*The Christian Examiner and Religious Miscellany.* No XXXVII. September, 1846. Boston: William Crosby.

It is grateful to witness the ability, good learning, and excellent spirit with which this Journal of the Unitarian denomination continues to be conducted. Its present Editors are admirably qualified by their varied theological acquisitions, their singular fairness of mind, their freedom from sectarian prejudice and cant, and their interest in whatever concerns the progress of Humanity, for the successful discharge of their important functions. Among the contributors to its pages, we find the names of several of our ripest scholars and most eminent divines, and although it is understood to be the organ of the more conservative portion of the Unitarian body, it betrays no tincture of the bitterness of partizan theology, and discusses the great questions which now most stir the minds of men, in a large and generous spirit.

As the exponent of the Unitarian movement in this country, the Examiner must always be regarded with interest, by those who delight to appreciate justly the various elements which have contributed to the spirit of reform and progress, which in different shapes has taken such a deep hold of the public mind, especially in New England. We here pronounce no opinion on the theological character of that movement. We are not anxious to defend or to controvert its peculiar doctrines. The time is at hand, in our opinion, when questions of this kind will lose much of the importance that is now attached to them, and the religious life be made more dependent on the facts of experience, than on speculative dogmas. But we cannot but recognize the influence of the Unitarians in bringing religion more fully within the sphere of the affections, in divesting it of the gloom and mystery in which it had been arrayed, in connecting it with the daily interests and pursuits of men, and above all, in redeeming it from the narrow and degrading influence of sectarian bigotry. Whatever complaint may be made of the coldness and timidity of that denomination, no lover of mental freedom can withhold from it his gratitude and sympathy for the impulse it has given to inquiry and progress. If it does no more than this, he will always honor it for its past triumphs.

But we are by no means convinced that its mission is yet discharged. We do not believe that it is destined to stagnate into a sluggish conservatism, and then fall into decay, for want of vitality. It embraces principles that are pregnant with future blessings. They will unfold themselves in life and beauty. Its clear recognition of the intrinsic glory and admirableness of human nature must lead to just and expansive views of human destiny. Its devotion to moral and intellectual improvement, its appreciation of what is noble and elevated and beautiful in character, and its freedom from the bondage of precedent and authority, will compel it, if true to its instinctive tendencies, to labor for the realization of Christianity in social institutions. Here is the work to which it is distinctly called by fidelity to principle. Here is a sphere in which its bright and gifted minds can work with a hearty zeal, free from the sense of weariness and satiety which devotion to mere intellectual abstractions never fails to engender.

We rejoice in the numerous indications of this tendency in the present number of the Examiner. We do not take them for more than they are worth. But as welcome proofs that the spirit of freedom is bursting through the barren forms of speculation, we recognize them with satisfaction. May it not prove that we are under a delusion from friendship or hope!

We will quote one or two passages which are certainly not without significance.

"I feel that there is somewhere a frightful accountableness. We are immeasurably distant from the Christian standard. Not prating at all about degeneracy, nor raising the faintest idea of perfection, we say there are positive violations of the Christian law, open outrages upon justice and humanity, enormities as opposed to Christ's precepts and temper as night to noon, yet so incorporated with the very life of society, so interwoven with the customs, laws, and institutions of the land, that you are forbidden to touch them lest you bring down the whole fabric in ruins. Yet more, it is gravely said, you need not touch them. The Gospel does not require it. You may declare the whole counsel of God, but need not disturb the complacency of one of these sins or sinners. And so the ministry goes on, the ministry of reconciliation, the mighty array of apostles, evangelists, pastors, and teachers, employed in the sublime and safe work of splitting words, defending doctrines, wrangling for forms, creating or opposing organizations, denouncing and devouring one another, and leaving unmoved, declaring immovable, those moral evils, which make all else seem a pretence and a mockery."

But why, O brother, strive to preserve a fabric which you see to be erected on such a false, such a rotten foundation? You cannot prop and shore it up with all your devices. It must fall. Good and true men must not only touch it with their strong hands, but help to take it

down. Let it be done so wisely, so gently, that, if possible, not an eye shall be wounded with its dust, not a hand pierced with its ragged splinters; but fall it must, if God wills the happiness and elevation of man on earth. "Every plant that the Heavenly Father has not planted shall be plucked up."

We will indulge in one more extract from another article, which shows the heart of the writer to be sound and true to the core. As advocates of a Social Reform, we could not describe the religious aspect of our movement in more appropriate words.

"Christianity is a practice, not a speculation. Consequently, practical reform, the regeneration of society in the image of Christ, the putting away of sin and social evil from the world, — this must be the centre and nucleus of Christian union. What is the fundamental idea of Christianity, that which all will allow to be so? Christ a manifestation of the Divine nature; a union of the human and the Divine; a Divine humanity. This is an idea around which all who call themselves Christian, whoever will call themselves Christian, can unite. And closely connected with this, and a necessary inference from it, is the call to us, to all the followers of Christ, to aspire to a Divine humanity, to unite the Divine with the human in their lives; in other words, to lead a Divine life, to remove all the obstructions which lie in the way of such a life, all social evils and abuses — war, slavery, oppression in all its forms, — to break every yoke, to undo every burden, to put away all sin. In a word, reform, the regeneration of society in the Christian image, — this is practical Christianity."

The same writer thus gives utterance to his true hope.

"There is a spirit at work in the affairs of men, mightier than all ecclesiastical establishments and sectarian combinations. The old lines are every where disappearing, old sects are breaking up. The tide of humanity is sweeping away these petty barriers, and bearing us and our institutions on to a higher mark and a better day. A time is coming, when the only Christianity that shall pass current shall be the practical Christianity, which believes in a heavenly kingdom to be realized on earth, in the social perfection of man, and which labors, in the spirit of Christ, to promote it; and when the only heresy that shall not be tolerated, shall be the practical unbelief which opposes that consummation. A time is coming, when there shall be but one Church — the Catholic Protestant Church of Christian Union and Christian Progress; but one order of priesthood — the hierarchy of the wise and good; but one standard and law — 'the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus.'"

Brave and large sayings these! O friends, do you feel their truth and depth? Glory to God that they have been spoken in your high places. May the present age witness at least, the preparation for their fulfilment.

Put forth your hand between the oppressor and the oppressed.

*Laveton Parsonage: A Tale.* By the author of "Gertrude." Edited by Rev. W. SEWELL, B. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (Boston, for sale by Redding & Co.) 1846. pp. 227.

This story belongs to the same general class as "Gertrude," which we noticed some twelve months since. It is of a religious character, intended particularly for children, and aims to instruct them in the doctrines of the Church of England, as well as to impress truthfulness and some other virtues upon their minds. It inculcates the usual dogmas of the Church, among them the vicarious punishment of the Redeemer and eternal damnation, with considerable ability. There are also throughout it, good pictures of natural feeling which can give it interest even for those who disagree with its peculiar religious views.

The heroines of the tale are two little girls. One of them has a passion for delicacies of the palate and another for dress. Of course a large part of their education consists in the suppression of these fancies, though the *natural depravity* of the children breaks out in the shape of sundry clandestine gratifications which lead them into a variety of troubles, such as falsehood and punishment. We have not read this account of what is only too common in the experience of all classes of that most unfortunate and abused part of the human family, the children, without a slight feeling of indignation at the perversions systematically and necessarily forced upon them at an age when they are unable to resist. Will not the time come when these native impulses of the soul which we are so often compelled to crush and amend, shall be directed to the ends for which God created them, and when the education of children shall be a harmonious development of what they are, and not a process like that by which the Chinese make dwarf trees, converting them into what their parents and friends presumptuously imagine they ought to be?

*The Athenaeum of Literature and Science.* Boston: A. B. Child and Co.

This is the title of a new monthly magazine, designed for popular reading, of which the first number has just been sent forth. Price, Two Dollars, per annum.

This number is made up principally of selected matter. In its one or two original articles we are pleased to see evidences of a humane and progressive spirit. The wood engravings which appear in this number are abominable.—Such things ought to be treated as criminal offences.

What more opposed to nature and her laws than the name of stranger?

## POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

### "OUR COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG."

BY S. D. ROBBINS.

Our Country is the Right,—no soil, no clime,  
No spot on earth, no period in time.  
Where truth resides, with liberty and love,  
There is our Father-land, below, above.

Disciples we of Christ,—of God the seed;  
Ours be the Right, in thought, in speech, in deed.  
To Truth alone allegiance we pay;  
Ours is the light, our walk be in the day!

Dear is the realm alone where good abides,  
Where justice dwells, and equity presides;  
There is our homestead, there our altar place,  
Our father, God! our brotherhood, the race!

He is the patriot, noble only he  
Whose heart and hearth-stone burn amid the  
free;

Whose soul is consecrate to manhood's cause,  
Lives in the truth, and promulgates its laws.

Our Country right, not wrong, be this our boast;  
That most our Country, which to man is most;  
This be our aim of life, our theme of song,  
Our Country shall be right, and right the wrong!

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, 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 CORRESPONDENTS. L. M. of Sodus Bay, is informed that his manuscripts were unfortunately mislaid. We do not return those communications of our friends which are not published, unless specially requested to do so.

G. T.'s poem is received. It is hardly original enough in idea or expression for publication.

### HAS IT COME TO THIS?

Those were brilliant days, the days of the old feudalism. They come back to our minds in all the splendor with which poetry decks out a youthful and romantic world. When we think of them we think of ready-hearted and strong-handed men, lavish and capacious natures, not paled by too much profitless thinking or exhausted and dwarfed in the tread-mill of petty cares and mean anxieties; we think of knightly honor, of truth unsullied, of chivalrous devotion to woman, and of an enthusiastic spirit of adventure which let nothing grow stale or lifeless. Even over battle and plundering this glow is cast; tyrants and robbers were not without these golden threads which run through the whole period, and give fascination to its history in spite of all the verdicts of reason. There is a reality in those illusions; the heart always feels that they are truer to itself than the unimaginative facts of civilized routine, al-

ways knows that they are prophetic of a freshness, an ideality, a romance if you will, which shall yet give a perpetual youth to life, and find no contradiction in any sphere of society.

And those features of the feudal system for which a just judgement has no apology were still not without mitigating characteristics. If the masses were slaves, serfs, the instruments of the lord's will, he on the other hand was their father and protector. They shared his dangers and contributed to his fame, he disciplined their youth and provided for their old age. There was a real tie between them. They were not hirelings to be flung aside when the occasion for their aid was over, but members of his family between whose fathers and his there had been long series of services and obligations. Grant that there was little thought of Humanity, small sense of justice, every where the dominion of the strong arm tempered at the best by a rude idea of honor, admit all the charges that can be brought against those times, and still we say that they are not utterly condemned.

And even the odious points of military feudalism have the advantage when contrasted with the feudalism which civilization is now developing in all countries where it has attained the requisite maturity, whether despotic or democratic, in America as much as in Prussia. The money power which takes the place of the brute force of old, is much more selfish, and much more unscrupulous; the cunning stratagems, and masterly frauds of finance and commerce, are far superior in cool villainy, to the desperate foray, the bold attack of reckless free-booting barons. The tone, too, which our modern feudalism gives to the mind and the society of man, is contemptible compared with the past. For knightly truth, we have the pure morals of trade, and for the disinterested pursuit of honor, the greedy chase of wealth. And in its relation to the masses, to that unfortunate majority, still doomed to be the drudges of society, and to make their sad lives the monuments of its injustice, the nineteenth century cannot, in all its aspects, bear a contrast with the fourteenth.

If we have abolished slavery and serfdom, if the laborer of to-day can fancy that he is a free man because he has equal rights before the law with other men, have we not devoted him to the tender mercies of free competition, flung him, without defence, into the jaws of industrial anarchy? Yes, we have made him an independent being, we have emancipated serfs and freed slaves; we have given them rights, we have preached to them political equality, but to what end? Why to the end that the permanence in their condition, which relieved its darkness, might

be destroyed, and that they might in fact be slaves and serfs as before, without responsibility on the part of the masters for whom their strength is given, to care for them when they have no longer strength to give. The feudal retainer knew that his lot was a permanent one; to him, the prosperity of his lord was abundance; when he was sick, was old, was defenceless, he was provided for. But modern feudal lords owe no such obligations to their retainers. There is no vital bond between them. The prosperity of the master brings no abundance to the board of the laborer; for his sickness and his old age, the master is bound to furnish no assistance, no protection. The strength and skill of men are now marketable commodities to be bought at the lowest price, and when they are consumed, the men may be flung away as useless instruments. They are free indeed! they are not compelled thus to sell themselves, but if they do not they may starve! And, faithful to this infernal perfection of selfishness, our modern feudalism gives them for the expenditure of this their all but just enough to keep them from starvation, and by an admirable system of equilibrium preserves only so many of them in existence as are needed to supply its wants! Such is the difference between the military and the financial feudalism; which seems the better in the comparison?

The manner in which this system has sprung up and obtained a foothold is remarkable. It has been irresistible if not unsuspected. It has forced its way in the midst of political movements of all kinds. Monarchical jealousy and republican turbulence have been the same to it; political tyranny and political freedom have alike been made to serve its ends. It has already obtained an immense influence, if not an absolute supremacy, in Europe; it would hardly be extravagant to say, that the house of Rothschild has more power there than any royal family. In this country, its progress has been checked by the democratic party, which, with the blind but true instinct that is its characteristic, has sought to prevent its establishment, though by imperfect and futile means which have only a temporary effect, such as the destruction of the United States Bank, and the abolition of the Tariff. But this is in vain. The germs are planted in every part of society; the principle of unlimited competition, which the democratic party are very far from any idea of rooting out, nay, to whose apotheosis and establishment that party has mainly contributed, leads directly to all the institutions and relations, to all the real aristocracy and slavery of a moneyed feudalism. Such is the logical consistency of political parties!

But when we began, we had no intention of running into these rather abstract remarks. In this matter of modern feudalism, a plain statement of the facts is more impressive than any arguments, and statistics are the truest reasoning.

The effects, which in England and France, have attended that merely partial establishment of the new feudalism which has already taken place, are universally admitted. The record of those inflictions which the modern system of labor makes on the working classes in Europe, has been set down by more eloquent pens than ours. But here in America, it is urged, these things are not to occur, at least, not for an indefinite term of time. Here is liberty, here is education for the people, here is a wide expanse of virgin territory open to every hand, and it will be centuries, we are told, before that concentration of the population which exists in Europe can be found amongst us, or that poverty, subserviency, and oppression of the working classes. This is nothing but empty speculation; there are as shocking instances of destitution and the wrongs that accompany it, in the city of New York, as in London, and the facts we are about to narrate, prove that the tyranny of Money over Man is as relentless and powerful here as elsewhere; no other country can surpass them.

Not long since in a New England factory town we fell in with a young man of respectable and prepossessing appearance. On conversing with him we found that he was a laborer in one of the factories of the place. The following statement which we took down from his own lips, was verified by an acquaintance who was present. We put it down in our own words, but the substance is our informant's.

"The factory bell" he told us "rings at half past four in the morning. At five the operatives must be there or the door will be shut, and they cannot get in till after breakfast, at seven, and must lose a quarter of a day. At ——— where I have worked a good deal, a man stands at the gate to shut it as soon as the bell stops, and those who are not in lose a quarter of a day.

"I work in the dye room over boiling dung-water. This is much more wholesome than some other parts of the work, such as that over dye containing boiling madder. I am at work twelve hours a day; the room is very hot, and is full of steam, and I have to wear a large thick blanket apron which is very heavy and oppressive, to keep off the water. In the winter the steam ascends to the roof, where it condenses and drops down on the heated operatives like a frozen shower, making their work frightful. We are

exposed too to the injurious effects of the cold of the outer air after having been at work all day in the steaming atmosphere. At six in the evening I have worked twelve hours. If I leave one instant before the machinery stops I must lose a quarter of a day. Often I get through twenty minutes before, but I have to stand in the mill till the minute.

"The stench arising from the boiling dung and madder water is most disgusting. I am in it all day, and day after day. For this I get *seventy-five cents a day, out of which I must support myself, my wife and child*, and my place is considered better than that of the workmen generally.

"The owners of the mills have sometimes looked into the room where I work, but staid only two or three minutes, and left with haste, as though they could not breathe the gases and fumes that filled it; but I do not know that they ever thought it might be difficult for men to remain in it all day."

When our informant,—a native of New England,—understood that we intended to publish his statement, he begged us to be very cautious not to let the town in which he worked be known, as in that case, he would hardly fail to lose his place; this he repeated two or three times, and on parting from him he said to us, that on the whole, he would rather not have us publish it at all! Here was republican freedom! An American, a man of good habits and of ordinary intelligence and energy, to say the least, who did not dare to tell the facts as to his daily labor, for fear of losing the chance to earn *seventy-five cents a day* in the most disgusting work, and of exposing himself and his family to destitution! He might seek some other occupation, do you say? Why, friends, this was his trade, he had been bred in the mills.

It is in vain to gloss over the matter. It has come to this, that the Moneyed Feudalism, which in the old world grinds out the very life of men, stupefies their souls, and ruins their bodies, so that *their families become extinct in three generations*, is laying its unrelaxing hand upon our own brothers. Talk of free-trade and of protection! each has its advantages, each is, in its time, an element of human progress, but what shall we say of this monstrous Feudalism, which thrives and grows with equal vigor under both! what shall we say of Competition in Labor, of the universal Hostility of Interests, on which this accursed system is based! Shall it last forever, shall it have possession of our country also, and of the whole world! Shall every working man become a mere dependant, a hireling retainer, with such a pittance only for the hardest toil as will barely save him and his from death by starving! In Heaven's name let us arrest

the course of things before it comes to *that*; let us save ourselves from the complete dominion of Money. There is one way to do it, THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOR BY THE PEOPLE on the principle of Combined Interests and Mutual Guarantees. It was the formation of the Free Towns that destroyed the Old Feudalism; shall not the same thing in another form put an end to the New?

### THE LARGEST LIBERTY

ACCORDING TO THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT AND NOAH'S MESSENGER.

We cut the following rare specimen of luminous wisdom from the Boston Transcript.

"THE PLAGUE OF HOUSEKEEPERS. — 'Help,' as English Trollopes say we call all domestic servants in America, is a sore source of trouble to housekeepers throughout the free States. South of 'Mason and Dixon,' they are of course, provided for in their peculiar way. Major Noah, in his last 'Messenger,' has one of his characteristic editorials on this subject, which contains some matters that address themselves to 'the business and bosom' of almost, if not every family, hereabouts. Says he:

"We have found out the secret why servants plague the mistress of the house almost to death, and why a first rate waiting girl in England makes a most indifferent servant in America, namely: the freedom of our institutions, which not only apply to all callings and occupations, but are assumed by all; and all become infected with liberty and equality the moment they touch our soil. This 'largest liberty' was not understood by our revolutionary fathers to extend beyond political rights, and was not remotely expected to break down the barriers of society. In England, a man will hire a groom at a smaller salary, if you give him a handsome livery; in this country, you must increase your wages, if you wish your groom to wear a livery at all. This doctrine was exemplified recently in a family advertising for a woman who would make herself generally useful; and among a number of applicants was an exceedingly prepossessing looking girl, neatly dressed, with a handsome open countenance and a ruddy complexion — a taking face, as we may call it."

After a satisfactory conversation, in which the girl in question gave a detailed account of the immense amount of labor she had been required to do in England, she was engaged.

"At the end of a month, we asked the lady after her 'maid of all work.'

"Oh, she went away in a fortnight — said this was a free country, and she could not work herself to death.

"This is the history of all servants, they arrive here with every required qualification — courteous, willing and valuable, but they soon become corrupted by example, and are taught rebellion by their associates, and liberty and equality by their colleagues of the kitchen and pantry. There are but few families in this country who keep a girl two or three years; whereas in England, ten years is no uncommon period for a servant to re-

main in one place. We know of no remedy to correct the evil."

Horrible state of things this, in which menials have the right to leave their employers and do better elsewhere! They will not wear livery too, will not put on the garb of servitude! And then they are taught rebellion, they learn liberty and equality! And neither the learned Judge Noah, nor the vivacious and entertaining Transcript know of any remedy! That is most astounding of all. With what despondency does the confession come from their lips!

And so our ancestors meant to establish only political liberty? Perhaps. But whatever the fathers meant to do we can assure these enlightened editors that their sons have a pretty distinct intention of making equality a social as well as a political thing, and of abolishing *castes*, and all other artificial distinctions among men. We mean to have no menials and no masters, and, as you see, the instinct for such a state of things is so wide-spread that even a foreigner, who has never heard of such a thing before, becomes infected with it in a rude way as soon as he touches our shores.

And at best, isolated households are wasteful, troublesome and unsocial, and have many other plagues worse than those our cotemporaries despair of curing. However, if they cannot find a remedy for the inconveniences they lament in so melancholy a strain, we will inform them of one which shall be perfectly efficacious.

One side of the "plagues of house-keeping" our editorial philosophers have not thought worth mentioning; that is the "inconveniences" which servants have constantly to undergo. They may slave from morning till night, be the victims of the most exhaustless caprice and meanness, live from hand to mouth, and occupy a degraded social position forever, and not a fashionable editor has a word to say about it. But let some fine lady be compelled to help herself a little, to wash dishes or make beds, and it comes home to the humane sympathies of these guides of the public mind, who straightway indite "characteristic editorials."

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE. The following extract from a recent letter of our correspondent in Waterbury, Vt., shows that the good seed has fallen on good ground in that quarter.

"I am happy to announce to you, that Waterbury is not without intelligent and sincere advocates for a new order of society. I have done what I could for the dissemination of our principles. I found, however, that the ground had been broken before me. The paper edited by our

noble Greeley has circulated rather extensively in this vicinity, and such notices of the doctrine as it contained, had arrested the attention of a few individuals whose minds were not utterly engrossed by mere political and commercial interests. These persons are few and scattered, yet I have the best assurance that we shall be able to organize an affiliated Society to the Union, and commence such a plan of operations as will conduce to a much more rapid advance of our ideas. It is our plan to give several lectures during the coming season, and to endeavor to obtain sufficient funds to enable us to extend an invitation to some of the lecturers in your vicinity to 'come over and help us.'

"You may depend upon it, my dear friend, the recent attacks of the New York Observer have done much good to the cause. One of the most influential gentlemen in this vicinity, a reader of that paper, remarked in conversation with me, that the articles seemed to him so utterly devoid of a proper spirit, that he could not believe them to be worthy even of a perusal. He seemed to have sufficient ground for condemning them as arguments in opposition to Association, — but I think if he had taken the trouble to go through with them he would have been confirmed still farther in his belief. Well, Truth must not expect to find the generation of Scribes and Pharisees extinct. Civilization will continue to breed them as long as its kingdom endures."

WHAT WE WISH. We wish to see every child enjoying the benefit of an education, adapted to his physical, social, and spiritual nature, which shall secure to him the possession of health, industrial skill, intellectual development, and refinement and beauty of character.

We wish to see him surrounded with influences which shall call forth the purest and kindest affections of his heart, relieve him from anxiety for temporal welfare, stimulate him to productive labor, and develop the highest energy of his mind and body.

We wish to see families dwelling in salubrious and convenient edifices, enjoying the beauty and magnificence of nature in a highly cultivated country, united by the ties of friendship and common interest, gaining an ample subsistence by regular, systematic labor, and freed by general abundance from all temptation to injure or defraud each other.

We wish for a prevalence of a pure religion in the human heart, called forth by daily experience of the goodness of the Divine Being.

We wish for the prevalence of a pure morality founded on the supremacy of the Spiritual over the Material, and the sub-

ordination of the Individual to the Collective Interests.

These are our aims in our labors for the reorganization of society. Do you not bid us God speed? Then you care more for the welfare of your sect, your party, or yourself, than for the redemption of Humanity. With such purposes, every lover of Humanity must feel himself bound to give us a free stage and full opportunity, though he may not be convinced of the efficacy of our methods.

**INFLUENCE OF RAIL ROADS ON THE WEATHER.** The well known natural philosopher, Dr. August, makes the following communication in a Berlin Journal on the "Influence of Rail Roads on the Weather." "When an extended portion of the earth's surface is brought by a net of rail road tracks into connection of electrical conductors, the accumulation of electricity in the lower part of the atmosphere is prevented, as the iron tracks effect a constant electrical equilibrium between remote regions. By this means, a violent storm is rendered unlikely and if one should arise, it will undergo a continual if not a considerable diminution. Doubtful as the theory of storms may be, so much is certain, that their origin is in the effort of nature to produce an equilibrium of opposite electricities and that they break out with the more violence the greater the intensity of the opposition, which is produced beforehand by chemical processes that accompany evaporation. If one of these opposites, the electricity of the lower atmosphere for instance, is conducted away to other regions, the variation of the two is made less and the violence with which the equilibrium is established is diminished. By being thus conducted away, the influence is lessened which the electricity of the lower atmosphere has on the clouds, and by which it attracts its opposite, thus accumulating storm clouds on the electrical point. For this reason, in a level country where there are nets of rail roads a storm cannot acquire that force of opposite electricity and produce that heaping up of clouds which is possible where these conductors are wanting. For some years past the writer believes that he has observed a change in the storms of this place, and asks the attention of students of natural philosophy to the proof of his hypothesis. It is a fact that since Berlin has become the focus of several rail roads, there have been no violent storms and all that have risen have had a rapid and gentle termination." — *Schnellpost*.

¶ We are all children of the same Father, who is God; and the common Father has not subjected brothers to

brothers; he has not said to one: Command! and to the other: Obey! To each other they owe mutual aid and succor, justice and charity, nothing more; and society, which has been rendered so burdensome to a large portion of the human race by insensate and disorderly passions, is in its essence, and ought in fact to be, nothing more than a union of forces and wills for the more certain attainment of the end of existence, nothing more than the organization of fraternity. — *Lamennais*.

#### THE AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS.

The Adjourned Meeting of this Society, will be held in Boston, on Monday Evening, September 21, at 7 1-2 o'clock, at Hall No. 1, Marlboro' Chapel. JOHN S. DWIGHT,  
Sec. Ex. Committee.

September 8, 1846.

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T. V. MORROW, M. D.,  
Sept. 12. Dean of the Faculty.

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N. R. GERRISH.

July 16, 1846.

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# THE HARBINGER,

DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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## MISCELLANY.

### THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT.\*

SEQUEL TO

#### CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

#### XIV.

Consuelo was carried back to her lodgings in the same carriage that had brought her to the palace. Two guards were placed before each door of her apartment in the interior of the house, and M. de Buddenbrock, *watch in hand*, according to his customary imitation of the rigid punctuality of the master, gave her an hour in which to make her preparations, not without warning her that her packages would be subjected to the examination of the keepers of the fortress she was about to inhabit. On returning to her chamber she found every thing in the most picturesque disorder. During her conference with the king, some agents of the secret police had come, by order, to force the locks and seize all her papers. Consuelo, who in matters of manuscript possessed only music, experienced some vexation at the thought that she should, perhaps, never again see her precious and dear authors, the only riches she had amassed during her life. She regretted much less some jewels which had been presented to her by different great personages at Vienna and Berlin, as a recompense for evenings of singing. They had been taken from her under the pretext that they might contain poisoned rings or seditious emblems. The king never knew anything of this, nor did Consuelo ever see them again. Those persons who were employed in the mean actions of the great Frederick, gave themselves up without shame to these honest speculations, being, moreover, poorly paid, and knowing that the king preferred to shut

his eyes to their pillaging rather than increase their salaries.

Consuelo's first look was for her crucifix; and seeing that they had not thought of carrying it away, doubtless on account of its little value, she very quickly took it down and put it in her pocket. She saw the crown of roses faded and lying on the floor, then seizing it to examine it, she remarked with affright that the slip of parchment which contained the mysterious encouragements, was no longer there. This was the only proof that could be brought against her of any connection with a pretended conspiracy; but to how many comments might not this slight indication give rise! While anxiously seeking for it, she carried her hand to her pocket and there found it. She had mechanically put it there at the moment when Buddenbrock came for her an hour before.

Reassured on this point, and well satisfied that nothing could be found amongst her papers to compromise any one, she hastened to get together the articles necessary for an absence, the possible duration of which she did not conceal from herself. She had no one to assist her, for her servant had been arrested in order to be examined; and, in the midst of her dresses torn from her wardrobes and thrown in disorder upon all the furniture, she had, besides the trouble occasioned by her situation, some trouble in knowing where she was. Suddenly the noise of something heavy falling in the middle of the chamber attracted her attention; it was a large nail run through a small note.

The style was laconic: "Do you wish to escape! Show yourself at the window. In three minutes you will be in safety."

Consuelo's first impulse was to run to the window. But she stopped half-way; for she thought that her flight, in case she should effect it, would be like an acknowledgment of guilt, and such an acknowledgment, under these circumstances, always causes a supposition of

accomplices. "O princess Amelia," thought she, "if it be true that you have betrayed me, I will not betray you. I will pay my debt to Trenck. He saved my life; if necessary, I will lose mine for him."

Reanimated by this generous idea, she completed her package with much presence of mind, and was ready when Buddenbrock came for her to depart. She found him more hypocritical and more wicked than usual. At once cringing and proud, Buddenbrock was jealous of the sympathies of his master, like those old dogs which bite all the friends of the house. He had been wounded by the lesson the king had given him even while charging him to make the victim suffer, and he asked nothing more than to be revenged on her. "I am much troubled, mademoiselle," said he to her, "at being obliged to execute such severe orders. It is a long while since such a thing has been seen at Berlin. No, it has not been seen since the time of Frederick-William, the august father of his majesty now reigning. It was a cruel example of the severity of our laws, and of the terrible power of our princes. I shall remember it all my life."

"To what example do you refer, sir!" said Consuelo, who began to think her life was threatened.

"To no one in particular," replied Buddenbrock; "I wished to speak of the reign of Frederick-William, which was, from beginning to end, an example of firmness never to be forgotten. At that time, neither age nor sex was respected, when a serious offence had to be punished. I recollect a very pretty, very well-born, and very amiable young lady, who, for having sometimes received the visits of an august personage contrary to the will of the king, was handed over to the executioners and driven from the city after having been scourged with rods."

"I know that story, sir," replied Consuelo, divided between terror and indignation. "The young lady was chaste and pure. All her crime was having sung

\* 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.



with his majesty now reigning, as you say, and then prince royal. Has this same Frederick been so little affected by the catastrophes drawn by himself upon the heads of others, that he can now wish to terrify me by the threat of any similar infamy?"

"I think not, signora. His majesty does nothing that is not great and just; and it is for you to know if your innocence protects you from his anger. I wish to believe it; still I have just seen the king irritated to a degree that has perhaps never occurred before. He cried out that he was wrong to wish to reign indulgently, and that never, in the life time of his father, would any woman have displayed the audacity you had exhibited. In fine, some other words of his majesty made me fear some degrading punishment for you, I know not what—I do not wish to imagine. My part in all this is very painful; and if, at the gate of the city, it should appear that the king has given orders contrary to those I have received to conduct you immediately to Spandaw, I should hasten to withdraw, the dignity of my office not permitting me to be present—"

M. de Buddenbrock, seeing that the desired effect was produced, and that the unhappy Consuelo was almost fainting, stopped. At this moment she repented of her devotedness, and could not help invoking her unknown protectors, in the secret of her heart. But as she fixed her haggard eyes upon Buddenbrock's features, she found in them the hesitation of falsehood and began to be reassured. Her heart still beat as if it would burst, when a police-agent presented himself, at the gate of Berlin, to exchange some words with M. de Buddenbrock. During this time, one of the grenadiers who accompanied the carriage on horseback, approached the opposite door and said to her rapidly and in a low voice: "Be tranquil, signora, much blood would be shed before any harm should happen to you." In her trouble, Consuelo did not recognize the features of this unknown friend, who immediately withdrew. The carriage took, at full speed, the road to the fortress; and in an hour the Porporina was incarcerated in the chateau of Spandaw with all the customary formalities, or rather, with those few formalities which absolute power requires in its proceedings.

This citadel, then considered impregnable, is built in the middle of a lake formed by the confluence of the Havel and the Spree. The day had become dark and foggy; and Consuelo, having accomplished her sacrifice, felt that apathetic exhaustion which follows deeds of energy and enthusiasm. She therefore entered the sad domicile which was as-

signed to her, without noticing anything around. She felt exhausted: and though it was hardly mid-day, she threw herself, all dressed, upon the bed, and fell into a sound sleep. To the fatigue she experienced was united that kind of delicious security of which a good conscience gathers the fruits; and though the bed was very hard and very narrow, she there enjoyed the best possible slumber.

After some time, she was only half asleep when she heard midnight strike from the clock of the citadel. The reverberation of sound is so powerful in musical ears, that she was completely waked by it. As she raised herself upon her bed, she comprehended that she was in prison, and that she must pass the first night in reflection, as she had slept the whole day. The perspective of such a wakefulness in inaction and darkness was not very pleasing; she said that she must resign herself, and endeavor at once to become accustomed to it. She was astonished that she did not suffer from cold, and congratulated herself that at least she was not to undergo that physical discomfort which paralyzes thought. The wind howled without in a lamentable manner, the rain beat against the glass, and Consuelo could only see from her narrow window the close grating projected against the gloomy and veiled blue of a starless night.

The poor captive passed the first hour of this punishment, entirely new to her, in a great clearness of mind, and in thoughts full of logic, of reason and philosophy. But little by little this tension fatigued her brain, and the night began to seem gloomy to her. Her positive reflections changed into vague and strange reveries. Fanciful images, painful reminiscences, frightful apprehensions assailed her, and she found herself in a state which was neither waking nor sleep, and in which all her ideas assumed a form and seemed to float in the darkness of her cell. At one time she thought herself upon the stage, and she sang mentally a whole part which wearied her, and of which the recollection besieged her, without her being able to get rid of it; then she saw herself in the hands of the executioner, her shoulders bare, before a stupid and curious crowd, and torn by rods, while the king looked at her from a balcony with an angry air, and Anzoleto laughed in a corner. At last, she fell into a sort of stupor, and had before her eyes only the spectre of Albert lying upon his bed of death, and making vain efforts to rise and come to her assistance. Then this image was effaced, and she thought herself sleeping on the ground in the grotto of the Schrockenstein, while the sublime and heart-rending sounds of Albert's violin gave utterance

to an eloquent and sad prayer in the depths of the cavern. Consuelo was in fact half asleep, the tones of the instrument struck her ear and restored calmness to her mind. The phrases were so connected, though weakened by distance, and the modulations so distinct that she was persuaded she really heard it without thinking of being astonished. It seemed to her that this dream music lasted an hour, and that she at last lost it in the air by insensible diminutions. Consuelo had really fallen asleep, and the day had begun to dawn when she again opened her eyes.

Her first care was to examine her chamber, which she had not even looked at the day before, so entirely had the moral life absorbed in her the feeling of physical life. It was a cell entirely bare but clean, and warmed by a brick stove which was tended from outside and threw no brightness into the apartment, but maintained a very comfortable temperature. A single arched window admitted light into the chamber which still was not too dark, the walls being white-washed and not very high.

Three blows were struck on the door, and the keeper cried through it with a strong voice:

"Prisoner number three, rise and dress yourself; your chamber will be entered in a quarter of an hour."

Consuelo hastened to obey and make up her bed before the return of the keeper, who brought her bread and water for the day, with a very respectful air. He had the formal look of an old major-domo to a good family, and he placed this frugal prison-fare upon the table with as much care and neatness as he would have displayed in serving up the most delicate repast.

Consuelo examined this man, who was of an advanced age, and whose well cut and gentle features had in them nothing repulsive at first sight. He had been selected to wait upon the female prisoners in consequence of his manners, his good behavior, and his discretion, proof against all trials. His name was Schwartz, and he mentioned it to Consuelo.

"I live below," said he, "and should you be ill, you have only to call me from your window."

"Have not you a wife?" asked Consuelo.

"Doubtless," replied he; "and if you absolutely require her, she will be at your orders. But she is forbidden to communicate with the lady prisoners, except in case of illness. The physician determines that. I have also a son who will share with me the honor of serving you."

"I have no need of so many servants, and if you will be pleased to allow me,

Mr. Schwartz, I will have none but yourself and your wife."

"I know that my age and my countenance reassure the ladies. But my son is no more to be feared than I am; he is an excellent child, full of piety, gentleness and firmness."

The keeper pronounced this last word with an expressive clearness which the prisoner understood very well.

"Mr. Schwartz," said she to him, "you will not need to make use of your firmness with me. I have come here almost voluntarily, and have no intention to escape. So long as I am treated with decency and propriety, as there now appears a disposition to do, I shall bear, without complaining, the discipline of the prison, however rigorous it may be."

Speaking thus, Consuelo, who had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and who had suffered from hunger all night, began to break the dry bread and to eat it with appetite.

She then remarked that her resignation made an impression upon the old keeper, and that he was at once astonished and vexed at it.

"Has your ladyship no repugnance then for this coarse food?" asked he with some embarrassment.

"I will not conceal from you, that for the sake of my health, in the long run, I should desire something more substantial; but if I am obliged to content myself with this, it will not trouble me much."

"Still you are accustomed to live well? You have a good table at home, I suppose?"

"O! certainly, without doubt."

"And then," returned Schwartz with an insinuating air, "why should you not have proper food served to you here, at your own expense?"

"Is that permitted, then?"

"Assuredly!" cried Schwartz, whose eyes glistened at the idea of exercising his traffic, after having feared to find a person too poor or too abstemious to ensure him this profit. "If your ladyship has had the precaution to conceal some money upon yourself when coming here. I am not forbidden to supply you with the food you prefer. My wife is a very good cook, and we have some very fine silver plate."

"That is very kind in you," said Consuelo, who discovered the cupidity of Mr. Schwartz with more disgust than satisfaction. "But the question is to know if I have any money, in fact. I was searched on entering here; I know that my crucifix, which I value highly, was left me, but I have not noticed if my purse was taken."

"Your ladyship has not noticed it?"

"No, does that astonish you?"

"But your ladyship probably knows what was in your purse?"

"Pretty nearly." While saying this, Consuelo examined her pockets and did not find an obolus. "Mr. Schwartz," said she with a courageous gaiety, "they have left me nothing, so far as I can see. I must therefore be contented with prisoner's fare. Do not deceive yourself in that respect."

"Well, madam," replied Schwartz, not without making a visible effort over himself, "I will prove to you that my family is honest and that you have to do with estimable people. Your purse is in my pocket. Here it is." And he made the purse glitter before the eyes of Consuelo, then quietly replaced it in his pocket.

"Much good may it do you!" said Consuelo, astonished at his impudence.

"Wait a moment!" said the grasping and scrupulous Schwartz. "It was my wife who searched you. She has orders to leave no money to the prisoners, for fear they should use it to corrupt the keepers. But when the keepers are incorruptible, the precaution is useless. She has not therefore considered it a duty to transmit your money to the governor. But as there is a precise order, to the letter of which we are obliged, in conscience, to conform, your purse cannot return directly to your hands."

"Keep it, then!" said Consuelo, "since such is your good pleasure."

"Without any doubt, I shall keep it, and you will thank me for it. I am the depositary of your money, and will use it for your necessities as you shall desire. I will bring you the dishes that are to your liking; I will take good care of your stove; I will even provide you with a good bed and linen in any quantity. I will settle my account every day and will pay myself from your funds up to their full amount."

"Well and good!" said Consuelo; "I see that there are compositions with Heaven, and I appreciate Mr. Schwartz's honesty as I ought. But when this sum, which is not large, is exhausted, you will then furnish me with the means of procuring fresh funds?"

"I beg your ladyship not to express yourself in that manner; it would be failing in my duty, and I shall never do it. But your ladyship will not suffer; you will point to me, either at Berlin or elsewhere, the person who is the depositary of your funds, and I will send my bills to that person in order that they may be regularly settled. My orders do not prevent that."

"Very well. You have found the means of correcting those orders which are very inconsistent, since they permit you to treat us well, and yet deprive us of

the means of inducing you to do so. When my gold ducats are used up, I will find a means of satisfying you. Begin therefore by bringing me some chocolate; at dinner you will give me a chicken and vegetables; during the day you will procure me some books, and in the evening you will furnish me with a light."

"As to the chocolate, your ladyship shall have it in five minutes; the dinner will go as if it were on wheels; I will add to it a good soup, some dainties which ladies do not dislike, and coffee, which is very salutary to counteract the damp atmosphere of this residence. As to the books and the light, it is impossible. I should be dismissed on the instant, and my conscience forbids my infringing my orders."

"But delicate food and dainties are also prohibited?"

"No. We are permitted to treat the ladies, and especially your ladyship, with humanity, in all that relates to health and comfort."

"But ennui is equally prejudicial to health."

"Your ladyship is mistaken. People always grow fat here, by good nourishment and repose of mind. I could mention to you a certain lady who came in as thin as you are, and who left, twenty years after, weighing at least one hundred and eighty pounds."

"Many thanks, Mr. Schwartz! I do not desire so formidable an embonpoint, and I hope that you will not refuse me the books and the light."

"I humbly request your ladyship to excuse me; I shall not disregard my duty. Besides, your ladyship need not be annoyed; you will have your harpsichord and your music this very day."

"Truly! Is it to you that I owe this consolation, Mr. Schwartz?"

"No, signora, it is the will of his majesty, and I have an order from the governor to permit those articles to pass, and to place them in your chamber."

Consuelo, enchanted at the prospect of being able to make music, did not think of asking for more. She took her chocolate gaily, while Mr. Schwartz arranged her furniture, consisting of a poor bed, two straw chairs, and a little fir table. "Your ladyship will require a commode," said he with that caressing air assumed by persons disposed to overwhelm us with attentions and kindnesses for the sake of our money, "and then a better bed, a carpet, a bureau, an arm-chair, a toilet-table —"

"I accept the commode and the toilet-table," replied Consuelo, who wished to husband her resources. "As to the rest, I will excuse you. I am not delicate, and I request you to furnish me only with what I shall ask for."

Mr. Schwartz tossed his head with an air of astonishment and almost of contempt; but he did not reply, and when he had rejoined his very worthy spouse :

"She is not wicked," said he to her, speaking of the new prisoner, "but she is poor. We shall not make great profits out of her."

"How can you expect her to spend?" returned madam Schwartz, shrugging her shoulders. "She is not a lady, not she! she is an actress, they say!"

"An actress?" cried Schwartz. "Well, I am delighted for the sake of our son Gottlieb."

"Fye, then!" returned madam Schwartz, knitting her brows. "Do you want to make a mountebank of him?"

"You do not understand me, wife. He will be a preacher. I shall not give up that idea. He has studied for that, and he is the stuff of which they are made. But as he must preach, and as he has not displayed much eloquence hitherto, this actress can give him lessons in declamation."

"The idea is not a bad one. Provided she does not want to deduct the price of her lessons from our bills!"

"O, you need not fear that! She is not in the least sharp," replied Schwartz, chuckling and rubbing his hands.

#### XV.

The harpsichord arrived in the course of the day. It was the same that Consuelo hired in Berlin at her own expense. She was well satisfied not to have to risk with another instrument a new acquaintance less agreeable and less sure. On his side, the king, who looked after the smallest details in business matters, had inquired, on giving orders to send the harpsichord to the prison, if it belonged to the prima-donna; and on learning that it was a *locati*, he had sent word to the musical-instrument maker who owned it that he would guarantee its restitution, but that the expense was to be paid by the prisoner. Upon which, the man having permitted himself to remark that he had no recourse against a person in prison, especially, if she should die there; M. de Poelnitz, charged with this important negotiation, replied laughing: "My dear sir, you would not wish to quibble with the king about such a trifle, and besides it would do no good. Your harpsichord is under writ of arrest, to be registered at Spandaw this very day."

The Porporina's manuscripts and scores were likewise brought to her; and as she was astonished at so much indulgence in the discipline of the prison, the commanding major of the place came to pay her a visit in order to explain to her that she would continue to perform as first female-singer at the theatre-royal.

"Such is the will of his majesty," said he to her. "Every time that the manager of the opera places you upon the programme for a performance, a carriage will convey you under escort to the theatre at the appointed hour, and will bring you back to the fortress immediately after the piece. These removals will be made with the greatest punctuality and with the respect due to you. I hope, mademoiselle, that you will not compel us, by any attempt to escape, to increase the rigor of your captivity. Conformably to the king's orders, you have been placed in a chamber that is warmed, and you will be permitted to walk upon the rampart which you see, as often as may be pleasant to you. In a word, we are responsible, not only for your person, but for your health and your voice. The only vexation you will experience from us, will be to be kept *au secret* and not allowed to communicate with any one, either within or without the walls. As we have but few ladies here, and one keeper is sufficient for the building they occupy, you will not endure the discomfort of being served by coarse persons. The honest face and good manners of Mr. Schwartz must satisfy you on that point. A little ennui will therefore be the only evil you will have to suffer, and I can understand that at your age and in the brilliant position in which you were—"

"Fear not, sir major," replied Consuelo, with a little pride. "I am never ennuyed when I can employ myself. And I ask only one favor; it is to have writing materials and a light so that I can practice in the evening."

"That is entirely impossible. I am very sorry to refuse the only request of so courageous a person. But I can, as some compensation, authorize you to sing at every hour of the day and night, as may seem good to you. Your chamber is the only inhabited one in this isolated tower. The keeper's lodging is below, to be sure; but Mr. Schwartz is too well bred to complain at hearing so beautiful a voice, and as to myself, I regret not being within reach to enjoy it."

This dialogue, at which Mr. Schwartz was present, was terminated by low bows; and the old officer retired, convinced by the tranquility of the cantatrice that she was there for some infraction of the rules of the theatre, and for some weeks at most. Consuelo herself did not know if she was there under the suspicion of being an accomplice in a political conspiracy, or for the sole crime of having rendered service to Frederick de Trenck, or finally, for simply having been the discreet confidant of the princess Amelia.

During two or three days, our captive

experienced more discomfort, sadness, and ennui than she was willing to confess to herself. The length of the nights, which were still fourteen hours at that season, was particularly disagreeable to her, so long as she hoped she might relieve herself by obtaining from Mr. Schwartz light, ink and pens. But it did not require a long time to convince her that this obsequious man was endowed with an inflexible obstinacy. Schwartz was not wicked; he had not, like many of his kind, the inclination to cause suffering. He was even pious and devout after his manner, thinking that he served God and ensured his own salvation, provided he conformed to those engagements of his profession which he could not elude. It is true that these reserved cases were few in number, and bore upon those articles in which there were fewer chances of profit from the prisoners than chance of danger as regarded his place. "Is she so simple," said he, speaking of Consuelo to his wife, "as to imagine that I would expose myself to the risk of losing my situation, for the sake of making a few *groschen* a day on a candle!"

"Take good care," replied his wife, who was the Egeria of his avaricious inspirations, "not to advance a single dinner to her when her purse is exhausted."

"Don't be troubled. She has savings. She has told me so, and M. Porporino, a singer at the theatre, is the depository."

"A poor credit," returned the wife. "Look over the code of our Prussian laws; you will find one relative to actors, which frees every debtor from all claim on their part. Take care, therefore, that the depository of the said demoiselle does not invoke the law and keep the money, when you present your bills."

"But since her engagement with the theatre is not broken, since she is to continue her performances, I will make a seizure upon the funds of the theatre."

"And what assures you that she will receive her salary? The king knows the law better than any one, and if it be his good pleasure to invoke it—"

"You think of every thing, wife," said Mr. Schwartz. "I will be on my guard. No money, no cooking, no fire, the furniture of the regulation. My orders to the letter."

It was thus that the couple Schwartz conversed respecting the lot of Consuelo. As to her, as soon as she was convinced that the honest keeper was incorruptible in the matter of candles, she made up her mind and so arranged her days that she might not suffer too much from the length of the nights. She refrained from singing all day in order to reserve this employment for the evening. She even abstained as much as possible from think-

ing of music and occupying her mind with musical reminiscences or inspirations before the hours of darkness. On the contrary, she gave the morning and the day to the reflections suggested by her position, to recollections of the events of her life, and dreamy reveries respecting the probabilities of the future. In this manner she succeeded, after a short time, in making two parts of her life, one entirely philosophical, the other entirely musical; and she discovered that, with exactitude and perseverance, she could, up to a certain point, cause to operate regularly and could subject to her will, this capricious and restive courser of the fancy, this fantastic muse of the imagination. By living temperately, in spite of Mr. Schwartz's prescriptions and insinuations, by taking a great deal of exercise, even without pleasure, on the rampart, she succeeded in feeling very calm at evening, and in employing agreeably those hours of darkness which prisoners, wishing to force sleep in order to escape from ennui, usually fill with phantoms and agitations. Finally, by allowing only six hours for sleep, she was soon sure of sleeping peacefully every night, without an excess of rest ever encroaching upon the tranquillity of the succeeding night.

At the end of a week she was so well accustomed to her prison, that it seemed to her as if she had never lived otherwise. Her evenings, so much feared at first, became her most pleasant hours; and the darkness, far from inspiring her with the fear she had expected, revealed to her treasures of musical conception which she had long carried within her, without having been able to make use of them and bring them into form in the agitations of her profession as a virtuoso. When she perceived that improvisation on the one hand, and execution from memory on the other, were sufficient to fill her evenings, she allowed herself to consecrate some hours of the day to noting down her inspirations and to studying her authors with even more attention than she had been able to bestow upon them in the midst of a thousand emotions, or under the eye of an impatient and systematic professor. To write music, she first used a pin, by means of which she pricked the notes in the interlines, then little splinters of wood, chipped from the furniture, and afterwards blackened on the stove at the moment when it was hottest. But as these processes consumed time, and her provision of ruled paper was very small, she found it was much better to exercise still further the powerful memory with which she was endowed, and to lodge there in order the numerous compositions which each evening produced. She succeeded, and in practising, could turn from

one to the other, without having written and without confounding them.

Still, as her chamber was very warm, thanks to the increase of fuel that Mr. Schwartz benevolently added to the ration of the establishment, and as the rampart on which she walked was constantly swept by a freezing wind, she could not escape some days of hoarseness which deprived her of the diversion of going to sing at the theatre of Berlin. The physician of the prison, who had been ordered to see her twice a week and to report the state of her health to M. de Poelnitz, wrote that she had an extinction of voice precisely on the day when the baron proposed, with the consent of the king, to have her reappear before the public. Her exit was therefore delayed without her experiencing the least vexation; she did not desire to breathe the air of liberty, before being sufficiently familiarized with her prison to return to it without regret.

Consequently she did not nurse her cold with all that love and care which a cantatrice usually bestows upon the precious organ of her throat. She did not leave off her walks, and the result was a slight fever for a few nights. She then experienced a little phenomenon which every body is acquainted with. Fever brings to the brain of each individual an illusion more or less painful. Some imagine that the angle formed by the walls of the apartment approaches them, gradually contracting, until it presses upon them and crushes their head. Little by little they feel the angle unclose, enlarge, leave them free, return to its place, to come back again and close anew, continually recommencing the same alternation of torture and relief. Others take their bed for a wave which raises them, carries them even to the ceiling, lets them fall to raise them again, and thus obstinately tosses them up and down. The relator of this true history experiences fever under the strange form of a great black shadow, which he sees depicted horizontally upon a brilliant surface, in the midst of which he is placed. This blot of shadow, floating upon an imaginary plane, is in a continual motion of contraction and dilation. It enlarges until it entirely covers the brilliant surface, and immediately it diminishes, narrows, and comes to be no more than a line drawn out like a thread, after which it extends anew to be developed and attenuated without ceasing. This vision would have nothing disagreeable for the dreamer, if, from a diseased feeling quite difficult to be understood by another, he did not imagine himself to be that dark reflection of an unknown object floating without rest upon an arena burned by the rays of an invisible sun; to such an

extent, that when the imaginary shadow contracts, it seems to him that his being diminishes and elongates until it becomes the shadow of a hair; while when it dilates, he feels his substance equally dilate until it represents the shadow of a mountain enveloping a valley. But there is in this dream neither mountain nor valley. There is nothing but the reflection of an opaque body producing upon a reflection of the sun the same effect as the black pupil of the cat in its transparent iris, and this hallucination, which is not accompanied with sleep, becomes the strangest anguish.

We could mention a person who, when in a fever, sees the ceiling falling every moment; another, who thinks he becomes a globe floating in space; a third, who takes the side of the bed for a precipice, and thinks he is always going to fall to the left, while a fourth feels always drawn to the right. But each reader could furnish his observations and phenomena from his own experience; which would not settle the question, nor explain any better than we can, why each individual, during his whole life, or at least, during a long series of years, falls continually, at night, into a certain dream which is his own and not another's, and undergoes, at each attack of fever, a certain hallucination, which presents to him always the same characteristics and the same kind of anguish. This question belongs to physiology; and we think that the physician might perhaps find therein certain indications, I do not say respecting the seat of the apparent disease, which reveals itself by other symptoms not less evident, but respecting that of a latent disease, proceeding in the patient from the weak side of his organization, and which it is dangerous to excite by certain reactive medicines.

But this question does not belong to my sphere, and I ask the reader's pardon for having dared to touch upon it.

As to our heroine, the hallucination which the fever caused in her must naturally present a musical characteristic and relate to her organs of bearing. She therefore again fell into the dream which she had when wide awake or at least half awake, the first night she had passed in prison. She imagined that she heard the plaintive sound and eloquent tones of Albert's violin, sometimes strong and distinct as if the instrument resounded in her chamber, sometimes weak as if it came from the horizon. There was in this fluctuation of the intensity of the imaginary sounds something strangely painful. When the vibration seemed to approach her, Consuelo experienced a feeling of terror; when it appeared to burst out, it was with a vigor which overpowered the patient. Then the sound

weakened and she felt but little relief; for the fatigue of listening with an always increasing attention to that music which lost itself in space soon induced a kind of faintness, in which it seemed as if she could catch no sound. But the incessant return of the harmonious gust brought with it a shivering horror and a blast of insupportable heat, as if the vigorous stroke of the supernatural bow had enkindled the atmosphere, by unchaining the storm around her.

To be Continued.

### SOME ACCOUNT OF A FRENCH THEORY OF ASSOCIATION.

BY TITO PAGLIARDINI.

That a complete social change is about to take place, must be evident to all such as are acquainted with the political and moral state of Europe.

Whether the change will be a peaceful one, giving the necessities and comforts of life to those who are now destitute, without attacking the interests of the wealthy; or a violent one, renewing all the horrors of ninety-three, in which the upper classes will fall victims to the blind hatred of the people, who will nevertheless be far from benefited by such a change, must depend solely on the means by which the change is brought about.

Is civilization, founded as it is on constraint and violence, capable of directing a peaceful change?

The blood-stained pages of history, with their endless wars, revolutions, and revolting crimes, answer most cruelly in the negative.

Civilization as yet has found no remedy against oppression but in revolutions; none against rebellion, but in the prison or the scaffold; none against pauperism and mendicity, but in the workhouse. That these are of little or no avail—the experience of thirty centuries has given abundant proofs. Every political form of government imagined by philosophers and moralists has been tried in its turn, and has in turn proved equally defective. Autocracy, or individual despotism, has been long since rejected by the majority of Europeans, and is at present confined to one barbarous state, Russia. At an early period, the principal States of Greece and Italy, the centres of civilization, cast off the monarchical form of government for the republican, without thereby establishing general peace and happiness; for in aristocratic republics, as Sparta, Venice, the tyranny of a small class stood in lieu of the tyranny of an individual; while in democratic republics, as Athens, Florence, the state was in a perpetual turmoil, generally rewarding the services of the great men they incensed but yesterday, with punishment or death—and all republics have disgraced themselves by the institution of slavery.

In our own time, the frightful tyranny exercised in France by the nobles over all the other classes of society was only annihilated by the majestic, but sanguinary policy of the people, which finally involved all Europe in bloodshed and famine: nor can it be said that individual liberty was more respected under the popular than under the monarchical or aristocratic sway.

The republican form of government

has likewise failed in America to produce all the blessings anticipated from it by the majority of moralists; and limited monarchy, or the balance of the three constituent powers, the *ne plus ultra* of perfection of modern political writers, is so far from conducing to the happiness of the bulk of the nation, that it may be safely asserted that in England and France, the two models of this vaunted form of government, the sum of misery is even greater than in those countries which are not yet blessed with a constitutional charter.

The defenders of civilization, in their inability to find a more perfect form of government, either give themselves up to a most revolting optimism, closing their hearts and eyes to the social miseries; or malign the Divinity, by declaring his work, man, irretrievably bad, and born to vegetate, suffer, and die; in spite of the experience of so many centuries, their blindness will not let them perceive that the whole system on which civilization is based is radically false; for from its fruits we are to judge of the tree, and what are the fruits of civilization? On the one hand, some transient comforts and pleasures for the few;—on the other, labor in its most repugnant form, insufficient and uncertain wages, misery and its child, *vice*, for the many.

Can that state of society be the best, in which the peasant who attends to our flocks and herds knows not the taste of meat? In which the producer of our corn is generally unable to feed his family on bread? In which a deficiency in one year's crop of one interior article of food, the potato, places the mass of a rich nation on the very verge of starvation? In which the manufacturer of our clothing is all but naked? In which those things which are noblest in their nature are perverted into the most oppressive forms? For out of free competition has sprung the monopoly of capital; and charity, that divine principle so warily inculcated by Christ, charity itself has been perverted from its pure origin; it has become the bane of the rich; it has but too often been a tool for extortion in the hands of the intriguing; and so far from healing the social wounds, its insufficient succor only degrades the honest man, anxious for work, not alms; or demoralizes the indolent, who prefers the miserable pittance of the union-house to the honorable reward of his labor. Although in England and Wales 175,000,000*l.* have been expended within the last forty years for the relief of the poor, yet pauperism is still increasing in a most fearful ratio, and threatens to attack the very roots of civilization, in proportion as capital is accumulating in the hands of a few bankers and great traders.

Till now civilized man has sought a remedy for all social miseries in political changes only. The British Empire has lately been convulsed by agitations and murders in Ireland, by rebellions in Wales, and by Chartist meetings and the Anti-Corn Law League, or Free-Traders throughout the whole country. That this theory of free-trade in abstract principle is just—in theory, correct,—there are few unprejudiced by party spirit who can deny; and that it must replace, ere long, the protective and prohibitory duties throughout the world is evident from the anxiety expressed by land-holders in England, and the aggressive, yet confi-

dent attitude assumed by the Leaguers; but that the opening of the ports will bring all the promised comforts to the laboring classes is, in the present state of society, a delusion. The existing system will only pull down one aristocracy to set up another.

If the existing political sciences fail to solve so many vital questions, is it not the duty of the statesman to seek for their solution elsewhere?

The body of the people should be no less anxious than the land-owners and statesmen in seeking the means of improving our social condition, and securing the agricultural interests without vainly attempting to shackle those of the manufacturer; for the prosperity of the employer depends on that of the employed. But unless these means be sought, the British landholder will in some few years fall into the same abyss of ruin that engulfed their brethren in France, as soon as the middling class (capitalists, bankers, traders, lawyers) raised their voices against them; nor will the fate of the great majority of the nation be in the least degree ameliorated; for as it was of little importance to the slaves of Greece and Rome whether the aristocratic, or so-called democratic element prevailed in the state—as it was to them merely a change of masters, bringing no change to their condition—so in England, the political change brought about by free-trade will merely snatch all influence from the hands of the landed aristocracy, to place it unaltered, if not more oppressive, in the hands of the aristocracy of money; slight will be the relief afforded thereby to the laboring classes.

Yet have not these three elements of the nation,—the landholders, the capitalists, and the body of the people, or laborers, each their own individual rights? And are these rights so opposite, that to assert or establish the one, we must revile and overturn the other? And is there no law by which these seemingly clashing interests might be made to combine in one sublime unity, as the distinct colors of the prism in one pure and exquisite color—white?

This law, though it has hitherto escaped all philosophers and political writers, does exist; and has been discovered by the genius of one man, who, like Bacon, Galileo, Newton, Columbus, only discovered new truths by boldly quitting the beaten track, and seeking the laws of the Creator by consulting his great work, Nature. This man is CHARLES FOURIER, whose theory is contained in the following simple words:—*attractive industry, organization of labor, and association*; not association as is understood in civilization, but real association, in which all will participate, each in proportion to his capital, talent, or labor.

That Fourier's system was received at first, like all great inventions, with contempt, jeering, and calumnies, is but too true; but that his ideas have lately spread into all ranks, and all parts of the globe, and have ceased to be considered as visionary by those who have taken the pains to study them, is now no longer to be denied.

Nevertheless, in England, the country of all others in which his constructive principles are most needed, in order to counteract the subversive theories of the political and economical sciences; in England, a country so eminently suited

to their realization, they are almost unknown. The aim of the following short view of the system is merely intended to draw a little attention to the subject, which we will fully develop at a future period, or which may be studied in the numerous works published by the Phalansterian school.

If it be asked how so simple and yet so fruitful a law as that of *moral or passion-al* attraction, on which Fourier has founded his system, has remained so many ages undiscovered, we will ask how the great continent of America remained unknown till revealed to the Old World by the genius of one man, in spite of the scoffing and calumnies of both the ignorant and the learned! how *material attraction* lay concealed from all eyes till one man, Newton, raised the veil which covered it, and thereby changed the face of the physical sciences! how steam and electricity, having existed from the beginning of the world, the discovery of their application to locomotion and telegraphic communications, which far surpass in wonderful rapidity all that oriental fancy could invent, should have been reserved for our generation!

But instead of entering into questions foreign to our purpose, let us examine how the principles of Fourier may be applied in England, first stating that the landowner's income must be increased cent. per cent.; that the laborer shall receive no more than his present average wages, but shall be comparatively four times richer; and yet that after the second or third year, from the profits accruing from the enterprise, considerable dividends shall be equitably distributed among landowners or capitalists, men of talent who have conducted or improved the enterprise, and laborers who have carried it into effect. — *People's Journal*.

To be Continued.

## UP AND DOWN.

BY GOODWIN BARMBY.

Up! is the merry lark floating to sing  
Its matins of joy to the sun of spring;  
Down! is the bird of night winging to peer  
For the mice in the barn-hole, dun and drear;  
Up! is the beamy sun shining to give  
Their verdure and hues to all flowers that live;  
Down! is the gaping mine, lone, dark and cold,  
Where the children of Mammon starve for gold;  
Down! is the coward that slinketh to die;  
Up! is the hero that looketh on high.

Up! is the calm of the clear and blue sky,  
Far o'er the mountain-tops raising the eye;  
Down! is the mist of the cultureless clod  
Stooping the gaze to the sepulchre sod;  
Up! is the watchman who tells of the night,  
When beam the streaks of morn ruddy and bright;  
Down! is the sluggard who keepeth his bed,  
When morning's dews are all sprinkled and shed;  
Down! is the coward who slumbers a slave;  
Up! is the hero — the watchful and brave.

Up! is the patriot who raises mankind;  
Up! is the poet — the eye of the blind;  
Down! is the tyrant who maketh the slave;  
Down! is the traitor — the door of the grave;  
Up! is the high heaven of prophets of old —  
The home of the saints, the meek and the bold;  
Down! is the hell of the bigot and vile —  
The place of the bad with the Judas-smile;  
Down! are the tyrant, the bigot, and slave;  
Up! are the loving, the free, and the brave.

*People's Journal*.

## THE HARBINGER.

### THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

### SECTION III.—NOTICE V.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

#### *Education of Children of the Third Age.*

I have just described the material period of education, when its functions extend only to the culture of the senses, to the art of refining them and preserving them from the falseness with which they are stricken, from the earliest age, in civilization. Out of a thousand French children, there are nine hundred and ninety-nine who have a false ear, and so with all the other senses.

We pass to the period of initiation into industry and into industrial attraction, without which all is false in education; for, the first of the three ends of man being riches or luxury, it may be said that his education is false and his whole course contrary to nature, if he does not give himself up spontaneously, as soon as he can walk, say at the age of two years, to productive labor, which is the source of riches; and if he does nothing, like a civilized child, but mischief, soiling, breaking, and committing havoc which the foolish parents find so charming.

This duplicity of action in the earliest years, this instinct, so early at variance with attraction, would be a disgrace to the Creator, if he had not invented another mechanism suited to produce harmony among the passions, and to call out attraction in every age. Let us examine this mechanism as applied to the first age which is susceptible of industry.

As soon as the child can go alone and act, he passes from the class of weanlings to the third class, that of the *lutins*, from two to three years old. If he has been brought up from his birth in the seristories of a Phalanx, he will be strong enough at the age of twenty-one months, to pass into the third class. Amongst these children no distinction of sexes is made; it is important to confound them at this epoch, so as to facilitate the development of vocations and the amalgamation of sexes in the same labor. The distinction of sexes would only begin in the fourth tribe, or the *bambins*.

I have said that nature gives to every child a great number of industrial instincts, say about thirty, some of which are primary and directing, and must lead to secondary ones.

The first business is, to discover the primary instincts: the child will bite at this hook as soon as it is presented to him. As soon as he can walk, and quit the seristery of the weanlings, the attendants to whom he is committed, and whom we will call Ushers, will be eager to conduct him through all the workshops and industrial reunions which are not too far apart; and as he finds wherever he goes little tools, an industry in miniature, already exercised by the *lutins* from two and a half to three years, he will wish to mingle with them, to rummage round and handle the tools; and consequently it will be easy, at the end of a fortnight, to discern what are the workshops which se-

duce him, and what are his industrial instincts.

As the branches of industry in a Phalanx are exceedingly varied, (see Chapters XV. and XVI.) it is impossible that the child surrounded by them should not find the means of satisfying several of his predominant instincts; they will be called out by the sight of little tools, handled by other children a few months older than himself.

In the opinion of civilized parents and teachers, *children are lazy little creatures*; nothing is more false; children from the age of two to three are very industrious; but we must understand the springs which nature would put in play to attract them to industry in the *passional series*, and not in civilization.

The predominant tastes in all children are:

1. The propensity to pry into every thing, to handle every thing they see, to change their occupation constantly.
2. Taste for noisy occupations.
3. Propensity for imitation.
4. Industry in *miniature*, or taste for little tools and workshops.
5. PROGRESSIVE ATTRACTION exerted by the older on the younger.

There are many others, but I limit myself to mentioning these five, so well known in civilization. Let us examine the method to be followed to apply them to industry at this early age.

The ushers will first avail themselves of the propensity of the child to pry into every thing, a propensity so strong in the child of two years. He wants to enter every where, to handle and turn over every thing he sees. Thus it is found necessary to keep him apart in an empty room, where there is nothing for him to break. This propensity to handle every thing is a natural stimulus to industry: to attract him to it, they will lead him to the little workshops; there he will see children from two and a half to three years old already at work with little hammers and other tools. He will want to exercise his imitative mania; they will lend him some tools, but he will want to be admitted among the children of twenty-six or twenty-seven months, who know how to work, and who will repulse him.

The child will obstinately persevere, if this branch of labor is among his natural vocations: then the usher or the patriarch present will teach him some little detail of the work, and he will soon learn to make himself useful in some trifles which will serve him as an introduction. Let us examine this effect in some ordinary labor within the power of the smallest children, such as the shelling and sorting of green peas. This labor, which with us would occupy the arms of a person of thirty, will be entrusted to children of two, three, and four years. The hall will contain inclined tables, in which there will be different cavities; two *bambins* are seated at the upper side, and they shell the peas from the pod; the inclination of the table causes them to roll down towards the lower side, where are seated three *lutins* of twenty-five, thirty, and thirty-five months, provided with special instruments for sorting them.

The business is to separate the smallest for *ragout au sucre*, those of a middling size for *ragout au lard*, and the largest for a soup. The *lutin* of thirty-five months picks out first the smallest peas, which are the most difficult to sort; he



(or she) sends down all the large and middling ones into the next cavity, where the *lutin* of thirty months pushes on to the third cavity all that appear large, sends back into the first all that are small, and slips the remainder into the basket. The *lutin* of twenty-five months, stationed at the third cavity, has but little to do; he sends back some of the middling size, and gathers the large ones into his basket.

In this rank the *lutin* will make his *debut*; he will take hold triumphantly and push the large peas into his basket; the work amounts to nothing, but he will think he does as much as his companions; his emulation will be roused, and after the third session he will know how to replace the *lutin* of twenty-five months, to throw back the peas of the second size into the second case, and collect only those of the first which are easily distinguished. As soon as he can figure in this smallest sort of labor, they will solemnly place upon his cap or bonnet the badge of an aspirant to the group for shelling green peas.

In all the workshops of Association, the precaution is taken of reserving to the very little children some trifling occupation, such as that of receiving the large peas as they slide down towards the child, which he sweeps into the basket. This might be done without him and without loss of time; but then they would lack the industrial stimulus which it is always necessary to present to a *lutin* on his arrival in the workshop, and even to a *bambin* or a *cherubin*; for one who has taken no part in the work at two years old, may, notwithstanding, engage in it at three or four.

This stimulus, reserved every where for the different ages, can only be the shadow of an occupation to the *lutin* of twenty-four months, flattering his self-love, persuading him that he has done something, and that he is almost equal to those of twenty-six or twenty-eight months, already engaged in this group, already decked with plumes and ornaments, which inspire a profound respect in the young commencer.

The child of two years finds, then, in the little workshops of a Phalanx a variety of incentives which civilization could not offer him: they are as many as twenty, which I will enumerate.

#### MEANS OF DEVELOPING INDUSTRIAL VOCATIONS.

1. Charm of little workshops, and of little tools, of sizes graduated for the different ages.

2. Harmonic use of playthings, or the application of our whole present apparatus of playthings, such as chariots, wooden horses, and so forth, to purposes of apprenticeship or coöperation in industry. (See Chapter XVIII.)

3. Charm of graduated ornaments: a feather at present often suffices to bewitch the country lad, and induce him to enlist; what then will be the effect of a hundred honorable uniforms and badges, to enrol the child in gay and happy groups with his equals?

4. Privilege of appearing on parade, and of using tools; we know such privileges stimulate children much.

5. Gaiety and animation, which always accompany assemblages of children, when engaged in pleasing and attractive occupations.

6. Enthusiasm for the Phalanx, where the child will enjoy all the pleasures of which his age is capable.

7. Companies at table, varied each day by the intrigues of the moment, and served with food adapted to the taste of children, who have their special kitchen.

8. Influence of the serial gastronomy, which has the property of stimulating to agriculture through the pleasures of the table, and of binding together the whole industrial mechanism. (See Seventh Notice.)

9. Pride of having performed some trifle which the child thinks of great importance: this illusion is cherished.

10. The imitative mania, which is so predominant in children, and which acquires a ten-fold activity when the child is stimulated by the exploits of groups of children a little older than himself.

11. Full liberty in the choice and duration of occupations.

12. Absolute independence, or exemption from obedience to any chief not chosen from inclination.

13. Minute subdivision, or the advantage of choosing in each branch of industry the detail which is most attractive.

14. Charm of short sessions, varied frequently, and animated by rivalry. They are the more desired, because they do not often occur. This is the case with those occupations even which take place daily, for they only require by turns a third or a fourth of the members of the group.

15. Friendly intervention of the patriarchs, the ushers, and so forth, all cherished by early childhood, which receives instruction only as it solicits it.

16. Absence of paternal flattery, which is counteracted in Association, where the child is judged and criticised by his equals.

17. Material harmony, or unitary manœuvres, which are unknown in civilized workshops, and practiced in those of Harmony, where every movement is performed with the unity and precision of an army or a choir of dancers,—a method most attractive to children.

18. Influence of a progressive distribution, which alone can charm the child and call forth dexterity in industry and application in study.

19. Attraction of large assemblages, and charm of belonging to groups, in which an enthusiasm is kept up by music, uniforms, and corporate celebrations.

20. The *esprit de corps*, very powerful in children, and of very frequent and varied occurrence in the Associative system.

21. Emulation and rivalry between the choirs and sub-choirs which are contiguous, between the groups of the same choir and of the same series, and between the divisions of a group.

22. Periodical chance of promotion, whether to higher choirs and tribes, or to the middle and highest divisions of the same tribe.

23. Admiration for prodigies performed by groups of older children, according to the law of deference for those more advanced.

24. Rivalries between children of different Associations; meetings of groups, and emulative contests between them. This last means will be wanting to the experimental Phalanx.

There are other incentives not here

mentioned, which do not begin to act till after the age of four; such are

Contrast and emulation of sexes and instincts; Love of gain, and the inducement of good dividends.

These two springs have as yet no influence on the Third Class, and but little on the Fourth; it is only in the Fifth, or *cherubins*, that they begin to develop themselves.

This combination of incentives will operate in less than a month, at the end of which time they will have developed in the child three or four of his primary vocations, which with time, will call forth others; inclinations for more difficult branches will not appear before the age of thirty or thirty-two months.

The development will be easy, if we observe the general rule (Chapters V. and VI.) of setting in play the three Mechanizing Passions: the germs of them will already appear in the weanlings, and still more distinctly in the *lutins*. The *Cobalists*, the *Composites*, the *Alternating*, will be fully satisfied amongst the *lutins*, by their visiting, rummaging round and attempting to do things in the little workshops, where all is charm and rivalry for them.

The usher, who conducts the child from shop to shop, knows how to discern the fitting moment for presenting him to any given labor; he keeps account of what has seemed to please him, observes whether by two or three repetitions the taste is awakened, judges whether it will be necessary to wait some months, and never insists when the vocation does not declare itself; well knowing that the child will develop at least thirty in the course of the year, it little matters which.

An usher commonly takes three children round at once; he would have small chance with one alone; but out of three there will be one more adroit, another more ardent, and one of the two will attract the third to labor. He does not take them all three of the same age; besides, he changes them about in the workshops, leaving one at the pea-shelling, and taking away the others who do not readily accept that employment, or one perhaps who has got through with it.

The function of usher suits both sexes, and requires a special talent which may be found in both; that of attendant (second class) is confined to women, with a few exceptions.

The best incentive for a child beginning its industrial career will be the impartial criticism, which it never receives from the father or the mother, who flatter the child of two years in all its faults. The contrary will be the case in the associative workshops; children among themselves, will show no quarter, but ridicule an awkward associate without mercy; they will dismiss him with disdain, and he will go weeping to the patriarch, or usher, who will give him lessons and present him again when he is qualified; and as they always provide him with some very trifling, easy labors, he soon works his way into a dozen groups, where his education will go on by pure attraction, and with great rapidity, for that only is learned quickly and well, which is learned by attraction.

Of all the means which can excite a child to industry, the one least known, and most perverted in civilization, is what we may call the *spirit of ascending imitation*; the tendency of every child to

imitate others a little older than himself, to defer to all their suggestions, to consider it an honor to be associated with them in any little branch of their amusements. (All labors are amusements for the children in Harmony; they never act but from attraction.)

This spirit of ascending imitation is very pernicious at present, because the amusements of a troop of children, left free, are either dangerous or useless. But the free children of Association will only give themselves to productive labors, thanks to the incentives above mentioned. Here is a fundamental error into which all the systems of civilized education have fallen:

They have tried to make it out that the natural teacher is the father, or some preceptor indoctrinated by the father; nature thinks differently; she would exclude the father from bringing up the child, for a triple reason.

1. The father seeks to communicate his own tastes to his child, and to stifle its natural vocations, which are almost always different from his own. Now the whole mechanism of the passional series would be destroyed, if the son should inherit the tastes of the father.

2. The father is inclined to flatter and to praise excessively the little good his child may do; while on the contrary, the child has need of being criticised severely by groups of fellow-workers who are very exacting.

3. The father excuses all faults, he even takes them, when it comes to the worst, for perfections, as our philosophers do about their infamous civilization, which they call the perfection of reason; the father therefore hinders all that progress which would result from a sustained, impartial criticism, if appreciated by the child.

Nature, to counteract all these errors of paternal education, inspires the child with a repugnance for the lessons of both father and preceptor: thus the child wishes to command and not to obey the father. The leaders whom he chooses naturally, are children a little older than himself; for example:

At eighteen months, he reveres the child of two years and eagerly chooses him for his guide;

At two years he chooses the child of thirty months;

At three years, the child of four;

At eight, the child of ten;

At twelve, the child of fifteen.

This ascending imitation will be greatly increased in strength, if the child sees children a little older than himself members of groups, and enjoying a merited consideration for their success in industry and study.

The natural teachers of each age, then, are the children a little superior in age. But as children at present are all more or less inclined to mischief and eatie each other into it, it is impossible to establish among them an ascending order or hierarchy of useful impulses; this effect is only possible in the passional series, out of which any approximation to a system of natural education is impracticable.

This will be the wonder most admired in the experimental phalanx. The seven orders of children will direct and educate each other, as nature wishes, by the influence of *ascending imitation*, which can only lead to the good of the whole; for

if the older children (*jouvenceaux*) take a proper direction in studies, industry, and morals, they will direct to good the children of the next age (*gymnasians*), to whom they give the impulse; the *gymnasians* will exert the same influence on the *lyceans*, the *lyceans* on the *seraphins*, they on the *cherubins*, they on the *bambins*, the *lutins*, &c. (See Table of Tribes according to age, Chapter X. Harbinger, Vol. II. page 330.) The seven corporations, directed by ascending imitation, will rival each other in excellence and activity, both in useful labors and in social harmonies, although left wholly free. On beholding this prodigy, it will be no longer doubted that attraction is the agent of God, to be developed in the passional series; and that in this mechanism it is truly the hand of God directing man to his greatest good.

This harmony, which will be a thunder-stroke to civilization and to philosophy, would prove abortive should we fail to develop attraction in all its *admissible* branches. Love will not be admissible in the first experiments; but this exception will not obstruct the mechanism of the seven orders of children engaged in industry. For this reason, as we have said, one of the first things to be attended to must be the organization of children, the only one of the three sexes which can realize full harmony at once.

Let us copelude our remarks upon the functions of the ushers. So far from flattering or excusing the child, it will be their task to see that he meets with refusals and rebuffs in different groups, and stimulate him to vindicate himself by proofs of skill. A father could not fulfil this duty; he would blame the group which had rejected his child; he would protest that this group was barbarous, an enemy to tender nature. Hence the functions of an usher, as well as those of an attendant, require persons of a firm and judicious character, who take an emulous pride in their functions, and who, from a corporate spirit, will be interested in the progress of the children in general, and not in the caprices of a few favorites.

No one can obtain promotion in this series, nor in any other, except by the success of the whole. Each usher is in harmonious competition with his rivals; each may choose the children best adapted to his methods, those whose vocations he can count upon unfolding without delay, whether in full, or only partially; and in this choice of subjects, he is guided by the information given by the attendants of the seristry of weanlings, out of which this Third Class come.

The function of usher is of high importance, because it acts upon the most decisive epoch in the education of a child. If the child succeed well in his industrial *debut*, it is a pledge of continual success for his whole youthful career: once initiated into ten branches of industry, he will soon be into a hundred, and at the age of fifteen, he will understand almost all the cultures, manufactures, sciences, and arts which occupy his own and the neighboring Phalanxes. Let us examine this effect.

A child, were he the son of a prince, may at the age of three years exhibit a taste for the trade of shoemaking, and wish to frequent the workshops of the shoemakers, who are as polite a class as any other in Association. If he be pre-

vented, if his shoemaking propensity be thwarted, under the pretext that it is not a dignified or intellectual occupation, he will acquire a distaste to other functions, and will feel no interest in those studies and occupations which they wish him to pursue. But if he is left to commence as attraction directs—that is, by shoemaking—he will easily be induced to acquire a knowledge of tanning, then of chemistry so far as relates to the various preparations of leather, and then of agriculture so far as pasture and breeding of cattle have an influence upon the quality of skins.

By degrees he will get initiated into all sorts of industry, in consequence of his primitive inclination for shoemaking. It matters little at what point he commences, provided he attains in the course of his youth to a general acquaintance with all the industry of his Phalanx, and conceives an affection for all the series from which he has received instruction.

This instruction cannot be obtained in civilization, where industry and science are not connected. The scientific declare that the sciences form a chain, each link of which connects with, and leads to, all the others; but they forget that our isolated relations sow discord among the industrial classes, rendering each indifferent to the labors of the others; whereas in a Phalanx, each one will be interested in all the series, from connections and rivalries with some of their members, in questions pertaining to gastronomy, to the opera, to agriculture, and so forth. The connection between the sciences then is not a sufficient attraction to their general study; we must add to that connection the ties arising from the association of functions and individuals, and from industrial intrigues, a thing impracticable in civilization.

There still remain several details concerning the education of the Third Class, which may be treated in connection with the education of the Fourth Class, or the *bambins*, in the next Chapter.

## REVIEW.

*Papers on Literature and Art.* By S. MARGARET FULLER. In Two Parts. New York and London: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway; 6 Waterloo Place. pp. 164 and 183. (Sold by Redding and Company, 9 State Street, Boston.)

For one who is by nature a critic to be willing to be that, and wear the character actively, sincerely, and courageously, involves a degree of self-sacrifice. For the character is naturally unprepossessing. We are not apt to love it; by its seeming excess of consciousness it separates itself from us; by its coldness it discourages our enthusiasm; by its regard of more than one thing at a time always, it seems never to commit itself, never to abandon itself to anything with that entire devotion which we esteem beautiful. And so while we respect the critic's judgments, we rather shrink from him as wanting feeling, as trying to speculate upon the outside of life, instead of living in it. So general and instinctive almost is this

feeling, that for one whose mental destiny is criticism rather than creation, and who feels the character in its high sense to be legitimate and useful, the temptation is certainly strong to evade and decline, if possible, the natural appointment, or at least to swerve somewhat from the full rigor of its duties.

We feel that this is eminently the character of the writer of these "Papers"; and we behold in them the rich reward of the unquestioning manner in which she has accepted that character and trusted it, and by its impartial and generous exercise, erected for it a very high and important place, if not one absolutely central in our literature. The reviews contributed by Miss Fuller to the "Dial," always passed for most sound, penetrating, and catholic criticism among the thoughtful few who read that journal. More latterly, her running commentary upon the book market, as well as upon the latest exhibitions of art, in the New York Tribune, has made her judgments widely respected, and greatly increased the demand for whatever she had written. We have now a first selection from her numerous papers, with a Preface intimating that the greater portion were left out, upsetting all attempt at completeness in the book, and that, "though the last twenty months is the first period in my life when it has been permitted me to make my pen my chief means of expressing my thoughts, yet I have written enough, if what is afloat, and what lies hid in manuscript, were put together, to make a little library, quite large enough to exhaust the patience of the collector, if not of the reader." "Should I do no more, I have at least sent my share of paper missives through the world."—There is some show of vanity in this, the general reader will be apt to exclaim. We will only call it the excess of reflective consciousness so natural to the character above described, whose habit it is to review every thing, even its own works. Setting the Preface aside, in which the author perhaps does herself injustice, the real question is as to the intrinsic value of the book itself.

To speak of faults first, we must confess to a certain disagreeable impression of style. The writer has been more naturally and habitually a converser, and through that medium, gifted with great power of communication. In writing she betrays the hurry of that habit, without the grace and unity resulting from its unchecked flow. The rhythm of the thought is jarred and broken; it does not make music, it exasperates the reader, and obliges him at last, if he would profit by the reading, to detach the sentences and weigh them singly, like a catalogue of distinct although related propositions.

Want of rhythm, however, is just the natural compensation for the impartial *aloofness* and comprehensive vision of the criticising faculty. Rhythm is born of feeling, emotion only can create it, to our cooler thought it is more a stranger; hence poetry, the language of the heart, and of the childhood of the world when simple feeling had not grown reflective, not only adorns itself, but proves its inmost soul and spirit, by its rhythm. Of this we feel some want, and yet not always, in these writings.

Again, there is an occasional streak of grandiloquence, an affectation of Olympian talk, as if the writer were of the inmost coterie of the genius, whose merits it is her business to expose, and from that height indulging somewhat pleasant reflections upon the little world below, intimating in the same breath that it is very foolish not to be great, and still more foolish to expect to be. An instance of this style is where she apostrophizes Beethoven: "Where Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth, is the place for thee," and so forth, as if "lording" were the thing, in the eyes of such a *man*.

With these comparatively slight exceptions, there is scarcely a fault complained of in these writings, which does not resolve itself, upon closer inspection, into a virtue. If they have repulsed any from anything more than superficial reasons of style, it has been, we fancy, from the absence of amiable illusion, from a lack of entire enthusiasm about any special object, resulting not so much from coldness, or the spirit of denial, as from breadth of knowledge, which will not allow us to forget that there are other things in existence while we look at one. Favoritism seems to most more human, and is accordingly more welcome, than clear intellectual judgment overlooking many things at once. Experience finds small audience compared with enthusiasm; and the latter is uncomfortable because it knows that it must yield in the long run. We love to hear one talk enthusiastically about his favorite poet, hero or philosopher. But a critic who has knowledge, never lets the individual come so near as to fill the whole horizon, but always views him in the presence of the assembled universe, where he shrinks to proper relative dimensions. This is the inevitable effect of much knowledge, and it makes us shrink from superior knowledge as from something chilling, and take refuge in the feeling which equalizes all. Preponderance of intellect, then, over feeling is the characteristic of this writer; and this is implied in the vocation of any one to be a critic. It is not necessarily, and certainly not in this case, insensibility, or want of power to appreciate whatsoever feeling, and to admire its products.

But it stands aloof in order to see things in truer proportions; it seems in fact more interested in the proportions than in the things themselves. It has more of what Fourier calls the *distributive* than of the *affective* tendencies.

While we believe that it is greatest to work in and with Humanity, to be a-part, rather than to know the whole, we acknowledge the obligation of humanity to those who see and weigh and interpret, as well as to those who create. Criticism has its place, though only few have found it. We are happy to believe this writer to be one of the few. Her book commences with a "Short Essay on Critics," in which the abuses and the uses and the true field of this character are most justly and satisfactorily defined. She divides critics into the "subjective," who judge every thing by the standard of their own limited individuality; the "apprehensive," who can "go out of themselves and enter fully into a foreign existence;" and the "comprehensive," who not only enter into the nature of another being, but "having done so, having ascertained his design and the degree of his success in fulfilling it, thus measuring his judgment, his energy, and skill, they do also know how to put that aim in its place, and how to estimate its relations. And this the critic can only do who perceives the analogies of the universe." Nothing can be truer. We would gladly quote the whole of this Essay, had we room; as it is, let the following passages indicate how well this critic understands her position.

"The maker is divine; the critic sees this divine, but brings it down to humanity by the analytic process. The critic is the historian who records the order of creation. In vain for the maker, who knows without learning it, but not in vain for the mind of his race.

"The critic is beneath the maker, but is his needed friend. What tongue could speak but to an intelligent ear, and every noble work demands its critic. The richer the work, the more severe should be its critic; the larger its scope, the more comprehensive must be his power of scrutiny. The critic is not a base caviller, but the younger brother of genius. Next to invention is the power of interpreting invention; next to beauty the power of appreciating beauty.

"And of making others appreciate it; for the universe is a scale of infinite gradation, and, below the very highest, every step is explanation down to the lowest. Religion, in the two modulations of poetry and music, descends through an infinity of waves to the lowest abysses of human nature. Nature is the literature and art of the divine mind; human literature and art the criticism on that; and they, too, find their criticism within their own sphere."

"There are persons who maintain, that there is no legitimate criticism, except the reproductive; that we have only to say what the work is or is to us, never what it is not. But the moment we look for a principle, we feel the need of a criterion, of a standard; and then we

say what the work is *not*, as well as what it is; and this is as healthy, though not as grateful and gracious an operation of the mind as the other. We do not seek to degrade but to classify an object by stating what it is not. We detach the part from the whole, lest it stand between us and the whole. When we have ascertained in what degree it manifests the whole, we may safely restore it to its place, and love or admire it there ever after."

The Essay with much dignity rebukes the party-prejudices, the pusillanimity and the smooth monotony of all the popular reviews. The next piece is a dialogue, and contrasts the characters of poet and critic. The antipathy of the two is brought out in a way that holds the balance between them and shows them to be essential to each other. There is much poetic beauty in this little scene, although the actors make their exit very awkwardly.

After such an introduction, we are prepared for criticism of a large, appreciating, philosophical, and independent sort. And such, the candid reader will say with us, does follow. The sketch of "The Two Herberts" has to us an exceeding beauty, and as it truly professes, has a form "more reverent," if less elaborate, than that of criticism. There is a unity in the picture, and a deep, loving tone. The brothers are the complement of each other; the manly aspiration of the man of the world, the representative of natural religion, Lord Herbert, is shown to be a very *deep* religion, which finds much to commune with in the simple fervor of the Christian enthusiast, the meek and curious songster, so much better known to us, his brother George; and he in turn is tolerant, having found, not forfeited, the natural religion of the heart, by his conversion. The following description of the latter's presence, shall stand here for an invitation to the reading of the whole:

"A penetrating sweetness beamed from him on the observer, who was rather raised and softened in himself than drawn to think of the being who infused this heavenly fire into his veins. Like the violet, the strong and subtle odor of his mind was arrayed at its source with such an air of meekness, that the receiver blessed rather the liberal winds of heaven than any earth-born flower for the gift.

"Raphael has lifted the transfigured Saviour only a little way from the ground; but in the forms and expression of the feet, you see that, though they may walk there again, they would tread far more naturally a more delicate element. This buoyant lightness, which, by seeking, seems to tread the air, is indicated by the text: 'Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those who come with glad tidings.' And such thoughts were suggested by the gait and gesture of George Herbert, especially as he approached you. Through the faces of most men, even of geniuses, the soul shines as through a mask, or, at best, a crystal; we look behind a shield for the heart. But, with those of seraphic nature, or so filled with spirit that translation may be near, it seems to hover before or around

announcing or enfolding them like a luminous atmosphere. Such an one advances like a vision, and the eye must steady itself before a spiritual light, to recognize him as a reality."

The next article recommends the study of Milton's prose writings, not only as among the sublimest utterances of a great soul, but as being more essentially "American" in their whole tone and spirit, than is the degraded fact of our American life. An able estimate of the *Life and Works of Sir James Mackintosh* comes next; and then a comparison of the nine great "Modern British Poets," namely, Campbell, Moore, Scott, Crabbe, Shelley, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. To know and love at once so many poets and so opposite, is a thing quite rare in reality, though an ignorant familiarity with all the poets of the language is as common as a genteel education. Among these nine are representatives of widely remote spheres of thought and feeling. Yet here they are all appreciated, all loved, and characterized in due degree. Equally broad and universal, without partiality or pedantry, is the paper on the "Modern Drama," evincing a familiarity with all its periods and phases, and still more a philosophical insight of its essence and its laws of development. The origin and permanent necessity in man's nature of the drama, the causes of its decline, the too potent spell of Shakspeare's mind upon those who vainly strive to be themselves in that department after him, with glances at all that has been worthily written since his times and speculations about what is next to occupy the stage, are made the introduction to a somewhat detailed analysis of Taylor's "Van Artevelde" and Sterling's "Strafford." There is much to think about in the two paragraphs which follow.

"Were it in man's power by choosing the best, to attain the best in any particular kind, we would not blame the young poet, if he always chose the drama.

"But by the same law of faery which ordains that wishes shall be granted unavailingly to the wisher, no form of art will succeed with him to whom it is the object of deliberate choice. It must grow from his nature in a certain position, as it first did from the general mind in a certain position, and be no garment taken from the shining store to be worn at a banquet, but a real body gradually woven and assimilated from the earth and sky which environed the poet in his youthful years. He may learn from the old Greek or Hindoo, but he must speak in his mother tongue."

"There is, perhaps, a correspondence between the successions of literary vegetation and those of the earth's surface, where, if you burn or cut down an ancient wood, the next offering of the soil will not be in the same kind, but raspberries and purple flowers will succeed the oak, poplars the pine. Thus, beneath the roots of the drama, lay seeds of the historic novel, the romantic epic, which were to take its

place to the reader, and for the scene, the oratorios, the opera, and ballet."

In another place the writer suggests that the day of the regular drama is past, that "the opera, ballet, pantomime and briefer, more elastic forms, like the *vaudeville* of the French theatre, or the *proverbs* of the social party, will take the place of elaborate tragedy and comedy." Too true! For great passions there is no longer open sphere, or sphere that interests the public, though we cannot doubt that sufferings as grand as those of *Oedipus* still deify many an obscure life. But we are a trading, pettifogging generation; nobleness and greatness now encounter the dark destiny under no large romantic shape, but rather under that of "Beelzebub, the god of flies;" a petty host of little daily falsenesses and tricks of selfishness constitute its martyrdom, and this is scarcely tragedy for the stage. The facts of life now are too mean for serious art, and they only become more exalting when we laugh them off in comedy. But Art is our pledge that the unity of the race, and the truth and nobleness of the passions shall be restored, and with them a grander drama, not of fate and discord, but of Joy.

The dignity of labor and the advent of a social revolution are strongly proclaimed in a series of notices of the "Poets of the People." Fitting attention is also called to the poems of Miss Barrett and of Browning. In the selection of her subjects for review, Miss Fuller discharges one of the duties which criticism is too apt to shirk, that of exciting an interest in things too good to find their way at once to popularity, and of reminding us of the yet unexhausted virtues of works once prized, now flooded out of mind by superficial novelties. The article upon "American Literature" tells many plain truths, and deals out liberal justice on all hands. Especially do we regard her estimate of Longfellow's poems as no other than the sincere impression of all who are competent to judge in such matters, but who have been pitifully silent amid the storms of manufactured praise. Not insensible to his many excellencies, she fearlessly assigns him his right place; and it is not aggressive criticism, so much as it is a shielding of the public literary conscience, now easily deluded like a child below the years of discretion, from the tyranny of an imposing and factitious reputation. It is not Mr. Longfellow's own fault, that he has been overrated, that he has not found before one *friend* enough to be his critic. We cannot agree so well with the writer in her remarks on Lowell, whose poetic pretensions she would extinguish at a blow. We doubt not there has been over-praise in

this case, and something of the "mutual admiration" principle. We doubt not that a too great facility for numbers has betrayed the young bard more than once; but bard he is, and that a noble one, by a true title from the heart, and not merely by one borrowed from the enthusiasm of a popular cause. A grain of arrogance has here crept in to disfigure somewhat a selection, otherwise well winnowed of the faults for which our critic has somehow gained the reputation.

Of her numerous pieces upon Art, two only are selected, one upon Allston, and one upon the "Lives of the great Composers," Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Bach, and Beethoven. Her views of them so fully coincide with those repeatedly expressed, although in gleams and fragments only, in this journal, that we simply own our joy at such a confirmation. Music holds its due place in Miss Fuller's estimate of the true elements of life. That she appreciates it, is most plain, although she speaks not precisely as a native of the Tone-land.

Here is a great range of subjects, and we have not mentioned all, and must remember too, that the book is but a selection. Here is a broad foundation for sound criticism laid in generous stores of knowledge. Few have surveyed so large a portion of the whole field; perhaps no American; and few are so able to point inquiring minds to what is best and most significant in literature and art. And it is tempered and vivified by a large share of that knowledge which does not come from books, by true human sympathies, profound insight, and that regard for unity which can afford to entertain the variety of conflicting views which it is the destiny of the human intellect to be perpetually begetting.

Taking these papers as a whole, we think it is not rash to say, that there is more of original strong thought in them, — more marks of independent mental activity, — more appreciation of various spheres, and a greater range of observation, than could be predicated of whole bound series of most of our respectable reviews. They give a character to criticism, which it has scarcely understood or dared to claim for itself before among us, a character only second to that of creative art and poetry themselves, that of being their interpreter, of expounding what is beautiful and true, and exposing what is false.

*Wreck of the Glide; with an Account of the Life and Manners at the Fijii Islands.* Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. pp. 122.

This we take to be the first essay of its author in book-making. Out of materials such as a residence of several months among the Fijii or Fegees,

(Heaven send us some mode of spelling by which we can know what a word is!) must have afforded, a skilful writer would have given us something more profitable than this very meagre narrative. However, such as it is, it is better than nothing. Any facts relating to the South Seas and their wonderful islands, are interesting; the dullest pen catches some influence from their tropical fertility. Besides, if this little work does less than justice to its subject, we have no reason to suspect that it does more, which is no slight consolation. All inquirers upon Oceanica will read it of course.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 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.

### INFLUENCE OF ASSOCIATION ON WOMAN.

The Associative system has found some of its most devoted advocates among the intelligent and earnest-minded women who have been won to its principles by a perception of the benefits it would confer upon their own sex, in particular, as well as of the general prospects which it held forth for the advancement of Humanity. It is true, indeed, that within the retired sphere of domestic life, many women are almost shut out from a view of the grosser evils inflicted on the present order of society, and it requires some exercise of the imagination to gain a lively idea of the enormities with which their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, are obliged to come in contact in the usual course of their daily business. They may listen with a feeling of incredulity to the representations of reformers, and wonder why such a noise should be made about errors and sufferings, which have never been brought vividly home to their own experience. But this is not the case with those whose minds have been aroused to reflection, and who are capable of taking a comprehensive view of facts which lie somewhat beyond the sphere of their immediate interests and sympathies. Not a few of this class of women have arrived at deep and strong convictions in regard to the perversion of modern society, and are persuaded that the only effectual remedy is to be found in the principles of Association. They have looked at the subject in its various bearings; they have examined it with open and candid minds; and the result has been a deep devotion to the

cause, as the pledge of redemption for Humanity.

We rejoice in this fact as an omen of the brightest promise to the triumph of our principles. The influence which has already been thus exerted has accomplished great good, and with every extension of the sphere of action, we may hope for the happiest results. Nor should we be surprised that woman is deeply interested in a reform which is adapted to secure to her sex the enjoyment of their inborn rights, and place them in a truer, nobler, and purer social condition, than has ever been enjoyed in the most refined and improved circles of civilization.

Association guaranties to woman the benefit of a complete, thorough, and efficient education. It is only within a very recent period that the importance of this has been admitted by the leaders of public opinion in modern, civilized, Christian society. Woman has been deemed a being of some inferior order, holding a rank in creation several degrees below the autocrats of the Universe, and destined to find her happiness in submission to their authority. Her claims to intellectual culture have not been recognized; her capacity for the loftiest branches of scientific investigation has been more than doubted; her pretensions to any learning beyond the most superficial smattering have been covered with ridicule; and her immense natural superiority to man in the finer, subtler, more delicate exercises of genius, with all the boasted advancement of the nineteenth century, has as yet scarcely been suspected. It is not many years since, that the Edinburgh Review was thought to be guilty of a monstrous heresy, for maintaining the doctrine that if any knowledge was good and wholesome for man, it was good and wholesome for woman, and that a true and generous education was no less the right of one sex than of the other. Even now, Professor Stuart of Andover sneers at a woman for presuming to discuss the mystery of the Trinity, although its reception is no less essential to her salvation than if she were a man. The opinion, however, no doubt prevails among the most enlightened minds, that woman is entitled to all the benefits of the most perfect education that society can afford. It is not so fashionable to treat her like a doll or a monkey as it once was. It is even popular to defend her claims to the highest culture. The most intelligent men are those who cherish the greatest reverence for her nature.

But after all, what is effected by this? What has been done to place woman on a level with man, in respect to the advantages of education? What spot can be found on earth where she has the same free access to the means of improvement,

where it is expected and desired that her nature will receive the same justice, where she is qualified for the exercise of the same functions, with man, who if he does not claim to be her master by divine right, has certainly made no adequate provision to prepare her for the intellectual freedom and companionship with him, to which she is entitled by the inherent faculties of her soul?

We have our colleges and universities for man, but no woman is admitted within their sombre walls; we have ample provision for the instruction of men in every branch of science, every literary accomplishment, which curiosity or caprice may lead them to pursue, but for the most part, they are forbidden fruit to woman, who if she enjoys them at all, must enjoy them by stealth. Even in Boston, where the standard of female education is higher than in most places, to say the least, and which is famed for the liberal and admirable endowment of its public schools, where the best advantages for a classical and scientific education are secured to boys at the common expense, not a girl in the city can avail herself of these opportunities, nor be instructed beyond the common rudiments of education, unless her parents can afford the expense of a private school. This cannot be otherwise, it is said, consistently with the present arrangements of society. Very likely. We do not doubt it. But so much the worse for those arrangements. If they cannot secure to all classes, and to both sexes, a unitary education, at the general expense, they are inadequate to the demands that may be justly made. We must look farther before we can find the system of education to which woman is entitled, and which is essential to the fulfilment of her destiny.

According to the Associative system, woman will enjoy equal opportunity in all respects, with man, for the highest intellectual cultivation. Every facility will be afforded her for the acquisition of knowledge and the advancement of her mind. She will no longer be a drudge to minister to the necessities of an acknowledged superior, nor a toy to serve for the amusement of his idle hours. With no sacrifice of the gentleness and serenity, with which she now throws a charm over existence, she will expand in the ripeness of the highest culture, to fill her destined sphere in the mutual relations of life. Her intelligence will quicken and stimulate the intellect of man; her intuitive wisdom, refined by all the influences of a true education, will be a perpetual refreshment to his spirit; and the purity of her nature, fortified with the power of a well developed understanding, will guaranty the purity of society.

We have dwelt on a single branch of the social advantages of woman in the Combined Order, but we have merely touched on the subject, not exhausted it.

#### GOVERNMENT—THE CHURCH—MARRIAGE.

The war which has been waged by a portion of the New York press against the doctrine of Association, appears to have abated somewhat. The *Courier* and the *Express* have discovered that the stand which they took in relation to the nomination of Governor—namely, that they would draw off thirty thousand voters from the Whig party, if a man was not selected whose conservative principles suited them—was most unpopular; and they, in consequence, have stopped attacking Greeley and the reforms of which he is the fearless advocate, and have devoted themselves to aid their party, "right or wrong," as becomes orthodox politicians. There is no further need for attacking Association just now, and the subject will be suffered to remain quiet until it is necessary to make capital by assaulting Greeley again on the score of his reformatory tendencies.

We have explained in the Harbinger the position we take in relation to the controverted questions; but as we deem it important that our readers should understand the "philosophy" of the subject, we will enter into some slight examination of the *signification* of the three great Institutions enumerated at the head of this article.

What are the functions of Government, the Church, and Marriage in present Society? are they based on true principles? is their present organization right? are any reforms needed in them?

These are grave questions, which the great majority of persons dare not so much as ask; they even denounce those who feel the necessity of asking them. It is our business, however, to inquire into these important subjects, and we invite those who have the courage, to join us in the investigation.

Two principles have divided the world since the beginning of human history, and up to the present time have waged an implacable war against each other. These two principles are most generally known under the names of LIBERTY and ORDER; they are so called in the sphere of politics, but they pervade all nature, and are to be found wherever there is life, and the action of life is to be regulated.

Liberty represents the principle of life, expansion, development. It characterizes the striving of that energy, which dwells in all things that live, to externalize itself.

Order represents the regulating principle; it is the form and law, in and by

which life operates, expands and is developed.

Liberty and Order, as we said, exist wherever there is life and action, and are called by various names, according to the sphere, or conceptions of men. Swedenborg, for example, in his works calls them LOVE and WISDOM, and there is something beautiful in the terms, for they convey the idea of a life and energy in which divine truth and goodness dwell, and a regulating principle of divine justice and science.

Fourier commonly gives to these principles the names of ATTRACTION and the SERIES, and they are valuable, as they convey a clear conception of the principles. Fourier in his two celebrated axioms, "Attractions are proportional to Destinies,"

"The Series distributes the Harmonies of the Universe,"

gives us in the first the *law of life*, and in the second the law which *regulates that life*, or distributes its effects, works, creations, in harmonious order.

In man, the principle of Liberty is represented by the affections or passions, which demand imperatively and incessantly, expansion, development, action. To this impelling power in the passions, Fourier gives the name of Attraction; Swedenborg calls it Love; and when the human passions are harmoniously developed; when, instead of being thwarted and perverted, covered with the darkness of discord as they now are, they are rightly directed, and act with Liberty in congenial spheres, effulgent with truth and justice, then they will become "Loves," and will merit the name.

The principle of Order is represented by the laws and institutions of society, which are established to regulate and govern the action of the affections or passions, those motive forces in man which are the sources of all his acts, from the least to the greatest, during every moment of his existence.

In music, — to choose an illustration in quite a different sphere, but which will aid the reader in comprehending the subject, — the principle of Liberty is represented by vibrations and the sounds which they produce.

The principle of Order is represented by the science of music; that is, the system of principles and rules, which govern vibrations or sounds, and distribute them so as to produce melody and harmony. It is evident that if sounds were not distributed according to a true law of order, we should have clashing, jarring and discord between them. We can enjoy the delightful harmony of music so far only as the active element, called sound, is regulated by scientific laws, or principles of order.



Music is the only sphere or branch of human affairs in which the principles of Liberty and Order, or the expansive power and the scientific arrangement are united, and act in perfect concert. There is no conflict here, no war and clashing of the two principles, but perfect unity; and the result of this unity is perfect harmony. The science of music is adapted in every way to the nature of sounds or vibrations, and the latter seek to develop themselves and act according to the laws of musical science; the result is the highest order of harmony that man has known how to establish on earth: in fact, we may say, that with the mathematical, it is the only harmony. Music becomes, consequently, an important guide for us in studying the laws of harmony in other spheres, particularly the social, where universal discord reigns, and in discovering the principles of Liberty and Order, or of Love and Wisdom, Attraction and the Series. It is a guide which nature has given us, a compass to direct the mind in proceeding from the *known* to the *unknown*. If there be unity of system in the Universe; that is, if the same system of laws prevails throughout all its parts,—and it cannot be otherwise, for there can no more exist two systems of laws than there can two Gods,—then the same laws which govern sounds, must govern the passions, the planets, in short, all created things.

The laws and institutions of society are to the human passions, what the science of music is to sounds or notes. The function of the former is to regulate the passions in their action, as it is the function of musical science to distribute the notes of music.

There should be the same perfect accord or agreement between the institutions of society and the human passions, that there is in music between sounds and the laws of musical composition. But so far from this being the case, antagonism and conflict are all but universal. If we look at the condition of nations, civilized as well as barbarian, we shall find that the majority are in secret or open conflict with the arrangements and institutions of society. Take the three leading social institutions as examples—Government, the Church, Marriage.

The people in almost any country would overturn the government at once, if it had the power; it would plunge into revolutions, if not kept down by the bayonet. One reason for this is, that almost all governments,—and in fact, we may say every government with an exception in favor of our own in the northern States, where slavery does not exist,—are based upon usurpation, tyranny, or exclusive privileges, and are oppressive to the great majority. Another reason is, that the

passions of the masses are coarse, uncultivated, accustomed to antagonism and conflict, and hence tend to destructiveness, rather than to peaceful and constructive reform. And where governments are maintained, and possess apparent stability, there is an internal war between parties, and antagonism and duplicity become what we might call a diseased state of health.

In the Church, there are conflicts and hatreds between sects; there is war on many points between Faith and Science, between the Church and the University; and out of the Church, there are a great many persons who have no faith in it or its dogmas, and who are in open hostility with it.

As regards Marriage, the violations of it are innumerable. There is in the first place, a vast amount of what is called prostitution, and then come the great variety of illegal loves, not recognized by Religion or the Law. Whence come all these violations? The *Courier* and the *Observer* would answer probably:—“Lust;” “The vile passions of men.” Now, acknowledging that the passions are generally coarse, uncultivated, undisciplined and unrefined; that the material passions preponderate greatly over the spiritual, which is the truth in Civilization; yet there are a great many persons who from their position—owing to poverty or other causes—cannot marry, while there are others who from ignorance, haste, cupidity, or other reasons, have contracted such intolerable unions that they cannot live in them.

But without looking farther into causes, or expressing any opinion as to the truth or falseness of the institutions in question, let us state the fact, which no one can deny, namely, that there is conflict, often the most violent, between social institutions and the human passions, or to generalize it, between the organization of society and human nature.

Whence comes this? Several causes have combined to produce it, but we will examine only the fundamental one. The philosophers and moralists of the past, instead of studying the human faculties and passions with respect, as they should have done, being the work of the same wise hand that has created all things, have condemned them as depraved and vicious, and joined in the general clamor of denunciation against them, because they have seen them misdirected and perverted under the influences of poverty and ignorance, and false systems of society. They have not had the sagacity to separate the perverted and false action of the passions from the passions themselves, the effect from the cause, the external development from the essence. If an unskilful musician produces discords, do we not sepa-

rate those discords from the notes of music in themselves, and readily concede that the latter are good, although they engender, under an unskilful hand, these bad effects? Take two passionable notes of the human soul, for example, Ambition and Love. Because they produce moral discord and evil in false and uncongenial spheres, must we condemn them as inherently depraved? Ambition in a Napoleon desolates Europe with wars; Love, in some disappointed soul, produces despair and suicide, or in some victim of seduction, leads perhaps to infanticide. These springs of action, placed by God himself in man, and without which he would be an inanimate thing, a mineral or a vegetable, are condemned as utterly and irretrievably bad, and incapable of harmony. It has never occurred to any moralist or philosopher to study seriously the question, whether the passions could not be rightly directed and harmoniously developed, and whether new spheres of action could not be secured to them, and an organization of society established, perfectly suited to their nature. Had they done this; had they examined impartially the action and demands of the impelling forces implanted in man, and endeavored to discover social institutions suited to them, instead of striving to adapt them by force to false social institutions and arrangements, or to repress and smother those passions for which no sphere is provided; or in other words, had they endeavored to adapt society to man, instead of man to society, they would soon have discovered a true Social Order.

How was the science of music, or the laws of musical harmony, discovered? By this process. Musicians studied carefully the nature of the tones, and of every thing connected with them. It was by this impartial and patient study that in the course of a few centuries, they discovered the science of music, as well as instruments adapted to the nature of vibrations, and gave the world their priceless harmony. Had they condemned sounds in the beginning, and refused to study their nature, because they heard discordant sounds around them,—laying down at the same time numerous precepts for maintaining quiet,—they would have acted like the philosophers and moralists in regard to the passions.

The system of Government is to Ambition; Marriage to Love; the Church to the Religious Sentiment and to our ideas of the infinite and invisible, what the science of music is to the sense of hearing, namely, their law of order, their wisdom, their regulating and directing institutions.

Social institutions are the external expression or mechanism of the affections, and should be perfectly adapted to their

nature, or to their action, *when harmoniously developed*. The affections, acting in external spheres or arrangements adapted to their true nature and their highest capabilities of good, would be properly developed, disciplined and refined, and passion or moral harmony would be the result.

With the aid of the science of music and the aid of musical instruments rightly constructed, the sense of hearing in man can be perfected and refined to such a degree that it will crave harmony, and delight in nothing but harmony, whereas, without this training and education, it will be pleased with discord, or at least, indifferent to it, and its own activity will be but the production of discord. Let institutions be devised and established which shall be adapted to the other affections of man, as the whole art and science of music are to the sense of hearing, and we shall see a brilliant and harmonious development of the passions of the soul,—of friendship, ambition, love, the parental sentiment, and others, and behold a spectacle of which men have never had the faintest conception.

It was probably in contemplating this future moral harmony, that Fourier exclaimed:

“Up to the present time we have only been able to admire in the works of man the *material* Beautiful. For the first time now we shall be permitted to behold the *passional* Beautiful, to say that we have seen God in person and in all his wisdom; for what is the spirit, the wisdom of God, if it be not the harmony of the twelve passions, their complete development without any conflict, and in accord as perfect as that of the most excellent orchestra? This beautiful work is the only one which can give men an idea of the glory and wisdom of God.

“Thus far we know only his material wisdom, which shines forth in the harmony of the celestial spheres, and in the mechanism of created things; but we have no idea of his political and social wisdom. Instead of this, we only know the demoniacal spirit, whose features are reflected in the pillage and oppression of our false societies. We shall only see the spirit of God in the harmony of the *passional* series, in their unity, their virtues, and the charm which stimulates them incessantly to useful industry.”

We have strayed rapidly over quite a field of speculation, but the attentive reader will find hints that will guide him in the study of this question of social institutions. Let us say a few words, before concluding, upon the special functions of Government, the Church, and Marriage in the present social order.

The principle of Liberty in society, as we have shown, is represented by the

human passions; in their striving for action, expansion, they create the demand for liberty, and hence this term is used to designate them. The passions at present are perverted, misdirected and falsely developed, and engender selfishness, discord, hatred, vice and crime. They consequently must be repressed, and kept in order, otherwise they would produce the wildest anarchy. If there were not criminal laws, courts of justice, jails, penitentiaries and other means of punishment in society, is it not probable that the material passions in men, those which demand property, that is, food, clothing and shelter for their satisfaction, and which now suffer so much privation, would lead to general robbery and plunder, so that every person who had property would have to fortify his dwelling, and go armed to protect himself? Without some strong principle of Order, the material and also the other classes of passions in their perverted development and action in Civilization, would create general anarchy. Hence the necessity of conservative and restraining principles.

The three great principles of order in present society, are Government, the Church, and Marriage.

Government maintains order in the practical or business affairs of men, and in their external social relations. It protects persons and property, punishes crimes against them on the one hand, and enforces contracts and settles disputes on the other. It regulates, also, the general affairs of a nation, makes of all the individuals composing it, a collective whole, and thus founds the State or Commonwealth. It checks and keeps in order,—at least as far as is possible in a false state of things,—the material passions, and ambition among the four social passions. Its influence extends also to the other three, but not so strongly as to ambition.

The Church maintains order in the sphere of finite human reason, which, obtaining knowledge at present mainly through the senses, and without a theory of the causes and ends of creation or the laws of universal science (as it is not yet discovered), to enlighten and guide it, tends to doubt and disbelieve in the infinite and invisible, in God and his providence, in the immortality of the soul, and those higher truths which connect man with the universe. The Church protests against the doubting, negative, and narrowing tendencies of individual Reason when directed to mere material objects, and absorbed in the cares and perplexities of obtaining an animal existence, and recalls the mind to subjects which transcend this world, and are eternal and universal in their nature, and fixes its attention upon them.

This is its function in the sphere of Faith and Intellectuality. For the great body of mankind, for the poor and the ignorant, the Church is the only teacher of higher universal truths, their only philosophy, their only science; the Church, in short, is their scientific parent. It holds up to them and explains, about as well as they can understand it, their universal destiny, and their relation to the universe. Destroy the Church, and what do you give in the way of science and general ideas to the laboring millions throughout the nations, who can frequent neither schools nor universities?

In the sphere of Charity, the Church maintains and quickens the idea of the unity and brotherhood of the race, and is the guardian, the instructor, and vivifier of the love of God and the universe, in the human soul. Amidst the din, bustle, and selfishness of a world, where war and the pursuit of wealth are the grand occupations, and where antagonism, jealousy, fraud, deception and robbery exist under a thousand legal forms, what power or influence is there but the Church to awaken in men's hearts the universal sentiment that they are members of one race, children of one family, and associated with God and his universal providence.

We are well aware that the Church often does not do its duty, that it becomes petrified in past forms, and fulfils but poorly its functions in the sphere of faith and the sphere of charity; but notwithstanding this, it is the principle of Order amidst the infidelity (to the infinite and invisible) of finite Reason, and the selfishness of purely individual aims and desires.

Marriage maintains order in the relations of the sexes, or in the passions of love and paternity. Coarseness, brutality and materialism, are the characteristics of the passions as a general rule in civilization. (An eighth of exception only confirms this general rule.) Give men liberty in these relations, that is, take off all restraints, and with their undeveloped and misdeveloped natures, the greatest excesses would no doubt follow. Helpless women and children would be abandoned, and suicide, infanticide, disease, and a still worse materialism than that which now prevails, would spread over society. With this tendency to confusion, disorder, and injustice, it is evident that a strong principle of order must be established. This principle of order is Marriage, and it holds the same relation to the passions of love and paternity, that Government does to ambition and the material attractions, and the Church to human reason and the universal sentiments.

Are the system and organization of

Government, the Church, and Marriage, right as they now are, or are any changes and reforms necessary in them? And if so, what are they, and how are they to be effected? These are profound questions: perhaps we may at some time take them up. In the meantime, we leave the subject to the reflection of those of our readers who are interested in this kind of speculations. We also would ask of those who attack Association, to give their answer. They would of course disagree as to the two first, Government and the Church; the *Observer* would wish all Christendom to assume Presbyterianism; the *Watchman*, the Baptist creed, which we believe is its color. The *Courier* would wish a reform in Government that would render the administration strong and conservative, and bring it under the control of the power of property or capital. Our democratic opponents would wish an administration in the hands of the multitude, with the destruction of all corporations, privileges, and protective policies. On the subject of Marriage, they would not agree wholly: they would differ as to divorce, some rejecting and some maintaining it; and as to the rights of women to hold property, and so forth. Thus confusion and conflict of opinion and action exist, more or less, in all these spheres, and yet there are not candor and elevation enough of mind to examine and discuss them in a calm and philosophical spirit—a thing which would seem called for above all others.

### THE CHILDREN IN ASSOCIATION.

We would call the attention of our readers to the translations from Fourier, in the present number and the last but one, which contain his ideas on Education. They are original, to say the least; and every one is seeking new light on a subject in which thus far all our efforts for improvement have been but wanderings in the same vicious circle.

But are they not profoundly true, also? Think of each little detail as you will, is not the spirit of the plan far more in harmony with human nature and its wants, than the most perfect education which civilization can yet furnish to its few favored children? Are not the springs it sets in action at the same time nobler and more efficacious, for calling out the varied powers of youth, and nourishing each feminine or manly virtue, than those created by our artificial restraints, our pre-occupying blind parental fondness, our indiscriminating lessons and patterns, our selfish prudential maxims, and (that one paramount to all our schooling, with its precepts of morality and truth) our fear of the great world?

In the first place it guarantees education to *all*. Such guarantees on the part

of our present society are futile, because the freedom of the public schools does not ensure leisure to attend them, and the destiny of the child in after life introduces considerations very foreign and contrary to those of a true culture of his heart and mind and strength. Our children, in their education, must have a main eye to the market.

Secondly, it guarantees to each that special education which belongs to him and not to another. It creates spheres for all. And now there is no one in his sphere. By the system of Attractive Industry, each child's talents and true destination are, so to say, tempted forth, while action constantly keeps pace with theory, so that he does not walk about, as most of us do, condemned by his own knowledge.

Thirdly, it does this, by first classifying the ages, and giving to each a corporate organization, thus keeping each child in his true sphere with his equals, and consulting natural affinities of age and character in the selection of his teachers and attendants. How different the education of our isolated families! Childhood is withdrawn from its own sphere, kept for the most part from its natural element, from the society of its equals; the small river fish that should disport itself in some shaded brook with troops of its own fellows, condemned for the most part to the solitude of deep waters with great whales; the gleesome little things, that would be out together full of eager plays and pretty labors, doomed to stay all day with solemn nurse or aunt, to hear the old folks talk theology or politics. The schools but partially supply the want, and so only aggravate the case.

Finally, consider the great motive on which Fourier relies, that of *ascending progressive emulation*. Who has not seen that the true teacher of the child, the one who has most influence over him, spite of all our arrangements to the contrary, is the child a little older than himself? He brings together a sufficient multitude of children, to warrant a graduated corporation of the successive ages. Each is enrolled in one of these classes, and is continually an aspirant for admission to the next higher class, to attain which he must exhibit in himself the attributes and accomplishments essential to its standard character. We see that without association of families, the materials for such a classification would be wanting, and this natural ascending emulation, which is like the capillary attraction by which the fine tubes of the plant suck up their nutriment, would find no chance.

The reader may be repulsed by the fantastical and uncouth names which Fourier attaches to his tribes and choirs of age. He may smile at the *lutins* and

the *bambins*, and be tempted to throw down the book in anger when he comes to *cherubs* and to *seraphs*. But consider that no language is yet rich enough to afford distinctive names for each of the successive phases of infancy, youth, and manhood. He was obliged therefore to draw upon imagination and to coin a nomenclature. In translating, the case is still worse, for our English has but one or two terms for an infant, where the French has half a dozen. We have therefore *not* translated, but simply indicated or quoted Fourier's terms with all their technicality. If they prove offensive, the reader has only to consider them as so much Greek, or as so many algebraic signs, equivalent to our numerals, first class, second class, and so forth; and if he can invent a better set of names himself, we shall be most happy to adopt them, as Fourier has said concerning all his nomenclature.

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Sept. 1, 1846.

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### THE HARBINGER.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 12, 1846.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I must write to you of an interesting band of emigrants, who have been encamped for the last three days under my windows. They are Swedes from the province of Dalecarlia, in number about sixty-five, who have been obliged to leave their country by the most severe and constant persecution, on account of religious opinion. Their leader is Eric Eanson, or Janson, an intelligent and strong-minded peasant, who has the most perfect confidence and control of the whole band. They look upon him as a sort of apostle, from a remarkable gift of *second sight*, which he certainly appears to possess.\* He predicts coming events with wonderful accuracy, and every one believes that when absent he knows of all their important actions. His education is limited to reading, writing, accounts, and the most thorough knowledge of the Bible. Indeed the Bible and a Book of Worship, compiled exclusively from it, are all the books the people appear to have or want. On their arrival in New York, some agents of the "American Tract Society" came among them to distribute some religious tracts in the Swedish language; but on looking them over they quietly rejected all, saying, "that they did not need them."

These people are "non-resistants" in the strictest sense. It is known that the law of Sweden does not tolerate dissenters from the established church, and no one can hold any office who does not profess himself a member of that church, and take the communion from its priests at least once a year. When it was discovered that this community was in the habit of "*assembling in a lonely place to*

\* Those who have read Miss Bremer's "*Life in Dalecarlia*," will remember that she mentions this gift as quite common among the simple peasants of Dalarna. Others will remember the "*Boy of Skara*," mentioned by Swedenborg.

worship God after their manner," a violent persecution arose against them, headed by a Lutheran priest. They were attacked while quietly engaged in reading the Scriptures; their house was broken in, they were pelted with stones and cruelly beaten, till, as my informant says, "the roof and walls were wet with their blood!" (In a *Christian country*, in the *nineteenth century*!) As they did not attempt the slightest defence, their leader and some others were instantly seized, and Eric imprisoned for six months; but through the influence of friends, and he has many warm ones, he then escaped, and going about among his fellows, persuaded them to come to America in search of what here they have found, "freedom to worship God."

Though they were for the most part very poor, there were some among them well off. One man left Sweden with a thousand dollars, another with six hundred. Their money and goods have all been thrown into a common stock, and *the greatest gentleness and good will prevail among them*. The land chosen for them was in Knox County, Illinois; but having heard that the region thereabouts is at present very unhealthy, Eric has gone forward to try and effect a sale, that they may purchase another tract, probably in Wisconsin.

There was a look about these Dalecarlians, which I have never seen among the masses of European emigrants who have passed through this town since I have lived here. It was an expression of patient, *intelligent* endurance; all had it except the young children. They were not bowed down with weakness and care, like the French and Italian emigrants, not stern and stolid like the newly arrived Germans, not wild and vehement like many of the Irish,—they walked erect and firm, looking always hopeful and contented, though very serious.

As they were preparing to set off again on their toilsome journey, it pained me to see that almost all had to walk, only the weaker women and little children riding,

and this in a broiling sun, the thermometer ninety-eight in the shade. When I spoke to their interpreter of their good spirits, he said, "O yes, nothing could deter them, nothing could conquer them, you know they are religious fanatics." I thought whether the feeling of brotherhood and confidence in each other, did not give them quite as much strength and courage as their "religious fanaticism." This interpreter was a gentlemanly Swede, formerly an officer in the army of that country. He said: "I came with them, not because I believe in Eric Janson, though he is a remarkable man, and his knowledge of future events is startling; but I saw these poor people, good, honest, and sincere in their religious faith, leaving their country under persecution, going among strangers without knowledge of their language. I abhor persecution, so I came to take care of them."

They have all gone. God's peace go with them, and remain with them always! Amen!

E.

P. S. I met a gentleman last week who had just passed through Ceresco in Wisconsin. He is "opposed to all Fourierism," but reports most favorably of the appearance of things among the Ceresco farmers. He speaks with enthusiasm of the beauty of the country, fertility of the soil, and good morals of the people. It is cheering to hear their "natural enemies" say so much good of them. *Vive la Verite!* and success to the good cause.

#### A LETTER FROM THE SEA SHORE.

When I met you a few days since in the hot sun, and amid the busy stir of life in Boston—you coming from the wooded inland, and I from the rocky seashore—I promised to write to you a few words for your paper. News you did not expect from me, and news I have not to give; but my own life, though not without a certain monotony of hard work, has had for the last few months many bright interspaces of beauty, and if I say something of the thoughts and

feelings that have grown around me while living at the sea shore, it may serve your purpose, and be a journal for me.

Very few persons, I fancy, ever before betook themselves to the sea shore to work. There is somewhat so monotonous in the constant pulse of the sea, in the slowly swelling reach of the broad ocean, in the full blue cup of the sky, that we drowse away into dreams, and lapse into a serene state of quietness, most averse to labor. Every thing around would entice one from his work, and it seems almost a profanation, when we turn away from nature to bury ourselves in intricate and brain-exhausting study. Sitting in my little room, which overlooks the ocean, many a time when I have carelessly looked up from my task has the pen lain idly in my hand for a long time, and I have abandoned myself to phantasy, as smoothly as one slips down an inclined plane. Often times an unusually heavy plunge of the surf wave has seemed to call me out of my intricacies, and I have found the return full of heaviness and struggle. My task was to travel over the narrow intersecting lines of a web, hung in the sunshine, with open spaces of contemplation through which beauty streamed, but which were to be avoided, or I might lose my foothold.

Each of my windows has framed a picture fairer than Claude ever painted, and constantly changing. Far away over sunken ledges the breakers foam and crumble, nearer they climb hungrily the old brown weather-beaten rocks, which limit their progress, and yet nearer they tumble and burst upon the smooth sand of the beach, each drawing back in crisp heads to meet the ever coming wave which will succeed it. The black hulks of two yachts, the Avon and Raven, swing to and fro on the careless bosom of the sea, sometimes their white sails shivering and flapping in the wind, sometimes close furled, and ever with the red streamer fluttering against the blue sky. Those red spots, amid the brown rocks and blue sky and flashing ocean, have for my eye a great charm, they serve to centralize the color of the scene, and harmonize by contrast the tenderness of the surrounding tint. My eye follows with curious pleasure the red-shirted fishermen, that row their dories to the shore, and haul them up the beach or down into the surf. When the sea is smooth in the mist of the early morning, the spars of these yachts flicker in the tremulous water. When the night wraps the sea in its shroud of fog, their white sails show spectrally through the dim distance, as if sailing in the air. When the full glory of daylight and sunshine gleams upon the sparkling and tossing tumult of

waves, the strong breeze strains out their sails to a marble firmness, as they ride over the swell, and tossing the spray from their prows, come swirling round the Bass Rock to anchor in their little bay, or stand away towards the beach and distant Graves; and oftentimes at night, when the little lamp of the fisherman gleams from his floating home in them, I watch it and think, how peacefully and trustingly man may repose on the bosom of this gentle, giant sea.

Never is there a moment when Beauty does not rise to us from the sea, as she did on the sunny waves that clasped the Paphian isle. Never is there a mood with which the ocean does not sympathize. Whatever be our need, the ocean is a friend, it hears our deepest yearnings for humanity, and calls out with us for rescue for the poor and wretched. Are we stricken with grief, in solemn sympathy it mourns with us, as it heaves and sways and plunges on the shore. Are we happy, it rejoices with us in the sunshine, as it leaps dizzy and glorious upon the rocks, and flashes up in myriad diamonds of spray; yearning forever for something that is denied, straining forever to overcome its limits, this great heart lives and pulses, and struggles like the human soul. To the lover, who leans beside the one best beloved on its marge, it murmurs the music of love, and the gentlest dreams of beauty sleep in its bosom. To the free-born spirit who would dare all things, it calleth out, Onward! forever. This mighty giant obeys the slightest inflection of our mood, and is friendly and confiding, is tyrannous and violent, according to the spirit of him who converses with it.

How many hours have I lain upon the grim old rocks, and heard the pulsing of the wave, happy and calm at heart, with just enough of its own unrest to be free from drowsiness, and built visions of beauty out of the impalpable air of thought, and slid through the changing currents of dreams, and revelled in the phantasmagoria of an ideal world! Then the link which bound me to the cares of life was loose and free. I heard no more its jar, great hopes gleamed before me, friendly voices reached to me, the words of poets thronged round me, the smiles of beauty shone upon me, and I lay beneath the influence tinged with ideal life, even as I have seen the ocean at sunset when the rosy clouds of twilight and the faint eastern reflections glowed confusedly in its smooth bosom. Sometimes amid the rocks I gaze at the far off vessels, like sea birds, spreading their sails to the wind. Sometimes the sea gull himself comes sweeping along on his orb'd wing. Then looking downward, I watch the long, lank, green seaweed, clinging to the

encrusted rock and feeling out into the heaving sea, that trails it backward and forward as the swell rises and falls. Then again I peer into the clefts and crevices of the rocks, and tear the shell-fish from them, and pick the little flow-ers, that blossom in every fragment of soil, as if nature would waste nothing, but would plant a graced beauty every where, and watch the insect life that hurries to and fro, and the minute scarlet spiders that spot the old rocks, or the curious shapes that wriggle beneath the pebbles in the nooks, and flee from the daring hand that would invade their privacy. Then again the beautiful forms of vegetable life, that grow beneath the water and their various hues, the browns and purples, and yellows and the tender greens, entice me. Sometimes the surf brings in a deep sea plant of rare and curious shape and color, from which I would fain ask the secrets that it knows, where it came from, who were its friends, and why and how it wandered to me. Happy for me when friendly hands are near, who take these presents of nature in thankful joy, and give them again as tokens of friendship to others. Even while thus I search the rocks, the sea comes swelling up the nooks and chokes the hollow clefts, and the pebbles hoarsely murmur and rattle as the tide again draws backward into the deep. Then as it recedes, I perceive some curiously variegated pebble and, hurrying down before the swell can gather anew, seize upon my prize and bear it up beyond the reach of the water to examine it at my ease. This is endless satisfaction, no two pebbles are alike, and the hope of finding an extraordinary one, or one more beautiful than the last entices me on for an indefinite time. You creep and burrow in among them, you rake them over, stooping down, in constant expectation, and constantly you find, that what you have not is fairer than what you have. Their smoothness and roundness and gleam please the sight and the touch; if they are useless, you skip them along in the water. Wearied at last by stooping, you retreat into some nook to examine your store, and then alas, you find that the beauty hath vanished with the moisture, the gleam and polish is gone, and they are mostly rough and coarse. But is it not always so? whatever is removed from its true place and is out of its natural relation, loses its beauty. It is only from the relation of different things, that nature makes harmony, all things hang together, each aiding and embellishing all, and all adorning and aiding each. The universal requires the individual, and the individual requires the universal, so that you may not separate without destroying. Every thing has its appropriate

place, and there it must be, or discord will ensue. Every soul, that suffers and starves for want of being in its proper sphere, sets the whole music of humanity at discord.

There is also another side to this thought. Each thing contains all. When I carry this pebble, which I have taken from the sea shore, to my room in the dusty and crowded streets of Boston, nay even into a lawyer's office, it shall again revive the wide majestic presence of nature, the sounding sea, the towering rocks, the happy day; and though the pebble unmoistened by the spray be as a dead cold fact deprived of the gleam of poetry, yet the imagination shall again add the hue, and its beauty shall again revive. O! magic power, that with a cold dry pebble can rebuild out of the infinite invisible an airy but most real world, and give us back the joys and sorrows, the little trivial acts and words, and the voice, which hath passed away from earth forever.

To me no place is like Nahant. There is even a charm in its barrenness, which never palls; and when the evening sun yellows its brown and undulating slopes, scantily covered by its short grass, it shows as lively as the most fertile and variegated inland. I never weary of those volcanic cliffs, that line its rugged coast, and jut out in wild irregularity into the sea, as if thrown there by some terrible convulsion of nature, at whose base there is a constant fret of foam, as the heaving and receding tide draws over the green and slippery seaweed with which they are matted. Their worn and rugged outline, seeming as if it had braved centuries of storms, their huge clefts and hollows blasted by the lightning and barren as adversity, their variegation of color from the deep red browns to white, their stratifications and crystalizations, the work of years beyond the flood, awake in me feelings of awe and grandeur. Here this huge rocky fist hath Massachusetts lain out into the sea to finish its sandy arm of beach, for years and centuries before she had a name. Here the wild bird dwelt before the white man breathed this air; here the Indian hunted and fished while its barrenness was covered with profuse greenery and waving foliage, and before the axe of civilization laid its forest low to build the pilgrims' fire. Here the ocean hath stormed and beaten in its struggles. Here the wild winds have shrieked and howled in their fury. Here the winter hath piled its thick ribbed ice, and here the shattered wrecks, with their living and dead freight, have crashed to shivers, and the ocean has swallowed them as its own legitimate prey.

But if we leave the rocks, and ride

upon the beach, sparkling in the sunshine the surf lifts itself, growing greener and darker as it swells, then pauses fringed with spray, and bursts along the shore. Outside its tumults the lazy ducks "sit swinging heavily," and the tottering groups of sea birds, scattered on the sand, rise ever and sweep along the foam before you. The dark brown sand echoes under the horse's hoof as he dashes along over its surface, and in its flashing mirror the rapid shadow, his antipode, keeps the same pace. Here too we drive down on the hard sand floor, when the tide is out, and trample the same path that the wild sea swallowed hours before, and let the surf break up to our horse's belly and over the floor of our wagon. Here are scattered a thousand shells, and the long tail of kelp with its smooth and slimy apron, and piles of the green seaweed and the purple mosses of the ocean, and the sand curls which shall adorn our mantle. Here, if we are on foot, we may wade into the crisp surf that crumples up the beach, and write our names, and the name of her we love best, and of distant friends, upon its smooth surface, knowing that the coming tide will wash them from sight. But what then? they cannot be washed from the memory as soon, and writing on this gigantic scale, with letters yards wide, seems to befit a large friendship.

Many visitors come here in the summer, and enjoy the place differently according to their tastes. Some of the male sex linger round the bar-room of the hotel and smoke the live-long day. Some of the female sex occupy their time in dressing for dinner and tea, and will not venture upon the rocks for fear of injuring their complexion, and enjoy their evenings in the crowded saloon with lamp-light, gossip and dancing. I will not quarrel with them; if they find delight in such occupation, I am glad of it. But for my part, it would be profanation for me to do so. Think of those peerless moonlight nights when we watched the distant light houses, "like stars in the midst of the ocean," and romanticised about them and thought how much of civilization had underlain their existence, and how beautiful a feature of humanity it was, that man should place out upon the barren rocks in the sea those guides of fire, and tend them wearilessly through the night to cheer and direct the bewildered mariner through perils to his home. Think also of that flickering path of moonlight that paved the tremulous sea, and invited our steps towards the dim ideal land beyond the horizon. Then we sang and cheered each other to good deeds, and spoke in the divine words of poets, and were enlarged and stimulated by the majesty of nature, and warmed to

higher attempts and renewed struggle. Would I have exchanged such hours of warm sympathy and friendship underneath the canopy of heaven, for the idle buzz of gossip in the saloon of a hotel? The constellations then were looking down to us. The Great Bear was sloping to the north; Arcturus blazed away in the west, bright and cheering; Lyra was at the zenith; Cassiopeia we saluted in her starry chair, in the north-east; and Scorpio and Sagittarius we nightly visited, in the south. Like friends we saw them regularly revolving above us, until at last in the late evening the Pleiades came with the mystic and splendid Aldebaran, betokening the approach of cold, and heralding great Orion, the hunter.

Sometimes I have stolen a day for a sail and a fishing excursion. How lightly then we sprang across the water, cleaving the blue sea and dashing it from our prow. Then as I held the tiller, the boat put like a high-mettled courser, springing to the breeze and then relaxing, full of life and spirit. How swift we sped along, and how dreamily at such times I remembered the delight of Shelley and his boating in the treacherous bay of Spezia, which robbed the earth of one of the purest spirits that ever wore flesh,—that much abused Christian, who passed for an atheist only because his faith was too deep and genuine to be then understood. Then as we dashed by the rough old Egg Rock, we saw its spouting horn snorting in spray, and the wild ducks clambering on its side, and its breakers gnashing on the rocks. Such days erased the wrinkles from my brow, which care and study had ploughed, and bathed me in an element of joy which always nourished good plants. Yes, for I will not believe but that in the true order of nature happiness is the constant accompaniment of goodness, and whatever contributes to true joy, contributes to true Christianity.

Within the last ten days we have had a fine surf, trampling on the beach, and shaking its mane in the sunshine. The air was crystal clear and without a cloud. The wind blew from the north-east furiously, bearing in the heavy surf from the broad ocean leagues away. While the sea was thus calling me, I could not work. I threw away pen and paper and went upon the rocks, and spent almost the whole of two days, gazing upon the monstrous waves as they came surging in, foaming and hungry upon the rocks, and burst wildly into the whistling air. All around the sea was of the deepest blue, with the crests of the waves breaking into white. And the air was exhilarating almost to madness. In and out, up and down, I went with the swell. I shook the crests of the waves, as they came



greenly toppling along, into pearly spray, and plunged with them upon the rocks in the madness of tumultuous delight. I drew back down the ragged rocks boiling with foam, and clinging and dripping to the ledges, and shrunk down beneath the coming surf-wave to heave it upward again to the station it sought, — to the citadel it stormed. The waves thundered into the spouting horn, that bellowed from its deep recess — out — out, and back came the routed waters through their narrow path, whistling up into the air in spray that tangled the rainbow in its misty net, and pouring back in dismay to the crowding ocean. The brightness of the day, the glory of the scene, the fierceness of the wind, the flash and sparkle of the water, were full of glowing delight to me. On the first day, the rocks were crowded with spectators, who were drawn forth to see the sight. Some of them patronized it five minutes, and then took leave; some stayed hours, but all disappeared before I went. On the second day I was alone, saving that one dear friend was with me a little while, and then I was so possessed by the scene, that I strove to express myself. I seated myself on the rock and searched my pockets for paper and pencil; alas! (does it not always happen so,) there were none there. But I must have them, thought I, though I do nothing with them. So I ran furiously over to a friend's house — tired myself out — was somewhat ashamed to tell my errand — sat down and made a call and returned, altogether discomfited and out of all condition to write or sympathize. Soon the feeling came back, and I wrote these lines. How tame they seemed to speak before that mighty sea! Why was not some one here to speak what the time demanded?

Again within thy presence,  
So full of power and beauty,  
With sympathy my eager bosom throbs;  
And my spirit stirs within me,  
And hails thee as a brother,  
That never yet hath failed to answer to my mood.

But yesterday so scornful,  
So wild in hungry raging,  
Thy crested mane was shaken in the gale;  
Thy lips were white with fury,  
And thy roar was as a lion's,  
When thou leapedst on the rocks as on thy prey.

I fain would leap unto thee  
And, with a wild embracing,  
Draw back with thee beneath the coming surge;  
I fain would grasp thy white mane,  
And with thy healthy madness  
Leap full of sun and spray upon the rocks.

The unconquerable Will,  
The Faith above the Present,  
Humanity's great Christian heart art thou;  
Thy struggle is for Freedom,  
And amid thy swelling surges  
Onward, onward, sounds thy great heroic cry.

Not so thy mighty brother,  
That answers in the distance, —  
That is nurtured in the far-off Erie's sleep;  
And who calleth to the wild woods  
That crowd around his pathway,  
As he whirls and dashes towards his dread abyss.

In his course he ever echoes  
The Gospel of the Past;  
A deep Repose that finishes in Fate.  
From his Epicurean dreaming  
He rushes to his downfall,  
And shrieketh from that awful gulf — Despair!

Yet manfully and bravely,  
With the true old Roman spirit,  
O'er the dark dread cliff at last he takes his way.  
With a hero's calm submission,  
On its dizzy verge he pauses,  
Then yields unto the stern decree of Fate.

A thousand thoughts come o'er me  
While thou to me art calling,  
Yet a weight I cannot lift from off my breast  
Crushes down the weak expression,  
And I stand absorbed in feeling,  
With my clenched hands, and the hot blood on my brow.

Then farewell, oh! noble brother;  
I know whenever I meet thee  
Thy voice will answer mine like to a friend's;  
Never false to him who loves thee,  
Thou takest all his sorrows,  
Thou sharest all his joys in thy capacious breast.

Yet ceaseless in thy changes,  
To-morrow I may see thee  
Asleep among the rocks in twilight's bloom,  
Just heaving faint and languid  
Thy smooth, broad swelling billow,  
And balancing the seaweed's greenish hair.

Then roused the wild beast in me,  
And my blood was hot and hurried,  
And the instinct of destruction rose to thine;  
And the dark caves of the passions  
Could loose their savage inmates  
To leap like thee in fury on their foe.

But now all bright and glorious  
With thy deep blue ponderous surges,  
In might and pomp thou swellest to the shore:  
Now brave in thy rejoicing,  
Thou burstest white with tumult,  
Snaring rainbows in thy dusty net of spray.

The old cliffs, weather-beaten,  
Uprear their dark stern limits,  
While thou, the glorious youth, unknowing age,  
Comest on like some mad giant  
In the majesty of Freedom,  
And makest thy defeat more grand than victory.

And thus, as I behold thee,  
My inmost being answers,  
And a higher, heavenlier feeling in me stirs;  
Thus onward and rejoicing  
To glorify and brighten  
The stern dark limits, that necessity hath placed.

In the limits of the Real  
The Ideal must be shapen;  
Imagination must not out of nature soar;  
The true great artist owneth  
Her boundaries in submission,  
And in them builds the triumph of his art.

How tireless and heroic  
With the tide, like some great motive,  
Thou breakest up and crowddest to the shore;  
No obstacle thou heedest;  
All glittering and flashing  
And laughing in the sunshine, comest thou.

Never broken by defeat,  
Never weary in thy struggle,  
Gathering up thy shattered forces ever more,  
At the cliff's firm base thou stormest,  
And thy white arms upward throwest,  
And shoutest like a giant at his play.

The wild winds are thy playmates,  
They curl thy swelling billows,  
They sweep thy bursting fringes into spray;  
Thy great green valleys deepen,  
Between thy white crests yawning,  
And the far-off ships thou tossest to and fro.

When full of love's sweet yearning,  
In calm and happy spirit,  
I take my way to thee at sunset's hour,  
With her dear form beside me,  
To sit beside thy waters,  
Thou may'st be calm and gentle as her soul.

Then may I find thee dreaming  
With the heavens in thy bosom,  
And many a rosy cloud, like thoughts of love,  
All peaceful, full of quiet,  
Yet still the same great spirit  
Ready to rouse thee up, but brooding now in peace.

I am afraid that I have run too far, and yet the thread only begins to be spun. My friend, come down and see me, and in an hour I can show you what I cannot tell you. Till we can again renew this thread, Farewell.  
w. w. s.

## THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.  
Translated for the Harbinger.

### SECTION III.—NOTICE V.

#### CHAPTER XX.

#### *Education of Children of the Fourth Age by the Mentors.*

We come now to a very interesting class among the children of Association, namely that which from the age of four years has already learned to *make much money*: I ought to sound abroad this merit, since it is that best appreciated in civilization, with the child as well as with the parent.

The children now under consideration, the *bambins* and *bambines*, from three to four and a half years, hold a very notable rank in the Phalanx; they form the first of the sixteen tribes of Harmony; but the first and the sixteenth, being the two extreme ages, or ages of transition (*ambigus*), derogate in some points from the general rules. For example, they have no sub-tribe or tribe of half-character. The causes of this I have explained.

The distinction of the full and half-character, is the principal object in the education of the Fourth Class, who are confided to the care of special functionaries. The name of Mentors, which I give them, is improper enough, to be sure, since a mentor is a man who stifles a child's natural instincts, substituting doctrines; whereas, on the contrary, the mentors in Harmony make it their chief study to develop the character with great exactness, so that its rank in the general scale may be discerned and plainly settled by the age of four years and a half, when the child enters the two choirs, male and female, of the *cherubs*, or the Fifth age.

The mentors have a second task, which is to distinguish the temperament of the child, and assign to it, as well as to the character, its rank in the scale of the eight hundred and ten temperaments of standard quality, or the four hundred and five imperfect ones.

They could not succeed in distinguishing characters and temperaments, if the child, during the year he passed among the Third Class, had been checked in his industrial or gastronomic fancies. The third period is that of the rough-hewing of character of one kind or another; for then the child already shows a decided calling for several branches of industry; it is plain what career he wishes to follow, to what functions nature has destined him. It is the same in gastronomy; the child, on leaving the Third Class at the age of three years, has already decided tastes with regard to food; he has become engaged in the rivalries and parties at the tables, in the kitchens, and consequently in the gardens and the orchards; this kind of passion could not be found in the child of twenty-six or twenty-eight months; but the character of the *lutin* of thirty-six months is fully indicated by the time he enters the tribe of *bambins*.

In the third tribe, all distinction of the sexes by contrasted costumes, as by the petticoat and pantaloons, is purposely avoided; for this might hinder the development of natural vocations, and create a false proportion of the two sexes in each function. Although each branch of industry is especially suited to one of the sexes, as the needle for women and the plough for men, yet nature requires mixtures, in some occupations of half and half, in others of three to one; and generally she requires at least one-eighth of the other sex in every function. Thus, although the wine-cellar is more especially the domain of the men, yet it is well that one-eighth part of the series of cellarists should be women, who will take a part in the work belonging to the white, the foaming, the new and sweet wines, and to other kinds agreeable to women, some of whom, like the wife of Pittacus the sage, love even strong wines, and would sell, upon a pinch, the learned husband's library to pay the wine-merchant in secret.

By means of this intermingling, in each occupation, the female sex will form a useful rivalry with the male. This competition would be lost by excluding one entire sex from any function, as that of medicine or teaching; and it would amount to a virtual exclusion, to prevent the development of these instincts in the children of from two to three years. Difference of costume would be an obstacle to this development; it would separate the girls from the boys; and they ought to be confounded at this age, in order that all extra-sexual propensities, that is, masculine tendencies in a little girl, and feminine tendencies in a little boy, may come out freely, by the presence of both sexes without distinction in each workshop, and at each kind of labor.

These tendencies are already developed at the age of three, when the child passes into the Fourth Class. There we begin to distinguish the sexes, which it was wise to confound before. This confusion might seem to be an exception to the general rule of rivalry between the sexes, demanded by the tenth passion, or the *cabalist*. To this it may be replied, that

the *lutins*, of the age from two to three, are the class of sub-transition in industry, or of semi-participation in it, since they merely try their hands at it; the *bambins*, from three to four and a half, represent the full transition into industry. Now nature requires that the ambiguous periods, or periods of transition, should form exceptions to the general laws of movement; thus at the extremities of each series of vegetables or animals, she places transitional products, of an ambiguous, mixed, or bastard quality, like the quince, the nectarine, the eel, the bat, — products which form exceptions to the general methods, and which serve as connecting links between different series.

It is through ignorance of the theory of exceptions or transitions, the theory of *ambigus*, that the moderns have always stumbled in the study of nature; they are beginning to perceive this error.

The mentors have the same end with the other instructors, namely, by judicious incentives to direct all the faculties of the child to productive industry and wholesome studies.

The principal stimulus to industry is always the series or trine division. Thus in operating upon the different choirs, they must always be distinguished into three degrees, the *high*, the *middle*, and the *low*, a distinction which we have already seen applied even to the weanlings, both in respect to ages, and to characters. The more we form series, the easier the whole mechanism. The series with four divisions is not less perfect than that with three.

We apply this scale in the first place to the teachers; forming for early infancy a quadruple series, of Ushers male and female, and Mentors male and female. No one of these preceptors practices indiscriminately upon all characters: each confines himself to that class of children which best suits him, whether by personal affinities already called out, or by industrial inclinations. Every teacher, in his choice of pupils, consults his own sympathies. No one would undertake the charge of a confused rabble, as in civilization. The child, on his side, consults his affinities in the choice of teachers, since the law of reciprocal attraction must be established in education as in every thing else; it would cease to exist the moment that the civilized confusion should be adopted.

I shall not describe the processes which the mentors will employ to distinguish characters and temperaments; this branch of education will not be practicable in the beginning. Moreover, before speaking of it, it would be necessary to acquaint the reader with the general scale of characters. (See Section V.)

The experimental Phalanx will be wanting in officers who are expert in this business; instead of persons skillful in discovering the natural tendencies of children, and in giving them free course, it will have only spirits rendered false by moralism, who urge the child to suppress its own attractions, to despise perfidious riches, and to wage continual war with its passions. Such visions, or *sound doctrines*, as they are called, will be inadmissible in an order of things where it will be necessary to excite the child to the refinement of his passions from the age of two years; for it will be impossible to discern either his temperament or his character, so long as he has not de-

cided and emulative tastes in the choice of labors and of food.

The function of the ushers, or the art of developing industrial vocations, is exercised upon the Fourth Class as well as upon the Third; for there are many kinds of industry above the capacity of the latter, and as to which their tastes have not been tried; there are branches of labor which cannot be commenced before the age of ten, and others not before the age of fifteen: until the child shall have attained to the grade of the *cherubs*, or Fifth Class, in which emulation alone will suffice to guide him, there will still be a necessity for artificial methods of development. This leads us to speak of the *harmonic playthings*, which will be a great stimulus to industry with children of these ages: one example will illustrate their use.

Nisus and Euryalus are just bordering upon the age of three, and are impatient to be admitted into the tribe of *bambins*, who have beautiful dresses, showy feathers, and a place in the parades without taking any active part. To gain admission, they must give proofs of their dexterity in various kinds of industry, and to this end they are working with great ardor. They are as yet too small to engage in the labor of the gardens. Nevertheless, on some fine morning, the usher Hilarion conducts them to the centre of the garden, into the midst of a numerous troop of older children who have just done gathering vegetables; and with these they load twelve little wagons, each one harnessed with a dog. In this troop figure two friends of Nisus and Euryalus, two *ex-lutins* who have but just taken the degree of *bambins*.

Nisus and Euryalus are strongly tempted to take hold with them; but they are rejected with disdain, and told that they do not know how to do anything; and by way of trial a dog is given them to harness or some radishes to tie into a bunch; at this they labor to no purpose, and the older ones dismiss them without pity, for children are very severe with one another about the perfection of their work. Their manner is the opposite of that of the fathers, who always flatter an inexperienced child, under the pretext that he is too little.

Nisus and Euryalus, thus unceremoniously dismissed, and covered with chagrin, betake themselves to the usher Hilarion, who promises them that within three days they shall be admitted, if they will only practise diligently. Then they see the fine procession of these elegant little wagons defiling past them: the little industrials, having finished their task, have taken their sashes and their feathers, and with drums and noisy instruments, march beneath their banner, chanting their loud hymn.

Nisus and Euryalus, disdained by this bright company, in tears step back into the carriage of the usher; as soon as they get home, Hilarion leads them to the magazine of the harmonic playthings, presents them with a wooden horse, and shows them how to harness it to a little chariot; then he brings them a basket of little paper radishes and turnips, teaches them how to form them into packets, and invites them to a repetition of the lesson on the next day; he stirs them up to avenge the affront which they have received, and gives them the hope of being soon admitted to the meetings of the *bambins*.

After this the two children are conducted to some other company, and consigned to another usher by Hilarion, who has finished with them his two hours of duty.

On the next day they will be eager to revisit the usher Hilarion, and repeat with him the lesson of the day before. After three days of this sort of study, he will take them to the group for gathering little vegetables, where they will now know how to render themselves useful, and will be admitted to the rank of applicants or novices. On returning from their work, at eight o'clock in the morning, these will do them the honor to invite them to breakfast with the *bambins*.

In this way the presence of a mass of children will have attracted to good two younger children who, in civilization, would follow their elders only to do mischief with them, to break and piller and destroy.

Here remark how playthings may be turned to good account. Now you give a child a chariot, a drum, and on the very same day it will be pulled to pieces, and will be of no use in any case. The Phalanx will furnish him with all these toys of different sizes, but always in circumstances in which they shall contribute to his instruction. If he takes a drum, it will be to get himself admitted among the little drummers, children who already figure in the choreographic manœuvres: and in the same way, the more feminine toys, as dolls and the like, will be made as useful with the little girls, as drums and chariots with little boys. (See Seventh Notice.)

Critics will say that this trifling service of the twelve little vegetable wagons could be more economically performed by one large wagon. I know it: but for the sake of this little economy, you would lose the advantage of accustoming a child betimes to dexterity in agricultural labors, to loading, harnessing, and driving, besides the far more precious advantage of enlisting children in the industrial rivalries which pertain to these small services, through which by degrees they will acquire a passionate liking for the whole of agriculture. This would be a very false economy, thus to neglect the seed-sowing of Industrial Attraction, and the means of developing vocations; a saving as disastrous as that of the reduction of wages by competition, whereby the laborers become the victims of a gladiatorial combat, killing one another in the most approved style of *political economy*, while disputing the opportunities of labor.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT.\*

SEQUEL TO

### CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

### XVI.

Still, as Consuelo was not alarmed at her condition, and changed almost nothing in her manner of living, she was quickly re-established. She could resume her evenings of music, and again found the deep slumber of her peaceful nights.

\* 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.

One morning, it was the twelfth of her captivity, she received from M. de Poelnitz a billet, which notified her of an egress for the evening of the next day; "I have obtained from the king," said he, "the permission to go myself for you in one of his majesty's carriages. If you give me your word not to fly out of the window, I even hope to relieve you from the escort, and to cause you to re-appear upon the stage without that gloomy accompaniment. Believe that you have no more devoted friend than I, and that I regret the rigor of the perhaps unjust treatment you receive."

Consuelo was somewhat astonished at the sudden friendship and delicate attention of the baron. Hitherto, in his frequent communications as theatrical manager with the *prima-donna*, M. de Poelnitz, who, in his quality of ex-roue, did not like virtuous girls, had appeared very cold and dry. He had even often spoken of her regular conduct and reserved manners with a malicious irony. It was well known at the court that the old chamberlain was the king's spy; but Consuelo was not initiated into the secrets of the court, and she did not know that one could fill this odious office without losing the advantage of an apparent consideration in the world. Still a vague instinct of repulsiveness told Consuelo that Poelnitz had contributed more than any other to her misfortune. She therefore weighed her words when she found herself alone with him, on the morrow, in the carriage which bore them rapidly to Berlin, towards the close of the day.

"Well, my poor recluse," said he to her, "here you are devilishly brought down! What savage fellows those veterans are that guard you! They were not even willing to let me into the citadel under pretext that I had no permit, and now, without exaggerating, I have been freezing here a quarter of an hour, waiting for you. Come, wrap yourself well in these furs I have brought, to preserve your voice, and tell me something of your adventures. What the devil happened, then, at the last ridotto of the carnival? Every body asks and nobody knows. Several originals, who, in my opinion, do no harm to any one, have disappeared as by enchantment. The count de Saint-Germain, who is one of your friends, I believe; a certain Trismegistus, who was said to be hidden at M. de Golowkin's, and whom you perhaps know also, for they say that you are on the best terms possible with all these children of the devil—"

"Have these persons been arrested?" asked Consuelo.

"Or have taken flight; both versions are current in the city."

"If those persons do not know why

they are persecuted any better than I, they would have done better to have firmly awaited their justification."

"Or the new moon, which may change the humor of the monarch; that is still more sure, and I advise you to sing well this evening. That will produce more effect than finest words. How the devil have you been so awkward, my beautiful friend, as to get yourself sent to Spandaw! Never, for such trifles as you are accused of, would the king have pronounced so discourteous a condemnation upon a lady. You must have answered him with arrogance, with your cap on your ear, and your hand on the hilt of your sword, like a little mad-woman as you are. What have you done that is criminal? Come, tell me. I'll bet I can arrange your concerns; and if you will follow my advice, you will not return to that damp mouse-trap of Spandaw, but will sleep this evening in your pretty apartment at Berlin. Come, confess. They say you had a fine supper in the palace with the princess Amelia, and that you amused yourselves, in the very middle of the night, with playing the ghost and whisking the broom in the corridors in order to frighten the queen's maids of honor. It appears that many of those young ladies have miscarried, and that the most virtuous will bring into the world, children marked with a little broom on the nose. It is also said that you had your fortune told by the *planetary* of madam de Kleist, and that M. de Saint-Germain revealed to you the secrets of the policy of Philip-le-Bel. Are you so simple as to believe that the king wishes to do anything but laugh with his sister at such follies? The king has, moreover, for madam the abbess, a weakness which is almost childish, and as to the diviners, he only wishes to know if they take money for relating their idle stories, in which case he requests them to leave the country, and all is said. You see well that you deceive yourself respecting the importance of your part, and that if you had quietly answered some questions of no consequence, you would not have passed so sad a carnival in the prisons of the State."

Consuelo let the old courtier prattle on, and when he pressed her to answer, she persisted in saying that she did not know to what he referred. She felt there was a trap under this benevolent frivolity, and did not allow herself to be caught in it.

Then Poelnitz changed his tactics, and in a serious tone: "Well!" said he to her, "you mistrust me. I am not displeased at that, on the contrary, I value prudence very highly. Since you are thus, mademoiselle, I will speak to you openly. I see well that we can trust in you, and that our secret is in good hands.

Learn then, signora Porporina, that I am more your friend than you think, for I am one of your's; I am of prince Henry's party."

"Then prince Henry has a party?" asked the Porporina, curious to learn in what intrigue she was enveloped.

"Do not pretend to be ignorant of it," returned the baron. "It is a party which is much persecuted at this moment, but which is far from being desperate. The *grand lama*, or if you like it better, *M. the marquis*, is not so firm upon his throne that he cannot be made to tumble. Prussia is a good war-horse, but it must not be pushed too far.

"So, you conspire, sir baron? I never should have guessed it!"

"Who does not conspire at this moment? The tyrant is surrounded by servants, devoted in appearance, but who have sworn his ruin."

"You are certainly very inconsiderate, sir baron, to make such a confidence to me."

"If I do so, it is because I am authorized so to do by the prince and princess."

"Of what princess do you speak?"

"Of her whom you know. I do not think the others conspire—unless it be the margravine of Bareith, who is dissatisfied with her sorry position, and angry with the king since he snubbed her on the score of her understanding with cardinal Henry. That is already an old story; but a woman's grudge lasts a long while, and the margravine *Guillemette* has an uncommon mind; what do you think of her?"

"I have never had the honor of hearing her say a single word."

"But you have seen her at the abbess of Quedlimburg's!"

"I have been only once at the princess Amelia's, and the only person of the royal family I met there was the king."

"No matter! Prince Henry then has charged me to tell you—"

"Really, sir baron!" said Consuelo, in a contemptuous tone; "has the prince charged you to tell me anything?"

"You will see that I am not jesting. He wishes you to know that his affairs are not ruined, as some hope to persuade you; that no one of his confidants has betrayed him; that Saint-Germain is already in France where he is laboring to form an alliance between our conspiracy and that which will soon re-instate Charles-Edward upon the throne of England; that Trismegistus alone has been arrested, but that he will make his escape and that he is sure of his discretion. As to yourself, he conjures you not to allow yourself to be intimidated by the threats of the *marquis*, and above all not to believe those

who pretend to be in your interest in order to make you speak. That is why, just now, I subjected you to a little trial from which you came out victorious; and I will say to our hero, to our brave prince, to our future king, that you are one of the staunchest champions of his cause!"

Consuelo, astonished at the coolness of M. de Poelnitz, could not repress a burst of laughter; and when the baron, piqued at her contempt, asked the motive of her misplaced gaiety, she could answer nothing except: "You are admirable, sublime, sir baron!"

And she began to laugh again in spite of herself. She would have laughed under the cane, like the Nicole of M. Gourdain.

"When this nervous attack has passed away," said Poelnitz without being disconcerted, "you will, perhaps, deign to explain your intentions. Would you betray the prince? Can you really believe that the princess would have given you up to the king's anger? Would you consider yourself freed from your oaths? Beware, mademoiselle! You would soon repent it perhaps. Before long, Silesia will be delivered by us to Maria Theresa, who has not abandoned her projects, and who will at once become our powerful ally. Russia, France, will certainly join hands with prince Henry. Madame de Pompadour has not forgotten Frederick's disdain. A powerful coalition, a few years of struggle, may easily precipitate from the throne this proud sovereign who holds only by a thread. With the love of the new monarch you can aspire to a high fortune. The least that can happen from all this, is that the elector of Saxony may be dispossessed of the crown of Poland, and that prince Henry may go and reign at Warsaw. Thus—"

"Thus, sir baron, there exists, according to you, a conspiracy, which, to satisfy prince Henry, may yet again subject Europe to be ravaged by fire and sword! And that prince, to gratify his ambition, would not recoil from the disgrace of giving up his father-land to strangers. I can with difficulty believe such things possible; and if, unfortunately, you speak the truth, I am much humiliated at passing for your accomplice. But let us put an end to this comedy, I beseech you. Here for quarter of an hour you have been exerting yourself very ingeniously to make me confess imaginary crimes. I have listened to you in order to discover under what pretext I am retained in prison; I am still to learn how I have deserved the hatred that has so basely attacked me. If you will inform me, I will endeavor to exculpate myself. Until then, I can answer nothing to all the fine things you communicate, except that

they surprise me very much, and that such projects meet with no sympathy from me."

"In that case, mademoiselle, if you are no better informed than you say," returned Poelnitz, much mortified, "I am astonished at such want of caution on the part of the prince, who induced me to speak to you without reserve before being assured of your adhesion to all his projects."

"I repeat to you, sir baron, that I absolutely know nothing of the prince's projects, but I am very certain of one thing, which is that he never requested you to say a single word to me on the subject. Excuse my thus giving you the lie. I respect your age; but I cannot help despising the horrible part you play with me at this moment."

"The absurd suspicions of a female brain cannot reach me," replied Poelnitz, who could no longer draw back from his falsehoods. "A time will come when you will do me justice. In the trouble occasioned by persecution, and with the sorrowful ideas which the prison must necessarily engender, it is not astonishing that you should entirely want penetration and clear-sightedness. In conspiracies we must expect such whims, especially on the part of ladies. I pity and forgive you. It is possible, moreover, that in all this you are only the devoted friend of Trenck and the confidant of an august princess. Those secrets are of too delicate a nature for me to wish to speak of them. Prince Henry himself closes his eyes to them, although he is not ignorant that the only motive which has induced his sister to enter into the conspiracy, is the desire of seeing Trenck restored and perhaps that of marrying him."

"I know no more of that either, sir baron, and I think that if you were sincerely devoted to any august princess you would not tell me such strange things respecting her."

The noise of the wheels upon the pavement put an end to this conversation, to the great content of the baron, who knew not what expedient to invent in order to get out of the scrape. They entered the city. The cantatrice, escorted to the door of her dressing-room in the wings, by two officers who kept her almost always within sight, received quite a cold welcome from her comrades. She was beloved by them, but no one felt courage enough to protest, by outward testimonials, against the disgrace pronounced by the king. They were sad, constrained, and as if struck by the fear of contagion. Consuelo, who did not wish to attribute this conduct to cowardice, but to compassion, thought she read in their dejected countenances the sentence of a long cap-

\* Sophia Wilhelmina. She signed herself *Sister Guillemette* when writing to Voltaire.

tivity. She exerted herself to show them that she was not affrighted, and appeared upon the stage with a courageous confidence.

There happened at this moment something very strange in the body of the theatre. The Porporina's arrest having made much noise, and the audience being composed only of persons devoted to the royal will either from conviction or position, each one put his hands into his pockets in order to resist the desire and the habit of applauding the disgraced cantatrice. All had their eyes fixed upon the monarch, who, on his side, carried his investigating glances over the crowd and seemed to impose upon it the deepest silence. Suddenly a crown of flowers, coming no one knew whence, fell at the feet of the cantatrice, and several voices pronounced simultaneously and loud enough to be heard from the various parts of the hall where they were distributed, these words: "*It is the king! It is the king's pardon!*" This singular assertion passed from mouth to mouth with the rapidity of lightning; and each one thinking to perform his duty and give pleasure to Frederick, a tempest of applauses, such as had not been heard at Berlin within the memory of man, burst forth from the ceiling to the pit. For some moments, the Porporina, amazed and confounded at so audacious a demonstration, could not commence her part. The king, stupefied, turned towards the spectators with a terrible expression, which was taken for a sign of sympathy and encouragement. Buddenbrock himself, placed not far from him, having asked young Benda what was the matter, and the latter having answered that the crown came from the king's place, began to clap with a bad humor that was truly comic. The Porporina thought she was dreaming; the king pinched himself to know if he was wide awake.

Whatever might have been the cause and object of this triumph, Consuelo felt its salutary effect. She surpassed herself, and was applauded with the same transport during the whole of the first act. But during the inter-act, the mistake being somewhat cleared up, there was only a part of the audience, the most obscure and farthest removed from being put right by the courtiers, who persisted in giving signs of approbation. At last, in the second inter-act, the orators of the corridors and pit told every body that the king appeared much dissatisfied by the foolish conduct of the public; that a cabal had been arranged by the Porporina with an unheard of audacity; finally, that whoever should be pointed out as having taken part in this malicious attempt, would certainly repent of it. When the third act came, the si-

lence was so profound in the hall, spite of the wonders accomplished by the prima-donna, that you might have heard a fly buzz at the end of each piece sung by her, and, to make amends, the other performers gathered all the fruits of the reaction.

As to the Porporina, she was soon undeceived respecting her triumph.

"My poor friend," said Conciolini, as he presented the crown to her in the wing, after the first scene, "I pity you for having such dangerous friends. They will complete your ruin."

Between the acts, Porporino came into her dressing-room, and speaking in a low voice: "I told you to beware of M. de Saint-Germain," said he to her; "but it was too late. Every party has its traitors. Be none the less faithful to friendship, and attentive to the voice of your conscience. You are protected by an arm more powerful than that which oppresses you."

"What do you mean," cried the Porporina; "are you of those —"

"I say that God will protect you," replied the Porporino, who seemed to fear being overheard, and who pointed to the partition which separated the actors' dressing rooms from each other. Those partitions were ten feet high; but there was a considerable space between the tops of them and the common ceiling, so that what passed in one room could easily be heard in another. "I foresaw," continued he, speaking in a still lower voice and giving her a purse, "that you would be in want of money, and I have brought you some."

"I thank you," replied Consuelo; "if the keeper who sells provisions to me very dearly, should come to claim any payment from you, as here is enough to satisfy him for a long time, refuse to settle his bills. He is a usurer."

"It is enough," replied the good and loyal Porporino; "I leave you; I should only aggravate your condition if I appeared to have any secrets with you."

He went away, and Consuelo received a visit from madam de Coccei (the Barberini,) who courageously testified much interest and affection for her. The marchioness d'Argens (the Cochois) came to join them with a more starched air, and with the fine words of a queen who protects misfortune. Consuelo was not the less obliged to her for her conduct, and requested her not to compromise the favor of her husband by prolonging her visit.

The king said to Poelnitz: "Well, did you question her? Did you find means to make her talk?"

"Not more than if she had been a stone post," replied the baron.

"Did you make her understand that I

would forgive all if she would only tell me what she knows about the *sweeper*, and what Saint-Germain said to her?"

"She cares for it as she does for the year forty."

"Did you frighten her about the length of her captivity?"

"Not yet. Your majesty told me to win her by gentleness."

"You will frighten her when you carry her back."

"I will try, but I shall not succeed."

"Then she is a saint, a martyr?"

"She is a fanatic, a person possessed, perhaps the devil in petticoats."

"In that case, wo to her! I abandon her. The season of the Italian opera finishes in a few days; make your arrangements so that we may have no need of this girl until then, and don't let me hear of her for a year."

"A year! Your majesty will not stick to it."

"Better than your head sticks to your shoulders, Poelnitz!"

#### XVII.

Poelnitz had motives enough of resentment against the Porporina to seize this opportunity to revenge himself. Still he did nothing; his character was eminently cowardly, and he had not the strength to be wicked except with those who gave themselves up to him. The moment he was put in his true place ever so little, he became timid, and one would have said he experienced an involuntary respect for those whom he could not succeed in deceiving. He had even been seen to quit those who flattered his vices, in order to follow with hanging ears those who trod him under foot. Was it the feeling of his weakness, or the remembrance of a youth less vile? We would wish to believe that in the most corrupted souls something still discloses the existence of better instincts stifled, and remaining only in the state of suffering and remorse. It is certain that Poelnitz attached himself for a long time to prince Henry, pretending to take part in his vexations; that he had often excited him to complain of the bad treatment of the king and had set him the example, in order that he might afterwards report his words to Frederick, even embittering them, so as to increase the anger of the latter. Poelnitz had performed this infamous part for the pleasure of doing it, for, at the bottom, he did not hate the prince. He hated no one, unless it was the king, who dishonored him more and more without enriching him. Poelnitz, therefore, loved deceit for its own sake. To deceive was a flattering triumph in his eyes. He had moreover, a real pleasure in speaking ill of the king and making others do the same; and when he came to report those

evil-sayings to Frederick, even while boasting of having provoked them, he rejoiced internally at being able to play the same trick with his master, by hiding from him the happiness he had experienced in laughing at him, betraying him, revealing his caprices, his follies, his vices to his enemies. Thus both parties were duped by him, and this life of intrigue in which he fomented hatred without precisely serving that of any one, had secret delights for him.

Still, prince Henry had at last remarked that every time he let his bitterness appear before the complaisant Poelnitz, he found, some hours afterwards, the king more irritated and more outrageous towards him than usual. If he had complained to Poelnitz of being put under arrest for twenty-four hours, he saw his condemnation doubled the next day. This prince, as frank as he was brave, as confiding as Frederick was suspicious, had at last opened his eyes to the miserable character of the baron. Instead of prudently managing him, he had overwhelmed him with reproaches; and since that time, Poelnitz, bowed to the ground before him, had no longer sought to injure him. It even seemed as if he loved him at the bottom of his heart as much as he was capable of loving. He was moved on speaking of him with admiration, and these testimonials of respect appeared so sincere that people were astonished at them as an incomprehensible anomaly on the part of such a man.

The fact is, that Poelnitz, finding him a thousand times more generous and tolerant than Frederick, would have preferred to have him for master; perceiving, or vaguely guessing, as did the king, a kind of mysterious conspiracy around the prince, he much desired to have a clue to it and to know if he could depend sufficiently upon its success to unite with it. It was therefore with the intention of acquiring information for himself that he had endeavored to mislead Consuelo. If she had revealed to him the little she knew, he would not have reported it to the king, unless indeed the latter had given him a great deal of money. But Frederick was too economical to have great villains at his command.

He had extorted some of this mystery from the count de Saint-Germain. He had said to him, with such an appearance of conviction, so much evil of the king, that this skilful adventurer had not been sufficiently on his guard with him. Let us say, in passing, that this adventurer had a tincture of enthusiasm and folly; that if he was a charlatan and even a Jesuit in certain respects, he had at the bottom of all that, a fanatical conviction which presented singular contrasts and made him commit many inconsistencies.

On carrying Consuelo back to the fortress, Poelnitz, who had become accustomed to the contempt which others experienced for him, and who no longer remembered that which she had testified towards him, conducted himself quite naively with her. He confessed, without being requested, that he knew nothing, and that all he had said to her respecting the projects of the prince in connection with foreign powers was only a gratuitous commentary upon the strange behavior and the secret relations of the prince and his sister with certain suspected persons.

"That commentary does no honor to the loyalty of your lordship," replied Consuelo, "and perhaps you should not boast of it."

"The commentary is not mine," answered Poelnitz tranquilly, "it had its origin in the brain of the king, our master, a diseased and gloomy brain, if there ever was one, when suspicion gets possession of it. As to giving suppositions for certainties, it is a method so sanctioned by the custom of courts and the science of diplomatists, that you are quite a simpleton to be scandalized by it. Besides, it was kings who taught it to me, it was they who educated me, and all my vices come from father and son, from the two Prussian monarchs whom I have had the honor to serve. To plead the false in order to get at the truth! Frederick never does anything else, and he is considered a great man; see what it is to be in fashion! while I am treated as a villain because I follow his example: what prejudice!"

Poelnitz tormented Consuelo as much as he could, in order to know what had passed between her, the prince, the abbess, Trenck, the adventurers Saint-Germain and Trismegistus, and a great number of important personages, who he said were united in some inexplicable intrigue. He openly confessed to her that if the affair had any consistency he would not hesitate to throw himself into it. Consuelo saw clearly that he at last talked with open heart; but as she really knew nothing, she had no merit in persisting in her denials.

When Poelnitz saw the gates of the citadel close upon Consuelo and her secret, he reflected upon the conduct he had best pursue with regard to her; and at last, hoping that she would be willing to give him information if she returned to Berlin in consequence of his good-offices, he resolved to excuse her to the king. But at the first word he uttered on the next day, the king interrupted him: "What has she revealed?" "Nothing, sire." "In that case let me alone. I forbid your mentioning her to me." "Sire, she knows nothing." "So much

the worse for her. Beware of ever again pronouncing her name before me." This sentence was proclaimed in a tone which permitted no reply. Frederick certainly suffered on thinking of the Porporina. There was at the bottom of his heart and conscience a very painful little point which then thrilled as when you pass your finger over a small thorn buried in the flesh. In order to avoid this painful feeling, he undertook irrevocably to forget its cause and he had not much difficulty in succeeding. A week had not passed, before, thanks to his strong royal temperament and the servile submission of those who approached him, he did not even recollect that Consuelo had ever existed. Still the unfortunate was at Spandaw. The theatrical season was finished and her harpsichord had been taken away from her. The king had bestowed this attention upon her on the evening when the audience had applauded her to his beard, thinking to please him. Prince Henry was under arrest for an indefinite time. The abbess of Quedlimburg was seriously ill. The king had been so cruel as to make her believe that Trenck had again been taken and buried in his dungeon. Trismegistus and Saint-Germain had really disappeared, and the sweeper had ceased to haunt the palace. That which her appearance presaged seemed to have received a kind of confirmation. The youngest of the king's brothers had died of exhaustion consequent upon premature infirmities.

To these domestic troubles was added Voltaire's definitive quarrel with the king. Almost all biographers have declared that in this miserable strife the honor remained with Voltaire. On examining the documents more attentively, it may be seen that it does no honor to the character of either of the parties and that the least mean position is perhaps even that of Frederick. Colder, more implacable, more selfish than Voltaire, Frederick felt neither envy nor hatred; and these burning little passions took from Voltaire the pride and the dignity of which Frederick knew at least how to assume the appearance. Among the bitter bickerings which drop by drop brought on the explosion, there was one in which Consuelo was not named, but which aggravated the sentence of voluntary forgetfulness that had been pronounced against her. One evening, d'Argens was reading the Paris gazettes to Frederick, Voltaire being present. There was mention made in them of the adventure of mademoiselle Clairon, interrupted in the midst of her part by a badly placed spectator who cried out to her: "*Louder*;" summoned to make excuses to the public for having royally replied: "*And you, lower*;" and finally sent to the Bastille for having



maintained her part with as much pride as firmness. The public papers added that this adventure would not deprive the public of mademoiselle Clairon, because, during her incarceration, she would be brought from the Bastille under escort, to play Phedre or Chimene, after which she would return to sleep in the prison until the expiration of her punishment, which it was presumed and hoped would be of short duration.

Voltaire was very intimate with Hippolyte Clairon, who had powerfully contributed to the success of his dramatic works. He was indignant at this occurrence and forgetting that an analogous and still more serious one was passing under his eyes: "That does no honor to France!" cried he, interrupting d'Argens at every word: "the brute! to accost an actress like mademoiselle Clairon so rudely and so grossly! The booby of a public! to wish to force her to make excuses! a woman! a charming woman! The pedants! the barbarians! The Bastille! God's light! Is your eyesight good, marquis! a woman to the Bastille in this age! for a word full of wit, of taste and pertinency! for a delightful repartee! and that in France!"

"Doubtless," said the king, "the Clairon was playing Electra or Semiramis, and the public, who did not wish to lose a single word, ought to find favor with M. de Voltaire."

At any other time, this observation of the king would have been flattering; but it was uttered in a tone of irony that struck the philosopher and reminded him of the awkward mistake he had committed. He had all the wit necessary to repair it: he did not wish to. The king's vexation excited him, and he replied: "No, sire, had mademoiselle Clairon murdered a character written by me, I can never conceive that there is in the world a police so brutal as to drag beauty, genius, and weakness into the prisons of the state."

This reply, joined to a hundred others, and especially to bitter sarcasms, to cynical jests, reported to the king by more than one officious *Poelnitz*, brought about the rupture which every one has heard of, and furnished to Voltaire the most piquant complaints, the most comic imprecations, the sharpest reproaches. Consuelo was only the more *forgotten* at Spandaw, while after three days mademoiselle Clairon issued triumphant and adored from the Bastille. Deprived of her harpsichord, the poor child armed herself with all her courage to continue her singing and her composition in the evening. She succeeded, and soon perceived that her voice and the exquisite justness of her ear even improved with this dry and difficult exercise. The fear of mis-

takes made her much more circumspect; she listened more to herself, which required a labor of memory and of excessive attention. Her manner became broader, more serious, more perfect. As to her compositions, they assumed a more simple character, and she composed in her prison some airs of a remarkable beauty and a majestic sadness. Still she soon felt how prejudicial the loss of her harpsichord was to her health and the calmness of her mind. Experiencing the necessity of occupation without respite, and not able to repose from the agitating and stormy labor of production and execution by the more quiet employment of reading and investigation, she felt the fever slowly kindle in her veins, and sorrow invade all her thoughts. That active character, happy and full of affectionate expansion, was not made for isolation and the absence of sympathy. She would perhaps have sunk under a few weeks of this cruel discipline, had not Providence sent her a friend, there where she certainly did not expect to find one.

To be Continued.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

*Theory of Musical Composition, treated with a view to a naturally consecutive arrangement of Topics.* By GODFREY WEBER. Translated from the Third, enlarged and improved, German Edition, with Notes, by JAMES F. WARNER. In Two Volumes. 8vo. pp. 826. Boston: Wilkins, Carter, & Co., and O. C. B. Carter. 1846.

We congratulate the musical world and Mr. Warner upon the completion of his long and difficult labor. These two large volumes, formidably learned as they look, should be in the hands of every musical student. For the first time a work has been presented to us in English, which has some pretensions to the character of a *complete* theory of the musical art. Hitherto we have had only brief and superficial text-books, some of them very well arranged and accurate as far as they went, but all so limited as to exclude much that is indispensable to any thorough knowledge of what, not only every composer, but every respectable performer and amateur ought to know.

By *theory of composition* in the present work is meant, not all that pertains to the various forms of art, as Canons, Fugues, Symphonies, &c., but only that essential *Grammar* of music, without which there can be no composition at all. It simply states the principles of *writing and reading music correctly*, so that it shall be music. Accordingly, it is not beyond the province of every one who has to do with music; and who wishes to proceed intelligently as far as he goes. Teachers, players, singers, amateurs and

critics, will find it to their purpose, no less than composers.

From the fame of the author, and the very elaborate character of the work, we presume that we have here the last word of the Germans, the most learned and most musical of all men, on this subject. Indeed GODFREY WEBER is considered to be at the head of the musical theorists now living, and to have worked up the multitudinous materials furnished by all earlier writers, into a clearer, more consistent, and more complete whole, than they have ever yet exhibited. That such is his estimation among those who know, appears from the testimonials of the best foreign and native professors residing among us, which are prefixed to this translation; and yet more remarkably from the fact that several treatises have stolen from this, even before it was all published.

We have said that this work was not for composers only; neither is it for the scientifically curious, for those who speculate about systems and profound laws; but rather for the practical student. The author expressly disclaims all attempt at a *system*. He takes only facts universally granted; he simply arranges the elements of the musical art, as it now exists, with a view to a clear presentation of the whole field known, and does not concern himself about the unknown. Himself a composer of no ordinary genius, he is at the same time a very prince of matter-of-fact utilitarians in the sphere of theory. He doubts even if the foundations for a Science, properly so called, exist in music. He discards all attempts to unfold the whole system of scales and harmonies from one tone with its accompanying harmonics, just as all the colors of the rainbow diverge from one white ray of light. Because this system has not been wrought out into all its details, because it fails thus far to answer every question, he rejects it altogether as a fancy. So, too, he sweeps away all the labored ingenuity which has been expended upon the mathematical calculation of vibrations, with a hope of eliciting a whole musical theory from *them*. He advocates the empirical doctrine of the "Temperament," and scouts the notion of enharmonic distinctions carried farther than on paper. Whether he is right in all this, whether it is the highest view to be taken of music, whether anything, whose whole effect is harmony, is to be supposed so destitute of one central generating principle, and so incapable of the clear living unity of science, are questions which we cannot here discuss. But this much it is just to say, in characterizing Godfrey Weber, that his mind is decidedly of an empirical stamp, and that he is philosopher no farther than as he aims to give a

clear account of what has gained a universality in practice. So much the better fitted is he for the special business he had here in hand, to form the practical musician and make him master of his trade. The poetry and idealism of the matter he leaves to the sphere of art and actual composition or creation; and deeper scientific problems he postpones probably to the time when there shall be a unitary science of all things.

Viewed in this light, nothing can exceed the practical excellence of this work. Thoroughness, clearness, and progressive order are its chief merits. It is even tediously minute, and over-careful in its explanations, and almost quibbles to make out distinctions. But this is well, where there is so much greater danger of confusion. Every thing that can possibly be said in every department of the matter is regularly taken up, explained, when necessary, and merely recognized in passing where it belongs rather to the above-mentioned speculations, than to the established necessities of practice. Every detail, form and transformation, is carefully carried through; and yet all these things are so well arranged and classified, that they become simple and reward patience. Especially useful is his reduction of all chords to the two classes of three-fold and four-fold chords, and the very natural and beautiful device of representing every possible chord, in every possible key, and on every degree of a scale, by a mere numeral or letter slightly modified. This invention alone will simplify the perplexities of Thorough-Bass incredibly.

The completeness and fulness of the treatise must be again mentioned. It contains *every thing* which the learner wants. And not only precepts, but examples, copious and convenient, and in themselves intrinsically interesting and beautiful, being drawn from the best known sonatas, symphonies, masses, operas, and so forth, of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Schneider, with many from classic compositions of the author's own. One who has been familiar with these great works, here finds delightful reminiscences at every step, and is charmed into a more than superficial study of the methods, into an apprehension of the secrets, of some of his loved masters.

It contains, moreover, many new views upon special points, new constructions of certain chords, &c., all of which are verified and sustained by irrefragable argument; as for instance, its doctrine of *independent ninths*. It closes with brief but excellent directions for composing in one, two, three or four parts, and merely indicates the fields which lie beyond. An appendix upon the Greek music and the old

Ecclesiastical Modes adds interest to the book.

On the whole, though not so profoundly scientific as the treatise, which we do not yet despair of seeing, upon music, we feel that we cannot recommend this work too strongly. It undoubtedly must become the basis of all popular manuals and text-books in the elements of music hereafter; and this is prophesying a great improvement in all our schools of music. The translation of Mr. Warner bears every mark of fidelity, being true to the original, even in its faults, true to its manner as to its matter. Godfrey Weber's hard, dry, repetitious style, formal and careful in its wording as an indictment or a deed at law, might possibly have been smoothed out a little more, without injury to its strength or clearness. As it is, every friend of music has good cause to thank him for a real and lasting service. And the publisher should come in for a share of the public gratitude; for nothing but a real zeal for art could have dictated so expensive an undertaking, in which he must wait years for his remuneration. The two volumes are furnished, neatly bound, at the very reasonable price of five dollars.

## REVIEW.

*On Heroes, Hero Worship, and the Heroic in History. Six Lectures reported with Emendations and Additions.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. Revised Edition. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1846. pp. 218. (Sold by Redding and Co., Boston.)

Carlyle's talk is still more remarkable than his writings. It has all their strength, originality, grotesque combinations, and startling illustrations, with even more boldness and impetuosity. He converses, it is said, no more than Coleridge did; he must have his say all to himself; but then his talk flows forth from his strange, capacious, mysterious soul; it is the outpouring of a lava-flood, which has swept away in its fiery descent, gold, jewels, precious stones, and all things rich and rare, in promiscuous magnificence. This work is the record of Carlyle's talk about Heroes, and is more Carlyleish than anything he has written. The subjects are adapted to make it popular, even with those who are intolerant of his usual quaint ruggedness and hirsute independence of style. We are glad to see it reprinted in Wiley and Putnam's popular Series. We do not doubt it will find a plenty of purchasers, though perhaps not all with the zeal of a good natured admirer of Sartor Resartus, who bespoke "twenty-five copies for his own reading." Our New York publishers have done the honest thing by Carlyle, as appears by the following Im-

primatur, which as creditable to them, and as a characteristic morceau of the author, we here copy.

"This Book, 'Heroes and Hero Worship,' I have read over and revised into a correct state for Messrs. Wiley and Putnam of New York, who are hereby authorized, they and they only, so far as I can authorize them, to print and vend the same in the United States.

— THOMAS CARLYLE.

"London, June 18, 1846."

*Clement of Rome, or Scenes from the Christianity of the First Century.* By Mrs. JOYSLIN. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1846. pp. 335. (Boston, for sale by Redding & Co.)

A large part of the religious public will receive with favor a work of this kind, especially as Dr. TAYLER LEWIS has prefixed to it an introductory notice. It exhibits more or less reading in Roman history, and a tolerably careful study of some good dictionary of Roman antiquities, combined with deep religious feeling and a faith which no rationalistic scepticism seems ever to have approached. Its doctrines, as Dr. Lewis's name forewarns the reader, are those of Calvinistic orthodoxy, though they are not urged in a manner calculated to offend members of other sects. As a work of fiction, in which character it falls more within the critical province of the Harbinger, it has no particular merit, and might be forgotten without any injury to literature. Its plot is clumsy, its persons have no individuality, and its movement is confused. But as the writers of religious romances have a standing exemption from all the requisitions of art, we presume that this book will have a large circulation.

*Comstock's Phonetic Magazine.* Philadelphia, September, 1846.

Of Comstock's "Treatise on Phonology" we expressed our opinion at some length in a former number of the Harbinger, and certainly see no reason for changing it. The present publication attempts to relieve the dryness of what its author supposes to be science by putting it into wretched doggerel, which might befit a travelling mountebank, but is hardly suitable for a person of higher pretensions. If Dr. Comstock wishes to commend his system to anything but ridicule, he would do well to select some other mode of bringing it forward.

These libraries, the pretended treasures of sublime knowledge, are but a humiliating depot of contradictions and errors. — *Barthelemy.*

Does not the mere spectacle of pauperism in our cities, demonstrate that these floods of philosophic lights are only floods of darkness? — *Fourier.*

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, OCT. 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.

## MEETING OF "THE AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS."

It will be remembered that this Society at its meeting in Boston last June, adjourned to meet again at the season of the autumnal equinox. Accordingly the hall in Marlboro' Chapel was procured for Monday evening, Sept. 21st, and notwithstanding that the equinoctial Boreas had threatened through the day as if to try our faith, he civilly postponed his blasts and called off his advanced guard of clouds when evening came, and one of the largest audiences we have ever had assembled were punctually upon the spot. Most of the constant few, the faithful and tried friends of the cause, the sight of whom ensures enthusiasm in any meeting, were there; and besides them a very large accession of new faces, new and friendly, if we may trust appearances. In the absence of the President and Vice Presidents, GEORGE RIPLEY was called to the chair. JOHN ORVIS was chosen Secretary for the evening.

The eloquent voice and look of our friend WILLIAM H. CHANNING, the Corresponding Secretary, were not there, he having scarcely risen from severe illness. But a worthy prelude of faith and firm assurance was given to the evening, by the President's reading the letter from him which will be found on the next page. Mr. DANA then addressed the meeting on the fundamental principles of our enterprise; and in a very plain and earnest argument he proved that Association is no idle transcendental theory, but the dictate of the simplest common sense. He alluded to the instinctive recognition of this in many characteristic movements of these times, as the multiplication of joint stock companies, mutual insurance, and innumerable beginnings of the system of guarantees. He was followed by JOHN ALLEN, editor of the "Voice of Industry," who spoke of the injustice which the present system does to humanity as such, cramping or unduly exercising every faculty, and, as he more tersely than elegantly expressed it, "*Caspar-Hauser-izing*" every mother's son of us.

Mr. BRISBANE gave the history of the Associative movement, somewhat facetiously describing his own youthful advocacy of Liberty among the aristocracy of rank and fashion in Berlin and Vienna;

telling how the impracticable dream gave way to wiser knowledge of the only conditions of true liberty, (the right to labor, to a fair share of the rewards of labor, and to integral education,) when he chanced to read one of the writings of the obscure Fourier; and tracing the rapid progress of these ideas during the past four or five years in this country. He then entered into a brief statement of the objects of the movement, more particularly as now organized in this "American Union," with its affiliated Societies; spoke of the more immediate measures it has in view, namely, the establishment of journals, the issuing of tracts, the forming of a corps of lecturers, and the collection of funds for all these purposes; and closed with an announcement of the ultimate measure to which these all tend, the foundation of a model Phalanx, with sufficient numbers, capital, and science; giving a somewhat detailed description of the manner in which he would proceed to organize and institute it.

All these discourses were of a more exclusively plain and practical character than has been usual in our meetings; there was more of careful consideration of necessities and measures, and less of brilliant eloquence or high enthusiasm. But the interest of the audience was eager and sustained, and their response was warm. The hour was now late, and but a few moments left for actual business. Mr. DWIGHT alluded to the frustration of our hopes of raising funds for lectures, tracts, and journals, thus far; to the difficulty of sustaining even the organ which we have, the "Harbinger;" and read the following letter which he had just received.

"Is it true, as I have heard, that you contemplate abandoning the Harbinger? This *must not be*. The paper is too valuable to those who receive it, to allow its discontinuance, without some effort on their part to prevent it.

"If I am rightly informed, the Harbinger has heretofore been supported by the Brook Farm Phalanx, rather than by the friends of the movement generally,—the subscriptions, as is usual with papers advocating reform, never meeting the expenses. Owing to its losses, Brook Farm is no longer able to do this—which *never should have been allowed*—and unless the paper is aided by subscriptions or donations it must be given up. Is this so? Do you not intend making an appeal to the public? Have they not a right to expect of you a plain and full statement of facts, that they may have the privilege of aiding in this important work. I trust this subject will be brought before the meeting of the 21st.

"As a member of the 'American

Union of Associationists,' who adopted the Harbinger as our organ, and mindful of our promise to circulate five hundred copies, I, for one, stand ready, in response to such appeal, to promise \$20 in donations or subscriptions towards the support of the fourth volume. I doubt not, many others would willingly pledge themselves to a greater or less amount. Only let us one and all feel that there is a personal call to be answered promptly and efficiently, and the Harbinger may be placed on a substantial foundation.

"A writer in the Harbinger a few weeks since asked of Woman 'what she would do for Association.' Is not this one sphere in which she can labor with good result? I would call on all my sisters (though by no means should the work be confined to them) who feel any interest in the progress of humanity, in the redemption of the race from Poverty, Ignorance, Intemperance, War, Slavery, Crime, who would hasten the coming of the kingdom of Heaven,—to aid in sending forth this weekly messenger of Order and Peace, Plenty and Freedom, Christian Love and Joy, to the hearts and homes of this people. Let them but heartily undertake and it is accomplished.

"Your Sister in Hope and Faith.

"P. S. Since writing the above, I have conversed with a friend who agrees to take five copies."

Mr. DWIGHT took this occasion to remark that several other persons had already volunteered in sums of five or ten dollars each for the same object, and to lay the case of the Harbinger fairly before the meeting. He confirmed the impressions of his anonymous correspondent respecting it; stated that not only was Brook Farm publishing it at a loss, but that the editors *gave* their time; and he now made the appeal to the friends of the cause and the members of the "Union," as such, to signify their sense of the value and importance of the Harbinger, by either taking the burden of its support or saying we do not need it, and it shall go down.

This appeal was promptly answered. Mr. DANA pledged himself to raise \$150 for the fourth volume, among friends. Mr. ORVIS reminded the Society of its vote in June last, that it would purchase five hundred copies of the paper for gratuitous circulation, and engaged himself to raise \$50. Several persons contributed sums on the spot, and several new subscriptions were handed in. The business was then resumed, arrangements for lectures in and about Boston through the winter, were talked over, and it was resolved to hold a Convention of two or three days during the Christmas season.

## TO "THE AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS."

BRATTLEBORO', Sept. 18, 1846.

FRIENDS :

Illness will prevent my being present with you on the 21st inst., and I am desirous therefore to use the only other means open to me of bearing once again my testimony in behalf of an *Order of Society* based upon the LAWS OF DIVINE JUSTICE.

So long as Association is unpopular — suspected by the good, — sneered at by the wise, — accused by the religious and secular press of being an artful scheme to undermine faith by infidelity, and to swallow up the most sacred social institutions in a quicksand of licentiousness, — so long should every true Associationist be anxious to take the responsibility of commending this cause to our countrymen, as worthy of their highest confidence. The pioneers in all movements must meet with abuse; but in pursuit of an end so sublime as that which welcomes us onward, it needs but moderate firmness to bear the common fate with cheerful patience. Each of the small band arrayed beneath the standard of Social Unity, should be proud to lead the "forlorn hope." When the day of triumph comes, as it surely will, let the trophies be given to the many, who will then be ready to wear them. Association and Associationists are now objects of contempt. It is well. There will come a to-morrow; and the visionary radicals of this generation will be found by the next to have been common-sense conservatives. The great principles which it is our privilege to advocate, are destined to conquer the world.

We are in the right way, friends, in the providential way, in the way of obedience and of hope. You, each and all, know the reason of the faith that is in you on this subject; you can review the varied discipline, by which you have been led to consecrate yourselves to the Associative movement. For one, I know, that my faith in it is the result of all the experience of my manhood. It is now twelve years since I entered the Christian ministry; and the one question during these long years has been, "Whence come the inhuman inequalities, dissensions, mutual outrages, among the professed followers of Him, whose New Commandment was Love, and whose last symbolic act was to gird himself with a towel and to wash his disciples' feet, saying: "As I your master have done this menial service for you, so be ye ministers to one another?" I have been from youth upward too a Republican; — and the constant question has been: "How is it, that amidst free institutions are found the same hideous contrasts, — between

want and wealth, drudgery and sloth, crime and purity, coarseness and refinement, ignorance and culture, — which disgrace nations formed under monarchical and aristocratic rule!" In England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and in four of the great cities, as well as in manufacturing towns and country villages of our own land, have I sought by actual observation to find the solution of these enigmas, as to the practical failure of Christianity and of Civilization to procure brotherhood and equality. I have patiently studied these difficult problems by aid of the clearest light to be gained from the political economists, the statesmen and philanthropists of Europe and of this country. And I now am prepared to assert, without qualification or reserve, that slavery or serfdom, in a more or less intense form, excessive toil and effeminate luxury, contagious diseases, pauperism, licentiousness, intemperance, robbing and fraud on the largest and smallest scales, violence, public and private, national and individual, popular ignorance and professional sophistry, partizan and sectarian strifes, the degradation of woman, the tyranny of capital, and finally, general rivalry, duplicity, and overreaching, — are the *established customs and manners* of every Christian and civilized community. And by established customs and manners, I mean that these crimes and miseries are not accidental to, but intrinsic in and inseparable from all modern societies; that they are the result not of individual perverseness, but of pervading and over-mastering temptation; that they are not transient exceptions, but constant effects arising from permanent causes, which exist in the very constitution of these societies. With equal confidence, I am prepared to assert again, that these monstrous evils cannot be, to any considerable degree, diminished, — certainly, that they cannot be removed, — until their originating source is rooted out, which is *Conflicting Interests*, and until instead is planted that true seed from the Tree of Life, UNITED INTERESTS.

The fundamental notion of our social unions must be altered; and in place of the thought of self-aggrandizement must be substituted that of cooperation. The spirit of our governments and laws must be changed; and instead of the partial idea of protecting each individual's rights against the injustice of his fellows, must be adopted the universal idea of establishing the Common-Wealth, wherein Each may work for All, and All for Each, as members of a living body. In a word, we need to form communities, which in contrast with existing communities, shall be radically reformed, the *organizing principle* of which shall be JUSTICE, — justice to each child, man,

woman, by securing the harmonious development and use of all their powers amid befitting conditions, — justice integral, extending to every interest and relation of life, — justice divine, the justice of perfect love. In room of governments of Force, transmitted from savage and barbarous eras, and of governments of Opinion framed by the few for the restraint of the many, imperfectly defining and maintaining human rights, the time has come for the introduction of the Kingdom of God, which is the reign of impartial, equal goodness in all, and for all. This will be at once the *Law of Liberty* and the *Liberty of Law*, beneath whose benignant sway man's essential and primitive desires will work together, with full yet balanced energy, in beauty and in joy. It is this Kingdom of God, that Association declares itself to be. It assumes to substitute for human caprice, the *Divine Will* in the regulation of society.

The very largeness of this claim subjects Association to the charge of being one of the quack nostrums of this restless age; and this objection, or rather this class of objections, deserves consideration. Good men remember, that the French Revolution was ushered in by specious promises of universal well-being, and that the boastful cries of Theophilanthropy, Fraternity, Equality, heralded the advent of scepticism, anarchy, and promiscuous license and murder. With a not unnatural want of discrimination, they fail to perceive, that Association, — while justifying all that there was of good in the large hope for freedom and humanity, cherished by the revolutionists of the last generation, — is the exact opposite of the schemes of those misguided though often noble-minded men, in the two grand particulars of the *principle*, from which it sets forth, and the *method* which it pursues.

The *principle* of the Revolutionists was Doubt or Denial; their *method* was Destruction. The *principle* of the Associationists is FAITH; our *method* is CONSTRUCTION.

Our principle is Faith; faith in God, in his present inspiration, in his governing providence, in his original good will to every creature, in his everlasting purpose to redeem his children from all evil, and to reform them after his own image; — faith in Christ and Christendom, as the central providential agency for the restoration of mankind to more than their original glory, and for the introduction of Heaven upon Earth; — faith in Humanity, and in the power of hope, truth, kindness, which is stirring the nations under the guidance of the Divine Spirit and influences from the heavenly world. The spring of our whole movement is religion,

Again, our method is, not to kill, but to make alive, not "to destroy, but to fulfil." We leave existing institutions, religious, social, political, to follow their own inherent laws of growth or decline, and seek only to plant a new series of institutions, and secure the conditions of their vitality. The law of the universe is change, a change of successive substitutions of higher for lower modes of organization. Now, we assert, that in just the right time, way, place, has entered into the hearts of the men of this generation, the new idea of Coöperation to supplant the decaying and less perfect forms of social union, which have performed a useful ministry in earlier and ruder periods. Yet more, however, does our method differ from that of all revolutionists in this respect, — that whereas their schemes were the vague suggestions of *sentiment*, and *negative* in their modes of embodying the desire for good, Association is throughout a *Positive* system. Originating from faith in the ever present co-operation of the Divinity with his creatures, it proceeds to describe with scientific accuracy the *Laws of Order* for the distribution of all the functions of human life, and thus shows how by obedience man may secure *perfect* health and well being, and *do God's will on Earth, as it is done in Heaven*. Thus does Association supply the longing which fills the hearts of the good, and present a form of social action into which all the most lovely and elevating affections may flow forth, and wherein our highest aspirations may be realized in deeds.

This timeliness of Association to meet the peculiar wants of an era so wanting in faith, so unsettled in opinion, so perplexed in its tendencies as our own, leads naturally to the consideration of another class of objections often made against it, as being theoretic, abstract, impracticable. The Anglo-Saxon mind — though the remark is less applicable to the American than to the Englishman — is empirical rather than philosophical, and prone to exaggerate the worth of experience while it slights ideas. We are ready for changes, but our innovations are expedients to meet a present exigency. We are an energetic, busy race, eager for results, hating speculation, enthusiastic only when practical success commends a project clearly to the judgment. Now the very statement, that Association is a plan of *Perfect Society*, repels the business-like intellect of our people from the study of its principles and details. "Prove the practicability of universal co-operation by actual trial," is the audible or mental response of most who hear of our doctrine, "and we are as willing to accept Association, as we are the spinning-jenny, steamboat, railroad and magnetic

telegraph; but meanwhile, we shall follow our present modes of individual households and of isolated labor." It is not strange, that Associationists should seem to such men, like persons born utterly out of time; and we are not to complain, if they accuse us, — now of wishing to return to the practices of the middle ages before personal freedom, and the rights of private ownership, and the advantages of unrestricted labor were made known, — and now of hastening onward with headlong madness to an unknown future, and of overturning with agrarian and jacobinic folly the most time-hallowed and valued institutions of the present age.

But our answer to these objections would and must be satisfactory to any intelligent man, the more practical the better, if we could once fix his attention. For first, we justify the Associative movement *historically*, by proving, that in our plans for securing the fundamental right of every child, man, woman, to Education, to Labor, to the Fruit of his Labor, and to Social Position according to Merit, — we are directly carrying out and completing the political and social reforms which our ancestors commenced and bequeathed to us in trust. Our very aim is to make liberty a reality for every individual, to enable every one to become a property-holder, to embody, indeed, the conception of a republic, and to form townships, states, nations, which shall truly be Common-Wealths. In the second place, we justify the Associative movement by pointing to the tendencies of business as well as philanthropy in our age, and especially, in the most cultivated and enterprising communities. We prove undeniably, that from necessity, as well as from humane aspirations and instinctive impulse, men are every where availing themselves, more and more, of the all but omnipotent power of combination. To party political organizations, to ecclesiastical associations, to the various reform societies, to benevolent fraternities, to educational, literary, scientific unions, to the agricultural fairs and mechanic institutes, to the great joint-stock operations for internal improvements, and for manufacturing and commercial enterprises, and last and chief, to the various plans of mutual insurance, we point with triumphant confidence to confirm our assertion, that the day of Individualism has past and that the new day of Co-operation has dawned. Finally and in the third place, we justify the Associative movement, by showing, — from debates in legislative assemblies in this country and in Europe, from confessions of statesmen, from pages of reviews, daily papers, lectures at lyceums, occasional addresses of orators, from the sketches of novelists,

and the effusions of poets, — that the great problem of the Age is this very one of the Organization of Labor, and of the elevation of the laborer, which Association so triumphantly solves, in its doctrine of Attractive Industry. If ever there was a movement, practical in its whole scope, exactly in time, and adapted to the wants of an era, that movement is Association. It shows how wealth may be indefinitely augmented in the first place, next, how it may be equitably shared, last, how it may be economically expended; and upon this basis of comfort and refinement, it rears a structure of society, in which the best powers of every individual may be fully developed and exercised for the good of all; in which every pure and generous emotion may find the freest play; and finally, in which the whole of life may be made a scene of thanksgiving, of usefulness, and of grateful worship.

In thus answering two classes of objections to Association, I have had the incidental end in view of trying to illustrate the temper and manner, in which we should meet our opponents. The attacks which have been made upon us from various directions during the last year, are but the commencement of the persecution and opposition which we are to encounter at every step of our onward progress. For the very reason that our axe cuts to the root, will the condemnation of our principles be unsparing. From the outset, then, we should determine the mode in which our future controversies should be conducted. Friends! our criticisms of existing abuses must be keen; we cannot avoid laying bare the wounds and bruises of society, and probing them to the quick with the terrible severity of truth. But if ever a body of men were summoned to unlimited tolerance, the Associationists are those men; for to them has been made clear the very radical cause of the prejudice, the meanness, the selfishness, which is and will be every where arrayed against this movement of Universal Love. Let us be magnanimous, dignified, gentle, patient, always, and every where. Let no words of harsh condemnation escape us. Let us be clad from head to foot in the white robes of peace. Let our emblems be the olive leaf and the palm branch. Other reformers may feel compelled to be stern; but, while discriminating and just, we can afford to be genial, sympathizing, and forgiving. A change is passing over the moral world; the era of earthquakes and volcanoes is giving way to the era of a green, stable, and habitable earth; the central fires of self-will may be restrained, the lava-floods of passion stayed, the orators of anger sealed. Surely it is a part, and a most important part of our mis-

sion, fellow Associationists, to make men feel, as very few yet feel, that as this globe of ours floats in the atmosphere of the sun's light and warmth, so Humanity is forever encompassed with the infinite joy and beauty and wisdom and love of God. From the high mount of vision whence we look forward to the glory of a renovated world, and of a re-united race, let us go down among our contending, perplexed, and suffering brethren, in their low vallies of care and temptation, with an air of serenity and triumphant hope, which shall be an assurance to them, that we speak in our promises of what we do know, and testify of what we have seen. Let this great cause of harmony which we advocate, never be desecrated by harsh and discordant voices. In a word, *let us avoid conflicts.* Positive criticisms of existing abuses, precise exhibitions of their appropriate remedies, clear statements of our principles and methods, earnest appeals to all that is noble, chivalric, brave and manly in the hearts of men and women, distinct practical descriptions of our plans,—these are our true means of converting the world.

There are many other topics upon which I must wish to speak; but this letter has already grown beyond all due limits, and I forbear. And now, praying you one and all to be of good courage, I am faithfully yours,

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

#### MOVEMENT IN WHEELING, VA.

We are happy to learn from a notice in the *Morning Telegraph* that the friends of Association in this city have formed a Society Auxiliary to the "American Union," which, we trust, will act with energy and zeal in the promulgation of Associative principles, in that important section of the country. We take the following from the *Telegraph*.

"At a meeting held in Wheeling, on the 23d ult., Mr. GEORGE BIRCH was called upon to preside, Dr. J. E. GILE acting as Vice President, and Mr. WM. M'DIARMID, of the Clermont Phalanx, was appointed Secretary, *pro tem.* The Chairman stated briefly the object of the meeting, and read from the *Harbinger* of the 4th of July, the Constitution of the above Union, with the remarks of that paper upon the subject, touching the expediency of forming similar Societies in every part of the country.

"It was then moved, That the officers of this meeting be appointed a committee, to draft a Preamble and a Constitution for future consideration, and to report.

"Sept. 6th the committee, as above, presented their report to the meeting, consisting of the following Preamble and Constitution, which was unanimously adopted, with a resolution to organize as a Society the first convenient opportunity. The above officers to hold the their appointments mean time, and act accordingly.

"The Preamble and Constitution, with these minutes, were then directed to be inserted in

the *Morning Telegraph*, with a request that all newspapers friendly to the cause of human progress will please notice the same.

#### PREAMBLE.

"Whereas, our friends in the eastern part of the United States have recommended the dissemination of principles of true reform, for the good of the whole human family, without distinction;

"And whereas, in order to further this end, the formation of Affiliated Societies in every city in the Union, is deemed the best for such purpose, and consequently, that such an improving place as the city of Wheeling might not be wanting of an opportunity of testifying her readiness in assisting in such benevolent purpose, we have agreed to adopt the following

#### CONSTITUTION.

"I. The name of this Society shall be the VIRGINIA NO. 1. UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS, Auxiliary to the American Union of Associationists."

The remainder of the Constitution is from the form published in the Circular of the American Union. The statement proceeds.

"In thus forming our Society, we beg leave to say, that, as individuals, we have no private interest to subserve, no partizan principles to uphold, no sectarian feelings to foster, no man, or body of men to injure even in the most remote degree.

"But it would be strange indeed if the awakening of so many great minds to the wretched state of the great mass of the working population, in many parts of the country, should not find a hearty response and sympathy in such a place as Wheeling.

"Lest our object, however, should be misunderstood, we beg leave shortly to observe, that we quarrel not with our fellow-man, (Heaven forbid that we should,) instead of which we ardently wish, and hope that shortly we shall be enabled to take each and all cordially by the hand, and say in genuine good earnest, 'brother,' thereby fulfilling the divine command to 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,'—which hitherto has been used only as words spoken to the ear, to be broken to the heart.

"Neither do we quarrel with the commercial world, because of the duplicity, hypocrisy, hatred, in short, all uncharitableness therein displayed in almost every business transaction; as we well know that commercial men are merely the victims of a most reckless system of competition which compels them to an ungracious mode of action, from which, we are well aware, many a generous heart revolts, and longs for a change."

We need not urge upon our Wheeling friends the importance of union and vigor in the furtherance of the great objects for which they are associated. That thriving city has always contained some of the earliest and most devoted advocates of this social movement which is destined to find its noblest triumphs in the Great West. In the present stage of progress, it is highly important to combine the efforts of the friends of Association. No isolated attempt should be commenced or encouraged. Let every city contain its little band, who meet together from time

to time for discussion and mutual encouragement, and who are ready to lend their aid to a system of propagation which shall place our doctrines within the reach of every intelligent man throughout the country. Union, in the first place, is what we most want; then concerted counsels; then, a preparation for action on a scale commensurate with the grandeur of the object, and with every condition to ensure success.

#### ASSOCIATION IN LOWELL, MASS.

No place presents a more congenial soil for the reception of Associative doctrines than our great cities of spindles. The organization of labor is a subject that is there felt even to the finger's ends. It is no abstraction of political economy to persons who are glad to labor twelve hours a day in a cotton mill for wages at the control of those to whom wealth gives almost absolute power. The half hour allowed for dinner is often devoted to reflections on the value to an intellectual and immortal being of a little more leisure. The screeching of the bell before light on a cold winter's morning is apt to suggest the inquiry whether there is no other way of supplying the world with bleached cotton and calico. The mind thus gets a certain good discipline for the reception of truth. If there is no time to meet the schoolmaster who is abroad, in the hurried walks from factory to boarding-house and from boarding-house to factory, sundry sage lessons can be learned from experience, which always teaches well, unless the pupil is too indolent or too refractory for instruction. Of all places then for gaining converts to the doctrines of social unity, commend us to these huge, smoke-crowned, labor-driving cities, the product and embodiment of corporate wealth. Indeed, we think there is a special Providence in the fact that so many active, strong-minded, intelligent young persons are obliged to immerse themselves in the cotton mills for the sake of a livelihood. They are thus presented with a living commentary on the present order of society, and they have wit enough to perceive its significance. A sense of social injustice cannot fail to stimulate reflection; reflection leads to inquiry: and inquiry once awakened will not stop short of the truth. Co-operation will be seen to be the Heaven-ordained remedy for the infernal ills of social antagonism.

We have been led to these remarks by the account lately given to us by a friend from Lowell of the state of the Associative movement in that city. We learn from him that the "Lowell Union" is in active operation, and that an increasing interest is felt in the doctrines and purposes of the Associative School. It holds



public meetings twice a week, which are generally well attended. One of these meetings is for inquiry and discussion. Any person is permitted to speak, whether friendly or hostile to the purposes of the Union. In this way the whole subject of Association is presented for debate, and the free examination to which it is submitted, must tend to spread light in regard to its character, and to correct any prejudices which may have been entertained. The other meeting is altogether social in its objects. The friends come together without ceremony and pass an evening in conversation. This was a happy thought. We hope it will be generally adopted wherever "Associative Unions" are formed. There need be no fear of wanting topics for conversation, when there is a common interest in a cause, so comprehensive and wide reaching as this. We hope that in addition to their present arrangements, the friends in Lowell may provide for the delivery of a regular course of lectures in their city. This is an object of great importance, and we shall be disappointed if means are not taken to carry it into effect in our principal cities during the coming winter.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TEMPERANCE STANDARD gives some account of our meeting on Monday evening, the 21st, and closes by saying: "We noticed that the religion of the day was sneered at, and that he who caricatured it best, was most applauded."

You noticed, Mr. Standard, no such thing. But one speaker touched upon any subject kindred to it, and he merely pointed out the conflict and duplicity which exist between the standard of the religious faith of society and its practice. His object was to show that the practical arrangements and institutions of society force, or at least, induce men to violate what they hold to be their duty and the law of action, both in religion and politics, and that universal duplicity disgrace the world.

The Christian rule of faith is: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The political faith of our country is: "Equal Rights."

We presume that the Standard will not deny the rank duplicity between faith and practice which prevails, and unless he considers this duplicity the religion of the day, he will please explain his loose remark, which would lead his readers to imply that religion, *in itself*, was sneered at.

IF A reply to *Young America* upon the "Right to Labor," is unfortunately crowded out; but it shall appear in our next.

## TO THE FRIENDS OF "THE HARBINGER."

It will be perceived, by referring to the proceedings of the "American Union" at their recent meeting in Boston, that it will be necessary to discontinue the Harbinger at the close of the current volume (in December next) unless measures are at once taken by the friends of Association to secure its support.

The Harbinger thus far has received as liberal patronage as a paper devoted to the promulgation of novel doctrines could reasonably expect. We have no cause of complaint with the welcome that has been extended to it by the advocates of social progress, or by the public at large; and the numerous testimonials with which we have been favored of a deep interest in the views which it maintains, and of approval of the manner in which they have been presented, is a grateful reward for our labors. Still its income at no time has more than barely sufficed to meet the expenses of publication, without allowing any remuneration for its editing. The Brook Farm Phalanx, with some slight aid from abroad, has cheerfully sustained this responsibility; but with the diminution of its numbers, which it has recently been found necessary to make, it is not now in a condition to assume the trust. It will be able to continue the publication until the completion of the present volume; but at that time the paper must be brought to a close, unless a sufficient sum for its support through another volume shall be furnished by those who are interested in its success.

With the other means at our command, the sum of Five Hundred Dollars would enable us to publish another volume. We cannot believe that the friends of the cause will consent to the discontinuance of the Harbinger for want of funds to that amount. We have received the most earnest solicitations from many friends in various quarters not to relinquish the publication, with the assurance of the necessary aid to the full extent of their ability.

We therefore propose that all who are desirous of sustaining the Harbinger through another volume, should signify their intention without delay. All money contributed for this purpose will be paid to the Treasurer of the "American Union," Mr. FRANCIS G. SHAW, and held by him at the disposal of the subscribers in case the necessary amount should not be obtained.

Meantime, agents and new subscribers will be served with the third volume from the commencement, and any money paid in advance for the fourth volume will be deposited with the Treasurer of the "American Union," as above stated. If

the paper can be continued through another volume, there is reason to hope that the steady increase of interest in the cause, through lectures and other agencies, will by that time have so far increased the subscription as to place it on a permanent basis.

We make this naked statement without further comment. Our own sense of the value of the Harbinger to the general movement is indicated by the time we have devoted to conducting it: we are still ready to give our services to its publication, without hope of pecuniary recompense; and, clearly aware that no paper, devoted to the objects which we have in view, can command a general patronage, we leave its fate in the hands of its friends and the friends of social progress and reform.

## ECLECTIC MEDICAL INSTITUTE, OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE Fall and Winter Course of Lectures commences in this Institution on the *first Monday in November next*, and continues four months, which is immediately followed by the Spring and Summer session, which also continues four months.

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B. L. HILL, M. D., Anatomy and Operative Surgery. Ticket, \$10.

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T. V. MORROW, M. D., Pathology and Theory and Practice of Medicine, \$10.

Matriculation Fee, \$3. Payment for Tickets in advance.

This Institution was chartered by the Legislature of Ohio, and is under the control of a Board of Trustees. The course of instruction will embrace every thing of value taught in both the old regular colleges and the Reformed and Botanical schools of medicine.

Candidates for graduation will be expected to comply with the usual requisitions. Boarding can be had at two dollars per week.

The new College Edifice, now in progress of erection, will be in readiness for the use of the Institute by the commencement of the session.

Persons wishing further information, will address a letter, post paid, to

T. V. MORROW, M. D.,

Sept. 12. *Dean of the Faculty.*

## THE HARBINGER

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# THE HARBINGER,

## DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1846.

NUMBER 18.

### MISCELLANY.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,  
SEQUEL TO  
CONSUELO.  
FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.  
Translated for the Harbinger.

#### XVIII.

Below the cell occupied by our recluse, a great smoky room, the heavy and dusky ceiling of which never received any other light than that of the fire kindled in a vast chimney place always filled with iron kettles hissing and grumbling in every tone, enclosed during the whole day the Schwartz family and their skilful culinary operations. While the wife mathematically combined the greatest possible number of dinners with the fewest imaginable provisions and ingredients, the husband, seated before a table black with ink and oil, by the light of a lamp always burning in that gloomy sanctuary, artistically composed the most formidable bills filled with the most fabulous details. The meagre dinners were for the goodly number of prisoners whom the officious keeper had succeeded in placing upon his list of boarders; the bills were to be presented to their bankers or relations, always without being submitted to the inspection of those who consumed this expensive nourishment. While the speculating couple earnestly gave themselves to their labor, two more peaceful personages, enconced under the mantelpiece, lived there in silence, perfect strangers to the delights and profits of the operation. The first was a great lean cat, yellow, marked with burns, whose existence was passed in licking his paws and rolling in the ashes. The second was a young man or rather a child, still more ugly in his kind, whose motionless and contemplative life was divided between the reading of an old worm-eaten folio more greasy than his mother's kettles, and eternal reveries which rather re-

sembled the beatitude of an idiot than the meditation of a thinking being. The cat had been baptized by the child with the name of Beelzebub, doubtless by antithesis to that which the child had himself received from Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz, his father and mother, the pious and sacred name of Gottlieb.

Gottlieb, intended for an ecclesiastic, had until fifteen years old made good progress in his studies in the Protestant liturgy. But for the past four years he lived inert and ill by the side of the fire, without wishing to walk, without desiring to see the sun, without the power of continuing his education. A rapid and disordered growth had reduced him to this state of languor and indolence. His long thin legs could hardly support his immoderately tall and almost dislocated form. His arms were so weak and his hands so awkward that he touched nothing without breaking it. Therefore his avaricious mother had forbidden him the use of them and he was only too well inclined to obey her on that point. His puffy and beardless face, terminating in a high and open forehead, did not badly resemble a soft pear. His features were not more regular than the proportions of his body. His eyes seemed completely wandering, so far apart and divergent were they. His heavy mouth had a stupid smile; his nose was without form, his complexion sickly, his ears flat and placed much too low; scanty stiff hairs sadly crowned this insipid face, more like a badly cleaned turnip than the countenance of a Christian; at least such was the poetical comparison of madam his mother.

Spite of the deformities which nature had heaped upon this poor child, spite of the shame and vexation which madam Schwartz experienced on looking at him, Gottlieb, an only son, a resigned and inoffensive sufferer, was not less the only love and the only pride of the authors of his being. When he was less ugly, they had flattered themselves that he might become a pretty youth. They had been delighted with his studious childhood and

brilliant prospects. Spite of the precarious condition to which they saw him reduced, they hoped that he would recover strength, intelligence and beauty as soon as he had finished his interminable growth. Moreover, it is not necessary to explain that maternal love accommodates itself to every thing and is satisfied with little. Madam Schwartz, even while scolding and laughing at him, adored her ugly Gottlieb, and had she not seen him at every moment planted like a pillar of salt, (that was her expression) in her chimney corner, she would no longer have had the courage to thin her sauces or to swell her bills. The father Schwartz, who like many men, had more self-love than tenderness in his paternal sentiment, persisted in extorting from and robbing his prisoners in the hope that Gottlieb would some day become a minister and famous preacher, which was his fixed idea, because before his illness the child had expressed himself with facility. But it was quite four years since he had uttered a word of good sense; and if he ever happened to join two or three together, it was only to his cat Beelzebub that he deigned to address them. In fact, Gottlieb had been declared an idiot by the physicians, and his parents alone believed in the possibility of his recovery.

Still one day Gottlieb, awakening suddenly from his apathy, had manifested to his parents the desire to learn a trade in order to relieve his ennui and put to profit his sad years of languor. They had acceded to this innocent fancy, though it was by no means consistent with the dignity of a future pastor of the reformed Church to work with his hands. But the mind of Gottlieb appeared so determined to repose, that they must needs permit him to go and study the art of shoemaking in some shoemaker's shop. His father could have wished he had chosen a more elegant profession, but it did no good to pass in review before him all the branches of industry; he obstinately persisted in following the work of Saint Crispin, and even declared that he felt him-

\* 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.

self called to it by Providence. As this desire became in him a fixed idea, and the simple fear of being prevented threw him into a deep melancholy, they allowed him to pass a month in the workshop of a master, after which he returned one fine morning, provided with all the necessary tools and materials, and reinstalled himself under the mantle of his dear chimney, declaring that he knew enough and required no more lessons. This was by no means probable; but his parents hoping that this trial had disgusted him, and that he would perhaps resume the study of theology, accepted his return without reproaches and without raillery. Then commenced in the life of Gottlieb a new era, which was entirely filled and charmed by the imaginary fabrication of a pair of shoes. Three or four hours each day, he took his last and awl, and worked upon a shoe which never shod any one; for it was never finished. Every day re-cut, hammered, stretched and pinked, it took all possible forms except that of a shoe, which did not prevent the peaceful artisan from pursuing his work with a pleasure, an attention, a moderation and a self-satisfaction, above the reach of all criticism. The Schwartzes were at first somewhat frightened by this monomania; then they became accustomed to it as to the rest, and the interminable shoe, alternating in the hands of Gottlieb with his volume of sermons and of prayers, was counted in his life only as an infirmity the more. Nothing more was required of him than to accompany his father from time to time in the courts and galleries in order to take the air. But these promenades vexed Mr. Schwartz very much, because the children of the other keepers and employes of the citadel constantly ran after Gottlieb, imitating his nonchalant and awkward gait, and crying in every tone: "Shoes! shoes! shoemaker, make us some shoes!" Gottlieb did not take these shouts in bad part; he smiled upon the malicious brood with an angelic serenity and even stopped in order to answer: "Shoes! certainly, with all my heart! Come to my room and be measured. Who wants shoes?" But Mr. Schwartz led him away to hinder his compromising himself with the vulgar, and the shoemaker appeared neither displeased nor uneasy at being thus torn from the earnestness of his customers.

During the earlier days of her captivity, Consuelo had been humbly requested by Mr. Schwartz to enter into conversation with Gottlieb, in order to endeavor to awaken in him the remembrance and the love of that eloquence with which he had appeared to be gifted in his childhood. Even while confessing the diseased condition and the apathy of his son and heir,

Mr. Schwartz, faithful to that law of nature so well expressed by La Fontaine,

"Nos petits sont mignons,  
Beaux, bien faits et jolis sur tous leurs compagnons,"

had not very faithfully described poor Gottlieb's accomplishments, or perhaps Consuelo would not have refused, as she did, to receive in her cell a large young man of nineteen, who was depicted to her as follows: "A smart young fellow six feet tall, who would have made the mouths of all the recruiters of the country water, if, unfortunately for his health and fortunately for his independence, a little weakness in his arms and legs had not incapacitated him for the military profession." The captive thought that the society of a child of that age and stature was rather unsuitable in her situation, and she decidedly refused to receive him; a disoblighingness which his mother Schwartz made her expiate by adding a pint of water to her soup each day.

In order to walk upon the esplanade on which she was permitted to take the air every day, Consuelo was compelled to descend to the nauseous abode of the Schwartz family and to pass through it, always with the permission and under the escort of her keeper, who moreover did not require any urging, the article *indfatigable complaisance* (in all that related to the services authorized by his orders) being charged in his bills and carried out at a high figure. It therefore happened that on passing through this kitchen, the door of which opened upon the esplanade, Consuelo at last perceived and noticed Gottlieb. That face of an unmatured child upon the misshapen body of a giant at first struck her with disgust and then with pity. She spoke to him, interrogated him with kindness, and endeavored to make him converse. But she found his mind paralyzed either by his malady or by an excessive timidity; for he would not follow her to the rampart except when pushed by his parents, and answered her questions only in monosyllables. She therefore feared lest she might aggravate the ennui by which she supposed him oppressed, by paying any attention to him, and she refrained from speaking to him and even from looking at him, after having declared to his father that she did not find in him the least inclination for the art of oratory.

Consuelo had been searched anew by madam Schwartz on the evening when she again saw her comrade and the public of Berlin for the last time. But she had succeeded in deceiving the vigilance of the female Cerberus. The hour was late, the kitchen dark, and madam Schwartz in a bad humor at being awakened from her first nap. While Gottlieb slept in a chamber or rather in a niche

opening upon the culinary workshop, and Mr. Schwartz ascended to unlock, beforehand, the double iron door of the cell, Consuelo had approached the fire which slumbered under the ashes, and while pretending to caress Beelzebub, sought for a means to save her resources from the claws of the searcher, in order to be no longer absolutely at her mercy. While madam Schwartz was lighting her lamp and putting on her spectacles, Consuelo noticed in the back of the chimney, at the place where Gottlieb usually sat, a hollow place in the wall about the height of her arm, and in that mysterious case the poor idiot's book of sermons and his everlasting shoe. There was his library and his workshop. That hole, blackened by soot and smoke, contained all Gottlieb's riches, all his delights. By a quick and adroit motion, Consuelo placed her purse there, and afterwards patiently allowed herself to be examined by the old harpy, who importuned her a long time, passing her oily and crooked fingers over every fold of her dress, surprised and angry at not finding anything. The sang-froid of Consuelo, who did not attach much importance to succeeding in her little enterprise, at last persuaded the gaolers that she had nothing; and as soon as the examination was finished she quickly resumed her purse, and kept it in her hand under her pelisse until she reached her room. There she at once reflected upon the means of hiding it, knowing that her cell was carefully examined each day during her promenade. She could conceive nothing better than to keep her little fortune always on her person, sowed in a belt; madam Schwartz not having the right of search except in case of exit.

Still the first sum which madam Schwartz had seized upon her prisoner the first day of her arrival, was long since exhausted, thanks to Schwartz's ingenious manner of making out bills. When he had made some quite trifling fresh expenditures and a quite round fresh bill, according to his prudent and lucrative custom, too timid to speak of business and to ask for money of a person condemned not to have any, but well informed by her from the first day, of the savings which she had entrusted to the Porporino, the said Schwartz went to Berlin, without saying a word to her, and presented his account to that faithful depositary. The Porporino, warned by Consuelo, had refused to settle the bill until it was approved by the consumer, and had referred the creditor to his friend, whom he knew to have been provided by himself with additional funds.

Schwartz returned pale and despairing, crying that he was bankrupt and looking upon himself as robbed, though the hundred ducats first seized upon the prisoner

would have paid four-fold for all her expenses during two months. Madam Schwartz bore this pretended loss with the philosophy of a stronger head and a more persevering mind.

"Without doubt we are robbed as if in a wood," said she; "but have you ever counted upon this prisoner to earn your poor living? I warned you of what has happened. An actress! such people have no savings. An actor for a banker! such people have no honor. Well, we have lost two hundred ducats. But we will make it up on our other customers who are good. That will teach you not to offer your services inconsiderately to the first comers. I am not dissatisfied, Schwartz, that you have received this little lesson. Now I shall give myself the pleasure to put upon dry bread, and even mouldy, this abigail who had not grace enough to slip even a golden frederick into her pocket to pay the trouble of the searcher, and who seems to consider Gottlieb an imbecile without resources, because he does not pay court to her. *Trash! go to!*"

Growling thus and shrugging her shoulders, madam Schwartz resumed the course of her occupations, and finding herself under the chimney by the side of Gottlieb, she said to him while skimming her sauce-pans: "What are you saying there, you sly dog?"

She spoke for the sake of speaking, for she well knew that Gottlieb heard every thing with the same ears as his cat Beelzebub. "My shoe is getting on, mother!" replied Gottlieb with a wandering smile. "I shall soon begin a new pair."

"Yes," said the old woman shaking her head with an air of pity. "In that way you will make a pair every day! Go on my boy. That will give you a fine revenue. My God, my God!"—added she in a tone of resigned complaint, and again covering her sauce-pans, as if maternal indulgence had given pious feelings to that heart petrified in every other respect.

On that day, Consuelo, not seeing her dinner arrive, imagined what had happened, although she could hardly believe that a hundred ducats had been consumed in so short a time and by such miserable supplies. She had already traced out a plan of conduct with respect to the Schwartzes. Not having yet received an obolus from the king of Prussia, and fearing much that she must depend upon the promises of the past for all salary, (Voltaire was paid in the same coin,) she well knew that the little money she had earned by charming the ears of some few personages less avaricious but less rich, would not go far in case her captivity was prolonged and Mr. Schwartz did not modify his demands. She wished to

compel him to reduce them, and for two or three days she contented herself with the bread and water which he brought her, without pretending to notice the change in her diet. The stove began to be neglected as well as other matters, and Consuelo endured the cold without complaining. Fortunately it was no longer insupportably rigorous; it was then April, a season less forward indeed in Prussia than in France, but in which nevertheless the temperature began to soften.

Before entering into any negotiation with the avaricious tyrant, she thought of placing her funds in safety; for she could not flatter herself that she would not be subjected to an arbitrary examination and a new seizure as soon as she should acknowledge her resources. Necessity makes us clear-sighted when it cannot make us ingenious. Consuelo had no tools with which she could cut into the wood or raise a stone. But the next day, on examining, with the minute patience of which prisoners alone are capable, every corner of her cell, she at last discovered a brick which did not seem so well joined to the wall as the others. By patiently scraping around it with her nails, she got out the mortar, and remarked that it was not made of cement as in other places, but of a friable substance which she presumed to be crumbs of dried bread. She succeeded in detaching the brick and found inside a little space certainly excavated by some prisoner, between this movable piece and the adjacent bricks which formed the thickness of the wall. She no longer doubted this when, on searching this hiding place, her fingers met with several articles, real treasures to prisoners; a package of pencils, a penknife, a flint, some vegetable tinder and several rolls of that small twisted taper which we call *rat de cave*. These articles were uninjured, the wall being very dry; and besides they might have been left there but a short time before she took possession of the cell. She added to them her purse and her little crucifix of filagree, which Mr. Schwartz had often looked at with covetousness, saying that Gottlieb would be delighted with that *plaything*. Then she replaced the brick and cemented it with the crumb of her breakfast's bread, which she darkened a little by rubbing on the floor to give it the same color with the rest of the mortar. Tranquil for some time respecting her means of existence and the employment of her evenings, she firmly awaited the domiciliary visit of the Schwartzes, and felt as proud and joyous as if she had discovered a new world.

Still Schwartz was soon tired of not having matter to speculate upon. Even

should he be obliged to do a small business, as he said, a little was better than nothing, and he broke silence to ask of his prisoner number three, if she had no commands to give him for the future. Then Consuelo determined to declare to him, not that she had any money, but that she should receive some every week by a means which it would be impossible for him to discover.

"If moreover you should happen to do so," said she, "the result would be to prevent my making any expenditure, and it is for you to decide if you prefer the rigor of your orders to an honest profit."

After having chaffered a great deal and examined for several days without success the dresses, the mattress, the floor, the furniture, Schwartz began to think that Consuelo received from some superior officer of the prison even the means of corresponding with the exterior. Corruption was every where in the gaol and the subalterns found it for their interest not to counteract their more powerful brothers. "Let us take what God sends us!" said Schwartz sighing; and he resigned himself to account every week with the Porporina. She did not dispute with him respecting the employment of her first funds; but she regulated the future so as not to pay more than double its value for any article, a proceeding which seemed very mean to madam Schwartz, but which did not prevent her from receiving her pay and earning it tolerably well.

## XIX.

Any one accustomed to read the stories of prisoners, will not consider it miraculous that so simple a hiding place should always escape the eager search of keepers interested in discovering it. Consuelo's little secret was not discovered, and when she looked at her treasures on returning from her walk, she found them untouched. Her first care was to place her mattress before the window as soon as night came, to light her little taper and begin to write. We will let her speak for herself, for we are possessors of that manuscript which remained a long time in the hands of the canon \* \* \*. We translate from the Italian.

### JOURNAL OF CONSUELO, called PORPORINA.

*Prisoner at Spandau, April, 175\*.*

"2nd. I have never written anything but music, and though I can speak several languages with facility, I know not if I can express myself correctly in any one. It has never seemed to me that I should be obliged to depict what might interest my heart and life in any other tongue than that of the divine art I profess. Words, sentences, all appear to me so cold compared with what I can express in

song! I could count the letters or rather the billets which I have written hurriedly and without knowing how, in the three or four most decisive circumstances of my life. It is therefore the first time since I exist, that I feel the necessity of retracing in words what I experience and what happens to me. It is even a great pleasure to me to attempt it. Illustrious and venerated Porpora, amiable and dear Haydn, excellent and respectable canon \* \* \*, you, my only friends, and perhaps you also, noble and unfortunate baron de Trenck, it is of you that I think in writing; it is to you that I relate my reverses and my trials. It seems to me that I talk with you, and that in my sad solitude I escape from the nothingness of death by initiating you into the secret of my life. Perhaps I shall die here of ennui and misery, though hitherto my health and my courage are not sensibly affected. But I am ignorant of the evils which the future has in reserve for me, and if I succumb, at least a trace of me and a picture of my agony will remain in your hands; it will be the inheritance of some prisoner who will succeed me in this cell and will discover this hiding place in the wall in which I myself found the pencil and paper with which I write to you. O! how I now thank my mother for having me taught to write, she who did not know how! Yes, it is a great solace to write in prison. My sad song could not pierce the thickness of these walls and could not reach to you. My writing will come to you some day—and who knows if I shall not find a means of sending it to you very shortly. I have always depended upon Providence.”

“3d. I shall write briefly and without stopping for long reflections. This small supply of paper, fine as silk, will not be everlasting, and my captivity will perhaps be so. I will say a few words to you every evening before going to sleep. I wish also to save my taper. I cannot write during the day for fear of being surprised. I shall not tell you why I was sent here; I do not know, and in endeavoring to divine it with you I might perhaps compromise persons who nevertheless have confided nothing to me. Neither shall I complain of the authors of my misfortune. It seems to me that if I should give way to reproaches and resentment I should lose the strength which sustains me. I wish to think only of those whom I love and of him whom I have loved.

“I sing every evening for two hours and it seems to me that I make some progress. What good will that do me? The vaults of my dungeon reply to me; they do not hear me—but God hears me, and when I have composed a hymn which I sing to him in the fervor of my soul, I

experience a celestial calmness and fall asleep almost happy. It seems to me that I am answered from Heaven and that a mysterious voice sings to me in my sleep another hymn more beautiful than mine, which I endeavor to recollect the next day and to sing in my turn. Now that I have pencils and a small remnant of ruled paper, I will write my compositions. Some day perhaps you will try them, my dear friends, and I shall not be entirely dead.”

“4th. This morning the red-breast entered my chamber and remained more than a quarter of an hour. It is a fortnight since I invited him to do me this honor and he has at last decided upon it to-day. He lives in an old ivy which climbs even to my window, and which my keepers spare because it gives a little verdure to their door situated some feet below. The pretty little bird looked at me for a long while with a curious and distrustful air. Attracted by the crumbs of bread which I roll for him into the form of little worms, and which I turn in my fingers in order to tempt him by the appearance of a living prey, he came lightly and as if borne on the wings of the wind as far as my bars; but as soon as he perceived the deception, he went off with an air of reproach and made a little rattling sound which seemed like a scolding. And then those villainous iron bars, so close and so black, through which we had made acquaintance, so much resembled a cage that he had a horror of them. Still to day, when I was no longer thinking of him, he determined to pass them and came, without thinking of me as I also believe, to light upon the back of a chair in my chamber. I did not move for fear of frightening him; and he began to look about him as if astonished. He had the appearance of a traveller who has discovered a new country and who makes his observations in order to describe its wonders to his friends. It was I who astonished him the most and so long as I did not move he seemed to consider me very comical. With his great round eye and his beak in the air like a little turned up nose he has a thoughtless and impertinent physiognomy which is the most sprightly in the world. At last I coughed a little to open the conversation, and he fled quite affrighted. But in his precipitation he could not find the window. He rose to the ceiling and then turned round and round a minute like a person who has lost his wits. Finally he became calm on seeing that I did not think of pursuing him, and fatigued by his fear more than by his flight, he alighted on the stove. He seemed very agreeably surprised by its warmth, for he is a bird extremely sensitive to cold, and after having again made some turns at random, he

returned several times to warm his little feet upon it with a secret delight. He even had the courage to pick my little worms of bread which were upon the table, and after having shaken them with an air of contempt and scattered them around him, he at last, pressed by hunger no doubt, swallowed one which he did not find very bad. At this moment M. Schwartz (my gaoler) entered and the dear little visitor found the window to go out. But I hope that he will return, for he did not go far off during the day, nor cease looking at me as if to promise it to me and to tell me that he had no longer so poor an opinion of me and my bread.

“That is quite enough about a red-breast. I did not think I was such a child. Does life in a prison lead to idiocy? or is there indeed a mystery of sympathy and affection between all that breathes under the sky? I had my harpsichord here several days. I could work, study, compose, sing—nothing of all that has affected me hitherto so much as the visit of this little bird, of this being! Yes, it is a being, and it was on that account my heart beat on seeing him near me. Yet my gaoler is a being also, and a being of my own species; his wife, his son, whom I see several times in the day, the sentinel who walks the rampart day and night and who does not lose me from his sight, are beings better organized, natural friends, brothers before God; yet the sight of them is much more painful to me than agreeable. This gaoler has upon me the effect of a grating, his wife that of a chain, his son that of a stone cemented in the wall. In the soldier who guards me I see only a musket levelled upon me. It seems to me that these beings have nothing human, nothing living, that they are machines, instruments of torture and of death. Were it not for the fear of being impious I should hate them—O my red-breast! thee I love, there is nothing to be said, I feel it. Explain who can this kind of love.”

“5th. Another event. Here is the billet I received this morning in a hardly legible writing upon a piece of very dirty paper.

“‘My sister, since the spirit visits thee, thou art a saint, I was very sure of it. I am thy friend and thy servant. Dispose of me and command thy brother as thou wilt.’

“Who is this friend, this impromptu brother? Impossible to guess. I found that upon my window this morning on opening it to say good-morning to the red-breast. Could it be he who brought it? I am tempted to believe it is he who has written to me. At any rate he knows me, the dear little thing, and begins to love me. He almost never approaches the Schwartzes’ kitchen, the opening of which emits an odor of hot grease that ascends

even to me and is not the least disagreeable thing about my habitation. But I no longer desire to change it since my little bird adopts it. He has too much good taste to be familiar with that turnkey eating-house keeper, his wicked wife and his ugly offspring.\* It is decidedly to me that he grants his confidence and his friendship. He re-entered my chamber to-day. He breakfasted with appetite, and when I walked at noon on the esplanade, he descended from his ivy and came to fly about me. He uttered his little rattle as if to encourage me to attract my attention. The ugly Gottlieb was upon his door-step and looked at me giggling with his wandering eyes. That boy is always accompanied by a frightful yellow cat which looks at my red-breast with an eye still more horrible than his master's. That makes me shudder. I hate that cat almost as much as I do madam Schwartz the searcher."

"6th. Still another billet this morning! This becomes strange. The same crooked, pointed, scrawling, unneat writing, the same sugar-paper. My Lindor is not an hidalgo, but he is tender and enthusiastic: 'Dear sister, elect soul marked by the finger of God, thou mistrustest me. Thou dost not wish to speak to me. Hast thou no commands for me! Can I not serve thee in anything! My life belongs to thee. Command then thy brother.' I look at the sentinel. He is a great lout of a soldier who darna his stocking as he walks to and fro with his musket on his shoulder. He looks at me also and seems more inclined to send me a bullet than a billet-doux. On whatever side I turn my eyes I see only immense gray walls, bristling with nettles, bordered by a ditch, which is itself bordered by another fortified work of which I know neither the name nor the purpose, but which shuts out from me the view of the lake; and upon the top of that advanced fortification, another sentinel whose cap and the muzzle of whose gun I can perceive and whose savage cry I can hear to every bark that grazes the citadel: *Keep off!* If I could only see those barks and a little running water and a corner of the landscape! I hear only the plashing of an oar, sometimes the song of a fisherman, and from afar, when the wind blows from that side, the rippling of the two rivers which unite at a certain distance from the prison. But whence come to me these mysterious billets and this beautiful devotedness which I know not how to make use of! Perhaps my red-breast knows; but the cunning little fellow will not tell me."

\* Consuelo had given some details respecting the Schwartz family in a preceding paragraph. We have suppressed in her manuscript all that would be a repetition for the reader.

"7th. On looking with all my eyes as I walked upon my rampart I perceived a little narrow opening in the side of the tower I inhabit, ten feet above my window and almost entirely hidden by the topmost branches of the ivy which reach even there. 'Such a little window cannot light the abode of a living being,' thought I shuddering. Still I wished to know what to depend upon and I endeavored to attract Gottlieb to the rampart by flattering his monomania or rather his unhappy passion, which is to make shoes. I asked him if he could not manufacture a pair of slippers for me; and for the first time he approached me without being compelled, and answered me without embarrassment. But his manner of speaking is as strange as his face, and I begin to believe that he is not an idiot, but crazy:

"'Shoes for thee!' cried he (for he thees-and-thous every body;) 'no, I dare not. It is written: *I am unworthy to loose the latchet of his shoes.*'"

"I saw his mother three steps from the door, ready to come and join in the conversation. Having therefore no time to stop for the purpose of understanding the motives of his humility or of his veneration, I hastened to ask him if the story above was inhabited, at the same time hardly hoping to obtain a sensible answer.

"'It is not inhabited,' replied Gottlieb very rationally; 'it could not be, there is only a ladder there which leads to the platform.'"

"'And is the platform isolated! Has it no communication!'"

"'Why dost thou ask me, since thou knowest!'"

"'I do not know and do not care to know. I wish to make you talk, Gottlieb, and to see if you have as much wit as they say you have.'"

"'I have a great deal, a great deal of wit,' replied poor Gottlieb in a grave and sad tone, which contrasted with the drollness of his words.

"'In that case you can explain to me,' returned I, (for the moments were precious,) 'how this tower is built.'"

"'Ask the red-breast,' replied he with a strange smile. 'He knows, he who flies and goes every where. I know nothing, because I go nowhere.'"

"'What! not even to the top of the tower in which you live! Do you not know what there is behind that wall!'"

"'Perhaps I have passed there, but I have paid no attention to it. I hardly ever look at anything or any body.'"

"'Still you look at the red-breast: you see him, you know him.'"

"'O! him, that is different. We know angels very well, but that is no reason why we should look at walls.'"

"'That is a very profound saying, Gottlieb. Could you explain it to me?'"

"'Ask the red-breast, I tell you that he knows every thing, he; he can go every where, but he never visits except those who are like him. That is why he enters your chamber.'"

"'Many thanks, Gottlieb; you take me for a bird.'"

"'The red-breast is not a bird.'"

"'What is he then?'"

"'He is an angel, as you know.'"

"'In that case I am one also!'"

"'You have said it.'"

"'You are gallant, Gottlieb.'"

"'Gallant,' said Gottlieb looking at me with a profoundly astonished air: 'what is gallant?'"

"'Are you not acquainted with that word!'"

"'No.'"

"'How do you know that the red-breast enters my chamber!'"

"'I have seen him, and besides he has told me.'"

"'Then he speaks to you!'"

"'Sometimes,' said Gottlieb sighing, 'very rarely! But yesterday he told me: No, I will not enter your kitchen. Angels have no intercourse with evil spirits.'"

"'Are you an evil spirit, Gottlieb?'"

"'O no, not I; but —' Here Gottlieb placed a finger upon his thick lips with an air of mystery.

"'But who?'"

"'He did not answer, but pointed to his cat by stealth and as if he feared being perceived by him.

"'Then that is why you call him by such an ugly name! Beelzebub I believe!'"

"'Chut!' returned Gottlieb, 'that is his name and he knows it well. He has borne it since the existence of the world but he will not always bear it.'"

"'Doubtless! when he is dead.'"

"'He will not die, not he! He cannot die, and is much troubled at it, because he does not know that a day will come when he will be forgiven.'"

"Here we were interrupted by the approach of madam Schwartz, who was astonished at seeing Gottlieb at last conversing freely with me. She was quite delighted at it and asked me if I was satisfied with him.

"'Very well satisfied, I assure you, Gottlieb is very interesting and now I shall take pleasure in making him talk.'"

"'Ah! mademoiselle, you will do us a great favor, for the poor child has no one with whom to converse, and with us it is as if on purpose, he does not wish to open his mouth. What an original you are, Gottlieb, and how obstinate! Here you are talking very well with mademoi-



selle whom you do not know, while with your parents —

"Gottlieb immediately turned upon his heels and disappeared in the kitchen, without appearing even to have heard his mother's voice.

"That is the way he always does!" cried madam Schwartz; "when his father or I speak to him, you would say, twenty-nine times in thirty, that he had become deaf. But in fine what was he saying to you, mademoiselle? what can he have been talking about with you all this time?"

"I confess to you that I have not understood him," replied I. "It is necessary to know to what his ideas refer. Allow me to converse with him from time to time without interference, and when I am informed, I will explain to you what passes in his brain."

"But, in fine, mademoiselle, his mind is not deranged?"

"I do not think it is," replied I, and there I told a great falsehood, for which may God pardon me! My first impulse was to spare the illusion of that poor woman, who is a wicked sorceress in truth, but who is a mother and who has the happiness not to see the craziness of her son. That is always very strange. It must be that Gottlieb, who has shown me his peculiarities so frankly, has a silent madness with his parents. On thinking of it I have imagined that I could perhaps gather from the simplicity of this unfortunate some information respecting the other inhabitants of my prison, and that I might discover from his rambling answers the author of my anonymous billets. I wish therefore to make a friend of him, especially as his sympathies appear subject to those of the red-breast and as, decidedly, the red-breast honors me with his. There is poetry in the diseased mind of this poor child! The little bird an angel, the cat an evil spirit that will be forgiven! What does all that mean? There is in these German heads, even in the most disordered, a luxury of imagination which I admire.

"At any rate madam Schwartz is much gratified by my condescension and I am in high favor with her for the moment. Gottlieb's idle talk will be a recreation for me. Poor creature! Since I have become acquainted with him to day I no longer feel any aversion to him. A crazy person cannot be wicked in this country where men of wit and high reason are so far from being good!"

To be Continued.

Behold your task, it is great. It is to form the universal family, to build the city of God, and progressively, by unceasing effort, to realize his work in Humanity.

#### DR. KRAITSIR'S SYSTEM AGAIN.

[We insert the following communication from "TIRO," (who, by the way, has reformed the spelling of her name.) though at considerable expense of space, without remarking on it at length, for the reason that we are just now compelled to attend to other duties. Hereafter, should we think it worth while, we may return to the subject and seek to extricate it from the zealous grasp of our correspondent, who, it will be seen, treats our humble lucubrations with no more respect or forbearance than Luther used towards the devil.—The arguments of "TIRO" we are quite content to put into the hands of our readers without even speaking of their character, and for the present we will leave the matter with the words of that stout and merciless controversialist, GODFREY HERMANN: "Science is a battle field whence no one comes off without a wound; he that fears being wounded would do well never to enter it, and he that cries out when he is hit is no brave man."]

To the Editors of the Harbinger:

I thank you for publishing my letter concerning Dr. Kraitsir's books without curtailment; and I now intend to try you still further with an answer to the remarks with which you accompanied it. It seems to me that the charge of the *rejection of one species of truth from the notion that it might not be reconcilable with another*, cannot be made against Dr. Kraitsir, on the ground of his objection to Phonography. He has always asserted that all writing was grounded on Phonography, and declares that the Roman alphabet was phonographic for the Latin language. This was, in fact, the great point of the book on "The Significance of the Alphabet," and hence he inferred the true pronunciation of the Latin, confirming his inferences by comparison of languages, and other historical proofs. He objected to the system of Phonography, as propounded by Pitman, on several grounds; one of which was, that the English language, having become corrupted in pronunciation, by reason of the neglect of the phonetic nature of the letters with which it was written, would be deprived of its natural significance, and cut off from the family of languages to which it belongs, if written as now mispronounced. Another ground of his objection to Pitman's Phonography he did not mention in his book, but has sometimes named to his pupils, namely, that the forms of the new letters are not indicative at all of the organs which make the sounds they represent. Now the labials of the Roman alphabet are all formed with some reference to the lips,—the B representing the two lips, the P one lip, the F and V the lip crossed by the teeth, the M the meeting of the lips. Then the gutturals are all made by circular forms, C, G, Q, or the angular K, emblematic of the organ that makes these sounds. The T, A, L, show the concur-

rence of the tongue and teeth; the S and Z, are the snake lines symbolic of hissing; the R is like a rattling instrument; the N represents its correlative M. But this last objection is of comparatively small importance, and, in fact, as it has not been stated in print by the Dr. himself, we, as reviewers of his books, have nothing to do with it.

I could almost wish that Dr. Kraitsir had said nothing about Phonography at all, since it seems to have so dusted the eyes of the votaries of this art, that they do not apprehend the ideas his book expresses. The essence of the reviews in the Harbinger is merely a defence of Pitman's Phonography, and the charge of the *rejection of one species of truth*, and so forth, is an assumption that the system of Phonography is true to nature and the necessity of the case, which is yet to be proved. That Phonography writes the present English in such a way that the best part of the ancient true English is undiscoverable in the writing, is Dr. Kraitsir's objection. No answer to this objection has yet been made; for it is no answer (on the contrary it is the begging of a new question) to say that the part of the language lost to the ear, is of no importance. Phonography would stereotype all errors of pronunciation, and forever preclude all organic reform; because its author, although priding himself upon a protection of sounds, did not dream of the utter corruption of pronunciation, nor that there is truth in the greatest part of the writing, which is more consonant with the genius of the language than its present mode of utterance. The reviewer confounds letters, or the visible, with sounds, or the audible. He confesses his want of acquaintance with the evidence that the sounds are significant. His comparison of the characters with so many *quail tracks*, is therefore a very gratuitous witticism *ad captandum vulgus*. Soon after he admits the sounds of the human voice to be significant! His criticism of the title of the book in question, shows that he has not examined it carefully, since it is evident from the context, that by alphabet, Dr. Kraitsir means, not the figures of the letters, but the sounds they represent, the *a* of the *alpha* being the first, and the *b* of the *beta* the second sound of the series. The reviewer again doubts that every organic sound of the human voice has an inherent, natural, and most intelligible meaning; but is his doubt a proof? Does he not reject this sort of truth because it is not palatable to his *graphic* sect? He goes on from his doubt, as if it were an acknowledged principle, to infer that any sound may be dropped *ad libitum*, still believing that even then the primitive, organic, real sense of the word will remain after it

shall have been dropped. But this is altogether too fast; and since he has said, in one place, that the sounds of the human voice are significant, and in another, that he doubts it, we must bring him back to the starting point expressed in the title of Dr. Kraitsir's first work on "The Significance of the Alphabet." Have organic sounds any natural significance or not? Dr. Kraitsir says they have, and this reviewer doubts it. Dr. Kraitsir adduces proof of what he asserts, and the reviewer does not refute his arguments, but asserts that Dr. Kraitsir is a slave to the existing alphabets, which the reviewer does not profess to understand. Now notwithstanding Dr. Kraitsir's objections to Pitman's alphabet, he has always asserted the great principle of Phonography, valuing the sounds more than their images. He proposes that the present treatment of the Roman alphabet should be rejected entirely, and a thorough knowledge of it, as a phonographic instrument, be made the basis of all study of languages. He brings forth the sounds originally written by the Roman letters. He shows that these sounds predominate in the English language. His vocabulary of eleven hundred words, as he expressly says, does not exhaust the number written precisely as they are spelled, provided the alphabet is pronounced as the old Romans, Celts, Anglo Saxons, Goths, and so forth, pronounced it. If the question be made of the syllables of the language, instead of the words, a vast majority will fall into the same category, as is proved by the calculation on page ten of the "First Book of English." For those sounds in the English which were not in the Latin, he proposes a few new characters, or rather such a new printing of the old ones as shall make them new. Thus he gives a character for every sound.

With respect to the words of corrupt pronunciation, Dr. Kraitsir pauses. What can be done with these? He cannot do as the phonographers do, because, in that case, important elements of the words are wholly lost. *Write, right, wright, rite*, are pronounced alike, but he cannot write them alike without confounding their significations so entirely, that the eye would no longer be able to do the work originally intended for the ear, and the mind would become the entire loser. Your reviewer calls me to account for saying that words are symbolical only in their first form and pronunciation. He says he "will not stop to discuss this," however. But why not? for here lies the gist of the matter. I do say that if the word *paid* is written by Pitman's phonography, all evidence that it once contained a guttural, would be blotted out; and I cannot understand what the

reviewer means, when he says, in the very presence of this word, that "*Phonography and Phonotypy have all the past untouched*," and that "*for the purposes of science every guttural of which there is any trace can still be got at*." When he says "that the world at large may cease to employ the rags and tatters of a few useless symbols which they long ago ceased to know the meaning of, and do not care a straw about," he betrays the length and breadth of the general ignorance and intellectual apathy. A few useless symbols! Language in general is nothing else but a collection of symbols, and the least 'rag and tatter' of a symbol is all important, if we are to understand anything. All parts of the human body, deprived of life and separated from each other, are also rags and tatters. Because *the world does not care a straw about the meaning of, and has ceased to know*, these symbols, mankind are at this very moment swamped in a great sea of words, quarrelling all the time about religion, and all children (to use the words of the reviewer himself) are "stultified at the very outset of their intellectual culture, by a systematic infusion of the accumulated absurdities of primitive ignorance and progressive corruption!" Dr. Kraitsir has not yet developed in print the whole subject, as it lies vast before his own mind, and as he at times reveals it to his pupils. But in his next book we shall see whether the symbolism of articulate sounds is to be spoken of in this cavalier style.

The reviewer's proposition that "the early alphabets of all nations are of course defective," takes for granted what is not proved, and what is directly denied by a scholar whom the reviewer himself pronounces to be without peers in America. Those of Dr. Kraitsir's pupils who have heard him lecture at large upon alphabets and the *Deva nagari* have come away with a new sense of the sublimity of those long neglected or forgotten laws which regulate the elements of human speech, and guided the human mind in depicting them by writing. The early alphabets of all nations he shows to be wonderful monuments of a state of culture to which no modern society has arrived.

I find it difficult to make a unitary article on such a desultory production as the review I am reviewing. The criticisms on the "First Book of English" seem to me to betray a most careless perusal of the book. Dr. Kraitsir says, in the section on the explanation of the alphabet, that his object is not to multiply sounds and anomalies, and that in every doubtful case of pronunciation he recurs to the true alphabet sound as the standard. He does not recognize any sound of *a* to be like *u* in *huddle*, but would have the un-

accented *a* sounded as in *ah* always, since it is in fact so sounded generally. With respect to the words *girls* and *finger*, they are evidently merely misplaced, since the second vocabulary is expressly made to exemplify the effect of the *r* upon the vowels *e*, *i*, and *o*. With respect to the sound of *o* in *not*, and *u* in *pun*, the word "short" was an inadvertance which the publisher has had corrected with a pen in most of the copies sold.

I might go along in detail and find something to say to almost every sentence of this hasty article, which does not seem to be quite worthy of the source from which it comes. Those who desire to know and establish the universal language, do not know what they are doing, I think, when they undertake to meet with such careless criticism, and as far as in them lies, hinder the apprehension of a system of philology so profoundly thought out, as the one presented by Dr. Kraitsir. Associationists should have learned the injustice of deciding upon a superficial glance on a great subject. Dr. Kraitsir meditates a profound reform in language. He takes the traces which the great spirit of man has left—now in sounds—and now in characters addressed to the eye,—and by means of them both, evolves the original words with which things and ideas were expressed by man to man, when they were yet uncorrupt in body and mind. *These words* are the key to all languages, for they are their staple material. From this common stock he starts, whenever he has any language to learn, and he finds that they vegetate more or less in different climates and under different circumstances, and are modified according to some principles characteristic of the tribe which uses the language. In this way human speech, considered in the broadest manner, is brought within the compass of a single mind's acquirement. And there can be no doubt that when language-learning on this broad scale is made the common property of the nations, languages will begin to assimilate: for, in the first place, each language will be gradually brought towards first principles, and deterioration be checked. The unitary language which is to be spoken by men when they have attained unity, cannot be anything else than the sum of all human languages, clarified by first principles and understood by all men. The human organs are not to make any new sounds; the human mind is to be opened to the meaning of the sounds that are already made, and to learn so to classify them, and so to consider them, that it will not take a life time, as it now does, to learn a few languages, but many can be mastered in a reasonable period assigned to youthful education.

Tino.

## THE HARBINGER.

## THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

## SECTION III.—NOTICE V.

## CHAPTER XX. (Concluded.)

*Education of Children of the Fourth Age by the Mentors.*

One stimulus which cannot be made available in civilization and which is decisive in the Combined Order, is the precocity of certain children. In all departments there are some precocious, either in mind or body. I have seen one who, at the age of eighteen months, outdid in various accomplishments the children of three years. Such children mount to higher rank before the usual time; and this becomes a subject of jealousy and emulation for their fellows, whose company they quit. Civilization cannot draw any food for emulation from this precocity, which Harmony makes useful both materially and intellectually. The premature ascension of a child makes a lively impression upon the ablest of the tribe whom he abandons; they redouble their efforts to equal him, to present themselves as soon as may be for examination. The impulse communicates itself more or less to those who are inferior, and education proceeds of itself by all these little springs, of which civilization can make no use, because neither industry nor studies are attractive out of the passional series.

Only the Combined Order can present to the child, in all the branches of industry, a graduated outfit, which constitutes the charm of early years, such as a scale of chariots, spades, and other tools of seven different sizes, adapted to the seven corporations of youth. Edged tools, hatchets, planes, are not entrusted to those of the third and fourth age.

It is principally by means of this scale, that we may turn to account the imitative mania which prevails in children; and to strengthen this enticement, we subdivide the different utensils into sub-scales of still finer shades of variety. Thus any implement for the use of the *lutins* (third age) will be of three dimensions adapted to the three degrees of high, low, and middle *lutins*; this must be carefully looked to by those who make the preparations for a model Phalanx.

The same scale is employed in the industrial grades, which are several, as aspirants, neophytes, bachelors, licentiates, and various officers.

In every labor, were it only the tying up of matches, this scale of degrees with their respective signs must be established, so that the child may rise or fall from one degree to another, according to his merit.

The children in Harmony will have the same foible with the parents in Civilization, that is, the taste for gew-gaws, pompous titles, decorations, and so forth. A child of three years will already have at least some twenty dignities and decorations; he may be a licentiate in the group for making matches, a bachelor in the group for shelling peas, a neophyte in the group for raising the reseda, &c. &c., with ornaments indicative of all these functions.

They proceed with great pomp in the

distributions of ranks, which take place at the parades.

Impatience to be admitted to these dignities, as well as to the three degrees of each choir, is a great stimulus for children; this age, being but little distracted by interest, and not at all by love, is altogether subject to ambition; each child burns to rise from tribe to tribe, from degree to degree, always eager to go before his age, unless restrained by the severity of examinations and of trials. Each tribe gives the candidate his choice of these, for it is a matter of indifference whether the child takes part in this or that industrial group (Chapter XIX.); he has only to prove his capacity in a certain number of groups, which by the very fact of accepting him, attest his dexterity and his instruction. No protection or favor, nothing short of experimental evidence, can obtain their assent, since it is necessary to operate and figure adroitly in the functions undertaken. The groups of children being very proud, no one of them would admit an applicant who might expose the group to the railery of its rivals in the neighboring Phalanxes.

Take, for example, a little girl of four years and a half, seeking admission to the choir of *cherubines*. She will have to undergo nearly the following proofs:

1. To take part in the music and dances of the Opera.
2. To wash one hundred and twenty plates in half an hour, without cracking one.
3. To peel half a quintal of apples in a given time, without taking off more than the indicated weight.
4. To pick over a certain quantity of rice or other grain in a given time.
5. To kindle and cover up the fire with intelligence and with despatch.

Besides this, they will require of her the certificate of a licentiate in five groups, of a bachelor in seven groups, and of a neophyte in nine groups.

These proofs, which are left to the free choice of the applicant, are required when she wishes to rise from one choir to another; others are required in order to rise from one degree to another, as from the low to the middle *cherubines*, and so forth.

The Harmonic education condemns the use of prizes which are given to civilized children and sometimes to the parents; it employs only noble incentives, more just than the prizes so often conferred by favor, as we have seen in the case of the decennial prizes under Buonaparte. It brings honors and interest into play; the honor of rising rapidly from grade to grade, and the interest of reaping heavy dividends in several series. (See Chapter XIX., table of the incentives for early childhood.) I shall describe yet others for childhood more advanced.

Up to the age of nine years the trials turn more upon the material than upon the spiritual; and beyond nine, more upon the spiritual than upon the material, which is already formed.

In early childhood, the most important matter at first is to obtain the integral exercise of the corporeal functions, and the simultaneous development of the organs. If a *bambin* presents himself to the *cherubins*, they will require of him, besides the special credentials above-mentioned, another trial of *integral dexterity*, applied to the different parts of the body; for example, the seven exercises which follow:

1. Of the left hand and arm;

2. Of the right hand and arm;
3. Of the left foot and leg;
4. Of the right foot and leg;
5. Of two hands and one arm;
6. Of two feet and one leg;
7. Of all four members,

besides an intellectual thesis which, according to the faculties of his age, will turn upon the competency of God alone in the social government, and the incompetency of human reason, whose laws engender only barbarism and civilization, fraud and oppression.

In rising from the *cherubins* to the *seraphins*, or sixth age, the conditions will be still more exacting, both in physical exercises more difficult than those preceding, and in intellectual ones on subjects suited to the age of six years.

If in earlier childhood a majority or the whole of the proofs required are material, it is in order to conform to the impulse of that age which is altogether material. In Harmony, the sole study is to second attraction, to favor the exercise of nature with as much care as civilization takes to stifle it.

Since education terminates in the two choirs of youths and maidens (*jouvenceur et jeuneelles*), they have no more proofs to undergo in passing into the next choirs of the *adolescents*; but these proofs are gradually prolonged in all the choirs and degrees of childhood; they are the springs which impel the child, impatient to rise, and shamed by any reverse, to a passionate demand for instruction.

The choirs and tribes, even the youngest, are filled with *esprit de corps*, and would not on any account admit an inexperienced candidate. He would be put off from month to month, from examination to examination. Children are very rigorous judges on this point. The affront of a refusal becomes very keen to those who have passed the age of admission into a tribe. After six months respite and reiterated trials, they are, in case of insufficiency, placed in the choirs of half-character. The parents cannot create any illusion about their inferiority, nor praise the gentleness of an idiot child, as they do now. Emulation is stifled at its source, so long as there is no counterpoise to the parent's spoiling his child.

To be consigned thus to the choirs of half-character, although not very flattering, is not offensive, because this class contains many individuals disgraced in the sensual faculties, although they are filled with intellectual capacity. The same class contains also certain very precious *ambigus*, who figure in two characters and form a connecting link, as it were, between them both.

Moreover, as the full character forms a very numerous body in which advancement is difficult, children who are intellectually feeble, easily decide themselves for the half-character, where what is really the feebleness of a subject is disguised under the part of an *ambigu*.

Then again, when a child passes to the half-character of a superior tribe, it is for him a real advancement which will not prevent him from rising to the full character of this tribe, so soon as he shall give proof of the requisite accomplishments.

Certain individuals may pass their whole life in the choirs of half-character; they are none the less happy for that, nor are they looked down upon, because this class, as I have said, contains individuals of great price. Besides, we know that

frequently a character, pronounced bad at first, develops itself in time and acquires a title of a very high degree.

For the rest, in the half as in the full character, the numerous means of industrial attraction preserve all their influence. The mere desire to pass from the aspirants to the neophytes of any group, from the neophytes to the bachelors, is enough to electrify a young child in the workshops, gardens, stables, and manœuvres; there is not so much need of exciting his emulation, as there is of moderating its ardor, and of consoling him for the want of skill which makes him indignant and which he struggles to correct. What a contrast with the civilized children whom we call charming, and who, at the age of four, have no other talent but that of breaking and soiling every thing, and of resisting the labor to which nothing but moralism and the lash can turn them!

Thus their lot is so irksome, that they all sigh after recreation, a thing which will be ridiculous in the eyes of the children of Harmony: they will know no amusement but that of traversing the workshops, and engaging in the industrial meetings and intrigues. One of the prodigies which will be admired in the model Phalanx, will be the spectacle of children never wishing for recreation, but only to pass from one labor to another, and who will have no solicitude except to know what meetings will be negotiated at the evening exchange for the next day's labors, by the choirs of the *cherubins*, from whom the *bambins* take their impulse; for they as yet do not take part at the exchange, and have not the direction of any labor.

The full liberty which is allowed the children in Harmony, does not extend to dangerous licences; it would be ridiculous to let a child of four years handle a loaded pistol. The Harmonians do not abuse the word liberty, like the civilizees, who, under the pretext of liberty, sanction every imaginary fraud in merchants.

The permission to use fire-arms, dwarf horses, and sharp edged tools, is only granted by degrees, as the child ascends from choir to choir; and this is one of the means of emulation which are put in play to stimulate the child to industry or study, without any compulsion.

This emulation will not be seen in its full activity in the experimental Phalanx, because there will not be all those springs which exterior relations furnish to excite *esprit de corps* and rivalries in childhood. A child of such a Phalanx will not have the prospect of arriving, at the age of twelve or thirteen, at high dignities, such as the command of ten thousand men in a manœuvre of parade or of an industrial army; but the results, already brilliant, which will be obtained in the beginning, will enable one to judge of those which the new order will give, when it is provided with all the resources, and raised to the full mechanism by the general organization of society throughout the globe.

In the education of the fourth class there is one branch which I have not been able to discuss; and that is the art of determining the character and temperament of the child, the degree he occupies in a scale of eight hundred and ten full, and four hundred and five mixed, besides the transcendent. Such a discussion would overstep the boundaries of our actual knowledge; I have been obliged to

avoid it, and I only mention it to indicate the high importance of the part of mentor, to which these scientific functions belong.

Need we be astonished that nature, who assigns to the mentors of the female sex a part so eminent, inspires them with a disgust for the subaltern offices of education, for the care of babies in the cradle? How could they be free for the development of characters and of industrial instincts, for the classification of temperaments, and for the very delicate experiments which these different services demand, if they were obliged to spend all their time in giving pap to babes, in skimming the pot, and botching pantaloons, to render themselves worthy of a moralistic husband? It is but natural, therefore, that women born for these high functions, should disdain the petty fuss of house-keeping, and, not finding in civilization occupations worthy of their talent, should throw themselves into balls, spectacles, amours, and all sorts of distractions, to fill up the void which the meanness of civilization has left to all superior characters. We wrongly accuse them of depravity, when we ought only to accuse the civilized regime, which, in education as in all things, opens no career except to women who are inclined to littleness, to servitude, and to hypocrisy. The display of maternal love is often mere hypocrisy, an apology for virtue in women who have no real virtue, no true force.

Diogenes says that love is the occupation of the idle; the same might he said of maternal excesses. This beautiful zeal of certain women for the care of the infant, is only the last resource of idleness. If they had some twenty industrial intrigues to follow up, for their interest and their fame, they would be very glad to be delivered from the care of little children, provided they could have some guarantee of their good keeping.

Harmony will not commit, like us, the folly of excluding women from the pursuits of medicine and of teaching, and reduce them to sewing and to making the pot boil. It will know that nature distributes talents for the sciences and the fine arts equally among the two sexes, their inequalities in single branches counterbalancing each other; the taste for the sciences being more especially adapted to men, and that for the arts more especially to women, in about the following proportion.

Sciences, men two-thirds, women one-third.  
Arts, men one-third, women two-thirds.  
Agriculture on a grand scale, men two-thirds, women one-third.  
Agriculture on a small scale, men one-third, women two-thirds.  
Mentors, men two-thirds, women one-third.  
Attendants, men one-third, women two-thirds.

Thus the philosophers who wish tyrannically to exclude one sex from some particular employment, are like those wretched planters of the Antilles, who, after brutalizing their negroes by cruel punishments, already brutalized enough by their barbarous education, pretend that these negroes are not on a level with the human species. The opinion of the philosophers about women is as just as that of the planters about negroes.

The harmonic education, so far as the direction of natural instincts is concerned, finds itself completed at a period in which our's is not even commenced, that is to

say, at the age of about four years and a half. After this age, the child passing into the tribe of the *cherubins*, will rise by the mere effect of attraction and of emulation. Without doubt he will have much to learn until he is twenty; but it will be himself who will demand the lessons, and he will instruct himself in the scientific and industrial reunions. He will require no officer to supervise him, like those of the third and fourth age; from the time that he is five years old, he will be what a man of twenty-five is now, who then for the first time instructs himself from his own impulse and in his own way, and makes so much the faster progress.

Let us add one more important distinction between the two modes of education; namely this, that the present system separates the sciences and industry, whereas they are always united in the Combined Order. The child there carries on together, agriculture, manufactures, sciences and arts; this is a property of the subdivision of labor by short sessions, a method utterly impracticable without the passionless series.

## REVIEW.

*The Scholar, the Artist, the Jurist, the Philanthropist. An Address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, at their Anniversary, August 27, 1846. By CHARLES SUMNER. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. pp. 72.*

At the public funerals of soldiers who had fallen in battle, the ancient Athenians used to appoint some distinguished citizen to eulogize the patriotism and valor of the slain. On such occasions, the orator dwelt upon those as the chiefest virtues, with which hardly any other theme could be mingled. Then the heat culture and the loftiest eloquence never overleaped the narrow boundaries of the native land, or regarded the Man as distinct from the Citizen. Devotion to Athens and bravery in her wars, with perhaps some hospitable act of pity for the unfortunate, and reverence for the awful justice of the gods, were sufficient to occupy the glowing panegyric of the Attic orator. How different the subject of the present eulogy. Here we do not catch the blast of trumpets, or listen to the echo of murderous deeds. The triumphs celebrated, the virtues lauded, the examples held up for imitation, owe none of their lustre to any perverted passions, and belong to no particular spot of earth.

This oration is a happy thought happily executed. In point of style it strikes us as superior to those previous efforts of the same learned and elegant pen which we have met with. Of all that is merely personal in it, we are not competent, nor is this the time to speak. Possibly the enthusiasm of the friend and the love of the pupil for his teachers may have somewhat exalted in Mr. Sumner's portraiture the features of departed great-

ness and worth, but even then only justice would be done. It is not the eye of critical fault-finding which sees what is real and true in character. The sympathy of friendship gives better and juster judgment than the scrutiny of public acts and the cold estimates of the intellect can furnish, for it has been admitted to an intimate sanctuary and has met and known what was best in the man himself, which often the world does not suffer to appear. But it was not in the mere utterance of private affection that Mr. Sumner employed the occasion which drew forth this speech, which seems to us a model for such discourses, not so much stress being laid upon the men as upon the Ideas to which they were devoted. As their lives were a continual commendation of those ideas to their fellows, so to win others to love Knowledge, Justice, Beauty, Humanity, is the most grateful praise that could be bestowed upon their memory. This Mr. Sumner has sought to do rather than to hang laurels on their tombs, though indeed he has not failed to render that lesser service also.

We said that this oration was a happy thought. It was a most natural one. The Society before which it was delivered publishes every four years a catalogue of its members. The present year brought around the period for such a publication, and upon the list the sign which denotes the death of members of the fraternity was for the first time prefixed to four illustrious names. They were WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, WASHINGTON ALLSTON, JOSEPH STORY, and JOHN PICKERING, the Philanthropist, the Artist, the Jurist, the Scholar. What more appropriate for the annual festival of that Society, than to freshen in the minds of those who were gathered to it the great lessons which the lives of such men offer to all!

Mr. Sumner begins with the Scholar. He speaks of Mr. Pickering's learning, his modesty, his admirable private character, and the great variety of his pursuits. In this connection, the orator touches finely upon the characteristics of classical literature, and makes a just comparison between it and modern works, which, with other passages under this head that we had marked, we reluctantly omit.

Of the Law, Mr. Sumner speaks with all the ardor which might seem proper to one whose name we have heard suggested as the successor in the Cambridge professorship of law, of the eminent master to whom not he alone was so tenderly attached. The character of that master and the history of his life as a jurist, also receives an encomium as just, doubtless, as it is eloquent. His genial benevolence, his industry, the sound qualities of his judgment, his pure devotion to science, the wide sweep of his acquirements,

and the remarkable reputation he had gained as a jurist, are all presented in a manner worthy of the subject. Mr. Sumner draws a very true distinction between the jurist who expounds the principles of the law and the mere lawyer. The former deals with what is permanent, the latter is only the laborer of the day; the former, remote from the contentions of courts and the tricks of practice and superior to petty interests, is engaged in serene contemplations of justice, while the latter holds his skill and eloquence at market to the first buyer. Judge Story was of the former class. He was a jurist, and among distinguished jurists holds a distinguished place.

Of course it does not lie within Mr. Sumner's purpose to consider the absolute value of the professions he is treating. He cannot, for instance, stop to discuss the function of the Law in society, or to enquire how far what is now called Jurisprudence is a permanent or a temporary thing. Still, we should have been pleased to see some evidence that he had maturely reflected on the subject before pronouncing so decisively in favor of the immortality of the Law.

For our own part, we are constrained to express a suspicion that no system of law framed by man has any good reason to expect an eternal duration. Hitherto, as far as we are informed, laws, as well as governments, have been founded on the necessities arising from temporary states of society, and not directly from the first ground of society itself. Such as is a state of society, such is, and must be its system of law. In a barbarous society, we find judicial combats and the trial by ordeal, in a commercial civilization, laws for enforcing the fulfilment of contracts and restraining crimes against persons and property. Society itself is a progressive body, perpetually assuming new states which give rise to new laws. So long as it is imperfect and false, so long there can be no permanence in its laws. They are the make-shifts of the time, which, however they may attempt to borrow the pretensions of indestructible principles, cannot endure. It is not till society itself comes to be built upon such principles, that its laws or even their essence can be said to be written on "immortal tablets." Now all society hitherto has been based on the principle of force, the only principle on which in the stages it has passed it could be based, but still a false principle. Its laws, of course, have no other basis and so are as false as the society in which they originate, and like it destined to pass out of the memory of mankind. The science of Law, like the science of War, is good at its time, but there will come a period when it will

no longer be necessary, when, in a word, the only science of law for men will be the science of the HUMAN SOUL.

The law-givers, the jurists, whom Mr. Sumner ranks so highly, have served merely transient ends. If their names have been connected with the sacred and eternal principles of Justice, it has yet been with what compared to the INTEGRAL JUSTICE of the Better Future is as the sun at earliest dawn on a foggy morning to his meridian splendor in an atmosphere of Grecian purity. Not that we would detract a whit from the transcendent merits of these great men. God forbid that we should seem to pay them less than due reverence! But when we hear the word JUSTICE, and when from the laws which men have contrived our mind reverts to that divine law of ATTRACTION, which the supreme Legislator implanted in the heart of Man and which is yet to reign upon the earth, the most wise and heroic labors done in this infancy of the race become of less prominent importance. For then we seem, as it were, to stand before the master-piece of Creative Wisdom, and to behold the perfect handy-work and manifestation of God. Then we behold in a visible form the glories of the spiritual universe as we contemplate the operation of the Passions, working perfect Order through perfect Freedom, and perceive that the Lord, our Father, has approached His children in the reality of His Providence! This is the Eternal Law which the flow of ages can only strengthen, whose duration no time can measure. Happy is the man who has connected his name with it. For of his fame it can indeed be said that it is

— no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistering foil  
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove.

He shall live in the memory of Man as long as the race shall endure!

But if Jurisprudence, like War, has only a temporary use in the career of society, the same cannot be said of Art. This belongs to Humanity in its most blessed ages as well as to the ruder periods of its struggling youth. Beauty is indeed eternal, and in the human form, which is the highest object of the Artist, has its eternal and perfect mould. To ALLSTON, our orator pays a tender and worthy tribute. We quote the description of his death.

"It was Saturday night; the cares of the week were over; the pencil and brush were laid in repose; the great canvass on which for many years he had sought to perpetuate the image of Daniel confronting the idolatrous soothsayers of Belshazzar, was left, with the chalk lines designating the labors to be resumed after the rest of the Sabbath; the evening was passed in the

pleasant converse of family and friends; words of benediction had fallen from his lips upon a beloved relative; all had retired for the night, leaving him alone, in health, to receive serenely the visitation of Death, sudden but not unprepared for. Happy lot! thus to be borne away, with blessings on the lips, not through the long valley of disease, amidst the sharpness of pain, and the darkness that beclouds the slowly departing spirit, but straight upward through realms of light, swiftly, yet gently, as on the wings of a dove!"

There is much in this sketch of the Artist that we only lack space to copy. We will not however omit the following sentences.

"Allston loved excellence for its own sake. He looked down upon the common strife for worldly consideration. With rare beauty of truth and expression, he said, that 'Fame is the eternal shadow of excellence, from which it can never be separated.' Here is revealed a volume, prompting to high thought and action, not for the sake of glory, but to advance ourselves in knowledge, in virtue, in excellence of all kinds."

From the Artist we pass to the Philanthropist. From the Beautiful to the Good there is no abrupt transition, and after ALLSTON, the honored and beloved CHANNING is fully commemorated. Here, as might be expected, Mr. Sumner enters a higher sphere of thought, and introduces us to ideas which are without doubt undying. Of Dr. Channing as a divine he does not speak, but chooses rather to dwell on such of his labors as no religious controversies can prevent any sect of Christians from doing justice to. But Mr. Sumner's words are better than ours; we will give some of them.

"I have called him the Philanthropist, the lover of man,—the title of highest honor on earth. 'I take goodness in this sense,' says Lord Bacon, '*the affecting of the weal of men*, which is what the Grecians call *Philantropia*. . . . This of all virtues and dignities of the mind is the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin.' Lord Bacon was right. Confessing the attractions of Scholarship, awed by the majesty of the Law, fascinated by the beauty of Art, our souls bend with involuntary reverence before the angelic nature that seeks the good of his fellow man. It is through him that God speaks. On him has descended in especial measure his divine spirit. God is love, and man most nearly resembles him in his diffusive benevolence. In heaven, we are told, the first place or degree is given to the angels of love, who are termed Seraphim; the second to the angels of light, who are termed Cherubim."

"Many people satisfy their consciences by the utterance of general truth, warmed, perhaps, by rhetorical effort, without venturing or caring to apply it practically in life. This was not the case with our Philanthropist. He sought to bring his morality to bear distinctly and pointedly upon the world. Nor was he disturbed by another suggestion, which the moralist often encounters, that his views were sound in theory, but not practical. He well knew that what is

unsound in theory must be vicious in practice. He did not hesitate, therefore, to fasten upon any wrong he discerned, and attach to it a mark, which, like that of Cain, can never be wiped from its forehead. His Philanthropy was Morality in action."

"Kindred to the idea of Human Rights was that other, which appears so often in his writings as to seem to inspire his whole philanthropy, the importance of the Individual Man. No human soul was so abject in condition as not to find sympathy and reverence from him. He confessed his brotherhood with all God's children, although separated from them by rivers, mountains, and seas; although a torrid sun had left upon them an unchangeable Ethiopian skin. Filled by this thought, he sought in all that he did to promote their elevation and happiness. He longed to do good, to be a spring of life and light to his fellow beings. 'I see nothing worth living for,' he said, 'but the divine virtue which endures and surrenders all things for truth, duty, and mankind.'"

"With few of the physical attributes which belong to the orator, he was an orator of surpassing grace. His soul tabernacled in a body that seemed little more than a filament of clay. He was small in stature; but when he spoke, his person seemed to dilate with the majesty of his thoughts, as the Hercules of Lysippus, a marvel of ancient art, though not more than a foot in height, revived in the mind the superhuman strength which overcame the Nemean lion;—

*'Deus ille, Deus; seseque videndum  
Indulsit, Lysippe, tibi, parvusque videri  
Sentiri que ingens.'*

His voice was soft and musical, not loud or full in its tones; and yet, like conscience, it made itself heard in the inmost chambers of the soul. His eloquence was that of gentleness and persuasion, pleading for religion, humanity, and justice. He did not thunder or lighten. The rude elemental forces furnish no proper image of his power. His words descended, like sunshine, upon the souls of his hearers, and under their genial influence the hard in heart were softened, while the closely hugged mantle of prejudice and error was allowed to fall to the earth."

Along with the passages we have quoted, Mr. Sumner dwells particularly on Dr. Channing's opposition to Slavery and War. We regret that we are unable to follow him in discussing these things or to consider as we desire the various other topics in this part of his discourse. We can merely commend it to the careful reflection of our readers. If we mistake not, there are things in it which point the mind to truths that Mr. Sumner's audience were perhaps scarcely prepared to listen to. We extract the following from the conclusion.

"We stand on the threshold of a new age, which is preparing to recognize new influences. The ancient divinities of Violence and Wrong are retreating to their kindred darkness. The sun of our moral universe is entering a new ecliptic, no longer deformed by those images of animal rage, Cancer, Taurus, Leo, Sagittarius, but beaming with the mild radiance of those heavenly signs, Faith, Hope, and Charity."

"The age of Chivalry has gone. An age of Humanity has come. The Horse, which gave

the name to the first, now yields to Man the foremost place. In serving him, in doing him good, in contributing to his welfare and elevation, there are fields of bloodless triumph, nobler far than any in which Bayard or Du Guesclin ever conquered. Here are spaces of labor wide as the world, lofty as heaven. Let me say, then, in the benison which was bestowed upon the youthful knight,—Scholars! jurists! artists! philanthropists! heroes of a Christian age, companions of a celestial knighthood, 'Go forth, be brave, loyal, and successful!'"

These are noble and prophetic words from an earnest and noble soul. Might they but sink deep every where and spring up and bear fruit a hundred fold! What they foretell shall surely be accomplished. The aspirations of Humanity keep alive the vision, and the providence of God brings nearer and nearer the reality. We do indeed witness the beginning of a new religious, political and social life for the nations. Let us, with immovable faith in the Highest and boundless devotion to the Best, seek to perform our allotted part in the benignant revolution. But for that, even the faith of the Christian and the devotion of the Man are not enough. It still needs the THINKER to open up the great problem of Human Destiny. Let us listen to him whencesoever and in whatever garb he may come.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, OCT. 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 justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

### OBJECTIONS TO ASSOCIATION.—NO. VII.

(Continued from p. 205.)

We have again been obliged, by the pressure of other matter, to postpone the conclusion of our reply to the objections urged against Association by the Oberlin Review. We had completed the subject of Labor and Industrial Attraction: the points which now remain are those of Family, Government, and Religious Union;—great themes, all of them, which nevertheless we are compelled to treat in a word.

I. "Children," says the reviewer, "can be properly educated in no other way than under parental influence—that is, under the influence of persons who are really their parents or who occupy their place and have their authority and affection." The proposition as last modified we accept entirely. But who are really their parents? In our civilized society, in the vast majority of cases, they are the persons who have no means



of making good that character towards their children. For are not poverty and constant drudgery the law, and is not leisure the exception? What proportion of the parents, in this competitive system, are in a condition to assume the entire moral guardianship of their own child, — to do justice to its physical, intellectual, and moral nature? Consider well this fact of Poverty, and its right arm, Necessity, which it thrusts into the very homes and bosoms of the mass of mankind, making their life, in *all* respects, not what it *would* be, but what it *must* be! Most parents have neither the time, the intelligence, nor the personal purity of soul, to educate their children as they should be educated. They are preoccupied with other, not more important, but more urgent cares, and the little troubler must be disposed of in the easiest manner. The parent's love, no doubt, is naturally strong, and amid these worst of obstacles does not often become quite extinct; but yet it is so far practically hindered, its promptings are so far pushed aside by stern necessities, that these dear dependencies become practical annoyances for the most part of the time. The child, neglected, grows more troublesome, less lovely; the mother preoccupied, fails to prepare herself for her most delicate, most interesting task; the purposes of nature are in every way thwarted, the beautiful sphere is chilled so that no fine sentiment can keep alive in it, the whole relation becomes false and unproductive of any good. Now, this is no theory, no conjecture, no speculative fear: these are the *facts* of the civilized family in the vast majority of instances.

"Need it be so?" is a question which you ask, but have not got it answered hitherto, until Association solved the problem. We say that all the dictates of a high morality, all the ideals of beautiful life in families, all the best instincts of the heart, are futile dreams in such a state of society; tantalizing thoughts, which cannot be realized, where *necessity*, (that "sweetener of toil" which the reviewer praises!) is the law of life. All our Christian efforts have not altered, or if so, have only aggravated the fact, that the immense majority are still too poor to have much time to think of any duty, or respect any law except necessity. And Associationists are prepared to show, and have repeatedly shown, that general poverty *must always* be the result of a society based upon isolated, individual interests, in which the private family is the first element and beginning of order. There must be larger unions to secure the means of health, wealth, and education to all, to break down the principle of *Might makes Right*, to give Humanity a chance to be, and to stand

up in her true harmonious proportions.

But in any case, can any but the most foolish, narrow-minded, and bigoted of parents, feel confidence in themselves alone to supply all needed influence and sympathy to their child? Does not the father's sense of his own insufficiency grow with his intelligence? Does not an intelligent love for the child lead to such an understanding of his nature and its varied wants, as makes a parent fear to stamp *himself* and that alone upon this mysterious, yet impressible nature, in so many ways declaring itself designed by God for something very different from the parent? Indeed, the cases are so rare as to be exceptional, in which the son is the inheritor of the same natural propensities and talents with the father. Why disregard this palpable hint of nature? Each plant seeks its own food; thrives where it can get it, withers elsewhere. So the child should be left free to seek its natural teachers, which are not necessarily the parents, but those whose character, tastes, and talents are most in affinity with its own. How often a confirmed coldness between parent and child is the result of this constrained relation, when, if natural affinities had been consulted, this barrier of false associations with one another would not have stood between them, and their real love would have had no motive for denying itself.

Association, then, offers these two advantages: (1) It gives to every child the chance of education, which the civilized family, amid the poverty of its own engendering, cannot do; and (2) it gives each child the chance to choose his teacher, lets his natural instincts select their own proper food, whereas in the civilized family the child is too often the victim of such culture and such ideas of culture as his own straightened, ignorant, and harassed parents may chance to have. And now

Thirdly, it surrounds him every where with a parental sphere. When Association shall supplant competition, society itself will have the tenderness of a parent towards all its youthful members. After all, what really constitutes the education of a child? — we mean such education as he *does* get. Not the lessons of the school, not the influence of home, especially where as in most cases the mother drudges and the child runs wild; but it is the collective influence of the whole world around him. This the parent has small power to counteract. The world is, after all, his educator, and discharges the office without the slightest sense of responsibility or feeling. For there is no bond of union, no identity of interests; each is on the look out for himself and preying on the body politic;

and no one owns the child except the parents, while yet he takes his character from all. This is the way with society as it is now constituted. And this, we trust, Association will reverse, — Association, which you term *soulless*. It is to give society a soul, it is to restore harmony and peace among its warring members, it is to create not only a common brotherhood, but a common sentiment of parental love and responsibility, that we labor to unite these little selfish centres of familism into mutually coöperative associated homes. Then each child will be surrounded by the watchful and harmonious influences of the whole social body. The whole social atmosphere will be one of sympathy, of wise and active care for him. The collective maternal sentiment of the community will preside over the general education. Those who best love, best understand, and by talent, skill, and inclination, best belong to childhood, will be delegated to the nurseries and schools of industry and knowledge. There will be a sphere of infancy, and of each successive age, wherein each child will live in its own element, at home among its natural fellows. It will not exclude the parent, it will not forbid the mother to visit or receive her child, or even to devote herself to him, if such should be her desire, and if she should see any advantage therein to the child above what he could enjoy under the general provision; neither will it on the other hand, abandon the child to such poor chances of education, and even of a true parental influence, as civilization provides for each new generation. Society itself will be the parent; now she is but a cold and ruthless step-mother. This is a greater thought than civilized education ever yet proposed to itself. The very quintessence of all that is good in the family will be concentrated by this arrangement, and made the common boon of every child, while its one-sided influences, its misguided, overweening fondnesses, and its contracting biases will be justly counterpoised, as well as the poverty of resources, intellectual and moral, of even the most perfect single home supplied and strengthened by all that others have to offer.

Fear not the destruction by this means of all responsibility on the part of the parent. There is too little of that now. There cannot be much of it where homes are poverty-stricken by the inherent necessity of our whole system. The common nursery and other educational arrangements of the Combined Order must have a direct tendency to nourish and to strengthen this responsibility in parents. It explains their office to them, as they had no chance to understand, or room to exercise it before. And above all, it leaves the holy instinctive bond of nature

between child and parent free to assert itself in its own way, unembarrassed by any false positions and constrained relations; and a heartier welcome, a sincerer friendship will grow up between those of the same blood, from the fact that they have not been arbitrarily and exclusively doomed to one another's society, that the child has not learned to associate the stifling of his instincts with the parental tones, nor the parent to be reminded of his poverty by the sight of the encumbrance.

It is not true that, to establish fully the relations between parent and child, the latter must "have little to do with other people's children and with other children's parents." Children are essentially social beings; they demand variety, and they demand corporate enthusiasm; and it takes many to satisfy them or make them at all at home. They were never made to be educated by direct individual influence, but to be insensibly charmed and unfolded into life by the conspiring influences of the whole social atmosphere. Solitude has no good for them; and monotonous society is worse than solitude. Friendship is their strongest passion, and that finds a sphere in company where there is the widest range for attractions. Company, no doubt, is dangerous in the streets and squares and public houses of civilization. Why? because there is no unity there, no guarantees of mutual good, no presiding genius of love and order, and more than all, because there is no organization of attractive industry, which in Association will preoccupy all ages in beautiful and useful labors, and weave all characters and forces into a living, ever-varied net-work of enthusiastic and devoted activity, which shall leave none out, no idlers, none to hang upon the skirts of society, aimless, shameless, and contagious with all vices, as now the thousands *must* be, who have not even the right to labor. There is but one way to guard a child from evil communications; it is to make all communications good, to create a true society, and let the child go free.

II. GOVERNMENT. The reviewer apprehends death to practical democracy, and the inevitable growth of individual despotism in a successful Association. He says that unity in all the arrangements of life among so many, that prompt efficiency of action, require the absolute ascendancy of *one will*. "Some one must father the plan," and the whole Association yield as unquestioned obedience to him, as children to a parent. "Nor is it a mere civil despotism, extending to a few general interests, but it makes almost all the interests of the individual depend upon the will of another. That other is to determine what he shall eat, what he

shall drink, and wherewithal he shall be clothed, what he shall do, and how much he shall be paid for it."

To this we answer: that the true problem of Government has never yet been solved. The Science of government does not exist; nothing of universal validity has been devised. All actual governments have been and are yet failures, and ever must be until a deeper question than that of government is settled first, namely the social question — and settled in such a way as to establish first industrial attraction and then the reign of Attraction and of Harmony in all the spheres of human life. Meanwhile, government is but a poor device, a system of simplistic, gross, and perpetually shifting expedients to maintain the outward shadow of order, where only chaos really exists.

Governments are commonly reduced to three classes, Despotic, Democratic and Mixed. Despotism is good in one thing, that it is compact and centralizes power, brings all to an operative focus, gathers together the collective energies into one will, and preserves Unity of some sort. But to this one end of Unity it sacrifices the rights of the many; it silences every voice but one, and if it smothers discords, yet it gets no harmony; it settles strife by extinguishing the parties, and the unity which is left is only nominal and dead. Democracy is good in one thing, that it asserts the element of Freedom, and the equal rights of All, and claims that all be represented. But how does it fulfil this promise? Only by the awkward, arbitrary system of the right of the majority. The greater number have it all their own way; the minority, though only so by one vote, are not represented at all, except in that mere fruitless act of voting. All this is compromised to order, and a tyranny of the majority, which may be worse than the tyranny of one, is all that remains of the bright dream. If, however, the instinct of freedom and justice tries to put itself in practice in a manner more unqualified, then turbulence ensues, which also reverts back to despotism, or the triumph of the stronger, "conquering peace." As yet no order and no freedom. Well, careful and ingenious statesmen have sought to mix the two elements in nice proportions and produce a perfect system, a balance of powers, like the limited monarchy of England. Of these there have been many varieties tried; but in which of them has there been practical freedom? in which have men felt that they had their rights? in which have the by-words of aristocracy and tyranny been laid aside? Hear how Association solves the problem.

A Democratic government of the majority is not only inconvenient, but false.

It does not understand its own principles. It assumes that government should represent *persons, individuals*. But can any aggregate of actual individuals make up the perfect Man? No. Neither can any aggregate of individual voices make up Justice. Government should represent, not the collective persons or wills, but the collective *interests* and rights of the Phalanx, or Association. Because, between the actual wills of imperfect men, and in an antagonistic period of so-called society, there cannot, in the nature of the case, be harmony or consistency; the only unity possible is that of constraint, which we all feel is false. *Interests*, however, is not exactly the right word, unless we define it. What properly are our great interests? Not accidental, partial things, in the vulgar use of the word; but they are the various demands of our essential destiny and nature; they are the component elements of Life. Government should represent these, *the component elements of life*; it should represent the wants and purposes and proper destiny of the Universal Man. The only legitimate and true government is a government, not of persons, not of individual wills or private interests, but of Ideas, of Principles. Personally considered, the true principle is No Government; and hence the charm of the popular system, as coming *next to that* in theory, though far enough from it in practice. We want such government as shall set people's minds at rest about politics. It is the greatest evil for a people to grow political; each one thinks he enlarges his sphere, and consequently his importance, by concerning himself about politics; whereas it only draws him off from his own proper sphere, to intermeddle in the vague and general. That is the national disease of this American people. There should be no absorbing politics in society, any more than there is in planetary systems; Attraction should govern all. All that is wanted is, that *all* attractions, all great interests should be represented. And this we believe to be Fourier's idea.

But from such a harmony and full representation of attractions some outward form of order would necessarily result, some graduated perfect hierarchy of persons. The component elements of the life, the primary interests, must be *represented* in persons. There must be a person as the exponent, the visible unity of every sphere. How many shall these be? As many as there are distinct spheres: that is to say, as many as there are *groups* of any kind. For the group is the first element of Association; the group is the vital germ of the Phalanx; there is where the whole thing originates; there is the forming of the single crystal which multiplies itself through the simul-

taneous general crystallization of a Phalanx. The group comes into being spontaneously, by pure attraction; it is of God. Like a plant, a mineral, or animal, it has its own absolute reason for existing. And groups classified, by affinities of resemblance and of contrast, compose Series, which are the genera and orders of the mineral and vegetable world. These groups are independent vitalities, and independent powers. A phalanx is a confederation of groups. The true government, then, would represent all the groups, and be a congress of all the chiefs or unities of groups. Only this would be too large and unwieldy. The whole problem, then, is how to abridge; the whole art of framing a government is the art of *abridgment*; the question being how to get the smallest number, who shall truly represent the whole. And this is arrived at by classification of the groups or spheres; by climbing the scale of Varieties, Species, Genera, Orders, Classes, and so forth, till you reach the climax, or Unity. A congress of these higher Unities will be the government. It will be neither an arbitrary, nor a democratic government of the majority. It will be one of spontaneous, providential growth. Each officer, representing the unity of a certain sphere, will have *grown* to his place by virtue of his very character and function; neither chosen by a popular cabal, nor arbitrarily appointed by a few, nor self-imposed. Every office will be strictly functional: that is, they who do practically, by general consent and recognition within their own sphere, preside over and become the personal unities of those spheres, shall be the "Regency" or "Council" without further election.

A Phalanx is supposed large enough to contain all the essential types of character, necessary to fill all the functions, and people all the spheres of a complete and self-sustaining social system. Government is but the converging of all these spheres, interests, functions, to one central, overseeing head or congress in which the many only see themselves reflected and completed, and whose authority there can be no motive for disputing. When a public measure is to be decided, therefore, every interest has its voice in such a Council, and this is all that justice requires. In every question it is just to ask: What does each department offer? What does the Farm say? what the Household? what the Manufactory? What says Commerce? what Capital? what does Good Taste say? what Morality, or Character? what Education? what Religion? what Science? and what each several shade and subdivision of all these? These voices all balance and check one another, or rather

complete one another; a perfect system of counterpoises. It is a government precisely analogous to what God has placed in the constitution of an individual Man, (so does God's law repeat itself in great and small.) I am made up of various motives, passions, tendencies; whenever I am about to act, these all sit in congress within me; each lets its voice be heard; my friendship counsels one thing, my ambition another, my patriotism another, my conscience perhaps another; and the decision is a balance of interests, either by mutual consent, or prevalence of the stronger. Every man's mind is a congress, reflecting in miniature the true congress of the social body or Phalanx.

The centre of Fourier's system is *Attraction*. That is God's Law, or the expression of the Divine Will in society, as in all Creation. He therefore says almost nothing of the common arbitrary idea of government in a Phalanx; seems to trust to the organization itself; and that organization is the work of attraction; that is, the society requires no power (not even one delegated from itself) to put it in order and keep it in order; it is order; it was born of passional attraction, the only law of order. The only thing like government required is this: That collective functions and interests should arrive at a particular expression, should be brought to a convenient acting unity. We want an abridgment which shall be as small as possible, and as comprehensive; the *whole* must speak virtually, where only *one* speaks actually. Now this is only accomplished by scientific classification, rising from varieties through species, genera, and so forth, each term including all below it. The outward objects to which man stands related have long been classed so; hence the Physical Sciences. The characters of men and their functions, according to Fourier, admit of a precisely corresponding classification. It is the very foundation principle of "Attractive Industry" that for every thing (*without*) to be done, there exists an attraction (*within*) in the doer; for every function a character; and for every outward object a function; so that man stands in relation with the whole of outward nature through his functions. All outward things Science classes as above; so also it should class the corresponding characters of men; and so it should class the mediatory functions. The elements of human characters, which fit for the functions, are the myriad varieties, both by nature and development, of the *Passions* which impel men. These, classed and generalized, reduce themselves to Fourier's scale of the twelve passions; generalized still further they give the three orders of passions, Sensitive, Affec-

tive, and Distributive; and, as the last result, *Unityism*, or Attraction unlimited. Now we lay down the following propositions:

1. The true idea of a Phalanx is to represent the *Whole Man*, not an aggregation of individuals. To this end it organizes the various individual functions into one harmonious whole, thus realizing a life of entire Humanity to each, who alone would be but an isolated fragment of humanity.

2. So the government of a Phalanx should represent the *whole man*. The first way to do this would be to represent all the individual functions which go to make up the whole man. This, however, is somewhat simplified at the outset; for in Association the unit is not a person, but a group, that is to say, a function. Accordingly a true government would be a congress of the unities, or heads of all the groups, including of course groups of industry, of education, of pleasure, and so forth. Such a government would be just the Phalanx over again; and that is what in *theory* it should be; but in practice it must be an *abridged* or *concentrated* Phalanx.

3. To abridge we must class and generalize functions. The key to such classification, and to all classification, is the *scale of the twelve passions*. Twelve shall be the sacred number; with a thirteenth for a pivot. Each passion will have its head or unity, its presiding officer, who will be the person best representing and mediating between the various shades or neighbor regions of its passional sphere. These twelve Presidents or Unities would form a central congress, that would do justice to all sides of humanity, and represent every view that should enter into the general policy of associated life.

Strictly speaking, therefore, we see that any true government is a government of the Twelve Passions; because they are the motive springs of human life; they sum up all characters, all spheres, all functions. They are the key to every distribution of elements, in the material as in the moral world. And consequently where they are represented, every thing is represented, government and justice are complete.

Here then is a solution of the problem of government, a reconciliation of the compactness and unity of despotism with the self-governing principle of democracy, which is only possible in the Combined or Serial Order of society. The Phalanx is a system of perfectly free and independent little democracies or groups, — a *system*, not a formless aggregation; for these are so classed and combined in ascending series of various degrees, that the result is all the unity and centralization of the most absolute Empire, and

yet nothing but freedom, nothing but attraction from the lowest to the highest.

We have no room to unfold this into detail and show its actual application, for it would take much space even to state the classification upon which it all depends. We trust however that the principle has been made clear; and our reviewer will perceive that his fears respecting government in Association are all based upon an entire unconsciousness of the essential distinctive nature of that form of society, namely of the Organization by Series. He thinks of the persons and the interests there as so many confused, promiscuous, ill-assorted masses, thrown together pell-mell without measure or gradation. The conception of such a thing as series within series of varieties, together by their very differences making up Harmony, has never crossed his mind.

The Phalanx in the mind of Fourier was an organic living system, or a collective Man, as organic as the human body. We may figure to ourselves its ascending series somewhat as follows:

1. At the bottom of the scale, or rather at the base of the pyramid, are Groups;—less than these are not recognized in Harmony. There is a group for every minute shade and variety of every sort of function, composed of the persons drawn thereto by free attraction, for the industry itself or for the society it gathers. Thus there will be a group devoted to the culture of each variety of pears; and each group will chose its head by the collective voice.

2. All the pear-growing groups will form together a Series, of which the chiefs of its several groups will constitute the Council, and they will choose that man among them, who is most generally conversant with all the varieties of pears and with their culture, to be the head of the Series.

3. The Series of pear-growers, together with the series of groups cultivating other fruits, will compose a higher and more comprehensive series, namely the Series of Fruits collectively; the heads of the single series constituting its council, and the one among them who has the most universal talent in the whole range of science pertaining to fruits, being the chief of the great series, representing in himself the whole fruit interest.

4. The Series of Fruit-growers, combined with all those who raise grain, vegetables, grass, wood, &c., will make up a still higher order of series, namely that of Agriculture, or production from the soil, with its council and its head, in like manner as before.

5. The different branches of domestic, and of manufacturing or mechanical labor, may be supposed to ascend and culminate in the same way in their great col-

lective series, and thus we have constituted the grand Whole of manual Industry, in its three functions of Production, Manufacture and Consumption. This is one main side of the whole structure.

6. But besides the groups of manual industry, there will be groups for scientific and intellectual pursuits, for society in the spheres of each of the social or affective passions, for pleasures, fine arts, education, worship, &c. All these likewise will ascend through series, till they reach respectively their highest collective unities.

If we suppose, as the result of the whole, (and observe, it is *only* a supposition, we claim for it no scientific completeness,) that the life of the Phalanx is summed up in three grand departments, answering to the Sensitive, the Affective, and the Intellectual or Distributive Passions of man, namely Industry, Society, and Science; then the heads or unities of these three grand departments may be considered as the Central Council and Executive Will or Regency of the Association; and these three will be heads to the councils below them. Each of the three stands also in consultation with the separate chiefs of whom he is the unity. If his knowledge is at fault, or too general, he can call the special departments of his sphere together and have the thing judged in its own sphere, to be confirmed or balanced by the others. Again, the head of each primary series has the chiefs of the secondary series which compose it for his council; and so on down to the heads of the groups, who consult the privates of the group. Thus the decrees of the Executive are indeed nothing but the decisions of the very minutest and most particular sphere to which the question belongs, carried up from leaf to twig, from twig to branch, from branch to bough, &c., till it represents itself in the last and highest unitary expression of the whole Phalanx.

This may be full of errors, and far from a correct picture of what will be the real workings of the principle in the true organization by attractive series, which it is not time yet for any mind fully to construct. Doubtless the veins and ramifications and articulations and transitions of the living social body will be more complicated than this rude sketch. But it will serve as an illustration of the way in which by serial organization there may be unity of system without compromising individual freedom, or how Liberty and Order may be one: a problem solved, we say, by Association, by the doctrine of Attractive Industry, but not by any actual or any conceivable politics of Civilization.

So much for Government. The objections on the score of Religion we will take up next time.

## INDUSTRIAL REFORM.

*Young America*, the advocate of the freedom of the public lands, complains somewhat of our expression the "Right to Labor," and makes the following remarks:

"It seems to me, as I have no doubt it does to every working man who first hears the expression, as if it were high time that some had the right to do a great deal *less* of it, and that some others were *pressingly invited* to accept the right to do a *little* of it themselves. When I passed the other day the innumerable workshops and factories crowded almost to suffocation, and through streets swarming with the children of the operatives not yet old enough to work, I thought, though it might be possible to satisfy the men and women thus delving the lives out of them that they had a right to land upon which to grow their own produce and manufacture goods for themselves, yet, that if I were to talk to them about the 'right to labor,' they would be apt to think I designed to *hoax* them."

In answer to the Editor of the *Young America* let us say, that the *Right to Labor* does not exist in the present Social Order. The laboring classes have the right to beg labor of employers, and then work under sufferance, and on such conditions, as those who *concede the privilege*, and who consequently are *masters*, choose to lay down. But no guarantee whatever of the Right exists; and here is to be found the cause of the evils which afflict the laboring classes, such as long hours of oppressive toil, and inadequate remuneration. Where Rights do not practically exist, Slavery does; and when men do not practically possess rights, they possess masters;—prolonged labor, low wages, hap-hazard employment, uncertainty of the future, anxiety, and other evils, grow out of the present system of industrial servitude—that is, of industry without rights.

It is difficult to sum up a train of ideas in a word or two, and yet it is necessary in carrying forward a reform. You must have a few watch-words, which point out your aims, and those must be brief. It is the duty of the reformer to explain them, as it is the duty of every seeker of truth to comprehend them. The writer in question says that he knows what we mean by them; in truth we hardly think he does. We judge from his remark that he takes but a partial view of the great principles implied in these words: "Right to Labor." Of this, however, we shall leave him to judge for himself, when we shall have pointed out some of their significations.

The Right to Labor, in the first place, implies the Right of Man to the Soil, and to Machinery. No labor can be done without these, and therefore they are included in it. No men have more constantly held up the principle of the right

of man to the Soil, than the Associationists, and none have given more reasons for the justness and soundness of this right; but as our reform is so all-embracing, we cannot dwell on one point exclusively, and make it the sole object of our efforts.

But when we declare the right of man to the soil, we do not limit that right to the possession of land in a wild and uncultivated state, but we include all things necessary to render human labor productive and pleasant. But this is asking too much, it will be answered. No, not *finally*; a state of things must be established which will do this, and more than this, otherwise the condition of the laboring classes cannot be raised above that of mere machines of toil and producing animals. In giving them a piece of land, and the fruit of their labor, you may give them a fair subsistence by constant industry; but you do not give them art, science, social life and sympathies, attractive industry, and many other boons of a high and intellectual character,—or at best you give them to a very slight extent;—and are not these as necessary to man's elevation and to his happiness, as a mere physical subsistence?

The National Reformers, in advocating the freedom of the public lands, advocate "the right of man to the soil" in its simplest form, but in a plain and practical way which can easily be carried out. By thus advocating a great Right and pointing out a means by which it can be applied amidst the general falseness of present society,—and the truth of which must be palpable to any person of common sense,—they appear to be judicious and practical in their policy, and are strongly impressed with the superior importance of their reform, as are all those who catch a glance of this great Right, and wish something done *at once* for their relief and advantage. But those who are in no haste, who look into the future far beyond their own day and lives, who know that time must be taken to effect the gigantic reforms which mankind require, are willing to advocate measures which are somewhat remote, and which appear in consequence less practical and important. But this is all as it should be; reforms of all kinds must be agitated.

The National Reformers are doing their work well & they have good laborers in the field, and in a few years the public lands will be rendered free, the homestead inalienable, and their measures will be carried out. They should not desire that those who are laboring for a Social Reform should throw down their arms, abandon their work, and run to their camp. They must know that when the public lands are made free, and the people settle upon them, Industrial Association,

upon some plan, must be established. Isolation, free competition, anarchical commerce, which absorbs half the profits of the producing classes, and other inherent arrangements of Civilization, cannot be suffered to exist. Plans of association and co-operation will then be wanted, and if wise plans are not elaborated and promulgated in advance, and the public mind somewhat imbued with them, hundreds of errors will be committed, when practice becomes necessary. This is a part of our work: we mean to teach this country the *Science of Society*, and thus enable it to make, with some degree of enlightenment, the trials in social reform which, at some period in this nineteenth century, are to be commenced.

Another idea, in addition to that of the right of man to the soil and to machinery, which the Right to Labor brings up, is that an Industrial reform, and a great one, must be effected; that *industrial* rights, as well as *political* rights, must be secured to the people; that industrial liberty as well as political liberty, must be established, and that the whole relation of master and slave, employer and hireling, capitalist and laborer, must be changed. Industry, the greatest interest of the world,—the source of the wealth, power, and material comfort of man, is now one foul sink of oppression, servitude, and injustice. The divine light of Liberty and Justice, which has begun to shed its rays into the domain of politics or government, has not penetrated into the domain of industry. Here wrong and oppression reign. Man is subjected to matter, and is its slave, for he is at the mercy of capital and his physical wants; individual Will is law; selfishness and individual judgment the rule of action; fraud and cunning, privileges and monopolies, are means; and legal spoliation, brutalizing toil, poverty and ignorance, the results.

A great reform, a radical reform in Industry, is needed and must come. This axiom of the "Right of Man to Labor" is one of the watchwords that calls attention to it, and explains one of its functions, as did, in 1776, the cry of "No taxation without representation."

There are other significations attached to this term, but what we have said is enough for the present.

The Editor of *Young America*, in closing, uses the following remarks:

"I cannot help thinking that the Harbinger folks are somewhat at fault in so often asserting that something so utterly out of the reach of the laboring masses, under the present system, as what they propose, is their *only* chance of salvation."

Out of reach or not, we do know and do assert, that a Social Reform, and the organization of a new Social Order, based

upon the universal and divine principle of Associative Harmony, are the only means and chance of the social salvation of the whole human race on this earth.

The work may be somewhat distant; it may be out of the reach of the "laboring masses" just now; but it must be undertaken, if the great ends, universal happiness and universal elevation, are ever to be achieved. We may feed and clothe the laboring classes by lesser reforms, or we may begin this great reform in a simpler manner; but a social reform and the establishment of an entirely new Order of Society on earth must be effected to realize universal and permanent good. Is it too soon to begin this gigantic work, and in all its wholeness, as the advocates of Association are endeavoring to do? If so, give us good reasons. The one you urge above, is not sufficient. The laboring masses have never saved themselves, and we fear never will. See how dead and apathetic they are to the plain and evidently just reform you propose, and which one would think they would understand as soon as the subject could be presented to them.

The reforms proposed to this Age are to be carried out, and the world redeemed and regenerated socially, by the labors of intelligent, devoted, and enthusiastic men. The National Reformers, we are glad to say, possess such men, and to us it is the guarantee of their success. To those who complain of our course, we say, wait but a while and be patient, and you shall not be disappointed.

**FREEDOM AND ITS FRIENDS.** We cut the following paragraph from a late number of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, simply to express our pain at witnessing the expression of such a feeling, from one who professes to be a philanthropist.

"This was the thicket into which the early opponents of the American Anti-Slavery Society ran for shelter. Squadrons of them have been dislodged from it, yet every fresh host of them have naturally run thither for protection; from Joseph Tracy, of the Boston Recorder, the early antagonist of the Liberator, to the later enemies of the cause, who would disguise their hostility to Freedom, under the name of Fourierism."

The world is wide and there is room in it for many classes of laborers for the good of the race; but cannot each permit the other to discharge what it feels to be its own special duty in a spirit of generous tolerance and faith, if not of direct coöperation? And as to Freedom, those certainly cannot be its enemies, whose sole aim is to secure Integral Freedom for all men over the whole earth.

## THE HARBINGER

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# THE HARBINGER,

## DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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### MISCELLANY.

#### DR. KRAITSIR'S SYSTEM YET AGAIN.

[We know not the author of the following communication; but the learning and clear thinking which it displays, as well as the good tone and temper of the article, certainly claim room for it in the Harbinger, although its columns have been already largely occupied with the same subject.]

For the Harbinger.

*Significance of the Alphabet.* By C. KRAITSIR, M. D. Boston: 1846.

The work before us contains too much and too little; too much, because the subjects discussed in fifty pages are of sufficient interest and importance to fill as many volumes; and therefore necessarily too little, because the author has scarcely allowed himself space enough to make his meaning plain, much less to elucidate it by all the proofs and illustrations of which it is capable. We fear that a publication which from its brevity is so incomplete, will never effect the purpose which the author appears to have had in view, and which is in truth a very important one; namely, an increased love for the study of languages and an improved method of pursuing it.

Philology, he justly remarks, has, even in Europe, been far behind all other sciences, and in America is, as a science, almost unknown. In Europe, however, it is now rapidly advancing. In Germany more especially, though as yet without high patronage,\* the study of languages is beginning to occupy its true position, and seems likely, ere long, to be esteemed as the poet Rückert would have it esteemed.

Sprachkunde, lieber Sohn, ist Grundlag allem Wissen, &c.

The science of language . . . is the groundwork of all knowledge, &c.

In England, likewise, the prejudice

\* At the Prussian Universities, where there are so many professorships of theology, law, medicine, history, and so forth, to which liberal salaries are attached, there are, except at Bonn, only readers of modern languages, remunerated with fifty or sixty dollars a year.

which has so long excluded the study of modern languages from the universities and public schools, is beginning to yield to a better spirit. The prizes given annually at Eton by Prince Albert for proficiency in French and German, are a bold step in the right direction, and, aided by the influence of the head master of that noble seminary, himself one of the most accomplished linguists of the day, cannot fail to produce the happiest results. And at Oxford, the Taylor institution, which owes its origin to the munificent bequest of the late Sir R. Taylor, will soon come into operation, and three professors, for the Romanic, the Teutonic, and the Slavonic languages, will give an impulse to those studies throughout the country, the influence of which can scarcely be estimated too highly. The professorship of Anglo-Saxon has likewise, thanks to the Ælfrie Society, in the last few years become more than a sinecure.

Such are the prospects of philology in Europe; and we wish Dr. Kraitsir every success in his endeavor to encourage the study of that science in this country. The English language, imperfect as it may be, is destined to be the language of the greatest empires of the world; the whole continent of Northern America, the vast regions of Australia, the scenes of the future development of the human race, will be peopled by speakers of English. The minutest shades of difference between the dialects of two small States of Greece have been subjected to the most searching criticism; shall the origin, the structure, the laws, the corruptions and anomalies of that language which rules and will rule the world, remain unstudied and unobserved?

We wish that the author had not introduced so many subjects into this little pamphlet; not that these subjects are altogether extraneous to the significance of the alphabet which he professes to teach; but they are so briefly touched on, and succeed each other so rapidly, that his meaning is difficult to be arrived

at, and must be nearly unintelligible to those who have not already made philology their study. That part of his work which is, strictly speaking, indicated by the title, is comprised in five or six pages. Of the correctness of the *principle* laid down in these pages, we entertain no doubt. Words are not arbitrary inventions; there has always been some connection between the sound representing, and the idea represented. But the *rules* laid down by the author in applying this principle, require a great deal of explaining and modifying, before it would be safe to seek the meaning of a word in the letters composing its root. The laws of euphony, destructive as they may be of the vigor and originality of a language, have had for ages too certain and too necessary an influence not to have obliterated in perhaps the majority of cases the origin of the words which we now use. If it be true, as it unquestionably is, that "the laws of euphony alter even the roots of words," and if it be a necessary doctrine according to this system, that "the philological teacher ought to draw upon his imagination for his facts," then we do not comprehend what practical advantage is to arise to the student of languages from its application. Nor do we think that the rules themselves are all unquestionable, or at least that the examples, by which the author would prove them, are all conclusive. He says, for instance, that "time is naturally denoted by a change of the vowel sound, for it is no element of reason. The Greeks said for *forever* *aiet*; hence *aiwv*, and with the digamma the Latin *avum*." Now, we take it, on the contrary, that the idea represented by this root, is that of a *generation* or *age*, and that thus the idea of *forever* or *for an indefinite time* became attached to it, as we still find this idea expressed by the phrases "*from generation to generation*," and "*from age to age*." And this explanation is not an *imaginary* one; we have in Gothic the substantive *aivs*, (where, as we shall presently show, *ai* is not a diphthong but



a single sound, equal to the Greek  $\epsilon$  meaning a generation, and derived from it the adverb *aiw*, *ever*, and the adjective *aiveins*, *eternal*; and in the Anglo-Saxon *aewe*, and the Icelandic *aefi*, the same meaning is preserved. In the succeeding German forms the word became *êwa*, *êwi*, (whence the modern *ewig*), *êa*, *e*; but every where the idea represented by it is not that of *changing* time, but of *unchanging* duration and continuance. Hence at a later period, it acquired the signification of a sacred and irrevocable covenant, or custom, or law; so we find writers of the twelfth century using *altive e*, and *niuwid e*, for the old and new testament, and in the Nibelungenlied the expression "*nach ritterlicher e*." Hence also the signification of the modern German word *ehe*.

There are several other etymologies which we think more than doubtful, though they are *imaginative* enough. "The English *hare* and the German *hase* both express the same *hiding* or *hastening* animal." This we suppose means that the English word is derived from one root and the German from another; that the English *hare* is a *hider* and the German a *hastener*. But what reason is there to doubt the identity of the two? surely the interchange of *r* and *s* is too common to create any surprise; is not *he was* identical with *er war*? Again the word *hast*, *hasten*, from which the author would derive the German word, is not found in the records of that language until a much later period than the word *hase*, and probably found its way into it from the French (*hater*) with so many other words. A closer investigation would, we believe, convince Dr. Kraitsir that the name of the animal in question signifies neither a *hider* nor a *hastener*, but simply a *hairy* animal.

The great majority of words in every language is made up of derivatives, and of these there are but few which retain sufficient resemblance to the root to admit of the laws laid down by the author, so as to be of any practical use.

The great defect in his system is that these laws imply much more method and a much more philosophical mind, than is likely to have actuated those, by whom the primitive words were invented as they became necessary. Dr. Kraitsir does not go back to nature; to the *natural* connection which there is between certain ideas and certain sounds; a connection which is well illustrated by the writer who declared that the sound of a trumpet always brought the idea of scarlet before his mind's eye. To omit such familiar examples as the names of numerous animals and birds, and such words as *thunder*, *whisper*, *sigh*, *surge*, *round*, let us take a less obvious example. The Latin word

*caput*, the German *haupt*, the English *head*, are all no doubt derived from the same root. We do not think that a student would gain much by being told that in this word there are a guttural, a labial, and a lingual, and that it therefore expresses the several dimensions of length, breadth, and height or depth; he still, we say, would be ignorant of the causes which led to the selection of this particular word, rather than any other of the many thousands which might be formed with a letter from each of these classes; and he might even be somewhat puzzled by finding that the English *head*, having dropped the labial, is destitute of breadth.

But let him trace the history, if we may so term it, of the word; let him discover that these words are connected with the Gothic *haubith*, and derived from the verb *haffjan*, to raise to *heave up*, and first he will have no difficulty in understanding, that the root of this word means what it does because it is the sound which naturally escapes from a man who is lifting or heaving up a great weight, and secondly he will not be surprised to find the Greek  $\kappa\epsilon\alpha\lambda\eta\varsigma$ , the Latin *caput*, the Gothic *haubith*, the Early German *haupt*, the Early Saxon *hobid*, the Anglo-Saxon *heafod*, and the English *head*, all signifying the elevated or *hea(ve)d* up part of the human body. In fact we think that an accurate study of the early records of our language, of the remains of Gothic, Early German and Anglo-Saxon literature, is more wanted and would lead to more satisfactory results than an application of the philosophical laws propounded by Dr. Kraitsir. And such a study offers its own sufficient rewards to those who may engage in it. Those remains comprise many a gem of almost unequalled beauty, poetry more especially, which would fill with delight and astonishment those who know not that the Iliad of the Greeks, and the Æneid of the Romans have a rival in the Nibelungenlied of their own German forefathers.

There is one more passage of Dr. Kraitsir's pamphlet, on which we would venture a few observations. He says that "the diphthongs were double sounds originally, and while the language was in its normal condition; and that in later times, when the language was altering for the worse, one of the sounds was sunk, and finally quite lost, and *ai*, *ae*, were sounded like the French *ai* in *j'aimais*, *au* like the French *au*." Now it is unquestionably true that real diphthongs were originally double sounds; but we cannot comprehend how Dr. Kraitsir comes to confound the single sounds *ai* and *au* with diphthongs; is he not aware that, in perhaps the greater number of German and English words in which they occur, they were never diph-

thongs, that is *double vowels*, but simply what German grammarians call *brechungen* the *breakings*, that is, of the sound *a* into *e*, and *o*; and that they were sounded originally like the Greek  $\epsilon$  and  $\omega$ , the *e* and *o* being equivalent to  $\eta$  and  $\omega$ . This is not mere conjecture; for in the Greek words in the Gothic version of the Bible we find invariably *e* put  $\eta$ , *o* for  $\omega$ , *ai* for  $\epsilon$ , and *au* for  $\omega$ ; thus *Saulaumon* for *Σολομῶν*, and *Aifaisium* for *Ἐφεσῶν*; which proves that in this, which certainly was the normal condition of the German language, (for Ulphilas is believed to have given the alphabet to the Goths) the written characters *ai*, *au*, were already pronounced as single and not as double sounds.

We have dwelt only upon what we conceive to be the more important part of Dr. Kraitsir's work; there are other passages which admit of controversy, and not a few of which, we frankly own, we scarcely comprehend the meaning, much less the object; such are especially the notes *A* and *C*. In the latter we are somewhat puzzled by his assertion that "the term declension can be used with respect to those nouns which change their vowel, and corresponds to what the German grammarians call *umlaut*." Does Dr. Kraitsir know what *umlaut* is? He goes on to say: "declension, in this more correct sense, takes place not only in some nouns, but in the whole system of languages in different parts of speech; thus *man*, *men*; *drop*, *drip*; *hang*, *hinge*; *wild*, *wood*; *stand*, *stood*; *cedo*, *cedi*; *tango*, *tingi*, *attingo*, &c. &c. Now there certainly is a change of vowel which grammarians call *umlaut*; but there is another change which they call *ablaut*, and never *umlaut*, and in these examples the two are mixed up indiscriminately. *Umlaut* takes place only in root syllables, and only when the root is immediately followed by an *i* or by an *e* which originates in an *i*; as *gott*, *gott-inn*: *kraft*, *kraft-ig*; and we are at a loss to comprehend the author's meaning when he asserts this to be "the more correct sense of the word declension."

CRIME IN THE OLD WORLD. We meet daily with accounts of crime, the result of cupidity, in our own country, but we have yet some steps to advance before hopeless poverty will lead to such horrors as are enacted in Europe. At Kleinzell in Hungary, a widow lady who was in the habit of coming annually from Pesth, to attend the Fete-Gieu, bringing with her her little daughter, an only child, missed the little girl in the crowd, and after all possible effort, was obliged to return home without her, giving her up for lost. This year she went again to this religious ceremony, and as she passed through the street recognized the poor little thing, all in rags, holding out her hand to receive charity, and *deprived of*

both eyes! Behind the child sat an old woman, who, upon the mother's reclaiming her daughter, pushed her away, and resisted violently her attempt to communicate with the child. The police interfering, all were carried before a magistrate, where the old woman at last confessed that she had stolen the child during the procession, and torn out its eyes with a knife, in order to attract compassion and gain the more money by her begging. This woman is a Moravian, aged sixty-seven years, and was formerly a domestic. The punishment for her crime is being broken alive upon the wheel. The unfortunate mother is said to be in a dying state, broken-hearted under this dreadful misfortune. — *N. Y. Mirror.*

**CRIME IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.** The following is a comparative table of the convictions in England and Ireland, for the more grave offences, during the year 1844; the returns of English crimes are from the Parliamentary tables of criminal offenders for 1844; those for Ireland from the report of the Inspectors of Prisons, 1844. The comparison derived from the tables of prior years is not less favorable to Ireland:

	Eng-land.	Ire-land.
Murder,.....	21	20
Manslaughter,.....	108	92
Attempts to murder, viz: shooting at, stabbing, wounding, &c. ....	116	52
Unnatural crimes, and assaults with intent do. ....	55	0
Rape, and assaults with intent to commit do. ....	148	52
Burglary,.....	354	45
Housebreaking, including breakings into curtilages, &c., for robbery, ..	437	14
Breaking into shops, warehouses, counting houses, &c. to steal, ....	151	3
Highway robbery,.....	167	33
Simple larceny,.....	11083	2758
Larceny by servants,.....	1052	11
Killing and maiming cattle,.....	20	7
Attacking and injuring houses, ....	0	19
Setting fire to houses, warehouses, &c. ..	98	17
Setting fire to crops, plantations, &c. ..	10	0
Forgery,.....	109	7
Uttering base coin,.....	295	35
Being out armed, including breaches of game laws,.....	86	40
Prison breaking, harboring and aiding the escape of felons,.....	13	0
Keeping disorderly houses,.....	152	11
Totals,.....	14516	3219

There is sadly prevalent in England one deplorable crime, which, more than any other, denotes a total absence of moral restraint and religious influence — that of suicide — of which, thank God, the instances in Ireland are uncommonly rare. A return is given in the Parliamentary Statistical Tables, from which it appears that the suicides in England during the years ending the 30th of June, 1839 and 1840, were:

By males,.....	1359
By females,.....	598
Total,.....	1957

*National Police Gazette.*

**LAUGHTER.** Laughter is to the face of man — what sinovia, I think anatomists call it, is to his joints — it oils, lubricates, and makes the human countenance divine. Without it our faces would have been rigid, hyæna-like; the iniquities of hearts, with no sweet antidote to work upon them, would have made the face of the best among us a horrid, husky thing, with two sullen, hungry, cruel lights at

the top — for foreheads would have then gone out of fashion — and a cavernous hole below the nose. Think of a babe without laughter; as it is, its first intelligence! The creature shows the divinity of its origin and end by smiling upon us; yes, smiles are its first talk with the world, smiles the first answers that it understands. And then as worldly wisdom comes upon the little thing, it crows, it chuckles, it grins, and shaking in its nurse's arms, it reveals its high destiny, declares, to him with ear to hear it, the heirdom of its immortality. Let materialists blaspheme as gingerly and as acutely as they will. They must find confusion in laughter. Man may take a triumphant stand upon his broad grins; for he looks around the world, and his innermost soul, tickled with the knowledge, tells him that he alone of all creatures laughs. Imagine, if you can, a laughing fish! Let men then send a loud ha! ha! through the universe, and be reverently grateful for the privilege. — *Clovernook.*

### A SELECT HYMN,

PROPOSED TO BE SUNG IN OUR CHURCHES.

Mammon, we kneel before thy throne,  
To seek acceptance there;  
And wilt thou hear our sturdy groan,  
And grant, O Lord, our prayer.

What little soul we once possessed,  
Or thought, or hope divine,  
Oh! pluck forever from our breast,  
And make us wholly thine.

Yet if it seem that godliness  
May profitable be;  
Oh! may thy servants, Lord, appear,  
Religious seemingly.

Before thy throne, most humbly, we  
Would ever seek to bow;  
Oh! teach us better how to lie,  
Though well we know it now.

Soulless and heartless may we live,  
Nor know a hope above;  
But only — only wilt thou give  
The dollars that we love.

They shall appease our deep desire,  
Our inmost being fill;  
Secure, we dare the future fire,  
And fear no earthly ill.

*Chronotype.*

### THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,\*

SEQUEL TO

### CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

"8th. The third billet upon my window: 'Dear sister, the platform is isolated, but the staircase which ascends to it communicates with another building at the extremity of which is the apartment of a lady who is a prisoner as well as thyself. Her name is a mystery, but the red-breast will tell thee if thou askest him. This is what thou desirest to learn from poor Gottlieb, and what he could not tell thee.'

\* 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.

"Who then is this friend who knows, sees and hears all that I do and all that I say? I am lost in conjectures. Is he then invisible? All this appears so wonderful to me that I am seriously interested by it. It seems that, as in my childhood, I live in the midst of a fairy tale, and that my red-breast will suddenly speak. But if it be true to say of that charming little imp that he wants only speech, it is only too certain that he does absolutely want it or that I cannot understand his language. He has become completely familiarized with me. He enters my chamber, he goes out, he returns, he is at home. I move, I walk about, he only flies off an arm's length and immediately comes back again. If he liked bread very much he would love me more, for I cannot deceive myself respecting the cause of his attachment to me. It is hunger, and a little also the necessity and the desire of warming himself at my stove. If I can succeed in catching a fly, (they are still so rare!) I am certain he would come to take it from my fingers, for he already examines very closely the morsels which I present to him, and if the temptation was stronger he would lay aside all ceremony. I now remember having heard Albert say that to tame the most timid animals, in case they had the smallest spark of intelligence, there needed only a few hours of patience, proof against all trials. He had met a Zingara, a pretended sorceress, who never remained a whole day in any corner of the forest, without having several birds coming to perch upon her shoulders. She was believed to have a charm, and she pretended like Apollonius of Tyana, whose history Albert also related to me, to receive from them revelations respecting hidden things. Albert told me that her whole secret was the patience with which she had studied the instincts of those little creatures, besides a certain affinity of character which often exists between some beings of our own and beings of another species. At Venice the people raise many birds and have a passion for them which I can now understand. It is because that beautiful city, separated from the main-land, is something like a prison. They excel there in the education of nightingales. The pigeons, protected by a special law and almost revered by the populace, come freely upon the old buildings, and are so tame, that in the streets and squares one must turn aside in order not to crush them when walking. The sea-gulls of the port perch upon the arms of the sailors. Thus there are famous bird-fanciers at Venice. I was well acquainted, when a child, with a poor boy who carried on that business, and to whom it was enough to entrust the wildest bird for an hour, and he would return it to you as tame as if it had

been brought up in a domesticated state. I amuse myself by repeating these experiments with my red-breast, and he becomes more and more familiar every minute. When I am without, he follows me, he calls me; when I place myself at the window he hastens and comes to me. Would he love me? Could he love me? I, I feel that I love him; but he knows me and does not fear me, that is all. The child in the cradle loves his nurse no otherwise, doubtless. A child! what a tenderness it must inspire! Alas! I believe that we love passionately only what cannot return to us that love. Ingratitude and devotedness, or at least indifference and passion, that is the eternal hymen of beings. Anzoleto, thou didst not love me,—and thou, Albert, who lovedst me so much, I let thee die,—now I am reduced to love a red-breast. And I was complaining of not having deserved my lot! You may perhaps think, my friends, that I dare to jest on such a subject! No, my head perhaps wanders in solitude; my heart deprived of affections consumes itself, and this paper is wet with my tears.

"I had promised myself not to waste it, this precious paper: and here I am covering it with puerilities. I find in them a great solace and cannot refrain. It has rained all day and I have not again seen Gottlieb; I have not been out to walk. I have been busy with the red-breast all this time, and this childishness has at last saddened me strangely. When the frolicsome and inconstant bird tried to leave me by pecking at the glass, I yielded to his desire. I opened the window from a feeling of respect for that holy liberty of which men do not fear to deprive their fellow men; but I was wounded by this momentary abandonment, as if this animal owed me something, for so much care and love. I verily believe I am becoming crazy, and that before long I shall perfectly understand Gottlieb's wanderings."

"9th. What have I learned, or rather what do I think I have learned? for I know nothing as yet; but my imagination labors enormously. In the first place I have discovered the author of the mysterious billets. It is the last person I could have imagined. But this is no longer what astonishes me. No matter, I will relate to you the whole of this day.

"Early in the morning I opened my little window, composed of a single quite large square of glass, quite clear, owing to the care with which I rub it in order to lose none of the little light which comes through it and which the ugly grating disputes with me. Even the ivy threatens to invade me and to plunge me in darkness; but I do not dare

take off a single leaf; this ivy lives, it is free in its nature of existence. To thwart it, to mutilate it!—Still I must resolve upon doing so. It feels the influence of the month of April; it hastens to grow, it extends, it fastens itself on every side; it fixes its roots in the stones; but it mounts, it seeks the air and the sun. The poor human thought does the same. I can now understand that there were formerly sacred plants—sacred birds. The red-breast came at once and perched upon my shoulder without further ceremony; then he began according to his custom, to look at every thing, to touch every thing; poor creature! there is so little here to amuse him! And yet he is free, he can live in the fields, and he prefers the prison, his old ivy and my sad cell. Can he love me? no. It is warm in this chamber, and he likes my bread. I am frightened now at having tamed him so well. If he should enter into Schwartz's kitchen and become the prey of that ugly cat! My care would be the occasion of that horrible death. To be torn, devoured by a ferocious beast! And what do we then, we weak human beings, hearts without guile and without defence, other than to be tortured and destroyed by pitiless men who make us feel, by slowly killing us, their claws and their cruel teeth?

"The sun rose clear, and my cell was almost rose color, as was formerly my chamber in the *corte minelli* when the sun of Venice—but I must not think of that sun; it will not again rise upon my head. May you, O my friends, salute for me smiling Italy, *i cieli immensi*, and *firmamento lucido*—which I probably shall never see again.

"I asked to go out; it was granted me, although earlier than usual: I call that going out! A platform thirty feet long, bordered by a marsh and enclosed within high walls! Still this place is not without its beauty, at least I now imagine it beautiful in consequence of having contemplated it under all its aspects. At night it is beautiful from its very sadness. I am certain that there are here many persons as innocent as I am and much more unpleasantly situated; dungeons which are always closed, where the day never enters and which even the moon, that friend of desolate hearts, never visits. Ah! I was wrong to murmur. My God! If I had a part of power upon the earth, I should wish to make men happy.

"Gottlieb ran towards me limping, and smiling as much as his petrified mouth can smile. He was not troubled, he was left alone with me. Suddenly, by a miracle, Gottlieb began to talk like a reasonable being.

"I did not write to you last night," said he, and you found no billet on your window. That is because I did not see

you yesterday and you asked nothing of me."

"What do you say, Gottlieb! Is it you who write to me?"

"And who else could do so? Did you not guess it was I? But I will not write to you uselessly now, since you are willing to talk with me. I do not wish to trouble you, but to serve you."

"Good Gottlieb, then you pity me! Then you feel an interest for me?"

"Yes, since I know that you are a spirit of light."

"I am no more so than you are, Gottlieb. You are mistaken."

"I am not mistaken. Do I not hear you sing?"

"Then you love music?"

"I love yours; it is agreeable to God and to my heart."

"Your heart is pious, your soul is pure, that I see, Gottlieb."

"I strive to render them so. The angels will assist me, and I shall overcome the spirit of darkness which weighs down my poor body, but which has not been able to get possession of my soul."

"Little by little, Gottlieb began to talk with enthusiasm, but without ceasing to be noble and pure in his poetical symbols. In fine, what shall I say to you? This crazy man attained a real eloquence in speaking of the goodness of God, of human misery, of the future justice, of a Providence, of evangelic virtue, of the duties of the true believer, of the arts even, of music and poetry. I have not yet understood from what religion he has gathered all these ideas and this fervent exaltation; for he appeared to me neither Catholic nor Protestant, and even while frequently telling me that he believed in the only, the true religion, he gave me no information except that he is, without the knowledge of his parents, of some peculiar sect. I am too ignorant to divine which. I will study little by little the mystery of this soul singularly strong and beautiful, singularly diseased and afflicted; for, in fact, poor Gottlieb is crazy, as Zdenko was in his poetry—as Albert was also in his sublime virtue!—Gottlieb's insanity reappeared, when having spoken for some time with warmth, his enthusiasm became stronger than he; and then he began to talk in an incoherently childish manner, which pained me, about the angel red-breast and the demon cat; and also about his mother who had made an alliance with the cat and with the evil spirit that is in him; finally about his father who had been changed into stone by a look of that poor Beelzebub. I succeeded in calming him and distracting him from these gloomy fancies and questioned him about the other prisoners. I had no longer any personal interest in learning these details, since the billets,

instead of being thrown upon my window from the upper part of the tower, as I had supposed, were pushed up from below by Gottlieb by some means which were doubtless very simple. But Gottlieb, obeying my desires with a singular docility, had inquired the day before respecting what I appeared to wish to know. He told me that the prisoner who dwells in the building in the rear of me was young and handsome, and that he had seen her. I was not paying much attention to his words, when he suddenly told me her name, which made me shudder. That captive is called *Amelia*.

"*Amelia!* what a flood of anxiety; what a world of recollections that name awakens in me! I have known two *Amelias* who have both precipitated my destiny into the abyss by their confidences. Is this one the princess of Prussia or the young baroness of Rudolstadt? Doubtless, neither the one nor the other. Gottlieb, who has no curiosity on his own account, and who seems unable to think of making a step or a question if I do not push him forward like an automaton, could tell me no more than this name *Amelia*. He has seen the captive, but he has seen her in his manner, that is through a cloud. She must be young and handsome, madam Schwartz says so. But he, Gottlieb, confesses that he knows nothing about it. He has only had a presentiment, on perceiving her at her window, that she is not a *good spirit*, an *angel*. They make a mystery of her family name. She is rich and spends freely with Schwartz. But she is *au secret* as I am. She never leaves her cell—She is often ill. That is all I have been able to learn. Gottlieb has only to listen to his parents' chat in order to know more, for they put no restraint upon themselves before him. He has promised to listen and to tell me how long this *Amelia* has been here. As to her other name, it appears that the Schwartzes do not know it. Could they be ignorant of it, were she the abbess of Quedlinburg? Would the king have put his sister in prison? Princesses are put there as much as others and more than others. The young baroness de Rudolstadt—Why should she be here? By what right could Frederick have deprived her of liberty? Well, it is the curiosity of a recluse that torments me, and my comments upon a simple name belong also to an unoccupied and rather unhealthy imagination. No matter, I shall have a mountain on my heart until I know who is this companion in misfortune that bears a name so affecting to me."

"May 1st. Many days have passed since I have been able to write. Various events have occurred in this interval; I hasten to fill it up by relating them to you.

"In the first place I have been ill. From time to time, since I have been here, I have felt the attacks of a brain fever, resembling on a small scale that which I experienced on a great one at Giant's Castle, after having been into the subterranean in quest of Albert. I have states of painful wakefulness, interrupted by dreams during which I cannot say if I am awake or asleep; and in those moments, it seems to me that I am always hearing that terrible violin playing its old Bohemian airs, its hymns and songs of war. This affects me injuriously, and yet when the fancy begins to take possession of me, I cannot help listening, and gathering with eagerness the feeble sounds which a distant breeze seems to waft towards me. Sometimes I imagine that the tones of the violin glide over the waters which sleep around the citadel; sometimes that they descend from the top of the walls, and at others that they escape from the air-hole of a dungeon. My head and heart are broken by it. And yet when night comes, instead of thinking to distract myself by writing, I throw myself on my bed and endeavor to fall into that half-sleep which brings to me my musical dream, or rather half-dream; for there is something real under it. A real violin does certainly resound in the chamber of some prisoner: but what does it play, and in what manner? It is too far off for me to hear anything more than interrupted notes. My diseased mind invents the rest, I cannot doubt it. It is my destiny henceforth neither to be able to doubt Albert's death nor to be able to accept it as an absolutely fulfilled misfortune. It is apparently my nature to hope in despite of every thing and not to submit to the rigor of destiny.

"Three nights ago I was at last sound asleep when I was awakened by a slight noise in my chamber. I opened my eyes. The night was very dark and I could not distinguish anything. But I distinctly heard some one walking, though with precaution, near my bed. I thought it was madam Schwartz who had taken the trouble of coming to satisfy herself respecting my condition, and I spoke to her; but I was answered only by a deep sigh, and the person went out on tip-toe: I heard my door shut and locked; and as I was much exhausted I fell asleep again without paying much attention to this circumstance. On the next day I had so confused and indistinct a remembrance of it that I was not sure I had not dreamed it. That evening I had a last attack of fever more complete than the others, but which I much preferred to my unquiet wakefulness and my disconnected reveries. I slept soundly and dreamed a great deal, but I did not hear the gloomy violin, and each time I woke I felt very

clearly the difference between sleep and waking. In one of those intervals I heard the regular and strong breathing of a person asleep not far from me. I even seemed to distinguish some one in my arm-chair. I was not frightened. Madam Schwartz had come at midnight to bring me my tisane; I thought it must still be she. I waited some time without wishing to wake her, and when I thought I perceived that she woke of her own accord, I thanked her for her attention and asked her what o'clock it was. Then the person withdrew and I heard as it were a stifled sob, so frightful, that the sweat starts upon my forehead even now when I recall it. I cannot say why it made so much impression on me; it seemed to me that I was considered very ill, perhaps dying, and that they felt some pity for me; but I did not find myself ill enough to believe that I was in danger, and besides was entirely reconciled to die a death so little painful, so little felt, in the midst of a life so little to be regretted. When madam Schwartz entered my room at seven o'clock in the morning, as I had not fallen asleep again and had passed the last hours of the night in a state of perfect lucidity, I retained a very clear remembrance of this strange visit. I begged my gaoleress to explain it to me; but she shook her head saying that she did not know what I meant, that she had not returned since midnight, and that, as she had all keys of the cells entrusted to her care under her pillow when she slept, it was very certain that I had been dreaming or had had a vision. I was nevertheless so far from having been delirious that I felt well enough towards noon to wish to take the air. I descended to the esplanade, always accompanied by my red-breast who seemed to congratulate me on the recovery of my strength. The weather was very pleasant. The heat begins to be felt here, and the breezes bring from the fields warm currents of pure air, vague perfumes of herbs which rejoice the heart however it may be afflicted. Gottlieb ran towards me. I found him a great deal changed and much more ugly than usual. Still there is an expression of angelic goodness and even of bright intelligence in the chaos of that face, when it is lighted up. His great eyes were so red and swollen that I asked him if he suffered from them.

"I do suffer from them indeed," replied he, "because I have cried a great deal."

"And what trouble have you then, my poor Gottlieb?"

"Why at midnight my mother came down from the cell saying to my father: 'Number three is very ill this evening. She has quite a bad fever. We must

send for the physician. I should not like to have her die on our hands.' My mother thought I was asleep; but I had not been willing to go to sleep before knowing what she would say. I knew very well that you had the fever. But when I heard that it was dangerous, I could not help crying until sleep overcame me. But I verily believe I cried all night when I was asleep, for I woke this morning with my eyes on fire and my pillow all soaked with tears.'

"Poor Gottlieb's attachment strongly affected me, and I thanked him for it by clasping his great black paw which smells of leather and wax a league off. Then the idea came to me that Gottlieb might well in his simple zeal have paid me that more than inconvenient nocturnal visit. I asked him if he had not risen and had not come to listen at my door. He assured me that he had not stirred, and I am now persuaded of it. It must be that the place where he sleeps is so situated, that from my chamber I hear him breathe and groan through some crack in the wall, through the hiding place where I put my money and my journal perhaps. Who knows if that opening does not communicate by some invisible passage with that in which Gottlieb also keeps his treasures, his book and his shoemaker's tools, in the kitchen chimney! I have in this, at least, a very peculiar sympathy with Gottlieb, since we both, like the rats or the bats, have a poor nest in a hole of the wall, where all our riches are buried in darkness. I was about to risk some questions thereupon, when I saw issue from the lodging of the Schwarzes, and advance upon the esplanade a person whom I had not before seen here and whose appearance caused me an incredible terror, although I was not yet sure of not being mistaken respecting him.

"Who is that man?" I asked of Gottlieb in a low voice.

"He is nothing good," replied he in the same tone. "It is the new adjutant. See how Beelzebub puts up his back as he rubs against his legs. They know each other well, you see."

"But what is his name?"

"Gottlieb was about to answer me, when the adjutant said to him with a gentle voice and benevolent smiles, pointing to the kitchen: 'Young man, you are wanted within. Your father calls you.'

"This was only a pretext in order to be alone with me, and Gottlieb having withdrawn, I found myself face to face—guess with whom, friend Beppo? With the ferocious recruiter whom we so unluckily met in the bye-ways of the Böhmer-Wald two years ago; with Mr. Mayer in person. I could no longer be in doubt; excepting that he is somewhat

stouter, he is the same man, with his prepossessing, unceremonious air, his false look, his perfidious good nature and his everlasting *broum-broum* as if he were playing on the trumpet with his mouth. From military music he had passed to providing food for cannons; and thence as a recompense for his loyal and honorable services, here he is an officer in garrison, or rather, a military gaoler, which, after all, fits him as well as the trade of travelling gaoler in which he acquitted himself with so much grace.

"Mademoiselle," said he to me in French, "I am your humble servant! You have quite a pretty little platform to walk upon! air, space, a fine view! I congratulate you upon it. It seems to me that you must have a *very agreeable time* in prison, taking into consideration that the weather is magnificent and that it is really pleasant to be at Spandaw under so beautiful a sun, *broum! broum!*"

"These insolent railleries caused me such a disgust that I did not answer him. He was not disconcerted, and resuming his talk in Italian: 'Excuse me; I was speaking to you in a language which you do not understand. I forgot that you are an Italian, an Italian cantatrice, are you not? a superb voice, I am told. Such as you see me, I am a decided lover of music. Therefore I feel disposed to render your existence as agreeable as my orders will permit. Ah! where the devil have I had the happiness to see you? I know your face—perfectly, 'pon honor!'"

"Doubtless at the Berlin theatre where I sang this winter."

"No, I was in Silesia; I was under-adjutant at Glatz. Fortunately that devil of a Trenck made his escapade while I was on a round,—I mean to say a mission,—on the frontiers of Saxony; otherwise I should not have been promoted and should not be here, where I find myself very comfortable on account of the proximity of Berlin; for it is a very sad life, mademoiselle, that of an officer in garrison. You can't imagine how wearisome it is, far from any great city, in a barren country, for me who am passionately fond of music. But where the deuce then can I have had the pleasure of meeting you?"

"I do not remember, sir, even to have had that honor."

"I must have seen you on some stage, in Italy, or at Vienna. You have travelled a great deal. How many theatres have you performed in?"

"And, as I did not answer, he resumed with his careless impudence: 'No matter! I shall recollect. What was I saying to you? Ah! you are annoyed also, are you not?'"

"No sir."

"But are you not *au secret*? It is you who are called the Porporina!"

"Yes, sir."

"That is it! prisoner number three. Well don't you want a little diversion? some society?"

"By no means, sir," replied I quickly, thinking he was about to propose to me his own.

"As you please. That's a pity. There is here another prisoner, very well educated, a charming woman, by my faith, who, I am sure, would have been delighted to make acquaintance with you."

"May I ask of you her name, sir?"

"She is called Amelia."

"Amelia who?"

"Amelia—*broum! broum!* by my faith I don't know. You are curious, I see; that is a prison complaint."

"I repented having repelled the advances of Mr. Mayer; for after having despaired of knowing this mysterious Amelia and given up all hope of it, I felt myself attracted towards her anew by a feeling of commiseration and also by the desire of clearing up my suspicions. I therefore tried to be a little more amiable with this disgusting Mayer, and he soon offered to place me in connection with the prisoner number two—it is thus that he designates this Amelia."

"If this infraction of my sentence does not compromise you, sir," replied I, "I can be of use to that lady who is said to be ill with sorrow and ennui—"

"*Broum! broum!* Then you take matters according to letter. You are still a good child! It is that pedant of a Schwartz who has made you afraid of the orders. The orders! what are they but a bugbear? They are good for the porters, for the turnkeys; but we officers (and in uttering this word Mayer bridled up like a man who is not accustomed to bear so honorable a title) we shut our eyes upon innocent infractions. The king himself would shut his were he in our place. Here, mademoiselle, when you wish to obtain anything, only apply to me, and I promise you that you shall not be uselessly thwarted and oppressed. I am naturally humane myself, God made me so, and then I love music. If you would sing something for me from time to time, in the evening for example, I would come and listen to you from here, and with that you can obtain from me all you wish."

"I will impose upon your good nature as little as possible, Mr. Mayer."

"Mayer!" cried the adjutant suddenly interrupting the *broum broum*, which still floated upon his black and cracked lips. "Why do you call me Mayer? I am not called Mayer. Where the devil did you fish up that name of Mayer?"

"Excuse me, sir adjutant," replied I,

'it was an absence of mind. I had a singing master of that name and have been thinking of him all the morning.'

"A singing master? That was not I. There are many Mayers in Germany. My name is Nanteuil. I am a Frenchman by birth.'

"Well, sir officer, how shall I announce myself to this lady? She does not know me and would perhaps refuse my visit, as I almost refused to become acquainted with her just now. One becomes so savage when living alone.'

"O! whoever she is, that beautiful lady will be charmed to find some one with whom to talk, I assure you. Will you write a line to her?'

"But I have nothing to write with.'

"That is impossible; have you no money then?'

"If I had any, Mr. Schwartz is incorruptible; and besides I do not know how to corrupt.'

"Well in that case I will myself conduct you this evening to number two, after, however, you have sung something for me.'

"I was frightened at the thought that Mr. Mayer or Mr. Nanteuil, as he is now pleased to be called, perhaps wished to introduce himself into my chamber, and I was about to refuse, when he made me understand his intentions better, either because he had not thought of honoring me with a visit, or because he read my horror and repugnance on my countenance.

"I will listen to you from the platform which tops the tower you inhabit,' said he. 'The voice rises and I shall hear very well. Then I will send a woman to open your door and conduct you. It would not be proper, in fact, for me to have the appearance of inciting you to disobedience myself, though, after all, *broum! broum!* in such a case there is a very easy method of getting out of the scrape. We blow out the brains of prisoner number three with a pistol, and say that, he has been surprised in the very act of an attempt to escape. Eh! eh! the idea is funny, is it not? In prison we must always have cheerful ideas. Your very humble servant, mademoiselle Porporina, till this evening.'

"I lost myself in comments upon the obliging willingness of this wretch, and in spite of myself I had a horrible fear of him. I could not believe that a soul so narrow and so base had enough love for music to act thus, solely for the pleasure of hearing me. I supposed that the prisoner in question was no other than the princess of Prussia, and that, by order of the king, an interview was arranged between us in order that we might be watched and those State secrets discovered which it was supposed she had con-

fided to me. With this idea I feared the interview as much as I desired it; for I am absolutely ignorant what truth there may be in that pretended conspiracy in which I am accused of being an accomplice.

"Nevertheless, considering it my duty to brave all in order to carry some moral assistance to a companion in misfortune, whoever she may be, I began to sing at the appointed hour for the tin ears of Mr. Adjutant. I sang very poorly: the audience did not inspire me; I still had some fever, and besides I felt that he listened to me only for form's sake; perhaps even he did not listen to me at all. When eleven o'clock struck I was seized with quite a childish fear. I imagined that Mr. Mayer had received a secret order to get rid of me, and that he was going to kill me in good earnest, as he had predicted to me under the form of a jest, as soon as I should make a step outside of my cell. When my door opened I trembled in all my limbs. An old woman, very dirty and very ugly, (much more ugly and more dirty even than madam Schwartz) made me a sign to follow her and preceded me up a narrow and steep staircase built in the interior of the wall. When we were at the top I found myself on the platform of the tower, about thirty feet above the esplanade on which I walk during the day, and eighty or a hundred feet above the ditch which washes all this part of the building for quite a long extent. The horrible old woman who guided me told me to wait there a moment, and disappeared I know not where. My anxiety was relieved, and I experienced such a satisfaction at finding myself in a pure air, under a magnificent moon, and at a considerable elevation which allowed me at last to contemplate a vast horizon, that I was not troubled at the solitude in which I was left. The broad still waters upon which the citadel throws its black and motionless shadows, the trees and the fields which I could vaguely distinguish at a distance on the shore; the immensity of the sky; and even the free flight of the bats wandering in the night, my God! how great and majestic all that appeared to me after two months spent in contemplating the face of a wall and in counting the few stars which pass in the narrow zone of firmament that can be seen from my cell! But I had no leisure to enjoy it long. A noise of footsteps obliged me to turn and all my fears were re-awakened when I saw myself face to face with Mr. Mayer.

"Signora' said he to me, 'I am in despair at being obliged to inform you that you cannot see prisoner number two, at least at present. She is a very capricious person, it appears to me. Yesterday she testified the greatest desire

to have some society; but just now I proposed your's to her and this is what she replied to me: 'The prisoner number three! she who sings in the tower and whom I hear every evening! O! I know her voice well and you need not tell me her name. I am infinitely obliged to you for the companion you wish to give me. I should prefer never again to see a living soul than to undergo the sight of that unhappy creature. She is the cause of all my misfortunes, and may Heaven make her expiate them as severely as I myself expiate the imprudent friendship I had for her.' This, signora, is the opinion of the said lady respecting you; it remains to be seen if it be deserved or not; that concerns, as they say, the tribunal of your conscience. As to myself, I have nothing to do with it, and I am ready to re-conduct you to your cell as soon as you please.'

"At once, sir,' replied I, extremely mortified at having been accused of treachery before a wretch of his character, and feeling in the depths of my heart a good deal of bitterness against that one of the two Amelias who testified towards me so much injustice or ingratitude.

"I do not hurry you so much as that,' replied the new adjutant. 'You seem to take pleasure in looking at the moon. Look at her then at your leisure, that costs nothing and does no harm to any one.'

"I had the imprudence to profit yet a moment by the condescension of this knave. I could not resolve to tear myself so quickly from the beautiful spectacle of which I was about to be deprived perhaps forever; and in spite of myself, Mayer produced upon me the effect of a wicked lacquey too much honored by awaiting my orders. He profited by my contempt so far as to be emboldened to wish to engage in conversation. 'Do you know signora, that you sing devilish well! I have never heard anything stronger in Italy; where I have nevertheless frequented the best theatres and passed in review the best artists. Where did you make your debut? For how long a time have you been roaming over the world? You have travelled a great deal?' And as I pretended not to hear his interrogations, he added without being discouraged: 'You sometimes travel on foot, dressed as a man?'

To be Continued.

¶ Whence comes it that our destiny is so dark, and our life so full of misery? Is it not from ourselves? We have forgotten the laws of nature, we have strayed from her paths. He who separates from his companions to climb the rocks unaided, ought not to complain should he find the journey rough.



## MINE AND OURS.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

Mine is the little hand, puny and weak,  
Ours are the thousand arms, mountains to break;  
Mine is the atom of clay for the grave,  
Ours is the Earth, with hill, valley and wave:  
Mine will vanish like corpse in the sod,  
Ours will arise to the Heaven of God!

Mine is the secret prayer, breathed low and lone,

Ours is the anthem of conquering tone;  
Mine is the little flower nurtured in dearth,  
Ours are the blossoming Edens of Earth:  
Mine will vanish like corpse in the sod,  
Ours will arise to the Heaven of God!

Mine is the brain that but gleams like a spark,  
Ours are the thoughts like stars lightning the dark;

Mine is the heart that beats fearfully hurled,  
Ours are the heart-throbs that gladden the world:

Mine will vanish like corpse in the sod,  
Ours will arise to the Heaven of God!

Mine is the hermit-life, lone in its hours,  
Ours are humanity's loves, thoughts and powers;  
Mine, scarcely mine, is this frame, doomed to fall,

Ours is our God, common Parent of all!  
Mine will vanish like corpse in the sod,  
Ours will arise to the Heaven of God!

*Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.*

## SOME ACCOUNT OF A FRENCH THEORY OF ASSOCIATION.

BY TITO PAGLIARDINI.

(Continued.)

*Formation of an Agricultural Association.*

As yet all social reforms have been attempted on a large scale, and applied at once to a whole nation. That this is a dangerous method is evident from experience; for if the theory prove a bad one, the whole nation is disturbed by the reform, and bloodshed and ruin are but too frequently the consequences.

As the hamlet, or smallest corporate body, is the foundation of all communities, and contains in miniature all the elements of society, is it not more rational to commence a social reform by a reorganization of the hamlet? nay, of a single hamlet, in order to avoid all danger in case of failure?

If the reform be a successful one, other communities will imitate, and the reform will at length spread through the province, the nation, the world, just as the first railroad has been followed by their establishment in all quarters of the globe.

But how is this new community to be organized?

In a country in which there are 23,954,799 acres of wastes out of an area of 57,952,480 statute acres, it would surely not be ruinous to devote 5,760 acres, or nine square miles, to the trial of a new system of association and cultivation, which promises such immense advantages, and which, if successful, would soon transform the whole face of society, at present so degraded by false civilization: and transform it, not by unjustly removing the existing wealth from the hands of one class into the hands of another, as is always done by political or revolutionary means; but by actually *creating new riches*, which shall not only insure the neces-

saries and comforts of life to the laboring classes, but likewise add to the wealth of the wealthy.

*Distribution of the Soil.*

We will now suppose an association formed for the purpose of cultivating nine square miles of land on the most profitable, but at the same time, most economical system.

With any probability of success, such a company could surely be formed in a country ready to expend £350,000,000 in railway schemes, many of which have little, if any chance of succeeding.

This company takes a lease of 5,760 acres, either from government, or from one or several land-owners, at the current price per acre, varying in different counties from 9s. to 26s. a year; it causes all the establishments, farms, barns, and so forth, to be valued by appraisers, and either pays the value of the said establishments in cash, or delivers to the owners thereof shares in the enterprise; the next thing to be done is to have all enclosures, walls, hedges cleared away, and ditches not necessary to irrigation filled up; every plot of ground is then to be carefully analyzed; and instead of forcing the land to produce what it is not by nature suited for, as is but too often the case in our present piecemeal mode of cultivation, each plot of ground is to be cultivated according to its nature, by the most approved method, and be sown with the best seeds. It is most probable that in 5000 or 6000 acres of land, sufficient varieties of soil and exposition will be found to enable the company to cultivate, the very first year, not only corn and many varieties of vegetables, but likewise to establish extensive orchards and floricultural gardens. All these productions will probably also be already of a superior quality, from the mere circumstance of having been raised on a soil perfectly suited to their growth, and thus meet with a ready sale in the neighboring markets. Moreover, the total profits realized by the Association would already be considerable; for, raising on their land only those articles for which the soil is well suited, they would have saved the enormous expense which farmers now necessarily incur in manuring their land, to force it to produce what nature had not destined it for; on the other hand, what manure may be requisite for the improvement of the soil, and which costs the small farmer such exorbitant sums that his profits are almost consumed by them, are procured by the direction of a committee at a comparatively low rate, and may be properly distributed over the surface of the land. Besides which, the stables and yards, erected in the centre of the estate, afford every facility for husbanding the manure and urine produced by the horses and oxen which are necessary for the work of the farm and sustenance of the population; so that in fact, after a short lapse of time, the system of *soiling* would render the Association independent of the neighboring communities as far as manure was concerned, and afford them the means of *profitably* keeping a sufficient stock of horses and cattle.

Another advantage of the cultivation, by an united body, of so large an estate is, that the most perfect instruments of tillage, which from their expensiveness are out of the reach of most farmers, will here be employed, to the great improve-

ment of the soil. For the twenty or thirty more or less perfect ploughs, harrows, drills, and so forth, necessary at present for the cultivation of twenty or thirty small farms, will in this case be exchanged for two or three instruments of the most perfect make; and the Association will still be the gainer, inasmuch as two or three good implements will always be less expensive than a far greater number of indifferent ones. Neither will the manufacturers of agricultural implements be losers by the change; for if, on the one hand, a smaller number of tools and instruments be made, they will each be of a more expensive nature; while on the other hand, a far greater surface of land being cultivated when the system has extended throughout the country, there will also be a demand for a greater supply of tools.

The succession of crops, or rotations, under the guidance of scientific and practical men, can also be attended to with much greater success on so large a scale, than if the same land were subdivided into several smaller farms.

The combined efforts of the whole community can likewise be engaged in a correct and systematic system of irrigation and drainage, works which can only be undertaken on a large scale; and profitable running fish-ponds or lakes might be established, which would not only increase the beauty and fertility of the estate, but likewise tend to the general welfare of the community, and prove an immense source of revenue, without a corresponding expense; for by a general agreement to fish only at fit times, and in quantities proportionate to reproduction, the produce of the rivers might be increased twenty-fold. Different kinds of fish might likewise be introduced into natural or artificial ponds, and fattened with little or no trouble.

*The Phalanstery.\**

Proceeding on the same principles of unity and economy, instead of the existing numerous farm-houses, miserable cottages, (on an average four hundred on nine square miles,) ill-constructed barns, and insecure granaries, the Association will erect, as near the centre of the estate as local circumstances will admit, one large habitation called a Phalanstery, capable of receiving four hundred families, or about eighteen hundred persons, of *unequal* fortunes; one kitchen; one large and well-built barn; one granary, one stabling yard, and so forth.

In this building should be combined, as far as possible, salubrity, comfort, and elegance.

The following description of what the Phalanstery ought to be is borrowed from a clever little work entitled "Fourier and his System," published in Catherine-street, Strand, and, as yet, the only work in English on this subject.

"The centre should be devoted to peaceful functions — to dining-rooms, exchange, council-rooms, libraries, studios, and so forth. In this centre are placed the tour d'ordre, the telegraph, the ob-

\* Fourier calls his organized agricultural and domestic Association a *Phalanx*, a name which recalls to the mind the unity of purpose, the indissoluble bonds of friendship, and the consequent power of the celebrated Macedonian Phalanx. A Phalanstery is the habitation of a Phalanx.

servatory, the winter court ornamented with evergreens, and surrounded with hot-houses, and placed behind the court of parade.

"One of the wings must contain all the noisy trades, as carpentry, smith-work, and hammering; it must likewise contain all the industrial assemblies of children, who are generally very noisy.

"The other wing must contain the caravansary hotel, with its ball-rooms, and chambers for intercourse with strangers, that they may not encumber the domestic relationships of the Phalanx.

"The Phalanstery, besides its individual apartments, should contain many public rooms, or places of industrial and corporate accommodation.

"There should be set apart, near the dining-rooms, chambers for the different groups who wish to separate themselves from the common tables.

"For every occupation small rooms are contrived close to the public rooms, for the convenience of smaller companies.

"The stables and store-rooms should be placed, if possible, opposite the mansion; the interval between the mansion and the industrial buildings would serve as a court of honor and general evolutions; and they would be separated by the highway.

"Behind the centre of the palace, the lateral fronts of the two wings ought to be prolonged to contrive and inclose a great winter-court, forming a garden and promenade, planted with evergreens; this promenade can be placed only in a closed court, and is not open to the fields.

"Not to give the palace too extended a front, with developments and prolongations which would retard the communications, it will be convenient to double the body of buildings in the wings and centre, and leave, in the interval of the contiguous parallel bodies, a vacant space of from thirty to forty feet at least, which would form elongated courts, traversed by corridors on columns, level with the first story, with closed glass windows, and heated or ventilated according to the season.

"To save walls and land, the building must also gain in height what it may lose in extent, and be at least three stories high. What chiefly establishes its unitary (or oneness) of character, is a vast gallery on the first story, extending uninterruptedly to all parts; this gallery communicates with the church,\* the theatre, the rural buildings, and all those manufactures which it is convenient to isolate. This covered gallery, ventilated or heated according to the season, facilitates in all weathers internal relations.

"The street galleries of a Phalanx do not receive light from both sides; they form part of the body of the dwellings; each body has a double suite of chambers, of which one suite looks out on the fields, and the other into the gallery. The church on the one side and the theatre on the other complete the centre of Phalansterian unity."

The theatre or opera is in Fonrier's system a most important part of every Phalanstery. It will be the assemblage of all material harmony, and be the practical school for vocal and instrumental

\* The Church must be sufficiently large to accommodate the whole population; a circumstance but too rare in England.

music, poetry and gesticulation, dancing, gymnastics, painting and sculpture.

Let none in reading this description call it a page from the Arabian Nights, or sneeringly pronounce the words convent, barracks, union-house. What is here proposed, as the economical and happy abode of an agricultural and domestic Association, already exists in civilization under another form. For what is an hotel, what is Mivart's, but a large building subdivided into numerous apartments of various dimensions and values, and in which many persons of all ranks inhabit under the same roof, each retaining nevertheless his personal liberty and individuality? The Palais Royal in Paris might give a slight notion of a Phalanstery; for in a small space are collected nine hundred families of all ranks and fortunes, even from the sovereign down to the beggar; in that small space are united a royal palace, the classical theatre of France, the first of the minor theatres, the most celebrated restaurateurs in France, besides innumerable minor ones, a gallery inhabited by the chief editors, a public garden, baths, every description of shops, and a covered colonnade or gallery, connecting as it were all these separate parts into one whole.

To be Continued.

## THE HARBINGER.

### THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

#### SECTION III.—NOTICE V.

##### ON EDUCATION.

##### Conclusions.

Before going farther in education, let us remark the contradiction between our civilized methods and the demand of nature. Far from wishing that women uniformly should have strong maternal propensities, that they should all be eager to take care of little infants, nature would appropriate to this care only about one-eighth, and distribute this small number among functions very opposite, as those of attendants, ushers, and mentors, which have no relation with each other, and which, moreover, are subdivided each into more minute employments, into different offices optional with each.

Then again, nature would bring into competition the sexes and the various instincts; they are very different instincts which prevail in the three corporations above mentioned, and yet they concur to form a coöperative series of both sexes in the whole course of early education.

Thus, from his infancy, man is not compatible with simple nature; it requires, to educate him, a vast array of graduated and contrasted functions, even from the earliest age; and even then he is not made for the cradle. J. J. Rousseau rebelled against this prison in which children are mewed up, but he has never imagined the arrangement of elastic mats or hammocks, of a combined oversight, and of all the distractions so necessary to children and found only in this method. Thus the philosophers oppose to the evil nothing but sterile declamations, instead of discovering the ways to good, which,

far removed from simple nature, only spring from composite methods.

The farther we advance in the examination of the harmonic education, the more shall we recognize the contradiction between moralism and nature: it may be well here to recapitulate some details drawn from the education of the first years of infancy.

Moralism would found the system of education for little infants on the smallest domestic union, that of the conjugal household. Nature would found this education on the largest domestic combination, distributed in three degrees, the groups, the series of groups, and the phalanx of series. Out of this vast assemblage, we can neither form the two scales of functions and of functionaries emulously devoted to each parcel of the labor; nor can we satisfy the character and temperament in the child, which need the halls and services annexed to this double scale, services impracticable out of a Phalanx of industrial series. Thus in the isolated family, the child is wearied to the point of crying night and day, without either himself or his parents being able to divine the distractions he is in need of, and which he would find in a seristery of early infancy.

Moralism, in this isolated family system, would have the father bear complacently the everlasting uproar of the bantlings, who deprive him of his sleep and interrupt his labor. Nature, on the contrary, would have man relieved from this moral charivari; she would have him restored to his dignity, and would confine this infernal enginery to a remote room, place the children where they may be wholesomely and agreeably kept, after the Associative method, which secures the repose of fathers, mothers, and children; they are all harassed and tortured by the civilized arrangement, called sweet home, which is a veritable hell for the people, since it has neither a separate apartment for the children, nor money to supply their wants.

Moralism would have the mother suckle the infant; a useless precept with the poor mothers who constitute seven-eighths of the whole; so far from having the wherewithal to pay a nurse, they take in children to suckle for pay. As for the other eighth, the more fortunate mothers, it would be necessary to interdict them from this function, for they are the assassins of their child. Through excess of leisure, they study to create in him a thousand hurtful fantasies, which are a slow poison and kill the majority of rich children.

People are astonished because death takes away the only son of an opulent house, while it spares so many wretched children destitute of bread in the mud cabins; these peasant children have a guarantee of health in the poverty of their mother who, obliged to go to work in the field, has no time to occupy herself with their whims, and still less to gratify them, like the lady of the manor. Thus J. J. Rousseau, thinking to recall mothers to the tender sentiments of tender moralism, has created a fashion of suckling their own infants in the very class of women who should be excluded from it; for in this wealthy class they lack commonly either the necessary health, or else the cool and prudent character which would be a preservative from evil both for the mother and the child.

Moralism forbids the father to flatter his child: this, on the contrary, is the only function reserved to the father, his child being sufficiently criticised and remonstrated with, in Association, by the groups which he frequents, or, if he is very small, by the attendants in the scertery of this early age.

Moralism would have the father be the natural teacher of the child; this is a care from which nature excludes him, and which she reserves for the ushers and mentors, persons formed for this function by an instinctive taste and by a corporate feeling.

Moralism would surround the child with half a dozen grandmothers and aunts, sisters and cousins, neighbors and cronies, to create in him all manner of fancies hurtful to his health, and to give him a false ear by hearing the French music. Nature would employ not the twentieth part of all this array, to keep the child in gaiety and health, in a scertery whose different partitions are assorted to all the instincts of that early age.

Moralism would educate the child from the first to a contempt for riches and a respect for merchants; nature, on the contrary, would accustom the child from the first to value money and to exert himself to acquire it by the practice of truth, which in civilization cannot conduct to riches, and is incompatible with our actual inverse commerce.

Moralism would not allow the children any refinement, especially in the pleasures of the table, but would have them eat indifferently whatever is set before them. Nature would have them educated to gastronomic requirements, to the niceties of this art, which, in Harmony, becomes a direct means of inspiring them with a passion for agriculture.

It is certain then that moralism, even granting it to have good intentions, plays the part of an ignorant physician, who gives only pernicious advice, contradicts the ends of nature, and kills his patient by a display of fine doctrines. But is it certain that moralism and its coryphæuses have good intentions? Before pronouncing on this point let us continue to analyze the contradiction between this science and nature; after having fully convicted it of this perpetual opposition, we will examine its perfidies which are equal to its ignorance.

#### SIXTH NOTICE.

*Education of Childhood in its Middle, High, and Mixed Degrees. Rivalry of Instincts and of Sexes.*

I have enlarged sufficiently on the education of the first phase or earliest period of childhood, because that will be the strong side of the model Phalanx, the point in which it will shine at once, since children of three, four, and even five years, will not have been as yet perverted by prejudice; they will be less imbued with moralism, less falsified than those of ten and fifteen years; and it will be an easier matter to develop their natures freely and to appreciate their precise attractions.

From the age of five years, civilization begins to fill the mind with its "sound doctrines," which travesty the natural character, especially that of the girls. Hence, the model Phalanx will have great difficulty in classing the characters, in discerning the full and the half quality.

Assuredly it will not succeed in this the first year.

We pass to the second, third, and fourth phases of education: (See table, Harbinger, Vol II. page 330.)

The second phase, or middle childhood, comprises the two tribes of *cherubins* and *seraphims*, aged from four and a half to nine years.

The third phase, or higher childhood, comprises the two tribes of *lyceans* and *gymnasians*, from nine to fifteen and a half.

The fourth phase, or mixed childhood, is the tribe of youths and maidens (*jeuneveaux et jeunevelles*), from fifteen and a half to nineteen and a half, or twenty.

The limits of age will be smaller at the beginning, and they will not be the same for the two sexes.

I shall treat of the second and third phases together, because the system for them both is fundamentally the same, except that in the second phase the material faculties will be the most actively cultivated, and in the third phase the spiritual.

The system of education will require no changes until the fourth phase; for then sexual love intervenes; it will be well therefore to study the second and third phases conjointly, and the fourth by itself.

It would require, not four, but twenty chapters at the least, to treat this subject properly: for this reason, I cannot even promise an abridgment, but only a skeleton, an argument; I shall refer continually to the treatise [*Universal Unity*] which contains the circumstantial details of the education of these three phases of childhood in Harmony.

We shall see that moralism has missed of all the bases of operations relative to these three phases, and in its usual way has placed in the rank of vices all the springs which nature would employ for the creation of virtues.

In order to establish that competition between instincts and sexes which will beget prodigies of industry and of virtue, we divide the whole of the higher and middle phases of childhood, that is, the four tribes of the *gymnasians*, *lyceans*, *seraphims*, and *cherubins*, into two corporations according to instinctive propensities. These are:

The *Little Hordes*, devoted to labors which are repugnant to the senses or to self-love.

The *Little Bands*, devoted to the collective luxury, or to the general interests of taste and elegance.

These two corporations, by their contrast, give a useful employment to the instincts which moralism vainly seeks to suppress in either sex, the love for dirt in little boys, and the love of ornament in little girls.

In contrasting these tastes, the harmonic education conducts both sexes to the same end by different routes:

The little hordes to the beautiful by the way of the good.

The little bands to the good by the way of the beautiful.

This method leaves to children their option, the liberty which they do not enjoy in the actual state, where they always attempt to constrain them to the same system of manners. Association opens to them two contrasted courses, favoring the opposite propensities, for elegance and slovenliness.

Among children, there are always about two-thirds of the boys who incline to filth: they love to grovel in the mud, and take delight in handling unclean things; they are surly, fractious, vulgar, adopting the slang tone and dialect, fond of noise and braving perils, inclement weather, and so forth, from the pure love of mischief.

These children enrol themselves in the little hordes, whose business it is to perform, as a point of honor and with courage, every repugnant labor which would degrade a class of laborers. This corporation is a sort of semi-savage legion, which contrasts with the refined politeness of Harmony, only as regards the tone and not the sentiments, for it is the most ardent in its patriotism.

The other third part of the boys has a taste for good manners and for peaceable and gentle functions; they enrol themselves in the little bands; and on the other hand, there are one-third of the girls who have masculine propensities and who are called little romps, fond of joining in the sports of the boys with whom they are not allowed to be familiar; this third part of the girls is enrolled in the little hordes. Thus the two corporations are composed as follows:

Little hordes, two-thirds of the boys, and one-third of the girls.

Little bands, two-thirds of the girls, and one-third of the boys.

Each of the two corps will be subdivided into three orders, which it will be necessary to name: they will adopt for the little hordes, three names of the billings-gate order, and for the little bands, three names of the romantic order, so as to contrast in every point these two reunions, which are levers of a high importance in industrial attraction.

## REVIEW.

*The Spirit of the Age: or Contemporary Portraits.* By WILLIAM HAZLITT. First American Edition. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1846. (Sold by Redding & Co., 8 State St. Boston.)

Criticism again! We have almost no other sort of literature in this reflective age. All our best writers are reviewers; essays upon others' works preoccupy the intellectual energies which glut themselves with too much foreign food to be creative, and it has come to such a pass that poets and romancers are for the most part only critics in the dress of rhyme or parable. The world's consciousness (the once childlike world) seems to have got thoroughly awakened, and we present the singular spectacle to the angels, if any such there may be speculating upon us from afar, of an age absorbed entirely in the study of itself, and comprehending itself apparently about as little as the unconscious shepherds and hunters of Abraham's and Esau's time. Indeed, what Hazlitt says of Byron's *Don Juan*, may be said of all our literature: "it is a poem written about itself."

Carlyle, Macaulay, Wilson, Mrs. Jameson, and latterly Miss Fuller, are but a

few of the criticism writers who constitute so much of the "choice reading" of the day. And here is HAZLITT, prince of critics! always bright, always genial, always appreciating, conversant with all leading minds, yet carried away by none and dead to none, hopeful in his leanings, interested rather in the minds of a progressive and prophetic stamp, yet pleasantly and without cynicism pointing out the respective fallacy of each. In the merely superficial qualities of a fine writer, no man surpasses him; his style is vigorous and clear and full and flowing, as if it were ideal talk; he brings his subject always to a point, wearying the reader with but few preliminaries and giving him no chance to lose himself in the vague, but always setting the gist of the matter before him in clear contrast with its appropriate foil or counter-type; illustrations, new and timely and exquisitely apposite, never fail him; he is witty without ever running to mere surface; he says terribly severe things in the best humor imaginable; and what is best, he makes his reader love him and love the persons he contrasts and criticizes, and sends him away, if not positively enlightened, in the best state of mind to get enlightened. With all these taking qualities he lacks not depth. His insight is justly celebrated. Shakspeare is better known to us by his criticism. Artists hold his essays upon painting to be inestimable.

These "Contemporary Portraits" paint the painter. Not so sovereign an original as Carlyle, nor so disdainfully choice in his subjects; not so coldly elaborate nor so great at laying out and arranging a matter as Macauley, he occupies a convenient distance between the two, never intense and never cold, but always human, always strong, and always ready with something well worth saying. He certainly is very apprehensive, if not very profound. He certainly is a good and believing friend of Humanity, if not an enthusiastic reformer. He kept the best company, that of the advance guard of thinkers in England, of the age before this last, and he reflects them all so faithfully, that his book is truly called the "Spirit of the Age." He is always full of his subject, yet never infatuated with it; and accordingly his style is just that which we can read with the least weariness; for your mind finds alternation in each successive sentence; each contains a thought, a point, an image, something that arrests you as you glance over the page. Let us look at some of his subjects.

The first is Jeremy Bentham. We are glad to get so distinct and bold an image of this "man of one idea," the philosopher, if he can be called so, who has so

monopolized and identified his name with the watchword of this age, Utility. Mr. Hazlitt enters into a rather superfluous argument with him to show that calculations of mere utility never can be made to take the place of every other motive, while man is what he is, or as we should say, while he has passions. If this main part of the article is rather dry, however, there is point enough to redeem it in the following happy illustration with which, as usual, he sums all up:

"Miracles never cease, to be sure; but they are not to be had wholesale, or to order. Mr. Owen, who is another of these proprietors and patentees of reform, has lately got an American savage with him, whom he carries about in great triumph and complacency, as an antithesis to his *New View of Society*, and as winding up his reasoning to what it mainly wanted, an epigrammatic point. Does the benevolent visionary of the Lanark cotton mills really think this *natural man* will act as a foil to his *artificial man*? Does he for a moment imagine that his *Address to the higher and middle classes*, with all its advantages of fiction, makes anything like so interesting a romance as *Hunter's Captivity among the North American Indians*? Has he anything to show, in all the apparatus of New Lanark and its desolate monotony, to excite the thrill of imagination like the blankets made of wreaths of snow under which the wild wood-rovers bury themselves for weeks in winter? Or the skin of a leopard, which our hardy adventurer slew, and which served him for great coat and bedding? Or the rattle-snake that he found by his side as a bed-fellow? Or his rolling himself into a ball to escape from him? Or his suddenly placing himself against a tree to avoid being trampled to death by the herd of wild buffaloes, that came rushing on like the sound of thunder? Or his account of the huge spiders that prey on blue bottles and gilded flies in green pathless forests; or of the Pacific Ocean, that the natives look upon as the gulf that parts time from eternity, and that is to wait them to the spirits of their fathers? After all this, Mr. Hunter must find Mr. Owen and his parallelograms trite and flat, and will, we suspect, take an opportunity to escape from them!"

But do not, reader, with this dead-level, artificial, utilitarian Communism, confound Association, which is quite another thing; which *does* "make sufficient allowance for the varieties of human nature and the caprices and irregularities of the human will;" which *does* "allow for the *wind*," and does *not* "consider man as a logical animal."

Of Mr. Bentham's involved and intricate style of writing, he says:

"He might wrap up high treason in one of his inextricable periods, and it would never find its way into Westminster Hall. He is a kind of Manuscript author—he writes a cipher-hand, which the vulgar have no key to. The construction of his sentences is a curious framework with pegs and hooks to hang his thoughts upon, for his own use and guidance, but almost out of the reach of every body else. It is a barbarous philosophical jargon, with all the repetitions, parentheses, formalities, uncouth nomenclature, and verbiage of law-Latin; and what

makes it worse, it is not mere verbiage, but has a great deal of acuteness and meaning in it, which you would be glad to pick out if you could. In short, Mr. Bentham writes as if he was allowed but a single sentence to express his whole view of a subject in, and as if, should he omit a single circumstance or step of the argument, it would be lost to the world forever, like an estate by a flaw in the title-deeds. This is over-rating the importance of our own discoveries, and mistaking the nature and object of language altogether. Mr. Bentham has *acquired* this disability—it is not natural to him."

We take the following from the concluding paragraph: the sentence which we have italicized is profoundly true, and admirably illustrates the well-known principle of the contact of extremes.

"Mr. Bentham, in private life, is an amiable and exemplary character. He is a little romantic, or so; and has dissipated part of a handsome fortune in practical speculations. He lends an ear to plausible projectors, and, if he cannot prove them to be wrong in their premises or their conclusions, thinks himself bound in reason to stake his money on the venture. *Strict logicians are licensed visionaries.* \* \* \* \* Mr. Bentham relieves his mind sometimes, after the fatigue of study, by playing on a fine old organ, and has a relish for Hogarth's prints. He turns wooden utensils in a lathe for exercise, and fancies he can turn men in the same manner. He has no great fondness for poetry, and can hardly extract a moral out of Shakspeare. His house is warmed and lighted by steam. He is one of those who prefer the artificial to the natural in most things, and think the mind of man omnipotent. He has a great contempt for out-of-door prospects, for green fields and trees, and is for referring every thing to Utility. There is a little narrowness in this; for if all the sources of satisfaction are taken away, what is to become of utility itself?"

The next paper is about the celebrated author of *Political Justice*, and of those noble novels *Caleb Williams* and *St. Leon*, WILLIAM GODWIN.

"The fault of Mr. Godwin's philosophy, in one word, was too much ambition—"by that sin fell the angels!" He conceived too nobly of his fellows (the most unpardonable crime against them, for there is nothing that annoys our self-love so much as being complimented on imaginary achievements, to which we are wholly unequal)—he raised the standard of morality above the reach of humanity, and by directing virtue to the most airy and romantic heights, made her path dangerous, solitary, and impracticable. The author of the *Political Justice* took abstract reason for the rule of conduct, and abstract good for its end. He places the human mind on an elevation, from which it commands a view of the whole line of moral consequences; and requires it to conform its acts to the larger and more enlightened conscience which it has thus acquired. He absolves man from the gross and narrow ties of sense, custom, authority, private and local attachment, in order that he may devote himself to the boundless pursuit of universal benevolence. Mr. Godwin gives no quarter to the amiable weaknesses of our nature, nor does he stoop to avail himself of the supplementary aids of an imperfect virtue."

Here was a man, not so much of one idea, as of one grand passion; a man in

whom what Fourier calls the passion of *Unityism* predominated. Enthusiasm for the universal made him, like his glorious son-in-law, the poet Shelley, a prophet and forerunner of that revelation of Social Science, which was to give stability and clearness to these dreams of a profound moral instinct. His conception was high and glorious. He would have man "always the hero of duty."—"Every man was to be a Regulus, a Codrus, a Cato, or a Brutus—every woman a Mother of the Gracchi." The aim, the instinct here was right, but in his philosophy of such a grand life, in his maxim, *reason without passion*, he overlooked the facts of human nature. Had he only lived to see the laws of *Passional Harmony* unfolded! Mr. Hazlitt defends Godwin from the charge of having trampled on the common feelings and prejudices of mankind, by these two striking illustrations:

"We may not be able to launch the bark of our affections on the ocean-tide of humanity, we may be forced to paddle along its shores, or shelter in its creeks and rivulets: but we have no right to reproach the bold and adventurous pilot, who dared us to tempt the uncertain abyss, with our own want of courage or of skill, or with the jealousies and impatience, which deter us from undertaking, or might prevent us from accomplishing the voyage!"

"To break the force of the vulgar objections and outcry that have been raised against the Modern Philosophy, as if it were a new and monstrous birth in morals, it may be worth noticing, that volumes of sermons have been written to excuse the founder of Christianity for not including friendship and private affection among its golden rules, but rather excluding them."

To Godwin he offsets Sir James Mackintosh; and in his interest in moral and political philosophers, in men who have "scared up" new ideas about the progress of the race, he does not omit the unique Malthus, with his bug-bear of Population. He ingeniously accounts for the origin of the theory in the mind of its author (who, by the way, was not Malthus, but a Scotchman by the name of Wallace,) by supposing that it was written at first as a mere literary freak, a sporting with paradox, and that the grain of truth there was in it surprised him into a more serious consideration and gradually took possession of his whole field of vision. Hazlitt is not as kind to this as to the other crotchets, for it has in it no element of progress. In the following he declares himself no Tory:

"The period at which Mr. Malthus came forward teemed with answers to Modern Philosophy, with antidotes to liberty and humanity, with abusive histories of the Greek and Roman republics, with fulsome panegyrics on the Roman Emperors, (at the very time when we were reviling Buonaparte for his strides to universal empire,) with the slime and offal of desperate

civility—and we cannot but consider the Essay as one of the poisonous ingredients thrown into the caldron of Legitimacy 'to make it thick and slab.'"

Besides these now less talked of notabilities, we meet in this book all the foremost poets, reviewers, political writers, and so forth, who have just departed or who yet linger on the literary stage in England. There is not time, nor is there need, to follow him through these, for they are more in every body's mouth and every body's book. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Hazlitt does not give you a mere superficial literary criticism of them, but he gives in each instance the net result of the man and of his thinking. These men constitute the highest reach and aspiration of civilization in the most civilized of nations. The faithful critic collects from them his "Spirit of the Age," and shows you what it all amounted to. To one who studies the progress of society by the light of positive ideas and hopes, who, seeing that civilization and moralism travel always in a vicious fatal circle, that simplistic ideas of Reason or Utility raise false promises which bring all ideals finally into discredit, that the poet's aspirations only remind us of the contrast of the actual which they do not help us to escape, still believes that there is a true and normal condition of Humanity whose laws may be and have been discovered, a Science of Society whose full noon-day light shall ere long supersede these visionary auroral indications,—this matter suggests many reflections, which we need not make especially here, since they have occupied all our columns, as indeed they might profitably occupy all the columns of the thousand sheets which are daily issued from the public presses of our land.

*The Whig Almanac and United States Register for 1847.* New York: Greeley and McElrath.

This is a jewel of an Almanac. Even the democrat will bear with its strong whig doctrines, for the sake of the copious statistical and political information with which it is crowded. It cannot fail to circulate widely and to be highly popular. We copy from the last page a piquant illustration of a "new way to pay old debts."

"A PECULIARLY RICH CORRESPONDENCE. We publish the following as an illustration of the philosophy of letter-writing. Major McCalla, it will be seen, is positive, pointed, and sententious.—Captain Tobin is candid, discursive, and didactic. The whole, if not trenching on the sublime, belongs at least to the 'beautiful.'"

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, }  
2d Auditor's Office, July 31, 1846. }  
Sir: You are charged on the books of this Office with \$1,525, the value of the clothing and blankets furnished for the use of your Company,

and for which you will be held accountable. In order to relieve yourself from this accountability, you will enter on your first Muster Roll all articles of clothing and blankets issued to the men under your command, and request the Paymaster to deduct the several amounts from their first payment.

You are also held responsible for the camp and garrison equipage received for your Company, until turned over to a U. S. Quartermaster.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
JNO. M. McCALLA, 2d Auditor.  
Capt. G. H. TOBIN, }  
Washington Regt. La. Vol. }

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, }  
2d Auditor's Office, Aug. 8, 1846. }  
Sir: By a decision of the Hon. the Secretary of War, each soldier under your command is entitled to six months' clothing, to the amount of \$21; all over that they are to be charged with. There will be other charges of which you will be informed by this Office. You will please consider this letter your guide, in addition to the one you received from me on the 31st ult.  
Very respectfully,  
JNO. M. McCALLA, 2d Auditor.  
Capt. G. H. TOBIN, La. Vol.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 17, 1846.  
Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of two favors from you, one dated 31st July, the other 8th August. I can only answer by a yarn.

A countryman of mine was once indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking fresh eggs raw and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirruped as it went down his throat, and he very politely observed—"By the powers, my friend, you spoke too late."

I can only say, sir, that your favors have reached me too late. They have been chasing me through the Mexican Post Offices; that is, to express myself more clearly, when I received them, they (the letters) were down in Mexico and I was up here, and when I didn't receive them, they were up here and I was there.

The fact is that most of my men have been paid off, and are now scattered to the four quarters of the globe. They were mostly sailors as I was myself. From them (if there be charges) nothing can be expected. The camp and garrison equipage has been turned over to the proper officers, with the exception of sundry axes smashed and placed *hors du combat* in chopping down those amiable *chapporals* on the banks of the Rio Grande. I except, also, the camp kettles and pans—many of which were used in roasting, boiling, stewing, and frying our pork and beans, bacon and fresh beef, not to speak of the *slow venison*, which some were ill-natured enough to call Mexican beef (may the Lord forgive them.)

For my own responsibility in the matter, I regret, (more on uncle Sam's account than on my own,) that I am not worth a Continental dime. I have been not only paid, but I believe overpaid, by about \$40. My conscience compelled me to remonstrate with the Paymasters, but they assured me that they made no mistakes (Bank Tellers sometimes say the same.) I considered their feelings and indulged them. However, I made a good use of the money. I gave it to the sick and unpaid soldiers.

Most of the other Captains are in the same fix with myself (barring the overpay) about responsibility, and refer to my epistle as an answer.

If you have any farther communication for me, please direct to the care of Major General John L. Lewis, N. O. I seldom go to the Post Office, because I have nobody to correspond with, and yet I am not the man who never had father nor mother, but was "won in a raffle."

Very respectfully,  
G. H. TOBIN, Capt. Co. D.  
Washington Regt. La. Volunteers.  
JOHN M. McCALLA, 2d Auditor.

P. S. I don't know whether to sign myself Captain, ex-Captain, or late Captain. I was a Captain."

The right to live implies a right to all that is indispensable to the maintenance of life. The author of the universe has not placed man in a worse condition than animals.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

## THE PROSPECTS FOR THE SEASON.

From present signs, the lovers of music, of whatever grade, in New York and in Boston, will have as much this winter as they can attend to. The weight of public favor leans more and more to the good, to music which has style and character, to works of genuine art, by which our life is deepened. To expect this to be actually popular, while society is so constituted as to doom the great majority to ignorance and vulgarity, would be superlatively simple. But we deem it a blessing and a bow of promise for the race that real music can find any audience, for it wakes an aspiration, if only in the few, which will not sleep until all this is changed. Music is a luxury, no doubt; but shame on him who takes it merely as such, however refined, select, and chaste his enjoyment of it may be! He does not enter into the heart and soul of it, if he does not also feel that Music is a great reformer, that it is the voice of the inmost heart of wronged Humanity chanting the great day of its redemption, the day when universal unity shall reign and Society and Industry and Life in all its spheres be music. If this be not true, Beethoven, Handel, and Mozart have lived for nothing. Music, to be sure, does not distinctly say this, for she does not deal with thoughts, but something deeper; she has oped the springs of such a sentiment in every breast into whose depths her voice has sunk.

Leaving the mass of medley song-singing concerts, which come as regularly in winter as birds and grass-hoppers in summer, we will notice some of the more significant performances which are in store for us.

In Boston already the Opera takes the lead; that is, the clever little *troupe* of the Seguin, and so forth. At the Boston Theatre, (the Odeon that was,) they are delighting people with Donizetti's comic *Don Pasquale*, and the *Brasseur de Preston* (Brewer of Preston) by Adolph Adam; — light and pleasant things, presenting in the principal parts the singular combination of voices of a Soprano, a Tenor and two Bases, without any Alto. Indeed this is the whole of *Don Pasquale*; the other has some striking choruses. Both of these are made exceedingly comic by the excellent acting, as well as the satisfactory bass voice of Mr. Seguin. The music of the first, like all of Donizetti's, does very well for once or twice, but is of that sugary sweetness which is not most sure to sweeten the temper or tranquillize the mind, because great passions find no sphere in it. Adolph Adam's music is more piquant and brilliant, and more fresh, and altogether the

*Brasseur* is a brilliant thing. Let us be thankful for so much. But what is it to *Don Juan*, or *Fidelio*, or the *Freyschutz*, which doubtless will come in good time, if not this season? What more there may be in preparation we know not. The Howard Athenæum also has risen from its ashes and will have operas ere long.

For graver, grander Oratorios and Sacred choruses we have the faithful Handel and Haydn Society, as usual. They begin with the *Creation*, childlike, cheerful Haydn's greatest and most characteristic work, and heard now long enough in Boston to be appreciated. Stately Handel, no doubt, will come on in turn, and Christmas week be made more holy by the audible presence of that everlasting monument of sounds which he has built to Humanity's great hope of its Messiah, music of the most universal stamp yet written. *Sampson* too we hope to hear, and Spohr's *Last Judgment* and Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. These things are also given in New York, with possibly superior effect, by the Institute, the Sacred Music Society, and so forth.

For grand choral music of a more secular and descriptive kind, they have had in New York the *Seasons* of Haydn, certainly a most rare treat. And in Boston we are glad to see announced on the part of Messrs. Maeder and Blessner an intention of bringing out the Ode Symphony by Felicien David, the *Desert*, so popular last winter in New York. We trust these enterprising artists will be secured against loss in so expensive an undertaking, and that the good people of Boston will have an opportunity of hearing one of the most original and perfect pieces of descriptive music ever produced since Haydn's *Seasons* and Beethoven's *Pastorale*, though in freshness it is by no means equal to the former, nor in depth at all to be compared with the latter.

The Boston Academy, dislodged from the Odeon, have made wise choice of the Melodeon for their most laudable and to a great degree successful attempts to elevate the public taste by the grand Symphonies of Beethoven, Haydn, and the other masters. With all the necessary imperfections of their orchestra, they deserve great credit and the sincere thanks of those who owe to them their only knowledge (knowledge how inestimable!) of these sublime productions. We hear that some of the well-meant criticisms of one of our correspondents on their performances last year were taken quite too seriously by the Academy. We inserted the criticisms because we felt them to be true, and because we thought true criticism, given in good faith, to be a work of real friendship, and not from any opposition to the Academy, whose labors we have always recommended and encour-

aged, and whose downfall we should regard as a most irreparable loss to the musical treasures of Boston. In New York the Philharmonic Society, who have by far the most perfect orchestra in the country, have already announced a similar course of concerts. Mr. Loder, one of their leaders, has also raised an orchestra of his own, which under his admirable drilling, and the constant requisition for their services, must become decidedly superior.

But nothing gives us so great pleasure as to be able to announce that the Harvard Musical Association have again accepted the kind offer of Mr. Chickering's rooms and engaged a competent quartette of Artists to resume their admirable Chamber Concerts. The very quintessence of music will this be, the *Quatuors* and *Trios* of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Spohr, and so forth, played by artists, and heard by the most select and appreciating audience to be found in Boston. In the course of these concerts, besides Mr. Lange and Mr. William Mason, pianists from New York are expected to take part, as Mr. Perabeau and Mr. Scharfenberg.

Sivori, the pupil of Paganini, has come, they say, to eclipse Ole Bull and Vieuxtemps. Burke also is on hand. De Meyer has found even warmer welcome than before in New York, and probably by the time this has gone to press will have redeemed his last year's pledge in Boston. But to the Pianists we shall before long devote a special article, and to the singers also.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, OCT. 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.

## OBJECTIONS TO ASSOCIATION.—NO. VIII.

(Concluded from p. 287.)

III. RELIGION. It is objected finally to Association, that in it there can be no religious union. Is there any out of it? Do not charge upon a new system of society the possibility of a fault of which the old stands so notoriously convicted. The most the Church has ever done has been to suggest and keep alive the *idea* of union in men's minds; but real union there has never been, except one, that of the Roman hierarchy, which was intolerable. Society cannot be united in religion, so long as there is *disunity* in every thing else; — and disunity is the very law and foundation of society as at present constituted; separation and competition of interests are the very essence of civilization,



which all the ardent ministrations of the best prevailing philosophy, morality, and religious creeds of every hue can never make to be other than a "kingdom divided against itself."

Says the reviewer: "Amid interests so involved, where hundreds are brought so closely together, a powerful religious influence is indispensable to harmony. But here will be persons of all sects and some of no sect, brought together; and churches will be built, if at all, by those who have not any common religious faith." To this it may be said: If they are persons really and sincerely of different sects, it is not likely that they will peril their sectarianism by such company; or if they do, what do they less in the great church-going world to-day? Each sect is gathered round its altar on the Sunday, for some hours, and all the rest of the time its members mingle in the confused throng of busy mammon-worshippers, who have no other faith in common but the almighty dollar. Their religious union goes but a little way; it is a union in the speculative, the formal part of life, and not at all in the practical; in the appendages, and not at all in the substance. It does not keep them from quarrelling, undermining and outbidding one-another all the week. They part at the church door to forget their prayers and hum "the devil take the hindmost." Nay, they do not even wait for that, but sit in their pews too proud that they are distinct from poorer neighbors, and thanking God in their hearts "that they are not as other brethren are." Indeed, what is this union but a sort of formal apology to God and their own conscience for being, as they too well know, not at all united? Having made a "handsome provision," as they think, for the cast-off object of their first vows, by building a church and going to it once a week, men think they can then dally without shame with their kept mistress, the world. A religious influence indispensable to harmony! and yet caste, and competition, and dissembling and utter unconcern for one another where these influences do exist! Surely, in Association it can be *no worse*. There men are supposed to be united in interests, to have **guaranteed to one another rights and education**, to have concentrated all the wisdom, **all the parental sentiment, all the talents, strength and means of a great variety of characters** for the benefit of each individual, whether woman, man, or child, whether poor and ignorant before, or rich and cherished. There the labor is supposed so organized that each by doing the thing he loves does best for all, and in striving to excel the others only helps the whole. Would union in these other things enhance the difficulty of religious

union? Will men who have been so occupied find it harder than others to unite in worship? will they have no prayer, no thanksgiving in common? Is a whole week of harmony, of practically acknowledged brotherhood, a poorer preparation for the Sabbath, than a week of duplicity and cheating and such "*civil discord*" as goes on now?

But what is there necessarily to hinder all those religious means and observances in Association, which exist any where else? — all, except it be religious tyranny, to which we suppose our Oberlin reviewer feels a due share of aversion. Certainly, there will be liberty of conscience; certainly the Bible will not be interdicted, the preacher will be free to come and go, and each may worship God after his own heart and manner. Suppose that sects should still exist, denying themselves the blessing of each other's modicum of truth as strongly as ever, — what is there to prevent those of a like mind from combining, from betaking themselves to their distinctive churches in civilization, if the Association stands still an anomaly in the midst of that; or from combining with their sympathizers in the neighboring Phalanxes, so as to make out each a goodly number for the Sabbath? Then they will save their old religion, and have a fraternal, practically Christian week of it, besides. Will this living and working together in close bonds of harmony, peril their religion? Will it suffer perhaps by the exposure? Then alas for *such* religion! whatever will most speedily melt it away, is certainly a good thing.

This is but a superficial and common-sense answer to a superficial objection; all the answer in fact that it required. But Associationists have always taken a deeper view of the subject. It cannot be said by those who have fairly read their writings, that "they have no conception of the nature of religion," that there is a "marvellous indefiniteness" in them on this point. To be sure, no special form of religion is required to make a man an Associationist as such, any more than there is to make a man a good Whig or Democrat. But among Associationists there are those, who have studied and earnestly studied the religious aspects of the matter. Among Associationists there are religious persons who have actually been led to look to such an organization of society, as their only hope of realizing the promised unity of the Church, and the communion of all souls. The great idea of the Church, the deep prayer of their soul, they see defeated by our actual society; with all that has been done and said by pious and good men, they see that there are insuperable obstacles to anything like Christian unity

among men. Many are forced to confess the fact, and be resigned to it, that it is the law of the human intellect that its perceptions shall be various in various individuals, and that unity in *opinion*, to say the least, is a thing impossible, and which the author of all souls does not call for. But every *other* unity, as unity of interests and consequently of purposes and feelings, society in every fibre of its present structure utterly forbids. What hope then is there left in civilization? The unity which the Church *does* try to keep up is one which should not be in the nature of things; there should not be unity of mere opinions; while on the other hand, the unity which should be and might be, the unity of sentiment and interest, society precludes by all its institutions, which the Church upholds.

How will it be in Association, in the Combined Order, where there is social justice in the material interests of life? We do not speak for all Associationists, who may or may not have reflected on the matter, because we would not hold others responsible for our own imperfect speculations on a theme of such great moment. Accordingly we do not venture to predict what form the religious sentiment will create unto itself in a divine order of society. But we believe the religious sentiment to be the deepest in man and the secret, if not always the consciously recognized, spring of all his affections, aspirations, impulses which have any good in them. We believe it, in a word, to be the soul of that great principle which Fourier calls *Attraction*, and that so much love of God as there is in a man, only so much life is there in fact left in him. We believe that the relation of man to God, like all his other relations, demands to be expressed, and that it has found expression in its fulness only in the person of Christ. *We believe that Christianity demands Association*; that its new wine bursts the old bottles and must have new. The fact that they are not burst already, that society has not taken on new forms, — forms significant of and conducive to the sentiment of universal Love to Man, — but that it still retains the forms inherited, with only superficial modifications, from times of purely military law, is only so much proof that society is not yet Christianized; that it only pretends or fancies itself to have received the new wine; that Christianity thus far is practically a failure. But it will not continue a failure, for it is of God, and God through it will remove the obstacles to its course; and those obstacles are all summed up in the one fact of an incoherent system of society based on antagonism of interests and isolation of families, which is not the true form of the affections and passions

of men harmoniously developed. Love demands unity of interests and association of families. Christianity, we say again, demands Association. And this is our answer to those who say: "You seek to reform mankind and bring about the Millennium by your human method of Association, instead of trusting to God's own instrumentalities through Christ." Our position is just the reverse of this. Association does not set itself up the rival reformer to Christianity; it is Christianity which is now calling for Association. Christianity having become a living thing in the heart of the race, must now have hands and feet; it must create to itself a body after its own image. As God created man in his own image when he breathed the breath of life into him, so must Society, the collective Man, be moulded to the same image before it can be truly recipient of Christianity which is its soul. Christ came to establish the kingdom of Heaven upon earth. He commenced the reform internally, he spake to the heart and conscience, he raised up armies of martyrs and self-sacrificing, humble heroes, who abstained from evil, sought their good in the good of others, and were contented with God's promises of better days for Humanity, without demanding the immediate fruition in themselves. So only could the divine movement of regenerating love begin; so must all true reforms begin. But *having* begun, having got themselves effectually planted like good seeds in the secret soul and conscience of an age, then they demand a corresponding *outward* movement, a regeneration of the form and frame-work of society. A perfect soul demands a perfect body. And to this point now the spirit of Christianity moving in the depths of society has at length arrived; it finds the material frame-work of society no longer answering its end; it meets resistance in the whole machinery of production by which man secures his daily food and comforts; it finds its heavenly suggestions, welcome as they may be to the heart, continually postponed and contradicted by business necessities, intrinsic to the general system; it finds the forms of life, the institutions of society all foreign to itself, the hardened bone and grizzle of an elder life, of which the spirit was far different from its own of love. It preaches love and union on the Sabbath, but all the week men war with one another for the very clothes they wear to church, and even there they carry the distinctions which God, "who is not a respecter of persons," never made. And can it be otherwise, while labor is not organized and competition is the law? Most certainly it cannot. Society makes necessary what Love pronounces wrong;

society's stern *Must* continually puts aside the Christian *Ought*. And therefore the next step for Christianity is, to reorganize society, to establish just relations in the sphere of Industry, in order that man's first necessities may be in harmony with his duties, and that pure sentiments when spoken may not have to take the lie from the dull world which really has not liberty to heed them, if it would. Imagine a race regenerated and entirely imbued with Christian principles: and do you not at the same time imagine all the customs and institutions of society changed? Could such things as starvation, pauperism, slavery, whether of iron chains, or of hired wages, be imagined *then*? Before the race can be regenerated, these must disappear; their causes must be removed; for this not done pronounces Christ's pure gospel an illusion and a failure. This will be done. That which wrought the miracles of old, that which inspired the sacred writers and which tamed the heathen, is now, in continuation and completion of its great work, revealing to us the science of the true social order, which shall ere long rise in complete majesty and harmony and beauty, beneath the crumbling, cast-off mould and fixtures of an order obsolete so far as truth and love and Christ have any real prevalence.

Such is the relation of Association to Christianity. In the mighty movement of the times towards Association (and it is no less mighty because not all seen on the surface) Christianity is creating for itself the material conditions to its own universal triumph, moulding a body which it may flow into and animate, making beautiful the face of Humanity, and turning the whole life of society into a music acceptable to the Lord. This done, there will soon be religious union. Associationists all entertain at least *one* common faith: they are united about the paramount importance of a *practical* religion; they believe in the Christian *life*. Fourier's solution of the religious problem, though we do not take him in this matter as a guide, was this:

Unity in Worship; Variety in Doctrine.

The maxim is profound, and must be the motto to any wise attempt at unity at all. In worship all men *can* unite, if love and harmony become their rule of life; for in these they will *feel* God, however they may theorize about his nature, or in whatever formula they may construe him and their relation to him to their understanding. The whole tendency of Feeling is to unity; hence music is its best expression, which is a unitary language understood by all; while words stand more for thoughts which differ in different minds about the same thing, and which represent the element of variety. All can

unite in worship, which is an act of feeling, from the heart; and as to doctrines or the theory of this feeling, there will necessarily be as many shades of variety, distributed in a harmonious series, as there will be industrial tastes or shades of character. Identity of opinion in any number will constitute a special group or lesser church, and these will all harmonize under the all-embracing dome of the one unitary church which shall be based on unity of spirit and of life. "In my Father's house are many mansions."

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

We insert the following extract of a letter from a whole-souled friend of Association in the interior of Pennsylvania, to whose liberality and zeal the movement has already been greatly indebted. Courage, brother! The work is going on, deep, strong, unconquerable. We aim at no sudden excitements. Our power is not to be estimated by the number of visible adherents to our cause. A few devoted men are sufficient to shake the corrupt and corrupting institutions of modern society. We shall triumph by the truth. Already our views are taking strong hold of the public mind. Every day brings us tidings of progress. Deep convictions in regard to the falseness of the present social organization are spreading, and all the tendencies of the age conspire to prepare for the establishment of united interests and attractive industry. We need be in no haste. The true God calls on his servants to work with patience and bide their time.

"The Harbinger must be sustained, its loss would be irreparable; I hope the friends of Association every where will send in their contributions without delay to sustain you through Volume Fourth. Please place me in your books as good for Fifty Dollars—I will send you the money in a few days. Will not the Harbinger announce from time to time the condition of its treasury until the requisite sum is made up; I do believe that friends would come forward at once to your aid did they but know the pressing necessity under which you are laboring. All, I feel sure, will contribute something, from one dollar upwards according to their ability.

"It is hoped that the friends of Association will awake to renewed and more efficient exertion than they have heretofore exercised. It is time that the utility and practicability of Industrial Association should be no longer a matter of theory only, but a palpable and clearly demonstrated fact. It seems to me that there is now wanting nothing but pecuniary means to form, as you intimate, a model Phalanx. Though to dispose of these

means and to organize and harmonize a Parent Society I am aware would require a mind and talents of the very highest order. There is nothing however to fear on this score. The means you have recently adopted to spread a knowledge of the doctrines of Association among the masses, by giving public lectures, undoubtedly the best and most efficient means that can be commanded, will tend shortly to initiate and render plastic individuals sufficient in number who will be ready to go into Association, if in fact there is any lack of this material, to found a model Phalanx."

ASSOCIATION IN OHIO. A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Contreville, Ohio, under date of September 29, 1846, says:

"The Association cause has some friends here. I have heard of a number who express opinions favorable to it. Whether they are the kind of people who are suited to the transition movement I know not. The progress made by the Trumbull Phalanx is doing great good. People begin to say, 'If they can hang together under such bad circumstances for so long a time, and no difficulties occur, what must we hope for now that they are peculiarly independent?'—You have heard, I presume, that the Pittsburghers have made money enough to make that Association independent. I may be over-sanguine, but I feel confident of their complete success. I fear our Eastern friends have not sufficient faith in our efforts. Well, I trust we may disappoint them. The Trumbull, so far as means amount to anything, stands first of any Phalanx in the United States, and as to harmony among the members, I can only say that there has been no difficulty yet. Yours, truly, J. D. S."

¶ The peasants of Jura, in Switzerland, seeing that a kind of cheese, which is highly esteemed, called *Gruyere*, could not be made from the milk collected by a single family, unite and carry each day their milk to a common dairy, where notes are kept, by notches on a stick, of the quantity furnished by each family; and from the collection of these small quantities of milk, a large cheese is made at a small expense. We have here an example, on a small scale, of *voluntary association, with the preservation of individual property and interests.*

How is it that our Age, with its high pretensions to economy, has not thought of developing these little germs of Association, the source of all economy, and of forming a complete system of them, embracing the whole of the seven branches of Industry which occupy the labors of man! namely: 1. Household Labor; 2. Agricultural Labor; 3. Manufacturing Labor; 4. Commerce; 5. Teaching; 6. Study and application of the sciences. 7. Study and application of the fine

arts, — branches of industry which should be exercised and prosecuted jointly in the largest possible union.

¶ A letter from that distinguished expositor of the science of Association, HUGH DOHERTY, Esq. of London, together with the prospectus of an organization, just formed in that city, for the study of the social problem, has been crowded out, but will appear next week.

EMPLOYMENT. The Editor of the Tropic, in commenting on Daniel Webster's remarks on "Employment," says:

"The sentiment of Mr. Webster which has drawn from us these remarks, is expressed with a power, terseness and eloquence which is peculiarly *Websterian*. Let the working men read, reflect, and ponder upon its truth, its power and beauty, and then decide who is their friend. They will not be long in coming to the conclusion, that this *Whig* sentiment is the true political economy to make a nation of freemen prosperous and happy. Spread the sentiment to the remotest bounds of the land, 'employment will make the people happy.'"

We have already copied and endorsed Mr. Webster's remarks, but we must now qualify the sentiment that "employment will make people happy." If people are not *profitably* employed, they cannot be happy. To be *profitably* employed, they must be taught *how to work*, and our legislators must discover some method of preventing the ruinous reduction of wages which inevitably results from competition in labor. If people are not *agreeably* employed, they cannot be happy. To be *agreeably* employed, some way of rendering labor *attractive and honorable*, must be discovered. Our legislators have much to learn. — *Planters' Banner.*

THE CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSE. Dr. Mæder of the Dorpat Observatory in Russia, announces the discovery of the grand central star or sun around which our sun with all its planets and the other suns with theirs, if they have any, revolve. It is the star Alcyone one of the Pleiades. It has long been known to Astronomers that the fixed stars have a proper motion. Guided by the observations of the elder Herschell as to the figure of that stratum of stars to which our sun belongs, Dr. Mæder has been led to seek for a star which would fulfil the conditions required by the observed motions as a centre, and has satisfied himself that the centre of motion is in the Pleiades, and that the star Alcyone fulfils the conditions better than any other.

But the motions of the fixed stars are so exceedingly slow, and the revolution of our sun, if it takes place at all, occupies so vast a lapse of time, it must take many thousands of years, before Dr. Mæder's theory can be verified by actual observation. According to his rough approximation, the distance of the great centre is thirty-four million times that of

the sun, and the time of the sun's revolution is 18,200,000 years. Light, travelling at the rate of twelve millions of miles per minute, would be five hundred and thirty-seven years coming from the great centre. — *Chronotype.*

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N. R. GERRISH.

Sept. 1, 1846.

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# THE HARBINGER,

## DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

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VOLUME III.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1846.

NUMBER 20.

### MISCELLANY.

For the Harbinger.

#### SOCIETY — AN ASPIRATION — OR THE ACTUAL AND THE POSSIBLE.

There is a strange and pleasing excitement in walking up the Broadways of great cities, surrounded by the concentrated wealth and splendor of our age, amid an ocean of life whose waves are human faces — faces where the joys and sorrows of the soul have made their trace, where we can read so many kindred sympathies suggestive of the infinite modifications in their characters and in our own which the slightest incident in connecting our destinies might effect. How often the voice of nature seems to urge us to forget the little conventionalities of society; to greet an attractive stranger as our brother or sister in humanity, and to hold with them spiritual communion: forgetful that the inner life is all encrusted with mannerisms, peculiarities, prejudices and external associations to which we are utter strangers, and which still keep man from man; unless in some great triumph or great calamity, when our life is stirred up from its depths, and the thousand trifles of circumstance cease to trammel our natural sympathies. So much for Broadway; but turn aside only a few paces, and your humanitarian sympathies are called forth by very different objects. Here are streets that look and smell like ill kept hog-sties; mean, crowded, close, dirty houses, fit only to generate disorder and disease — dwellings which are not homes. Yet all these swarm with life; these are the warrens of the laboring poor; of the men who have built the palaces and produced the wealth which but a moment since gave you pride in the power and the genius of your race. And the story of *their* life is traced also upon these faces. An elegant and refined lady told me a few evenings ago, that she had accidentally found herself in one of these streets so near the centre of splendor, and that the savage, brutal appearance of the people

had terrified her. Yes, the life-struggle for bread, the eternal cry of necessity — "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we clothe ourselves," is hardly calculated to develop gentle and generous feelings, or to mould the expression of beautiful and happy faces.

There were during one of the last weeks in this city (New York) five hundred and thirty-six cases of various offences brought before the magistrates.

The class of simple laborers here, comprising about 300,000, or two-thirds of the whole population, average wages which, when divided among the members of each family, give only one dollar per week for the support of each person. Yet the wages of labor are now higher here than they have been for years. There average about 20,000 laborers daily out of all employment. There are more than 25,000 women living by their hands, (some with families of children,) who gain less than \$2 per week. There are 10,000 seamstresses; the highest class of whom gain under every advantage \$3 50 per week, and far the largest portion from 8 to 30 cents per day, or 56 cents to \$2 10 per week.

The hours of labor with many are fifteen out of the twenty-four.

The meanest class of houses are a few of them as low as \$1 per week, but the mass of laborers who live in families pay, for one lodging room in such streets and such houses as I have mentioned, but which can be appreciated only by those who live in them, only for rent from \$4 to \$4 50 per month. The worst single garrets rent for \$2 per month.

These prices are thus unnaturally high, because it is the interest of capitalists who have many millions invested in real estate, to keep the rents up to a standard of their own by buying in all real estate which would sell below the value of a principal proportioned to that standard of interest. By thus fixing the value of the best property in the city, they fix the scale of valuation for all below it.

Fearful is the reaction of this system upon those who win their daily bread by daily toil. In the dead of winter must be added to the 20,000 out of employment at other times, the feeble and less skilful persons engaged in sedentary employments, chiefly females, who are incapacitated for their usual work by the very rigor of the season; since, living absolutely from hand to mouth, they have been unable to procure themselves fuel or even sufficient clothing.

The question arises, how to provide for these sufferers, since to provide for them in some manner society is compelled by an instinct from which it can never escape, shrink as its selfishness may from the open acknowledgment, the instinct of the solidarity of our race; in which each individual interest and development is bound by the destinies of creation. We are all members of one body. Striving wisely or incoherently, whether we pull together or against each other, there is no rest until an equilibrium of joys or sorrows, blessings or curses, pervades the whole.

Should such suffering from destitution arise amongst the Burmese or the savages of the Pacific, and it should have been ascertained by experience of successive years that it would continue to recur, the chiefs and braves might, as an act of policy and humanity, destroy these poor wretches with their war clubs, as they now rid themselves of age and deformity. This would perhaps present the easiest solution of the problem for their simple societies, which, ignorant of our artificial luxury and the complex industry which creates it, feel few mutual relations and dependencies, except those of love and friendship. But civilization stands on very different ground: it must not kill off its superfluous poor, since that would immediately raise the wages of labor. Christianity here effects a compromise with selfishness at which future ages will smile, or perhaps rather weep with the angels. It cannot bear to see these victims of our disorder leave their bodies at once, and

go off with Mr. Pickwick's post-boys and donkeys to have a little fun and cold turkey at the side table of creation. No, Christianity, I beg its pardon, I mean Christian pharisaism and political morals, are dreadfully shocked at the idea of people dying off hand of cold and hunger; though perfectly satisfied that the same people should drag out a living death of poverty, disease, and constraint of their natural God-given attractions and affections. Religion says to these unfortunates, "Do you not know that this earth is only a vale of tears and a place of probation? Be thankful then for your trials; for whom God loveth, he chasteneth."

It is surely a strange perversity in human nature that with such wise and sound views as these, the rich do not hasten to throw into the sea their perfidious riches, and that the poor, so obstinately unthankful for their favored lot, will try and strive even to the last gasp to get away from it. At this juncture, in steps political economy, makes a very wise face, puts her finger on her nose, and assures the rich that "old Father Charon is as fond of an obolus as any of them, and never treats a passenger the worse for the weight of his purse. Her sister religion is a very excellent person, but somewhat visionary and old-maidish in certain precise notions about what shall pass through the eyes of her needles, and so forth. They must not take these things seriously nor be offended, for she is sure that if they will build a few \$500,000 churches, sister religion and her ministers will always continue on the most gracious terms with them." She now turns to the poor, and by arguments of the most sublime obscurity and transcendental profundity, she proves to them, notwithstanding the respectful distance which they must observe towards bank-notes and gold pieces, that money like water always seeks its level, and though thousands of shirts rot in factory warehouses, while thousands of naked backs modestly suggest adaptations, that demand and supply invariably tend to a constant equilibrium. These truths being thus indubitable, the grand interests of commerce, and the patriotism with which the glorious name of a freeman must inspire them, require their hearty acquiescence in the existing order, the result of so many ages of experience and of the wisdom of their forefathers.

Thus being delivered, political economy and Christian pharisaism now put their heads together to devise ways and means of relief in case the pap of philosophy should not prove sufficiently nutritious. Some refractory subjects have perhaps even already been parading with red rags, and hallooing 'Bread or Blood,'

very bad words for the people to get hold of.

It is determined by these grave physicians that they will just give the patient a little of every thing in the shop to keep him at what he is at. And the first dose on the list is the almshouse. Awful are the wry faces and provoking the hesitancy with which this medicine is swallowed. There is indeed some slight excuse for it, since it might possibly occur to a stranger from some more favored planet that we considered poverty a crime, witnessing the dispositions which are here made for it. It is true that in these institutions we find that breaking up of families which offers so beautiful a standing theme for the rhetoric of our northern abolitionists of southern slavery. But then economy in the arrangements of the buildings is of course of the first importance, doors and partitions being justly considered of more value than the feelings of these incorrigible paupers, which ought to have been frozen or case-hardened by this time if they are not. Often, however, this upside-down heaven accommodates but a fraction of those who apply: the resources of churches, French, German, Irish, and private charities are all insufficient, and a few are left, wicked enough to commit suicide by cold, starvation, or other equally criminal methods. It is, however, considered by all classes alike, to be in the highest degree chimerical and visionary to imagine that the relations of labor and capital may, without any agrarianism, be so arranged as to prevent this suffering, and to substitute justice for charity.

These evils, we say, have been, are, and therefore must always be. They are inseparable from the depravity of human nature; and so we go on saying our prayers backwards, and unconsciously inculcating or denying the Divine Providence, whose system, calculated for the social relations of man before the creation of the characters adapted to them, we have never sought to discover. We have concoctedly preferred to substitute our own legislation, which eternally reproduces in society the same vicious circle of poverty, fraud, oppression, carnage, derangement of climates and seasons, universal suspicion and duplicity of action, during some five thousand years of moral chaos, a reign of ignorance and philosophy, in which our passions, for want of social order, have continually conflicted. Even when humbling ourselves to recognize in our instincts the expression of God's will towards us, we have been stupid enough to apply this only to men individually, instead of to man collectively, forgetting its twin-born truth, the brotherhood of the race; or setting the latter in strange opposition to the former, as if the

intellect whose function towards each individual is to find for his instincts, senses, passions, the best conditions of action, should in reference to society assume the opposite function of finding the most efficient means of suppressing individual instincts. This contradiction ought to have startled us, and sent our legislators to the research of a social order which, by coördinating interests, should allow to the collective reason of man the same function as to his individual reason, namely, that of providing for the gratification of his instincts on account of the public weal, instead of sacrificing them to it.

Do we ever reflect on our glaring inconsistency in speaking of God as wise, just, or benevolent, whilst supposing that he created our race without devising for us a social code, as he has for the stars and the insects? that he has omitted the middle term in the calculation of movement, and has either not known or not willed to give man a revelation of something better than the abortive struggles of his own reason have shown him to be capable of attaining for himself? What have we attained to in nearly six thousand years of social experiments in our own way, but to exclude our masses from the privilege of health, from their natural rights of gathering the produce of the earth, hunting, fishing, pasture, freedom from care and advantages of free social intercourse unobstructed by the etiquette of class, all of which the savage possesses? Is it not time for us to seek a clue from this labyrinth of falsehood and constraint in which we move? Petrified with selfish individualism, is the mind of this age too narrow for a nobler thought? Will it forever meet an appeal to its humanity, to its grand comprehensive selfishness, with some squinting sophism such as this, — that John J. Astor, Stephen Girard, Benjamin Franklin, or Henry Clay commenced the world with nothing, — that the same persevering industry and energy which have raised them to the highest stations, pecuniary, scientific, and political, will effect similar changes for every man, taking into consideration his relative mental or physical endowments, which being the gift of God establish a natural inequality of which no one has a right to complain. First, this is but a small part of the truth. The requisites for development of character and successful attainment are double or composite, implying first, internal organization or material of character, second, external organization or adaptation of sphere. Many are born capable of attaining stations as high and higher than those of Franklin, Clay and Astor, in science, politics or wealth, but few find circumstances or external adaptations which allow of their free development.

That the men here cited had little special assistance is true, yet their paths were obstructed by few obstacles in comparison to those with which most men must contend. First, they were citizens of a country possessing free institutions and a spirit of energy and confidence pervading all classes of its population, and calculated to develop tendencies of a very different character from those generated by the slavish despotisms of Turkey and Egypt. They were neither chained by necessity to the exhausting and monotonous physical toil of the mine or the factory, nor perverted by the false education of our schools and colleges, which substitutes words for things, suppresses the observing faculties to task the memory, and wearies and disgusts the mind by the presentation of abstract theories without their practical applications. Finally, they were free from the depressing influence of chronic disease, hereditary or acquired, which blasts the success of vast numbers. The natural inequality of men is a wise and beneficent system of equilibration, since each character is calculated to excel in some function, provided it receive its true development, — and from their differences and contrasts, as from those of the separate notes in music, must be born, under scientific combinations, the harmony of numbers.

It is the arbitrary interference with this natural inequality of character and attainment, the falsifying of the notes by obstacles which society can remove, of which its victims may justly complain. This removal requires simply its recognition of the right to sustenance, to education and to work, of each individual born in it. We have no sympathy with agrarianism nor levelling of classes. Many beautiful accords of society may spring from the kindly interchange of benefits between the rich and poor; but this inequality does not imply the abject misery or destitution which now appears like a foul ulcer in our cities, unfitting the class affected by them for any true and healthy relations in society. Neither would the natural guarantees for which we plead, although recognizing the bond of our race in Christian and social brotherhood, tend to crowd them together like sheep or hogs in anarchical communities. The unprincipled license of the people is already terrible enough to awe those mad disorganizers, who would pull down about our ears the columns of existing order with its needful laws, in their mawkish sympathy with some case of individual suffering. It is the industry of fiends that would array class interests against one another, striving to put asunder what God has joined together. True philanthropy aims to conciliate all interests; and let him who would have his name go

down in this class to posterity, beware of all one-sided clamors for the rights of the poor against the rich, of woman against man, or the slave against the master. The order which is insufficient to secure the suffrages of all interests alike, is valueless; it will permanently benefit none, and these party movements, were they not stifled in their germ by the sound instincts and loyalty which prevail among us, would engender a revolution disastrous as that which has devastated France. The true men among these radicals must come to see that their course in its exasperating outcry against the time-honored institutions of the family, and the right to individual property, acquired or inherited, institutions arising from the inherent sentiments of our nature, and to be suppressed only at the cost of our life or our humanity, is calculated only to win the licentious or discontented enthusiast whose adhesion is a curse to any cause; to frighten and disgust the sober mass, and to hinder the work of the calm and judicious Associationist, who whilst fully recognizing the present evils of society, would avoid all antagonisms by embracing all interests, and contend with the imperfect only by constructing the perfect. What wise fool is it that shall come to tell us, that our religions, our governments, the various institutions of our complex civilization, which has been centuries on centuries working out its ends, are nothing more than a mistake! Are they not all, even down to the almshouse and lower, facts in God's providence? very imperfect and undeveloped facts it is true; so is a green apple whose sour juices are not yet adapted to our wants, or a sprouting bean whose germ squeezed between the cotyledons which protect it in forcing its way through the dark ground to the free air and sunlight, resembles the passions of our life, compressed by those much reviled laws and institutions which can alone thus protect us during the dark ages of incoherence, through which humanity is growing into the free air and sunlight of an order in which all interests may gain a genial development. Whilst we are ready to be at each other's throats, it is necessary that our hands should be tied. Now would our dissatisfied radicals in their haste because the green apple is sour, or the young bean has neither flowers for the eye, nor pulse for the table, mend matters by knocking down the apple or by pulling up the bean? Yet this is the emblem of their course in seeking to destroy present institutions instead of assisting them to ripen into those of a happier future. Truly, if such hasty Absaloms or plaintive Jeremiahs of reform were not, as well as the institutions they fight against, facts in God's

providence, they would tempt one to waste a little indignation upon them. Let them grow in God's name to be wiser and more useful facts. Humanity does always the best thing it can, but it cannot do all things at once. Pains are incident to all times of growth or transition. The root fibres must branch off incoherently in all directions to imbibe juices for the young plant's nourishment, and the impulse of Humanity must seek around and below it in external nature for the satisfaction of its material wants through industry and art, before either can unite in a common stem those isolated fibres, or put forth in an arborescent order of boughs and branches, series and groups, that beautiful growth which will yield flowers and fruit, pleasures and treasures.

Meanwhile, let us not forget that God works through creature agencies, and that we represent the sap globules which must travel through the incoherent roots of the present arrangements and work to organize the bud of the young tree. Let us recollect that God has allotted to us the privilege of coöperating with him voluntarily and rationally, that the present is not a permanent state but only a period of growth, that the first and most important business of every man and woman is to discover, or if discovered, to coöperate in organizing the social order calculated to promote our true and full development and bring us into the unity of a true Christian brotherhood.

It is now eighteen hundred years since the flickering star-light of prophecy paled before the rising of the son of man, and it was said unto the people "love ye one another." Clouds darkened the dawning of our destiny, and the divine principle of love, omnipotent to save, finding no material sphere in the isolated household and competitive work-shop, wasted itself like the aurora that gleams upon the ices of the north, making death beautiful. Its light, thrown back from the solid ice of our ignorant selfishness, streamed forth into the spiritual world, and imaged there a phantasm of heaven, whose reality, like the presence of its God, lies before us waiting our efforts to embody it upon the earth. It is the condition of humanitarian progress that the aspiration for God's kingdom should be kindled in our hearts by a spiritual religion, before our reason could be induced to seek for the embodiment.

For the periods of social incoherence preceding the accomplishment of this ultimatum, that is, the discovery of a social mechanism, utilizing, harmonizing, and converging all interests, Christianity was necessarily a religion of sacrifice. Yet that this should not always continue, is foretold by Jesus in his sermon on the Mount, when after speaking of the goods



of this world and of the senses, he says "Seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The kingdom of heaven which we are told to seek, is a kingdom of order, of harmony, of mutual uses; wherein man, in his social combinations or movement, should imitate the dispositions employed by God in all other combinations and movements which nature displays, as in the planetary, the atomic, or the organic spheres, which possess a unitary arrangement into series and groups possessed of certain mathematical properties, and moved by the will of God as expressed in attraction, whose analysis relatively to the material world Newton has partially effected.

The series distribute the harmonies. It is an order which enables men to love one another and to realize the life of Christian brotherhood by uniting and converging interests. It utilizes all passions and all characters, requiring equally the accords or sympathies, and the discords which naturally exist; it thus converts into virtues those tendencies, which acting out of the true social order, are now pernicious to the common interests, and justly regarded as vices.

The destiny of man is composite, inverse and direct; the first, a social purgatory incompatible with our passions, and striving to suppress or denaturalize them; the second, a serial order which secures the full development of our passions or attractions, thus ensuring man's happiness by enabling him to obey the permanent revelation of God's will expressed in them; an obedience impossible until human reason had fulfilled her task by the discovery of the social order to which the passions and characters of men are co-ordinated. In this kingdom of uses the organization of labor, the basis of all that we have or hope for, holds the first rank.

It is this, which, by placing all above the reach of material destitution, will give us the position for commencing a true integral development. It is through the unity of man with nature, in the satisfaction of his material or sensuous wants, that he comes into unity with his fellow man, the co-operator in securing these benefits, and into unity with God their Creator and the arbiter of attraction.

The precept, to "love the Lord with all our hearts, and our neighbor as ourselves," has been to this day awaiting unity of interest as the material basis for its practical acceptance among mankind. The organization of industry and consequent convergence of interests give it at once this basis, (the mechanism will be subsequently explained.) The first step is to seek the kingdom of heavenly or harmonic order, a research to which those are called who, elevated by the love spirit

of christianity, have had their lower selfishness absorbed in the love of their race, and the desire to save it. The second step is the attraction of the mass of mankind into the social order discovered by these elect. The third step is the adding unto all, "these things," the goods of the world and of the senses, as a consequence of the attainment unto the kingdom of order and unity of interests.

To be Continued.

### SONNET.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

The mining grub that waits for wings,  
Pays for its lodging in the sod;  
And the arm'd fly that robs and stings,  
Hath work to do for man and God.  
Earth knows no wholly useless things,  
Save empty splendor and pretence:  
Then honor ye her throneless kings,  
Ye powers whom no slaves reverence!  
Honor the dynasty of hands;  
Revere the dynasty of minds;  
For—save the wild growth of all lands,—  
All the vast world of work of skill,  
All that inquiring wisdom finds,  
Exists in human thought and will.

*People's Journal.*

### THE SENTIMENTAL MANUFACTURER TO THE FACTORY GIRL.

Dear Maid, a song to thee I bring,  
Who well deserve the lay,  
Albeit my lip's unused to sing,  
Except where songs will pay.  
But looking o'er my ledger, love—  
That book of books to me—  
I felt the credits that I saw  
Were owing all to thee.

While 'mid the din of whirling wheels  
And clashing looms thou art,  
I sit at ease in my arm-chair,  
Or count my gains apart.  
I know thy hands have earned them all,  
And given them all to me;  
While thou for me art weaving cloth,  
I'll weave a song for thee.

Spirit and soul of dividends,  
In maiden form arrayed;  
Thou fairest gift that Mammon sends,  
Or Plutus ever made;  
Thy fingers, Midas-like, have turned  
My cotton into gold;  
The money that thy hands have earned,  
Has to my coffers rolled.

Yet would thy love for me, fair maid,  
Were pure as mine for thee!  
For then before my aching eye  
No pay-roll should I see.  
Oh! banish—banish from thy breast  
The base desire to hoard:  
How harshly grates upon my ear,  
"Three dollars and thy board."

I cannot deem thy woman's heart  
So filled with lust of gain—  
I feel the base reward of greed  
Must fill that heart with pain.  
Oh! fast as turn my factory wheels,  
May time bring round the day,  
When all thy work shall be for love,  
As now it is for pay.

*Chronotype.*

### THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,\*

SEQUEL TO

CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

"This question made me shudder and I hastened to reply in the negative. But he continued:

"Come! you are not willing to allow it, but I, I forget nothing and I have found in my memory a pleasant adventure which you cannot have forgotten either."

"I do not know what you refer to, sir," returned I leaving the battlement of the tower to resume the road to my cell.

"One moment, one moment," said Mayer. "Your key is in my pocket, and and you cannot enter in that manner without my conducting you. Permit me, my beautiful child, to say two words—"

"Not one more, sir, I wish to return to my room and I regret having left it."

"So you play the prude! As if nothing was known of your adventures! Then you thought I was so simple as not to recognize you when you were strolling over the Boehmer-wald with a not very bad looking black-eyed little fellow! Bah! I was indeed carrying off the strippling for the armies of the king of Prussia; but the lass would not have been for his nose; no, no! though they do say that he has had a fancy for you and that you have come here for having attempted to boast of it! what will you have? Fortune has caprices against which it is very useless to kick. You have fallen from very high! But I advise you not to be too proud and content yourself with whatever offers. I am only a small officer in garrison, but I am more powerful here than a king whom nobody knows and nobody fears because he commands from too high and too far off to be obeyed. You see well that I have the power to elude the orders and to soften your sentence. Do not be ungrateful and you will see that the protection of an adjutant at Spandaw is worth quite as much as that of a king at Berlin. You understand me? O! don't run, don't cry out. Don't be mad. It would occasion a scandal without any use; I shall say what I please, and you, you will not be believed. Come, I don't want to frighten you. I am naturally gentle and compassionate. Only make your reflections; and when I see you again remember that I can dispose of your lot, cast you into a dungeon or surround you with diversions and amusements, cause you to die of hunger without being called to account, or give you the means of escape without being

\* 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.

suspected; reflect, I say, I give you time—' And as I did not answer, terrified at not being able to withdraw myself from the insult of such pretensions and from the cruel humiliation of hearing them expressed, this odious man added, thinking doubtless that I hesitated: 'And why should you not decide at once? Are twenty-four hours necessary to recognize the only reasonable course to be pursued, and to respond to the love of an honest man, still young and rich enough to provide for you, in a foreign country, a much more agreeable residence than this ugly strong-hold!'

"Speaking thus, the ignoble recruiter approached me and seemed, with his air at once awkward and imprudent, to wish to bar my passage and seize my hands. I ran towards the battlements of the tower, quite determined to throw myself headlong into the ditch rather than allow myself to be stained by the most trifling of his caresses. But at this moment a strange sight struck my eyes and I hastened to draw the adjutant's attention towards that object in order to turn it from myself. That was my salvation, but alas! it almost cost the life of a being perhaps more worthy than I.

"Upon the elevated rampart which bounds the other side of the ditch, in front of the esplanade, a figure, which appeared gigantic, was running or rather leaping on the parapet with a rapidity and skill bordering on the miraculous. Arrived at the extremity of that rampart which is flanked by a tower at each end, the phantom threw itself upon the roof of the tower, which is on a level with the balustrade, and scaling that steep cone with the lightness of a cat, seemed to lose itself in the air.

"'What the devil is that?' cried the adjutant, forgetting his character as a gallant to resume the anxieties of a gaoler. 'A prisoner escaping, the devil take me! And the sentinel asleep, *par le corps de Dieu!* Sentinel!' cried he with the voice of a stentor, 'look out for yourself! alert! alert!' And running towards a battlement from which hangs an alarm bell, he put it in motion with a vigor worthy of so remarkable a professor of infernal music. I have never heard anything more discordant than that tocsin, interrupting with its sharp and clanging tone the august silence of the night. It was the savage cry of violence and brutality troubling the harmony of the free breathings of the waters and the breeze. In an instant all was alive in the prison. I heard the ominous sound of the muskets in the hands of the sentinels, who cocked their pieces and levelled them at random at the first object that showed itself. The esplanade was illuminated by a red light which dimmed the

beautiful azure reflections of the moon. It was a lantern lighted by Mr. Schwartz. Signals answered each other from one rampart to another and the echoes sent them back with a plaintive and enfeebled voice. The alarm gun soon threw its terrible and solemn note into this diabolical symphony. Heavy steps sounded on the tiles. I could see nothing; but I heard all these noises and my heart was oppressed with fear. Mayer had left me precipitately; but I did not think of rejoicing at my deliverance. I bitterly reproached myself for having pointed out to him, without knowing what it was, the escape of some unhappy prisoner. Frozen with terror, I awaited the termination of the adventure, shuddering at the sound of every gun fired at intervals, listening with anxiety if the cries of the wounded fugitive did not announce his disaster.

"All this lasted more than an hour, and, thanks to Heaven, the fugitive was neither seen nor hit. To be satisfied of this, I joined the Schwartzes upon the esplanade. They were so troubled and agitated themselves that they did not think to be astonished at seeing me out of my cell in the middle of the night. Perhaps also they had agreed with Mayer to let me come out that night. Schwartz, having run about like a mad-man and satisfied himself that none of the captives committed to his charge was missing, began to be somewhat tranquilized; but his wife and he were struck with a sorrowful consternation as if the salvation of a man were in their eyes a public and private calamity, an enormous attack upon celestial justice. The other turnkeys, the soldiers, who went and came quite aghast, exchanged with them words which expressed the same despair, the same terror. In their eyes, an attempt at escape is apparently the blackest of crimes. O God of goodness! how frightful they appeared to me, those mercenaries devoted to the barbarous employment of depriving their fellows of the sacred right of being free! But suddenly it seemed that supreme justice had resolved to inflict an exemplary punishment upon my two keepers. Madam Schwartz, having entered her lodging for an instant, came out again with loud cries:

"'Gottlieb! Gottlieb!' said she in a smothered voice. 'Stop! don't fire, don't kill my son! it is he, it is he, it certainly must be he!'

"In the midst of the agitation of the two Schwartzes, I gathered from the disjointed words, that Gottlieb was not in his bed nor in any corner of their dwelling, and that he probably had, without its being noticed, resumed his old habit of running over the roofs when asleep. Gottlieb was a somnambulist.

"As soon as this information was circu-

lated through the citadel, the emotion was calmed by degrees. Each gaoler had had time to go his rounds and to ascertain that no prisoner had disappeared. All returned quickly to their posts. The officers were delighted with this result; the soldiers laughed at their alarm; madam Schwartz, out of her senses, ran on every side, and her husband sadly explored the ditch, fearing that the concussion produced by the firing of the cannon and the musketry might have precipitated into it poor Gottlieb, awakened with a start upon his perilous course. I followed him in this exploration. The moment would have been favorable, perhaps, to have attempted an escape myself; for I seemed to see the gates open and every body inattentive; but I did not dwell upon this thought, absorbed as I was by that of finding the poor afflicted one who had testified so much affection for me.

"Still Mr. Schwartz, who never loses his wits entirely, seeing the day break, requested me to return to my room, because it was altogether contrary to his orders to permit me thus to wander about at unseasonable hours. He accompanied me in order to lock me in; but the first object which struck my eyes on entering my chamber was Gottlieb peacefully asleep in my arm-chair. He had happily found a refuge there before the alarm was spread over the whole fortress, or perhaps his sleep had been so sound and his course so swift that he had been able to escape all dangers. I advised his father not to waken him suddenly and promised to watch over him until madam Schwartz could be informed of this happy news.

"As soon as I was alone with Gottlieb I gently laid my hand upon his shoulder, and speaking in a low voice, I tried to question him. I had heard that somnambulists could be placed in communication with friendly persons and reply to them with clearness. My attempt succeeded wonderfully. 'Gottlieb,' said I to him, 'where then have you been to-night?'

"'To-night!' replied he; 'is it night already? I thought I saw the morning sun shine upon the roofs!'

"'Then you have been upon the roofs!'

"'O yes! The red-breast, that good little angel, came to call me at my window, and I flew out with him and we went very high, very far in the sky, quite near the stars, and almost to the dwellings of the angels. When we went away, to be sure, we met Beelzebub, who ran upon the roofs and parapets to catch us. But he cannot fly, not he! because God condemns him to a long penitence, and he sees angels and birds flying without being able to reach them.'

"And after having passed through

the clouds you descended here, nevertheless!"

"The red-breast said to me: 'Let us go and see my sister who is ill,' and I came back with him to find you in your cell."

"Then you can enter my cell, Gottlieb!"

"O yes! I have come several times to watch you since you have been ill. The red-breast steals the keys from under my mother's bolster, and Beelzebub may try as hard as he will, he cannot wake her when the angel has once put her to sleep by flying invisible around her head."

"Who has taught you to know angels and devils so well?"

"It is my master!" replied the somnambulist with an infantile smile, in which was depicted a simple enthusiasm.

"And who is your master?"

"God, first, and then — the sublime shoemaker."

"And how do you call that sublime shoemaker?"

"O! It is a great name! but it must not be spoken, you see; it is a name that my mother does not know. She does not know that I have two books in the hole of the chimney: one of sermons, which I do not read, but which I pretend to when she looks at me, and another which I have devoured for four years past, and which is my celestial bread, my spiritual life, the book of truth, the salvation and light of the soul."

"And who made that book?"

"He, the shoemaker of Corlitz, Jacob Bœhm!"

"Here we were interrupted by madam Schwartz, whom I with difficulty prevented from rushing towards her son and embracing him. This woman adores her offspring; may her sins be forgiven her! She wished to speak to him, but Gottlieb did not hear her, and I alone could induce him to return to his bed, where, as I was informed this morning, he peacefully continued his slumbers. He remembered nothing, though his strange disease and the alarm of last night are now the talk of all Spandaw."

"Here I am again in my cell after some hours of a very sad and very agitated half-liberty. I do not desire to leave it again at such a cost. Still I might escape perhaps! I shall think of nothing else now that I feel myself here under the hand of a villain and threatened with dangers worse than death, worse than an eternal suffering. I shall think of it seriously henceforth, and who knows? I shall succeed perhaps! It is said that a persevering will always accomplishes its object. O my God, protect me."

"May 5th. Since these last events I

have lived quite tranquilly. I have come to count my days of rest as days of happiness, and to thank God for them, as in prosperity we thank him for those which have passed without disaster. It is certain that we must know misfortune in order to issue from that apathetic ingratitude in which we usually live. I now reproach myself for having allowed so many beautiful days of my thoughtless youth to pass without appreciating their value and without blessing that Providence which granted them to me. I did not say to myself often enough in those times, that I did not deserve them, and it is on that account, without doubt, that I in some degree do deserve the evils which are now heaped upon me.

"I have not again seen that odious recruiter, now become more frightful to me than he was on the banks of the Moldaw, when I took him quite simply for an ogre, a devourer of children. Now I see in him a persecutor more abominable and more dangerous still. When I think of the revolting pretensions of that wretch, of the authority he exercises about me, of the facility with which he could introduce himself at night into my chamber, without the Schwartzes, servile and avaricious animals, being willing to protect me against him, I feel myself dying of shame and despair. I look at those pitiless bars which would not permit me to cast myself from the window. I cannot procure poison, I have not even a weapon with which to pierce my breast. Still I have some reasons for hope and confidence which I delight to invoke in my thoughts, for I do not wish to permit myself to be weakened by fear. In the first place Schwartz does not like the adjutant, who, from what I have understood, speculates in advance of him upon the necessities and desires of his prisoners, by selling to them, to the great injury of Schwartz, who would wish to have the monopoly, a little light, a ray of the sun, a morsel of bread in addition to the ration and other munificences of the prison discipline. Then these Schwartzes, the woman especially, begin to have some friendship for me, in consequence of that which Gottlieb manifests, and in consequence of the salutary influence which they say I have upon his mind. If I were threatened, they would not come to my assistance; but as soon as I should be so seriously, I could, through them, make my complaints reach the commander of the garrison. He is a man who appeared gentle and humane the only time I have seen him. Gottlieb, moreover, would be prompt to render me that service, and without entering into any explanation, I have already arranged with him to that effect. He is quite ready to carry a letter which I have also ready.

But I hesitate to ask for help before the danger really comes; for my enemy, if he ceases to annoy me, might turn off as a jest, a declaration which I should have had the ridiculous prudery to consider as serious. However this may be, I sleep with one eye open, and I exercise my muscular strength for a pugilistic combat in case of need. I lift my furniture, I strengthen my arms against the iron bars of my window, I hardened my hands by striking against the walls. If any one saw me thus exercising myself he would consider me crazy or despairing. Still I undertake it with the greatest coolness, and have discovered that my physical strength is much greater than I had supposed. In that state of security in which our ordinary life passes, we do not enquire into our means of defence, we do not know them. On finding myself strong, I feel myself become brave and my confidence in God increases with my efforts to second his protection. I often remember those fine verses which Porpora told me he had read upon the wall of a dungeon of the inquisition at Venice:

Di chi mi fido, mi guard' Iddio;  
Di chi non mi fido, mi guardero io.\*

More happy than the unfortunate who traced this sombre invocation, I can at least trust without reserve to the chastity and devotedness of this poor *exalté* Gottlieb. His attacks of somnambulism have not again appeared; his mother moreover watches him assiduously. During the day he comes to talk with me in my chamber. I have not been willing to descend to the esplanade since I there met Mayer.

"Gottlieb has explained to me his religious ideas. They appear very beautiful, though often strange, and I have wished to read his theology of Bœhm, since decidedly he is a Bœhmist, in order to know what he has added of his own to the enthusiastic reveries of the illustrious shoemaker. He has lent me that precious book and I have entered upon it at my risk and peril. I now understand how the reading of it has troubled a simple mind which has taken literally the symbols of a mystic, rather crazed himself. I do not pride myself upon understanding them or explaining them well, but I seem to see in them a ray of high religious divination and the inspiration of a generous poetry. What has struck me most is his theory respecting the devil. 'In the combat with Lucifer, God did not destroy him. Blind mortals, you do not see the reason of this. It is that God fought against God. It was the struggle of one portion of the Divinity

\* From those whom I trust, may God protect me;  
From those whom I distrust, I will protect myself.

against the other.' I remember that Albert explained to me somewhat in the same manner, the terrestrial and transitory reign of the evil principle and that the chaplain of Riesenbourg listened to him with horror and condemned this belief as *manicheism*. Albert pretended that our Christianity was a manicheism more complete and more superstitious than his own, inasmuch as it consecrates the eternity of the evil principle, while in his system he admitted the restoration of the bad principle, that is to say, conversion and reconciliation. Evil, according to Albert, was only error, and divine light was one day to dissipate the error and cause the evil to cease. I confess, my friends, even should I appear to you very much of a heretic, that this eternal condemnation of Satan to occasion evil, to love it and to close his eyes to the truth, appeared then and still appears to me an impious idea.

"In fine, Jacob Bœhm seems to me a millenarian, that is, a believer in the resurrection of the just and their abode with Jesus Christ, upon a new earth born from the dissolution of the present, during a thousand years of happiness without cloud and of wisdom without veil; after which will come the complete reunion of souls with God, and the recompences of eternity more perfect even than the *millenium*. I well remember having heard this symbol explained by count Albert, when he related to me the stormy history of his old Bohemia and of his dear Taborites, who were imbued with these beliefs renewed from the first ages of Christianity. Albert believed in all this in a less material sense, and without deciding upon the duration of the resurrection, or upon the period of the future age of the world. But he prophetically perceived and foresaw an approaching dissolution of human society which was to give place to an era of sublime renovation; neither did Albert doubt that his soul, issuing from the narrow passes of death to recommence here below a new series of existences, would be called to contemplate that Providential recompense and those days, by turns terrible and magnificent, promised to the efforts of the human race. This magnanimous faith which seemed monstrous to the orthodox inhabitants of Riesenbourg and which has passed into me after having at first seemed so new and so strange, is a faith of all ages and of all people; and in spite of the efforts of the Roman Church to stifle it, or in spite of her inability to enlighten it and to purify it of its material and superstitious sense, I see well that it has filled and excited to enthusiasm many ardently pious souls. It is even said that great saints have had it. I therefore give myself up to it without remorse and without

fear, certain that an idea adopted by Albert cannot be other than a grand idea. It delights me moreover, and spreads quite a celestial poetry over my thoughts of death and the sufferings which will doubtless precede it in my own case. This Jacob Bœhm pleases me. That disciple who is in the Schwartzes' dirty kitchen, busied with sublime reveries and surrounded by celestial visions, while his parents knead, traffic and brutify themselves, appears to me very pure and touching, with his book which he knows by heart without well understanding it, and his shoe which he has undertaken in order to model his life upon that of his master without succeeding. Infirm in body and mind, but simple, candid and of an angelic purity! Poor Gottlieb, destined doubtless to be crushed by falling from the height of a rampart in your imaginary flight through the sky, or to sink under the weight of premature infirmities! You will have passed over the earth like an unknown saint, like an exiled angel, without having understood evil, without having known happiness, without having even felt the warmth of the sun that enlightens the world, in consequence of contemplating the mystic sun that shines in your thought! No one will have known you, no one will have pitied and admired you as you deserve! And I, who alone have discovered the secret of your meditations, I who, comprehending also the beau ideal, would have had strength to seek for and realize it in my life, I shall die like you in the flower of my youth, without having acted, without having lived. There are in the crevices of these walls which shelter and consume us both, some poor little plants which the wind breaks and the sun never colors. They dry there without flowering and without bearing fruit. Still they seem to renew themselves, but it is seeds from afar which the breeze brings to the same spots, and which endeavor to grow and to live upon the remains of the former ones. Thus do captives vegetate and thus are prisons repopled.

"But is it not strange that I should find myself here with an extatic of an order inferior to that of Albert, but attached like him to a secret religion, to a belief which is laughed at, persecuted or despised? Gottlieb assures me that there are many other Bœhmists in this country, that many shoemakers profess his doctrines openly, and that the fundamentals of that doctrine are implanted through all ages in the souls of numerous philosophers and unknown prophets belonging to the common people, who formerly excited Bohemia to fanaticism and who at this day nourish a secret flame under the ashes throughout all Germany. I remember indeed those ardent Hussite

shoemakers, whose bold predictions and terrible exploits in the time of John Ziska Albert related to me. The very name of Jacob Bœhm attests this glorious origin. I know not indeed what is passing in the contemplative brain of patient Germany; my noisy and dissipated life withdraws me from such an examination. But were Gottlieb and Zdenko the last disciples of the mysterious religion which Albert preserved as a precious talisman, I feel none the less that this religion is my own, since it proclaims future equality among men, and the future manifestation of the justice and goodness of God upon the earth. O yes! I must indeed believe in that kingdom of God announced to men by Christ, I must indeed count upon an overthrow of these iniquitous monarchies and of these impure societies, in order not to lose my faith in Providence on seeing myself here.

"No news from prisoner number two. If Mayer did not invent an impudent falsehood in relating to me her words, it is Amelia of Prussia who thus accuses me of treachery. May God pardon her for doubting me who did not doubt her in spite of the same accusations respecting her. I will make no more attempts to see her. While seeking to justify myself I might compromise her anew, as I have already done without knowing how.

"My red-breast keeps me faithful company. On seeing Gottlieb without his cat in my chamber he has become familiarized with him, and poor Gottlieb is completely mad with pride and joy. He calls him *lord*, and does not allow himself to be familiar with him. It is with the deepest respect and a kind of religious trembling that he presents to him his food. I have tried in vain to persuade him that this is only a bird like the others; I cannot persuade him that it is not a celestial spirit who has taken this form. I endeavor to divert him by giving him some notions about music, and he really has, I am certain, a very fine musical intelligence. His parents are enchanted with my attentions, and have offered to put a spinet into one of their rooms, where I could give lessons to their son and practice also for myself. But I dare not accept this proposition, which would have filled me with joy some days since. I do not even dare to sing any more in my chamber, so much do I fear to attract here that gross lover of music, that ex-professor of the trumpet, whom may God confound!"

"May 10th. For a long while I have asked myself what had become of those unknown friends, whose wonderful protectors whose intervention in my affairs the count de Saint-Germain announced to me

and who had apparently interfered in them only to hasten the disasters with which the royal good-will threatened me. If they were the conspirators whose punishment I share, they have been all dispersed or overthrown at the same time with myself, thought I, or else they have abandoned me on my refusal to escape from the clutches of M. Broddenbrock on the day when I was transferred from Berlin to Spandaw. Well, now they have again made their appearance, and have taken Gottlieb for their emissary. How rash! may they not draw upon the head of this innocent the same misfortunes as upon mine!

"This morning Gottlieb brought a billet in these words; 'We are working for thy deliverance; the moment approaches. But a new danger threatens thee; which would retard the success of our enterprise. Distrust any one who would induce thee to escape before we have given thee sure notice and precise details. A snare is laid for thee. Be upon thy guard and persevere in thy strength. Thy brothers,

*The Invisibles.'*

"This billet fell at the feet of Gottlieb as he was crossing one of the prison yards this morning. He firmly believed that it fell from Heaven or that the red-breast had some hand in it. By making him talk without endeavoring too much to oppose his fairy notions, I have learned something which may perhaps have a foundation in truth. I asked him if he knew what were the *Invisibles*.

"'No one knows,' replied he, 'though every body pretends to know.'

"'What, Gottlieb, then you have heard of persons who are called by that name?'

"'At the time when I was serving my apprenticeship with the master-shoemaker in the city, I heard a great many things about them.'

"'They are talked about then? The people know them?'

"'This is how it came to my ears, and among all the words which I have heard these are of the small number that are worth the trouble of listening to and retaining. A good workman among our comrades had wounded his hand so severely that there was talk of cutting it off. He was the sole support of a numerous family whom he had till then assisted with much courage and love. He came to visit us with his hand bound up and sadly said on seeing us at work: 'you are very happy to have your hands free! As for me, I shall soon be obliged, I think, to go to the hospital, and my poor mother will have to ask charity to keep my little brothers and sisters from dying of hunger.' A contribution was proposed. But we were all so poor, and

I, though born of rich parents, had so little money at my disposal, that we could not collect enough to assist our poor comrade to any purpose. Each one, having emptied his pocket, sought in his brains for some method to relieve Franz from his unfortunate condition. But none was found, for Franz had knocked at all the doors, and had been repulsed every where. They say that the king is very rich and that his father left him a great treasure. But they also say that he uses it to equip soldiers; and as that was in time of war, the king absent and every body in fear of want, the poor people suffered a great deal, and Franz could not get sufficient aid from the good hearts—as to the bad hearts, they never have a copper at their disposal. Suddenly a young man in the shop said to Franz: "In your place I know well what I would do; but perhaps you will not have the courage." "It is not courage that will be wanting," said Franz; "what must I do?" "You must apply to the Invisibles." Franz appeared to understand, for he shook his head with an air of repugnance and did not reply. Some young men, who like myself did not know what it meant, asked for an explanation and were answered on all sides.

"You don't know the Invisibles? what children you are! The Invisibles are people who are not seen but who act. They do all sorts of good and all sorts of evil. No one knows if they live any where, but they are every where. It is said they are to be found in the four quarters of the world. It is they who assassinate many travellers and who assist many others against robbers, according as those travellers are judged by them worthy of punishment or protection. They are the instigators of all revolutions; they go into all courts, direct all affairs, decide upon war or peace, ransom the prisoners, relieve the unfortunate, punish the wicked, make kings tremble on their thrones; in fine they are the cause of all the happiness and unhappiness there is in the world. They are perhaps mistaken more than once; but finally it is said they have always good intentions; and moreover who can say if what is unhappiness to day will not be the cause of great happiness to-morrow?"

"We listened to this with great astonishment and great admiration' pursued Gottlieb, 'and little by little I heard enough to be able to tell you all that is thought of the Invisibles among the workmen and the poor ignorant people. Some say that they are wicked men devoted to the devil, who communicates to them his power, the gift of knowing hidden things, the power of tempting men by the bait of riches and honors of which they can dispose, the faculty of knowing the future,

of making gold, of curing the sick, of making the old young again, of reusci-tating the dead, of preserving the living from death, for it is they who have discovered the philosopher's stone and the elixir of long life. Others think that they are religious and benevolent men who have put their fortunes in common to assist the unfortunate and who agree together to reform abuses and to recompense virtue. In our workshop each made his comment: "It is the ancient order of the Templars" said one. "They are now called free masons," said another. "No" said a third, "they are *Herrnhuters* of Zinzendorf, otherwise called the Moravian brothers, the ancient Brothers of the Union, the ancient Orphans of mount Tabor; in fine, it is old Bohemia which is still erect and which secretly threatens all the powers of Europe, because it wishes to make of the universe one republic."

"Others still pretended that they were only a handful of sorcerers, pupils and disciples of Paracelsus, of Bœhm, of Swedenborg, and now of *Schrapfer the coffee house-keeper*, (this is a fine juxtaposition) who by enchantments and infernal practices wish to govern the world and overturn empires. The greater number agreed in saying that it was the ancient secret tribunal of the franc-judges, which had never been dissolved in Germany and which, after having acted in the dark for several centuries, began to raise its head boldly and to cause to be felt its arm of iron, its sword of fire and its scales of diamond.

"As to Franz, he hesitated to apply to them because, as he said, when you had accepted their benefits, you found yourself bound to them for this life and for the other, to the great detriment of your salvation and the great peril of your relations. Still necessity conquered fear. One of our comrades, he who had given him the advice and who was strongly suspected of being connected with the Invisibles, though he earnestly denied it, secretly communicated to him the means of making what he called the signal of distress. We never knew in what that signal consisted. Some said that Franz traced a cabalistic mark with his blood upon his door. Others, that he went at night upon a hill between four roads, at the foot of a cross, where a black rider appeared to him. Finally there were some who spoke simply of a letter that he had deposited in the hollow of an old weeping willow at the entrance of the cemetery. What is certain is, that he was assisted, that his family were enabled to await his cure without begging and that he had the means of employing a skilful surgeon who got him out of the difficulty. Of the Invisibles he never

said a word except that he should bless them all his life. And this, my sister, is the way in which I first learned the existence of those terrible and beneficent beings.'

"'But you, who are more learned than those young men of your workshop,' said I to Gottlieb, 'what do you think of the Invisibles? are they sectarians, charlatans or conspirators?'

"Here Gottlieb, who had expressed himself hitherto very rationally, fell into his accustomed wanderings, and I could gather nothing from him but that they were beings of a nature really invisible, impalpable, and who, like God and his angels, could not be perceived by our senses except in assuming certain appearances for the purpose of communicating with men.

"'It is very evident,' said he, 'that the end of the world approaches. Manifest signs have appeared. The anti-Christ is born. There are some who say that he is in Prussia and is named Voltaire; but I do not know this Voltaire, and it may be some other, especially as V is not W, and as the name which the anti-Christ will bear among men will begin with that letter and will be German.\* While awaiting the great miracles which are to be displayed in this age, God, who never interferes ostensibly, God, who is eternal silence,† raises up amongst us beings of a superior order for good and for evil: the latter to prove the just, the former to make them triumph. And then, the great combat between the two principles has already commenced. The king of evil, the father of error and of ignorance defends himself in vain. The arch-angels have drawn the bow of science and of truth. Their arrows have pierced the cuirass of Satan. Satan groans and still contends; but soon he will renounce falsehood, lose all his venom, and, instead of the impure blood of reptiles, feel the dew of pardon circulate in his veins. This is the clear and certain explanation of all that is incomprehensible and frightful in the world. Good and evil are struggling together in an upper region inaccessible to the efforts of men. Victory and defeat hover over our heads without any one's being able to determine them at his will. Frederick of Prussia attributes to the force of his arms the successes which destiny alone has granted him, while waiting to destroy or to raise him according to its hidden end. Yes, I tell you, it is quite natural that men should no longer comprehend anything that happens upon the earth. They see impiety assume the weapons of faith, and reciprocally. They suffer oppression, misery and all the evils of discord, and their

prayers are not heard, the miracles of the ancient religion do not interfere. They no longer agree about anything, they quarrel without knowing why. They march blindfold towards an abyss. It is the Invisibles who impel them thither; but men do not know if the miracles which attest their mission be of God or of the devil, as in the commencement of Christianity, Simon the magician appeared to many quite as powerful, quite as divine as the Christ. But I tell you that all miracles come from God, since Satan could not perform any without His permission, and that among those who are called the Invisibles there are some who act from the direct light of the Holy Ghost, while others receive their power through a cloud, and do good by fatality, thinking to do evil.'

"'This is a very abstract explanation, my dear Gottlieb; is it Jacob Bæhm's or your own?'

"'It is his, if you wish so to understand it; it is mine if his inspiration has not suggested it to me.'

"'Well and good, Gottlieb! I am as wise as before, since I do not know if these Invisibles are good or evil angels for me.'

"May 12th. Wonders do commence in fact, and my destiny is shaken in the hands of the Invisibles. I shall say, as does Gottlieb: are they of God or of the devil? To day Gottlieb was called by the sentinel who guards the esplanade, and has his post upon the little bastion which terminates it. That sentinel, according to Gottlieb, is no other than an Invisible, a spirit. The proof of this is that Gottlieb, who knows all those on guard and talks freely with them when they amuse themselves by ordering shoes of him, has never seen this one; and then he appeared to him to be of more than human stature, and his face has an indefinable expression. 'Gottlieb,' said he to him in a very low voice, 'the Porporina must be liberated in three nights. That depends on you; you can take the keys of her chamber from under your mother's pillow, lead her across your kitchen, and bring her here to the end of the esplanade. Then I will take care of the rest. Give her notice that she may be ready; and remember that if you lack prudence and zeal, she, you and I, are all lost.'

"This is my situation. That message has made me ill with emotion. All this night I have been feverish; all this night I have heard the mysterious violin. To fly! to leave this sad prison, to escape above all from the terrors which that Mayer causes me! Ah! if I need risk only my life for that, I am ready; but what will be the consequences of my flight to Gottlieb, to that sentinel whom I

do not know and who devotes himself so gratuitously, in fine for those unknown accomplices who are about to assume a new burden! I tremble, I hesitate, I can decide upon nothing. I still write to you without thinking of any preparations for flight. No, I will not fly before being satisfied respecting the consequences to my friends and protectors. This poor Gottlieb is resolved upon all! When I ask him if he fears nothing, he replies that he would joyfully suffer martyrdom for my sake, and when I add that he will perhaps regret not seeing me any more, he says that is his concern and that I do not know what he intends to do. Besides all this seems to him an order from Heaven, and he obeys without reflection the invisible power which impels him; but for myself, I read over attentively the billet from the Invisibles which I received a few days since, and I fear that the message of this sentinel may be in fact the snare against which I must be on my guard. I have still forty-eight hours before me. If Mayer again makes his appearance, I risk all; if he continues to forget me, and I have no better guarantee than the word of an unknown, I remain."

"13th. Oh! decidedly I trust myself to destiny, to Providence which sends to me unexpected help. I depart, I rest upon the powerful arm which covers me with its ægis!—on walking this morning upon the esplanade, where I ventured in the hope of receiving some new revelation from the spirits who surround me, I looked at the bastion where the sentinel has his post. There were two, one who mounted guard with his musket on his arm; another who went and came as if he sought for something. The tall stature of the latter attracted my attention; it seemed as if he was not unknown to me. But I could look at him only by stealth; and at every turn I was obliged to walk away from him. Finally, in a moment when I was going towards him, he also came towards us, as if by chance; and though he was upon a glacis much higher than our's, I recognized him completely. A cry almost escaped me. It was Karl the Bohemian, the deserter whom I had saved from the clutches of Mayer in the forest of Bohemia, the Karl whom I afterwards again saw at Roswald in Moravia, at count Hoditz's and who sacrificed to me a project of fearful vengeance. He is a man devoted to me body and soul, and whose savage face, broad flat nose, red beard and delph-colored eyes seemed to me to day beautiful as the features of Gabriel.

"'That is he,' said Gottlieb to me in a low voice, 'that is the emissary of the Invisibles, an Invisible himself, I am certain! at least he could be if he wished. That is your liberator, that is he how

\* This might mean Weishaupt. He was born in 1748.

† An expression of Jacob Bæhm.



will get you out of here to-morrow night! My heart beat so strongly that I could hardly stand; tears of joy escaped from my eyes. To hide my emotion from the other sentinel I approached the parapet, withdrawing from the bastion, and pretended to look at the plants in the ditch. Still by a side glance I saw Karl and Gottlieb exchange without much mystery some words that I could not hear. After some moments had elapsed, Gottlieb returned near me and said rapidly: 'He is going to descend here, he is going into our house to drink a bottle of wine. Pretend not to notice him. My father has gone out. While my mother goes to get the wine at the canteen, you will return to the kitchen as if on your way to your room, and you can speak with him an instant.'

"In fact, when Karl had talked some minutes with madam Schwartz, who does not disdain to refresh the veterans of the citadel for her own profit, I saw Gottlieb appear upon the threshold. I understood this was the signal. I entered, I found myself alone with Karl. Gottlieb had followed his mother to the canteen. Poor child! It seems as if friendship had suddenly revealed to him the craft and presence of mind necessary for the practice of real things. He designedly committed a thousand awkwardnesses, let the candle fall, made his mother impatient, and kept her long enough for me to come to an understanding with my liberator.

"Signora," said Karl to me, 'here I am! I see you once more. I was retaken by the recruiters, it was in my destiny. But the king recognized me and forgave me, on your account perhaps. Then he gave me permission to depart, even promising me some money which however he did not give me. I was returning to my country when I learned that you were here. I went to a famous sorcerer in order to know how I must go to work to help you. The sorcerer sent me to prince Henry, and prince Henry sent me back to Spandaw. There are about us some powerful persons whom I do not know, but who are at work for you. They spare neither money nor labor, I assure you! In fine, all is ready. To-morrow evening the gates will open of their own accord before us. All who could bar the passage against us are gained over. The Schwartzes alone are not in our interest, but to-morrow their slumbers will be heavier than usual, and when they wake you will already be far away. We carry with us Gottlieb, who desires to follow you. I decamp with you, we risk nothing, all is foreseen. Be ready, signora, and now return to the esplanade, so that the old woman may not see you here.' I could only express my gratitude to Karl by tears, and I ran to hide them

from the inquisitorial glance of madam Schwartz.

"O my friends, I shall then see you once again! I shall press you in my arms! I shall escape once more from this frightful Mayer. I shall see again the broad expanse of the sky, the smiling fields, Venice, Italy. I shall sing again, I shall again find sympathy! O! this prison has retempered my life and renewed my heart which was being extinguished in the languor of indifference. How I will live, how I will love, how I will be pious and good!

"And yet, profound enigma of the human heart! I feel terrified and almost sad at the idea of leaving this cell in which I have passed three months in a perpetual effort of courage and resignation; that esplanade on which I have walked under the influence of so many melancholy reveries; those old walls which appeared to me so high, so cold, so serene in the moonlight! And that broad ditch the mournful waters of which are of so beautiful a green, and those thousands of sad flowers which the spring has sown upon its banks! And my red-breast above all! Gottlieb pretends that he will follow us; but at that hour he will be asleep in his ivy and will not perceive our departure. O dear little creature! may you become the companion and the consolation of her who shall succeed me in this cell! May she cherish and respect you as I have done!

"Now, I am going to try to sleep in order to be strong and calm to-morrow. I seal this manuscript, which I wish to carry with me. I have procured by means of Gottlieb, a fresh provision of paper, pencils and taper, which I wish to leave in my hiding place in order that these riches invaluable to a prisoner may become the joy of some other after me."

Here ends Consuelo's journal. We resume the faithful recital of her adventures.

To be continued.

## THE HARBINGER.

### THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

### SECTION III.—NOTICE V.

ON EDUCATION.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

##### Of the Little Hordes.

Let us first analyze their attributes and their civic virtues. If they appear colossal, it will only be the more interesting to examine by what springs attraction can call forth these generous efforts, such as Civilization dares not dream of, in spite of its propensity for moral and philanthropic chimeras.

The Little Hordes hold the rank of the *soldiery of God* in the service of industrial unity: by this title, they must be the first in the breach, wherever unity is in danger; and we shall see in the fifth Section that, for the support of unity, they have to take charge of all those branches of industry which, otherwise, from their repugnant character, would require hired laborers and the classes esteemed vulgar.

In the performance of these labors they divide themselves into three bodies; the first devoted to unclean functions, as draining, manuring, and so forth; the second to dangerous labors, to the extermination of reptiles, to feats of dexterity; the third participating in both kinds. The whole class, composed of the *lyceons* and *gymnasians*, of both sexes, will be mounted on dwarf horses.

Upon them will devolve the daily duty of keeping the public roads in order: it is to the patriotic pride of the Little Hordes that Harmony will be indebted for grand roads throughout its whole domain, more sumptuous than the aisles of our parterres—roads ornamented with trees and shrubs and even with flowers in the perspective.

If the slightest damage happens to a post-route, the alarm is instantly sounded, the Little Hordes go and repair it for the time being, and pitch a temporary pavilion used in case of accidents, through fear lest the damage should be perceived by passers by and should lead them to accuse the Phalanx of having a bad Horde;—a reproach which it would equally incur if they should find a poisonous reptile, or a nest of caterpillars, or should hear a croaking of toads by the road-side: this uncleanness would bring the Phalanx into disrepute and would lower the price of its shares.

Although the labor of the Little Hordes is the most difficult of all, through its want of direct attractiveness, (Chapter VIII.) yet they receive the smallest remuneration of all the series. They would not accept anything, if it were considered decent in Association to receive no share. They accept only the smallest share, which, however, does not prevent each one of their members from gaining the highest rates in other occupations; but, as a corporation which has unitary philanthropy for its object, they make the most gratuitous devotion possible their law.

To give éclat to this devotion, they allow the Little Hordes (although they are composed of children under age), to sacrifice, from the time that they are nine years old, one-eighth part of their fortune in the service of God or of Unity, words synonymous, since unity or harmony is the end of God. Thus a child who possesses 80,000 francs, of which he has not the disposal before his majority, has the right to withdraw 10,000 after he is nine years old, and turn it over to the treasury of the Little Hordes, if he is a member of that body. And what is more, it will not be an easy matter for rich children to obtain this favor, in spite of the offers of handsome sums, which in Civilization would be the pledge of a brilliant reception.

When the session is held for the division of profits, the Little Hordes bring all their personal property; and if any series complains of not getting its fair proportion by a hundred or two of louis, the Little Khan carries a basket of two hundred louis to the chief of that series; they

are bound to accept it; in refusing it they would outrage opinion, which has decided beforehand that the Sacred Legion has the right to sacrifice its fortune for the support of unity, for the reparation of any mistakes which the judgments of men may have committed. It is a severe rebuke to that series, a hint to organize itself better another year, to distribute its assortment of characters, of rivalries, in a more scientific manner, so as not to occasion at the next division of profits any discussion to the injury of unity. A Phalanx which should get the name of being subject to such misunderstandings at the decisive moment, at the time of the distribution of profits, would fall into general discredit, as if its scale of characters were false; its stock would fall; the holders of it would pass it off as fast as possible, because they know in Harmony that the material part or industry is in danger, if the passional is in discord; and that the passional also is in danger if the material is not satisfied.

The Little Hordes being the pivot of all the civic virtues, they must employ for the good of society the *self-denial* recommended by Christianity, and the *contempt of riches* recommended by philosophy: they must combine and practise all the virtues feigned or dreamed of in Civilization. The preservers of social honor, they must crush the head of the serpent both in the physical and in the moral; while they purge the fields of reptiles, they also purge society of a venom worse than that of vipers; they stifle, by their treasures, every conflict of cupidity which might interrupt the concord; and by their unclean labors they stifle pride which, in looking down on an industrious class, would tend to bring back all the spirit of caste, to destroy the general friendship, and prevent the fusion of all classes. It is one of the bases of the Associative mechanism, which depends upon industrial attraction, an equilibrium in the division of profits, the fusion of classes, and the equilibrium of population.

To obtain such prodigies of virtue from childhood, it would seem necessary to recur to supernatural means, as our monastics do, who by very austere noviciates accustom the neophyte to abnegation of himself. The opposite course, however, will be followed; with the Little Hordes they will employ only the stimulus of pleasure.

Let us analyze the sources of their virtues; they are four, and all reprov'd by moralism; namely, the love of dirt, pride, impudence, and insubordination. It is by giving themselves up to these pretended vices, that the Little Hordes elevate themselves to the practice of all the virtues. Let us examine this, availing ourselves of an infallible guide.

I have said that the theory of attraction must confine itself to the one end of making useful the passions such as God gives them, and without changing anything. In support of this principle, I have justified nature in several of the attractions of an early age, which have seemed vicious; such are *curiosity* and *inconstancy*; their true end is to attract the child into a number of serистерies in which his natural vocations may develop themselves. Such too is the propensity to seek the company of older blackguard boys; because from them, in Harmony, the child receives the impulse and the

charm which draws him on to industry, (ascending emulation, Chapter XIX.) *Disobedience to parents and preceptors* is another; because they are not the ones who ought to educate him; his education should be effected by the cabalistic rivalries of the groups. Thus all the natural impulses of early youth are good, and even those of more advanced youth, provided they be exercised in passional series.

It will not be possible the first day to attract a Horde to repugnant labors; it will be necessary to lead them to it by degrees. First their pride must be excited by the supremacy of rank; every authority, monarchs even, salute the Little Hordes first; they possess the dwarf horses and are the first cavalry of the globe. No industrial army can open its campaign without the Little Hordes; it is their prerogative to put the first hand to every work of unity; they render themselves at the army on the day appointed for the opening; the engineers have traced out the work, and the Little Hordes, defiling on the front of the line of battle, give the first charge amid the acclamations of the army. They pass some days there, and signalize themselves in numerous labors.

They take precedence of all the other groups; and at all the morning parades the command devolves upon one of the little Khans. If some industrial legions have encamped in a Phalanx, they assemble immediately after the morning repast in formal parade to salute them on their departure, and the little Khan commands, He has his staff like a general, a prerogative which charms the children, as well as admission into the army, which is only granted to the Little Hordes or to some elect ones from the Little Bands who are only received by the protection of the Hordes.

In the temples, a Little Horde takes its place at the sanctuary; and in the ceremonies it always holds the post of honor.

These distinctions have for their end to utilize their propensity for dirty functions. It is necessary by the fumes of glorification, which cost nothing, to rouse in them a passion for these labors, and to create for them a career of glory; for this their tendency to pride, to impudence, and to insubordination is favored.

They have their slang dialect (*argot*) or language of cabal, and their little artillery: they have also their druids and druidesses, who are acolytes chosen among aged persons, who preserve a taste for dirty functions, and to whom this service procures numerous advantages.

The method to be followed with the Little Hordes is to utilize their passion for dirt, but not to use it up by fatiguing labors. In order not to exhaust this passion they employ it gaily, honorably and in short sessions; for example:

If there is some very filthy labor to be done, the Hordes of four or five neighboring Phalanxes are assembled; they come to partake of the early morning repast which is served at a quarter before five in the morning; then, after the religious hymn at five, and the parade of the groups who go out to labor, the charge is sounded for the Little Hordes, by the confused hurly-burly of tocsins, chimes, drums, trumpets, barking of dogs and lowing of cattle; then the Hordes, con-

ducted by their Khans and their Druids, start forth with loud cries, passing in front of the priesthood who sprinkle them; they rush with frenzy to their labor, which is executed like a work of piety, an act of charity towards the Phalanx, a service of God and unity.

The labor finished, they pass to their ablutions and their toilette; then dispersing amongst the gardens and the workshops until eight, they return to assist triumphally at the breakfast. There, each Horde receives a crown of oak leaves which they fasten to their banner, and after the breakfast, they remount and return to their respective Phalanxes.

They are necessarily affiliated with the priesthood by the title of religious brotherhood, and in the exercise of their functions they wear a religious badge, a cross or some other emblem on their dress. Among their industrial incentives, we must not neglect the religious spirit, a very strong motive to devotedness in children.

After having electrified them in the corporate discharge of difficult functions, it will be easy to adapt them to the habitual routine of dirty work in the chambers, the butcheries, the kitchens, the stables and the laundry. They are always on foot by three o'clock in the morning, taking the initiative in labor in the Phalanx, as well as in the army.

They are the supreme police in all that pertains to the animal kingdom, and keep watch in the butcheries that no one cause an animal to suffer, but that they be put to death in the gentlest way. Whoever maltreats a quadruped, a bird, a fish, an insect, abusing the animal for his own purposes, or causing it to suffer in the butcheries, will be amenable to the Divan of the Little Hordes; whatever his age, he will see himself brought up before a tribunal of children, as one inferior in reason to children themselves; for it is a rule in Harmony that, inasmuch as animals are productive only when well treated, he who, according to the French custom, maltreats these beings which are not in a condition to resist, is more an animal himself than the beasts he persecutes.

The Model Phalanx will not have such means for awakening an enthusiasm in its Little Horde, as it would if general relations existed between it and other Phalanxes; but it will approximate to the point by some circumstantial means, such as the contrasts to be established between the Little Horde and the Little Band. For example, in costumes: the Little Bands have chivalric and romantic dresses, and practise the modern manœuvre, or the rectilinear mode, named squadron; the Little Hordes have the Tartar manœuvre or curvilinear mode, grotesque dresses, and probably the semi-barbarous half-and-half Hungarian costume, the dolman and pantaloons of glaring colors, varied for each individual, so that the Horde looks like a square of tulips richly variegated; a hundred cavaliers would display two hundred colors contrasted in an artistic manner:—a very embarrassing problem for *la belle France*, who, with her mercantile perfectibilities, has never known how to find forty colors wherewith to differentiate methodically, with two prominent colors, the distinctive marks of her regiments.

More ample details on this subject are given in the treatise on *Universal Unity*.

I have said enough to show that a corporation of children, given up to all the tastes which moralism prohibits to their age, is the spring which will realize all the chimeras of virtue in which moralists indulge:

1. *Sweet fraternity.* If uncleanness were to cause any function to be looked down upon, the series which exercised it would become a class of *Parias*, of degraded beings whom the rich would be unwilling to encounter in their labors. Every function which could produce this vicious effect is ennobled by the Little Hordes who take the charge of it, and thus maintain the mutual approach, the unity or fusion of classes, the rich, the middle, and the poor.

2. *Contempt of riches.* The Little Hordes do not despise riches, but egotism in the use of riches; they sacrifice a part of their own to augment that of the entire Phalaux, and to maintain the true source of riches, which is industrial attraction extended to the three classes, and passionately uniting them in all labors, even in the dirtier sorts reserved to children; for the children of the rich will be as eager as those of the poor to be admitted into the Horde; it is character which decides the choice in that corporation.

3. *Social charity.* It will be seen that the Little Hordes, in practising this virtue, draw every body to the practice of it indirectly in affairs of interest. See Section Fifth, on the equilibrium of the repartition of profits in the inverse mode, or that of generosity, by which the rich combine to favor the poor man, whom in civilization they are all leagued together to defraud.

The reader will be convinced in the following sections that all the triumphs of virtue depend on the good organization of the Little Hordes. They alone are able, in the general mechanism, to counterbalance the despotism of money, to master this tyrant of the world, this *vile metal*, vile in the eyes of moralists, but destined to become very noble when it shall be employed for the support of industrial unity; it is the ruin of that now, in our civilized societies, where those people who, with the aid of riches, do nothing and are good for nothing, are styled *comme il faut*. This surname of theirs, of people *comme il faut*, is unfortunately but too significant; for since the circulation in the civilized regime is only founded on the fancies of the idle, they are truly people *comme il faut* or *such as are needed* to sustain the regime of an inverse circulation and an inverse consumption.

Before concluding on the Little Hordes, it would remain to analyze the force of the springs which set them in motion; but this cannot well be judged of until after I have described their contrast or the opposite force, which is the corporation of the Little Bands. These will be briefly defined in the next Chapter.

Let us remark by the way, that in the Little Hordes no passion has been suppressed; on the contrary full scope is given to the dominant tastes, among others to the love of dirt.

If our moralists had studied the nature of man, they would have recognized this taste for dirt in the majority of male children, and they would have thought to turn it to good account, as the Combined Order does, which avails itself of this taste to form a corporation of industrial Decii, favoring these unclean propensities

which now tender moralism represses by severe blows of the lash, not willing to seek the means of employing the passions such as God has given them to us. By this obstinate unwillingness to study nature, it has failed to find in education the primordial spring, the principle of *progressive ascending emulation*, or *graduated corporative impulse*, the mania common to all children for letting themselves be directed by groups of children a little older than themselves. The corporative scale of ages is the only master which the child is willing to recognize; he follows its impelling power with transport; and this is why nature, who has destined him for this discipline, renders him restive under the commands of fathers, and of teachers whom she reserves until instruction is spontaneously solicited.

## REVIEW.

*The Early Jesuit Missions, in North America.* Translated by Rev. WILLIAM INGRAHAM KIPP. In Two Parts. New York: Wiley & Putnam. (Boston, Sold by Redding & Co.) pp. 135, 312.

The labors of the Catholic Missionaries form a prominent feature in the romantic period of American history. They have furnished materials to Mr. Bancroft for some of the most picturesque sketches, which abound in his great historical work. He has thrown around them the rich coloring of his lively, poetic imagination, and adorned them with attractions superior to the charms of fiction. No one can read the history of their achievements, as portrayed in his glowing pages, without being impressed with the unanimous enthusiasm of their character, the heroic constancy with which they adhered to their convictions of duty, the deep religious sense which led them cheerfully to make the largest sacrifices, and the union of wisdom, gentleness and energy, with which they strove to accomplish their high mission. Their lives were passed in comparative obscurity; their names have scarce been rescued from oblivion; no monument marks the spot where their blood moistened the soil of the forest; but in all the qualities of great and noble manhood, they are immeasurably in advance of multitudes who are emblazoned in a conspicuous place in the annals of nations.

The present work is intended, in some degree, to supply the deficiency which exists in this portion of the early history of our country. It was prepared in a spirit of affectionate reverence by the accomplished translator, who in the course of a European tour, found a set of "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses, Ecrites des Missions Etrangères," in thirty four volumes, scattered through which are letters from the Jesuits in our own country. The scarcity of this work in America, together with its size, would keep it

out of the hands of most persons: and hence the writer was led to make a literal translation of the letters from our own part of the Continent. His task appears to have been performed with conscientious diligence, and he has succeeded in presenting the original in a style of simple, lucid, and flowing English.

The first two letters giving an account of the labors of Father Rasles, written by himself, and the third, which contains the narrative of his death, by de la Chasse, are deeply interesting. His own description of his missionary experience is a genuine piece of auto-biography, which reveals to us at once the inner life and thrilling adventures of an extraordinary man. The fourth letter contains the history of a Mohawk maiden, whose vocation to piety, in the Catholic sense, equalled that of the most illustrious female saints in the European calendar. It is curious to witness the spirit of monastic religion, which crowded the convents and nunneries of the old world, springing up, with the freshness of her native forests, in the heart of a simple Indian damsel, and converting this unsophisticated child of the mountains and the streams into a paragon of ascetic sanctity.

The illustration of Indian character and manners, presented in these letters, gives a perpetual interest to their detail of missionary operations. The contrast between the rude and ferocious savages, and the refined and high bred scholars, who had forsaken all the luxuries of civilized life, under the impulse of a noble, if mistaken religious enthusiasm, heightens the effect of the description, and calls forth a sincere sympathy in their adventures, if it does not win our approbation for their enterprise. Indeed the whole effect of these exciting narratives is to awaken a feeling of regret that so much intellectual power, such commanding qualities of character, and such varied and intense sufferings, should have been devoted to a cause, from which so little practical benefit has resulted, and of which even the remembrance has almost passed away.

*Heidelberg. A Romance.* By G. P. R. JAMES, Author of "Richelieu," &c. New York: Harper and Brothers. (Redding & Co., 8 State St., Boston.)

Mr. James's mill continues to turn out novels, and he must be too busy tending it to have much time to study life and nature. He makes an interesting story, so far as incident and scenery go; and yet for effect he borrows so uniformly from the romanticism of past ages, as to make us suspicious that he has no creative power which could dare show itself beneath the open sunlight of the present. What the scenic illusions of the theatre

are to real works of art, his descriptions of scenes and manners are to true accounts of nature. He sacrifices all to cheap effects. As to his characters, they have no character; they are mere threads to string speeches upon. Those whom he intends for proper and serious persons, talk very much in the same strain with the vapid, sentimental, moralizing prologues with which he prepares the reader's mind for every chapter; and those whom he aims to make eccentric, like his William Lovet in this last production, simply utter all the eccentric, extravagant, and paradoxical sayings about anything and every thing, which the author can conjure up.

Good scene-painting and scene-shifting is something, however, which we like to witness in an idle moment, even though there be indifferent acting; and James is a clever theatrical scene-painter in words. This is one source of his popularity. Then he draws largely from history, and that is another. "Heidelberg" adds this charm of interesting locality to that of still more interesting historical material. The story lies in the times of the Thirty Years' War. The court of the Protestant Elector Frederic, who in an evil hour took upon him the crown of Bohemia, the turning of the tide against him, and finally, the siege of Prague by the combined forces of the Elector of Bavaria, Wallenstein, Tilly, and so forth, are wrought up with considerable power; and tolerably striking phantoms of all these personages are made to pass before you.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

*Rudimental Lessons in Music; containing the Primitive Instruction requisite for all Beginners in the Art, whether Vocal or Instrumental.* By JAMES F. WARNER, Translator of Weber's Theory of Musical Composition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845.

*The Primary Note Reader, or First Steps in Singing at Sight.* By JAMES F. WARNER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846.

We recommend these little works with sincere pleasure. We have never seen the rudiments of music presented in so thorough, so progressive, and so distinct a manner. The practical student will here find all he needs. There is no confusion or ambiguity about any point, no lack of patient, careful definition or of abundant illustration. The uniformly clear statements of the author are helped out and made more unescapable by the beautiful type and admirable mechanical arrangement of the volume.

The work is based on Godfrey Weber's method, which we noticed a short time since; and of course adopts, in an abridged form, its many excellencies. Mr.

Warner is particularly happy in his explanation of the Transposition of the Scale, and insists with clear and convincing reasonings on the true form of the Minor Scale, which is based upon the principal harmonies, and is comprised, whether ascending or descending, of the following intervals: Whole-tone, Half-tone, Whole-tone, Whole-tone, Half-tone, Tone and a half, Half-tone; instead of the common false way of making the Sixth and Seventh sharp in ascending, and restoring them in descending. The constant allusion to a "Model Scale" is very convenient. The use of the Cleffs, Rhythm, and all the other subjects are also happily treated.

On the subject of Harmony, however, only a few general hints are given; as the reduction of all Chords to the two classes of Three-fold and Four-fold. But here is an important omission, as it strikes us. Nothing whatever is said of the chord of the Dominant or Flat Seventh. To speak of four-fold chords, without showing the origin of all four-fold chords in this, is to convey but a confused and perhaps erroneous idea of the thing. And here appears the want of a more scientific deduction of all harmony from some central generating principle, in Godfrey Weber's work. The fact is that naturally there are but two principal or normal chords, not however distinguished so much by the numbers three and four, as by the fact that one is the Common Chord or perfect Triad of a note considered as a Key-note, and the other the perfect chord of a note considered as the Fifth or Dominant to another, and which accordingly admits of the Flat or Small Seventh. All other sevenths are but modifications of that. This simple statement is a key to all the mysteries of harmony, which any learner of the piano will find illustrated in all his playing; while the mere distinction of Three-fold and Four-fold is but a result and does not lead him to the heart of the matter, does not show him where and how the various forms are generated.

The great clearness and thoroughness of the "Rudimental Lessons," together with the minute questions appended to each chapter, will enable any person of average musical endowments naturally, to master all the elements of the art without a teacher.

"The Primary Note Reader" is a series of graduated Exercises, with constant reference to page and section of the "Lessons." The exercises are very judiciously contrived, and cannot be practised without gain to the student's power of reading simple music. We only regret that a greater number of exercises are not given under each head. Still a skilful teacher, taking them for an outline, can easily fill in whatever more of

variety is needed in any part of the course.

These books are already becoming popular, and we trust they will find their way to general use and usefulness.

## DE MEYER AGAIN IN BOSTON.

We have again heard the great pianist who carries half by storm and wins the rest by sweetness, and we find the charm still lasts, while our impression of him does not alter from the account we gave of him last winter. His sphere is not that of sentiment, nor of any mystical refinement, but that of the full delights and furor of an intense harmonious physical existence. His is eminently the music of this day; displaying the restless activity of the age, realizing its ideal of physical and mechanical power; but whereas we commonly see this morbid, weak and intermittent, here it is healthy, joyous, happy and unfailing. Such a man readily exposes himself to the charge of charlatanism; and even charlatanism is a fact in nature, which doubtless covers something good. Because he is not a Beethoven, nor a Schubert, nor a Chopin, we shall not the less enjoy him for what he is—a genial, lifesome creature, whom music has chosen to be her best expression of the nervous energy and the champagne sparkle of life.

The child's love of mere physical excitement, that *fougue aveugle* which makes it glorious to be in strong movements, furious games, mobs and military sieges and sorties, is not the highest order of sentiment, to be sure; but there is a certain glow and feeling of the infinite, a certain surprised sense of our nobler nature in it nevertheless; and in him it is genuine, he is the free child always. If we could get no other music, this would grow intolerable; as it is, we admire and feel refreshed by its smart shock. The genius of De Meyer's music is essentially warlike, and has that sort of gusto in it which is so well expressed in Motherwell's "Cavalier's Song." It is always the *Marche Marocaine*, with its wild, reeling, swaggering, yet powerful on-sweep. The exquisitely delicate passages, and melting cadenzas, with which all this alternates, are like the warrior's alternation from camp and jousts to softer dallying in ladies' bowers.

The favorite movement of his music is that of a mighty horde. It is full of that characteristic which the Germans call *Schwung*. We have got a figure for him. He reminds us of that important personage in the harmonic societies of the future, whom Fourier, in his shrewd classification of human characters, has styled the "Little Khan," the captain of his "Little Hordes," a corporation in which he embodies all the wild, daring, noise and

mischievous instincts of boyhood, contrasting it with another corporation of the gentler and more feminine class, who cultivate the arts and elegances, and whom he styles the "Little Bands." The reader will find a description of them in our translations from his treatise on Education in this number, and will doubtless recognize the resemblance. De Meyer would certainly be the "Little Khan," if that order of things were instituted.

Of this last Concert we will only say, that our views and our experience are very well expressed in the following from the *Chronotype* of Saturday last.

"LEOPOLD DE MEYER'S CONCERT. The 'lion pianist' is unquestionably in many respects, the greatest who has ever come among us. But his ways of attracting notice operate against him, in an atmosphere like that of Boston; the gilt-leaved biographies, the portraits, caricatures and puffs, which he scatters before him, create for him more notoriety than confidence. Then again, we think he made another mistake, as regarded the concert of Thursday evening. In New York he furnished a splendid entertainment, namely, his own performance, besides the aid of Pico, Burke, Loder's noble orchestra who performed his *Marche Marocaine* and *Grand Marche d'Isly*, as arranged by Hector Berlioz, — and all for a dollar. Here he charged the same price for his own single performance, with the ordinary appendages, and people thought it too much to pay for a lion; they have begun to find that there is more true musical satisfaction in a good orchestra, than in the greatest single lion the universe can conceive of, even if we had to send to the planet Saturn for him. The consequence was, that there was no great enthusiasm about going to the concert, and the audience was only respectably large.

"However, his stroke is infallible. There is no resisting him when once seated to listen. His tremendous power of execution, equally wonderful in his grand bursts, and in his exquisitely delicate alternations, astonishes and electrifies for hours. It has been described enough in the newspapers already. Put all their epithets together, and you do not get too much. You soon see what the man is; unparalleled, perhaps, in execution; master undoubtedly of every style, classic as well as modern; as a composer, not profound, nor original, though the *Marche Marocaine* has a unique wildness, which however is repeated more or less in every thing he does. We wish he would play others' compositions more. His selection this evening we thought not so good as at his former concert.

"The Fantasia on airs from *Semiramide* commenced with a gloriously prolonged roll of thunder, which identical passage however occurred again in a *pot pourri* of national airs with which he closed the evening. And so with many of his striking passages, we observed that they were sprinkled in throughout the entertainment. For the rest, this was certainly a brilliant and magnificent production, although we thought the principal air was overloaded with harmony, more than its own proper genius demanded. The next piece was a *Grand Andante Religioso*. One might expect rather a curious sort of religion from the jovial Austrian's look and figure; and it certainly was very curious in the first half of this music which had

much of the *Scherzo* in its style, (and indeed the rogue smiled more than once in the performance of it!) but it grew in truth religious in the latter half; only that was Thalberg's — the *Andante Tremolo*, if we remember rightly — which De Meyer played sublimely, it is true.

"In the *Carnival* he was of course at home; never was a greater wealth of frolic poured out. Being encored, he gave a medley, commencing with some very sweet and sentimental air, then passing to the *Poeme d'Amour*, we believe, of Henselt, thence through the *Star Spangled Banner*, back into the *Carnival* again. The last piece was the usual stale compliment of 'Hail Columbia,' 'Yankee Doodle,' and so forth, served up a *la Marocaine*; — splendid however, and grotesque and wild, and received as every thing else was, with thunders of applause, — a handsome tribute of hands to hands!

"Miss Mademoiselle Signorina Fraulcin Korsinsky (let us give her all the titles which were on the show-bill) sang very agreeably; and Lange accompanied in his usual modest and artist-like manner."

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, OCT. 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.

### LETTER FROM HUGH DOHERTY.

We have lately received a letter from Mr. Doherty, from which we are happy to learn that a new interest is beginning to be felt in the doctrines of Association in London. Mr. Doherty, as our readers are aware, has resided in Paris for some time past, for the purpose of devoting himself to the investigation of the Associative theory, the results of which have been presented from time to time, in his able and interesting contributions to "La Phalange." The following extracts from his letter will give some light on the state and prospects of the movement in England.

"I came to London to see the minister of the colonies and propose some ideas of associative colonization. After having obtained the necessary introduction, I find that I cannot get a verbal hearing as I wished, in a conversation. The Earl Grey pleads want of time to converse on the subject, but desires me to submit my views to him in writing. This I intend to do through the medium of the public press, as I fear a mere private communication might be overlooked by his secretaries. When my papers are out I will send you copies of them.

"I find that the public mind has made great progress in England during the last two years which I have passed in France. Associative views and principles are bet-

ter known and understood than formerly, though socialistic plans and parties are less prominently before the public. Owen's partisans are more or less dispersed, and our party is almost extinct as an active group of propagandists. Neither we nor the Owenites have any organ here, and yet the social views are much considered by the public, and often put forth in a modified form by the public press. In fact, we may say *socialism* is dead, as Owenism or Fourierism, but social principles are more discussed than ever, and the public mind is rapidly progressing in associative knowledge. The inclosed prospectus of an Associative Institute, which has just been commenced by some twenty persons connected with the public press in London, will give you an idea of the turn which social views and studies are now taking here. This prospectus is not yet definitely adopted, but it contains the spirit which animates the men who have commenced the movement.

"By a lucky accident I called upon a literary friend some days ago, who was going that very evening to the second or third preliminary meeting of the projectors. He introduced me to them, and the draught of a Prospectus which one of them had made being rejected by the meeting, I was asked to write one out, that might embody their ideas of an Institute for free inquiry only into social principles. After gathering their sentiments as nearly as I could, I made the enclosed sketch, which has met their approbation and will probably be adopted finally, in a few days, with such additions and modifications as may be deemed necessary in a literary and business point of view."

"I do not think it would be easy to form a distinct Phalansterian party in England just now, but I am convinced that any branch of the associative science may be taught with great success in the projected Institute; and out of this may spring hereafter special plans and projects of a practical nature, supported by a certain part of the members of the institute.

"Things are going on very prosperously in France. The school will soon have an immense influence on the public mind there. Here it is not the same. People dislike the idea of belonging to a special sect or school, and I think it will be better to merge the name in one of general social science."

"I think it would be difficult to make a plan of legislative action, such as you require to organize partial association. The government might grant lands to joint stock companies of farmers and manufacturers, who might easily organize a system of half-association or guarantism,

which would leave the individual household as it is, by grouping dwellings near each other on one collective joint-stock property. By this means industry, education, recreation, and many other things might be organized collectively while consumption and domestic arrangements might remain partly associative and partly individualized. Such is the basis of my plan for voluntary emigration and attractive colonization, the details of which will be explained in the papers I shall send you, when they are written and published."

"All our friends in Paris are well and full of sympathy for you and all our friends in America. You will see by the *Phalange* what my studies have been of late. I have done little else than what is published there.

"With regard to your question concerning the exact law of numbers, I will briefly state that numbers are very rarely absolute, except in the *measured parts* of a *measured series*; but, as the measured series are hardly more than one-eighth of universal nature, and as the measured parts of a measured series are often not more than one-half of the whole, it follows that absolute numbers are very rare in nature; and they are still more rare in Fourier, as he often purposely neglects the mixt and ambiguous degrees of analysis, in order to avoid complication. This omission on his part was one of the greatest stumbling blocks to me in my first studies of the serial law, as he expounds it. It has also caused Fourier to fail in some of his applications of the law, as you will see in one of my articles in *La Phalange*. When I write my views on the serial method, these things will all be noticed, as I shall not withhold anything from fear of plagiarism."

We subjoin the Prospectus of the "Associative Institute" alluded to above.

#### THE ASSOCIATIVE INSTITUTE.

Whatever be the imperfections of associative schemes, the necessity for inquiry into the associative principle is generally felt. The advantages of combination are obvious. Joint-stock companies are rapidly supplanting individual enterprise, and the question of associative power is forcing itself *practically* on public attention.

In this, as in most other cases of true progress, theory comes after practice, to develop germs which have grown up spontaneously. Clubs and partnerships, societies and joint-stock companies, spring into life; and then the study of the new phenomena becomes imperative. Thus it is at present with associative science. Whether it be a new science, or merely a development of that which is already known under the name of political economy, is a secondary consideration.

The social question has become the question of the age; and all economists and statesmen are constrained to make

themselves acquainted with it. Literary men and scholars, journalists and orators, are now urged to examine social views and principles. The interests of property and industry are every where involved in the problem of the difference between associative and individual exertion.

Within the last few years, the Governments and leading men of various parties in this and other countries have been induced to give their best attention to the subject. The late inquiry into the health of towns and the moral condition of the people, together with the institution of Public Baths and Wash-houses, Ragged Schools and Model Lodging Houses, are real evidences of associative progress. Books and periodicals, also, are constantly increasing for the diffusion of associative views.

The want of an institution to facilitate the study of Associative Science must now be felt by many who observe these facts, concomitantly with the rapid progress of railway combination, and the power of co-operation over individual effort in every branch of commerce and industry. Capital combined with capital is strong; labor combined with labor is Herculean; knowledge combined with knowledge is all-powerful: these elements united must be irresistible. Is there a science that will combine them? This has now become a most important subject of inquiry.

Such is the object of THE ASSOCIATIVE INSTITUTE,—in which no member will be pledged to any principle or to any plan; but simply to free inquiry. All principles will be examined fairly; and all theories discussed with candor. Serious opinions will be treated with respect, whatever quarter they may come from; but no special theory or system can be taught exclusively. Science and not system is the object of pursuit in THE ASSOCIATIVE INSTITUTE.

Council Room, British Hotel, Cockspur St.,  
LONDON, 10th August, 1846.

OBJECT. The object of The Associative Institute is a Scientific Inquiry into the Principles of Association, and not the formation or promotion of any practical experiment.

The recognized modes of pursuing the object of the Institute are:—the holding of periodical meetings of the members, and occasional public meetings, at which subjects relating to associative principles may be discussed, or papers read thereon;—the occasional or periodical publication of papers or essays on the same subjects; the formation of a library connected with the object of the Institute; and the soliciting and procuring such aid and co-operation as may be necessary.

#### GUARANTYISM.

It was often predicted by Fourier, more than thirty years ago, that the present order of society would be succeeded by different forms of combined interests and mutual guaranties, unless the experiment of a complete Association should be soon carried into effect, and thus supersede the necessity of passing through the sixth stage of progress in the natural order, or the period of Guarantyism. It is instructive to witness the approach to this period in various important move-

ments at the present day. The tendency of society is to the adoption of mutual guaranties in every practical relation. This will form a simple and easy transition from the unmitigated competition and antagonism of the civilized order to the reconciliation of all interests and the universal harmony which will characterize the epoch of Association. We rejoice in the suggestions which are now springing up in many quarters for the accomplishment of this purpose. They indicate the spirit of the age. They are a proof of the character of the movement which has begun to agitate society. We may learn from them that no partial, fragmentary reform will ever satisfy the want which is more and more felt of a true social organization; and above all, that the people begin to perceive that no permanent, universal good can come from the wordy projects of shallow philanthropists, or the detestable juggleries of smooth-tongued politicians. They wish for the realization of a sound faith by true works. As an illustration of this practical tendency towards a more or less complete system of mutual guaranties, we give the following extract from a letter of an esteemed correspondent. We shall hereafter allude to other plans which are contemplated by friends of social reform.

"I think you do the National Reformers justice in your last number. They are putting forth their energies to some purpose, and their numbers are rapidly increasing. It does appear to me that the right to labor and land to live on, must be acknowledged before the Associative principle can prevail extensively and become embodied in practice. I have been thinking that the principle of land *limitation*, saying nothing of the freedom of the public lands, may be adopted by townships, and that the title may be transferred from the government to the town, and from the town to individuals restricted in quantity in some way to exclude the avaricious grasping of land speculators, and allowing every settler to have his land at first cost, or government price. Can we not find wise heads, willing hearts, and able hands, to try this so desirable experiment? I have written to the editor of the *Voice of Industry* on this subject. The plan I would propose, is to select a township of government land in a mild climate and healthy location, and if possible on a navigable stream, or one that could be easily reached by railroad, and which is uncontaminated with speculators. Then advertise for the right sort of useful mechanics and farmers, who would enter into a compact which would secure them against the miseries of many of the evils and scourges of our present very imper-



fect system of society, namely, intemperance, litigation, military manœuvring, land speculation, &c., and enable them to enter upon the land with their united skill, tools, implements, and moral principles, and try the experiment of limiting the quantity of land to each settler.

"It is plain to be seen that a township under such auspices would be at once thickly settled, and would possess all the advantages of schools, roads, markets, encouragement to labor, and so forth, of any old town now settled in the old way, and the new lands would immediately become valuable in the hands of the actual settlers, owners and cultivators. People then who chose could enter into the associative state, either in single pairs or communities, with some safety and guaranty of success. But how is it now? The mortgagers and land speculators are trapping and gunning; lawyers and some other professions are fattening and luxuriating on the hard labors and misfortunes of those who know less of schemes and plans, whereby the idle and lazy contrive to live on the 'sweat of the poor man's brow.'

"This plan would do away with the necessity or inducement to go to war with a neighboring nation for more territory to enrich large land and slaveholders, but would find all 'under their own vine and fig tree, and none to molest or to make them afraid.' I think our poor men would have less inducement to wander thousands of miles under ambitious leaders into the heart of a neighboring nation to murder, burn and destroy men, women and children on their own lands and at their own firesides. How can we account for such barbarity in the American people, except they have been educated in the total disregard of each others' rights! It is high time something was done to arrest the avarice of man; and will not land limitation do it, and at the same time benefit society? I hope to be one to try this first experiment on a township of government land.

"Yours in fellowship for equal rights to the soil. R. S."

¶ We translate the following from a recent number of the *Democratique Pacifique*.

AUGUSTE PAULIN. One more sorrow for the Associative School! One more noble heart taken from the cause of human brotherhood on earth!

He had a lively sense of the power which belongs to the idea of human brotherhood, and religiously obeyed the impulses of that sacred faith. We learn his death by the letter which follows.

To M. Victor Considerant:

Monsieur, — I have the honor to announce to you that M. AUGUSTE PAULIN has left you by

his will, the sum of ten thousand francs for the purpose of disseminating the doctrines of the *Democratique Pacifique*.

I take great pleasure, Monsieur, in the discharge of my duty as executor of the will by transmitting to you this intelligence, which proves the sympathy that the nobleness of your character and the earnestness with which you engage in the propagation of generous doctrines excite in many persons.

With the greatest respect, etc.

PAUL THIAFFAIT,  
Notary of Lyons.

Yes, thank God, the moment has arrived when the devotion of the friends of Association, after having been so constantly displayed with éclat, is appearing upon a larger scale. A cause which records in its annals sacrifices so persevering and so touching as those to which for five years we have been witnesses, is sure of success, — God protects it.

Certainly the estimable friend who has just departed, whose last thought was of the regeneration of the race, had no doubt of the high destiny of the cause which he has so largely endowed. The man of faith can be perceived in the simplicity with which he has accomplished an act so rare in this age of materialism.

The intention of the donor shall be scrupulously obeyed. This legacy, which will astonish many persons, but which is in our eyes a fact as simple and as natural as it must have appeared to the testator himself, as soon as it is received, will be put into the treasuries of our two societies according to their wants at the time.

Meanwhile we shall make it our duty to ascertain what was the life of the man who has given to his brethren such a manifestation of his hopes, and whom we regret that we did not know until after his death.

¶ The Treasurer of "The American Union of Associationists" acknowledges the receipt of Sixty Dollars by the hands of Mr. J. B. Russell, as a contribution from the Cincinnati "Union" to the Lecturing Fund.

FRANCIS GEORGE SHAW.

Oct. 21, 1846.

At GALLASHIELS, a town in Scotland, says a correspondent of the People's Journal, the workmen of the different branches of trade have established co-operative stores for supplying themselves with food and clothing at wholesale prices, and are doing very well indeed. Last year the provision store announced a return of fifty per cent. upon the capital employed — and they also do great good to the town in preventing other shopkeepers from obtaining exorbitant prices for these articles. — *Chronotype*.

COMMERCIAL FEUDALISM AT WORK. For some months, says a Paris Journal, many hundred small shops of every kind have been closed in Paris, and continue to be so, to the great regret of the proprietors of the buildings. Thus in the

Palais-Royal, where the shops were formerly sought with so much eagerness, there are at this moment more than fifty different stores to let.

This fact, so entirely strange in the commercial and industrial life of a city like Paris, is generally attributed to the creation of those immense establishments which tend fatally to ruin and absorb the business of small dealers in order to monopolize it themselves. — *Chronotype*.

### BROOK FARM SCHOOL.

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The School is under the immediate direction of Mr. and Mrs. RIPLEY, assisted by experienced teachers in the different departments.

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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GEORGE RIPLEY.

Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass.

October 17, 1846.

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N. R. GERRISH.

Sept. 1, 1846.

### THE HARBINGER

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### GENERAL AGENTS.

GEORGE DEXTER,  
30 ANN ST., NEW YORK.

JOHN B. RUSSELL, CINCINNATI,  
GAZETTE OFFICE.

# THE HARBINGER,

## DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

BURGESS, STRINGER, AND COMPANY,  
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VOLUME III.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1846.

NUMBER 21.

### MISCELLANY.

#### THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT; SEQUEL TO CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.  
Translated for the Harbinger.

It is necessary to inform the reader that Karl had not falsely boasted of being assisted and employed by powerful persons. Those invisible chevaliers, who labored for the deliverance of our heroine, had scattered gold by handfuls. Several turnkeys, eight or ten veterans, and even one officer had engaged to keep quiet, to see nothing, and, in case of an alarm, to pursue the fugitives for form's sake. On the evening fixed for the flight Karl supped with the Schwartzes, and, pretending to be intoxicated, invited them to drink with him. Mother Schwartz had a hot throat, like most women engaged in the culinary art. Her husband did not dislike the brandy of his canteen when he tasted it at the expense of another. A narcotic drug, secretly introduced by Karl into the bottle, assisted the effect of the powerful beverage. The Schwartz couple gained their bed with difficulty, and snored so loud that Gottlieb, who attributed every thing to supernatural influences, did not fail to believe them enchanted when he approached to take away the keys. Karl had returned to the bastion to stand his guard. Consuelo reached that place with Gottlieb without difficulty, and intrepidly ascended the rope ladder which the deserter threw to her. But poor Gottlieb, who insisted on flying with her in spite of all her remonstrances, became a great embarrassment in this passage. He, who in his attacks of somnambulism ran like a cat on the roofs, could not make three steps nimbly upon the most level ground when awake. Supported by the conviction that he was following an emissary from Heaven, he

had no fear, and would unhesitatingly have thrown himself from the top of the rampart if Karl had advised him. But his bold confidence added to the dangers of his awkwardness. He climbed at random, disdaining to see anything or calculate anything. After having made Consuelo shudder twenty times, as she twenty times thought him lost, he at last reached the platform; and thence our three fugitives directed their steps through the corridors of that part of the citadel in which were lodged those sentinels who were accomplices in their attempt. They were advancing without interruption when they suddenly found themselves face to face with the adjutant Nanteuil, alias ex-recruiter Mayer. Consuelo thought herself lost; but Karl prevented her flight by saying: "Fear nothing, signora, the adjutant is your friend."

"Stop here," said Nanteuil hurriedly; "there is an unforeseen obstacle. Adjutant Weber has taken it into his head to come and sup in our quarter with that old fool of a lieutenant. They are in the hall through which you are obliged to pass. We must find some way to get rid of them. Karl, return quickly to your post. Your absence may be perceived too soon. I will come for you when it is time. Madam will enter my chamber. Gottlieb will come with me. I will pretend that he is asleep; my two boobies will run after him to see him, and when the hall is clear I will take the key so that they cannot return."

Gottlieb, who did not know that he was a sleep-walker, opened his eyes very wide; but Karl having made a sign for him to obey, he obeyed blindly. Consuelo experienced an insurmountable aversion to entering Mayer's chamber. "What do you fear from that man?" said Karl to her in a low voice. "He has too large a sum to gain, for him to think of betraying you. His advice is good; I return to the bastion. Too much haste might ruin us."

"Too much confidence and delay might well ruin us also," thought Con-

suelo. Nevertheless she yielded. She had a weapon with her. On crossing the Schwartzes' kitchen she had seized a small knife, the possession of which somewhat re-assured her. She had given her money and papers to Karl, keeping only her crucifix, which she almost considered as an amulet.

Mayer locked her in his chamber for greater safety and departed with Gottlieb. After ten minutes which appeared a century to Consuelo, Nanteuil again appeared, and she remarked with terror that he locked the door as he entered and put the key in his pocket.

"Signora," said he in Italian, "you must have patience for half an hour longer. Those fellows are drunk and will not leave their seats before the clock strikes one; then the keeper who has the care of this quarter will put them out."

"And what have you done with Gottlieb, sir?"

"Your friend Gottlieb is behind a heap of faggots, where he will probably go to sleep; but perhaps he will only walk all the better for it, in order to follow you."

"You will give Karl notice, will you not?"

"Unless I wanted to have him hung," replied the adjutant, with an expression which appeared diabolical to Consuelo, "I should be careful not to leave him there. Are you satisfied with me, signora?"

"I am not now in a position to prove my gratitude to you, sir," replied Consuelo, with a cold contempt, which she in vain endeavored to conceal, "but I hope soon to acquit myself honorably towards you."

"Pardieu, you can acquit yourself at once" (Consuelo made a movement of horror) "by testifying a little friendship towards me," added Mayer in a tone of heavy and gross cajolery. "Now, look you, if I were not a passionate lover of music, and if you were not so pretty a person, I should be very culpable for neglecting my duties so far as to let you es-

\* 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.

cape. Do you believe it is the temptation of gain that has induced me to it? Bah! I am rich enough to do without you and your friends, and prince Henry is not powerful enough to save me from a halter or perpetual imprisonment if I am discovered. In any event my poor look-out will occasion my disgrace, my transfer to a less agreeable fortress, one farther from the capital. All this requires some consolation. Come do not be so prudish. You know well that I am in love with you. I have a tender heart. That is no reason why you should impose upon my weakness; what the devil, you are no nun, no bigot. You are a charming girl of the stage, and I'll bet you have not made your way to the first rank without bestowing the charity of a little tenderness upon your directors. *Pardieu!* if you have sung before Maria-Theresa, as they say, you have passed through the boudoir of the prince de Kaunitz. You are here in a less splendid apartment, but I hold your liberty in my hands, and liberty is much more precious than the favor of an empress."

"Is this a threat, sir?" replied Consuelo, pale with indignation and disgust.

"No, it is a prayer, beautiful signora."

"I hope that it is not a contradiction!"

"By no means! *Fye!* never! That would be an indignity," replied Mayer with impudent irony, approaching Consuelo with open arms.

Consuelo, terrified, fled to the extremity of the chamber. Mayer followed her. She saw well that she was lost if she did not sacrifice humanity to honor; and suddenly impelled by the terrible determination of the Spanish women, she received the ignoble Mayer by burying some lines of her knife in his body. Mayer was very fat and the wound was not dangerous; but on seeing his blood flow, as he was as cowardly as he was sensual, he thought himself dead, and fell fainting, face downwards, on his bed, murmuring: "I am assassinated! I am lost!" Consuelo thought she had killed him, and almost fainted herself. After some moments of silent terror, she nevertheless dared to approach, and finding him motionless, she took the opportunity to pick up the key of the chamber which had fallen at his feet. Hardly had she obtained possession of it when she felt her courage revive; she went out without hesitation and rushed at a venture through the galleries. She found all the doors open before her and descended a staircase without knowing where it would conduct her. But her limbs bent beneath her when she heard the sound of the alarm bell and shortly afterwards the rolling of the drum, and

that cannon which had so strongly affected her on the night when Gottlieb's somnambulism had occasioned an alarm. She fell upon her knees on the lowest step and, clasping her hands, she invoked the protection of God for poor Gottlieb and the generous Karl. Separated from them after allowing them to expose themselves to death for her, she no longer felt any strength, any desire for safety. Heavy and hurrying steps sounded in her ears, the glare of torches flared before her haggard eyes, and she already did not know if this was reality or the effect of her own delirium. She sank into a corner and lost all consciousness.

## XX.

When Consuelo recovered her consciousness, she experienced an ineffable serenity, without realizing either the place in which she was, or the events which brought her there. She was lying in the open air; and without feeling in any manner the cold of the night, she freely saw the stars glittering in the vast and pure sky. To this enchanting glance soon succeeded the sensation of a motion, quite rapid, but easy and agreeable. The sound of an oar dipping into the water at short intervals gave her to understand that she was in a boat, and was crossing the lake. A gentle heat penetrated her limbs; and there was in the placidity of the sleeping waters, in which the breeze agitated numerous aquatic plants, something sweet, which recalled to her the lagunes of Venice in the beautiful nights of spring. Consuelo raised her languid head, looked about her, and saw two rowers using all their strength, one at each extremity of the bark. She sought with her eyes for the citadel, and saw it already quite far off, dark as a mountain of stone in the transparent frame of air and water. She said to herself that she was saved; but, immediately remembering her friends, she uttered the name of Karl with anxiety. "I am here! Not a word, signora; the most profound silence!" replied Karl, who was rowing in front of her. Consuelo thought that the other rower must be Gottlieb, and too weak to torment herself any longer, she allowed herself to fall back into her first attitude. A hand drew again about her the soft warm cloak in which she had been enveloped; but she gently pushed it from her face, in order to contemplate the starry azure which was displayed without limit above her head.

In proportion as she recovered her strength and the elasticity of her motions, paralyzed by a violent nervous crisis, she collected her thoughts; the image of Mayer presented itself, horrible and bloody, before her eyes. She made an

effort to rise again, on perceiving that her head rested upon the bosom and that her body was supported by the arm, of a third passenger, whom she had taken for a bundle, so completely was he wrapped up, hidden and motionless, extended behind her in the bottom of the bark.

A profound terror seized upon Consuelo when she remembered the imprudent confidence which Karl had testified in Mayer, and when she supposed it possible that this wretch was present near her. The care he seemed to take to hide himself increased the suspicions of the fugitive. She was filled with confusion at having reposed against the bosom of that man, and almost reproached Providence for having permitted her to enjoy, under his protection, some moments of a salutary forgetfulness and an inexpressible comfort.

Happily, the bark touched the shore at this moment, and Consuelo hastened to rise, in order to take Karl's hand and leap upon the bank; but the shock of landing made her stagger and fall back into the arms of that mysterious personage. She then saw him erect; and by the feeble light of the stars could perceive that he wore a mask upon his face. But he was a whole head taller than Mayer; and, though enveloped in a long cloak, his person had the elegance of a light and graceful figure. These circumstances completely reassured our fugitive; she accepted the arm which he offered to her in silence, advanced fifty steps with him upon the strand, followed by Karl and the other individual, who had renewed to her by signs the injunction not to utter a single word. The country was silent and desert; no farther movement was to be perceived in the citadel. Behind a thicket they found a carriage with four horses, into which the unknown entered with Consuelo. Karl took his seat upon the box. The third individual disappeared without Consuelo's noticing this circumstance. She yielded to the silent and solemn haste of her liberators; and soon the coach, which was excellent and remarkably easy, rolled in the night with the rapidity of lightning. The noise of wheels and the galloping of horses are never favorable to conversation. Consuelo felt quite intimidated and even a little frightened at her tête-à-tête with the unknown. Still, when she saw there was no further necessity for silence, she thought she ought to express to him her gratitude and her joy; but she obtained no answer. He had placed himself opposite to her in token of respect; he took her hand and clasped it in his, without saying a single word; then he again drew back into the corner of the carriage; and Consuelo, who had hoped to open a conversation, did not dare in-

sist after this tacit refusal. She earnestly desired to know to what generous and devoted friend she was indebted for her safety; but she experienced for him, without knowing him, an instinctive feeling of respect mingled with fear, and her imagination endowed this strange travelling companion with all the romantic qualities which agreed with the circumstances. At last the thought came to her that he was a subaltern agent of the *Invisibles*, perhaps a faithful servant, who feared to fail in the duties of his situation by permitting himself to speak with her at night in a tête-à-tête.

After two hours of rapid travelling they stopped in the middle of a very dark wood; the relay they should have found here had not arrived. The unknown withdrew a little to see if it approached, or to conceal his impatience and anxiety. Consuelo alighted also, and walked upon the sand of a neighboring path with Karl, of whom she had a thousand questions to ask.

"Thank God, signora, here you are alive," said this faithful squire.

"And yourself dear Karl?"

"I could not be better, since you are saved."

"And Gottlieb, how is he?"

"I presume that he is well in his bed at Spandaw."

"Just Heaven! has Gottlieb remained? Then he will pay for us!"

"He will neither pay for himself nor any one else. When the alarm was given, I know not by whom, I ran to rejoin you at all hazards, seeing that it was the moment to risk all for all. I met the adjutant Nanteuil, that is, the recruiter Mayer, who was very pale."

"You met him, Karl! He was erect, was walking?"

"Why not?"

"Then he was not wounded?"

"Ah! yes: he told me that he had wounded himself slightly by falling in the dark upon a bundle of arms. But I did not pay much attention, and asked him quickly where you were. He knew nothing; he had lost his wits. I even thought I saw he intended to betray us; for the alarm-bell which I had heard, and the tone of which I had clearly recognized, is that which comes from his alcove, and which rings for his quarter. But he appeared to have thought better of it; for he knew well, the villain, that there was a great deal of money to be earned by liberating you. He therefore assisted me to turn aside the storm, by saying to all those whom we met that it was Gottlieb's somnambulism, which had occasioned a false alarm. In fact, as if Gottlieb had wished to prove him right, we found him asleep in a corner with that singular slumber into which he often falls

in broad day-light, wherever he may be, even upon the parapet of the esplanade. You would have said that the agitation of his flight made him sleepstanding; which is, by my faith, very wonderful, unless, indeed, he drank by mistake some drops of the prepared wine which I poured out without stint to his dear parents! What I do know is, that they shut him up in the nearest chamber to prevent his going to walk upon the glacis, and that I thought it best to leave him there until fresh orders. He cannot be accused of anything, and my flight will sufficiently explain yours. The Schwartzes slept too soundly on their side to hear the bell, and no one will have gone to see if your chamber was open or shut. Therefore the alarm will not be serious until to-morrow. M. Nanteuil assisted me to dissipate it, and I began to search for you while pretending to return to my bunk. I had the happiness to find you three steps from the door through which we were to pass in order to escape. The turnkeys in that quarter were all gained over. At first I was quite frightened to find you almost dead. But, dead or alive, I did not wish to leave you there. I carried you without obstacle to the boat that was waiting for us in the moat. And then, there happened to me quite a disagreeable little adventure, which I will relate to you another time, signora. You have had emotions enough of the kind to-day, and what I should say might cause you a little shock."

"No, no, Karl; I wish to know every thing. I am strong enough to hear every thing."

"O! I know you, signora! you will blame me. You have your way of seeing things. I remember Roswald, where you prevented me—"

"Karl, your refusal to speak would torment me cruelly. Speak, I beseech you. I wish it."

"Well, signora, it is but a small misfortune after all, and if there is any sin, that concerns me alone. I was passing with you in the boat under a low arcade, very slowly, in order not to make too much noise with my oars in that echoing place, when, upon the end of a little pier which juts out and half bars the arcade, I was stopped by three men, who seized me by the collar as they jumped into the boat. I must inform you that the person who journeys with you in the carriage, and who was already our friend," added Karl, lowering his voice, "had had the imprudence to give two-thirds of the sum agreed on to Nanteuil, as we passed the last postern. Nanteuil, thinking that he might well be content with that, and could recover the remainder by betraying us, had posted himself there with two rascals of his own stamp to recapture

you. He hoped, in the first place, to get rid of your protector and of me, in order that no one could mention the money he had received. That is, doubtless, why these villains undertook to assassinate us. But your travelling companion, signora, all peaceful as he seems, is a lion in fight; I swear to you I shall remember it a long while. In two turns of his arm he freed himself from the first scoundrel by throwing him into the water; the second, intimidated, leaped again upon the pier and kept aloof, to see the end of my struggle with the adjutant. Faith, signora, I did not acquit myself so gracefully as his brilliant lordship—whose name I did not know. It lasted quite half a minute, which does me no honor; for that Nanteuil, who is usually as strong as a bull, appeared slack and weak, as if he were afraid, or as if the wound of which he had spoken made him anxious. At last, feeling him let go his hold, I lifted him and dipped his feet a little in the water. *His lordship* then said to me: 'Do not kill him; it is useless.' But I, who had recognized him perfectly, and who knew how he swims, how tenacious, cruel and capable of every thing he is; I, who had before felt the strength of his fists, and who had some old accounts to settle with him—I could not help giving him a blow with my clenched hand upon his head,—a blow that will prevent his ever receiving or applying any more, signora! May God grant peace to his soul and mercy to mine! He sank straight down into the water, like a beam, made a great circle, and did not appear again any more than if he had been marble. The companion, whom his lordship had sent out of our boat the same road, had made a dive, and was already at the side of the pier, where his comrade, the most prudent of the three, was helping him to try and recover a footing. That was not easy; the levee is so narrow in that place that one pulled over the other, and both fell into the water. While they were struggling, swearing at each other, and enjoying a little swimming amusement, I rowed with all my strength, and soon reached a spot where a second rower, an honest fisherman by trade, had given me his word that he would come and help me with two or three strokes of his oar to cross the lake. It was lucky, moreover, signora, that I had practised as a sailor upon the smooth waters of the park at Roswald. I did not know, the day on which I took part, under your eyes, in a beautiful rehearsal, that I should have an opportunity to engage for you in a naval combat, somewhat less magnificent, but rather more serious. That crossed my memory when I found myself on the broad water, and I was seized with a crazy laugh—but a crazy laugh that was

very disagreeable! I did not make the least noise, at least I did not hear myself. But my teeth chattered in my mouth, I had, as it were, a hand of iron on my throat, and the sweat rolled off my forehead, cold as ice! Ah! I see well that one cannot kill a man as quietly as if he were a fly. Still he was not the first since I have been in battle; but that was in battle! Instead of which, like that in a corner, in the night, behind a wall, without saying a word, it resembles a premeditated murder. And yet it was a case of allowable self-defence! And then it would not have been the first assassination I had premeditated! You remember, signora? But for you—I should have done it! Though I don't know but I should have repented it afterwards. What is sure is that I laughed an ugly laugh on the lake. And even now, I can hardly help it. He looked so funny, sinking right down straight into the moat, like a reed that you push into the mud! And when I saw nothing more than his head ready to disappear—his head flattened by my fist—mercy on me, how ugly he was! He frightened me! I see him still!”

Consuelo, fearing the effect of this terrible emotion upon poor Karl, endeavored to overcome her own, in order to calm him and withdraw his attention. Karl was born gentle and patient, like a true Bohemian serf. He was not made for this tragic life into which fate had thrown him, and while accomplishing acts of energy and of vengeance, he experienced the horror of remorse and the terrors of devotion. Consuelo turned him from his gloomy thoughts, perhaps for the purpose also of giving relief to her own. She also had that night armed herself for murder. She also had struck and caused to flow some drops of blood from the impure victim. An upright and pious mind cannot entertain the thought and conceive the resolution of homicide, without cursing and deploring those circumstances which place honor and life under the protection of the poniard. Consuelo was distressed and cast down; and she dared no longer say that her liberty was worth being bought at the price of blood, even that of a villain.

“My poor Karl,” said she, “we have filled the office of executioner to-night; that is horrible! Console yourself with the thought that we neither resolved nor foresaw that to which necessity impelled us. Tell me something of this person who has labored so generously for my deliverance. Then you do not know him!”

“Not at all, signora; I saw him this evening for the first time, and I do not know his name.”

“But where is he carrying us, Karl?”

“I do not know, signora. I am forbidden to inquire, and I am even ordered, on the other hand, to tell you, that if, during the journey, you should make the least attempt to know where you are, or where you are going, it would become necessary to abandon you on the road. It is certain that nothing but good is intended towards you; I have, therefore, resolved for my part to allow myself to be led like a child.”

“Have you seen the face of this person?”

“I had a glimpse of it by the light of a lantern, as I was laying you in the boat. It is a beautiful face, signora; I have never seen one more beautiful. You would say he was a king.”

“Nothing but that, Karl! Is he young?”

“Somewhere about thirty.”

“What language does he speak?”

“The frank Bohemian, the true language of a Christian. He has only said five or six words to me. But what pleasure it would have given me to hear them in my own tongue—if it had not been at an ugly moment! ‘Do not kill him; it is useless.’ O! he was mistaken; it was highly necessary, was it not, signora?”

“What did he say when you had accomplished that terrible deed?”

“I believe, God forgive me! that he did not notice it. He had thrown himself to the bottom of the boat where you were as dead, and in the fear that you might be struck by some blow, he made a rampart for you with his body. And when we were in safety on the broad water, he raised you in his arms, he wrapped you in a cloak which he had apparently brought for you, and supported you against his heart, as a mother holds her child. O! he seems to cherish you greatly, signora! It is impossible that you should not know him.”

“Perhaps I do know him; but since I have not been able to see his face!”

“It is very strange that he should conceal himself from you! However, nothing would be astonishing on the part of these people.”

“What people? Tell me.”

“Those who are called the *Chevaliers*, the *Black-masks*, the *Invisibles*. I am no better informed than you are about them, signora, though for two months they have had me in leading strings, and have been bringing me step by step to succor and save you.”

“The deadened sound of horses galloping was heard upon the grass. In two minutes the team was renewed, as well as the postilion, who did not wear the royal livery, and who exchanged some rapid words apart with the unknown. The latter came and presented his hand to Consuelo, who re-entered the

carriage with him. He seated himself as far from her as possible, and did not break the silence of the night except to sound two o'clock upon his watch. The day was still far from appearing, although the cry of the quail could be heard in the thickets and the distant barking of the farm-dogs. The night was magnificent; the constellation of the great bear was enlarged as it turned over in the horizon. The rolling of the carriage smothered the harmonious sounds of the country, and they turned their backs upon the great boreal stars. Consuelo understood that she was travelling towards the south. Karl, upon the box of the carriage, endeavored to drive away the spectre of Mayer, which he believed he saw hovering in all the openings of the forest, at the foot of the crosses, or under the tall firs of the wood. He therefore did not once think of noticing towards what regions his good or his evil star was directing him.

To be continued.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF A FRENCH THEORY OF ASSOCIATION.

BY TITO PAGLIARDINI.

(Continued.)

In a previous article we mentioned the Palais Royal as giving a tolerably fair notion of what is meant by a Phalanstery. Yet the former has faults which would not exist in the latter. Each of the 900 or 1000 apartments has, in the Palais Royal, a distinct cellar, or portion of cellar, a distinct kitchen, in which the meals are expensively and uncomfortably prepared by as many hands, which might be more profitably engaged; besides which, a kitchen in a small establishment must ever be a nuisance to the inhabitants thereof. In the Phalanstery, on the contrary, these numerous small kitchens are supplanted by one large one, on the plan of those at Greenwich Hospital or the Invalides, and in which every variety of food can be well prepared for all the inhabitants at less than one quarter the sum now expended in preparing it, more than indifferently, for each separate family.

The kitchen establishment should be divided into three departments; one for the wealthy, one for the middling classes, and one for the industrious classes; and all persons in the Phalanstery would be free either to take their meals at a table-d'hôte, or at a private table with companions of their own choice, or at their own private apartments.

Let it also be observed, that by carefully husbanding the broken food and vegetable parings, &c., which could be so easily collected from a kitchen feeding 1800 persons, and of which more than two-thirds are at present cast unprofitably away, the hog might be fattened without the least expense; and, from its prolific nature and easy sale, become to the inhabitants of the Phalanstery a considerable source of income.

The building ought to be warmed throughout by hot air, which would not only tend to the comfort, cleanliness, and salubrity of each apartment, but likewise produce an incalculable economy of fuel,

and save a great expense in construction; since one large chimney at each extremity would replace the thousand chimneys which would otherwise be requisite.

Whether not only the public compartments, but likewise each room, would not be better lighted, and at a cheaper rate, by gas than by lamps or candles, would of course be determined by local circumstances; nevertheless it seems more than probable that even if the Association were forced to establish gas-works of their own, they would still find them profitable. Among other advantages, the coke would find its daily application in the kitchen, without the extra value added to this article in civilization, from the necessary expense attending its carriage to great distances; for in the Phalanstery the gas-works would be not far remote from the kitchen. The ashes would also be carefully preserved, and find their application both in brick-making and the manuring of meadows.

As yet we have not touched on two of the most important branches of Fourier's social system—namely, the *organization of labor*, and the just repartition of profits among all the members of the Association.

#### *Distribution of Profits.*

All the faculties of production can be classed under the three following heads: *Capital*—lands, buildings, instruments, money; *Talent*—theoretic knowledge, superior skill; and *Labor*.

These three elements of production have each their individual rights, which might be made to concur in the general welfare of the other two; but civilization, with its usual exclusiveness, or, to say the very least, short-sightedness, has hitherto only acknowledged one of these elements—namely, *Capital*, the *passive* source of production; and has left wholly unprotected the other two elements, *Talent* and *Labor*, the *active* source of production, and without which the former is but a body without a soul.

Some philanthropists, struck with this injustice, have attempted social changes, but have failed in their purpose, from falling into the opposite error, namely, that of upholding talent and labor, but denying the sacred rights of capital, which represents the accumulated fruits of labor or talent, or, at least, an acquired right, which no legislation ought to have the privilege to attack.

These three elements, far from being naturally opposed, are, on the contrary, so intimately connected, that no work, small or great, can be undertaken without their combined concurrence. Why, then, uphold the one at the expense of the others? Why not admit, that since these three elements are equally indispensable in the production, they have all equally a right to share in the profits? At present, in railways, for instance, the engineer, the workman, receive their salary, it is true, as long as the work lasts; but once the work completed, the workman has no resource but to starve, or fall an unproductive burden on society. To whom do the whole profits accrue? To the *capitalist*, to the administrator alone. In vain has the legislator sought to protect the rights even of the public, by limiting the profits allowed to railway companies; the most illegal and dishonest measures are resorted to, and the law is eluded with impunity.

That this is not fair, no just, no virtu-

ous heart can deny; that it is neither prudent, nor yet conducive to the immediate interests of the capitalist himself, will only be evident to those whose minds are unsophisticated by what is so falsely termed political *economy*.

The annual profits of the enterprise, after the general expenses have been deducted, (and the same principle might be applied to all enterprises) ought to be distributed in the following manner:

1st. The interest or *salary* of the capital, whether it consist in land, implements, or money, must first be paid, according to the legal rate; also the taxes due to government.

2nd. Labor and talent must next receive their minimum salary, either in board, lodging, and dress, or in money, according to agreement, (and note, that from the very nature of the Phalanstery, the workmen with the average wages, now barely sufficient to keep himself and family from starvation, will be enabled to enjoy even some of the luxuries of life.)

3rd, and lastly, of whatever remains over, five-twelfths must be distributed as dividends among the capitalists; five-twelfths among the laborers, and two-twelfths among those who have distinguished themselves by superior knowledge, intelligence, skill, or activity.

Thus, each man, woman, or child, (for every member of the Association is considered a shareholder; and in the distribution of salary and dividends, the administration recognizes only *individuals*, not *families*.) each man, woman, or child, may receive a share in the profits for their concurrence in each or all of the elements of production, capital, labor, and talent.

To be continued.

For the Harbinger.

### SOCIETY—AN ASPIRATION—OR THE ACTUAL AND THE POSSIBLE.

(Continued.)

The mission of Christianity is nothing less than the composite salvation of the whole human race, materially and spiritually; and we denounce as short-sighted atheism, that pseudo-practical philosophy which seeks to limit our infinite soul to the little attainments we have yet made, abridging the simple liberty we enjoyed as savages, and delivering over our masses to destitution. Why draw comparisons? Why tell us how much more favored are the poor of this country than those of the old countries, whose vicious circle is drawn closer, or enter with cruel zest into the horrors of English, French, or Indian statistics? A man here can earn a dollar a day and he can vote; is such the *ne plus ultra* of human felicity for the people in the estimate of *democratic* politicians? Truly it should be a subject of peculiar self-gratulation to the poor man when work gives out, and his wife looks at him with a face that seems to say, "what business had such as we to marry;" and his starving children seem to ask him why they were brought into the world to suffer without their own consent. This man should certainly fe-

licitate himself, when he learns how great a number are in the same predicament, without even the privilege of being theoretically "free and equal" with the magnates of the land. Such, however, are the *tendencies of all societies based upon competition of interests*. It has been positively demonstrated by statistics officially compiled on the largest scale, that poverty, crime and their attendant miseries increase in a double ratio in England and France:

First, in proportion to the density of population.

Second, in proportion to the increased production of wealth.

Since the introduction of machinery, which has centupled or more the produce of England, and built up the most colossal fortunes for those who have owned it, the mass has been absolutely getting poorer and poorer, until now the conditions of their existence preclude the transmission of organic life; the families of laborers in some departments becoming extinct about the third generation, their children being born with constitutions already exhausted. Thousands of such are to be seen at the almshouses of English manufacturing towns, where they dwindle out their few years of miserable existence. The laboring ranks are filled by fresh recruits from the country, food for the wheel and loom, whose life-blood is weighed in the same balance with wood, iron, and steam power, and the cheaper material carries it.

Such, in the present relations of society, is the inevitable tendency: the value of human labor diminishing, precisely in the ratio that its place is supplied by machinery. The consummation of this state of things can be at no very great distance, for already in France, as appears by statistics quoted from M. Rollin by the National Intelligencer, out of thirty-four millions, thirty millions live from hand to mouth, and eight millions are paupers. More than twenty thousand come every day under the operation of the penal laws. The children of the manufacturing poor average two years of life. In some departments the race degenerates so much that it is difficult to fill up the conscriptions for military service, requiring able-bodied men of ordinary stature. With us, and in all parts of the world, the same causes are at work; the same social relations exist as in England and France; the difference consists only in our extent of waste land and paucity of population; it is a difference not in the tendency, but only in the time requisite to bring about the same state of things to the same extent, already nearly effected in New York, where thousands of women are making shirts at five cents a piece, or fine shirts for ten



cents, finding their own thread, and gaining about five cents a day. (See Report of American Female Moral Reform Society, New York, July 15th.)

The difficulty consists, solely in the mode of distributing the wealth produced in the various departments of industry. There is now wealth enough produced in England, France and elsewhere, to place in comfort, even in luxury, a population greatly exceeding the present; and every improvement in the applications of science to agriculture and the arts multiplies the means of producing much faster than the number of consumers can increase. The present tendency to an increase of wealth, of population, and of poverty, each in a direct ratio to the other, which has already reduced to pauperism about one-third of the population of the wealthiest nations of Europe, strengthening itself by the daily improvements in machinery, making the rich richer and the poor poorer, will soon concentrate the whole wealth of these nations in the hands of a very small class, and the following alternatives must arise:

1. That these capitalists give up their wealth, or have it forced from them by a revolution; and a general division being made, all commence again on the old principle of every man for himself, the more he gets out of his neighbor's pocket the more he gets into his own; and so on, until travelling the same circle they come back after a certain time to the same results.

2. That the mass be supported as paupers.

3. That the interest of the laborer be associated with that of the capitalist, instead of as at present being opposed to it; and that the wealth produced be in future more equitably distributed among the producers.

Machinery, in its grand labor-saving operations, has been the exclusive servant of the capitalist, and there has been no league of interest, but on the contrary, a warfare of interest between capitalist employer and laborer employed, the first requiring the most work for the lowest pay, the last desiring the highest pay for the least work. This antagonism of interests is to some extent balanced in the direct relations between man and man, by innate sentiments of justice and brotherhood; but as science and the machinery of its creation have opened vaster fields of enterprise to the capitalists investing in them, the relation of employer, no longer direct with the laborer, is filled by companies, corporations and their intermediate agents. All humanity and personal compassion is thus absorbed in their mutual duties to a common partnership interest, which in proportion to the increasing complexity of machine inter-

vention in the various branches of a business conducted on the largest scale, and to the gigantic competition into which it is brought with other partnerships of capital, compel to the most rigid system of economies, under which the defenceless mechanic, already thrown out of independent employment, and obliged to choose between starvation and the wages of a factory operative, is entirely crushed. The evil lies with no individual, no company. Self-preservation compels them to seek first their own interest. They pay, perhaps, as high as they can afford. It is perhaps only through the parliamentary reports which speak of the most awful suffering, of disease, deformity and demoralization of the masses by excessive labor, and consequent destruction of domestic relations, that the capitalist employers first learn the condition of their laborers employed. There they read of the same state of things over immense sections, they are very sorry, but what is every body's business is nobody's business. God help the weaker! And so it goes on, and becomes an old tale, a matter of course, a subject for shop-window caricatures. There is indeed no other alternative between this tyranny of capital, or a revolution in which its ignorant and exasperated slaves, already madly shrieking the cry of bread or blood, shall destroy their present masters, only to sink ultimately into some other bondage, except the concretion of science and its machine creations in the social and industrial sphere, by the extension of such guarantees to all classes as shall make them the servants and enrichers of all. It is surely but just, that the laborer's wages should rise in proportion to the wealth realized by the whole society through his labors; and every intervention of machinery, increasing the general product, ought to increase proportionally his profits. It is equally evident that this is impossible whilst he receives wages from an individual capitalist or a company owning the machinery, whose interest it is to make him work at the lowest rates. Combinations of capitalists against labor are very easily effected from their small number and great intelligence, whilst the great numbers, the ignorance and the pressing exigencies of the laborers render their attempts to combine against the capitalists worse than abortive. Equilibrium of these interests only becomes possible when machinery as well as other property becomes the joint stock of a company to which this laborer himself belongs, with which his interests shall be closely interlocked, and from the profits of which he will, *even if the owner of no capital*, receive a fair dividend upon his labor, contributed to the common interest, which is more directly important to it

than even the stock investment of the capitalist.

Thus, if in consequence of the introduction of a new machine, the annual income of the whole society is increased by one million of dollars, rendering it equal to what would before have been the interest of the original stock investment increased by one-tenth, every capitalist will receive an addition of one-tenth to his income, and every laborer will receive an addition of one-tenth upon the dividend previously allotted to his labor. If he be a master-workman, or engaged in those departments requiring skill as well as labor, as watchmaking, florists' work, and so forth, he receives an addition of one-tenth upon the bonus to which he is entitled as the reward of skill. Among the same men, without this integral guaranty from the whole society to all classes, the addition of the million of dollars to the last year's income would cause nearly such arrangements as follow:

Gain to capitalist or company owning machine by increase of production.	\$500,000
Gain to capitalist or company by diminution of wages paid to hand labor.	\$500,000
Gain to consumer purchasing products of machinery by reduction of prices.	\$500,000

The laborer gains here by reduction of price, in proportion as he purchases: he loses, first, directly, by reduction of value in the product of his labor, the demand for which is met by the machine. Second, indirectly, by the division of the profit in departments still filled by hand labor, among a number of laborers increased by those thrown out of work through intervention of the machine. As the laborer's consumption of manufactured produce is proportionally small, and his income from personal exertion proportionally large, it results that he will be absolutely a loser to a considerable amount; while the capitalist, even after sharing his profits with the consumer, not only realizes a large amount from the increased production given by the machine, but also another large amount by retention of wages before paid out for hand labor. Thus the rich grow richer and the poor poorer. "To him that hath it shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." This is one of the very few texts of Scripture of which the world has yet learned the practical application.

The capitalist is, however, subjected to a far greater loss under present arrangements, than the guaranty here suggested would cost him. He must provide guaranties for combating the effects, of which the unity of interest thus ensured would remove the causes. These effects are, destitution and crime, which tax him to support a police, tribunals, prisons, alms-

houses, hospitals and a military establishment.

Now, although all this be exceedingly visionary and theoretical to people as long as they have plenty of roast beef and plum pudding on their own tables, popular insurrections and "bread or blood" riots will soon bring it home to them, and as we shall all probably, without much hesitation, prefer the alternative of associating capital and labor, the question arises: Shall we allow the misery and deterioration of our race to continue until it has forced us to this point, or shall we seek to cut it short by solving the problem at once, and by so arranging the relations of society, as to distribute to the greatest advantage of all, the wealth and the moral advantages possessed by all? Having seen that the present evils all arise from an antagonism of interests, we shall expect in a society which shall harmonize all interests, to substitute in the room of these evils their opposite goods.

But it is urged by those who are so well content with the present and its tendencies, that this is impossible, that when the alternatives mentioned occur, the end of the world will come, and help us out of the difficulty; others charitably adding, that man's nature is too corrupt for any more harmonic state of society than the present, and that warfare of interests is necessitated by his selfishness and unruly passions. Nothing good can come about in this life. The end will come, and then the few elect will be picked out of the bosom of the church, and the rest of humanity dismissed to the tender mercies of hell, where they can groan and gnash their teeth to their heart's content; and certainly it would be a great sin for them to wish or try to make it otherwise, for the Lord has so ordained it. And then does it not serve the wretches right, for being most of them born poor, and raised miserably, without kindness or education or any of the influences which they, the presumptive elect, have provided for their own growth in grace and spiritual faith? What an idea do we receive of the wisdom and the far-sighted beneficence of a God, who from age to age has provided with such exquisite art the numberless physical and moral adaptations of this earth to man, the highest of his creatures, in prospect of such a consummation! The slightest atomic change in the constitution of the air, of the elements of man's food, would have unsuited them to his lungs, blood, or digestive organs, and prevented his existence. The elements remaining the same, a change in his organization would have been attended with the same result. So on with reference to every relation which

he sustains with things about him. Man has instincts, which are as much created by God and parts of his nature as his lungs, his blood, or his stomach; and which as absolutely presuppose the conditions of their gratification, as the lungs and blood presuppose the atmosphere, or the digestive organs and blood presuppose wholesome food.

Such instincts are 1. The desire of wealth, that is, objects which gratify the wants of the senses—delicate food and comfortable and beautiful clothes, music, the forms and colors of art, &c.

2. Love, or attraction between the sexes.

3. Friendship, the participation of interests and pleasures with our fellows.

4. Familism, or the instinct which leads us to sustain the relations of parent and child, brother and sister, and so on expanding.

5. Ambition, which aims at elevating and bettering our state, either materially or spiritually.

These passions all presuppose, or require, for their development and gratification, a social state. Isolated, man is mean, weak, and miserable; it is only by combination that he can become great, powerful and happy. A social life was then contemplated for man by the God who organized him with such instincts. The particular social state contemplated, must be one so adapted to those instincts as to provide for their fullest development and gratification, as well as of all man's other faculties and organs, physical and spiritual. Any arrangements of society which, for the well being of the whole, require the suppression or restraint of any of these faculties, instincts, and passions, cannot be those intended by God; they are atheistical, because in requiring the suppression of them, they impeach the goodness or wisdom of God, in so organizing man as to require their suppression.

The arrangements of society contemplated by God must be not only such in their nature as to provide as above stated for his integral development, but they must be also so simple in their character that their discovery should be entirely within the reach of his intellect, just as much as any of the physical adaptations to his various wants, which the progress of science has from time to time made available to him. There is a science of the organization of society, just as absolutely as there is a science of the organization of man. The principles and details of this science must be such as to provide for man's integral development, and be so simple that their discovery shall be possible as soon as the earth shall be peopled, and the evils and inconveniences arising from the first confused and discordant social relations, such as those of Savagism, Barbarism, Civil-

ization, induce him to seek for them. Our humbler brethren of creation seem to attain such ends by intuition. Their instinct is in each creature an attraction to unity (that is, conciliation of its various impulses) within itself, and with its external sphere; guarding it like a special Providence amid the accidents of life; securing for it a destiny proportioned to its attractions,—a happiness equal to its aspirations. This is not only true of their physical science, which enables them to distinguish the localities fitted for their residence, the food most conducive to their health, or the medicines adapted to their few and slight ailments; but also of their social relations, even when a complex mechanism is required to satisfy the aim of their nature, as we observe in the societies of the Ant and the Bee. The sphere of instinct is however limited. In the lives of these creatures no progress has been observed since our earliest histories; none of them know the use of fire or of tools, nor does their power and influence upon the planet increase except in the ratio of their numbers. Man's destiny is ever in advance of his attractions. Theirs are simply coincident. The domestic animals present exceptions due to man's influence. The condition of a progressive existence, the conversion of the circle into the spiral, implies the loss of this advantage,—of the unity internal and external dependent upon the limitation of instinct. This is what is spoken of in the "Fall of Man." It corresponds to that period at which the curve of the circle, instead of uniting, veers off to commence another higher curve, and these points of transition where unity is broken, are characterized by incoherence and suffering.

The ages and forms of incoherent society since the Fall correspond to the subsequent moments of eternity and points of development, at which it became necessary to leave the harmony of adaptations, fixed under the special providence of instincts,—the "paradise" of ignorance and innocence. In man, the pivotal link in the chain of transition from the material to the spiritual, after eating the allegorical apple of knowledge, this instinct, stretching itself to comprehend his complex possible relations with the heaven above and the earth beneath, was resolved into the deducing, comparing, and combining faculties of the intellect, an attraction whose pole is truth. The composite unity to which man's intellect must make his other attractions converge in order to satisfy his nature, to proportion his destiny to his attractions, and give to his higher nature the same proportional development that the instinct of lower creatures furnish for them, must be threefold:

1st. The unity of Organic Life, including the	Gravitative, Cohesive, Capillary, Affinitary, Assimilative	Five Physical Attractions.
2d. The unity of Sensuous Life, including	Taste, Smell, Touch, Sight, Hearing.	Five Sensuous Attractions.
3d. Unity of Spiritual Life, including	Ambition, Friendship, Love, Family Sentiment.	Four Affective Attractions.
and Y pivot, the unity of mundane with ultra-mundane life, in the convergence of all these in the	Attraction to God, the source and arbiter of all Attraction.	Including the preceding.

Man's intellect must contrast, combine and alternate these attractions, and harmonize their relations to his individual interest;

First, with his higher interest in the collective humanity of which he is an elementary atom.

Second, with the interest of the planet in all the forms of life incarnated upon it, and incidentally, with the interests of other planets influenced by this.

Third, with the interest of God, the arbiter and endower of attraction, who can enjoy his will in regard to us only in the ratio that our intellect enables us to realize for our attractions the destiny that they ask, as on the other hand, man's free will must consist in obedience to these attractions, in the unity of all his interests. In instinct, the fetal development of this attraction for truth, we observe a diffraction or foreshadowing of the highest development. The understanding, the will determined by the strongest motive, and the action, are brought into the same unity in reference to the life purpose, that we feel or conceive of in the life of spiritual regeneration, in the interdwelling with God through the love spirit, itself a *roquage* or anticipation by individuals of the ultimate development of the race. Whilst we are suffering, it is natural for us to say, "Why has God not made to us a special revelation of the order or social mechanism whereby this universal unity may be attained?" But we should have no sooner believed Isaiah than Fourier, and the revelation has ever been within the reach of the first man who should make the analysis and synthesis of the springs of action he feels within him, determining their aim severally and collectively, and drawing, as Fourier has done from the great sampler of creation, patterns from those spheres of movement which were already harmonized.

It is required by the specific law of man's nature, — destiny ever in advance of attraction, — that the harmonies of his present life should be a reflection from his future — his duties in relation to which have therefore been revealed to him.

The religion which secures this, will, as soon as acted out by society, lead at once to the true social organization for the present life, and it is as the most single-hearted of those who have accepted this spiritual revelation, that Fourier has been enabled to unfold to us the mechanism of harmony. As to any more direct interference by God, why should we expect our social relations to be specially revealed or created for us, when we have to find out for ourselves by experience and reasoning from analogy, the materials adapted to our food or clothing? Some substances are innutritious, some hurtful when eaten; has God then established no harmonic relation between the elements of our bodies and food to sustain them? As well might we urge that no harmonic social relations are possible, because our present social relations and institutions do not provide the food or gratification of our social wants.

Wealth, or the luxury of the senses, Love, Familism, Friendship and Ambition, are passions that must under every possible form of social organization receive a partial development, and a much higher one in some social states than in others; among the more favored classes of Barbarism than in Savageism, and amongst the higher classes of Civilization than in Barbarism; amongst the educated than among the ignorant; under free governments than under slavish ones. These facts show that to realize for them a development infinitely beyond anything at present possible, we have only to devise arrangements scientifically based on our knowledge of human nature, instead of acquiescing in the accidental and incoherent systems which have heretofore prevailed. Our destiny has ever been progressive, it must so continue. Our wants, our misery have been the causes of all our past attainments, they will be of our future. We were hungry, we sought and found food; we were cold and we learned to clothe ourselves.

We had need of harmony to give voice to our afflictions, our sympathies and our longings; we discovered music. Now we have in civilization created a great industry and wealth, the means and appliances, the external sphere of happiness; we discovered and created them because we *wanted* them, but we cannot enjoy them because we have not yet learned how to harmonize our interests. We want the true social organization, and because we want it we shall attain to it. "Destinies are proportioned to attractions." "Seek and ye shall find, Knock and it shall be opened unto you." It is an unworthy distrust of God, that blinds us to the blessings within our reach. Men think of the great Father as a being who could create our race with the full

knowledge that the great mass of it would undergo a progressive experience of evil and suffering through eternity; who, like a revengeful man, heaps upon them the torments of a future Hell in return for having offended Him in their lives here. They think of Him as having allowed an evil spirit to wrest from Him the government of this fair Creation, and constantly to tempt man to his perdition. They think of this world as only intended for a vale of tears, a state of trial and suffering worth nothing in *itself*, but only serving as a passage to eternal happiness for a few elect and to misery for the rest.

In regarding the evils inherent in our present societies as inevitable, as flowing from a nature they believe essentially vicious; in regarding with cold skepticism, or combating with a bitter vehemence, all the efforts of humanitarian progress, these men only act out their faith. It is a faith that makes of men, corpses, which under the most subtle disguises of language, like the tortuous windings of the painted snake, strikes with its venomous fang at every high and noble aspiration of Humanity. In all things it is the opposite of Christianity whose name it assumes. Let us know our God as the source of all harmonies in this universe. Let us develop our conception of Him by studying the beautiful adaptations which every page of his great work presents; Geology, Mineralogy, Chemistry, Physiology, — all the sciences; what are they but registers of facts? simple observations which under our eye take form and order, manifest laws and analogies, and adaptations with the other departments of nature, till they bring home upon us the irresistible conviction of unity in their guiding and animating spirit. It was the perception of this unity, of these universal analogies, and the absolute faith in God which sprang from it, that lead Charles Fourier to the discovery of the universal laws of *movement* and of *combination*, from which the mechanism of true *social* organization naturally developed itself.

We have before us the problem to find a force manifested in the movements and combinations which come under our cognizance, and the mode of combination co-existing with that force, and to infer from these the laws of the unknown departments, especially that of the combined movement of human societies. We commence with the heavenly bodies. Here we find *groups* of individual planets, each assembled and moving round a central sun. The force manifested by their motions Newton has already defined as *attraction*. Next we find many central suns with their groups of planets moving round a greater centre, thus forming a

series of groups, and still the law of their movement is attraction.

From the infinitely great we come down to the infinitely small,—to the atoms of matter. These particles group themselves together to form a single homogeneous mass, and the force manifested in their cohesion is attraction. Groups of atoms of the different simple bodies unite in definite proportions with each other to form compound bodies or series of groups, and these compounds unite again in the formation of still more complex series. (See Table A, three lowest branches.)

The impulse of election or preference, by which each atom, each group of atoms, and each series of groups, combines with other special atoms, special groups, and special series, is still attraction. Between masses it goes under the name of gravitation; between the atoms of a simple body or group, under that of cohesion; between those of compounds or series, under that of affinity. We also remark here that the mode of combination is the arborescent. This minerals show us in circumstances favorable to their combination, as in the formation of crystals in a saturated solution, which, themselves the highest or most perfect form of combination which the mineral kingdom presents, foretype the vegetable growth in the kingdom above it. We may easily see this by dissolving half an ounce of sugar of lead in a decanter of distilled water, from the cork of which is suspended by a bit of silk, two or three inches of zinc wire. Round this, if the decanter be left in a still place, the salt will crystallize in an arborescent form. Each large crystal is a group of smaller crystals characterized by a definite form, a definite number of sides and angles—a unity whose parts are homogeneous.

The elective affinities of chemistry are full of analogies with the affective attractions of the animal and spiritual sphere.

We observe a foretyping of friendship and of love, in the different specific affinities of basic elements in compounds called *ides* or *urets*, and of bases with acids forming the *ates* and *ites*.

The mineral families are well known to chemists, such as the chlorine group, chlorine, iodine, bromine, fluorine, and so forth; and those based on simple contiguity, to the mineralogist, who discovers veins of ore by the presence of other minerals not always possessing either affinity of character, or tendency to combine, with the metal in their neighborhood.

Ambition, considered as the source of order and degrees, is manifested in the regularity of atomic and crystalline combinations; in the catalytic influences by

which bodies operate changes by their simple presence, and without combining with others, as in the conversion of cane into grape sugar by the presence of sulphuric acid; in the hierarchy of the acids from carbonic to sulphuric; and in the upward striving of the atom, in the successive combinations which lead it from mineral to vegetable, and from vegetable to animal life; whilst through all those varied and contrasted combinations it ever co-operates, either blindly or wittingly, incoherently or in composite order, in its analyses or its syntheses, with the arbiter of attraction, in a sphere predetermined towards universal unity in the harmonies of creation.

Rising from the arborescent crystal, we find ourselves in the sphere of vegetable life. We are to seek the forces and the order manifested in the structure of a plant, which in its organic structure is a unity composed of parts heterogeneous, or unlike. Chemically considered, that is, in reference to the elementary principles composing it, a plant, the wheat plant, for example, is a series composed of the groups of starch, gluten, and potash. Each of these groups is again composed of simpler principles, as starch of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen in definite proportions, that is in groups of definite numbers of atoms. Organically considered, a plant is the series of many sub-series and groups of tubes, fibres and sap globules. Each flower, leaf or bough, is a series of these vessels and fibres running from the leaves downward, and from the fibres of the root upward. Vitally considered, a plant is the series of the lives of many groups of buds, each of them capable of sustaining an independent existence, as is easily demonstrated of many, the rose, for example. We remark here that the power of independent growth in each bud foretypes in an especial manner the nature of the polypus, a low order of animal life, which stands near it in the great series of creation. Passing over the general analogies of structure, which are so complete that physiologists have called the plant an animal with its digestive and respiratory system external, and the animal a plant with its digestive and respiratory system internal; we observe a prominent function of animal life foretyped in the power of motion or contraction possessed by the fly-catcher, or sensitive plant, the mimosa and other species, analogous to the muscularity of animals.

The plant being a tri-composite creature, chemical, organic, and vital, we shall be prepared in following out the clue with which the stars and the minerals have supplied us, to find the impulse of attraction manifested in a triple sense. 1st. In the cohesion and combination of

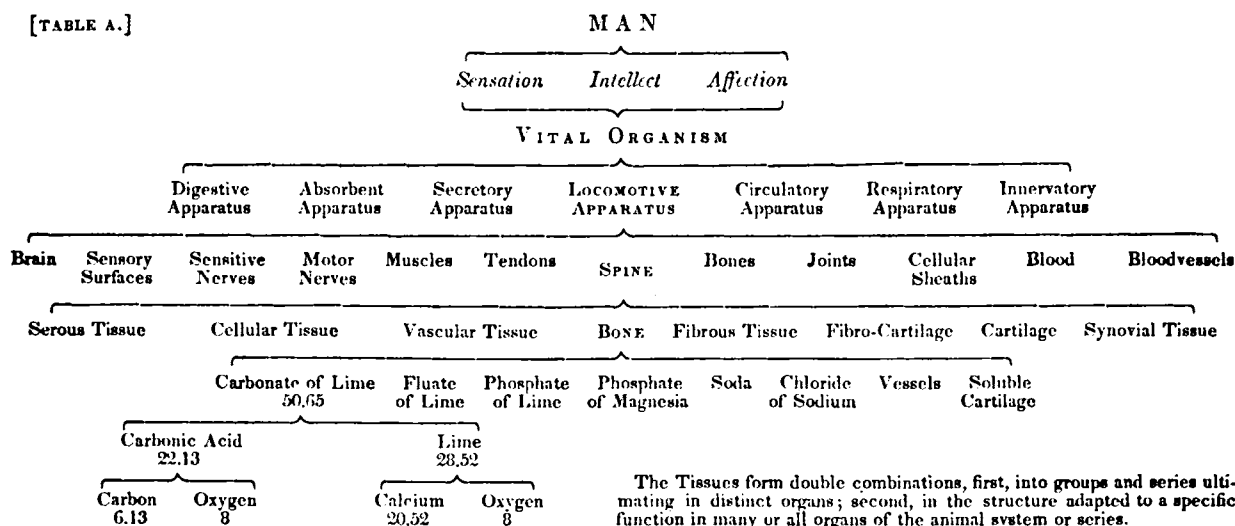
chemical constituents. 2d. In the motion of its fluids through capillary tubes, and in the assimilation by each plant of the sap globules suited to its nourishment, fixed by attractions specific to each tissue. 3d. In the flower, the highest development in the plant and the organ of love, where, as in the *Colinsonia*, the pistil bows itself to kiss each stamen in succession, or in the heroic *Valisneria*, which, detached from its stalk, crosses the waters towards his lady near the farther shore.

#### *Animal Kingdom.*

Analytically considered, an animal of one of the higher classes is, first, a tri-composite creature, chemical, organic, and vital; and second, its vitality has a composite development, sensuous, affective, and intellectual or instinctual. It will be understood that vitality is the manifestation of organic structure, and that sensation, intellect and affection are developments and modifications of vitality. The respiratory function corresponds, for instance, to the organs—lungs, heart, blood and bloodvessels, medulla oblongata, sympathetic nerves, and certain muscles. The vital nature is a series comprising as many sub-series as there exist orders or classes of functions, as in the following table. (See next page.)

Molecules of various characters, seen under the microscope's field of view to move with apparent spontaneity in the areolæ of the tissues, the interspace between arterial and venous capillaries, where the bloodvessels terminate, are fixed by specific industrial attractions as workers in a group of muscular fibre, or as feelers in the sentient extremity of a nerve. These nerve groups, and muscle groups, with others of mucous membrane, serous membrane, vessels and follicles, unite in an organic series, as in the stomach, each bringing to a great partnership work peculiar individual qualities which no other possesses, yet without ever a collision of interest from this dissimilitude; since variety in the parts is the essential condition of unity and integrity in the whole for which those parts were calculated. Each molecule, by obeying its own attractions, and each group of molecules, by filling the special function based upon those attractions, enables the other individual molecules, and the other groups, to obey their several attractions, and fill their functions in the series in full security that the well-being of the whole will arise from this wise selfishness. From special arrangements in these organic groups and series, functioning in different sorts of vital industry, result the faculties and sentiments which we class under the three heads of Sensitive, Affective, and Distributive. These constitute the primary

[TABLE A.]



NOTE. Every other term in each series would, as well as the central term, give an expansion into sub-series or groups like that proceeding from the central; but as our object is not to give an exhaustive analysis of Man, but only to illustrate the arborescent type of the series, we have given at each degree only the expansion of the central term.

analysis of Man, to be more fully unfolded in a tabular exposition in our next number.

To be Continued.

## THE HARBINGER.

### THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

#### SECTION III.—NOTICE VI.

ON EDUCATION.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### Of the Little Bands.

The activity and emulation of the Little Hordes will be doubly intense, if we oppose to them another corporation equally founded in nature. The majority of male children incline to unclean occupations, to impudence and rudeness; on the other hand, we see the majority of little girls incline to elegance of dress and manners. Here we have a very decided germ of rivalry; it only remains to develop it, in application to industry.

The more the Little Hordes distinguish themselves by their civic virtues and devotedness, the more good qualities must the rival corporation exhibit in contrast, in order to balance them in public estimation. The Little Bands are the preservers of the social charm, a post less brilliant than that of the support of social harmony held by the Little Hordes; but the cares bestowed upon collective ornament, upon the public luxury and elegance, become as precious in Association as the other branches of industry. The Little Bands are very useful in this sort of labor; the adornment of the entire township, both materially and spiritually, is their special attribute.

Every one is free in harmony to dress according to his fancy, but in all correlative reunions unitary costumes are essential; each group, each series discusses its selection, and in the competitions called forth by material ornament or the

choice and renewal of costumes, the taste for dolls is utilized, as well as that for toys, as we have said above in speaking of the earlier phases of education. The Little Bands, composed for the most part of girls, are charged with the presentation of dolls and mannikins, among which selections will be made after a critical examination.

Opposed in tone to the Little Hordes, they are passionately fond of *Atticism*, or of the elegant and classic. They are so polite that the boys yield precedence to the girls.

About one-third of the boys figure in the Little Bands, namely, the boys of a more intellectual cast, precocious minds like Pascal, who have a premature propensity for study; and those little effeminate, who from an early age incline to gentleness.

Not so active as the Little Hordes, they do not rise so early, and they do not arrive at the workshops in the morning until four o'clock. Earlier than that they would not be needed, since they do not give themselves much to the care of the large animals, but rather to that of the species which are difficult to rear and to domesticate, as the carrier pigeons, the aviaries, the beavers in combined labor, and the zebras.

They are the supreme police in all that pertains to the vegetable kingdom; whoever breaks the branch of a tree, gathers a flower or fruit out of season, or carelessly tramples down a plant, is complained of to the senate of the Little Bands, who judge according to a penal code applied to this kind of offences, just as the Divan of the Little Hordes has jurisdiction over offences within the sphere of the animal kingdom.

Charged with the spiritual and material adornment of the township, they exercise the functions of the French and Della Cruscan academies; they are the censors of bad language and of false pronunciation: each gentle knightess of the Little Bands is authorized to act like the venerable lady of Athens who took Theophrastus to task for his defective modes of speech. The senate of the Little Bands has the right to literary censorship over

the parents themselves; it makes out a list of the faults in grammar or pronunciation committed by each associate, and the chancery of the Little Bands sends to him this list, with an invitation to abstain in future.

They will undoubtedly have made sufficient studies to exercise a criticism of so difficult and delicate a nature: but I merely touch upon this subject which belongs to the chapter upon teaching.

Stimulated by the great examples of virtue and devotedness which are set them by the Little Hordes, they have it at heart to equal them in every thing which falls within their power; a fair initiate, who has fortune, will make in the course of her youth, from the time of her admission into this chivalrous order (at the age of nine years), a present of some ornament to her troop, and to the entire squadron, if her means permit. She would be despised if it were possible to suspect her of selfishness, of the civilized spirit which leads a woman to disdain her sex, to rejoice in its disgraces, in its servitudes and privations, and to prize a gew-gaw only as her poorer neighbors are deprived of it. The Little Bands do honor to themselves by manners altogether opposed to those of civilized ladies, and devote themselves to finery only to make it a spring of general friendship and adornment in the township, a lever of enthusiasm in industry, and of correlative generosity.

A correlative treasury must be made up for the Little Bands, to enable them to exercise this generosity. If the Little Hordes are allowed to spend one-eighth of their patrimony in philanthropic services, so too may the Little Bands employ in the same way one-sixteenth of theirs, and if necessary, the whole income of their shares,—shares which childhood will accumulate, because it always gains more than its expenses.

The Little Bands connect with themselves older persons as coöperators, under the title of *corybantes*, in contradistinction to the druids and druidesses of the Little Hordes. The same contrast reigns in their travelling allies who are large bands of knights errant of both sexes, devoted

to the fine arts. On the other hand, the Little Hordes have for their travelling allies, the great hordes of adventurers engaged in public labors.

Nature has contrived, in the distribution of characters, a fundamental division into strong or *major* shades, and soft or *minor* shades, a distinction that reigns in all created things; in colors from deep to bright, in music from grave to acute, &c. This contrast naturally forms in childhood the distinction of the Little Hordes and Little Bands, devoted to opposite functions.

The functions of the Little Hordes effect the grand prodigy of the fusion of classes; from the Little Bands is obtained a service no less eminent, which is the refinement of the series from the earliest age; and this is the end of education.

We have seen, in chapters V. and VI., that an industrial series would be defective if it should want compactness; to render it compact, we must bring into play a minute distinction of tastes into varieties, tenuitys and minimites. The children will be accustomed from an early age to these distinctions of shades in passion. This is the task of the Little Bands, in which are brought together the children who are inclined to minute refinements in dress, the most common theme of controversy among little girls and women; they, like our literary men and painters, will see shocking defects where an ordinary person would perceive no fault.

The Little Bands will be skilful in developing divisions upon shades of taste, in classing the niceties of art, and will thus produce compactness in the series, by the refinement of tastes and fancies and the production of the scale of differences. This property reigns much less in the Little Hordes, except in the province of gastronomy.

Thus the harmonic education draws its means of equilibrium from two opposite tastes, from that for dirt, and that for refined elegance; propensities which are both condemned by our sophists in education. The Little Hordes do negatively what the Little Bands do positively; the former do away the obstacles to harmony, they destroy the spirit of caste which would grow out of repugnant labors; the latter create the germ of the series by their skill in organizing scales of taste, fine shades of division between different groups; hence it is evident that

The Little Hordes proceed to the beautiful by the way of the good, by speculative uncleanness.

The Little Bands proceed to the good by the way of the beautiful, by love of elegance and study.

This contrasted action is the universal law of nature; throughout her whole system we find counterpoises and forces balanced in direct and inverse play, in ascending and descending vibration; in mode refracted and reflected, major and minor; centripetal and centrifugal forces, &c. Every where we behold direct and inverse action, a principle absolutely unknown in civilization which, always simple and simplistic in its method, seeks to fashion the whole mass of children after one unique mould; at Sparta it would have them all friends of black broth; at Paris, all friends of commerce, without any contrast or competition of instincts.

On the other hand, it employs the confused mode instead of the composite; it

subjects children to different morals according to castes, to different principles according to the changes of ministry; to-day they educate them after the pattern of Brutus, to-morrow after that of Cæsar. That is to say: instead of unity of system, they employ monotony as to characters, and confusion as to methods; and nowhere in the civilized education do we find any trace of the natural method, or the contrast of instincts and of sexes, the application of which we shall examine farther in treating of the age of puberty. But preliminary to this it will be necessary to treat of the associative system of teaching, the springs and methods of which have no affinity to ours.

I have given but a few details respecting the Little Bands. As to the proofs, they would be the same as for every other arrangement; the thing we have to verify is, whether we have found a series and given full course to the Mechanizing Passions. The series in the Little Bands will be formed, as in the Little Hordes, by three divisions, two with contrasted functions, and one with mixed functions between the two; the whole in contrast with the occupations of the Little Hordes. If this rule is well observed, the three passions will have a much more easy development than that described in chapter XVIII., on the subject of the most ungrateful of all functions in education. Let us reserve these details for the end of the section.

## REVIEW.

*Address and Poem delivered before the Philalethean Society of Hanover College, Indiana, at the Annual Commencement, August 17, 1846. By T. H. SHREVE, and W. D. GALLAGHER. (Published by request of the Society.) Cincinnati: Printed by L'Hoummedieu & Co. 1846.*

There is a good deal of literary merit in these twin performances, conceived at one time and in one spirit, and at the bidding of a society who style themselves "Lovers of Truth." Their fresh and generous tone of thought betrays familiarity with the best books, if no more. They show a hopeful leaning; they are ardent, cheerful, strong, and full of a certain smack of progress, as is the whole mind of the West. And progress is the theme of them both, deeply felt no doubt, and we shall see how deeply understood.

Mr. Shreve's discourse purports to be on the "Philosophy of Revolutions." But we open it to enjoy and accept a general statement with some good illustrations of the simple fact that every thing always is in revolution; we read on saying "true enough" to several desultory characterizings of successive changes in empires, arts, philosophies and literatures; we follow him through a brief comparison of the English, French and American revolutions, from which he simply draws the conclusion that all revolutions are a long time preparing, and that the leading actors in them must be persons steeped in the spirit of the move-

ment, when behold! we are clean through, we have traversed the whole wood and come out on the other side, still looking for that same "Philosophy!" Did we dream, or where were we during the unfolding of this sage Philosophy? For many acute and just observations we have to thank the author, for that receptiveness and happy reproduction of Carlyle's, Cousin's, Guizot's best thoughts, which comes next perhaps to originality, we can give him credit also; but as to philosophy, if there was any, it was too subtle for our eyes to see it. A philosophy of revolutions, we should suppose, would determine the laws and conditions of revolutions; it would divine the unity of all movements, and exhibit the analogy between them all; it would count the elements and verify the scale of progress, and calculate its periods and phases, so that we may read the future in the past, and tell not only whether we are moving, but where we are, in what phase of that great progressive social destiny of whose on-sweep thus far history records only the sparks that fly. Some think that we are near the goal of human possibilities; that the world is wondrous old and is waxing towards the height of Civilized perfectibility. Others have been bold to suspect that we are yet in the infancy and teething-time of the race, that six thousand years is but a short space to allot to that, compared to the long mid-summer-day periods of coming Harmony, and that such a thing as Society has not yet existed at all, but only gleams and chaotic, though prophetic caricatures of the same, to be succeeded by the real thing in God's good time. All this it certainly behoves a philosophy of revolutions to furnish some ideas about; but our Philalethean, truth-loving orator says nothing. He snaps off short with counselling the young men, if they would be leaders in the movements of the day, to enter into them with all their hearts and understand them. As we have said, the minds of Western thinkers are full of the spirit of progress; they are elated with it and prophecy largely about it. There is great evidence of life and of true hope and earnestness in their virgin periodicals and in the annual addresses given at the literary institutions which spring up so rapidly among them. But as yet the thought of progress with them is a vague one, without form or science, a spirit which they breathe, rather than a principle which they understand. There is a want of thoroughness, of patient and profound study, and of all method of thought in this Address, which we cannot help contrasting with its large title, although as an off-hand literary performance we confess again to its great merits. In point of style it certainly is far above the



average of such performances, even in our older institutions. It shows power, although it rushes into great subjects unprepared. But this is not a fault peculiar to Western thinking. Nowhere yet, among accepted oracles, has the problem of social destiny been even apprehended, not to say solved. There is more of the philosophy of revolutions in Fourier's simple enumeration of the eight successive societies on earth, (namely Edenism, Savageism, Patriarchalism, Barbarism, Civilization, and now the commencement of the sixth or Guarantism, to be followed by Simple Association, and at last by Full Harmony) than in all the philosophical histories and political treatises of this day put together; and never was history so just, never went political economy so straightway to the heart of the matter, as his descriptions of the characteristics of these successive phases of humanity.

But we did not mean to be severe with this address. The great fault which we have to find with it is simply a negative one, that it does not offer more, that it does not wisely state and solve a great problem; and in this the literature and politics and science of the day are all alike deficient. The writer speaks as one who is excited and made happy with the first enthusiasm of certain vague but hopeful views of things, and who naturally magnifies his youthful fervors into an imagination of philosophy. This is the *aura* which precedes the day-spring of the true social science, and many feel it and are elated by it and utter thoughts, which are but the prophecy of thought, in the same way. The freedom, buoyancy and vigor of this writer's mind would lead us to think of him as one well prepared to read and weigh the deep suggestions of the "Treatise on the Science of Universal Unity," and to use the key it offers to the solution of Social Destiny.

Mr. Gallagher's poem we have not read without a thrill of the true poetic feeling. This too is a review of human progress, and is entitled "The Promise of the Present." These are the opening lines:

"Never, since Time began  
The portals of Eternity to ope,  
Hath the forever-struggling heart of Man  
Been quickened by such hope  
As animates and thrills each fibre now.  
Never before hath his commanding brow  
With equal radiance been bright;  
Nor the high impress borne so strong  
Of pow'r to wrestle with the Wrong,  
And to achieve the Right.  
Not until now hath his mysterious soul,  
The circuit of Eternity that sweeps,  
Felt calm amid the tides of Thought that roll  
Their mighty volumes through its sounding deeps.  
Not until now have his unresting eyes  
Pierced steadily the thick old gloom that lies  
On and around him from his natal day,—  
And seen, with faith that knows not to despond,

The heaven of beauty that lies bright beyond,  
Outspreading wide, and stretching far away."

The poet then commences his historic review, glancing at the patriarchal days, at "Earth's earlier nations," in which "men were things," lingering a little more fondly in the times of Greece, thence passing to the earlier nations of Italy, where his verse flows very sweetly, as our readers shall hereby know for themselves.

"Where o'er Etrurian valleys spread  
Serenest skies of softest blue,—  
Where leaping Alpine torrents fed  
Meandering streams, that glided through  
Cool poplar shades, and stole among  
Low thickets with the wine-grape hung,—  
Where yellow Tiber roll'd between  
Banks living in eternal green,  
And all of sweet, or grand, or fair,  
Was on the earth, and in the air,—  
The seeds of nations wandered. Settling down  
And striking root, soon many a quiet town  
Sprang up along the green acclivities,  
And in the shadows of embowering trees.  
And here, reposing through the hot mid-day,  
Or in cool morn and breezy eve away  
Seeding broad fields, or from the generous soil  
Gathering rich fruits without o'ertaking toil,  
A happy people lived: happy, if ease,  
And plenty, and the simple pow'r to please  
Rude fancies, and to satisfy desires  
As rude, be happiness. Populous cities rose  
Ere long, and in them the unholy fires  
That madden, and call down unnumbered woes  
On earth, were kindled; and the hearts of men  
Became the altars of Ambition then."

Rome rises and falls, the dark ages follow, the elements of the later nations become concentered; art, eloquence, poetry appear again; the idea of freedom is born, but is at once prostituted in the French Revolution; and then the poet turns to his own country "whose deep foundations had been laid in prayer." He mourns and rebukes the degeneracy of the present descendants of the Pilgrims in some indignant stanzas, and adds that

—"good men, angered with the Present, cast  
Distrustful glances back upon the Past—  
Refusing by its lessons to abide,  
And looking forward to the new—the untried.  
And why should this not be so? When unroll'd,  
What is the tale of the old ages told?  
Ambition, avarice, hate, and pride, and lust,  
All in one form of animated dust;  
Slaves tamely sinking 'neath a tyrant's frown,  
Ready to kiss the hand that strikes them down;  
Men driv'n by millions to unholy wars,  
To swell the trophied pride of conquerors;  
Rivers of blood—plains slippery with gore—  
And seas a battle-field from shore to shore!  
If thus the dark and dread account be cast,  
Why should the Present lean upon the Past?  
Is this the work by Heaven ordained for man?  
Is this to execute the Eternal Plan?  
Why not unto the Future rather turn,  
Where brightest fires of Hope forever burn?  
Hope, and assurance that Man's truest day  
Dawns now upon the world, though yet with  
feeble ray!"

In the last strain, or paragraph, the poet

recognizes the great wrongs of the laboring classes in the old world and the new, and sings the "Promise of the Present." But what is the promise? Alas! no better than a bloody one. He has poetized and criticised the whole Past thus far only to close with these lines:

"So human passions, of terrific birth,  
Shall sweep and desolate the broad green earth,  
Until the fight be fought, the victory won,  
And Equal Justice smile on all beneath the sun."

He does not comprehend the idea of a peaceful revolution, of an actual regeneration of our old false societies without being scourged into it, and without the devil's principle of "conquering a peace." Fighting, O poet, never will do the thing. It is the false, simplistic means which has been uniformly tried hitherto; but all such victories are defeats; in conquering thus one enemy, we raise up another in our midst; we break our own chains with a deal of noble sentiment and heroism, but we instantly forge chains for others in the sacred name of competitive commerce; we slay our enemies by waking up these passions "of terrific birth," and these, when the fight is won, turn round and slay us who employed them. Warlike revolutions are indeed revolutions, the revolutions of a wheel always returning upon itself in the same vicious circle. Equal Justice will come; perfect peace and harmony will come; but not until for simplistic force and mad resistance of especial wrongs, wise social order shall be substituted, by first organizing Industry so that it shall not be that old bone of contention, but the symmetrical skeleton and support of the whole fair fabric of society; so that all men shall in interest be one, and wars and slavery, all base excitements and false means of power, become absorbed in the more exciting and constructive labors of the race. There will be more poetry, to say the least, in such a revolution. Let all poets then, whose souls are full of love for freedom and humanity, sing only Peace to the down-trodden, and the poorly paid: "Peace, O my wronged and suffering brothers; though you must still be deprived of all the conditions of true manhood, though you must wait and suffer longer, still let there be peace, that this *true* revolution may begin, that the young plant of future order and harmony may grow to overshadow the earth, and woo the winds of heaven to gentleness before it be torn up by their mad fury."

Be thou thine own home, and in thyself dwell;  
Inn anywhere;  
And seeing the snail, which every where doth  
roam  
Carrying his own home still, still is at home,  
Follow (for he is easy paced) this snail;  
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail.

Donne.

*Solitary Hours.* By CAROLINE SOUTHEY, Authoress of *Ellen Fitzarthur; The Birth-Day, &c.* New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. pp. 159.

*The Birth-Day; a Poem in Three Parts. To which are added Occasional Verses.* By CAROLINE BOWLES, Authoress of *Ellen Fitzarthur, &c.* New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1844. pp. 179. (Redding & Co., 8 State St., Boston.)

These two volumes now appear in the "Library of Choice Reading" as Parts First and Second of "Mrs. Southey's (Caroline Bowles) Poems." It is very unforced, unaffected poetry, the whole of it. It is evidently a true and natural expression of the woman; her smiles and little actions are all daguerrotyped in these verses, as well as her faith, her aspirations, and her inward experience recorded in graceful numbers. Scarcely it would take but little more, after having read them, to know her fully:—a cheerful, loving, pious nature, made for home, and fond of treasuring up the little daily honey-drops of life. She versifies apparently with the greatest ease; her rhythm is very musical and varied, her style familiar, strong and full of distinct pictures, and the tone of her thoughts cheerful and birdlike, humane and happy, deeply religious yet not shrinking from the world.

There is an excessive minuteness in her reminiscences, and of such almost her whole stock of poetry is made up. Especially is this the case with the largest of these poems, "The Birth-Day," which is a most minute journal of her own childhood, and goes into all the details of her dolls, pictures, little gardens, story-books, first attempts at writing, sewing, and so forth, and gives full-length portraits of her nurse, her cat, her canary-bird, and even of a toad who pleased her fancy. But over all these pictures there is spread the golden light of a pure love of life; they show a soul too good, too truly living to despise the little. A childlike penchant for flowers and birds and squirrels, and painted pebbles, with all their fairy associations, and for every thing picturesque and natural, seems to dwell with her yet.

It is the poetry of Familism, the poetry of home, of friendship and familiar things. It reminds us much of Cowper, only that it is more uniformly cheerful. But there is the same limitation to the home sentiments, the same fondness for detail, the same evangelical sort of piety. It is poetry of the Cowper School, we should say, decidedly, only it has more of the bloom of health. The shorter pieces all celebrate the innocent pleasures of daily life and friendship, and all close regularly with a pious thought, like the family prayer before bed-time. But the sincerity and sweetness of all this command

respect and admiration. Interspersed among the poems of the first volume are several prose essays and sketches of remarkable beauty and vivacity of thought, especially the one on "Childhood," and the one on "Beauty," in which she exposes the insincerity of the common deprecation of personal beauty as a curse, and asserts that the beautiful are not more liable to vanity, if they are as much so, as the ugly, (or conventionally "the plain,") Who has not seen the truth of the following:

"Now verily, I am inclined to believe, that of all modifications of this infirmity—this vice, if you will have it so—that is most harmless which plumes itself on outward and visible perfections, (I speak with exclusive reference to female beauties;) and, in point of fact, have we not often occasion to remark, that a pretty, vain, giddy girl, one of the most apparently inconsiderate character, will settle down for life, with a companion who deserves and possesses her respect and affection, into a domestic, prudent wife, a careful and tender mother, an exemplary mistress of a family; while some grave, demure-looking miss, guarded at all points in the armor of ugliness, bristling all over with decorum, and pinched into the very pattern of primness and propriety, doth as often (if occasion offer) launch out into such extravagances and indiscretions, as defy all calculation on probability, and liability, and utterly confound the wise theories of all declaimers against the dangerous endowments of Beauty."

## POETRY.

### ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

Can I see another's woe,  
And not be in sorrow too?  
Can I see another's grief,  
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,  
And not feel my sorrow's share?  
Can a father see his child  
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear  
An infant groan, an infant fear?  
No! no! never can it be!  
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all,  
Hear the wren with sorrows small,  
Hear the small bird's grief and care,  
Hear the woes that infants bear,—

And not sit beside the nest,  
Pouring pity in their breast?  
And not sit the cradle near,  
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,  
Wiping all our tears away?  
Oh! no! never can it be!  
Never, never can it be!

He doth give his Joy to all:  
He becomes an infant small:  
He becomes a man of woe:  
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou can'st sigh a sigh,  
And thy Maker is not nigh:

Think not thou can'st weep a tear,  
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh! he gives to us his joy,  
That our griefs he may destroy:  
Till our grief is fled and gone  
He doth sit by us and moan.

## SONNET.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

Traveller of Life! what plant of virtues rare  
Secketh thy curious eye? 'Mongst earth's  
excess,  
Will none but the exotic, Happiness,  
Content thy eager longing? Fruitless care!  
It groweth not beneath our clouded skies.  
But when amongst the groves of Paradise  
The soft winds wanton, haply they may bear—  
From thence to earth some vagrant flower  
or leaf,  
Some fluttering petal, exquisite as brief  
Its od'rous beauty!—Oh, if to thy share  
It fall, one blossom on thy path to find—  
Quick! snatch it to thine heart, ere the rough  
wind  
Despoil its fragrance. It will fade e'en there;  
Thou can'st not quite exclude this cold world's  
nipping air.

## A FAIR PLACE AND PLEASANT.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

A fair place and pleasant, this same world of  
ours!  
Who says there are serpents 'mongst all the  
sweet flowers?  
Who says every blossom we pluck has its  
thorn?  
Pho! Pho! laugh those musty old sayings to  
scorn.

If you roam to the tropics for flowers rich and  
rare,  
No doubt there are serpents, and deadly ones,  
there;  
If none but the rose will content you, 'tis true  
You may get sundry scratches, and ugly ones  
too.

But pr'ythee, look there—Could a serpent find  
room  
In that close-woven moss, where those violets  
bloom?  
And reach me that woodbine (you'll get it with  
ease)—  
Now, wisacre! where are the thorns, if you  
please?

I say there are angels in every spot,  
Though our dim earthly vision discerneth them  
not;  
That they're guardians assign'd to the least of  
us all,  
By Him who takes note if a sparrow but fall.

That they're aye flitting near us, around us,  
above,  
On missions of kindness, compassion, and love;  
That they're glad when we're happy, disturbed at  
our tears,  
Distress'd at our weaknesses, failings, and fears.

That they care for the least of our innocent joys,  
Though we're cozen'd like children with trifles  
and toys,  
And can lead us to bloom-beds, and lovely ones  
too,  
Where snake never harbor'd, and thorn never  
grew.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, OCT. 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.

## PROSPECTS OF THE HARBINGER.

It was stated in a former number, as well as at a meeting of "The Union of Associationists" last month in Boston, that the subscription-list was not sufficient to sustain the Harbinger, and that the Fourth Volume could not be published unless the sum of five hundred dollars, in addition to the current subscription, should be guaranteed for that purpose by the friends of Association generally. Should the same amount accrue in the shape of *regular subscriptions*, it would indeed be preferable as giving greater assurance of permanence to the paper; but as we can hardly expect so great an increase in so short a time, and as it is essential that we know what we can depend upon before the present volume closes, which will be in five weeks hence, we have submitted the question of its further continuance to the liberality of those who already feel an interest in it as the organ of our cause.

Should we, by any extra exertion on the part of those who read as well as those who conduct the Harbinger, be enabled to continue it through the Fourth Volume, there will be during that time agencies in the field, which we have never had before, public lectures and private appeals, awakening a wider interest in our social doctrines and thereby necessarily increasing the demand for the Harbinger, sufficiently perhaps to place it on a permanent basis hereafter.

We are continually and anxiously asked: "What is the prospect?" Judging from such inquiries and from the many letters we receive from all parts of the country deprecating the discontinuance of the Harbinger as an irreparable loss to the cause, we should say the prospect was good. But deeds and money only can decide the case; and of these too, the prospect brightens. If all that had been nominally *pledged* were actually raised, we should see our way very clearly; but we fear that all our friends do not realize how short a time is left them for the fulfilment of these pledges. Meanwhile, we adopt the suggestion of several correspondents and commence this day publishing a weekly statement of receipts. The following sums have been received and deposited in the hands of Francis George Shaw, Esq., Treasurer

of "The American Union of Associationists," to be returned to the donors in case the paper does not go on.

## Donations towards Vol. IV. since September 21.

Josiah Wolcott, Boston,.....	\$10 00
Sidney Southworth, Boston,.....	5 00
I. W. Parkman, Boston,.....	4 00
W. McFarland, Boston,.....	1 00
Seth Wells, Boston,.....	10 00
A Lady, Boston,.....	5 00
F. G. Shaw, West Roxbury,.....	10 00
G. H. Williams, North Wayne, Me. ....	4 00
J. V. Dunbar, North Wayne, Me....	4 00
W. Sears, Chicago, Ill.....	4 00
C. C. Chapinan, Attleboro', Pa. ....	50 00

Total,.....\$107 00

To these add new subscriptions for

Vol. IV. (also deposited as above).. 20 00

\$127 00

## ASSOCIATION IN BOSTON.

We cheerfully give place to the following communication from a correspondent in Boston, who is personally unknown to us, but who, we doubt not, is animated by a sincere zeal for the progress of the Associative movement. His suggestions are entitled to great weight, and we hope will be acted on, as far as practicable, by the friends of our cause in that city, which contains a number of earnest advocates of Association, whose zeal and devotedness, we venture to say, cannot be surpassed in this country. It is owing, in a great measure, to their prompt and efficient action, that the Association meetings in Boston have, almost without exception, called together large audiences, and been the occasion of mutual encouragement and hope. A series of social meetings were held in Boston during the latter part of last winter, which were found to be very interesting and instructive. We would suggest the revival of these, with measures to give them a greater publicity, so that all the friends of Association in the vicinity should have an opportunity to become known to each other, and to enjoy a mutual interchange of thought.

We wish we could impress upon the minds of our readers, who share with us the cheering faith of a social renovation, the conviction which we feel of the solemn obligations which rest upon every advocate of the Associative doctrines, to devote himself, with a daily fresh consecration, to their promotion. The influence of every individual is of unspeakable importance. He is placed in one of those "tides of time," where immense consequences depend on the wisdom and fidelity of a moment. No cause like this ever demanded the earnestness of devoted men. It concentrates in itself all that is holy and sublime in every reform for which brave souls have fought; it is called to face an opposition, which will be bitter and unrelenting, in proportion to the

magnitude of the interests that are at stake; and its certain, if not speedy success will realize the hopes of social harmony which have caused all true hearts to thrill with high emotion in every age. Let all who have received the truly humane faith of Universal Unity, consider themselves united, in a sacred band, and pledged to labor while life lasts, or till victory is achieved, against the outrageous falsenesses and abuses of the existing order of society. The cause to which you are devoted is the cause of God. It will embody in social institutions the inherent laws which his Providence has ordained for the harmony of the Universe. It is the cause of Humanity. Until it shall be fully established on the earth, man is doomed to welter in the same horrible abyss of antagonism, deception, fraud, poverty, and wretchedness, in which he is now steeped to the very lips. Work, then brothers, as servants of the Infinite One; He will prosper the just cause; and men will enjoy an untold blessedness in its triumph.

"I suppose there is quite a number of honest, hearty friends of Association in Boston, who are gradually advancing in a knowledge of social science, and quietly letting their light shine within their own circle of influence; but we are mostly strangers to each other, one man apiece by ourselves. Has not the time now come for uniting these elements a little, that we may enjoy a mutual benefit and radiate a *whiter* light, than, as prismatic individuals, we can,—the time for forming a society auxiliary to the American Union, with a reading room and hall for frequent meetings, and an organization for other united efforts. With such a union, I am confident we might support a thorough course of lectures the coming season, and at almost any time pay for the printing of a tract desirable to circulate. If this be not practicable, then why may not a few young men, more ardent than the rest, obtain a room and each bring to it, for mutual use, such papers and books as he may have or choose to procure? A small contribution from each would then furnish the room with all papers which advocate or oppose Association, the principal books on the subject to be had in this country, and new ones as they are published. This would be a desirable place of resort to spend spare time in reading or conversation, and here persons beginning to interest themselves in the subject might be invited.

"I do not aspire to be a leader in this matter and may be thought out of place in suggesting that the attention of friends in Boston be specially called, through the Harbinger, to the importance and pleasure of doing something for the cause here

and now. Let suitable persons be induced to take the lead, believing that others will willingly co-operate."

### FORMS OF GUARANTYISM.

It can hardly be supposed that such an immense stride can be taken at once, as the transition from the present order of society, — the order of antagonism, strife, disappointment, and physical and moral meanness, — to the Combined Order, or the order of harmony, mutual aid, free and natural development, and physical and moral excellence. The atrocious evils which now reign every where, from the crowd on the exchange to the circle before the domestic fireside, are too appalling to permit men to suppose that they can be remedied soon or easily. A radical reorganization, a system of comprehensive justice and love, a perfectly harmonic society, is a boon which appears too large to be hoped for. Still it will come. If there be any shadow of truth in the idea of a Universal Providence, it cannot fail to be realized on earth. If the destiny of man be anything but a mockery, a cruel delusion and outrage, he must eventually attain a degree of excellence, which his nature now indicates, but which can be matured only under a higher form of society than the present. Meantime, various attempts to ameliorate the existing evils will grow out of the clearer perception of their prevalence and wide extent. The first great wrong, and one which involves all others, is in the relations of labor. Until these be true, there can be no practical truth any where. It is in vain to talk of morality, freedom, spiritual elevation, when two-thirds of the people are doomed to a state of virtual slavery, in order to gain their daily bread. Hence we rejoice in every movement that shows an awakening of public attention to this subject. We believe, indeed, that nothing adequate to the purpose can be effected short of an integral Association of interests and labors. We also believe that the formation of a model Phalanx, under suitable conditions, would be attended with less practical difficulties, than the organization of any system of Guarantyism, however simple and plain it might appear. Still, we are glad to witness any movement of the kind alluded to. Many such must necessarily be attempted. They grow out of the exigencies of the times, and are brought forward just now by a certain historical necessity.

The plan described in the following statement is entitled to attentive consideration, both on account of the quarter from which it emanates and its own intrinsic merits. We bespeak for it a thorough examination. It is not presented as a mere theoretical speculation, but with the

design of its being ultimately carried into effect. We cannot accord too great honor to the motives in which it originated, and with the means which may be devoted to its realization, we cannot doubt that the experiment will be satisfactory and beneficial to all concerned, whenever the time arrives to give it a practical trial.

### PLAN OF AN ASSOCIATION FOR MUTUAL GUARANTIES.

"In the present organizations of society the wants of Man are but poorly supplied. The laws of Trade, embracing all the details of production and consumption, are unequal and unjust. The selfish interests of man in the present organizations and relations of society absolutely require of the master-workman, in all the branches of human industry, the utmost vigilance toward the workman he employs, or he obtains but a poor return for the investment of his property; and the tendencies of the system toward the laboring classes are gradually approaching a state of serfdom, but little, if any above the crowded and degrading workshops of the old world. "*Man was made for society,*" is a truth coeval with history, yet no man of reflection, of benevolence, of Love, would wish the present forms and organizations of society to continue. We are all wishing for better times — we *expect* better times. Our hopes reach forth to the future with almost prophetic certainty of improving our condition, and leaving our children in circumstances less liable to disappointment, privation and want, than those of their fathers.

"Under the influence of these thoughts, we, the undersigned, agree to engage in a system of social and productive industry, whereby the workmen employed shall become participants in the profits realized, and their ingenuity stimulated to the device of cheaper and more speedy methods of manufacture, being guaranteed by our employers a certain minimum rate of wages per day. We bind ourselves strictly to the following rules for the regulation of our union.

"1. Whatever may be the number of hours devoted to labor, (these to be hereafter determined) we agree to labor all those hours, devoting our best energies to the speedy and faithful accomplishment of our tasks.

"2. Recognizing the *truth*, that the best organized societies cannot be maintained without *order*, we cheerfully agree to obey our superiors in office, and implicitly follow their directions in the prosecution of the work.

"3. During all the hours of labor we agree to confine our attention exclusively to the subject of our work, and during

those hours to engage in no reading, or conversation with each other, upon any subject foreign to the legitimate business of the workshop.

"4. It shall be the practical endeavor of *each*, and every one of us, to produce the greatest possible amount of manufactures, in the shortest possible time; and any suggestions from the workmen, touching improvements calculated to facilitate and improve the work, may at any time be made to the managers in perfect freedom.

"5. As the object of our union is an *equitable* and *fair* division of the profits of our establishment, between the workmen employed and the owners of Capital, and inasmuch as the owners of the Capital do guaranty to the workmen a minimum rate of wages, therefore a minimum rate of interest shall also be guaranteed to the owners of the Capital (provided however, the minimum wages of the workmen shall first be paid,) which Capital shall be determined by the gross amount of value in buildings, tools, and so forth, together with the gross amount of expenses incurred, as for Stock, Labor, Transportation, and so forth, assuming as a basis, that twelve per cent. for Capital, and eighty per cent. for Labor shall constitute the minimum. The surplus, after paying these sums, shall be divided between the Labor and the Capital in the proportion of four-fifths to Labor and one-fifth to Capital.

"6. All new tools made by members of the Union shall be regarded as *manufactures*, and shall be prized at the market value and entered under the proper heads of Income and Capital, and any tools injured, or worn out by use, shall be replaced in their original condition and entered in the expense account.

"7. It shall be the duty of the Clerk, once in every three months, to prepare, and present to the Union, a true and detailed statement of all, and every amount of work done, moneys received and moneys expended, showing the exact amount of profits realized, and the per centum profits arising from the surplus due to the Workmen and the Capital.

"8. At the end of every year a pro rata distribution of the surplus profits shall be made to all persons interested, as provided in Article fifth, at which time an opportunity may be given to any of the workmen to become shareholders in the Capital Stock, (provided however, that such persons shall be unanimously received by the shareholders.)

"9. Any person employed in our establishment, manifesting insubordination, or guilty of any gross misconduct, shall be discharged and forfeit his share of the surplus profits from the time of the last settlement.

"10. As our objects are economy and prosperity, generally diffused throughout our community, therefore as far as practicable we will support our own *Store*, the surplus profits of which shall be included in those of our Manufactory, and equally divided with our other profits pro rata to every person interested.

"11. Auditors shall be chosen by those workmen belonging to the Union, once every year, to audit the accounts of the Treasurer, and report to the body at large."

**WORKINGMEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION.**  
The head-quarters of this most useful organization—one which promises results so highly beneficial to all classes of citizens and more especially to the families of our workingmen—have been established in Boylston Hall, (Rooms Nos. 1 and 2) Boston, with branches in the following towns, namely: South-Boston, Roxbury, Chelsea, Lynn, Lowell, Cabotville, Manchester, N. H., and three in Boston.

The main object of this Union is, by providing a central depot for articles of the first necessity, under the head of groceries, imported at prime cost, to assist the industrious mechanic who is disposed seasonably to supply his future wants by furnishing a stock of goods to be paid for in ready money, so as to be enabled to afford them to him at wholesale prices. Besides which, it is in contemplation to embrace wood and coal, (prepared in Summer and retailed in Winter,) flour and clothing, as additional and important items in the comprehensive details of the plan at large. Boots and shoes they have already on hand, supplied directly from the workshops of the manufacturers at Lynn.

Such a movement, it will be obvious, carried out in good faith, (and there are some of our most practical and judicious men at the head of it,) must tend to produce a thorough but peaceful revolution in the whole aspect and structure of society; converting the minor grocery establishments, where strong drink, under some form or other, continues to be perseveringly vended, into one or more vast trading-houses, magazines or warehouses, "whose officers are peace and their exactors righteousness,"—dispensing with those middle men, who, doing nothing themselves, subsist upon the food of others; and above all, contributing in its aim to elevate the working man in the great scale of universal existence, so as to place him on that just level of equality with his fellow-beings for which a God of perfect justice, whose "ways" we have been assured "are equal," had originally designed him.

ONWARD, GERMANY! The "Volks-Tribun," our hot and hasty little advocate of the people, in New York, announces a new publication in Germany, which, among a thousand other signs of the times, shows which way the current of thought is now setting with a rapidity which will astound "Conservative-dom" when it once gets fairly waked up.

"In spite of every obstacle which opposes the spread of socialist literature, this is making extraordinary progress in Germany. Here is an irresistible proof that the people more and more widely feel the need of considering the most important problem of the present age, namely, How is the misery of the human race to be alleviated? The undersigned, accordingly, proposes to publish a monthly Journal, with the title,—

#### PROMETHEUS,

ORGAN OF SOCIAL REFORM.

Motto.—Freedom, Love, Justice.

"The principle object of 'The Prometheus' will be the criticism of the present form of society, considered in all its relations."

We have no doubt that this will be an important and valuable publication, although we should have more sympathy with it, if it occupied a more positive and constructive position. There is need enough of criticism; but have our German friends no living truth wherewith to supplant the decrepit and dying form of error?

WELL DONE, WISCONSIN! We have received from the Secretary of the "American Union" a copy of a letter from Ceresco, Wisconsin, accompanied by the Constitution of the "Ceresco Union of Associationists," with EIGHTY-FOUR names appended as members.

This is a glorious beginning for the Far West, whose "beautiful groves and boundless prairies, teeming with undeveloped wealth," are destined to be the scene of social beauty, harmony and joy, such as the sun has never yet shone upon. Friends at the West! Let us hear from you speedily. Send on the names of your "Unions." A firm, energetic, interlocked "Union of Unions," Series of Groups, for the promulgation of the great doctrines of Social Unity, is the first step to the establishment of an Association which shall illustrate them worthily.

Does any body doubt that pecuniary dependence drives delicate and blushing womanhood by thousands into open shame, while under the veil of respectability it every day results in venal marriages for which "legalized prostitution" is too mild a term? How can it be otherwise when want of work, or want

of wages for work, repugnant and incessant, compel woman to barter the only treasure which she has for bread?—and that too, in most cases, for the mouths of others whom she is generous enough to try to save at the expense of her own self-respect, knowing that *her* share will be but infamy and ruin? Yet the social scheme which would reverse all this is branded as "licentious!"

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N. R. GERRISH.

Sept. 1, 1846.

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# THE HARBINGER,

## DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

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BURGESS, STRINGER, AND COMPANY,  
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### MISCELLANY.

#### THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,\* SEQUEL TO CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.  
Translated for the Harbinger.

#### XXI.

The Porporina, judging that her companion was determined not to exchange a single word with her, thought she could not do better than respect the singular vow he seemed to observe, after the manner of the ancient knights-errant. In order to escape the gloomy images and the sad reflections which Karl's recital suggested to her, she compelled herself to think only of the unknown future which opened before her, and by degrees she fell into a revery full of charms. Only a few privileged organizations have the gift of commanding their thoughts in a state of contemplative idleness. Consuelo had often, and most frequently in the three months of isolation she had just passed at Spandaw, had occasion to exercise this faculty, granted moreover less to the happy of this world than to those who contend for life in the midst of labor, of persecutions and of dangers. For we must, indeed, recognize the providential mystery of *circumstantial grace*, without which the strength and serenity of certain unfortunates would appear impossible to those who have never known misfortune.

Our fugitive found herself, moreover, in a situation strange enough to give rise to many castles-in-the-air. That mystery which enveloped her as with a cloud, that fatality which drew her into a supernatural world, that kind of paternal love which surrounded her with miracles, was quite enough to charm a young imagination-rich in poetry. She recalled those words of Scripture which in her days of captivity she had set to music:

\* 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.

"I will send one of my angels to thee, and in his arms he shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

"I walk in the darkness, and I feel no fear—because the Lord is with me."

These words had henceforth a clearer and more divine sense for her. In an age when men no longer believe in direct revelations, and when the outward manifestation of the Divinity, the protection and assistance of Heaven, are translated under the form of assistance, affection and devotedness on the part of our fellow-mortals, there is something so sweet in abandoning the direction of our own destiny to those that love us, and in feeling ourselves, as it were, borne by another! It is a happiness so great that it would soon corrupt us, if we did not struggle with ourselves not to abuse it. It is the happiness of a child, whose golden dreams upon the maternal breast are not troubled by any apprehensions of real life.

These thoughts, which presented themselves as a dream to Consuelo, at her sudden and unexpected escape from so cruel an existence, soothed her in a holy delight, until sleep came to drown and to confound them in that kind of repose of body and soul which may be called a conscious and enjoyed annihilation. She had entirely forgotten the presence of the mute companion of her journey, when she woke quite close to him, with her head resting on his shoulder. At first she did not think of moving; she had dreamed that she was travelling in a cart with her mother, and the arm which supported her seemed that of the Zingara. A more complete awakening made her feel the confusion of her mistake; but the arm of the unknown seemed to have become a magic charm. She secretly made vain attempts to free herself from it; the unknown appeared to be himself asleep, and to have mechanically received his companion in his arms when fatigue and the motion of the carriage had made her fall into them. He had clasped his hands together about Consuelo's waist, as if to prevent his letting her fall at his

feet while he slept. But his slumber had not relaxed the strength of his interlocked fingers, and it would have been necessary to wake him completely in attempting to disengage them. Consuelo did not dare to do it. She hoped that he would himself restore her to liberty without knowing it, and that she could return to her place without appearing to have positively remarked all these delicate circumstances of their tête-à-tête.

But while waiting for the unknown to sleep more soundly, Consuelo herself, whom the calmness of his breathing and the immobility of his repose had reassured, again fell asleep, overpowered by the exhaustion which succeeds violent agitations. When she awoke once more, the head of her companion was bent upon her own, his mask was unfastened, their cheeks touched, their breaths intermingled. She made a quick motion to draw back, without thinking to look at the features of the unknown, which, moreover, would have been quite useless, on account of the darkness that prevailed without and especially within the carriage. The unknown pressed Consuelo to his bosom, the warmth of which magnetically enkindled hers, and took away from her the strength and the desire to withdraw. Still there was nothing violent or brutal in the gentle and burning embrace of this man. Her chastity did not feel terrified or stained by his caresses, and Consuelo, as if a charm had been cast upon her, forgetting the reserve, we might even say the virgin coldness, from which she had never been tempted to depart, even in the arms of the fiery Anzoleto, returned to the unknown the enthusiastic and penetrating kiss he sought upon her lips.

As all was strange and unusual in that mysterious being, Consuelo's involuntary transport neither appeared to surprise, nor to embolden, nor to intoxicate him. He again pressed her slowly to his heart, and though this was with an extraordinary force, she did not feel the pain which a violent pressure always occasions



to a delicate being. Neither did she experience the terror and the shame which such an extraordinary forgetfulness of her accustomed modesty must have occasioned after an instant's reflection. Not a thought troubled the ineffable security of that instant of love felt and shared as by a miracle. It was the first in her life. She had an instinct or rather a revelation of it, and the charm was so complete, so profound, so divine, that it seemed as if nothing could remove it. The unknown appeared to her a being apart, something angelic, whose love sanctified her. He lightly passed the tips of his fingers, softer than the tissue of a flower, over Consuelo's eyelids, and on the moment she again fell asleep as by an enchantment. He remained this time awake, but calm in appearance, as if he were invincible, as if the arrows of temptation could not penetrate his armor. He watched while bearing Consuelo towards unknown regions, like an archangel carrying under his wing a young seraph annihilated and consumed by the rays of the divinity.

The dawn of day and the cold of the morning at last awoke Consuelo from this species of lethargy. She found herself alone in the carriage, and asked if she had dreamed that she loved. She tried to lower one of the blinds; but they were all fastened by a lock outside, or by a spring, the secret of which she could not discover. She could receive the air, and see pass in broken and confused lines the white or green borders of the road; but she could not discern anything in the fields, nor consequently make any observation, any discovery, respecting the direction she was pursuing. There was something absolute and despotic in the protection extended over her. It seemed like kidnapping! She began to feel anxious and terrified.

The unknown having disappeared, the poor sinner felt at last all the anguish of shame, all the stupor of astonishment. Perhaps there were not many *opera-girls*, (as the cantatrices and dancers were then called,) who would have tormented themselves about a kiss returned in the dark to a very discreet unknown, especially with the guarantee given by Karl to the Porporina that his figure and face were admirable. But this act of folly was so much at variance with the manners and ideas of the good and pure Consuelo, that she was deeply humiliated. She asked forgiveness of the shade of Albert, and blushed to the very depth of her soul at having been at heart unfaithful to his memory in so sudden a manner, and with so little reflection and dignity. "It must be," thought she, "that the tragical events of the evening and my joy at my deliverance caused an attack of delirium. Otherwise, how could I have imagined

that I was in love with a man who has never spoken a single word to me, whose name I do not know, and whose features I have not even seen! It resembles the most shameful adventures of a masquerade, those ridiculous surprises of the senses of which Corilla accused herself before me, and the possibility of which I could not conceive in any other woman but her. What contempt this man must entertain for me! If he did not take advantage of my bewilderment, it is because I am under the protection of his honor, or, indeed, because an oath doubtless binds him to more respectable duties; or, indeed finally, because he justly despised me! May he have understood or guessed that it was on my part only an attack of fever, a transport of the brain!"

In spite of all these reproaches, Consuelo could not help feeling a regret more bitter than all the railings of her conscience; the regret of having lost that travelling companion whom she did not feel strength either to accuse or to blame. He remained in the depth of her thought as a superior being, invested with a magic power, perhaps diabolical, but certainly irresistible. She was afraid of him, and yet she desired not to be so suddenly and forever separated from him.

The carriage stopped, and Karl came to open the blind. "If you would like to walk a little, signora," said he to her, "*M. the chevalier* requests you to do so. The ascent is difficult for the horses, and we are in a thick wood. It seems there is no danger."

Consuelo put her hand upon Karl's shoulder and leaped upon the sand, without giving him time to let down the steps. She hoped to see her travelling companion, her impromptu lover. She did indeed see him, but thirty paces in front of her, consequently with his back turned, and still dressed in that vast grey cloak, which he appeared determined to wear by day as well as by night. His step, and the little she could see of his hair and his boots, announced a great distinction, and the elegance of a man careful to enhance, by a *gallant* toilet, as was then said, the *advantages of his person*. The hilt of his sword, receiving the rays of the rising sun, glittered at his side like a star, and the perfume of the powder which persons of *haut ton* then chose with the greatest care, left behind him in the morning air the balmy trace of a man *comme il faut*.

"Alas! my God!" thought Consuelo; "he is perhaps some coxcomb, some lord of pretence or some haughty noble. Whoever he may be, he turns his back upon me this morning, and he is quite right!"

"Why do you call him *the chevalier*?"

asked she of Karl, continuing her reflections aloud.

"Because I have heard him called so by the postillions."

"The chevalier of what?"

"M. the chevalier, quite short. But why do you seek to know, signora? Since he desires to remain unknown to you, it seems to me that he renders to you sufficiently great services at the peril of his life, for you to be so obliging as to remain quiet in that respect. As to me, I would travel ten years with him without asking where he was carrying me. He is so handsome, so brave, so good, so gay! —"

"So gay! That man gay?"

"Certainly. He is so happy at having saved you, that he cannot be silent. He asks me a thousand questions about you, about Gottlieb, about myself, about the king of Prussia. And I, I tell him all that I know, all that has happened to me, even the adventure of Roswald. 'It does me so much good to talk Bohemian, and to be listened to by a man of sense who comprehends me, while all those Prussians only understand their own language.'"

"Then he is a Bohemian also?"

"I allowed myself to ask him the question, and he replied *no*, quite short, even rather drily. So I was wrong in questioning him when it was his good pleasure to make me answer."

"Is he always masked?"

"Only when he approaches you, signora. O! he is a wit: doubtless he wishes to perplex you."

Karl's confidence and good humor did not entirely reassure Consuelo. She saw clearly that to a great deal of determination and bravery he united an uprightness and simplicity of heart which could be easily abused. Had he not depended upon Mayer's good faith? Had he not pushed herself into the chamber of that wretch? And now he blindly permitted an unknown to carry off Consuelo, and perhaps expose her to more refined and more dangerous seductions. She recalled the billet of the *Invisibles*: "A snare is laid for thee, a new danger threatens thee. Distrust any one who would induce thee to escape before we have given thee sure notice. Persevere in thy strength," &c. No other billet had come to confirm that one, and Consuelo, yielding to the joy of again finding Karl, had believed that worthy servant sufficiently authorized to serve her. Was not the unknown a traitor? Whither did he carry her with so much mystery? Consuelo knew no friend whose resemblance could agree with the brilliant figure of the chevalier, unless it were Frederick de Trenck. But Karl knew the latter perfectly, therefore it was

not he. The count de Saint-Germain was older, Cagliostro not so large. While looking from a distance at the unknown, and endeavoring to discover some old friend in him, Consuelo was convinced that she had never seen any one walk with so much ease and grace. Albert alone could have been endowed with so much majesty; but his slow step and habitual dejection excluded that air of strength, that lightness, that knightly gait which characterized the unknown.

The wood became thinner, and the horses began to trot in order to come up with the travellers, who had outstripped them. The chevalier, without turning, extended his arms and waved his handkerchief, whiter than snow. Karl understood the signal, and assisted Consuelo into the carriage, saying: "Apropos, signora, you will find in the large boxes under the seat, linen, dresses, and all that you may require to breakfast and dine in case of need. There are also books. In fine, this appears to be a travelling hotel, and it seems as if you would not leave it very soon."

"Karl," said Consuelo, "I desire you to ask M. the chevalier if, when we have crossed the frontier, I shall be free to present my thanks to him, and to go where I please."

"O! signora, I shall never dare to say so disobliging a thing to so amiable a man!"

"No matter; I exact it. You will give me his answer at the next relay, since he does not wish to speak to me."

The reply of the unknown was that the lady was perfectly free, and that all her desires would be orders; but that her safety and the life of her guide, as well as that of Karl, depended on her not thwarting the designs already formed respecting her journey and the choice of her asylum. Karl added, with an air of candid reproach, that this distrust appeared to have afflicted the chevalier, and that he had become sad and gloomy. Consuelo felt some remorse, and sent him word that she confided her fate to the care of the *Invisibles*.

The whole day passed without incident. Shut up and concealed in the carriage like a prisoner of state, Consuelo could form no opinion respecting the direction of her journey. She changed her toilet with the greatest satisfaction; for in the daylight she had perceived some drops of Mayer's black blood upon her clothes, and those marks horrified her. She tried to read, but her mind was too much engrossed. She determined to sleep as much as possible, hoping to forget more and more the mortification of her last adventure. But when night came and the unknown remained upon the box, she experienced a greater confusion still. He

evidently had forgotten nothing, and his respectful delicacy rendered Consuelo still more ridiculous and more culpable in her own eyes. At the same time she was troubled by the discomfort and the fatigue which he endured upon the seat, narrow for two persons side by side; he who appeared so exquisite, with a soldier, very properly attired as a domestic indeed, but whose confiding and prolix conversation must certainly weary him after a while; in fine, exposed to the freshness of the night and deprived of sleep. So much courage was perhaps allied to presumption. Did he believe himself irresistible? Did he think that Consuelo, recovered from the first surprise of her imagination, would not defend herself from his too paternal familiarity? The poor child said all this to herself to console her humbled pride; but the most certain is, that she desired to see him again, and feared above all, his contempt or an excess of virtue on his part, which would render them forever strangers to each other.

Towards midnight they stopped in a ravine. The weather was lowering. The rushing of the wind amongst the leaves resembled that of running water. "Signora," said Karl opening the carriage door, "we have reached the most inconvenient moment of our journey: we are about to cross the frontier. With boldness and money anything can be done, they say. Still it would not be prudent for you to make this attempt upon the main road and under the eyes of the police. I risk nothing, I who am nothing. I shall accompany the coach at a walk, with one horse, as if I were carrying this new purchase to my master at a neighboring country seat. You will go across the country with M. the chevalier, and will perhaps pass through some rather difficult paths. Do you feel strong enough to travel a league on foot over bad roads?"

At Consuelo's reply in the affirmative, she found the chevalier's arm ready to receive her own. Karl added: "If you reach the place of rendezvous before me, you will wait for me without fear, will you not, signora?"

"I fear nothing," replied Consuelo, with a mixture of tenderness and of pride towards the unknown, "since I am under the protection of this gentleman. But, my poor Karl," added she, "is there no danger for you?"

Karl shrugged his shoulders as he kissed Consuelo's hand; then he quickly ran to harness the horse; and Consuelo immediately departed across the fields with her taciturn protector.

## XXII.

The weather became darker and dark-

er; the wind continued to rise, and our two fugitives walked with difficulty for half an hour, sometimes upon stony paths, sometimes among briars and high grass, when the rain suddenly burst upon them with an extraordinary violence. Consuelo had not yet said a word to her companion; but seeing him anxious on her account, and looking about for a shelter, she at last said to him: "Fear nothing for me, sir; I am strong, and have no other trouble than that of seeing you exposed to so much fatigue and care for a person who is nothing to you, and who does not know how to thank you."

The unknown made a movement of joy on seeing a deserted building, in one corner of which he succeeded in placing his companion, under cover from the torrents of rain. The roof of the ruin had been removed, and the space sheltered by an angle of the wall was so small that, unless he placed himself quite close to Consuelo, the unknown was obliged to receive the rain. Still he respected her situation so much that he withdrew from her in order to remove all cause for fear. But Consuelo could not long allow herself to accept such self-denial. She recalled him; and seeing that he persisted, she left her shelter, saying to him in a tone which she strove to render cheerful: "Each in his turn, sir chevalier; I can bear being wet a little. You must take my place, since you refuse to share it."

The chevalier wished to lead Consuelo back to the shelter which was the object of this generous contention; but she resisted him. "No," said she, "I will not yield to you. I see clearly that I offended you to-day, by expressing the desire of leaving you at the frontier. I ought to expiate my fault. I could wish it to cost me a good cold."

The chevalier yielded, and placed himself in the shelter. Consuelo, feeling that she owed him a decided reparation, came and stood by his side, though she was humiliated at perhaps seeming to make advances to him; but she preferred to appear forward rather than ungrateful, and she wished to resign herself to it in expiation of her fault. The unknown understood her so well, that he remained as far from her as possible in a space of two or three square feet. Resting upon the rubbish, he even turned away his head in order not to embarrass her, and not to show himself emboldened by her solicitude. Consuelo wondered that a man condemned to silence, and one who condemned herself also to it to a certain extent, should divine her so well and should make himself so well understood. Every moment increased her esteem for him; and this singular esteem occasioned such powerful beatings of her heart, that she could hardly breathe in the atmosphere

heated by the breath of this incomprehensibly sympathetic man.

After a quarter of an hour the tempest moderated so far as to permit the two travellers to resume their journey; but the wet paths had become almost impassable for a woman. The chevalier suffered for some moments with his impassive countenance, as Consuelo slipped at every step, and clung to him to keep herself from falling. But suddenly, tired at seeing her fatigue herself, he took her in his arms and carried her as if she had been a child, although she reproached him for it; but these reproaches did not extend to resistance. Consuelo felt fascinated and overcome; she passed through the wind and the storm, borne by this dark chevalier, who resembled the spirit of the night, and who cleared ravines and bogs with his burden, with a step as rapid and as sure as if he had been of an immaterial nature. They arrived thus at the ford of a little stream. The unknown rushed into the water, raising Consuelo in his arms as the ford became deeper.

Unfortunately, this water spout of rain, so heavy and so sudden, had swollen the stream, which had become a torrent, and ran troubled and foaming, with a dull and ominous murmur. The chevalier was already waist deep; and in the effort which he made to sustain Consuelo above the surface, it was to be feared that his feet, imbedded in the mud, might fail him. Consuelo was afraid for him: "Let me go," said she; "I know how to swim. In the name of Heaven, let me go! the water is still rising; you will be drowned!"

At this moment a furious blast of wind uprooted one of the trees of the bank towards which our travellers were advancing; it dragged with it an immense mass of earth and stones, which for an instant seemed to oppose a natural dike to the violence of the current. The tree had luckily fallen across the stream, and the unknown began to breathe, when the water, forcing its way through the obstacles which impeded it, gathered into a current of such strength that it became almost impossible for him to struggle any longer. He stopped, and Consuelo tried to disengage herself from his arms. "Put me down," said she; "I do not wish to be the cause of your death. I have strength and courage, also! let me struggle with you."

But the chevalier pressed her to his heart with renewed energy. One would have thought he meant to perish there with her. She was afraid of that black mask, of that silent man who, like the Undins of the old German ballads, seemed to wish to drag her into the boiling gulf. She dared no longer resist. For more than a quarter of an hour the un-

known struggled against the fury of the waves and wind with a truly frightful coolness and perseverance, still holding Consuelo above the water, and gaining a foot of ground in four or five minutes. He judged his situation with calmness. It was as difficult for him to return as to advance; he had passed the deepest place, and he felt that in the movement he would be compelled to make in order to return, the water might carry him away and cause him to lose his foothold. At last he reached the bank, and continued his course without permitting Consuelo to walk and without taking breath, until he heard the whistle of Karl, who was anxiously waiting for them. Then he deposited his precious burden in the arms of the deserter, and fell exhausted on the sand. He breathed only in hollow groans; it seemed as if his chest would burst. "Oh my God! Karl, he is dying!" said Consuelo, throwing herself beside the chevalier. "See! that is the death-rattle. Let us take off this mask which smothers him." Karl was about to obey; but the unknown, raising his hand with difficulty, arrested that of the deserter. "That is right!" said Karl; "my oath, signora! I swore to him that I would not touch his mask, even should he die before your eyes. Run to the carriage, signora; bring me my gourd of brandy, which is on the box; a few drops will revive him." Consuelo wished to rise, but the chevalier retained her. If he must die, he wished to expire at her feet. "That is right again," said Karl, who, in spite of his rough envelop, comprehended the mysteries of love; (he had loved,) "you will nurse him better than I can. I will go for the gourd. Here, signora," added he in a low voice, "I really believe that if you loved him a little, and would have the charity to tell him so, he would not let himself die. Without that, I can answer for nothing."

Karl withdrew, smiling. He did not entirely share Consuelo's terror; he saw that the chevalier's suffocation already began to be relieved. But Consuelo, terrified, and thinking that she was about to receive the last sigh of the generous man, encircled him with her arms and covered with kisses the upper part of his broad forehead, the only part of his face left unconcealed by the mask. "O my God!" said she, "take that off; I will not look at you, I will go away; at least you will be able to breathe." The unknown took both of Consuelo's hands and pressed them to his panting breast, as much to feel their gentle warmth as to take from her the desire to relieve him by uncovering his face. At this moment all the soul of the young girl was in that chaste embrace. She remembered what Karl had said to her with a half-bantering,

half-compassionate air. "Do not die!" said she to the unknown; "Oh! do not let yourself die! do you not see clearly that I love you?"

She had no sooner said these words than she thought she had said them in a dream. But they had escaped from her lips as if in spite of her. The chevalier had heard them. He made an effort to rise, fell upon his knees, and embraced those of Consuelo, who burst into tears without knowing why.

Karl returned with his gourd. The chevalier rejected the deserter's favorite specific, and resting upon him, gained the carriage, in which Consuelo seated herself by his side. She was much troubled about the cold which his wet garments must occasion him. "Fear nothing, signora," said Karl, "M. the chevalier has not had time to get cold. He shall have my cloak, which I took care to put into the carriage when I saw the rain coming; for I thought one of you would get wet. When you wrap yourself in dry and thick garments over wet ones, you can keep in the heat for a long while. It is like a hot bath, and is not unhealthy."

"But you, Karl, do the same," said Consuelo; "take my mantle, for you have got wet yourself to save us."

"Oh! as to me," said Karl, "my skin is thicker than yours. Put the mantle also on the chevalier. Bundle him up well; and, even should I kill this poor horse, I will drive you to the relay without getting stiff on the way."

For an hour Consuelo kept her arms twined round the unknown; and her head, which he had drawn upon his bosom, restored heat and life to it better than all the prescriptions and receipts of Karl. She sometimes interrogated his forehead and warmed it with her breath, in order that the sweat in which he was bathed might not grow cold. When the carriage stopped, he pressed her to his heart, with a strength which sufficiently proved to her that he was in all the fullness of life and happiness. Then he precipitately descended the steps and disappeared.

Consuelo found herself in a kind of coach-house, face to face with an old man, half-servant, half-peasant, who carried a dark-lantern and led her through a path bordered with hedges, by the side of a house of mediocre appearance, to a pavilion, the door of which he locked behind her, after having made her enter without him. Seeing a second door open, she entered a small apartment, very clean and very simple, composed of two rooms; one, a sleeping chamber well warmed, with a nice bed ready prepared, and another room lighted with tapers and furnished with a comfortable supper. She

remarked with sorrow that there was but one cover; and when Karl came to bring her bundles, and to offer his services for the table, she did not dare to say to him that all she desired was the company of her protector at supper. "Go, eat and sleep yourself, my good Karl," said she; "I have no need of anything; you must be more fatigued than I am."

"I am not more fatigued than if I had just been saying my prayers at the fire-side with my poor wife, to whom God grant peace! Oh! I kissed the ground with a hearty good-will when I saw myself once more out of Prussia, though I really don't know if we are in Saxony, in Bohemia, in Poland or in China, as they used to say at M. the count Hoditz's, at Roswald."

"And how is it possible, Karl, that, travelling on the box of the carriage, you have not recognized a single one of the places through which we have passed to-day!"

"Because, apparently, I have never been over this road before, signora; and then, because I cannot read what is written on the walls and guide-boards; and finally, because we did not stop in any city or village, but always took our relays in some wood, or in the court-yard of some private house. Finally, there is a fourth reason; which is, that I have given my word of honor to M. the chevalier, not to tell you, signora."

"You should have begun with that reason, Karl; I should have made no objections. But, tell me, does the chevalier appear ill?"

"By no means, signora; he goes and comes in the house, in which he really does not seem to have much to do: for I can see no face in it but that of an old gardener, who is not very talkative."

"Then go and offer him your services, Karl. Run, leave me."

"What shall I do! he refused them, ordering me to think only of you."

"Well, think of yourself, my friend, and make fine dreams about your liberty."

Consuelo retired to bed at the first dawn of the morning, and when she woke and had dressed, her watch showed two o'clock. The day appeared clear and brilliant. She tried to open the blinds; but in both rooms she found them fastened by secret springs, like those of the post-chaise in which she had travelled. She tried to go out; the doors were locked on the outside. She returned to the window, and could distinguish only the nearest grounds of a modest orchard. Nothing indicated the neighborhood of a city, or of a much frequented road. The silence was complete in the house, and without was only broken by the humming of insects, the cooing of pigeons

upon the roof, and from time to time by the plaintive sound of a wheelbarrow in alleys to which her view did not extend. She mechanically listened to these sounds, agreeable to her ear, so long deprived of the echoes of country life. Consuelo was still a prisoner, and the great care that was taken to conceal her situation, could not fail to give her some anxiety. But she was resigned for some time at least to a captivity which appeared so little frightful, and the love of the chevalier did not cause her the same horror as had that of Mayer.

Although the faithful Karl had desired her to ring as soon as she rose, she did not wish to trouble him, judging that he required a longer rest than she did. She feared, above all, to awaken her other travelling companion, whose fatigue must be excessive. She passed into the room adjoining her chamber; and instead of the repast of the previous night, which had been removed without her knowledge, she found the table loaded with books and materials necessary for writing.

The books tempted her but little; she was too much agitated to make use of them; and as, in the midst of her perplexities, she found an irresistible pleasure in retracing the events of the preceding night, she made no effort to distract herself from thinking of them. By degrees the idea of continuing her journal came to her, as she was still kept *au secret*; and she wrote as a preamble this page upon a loose sheet:

"Dear Beppo, it is for you alone that I resume the recital of my strange adventures. Accustomed to talk to you with the freedom inspired by conformity of age and similarity of ideas, I can confess to you emotions which my other friends might not understand, and which they would, doubtless, judge more severely than you will. This opening will make you guess that I do not feel exempt from fault; I am not so in my own eyes, although I am hitherto ignorant of their extent and consequences.

"Joseph, before relating to you how I escaped from Spandaw, (which, in truth, no longer appears of any consequence to me, in comparison with what now occupies my mind,) I must tell you — how shall I tell you? — I do not know myself — Is it a dream through which I have passed! And yet my head burns, and my heart thrills as if it wished to burst away from me, and lose itself in another soul. Well, I will tell you all simply, for all is in this word, my dear friend, my good comrade: I love!

"I love an unknown; a man whose face I have not seen, and whose voice I have not heard. You will say that I am foolish, and you will be right; is not love a serious folly! Listen, Jo-

seph, and do not doubt my happiness; for it is a happiness of which I had not the slightest idea, — a happiness which surpasses all the illusion of my first love, at Venice, — a happiness so intoxicating that it prevents my feeling the shame of having so quickly and foolishly accepted it, the fear of having wrongly placed my affection, even that of not being loved in return — O! but I am beloved, I feel it so certainly. Be certain that I do not deceive myself, and that I love this time really — would I dare to say, passionately! Why not! Love comes to us from God. It does not depend upon ourselves to enkindle it in our bosom, as we would kindle a torch upon an altar. All my efforts to love Albert (whose name I now write with trembling) did not succeed in producing that burning and sacred flame; since I lost him, I have loved his memory better than I loved his person. Who knows in what manner I could love him if he were restored to me! —"

Hardly had Consuelo traced these last words than she effaced them; not enough, perhaps, to prevent their being read, but enough to relieve herself from the terror of having written them. She was strongly excited, and the reality of her love betrayed itself, in spite of her, in what she had most secret. She wished in vain to continue to write, in order to explain better to herself the mystery of her own heart. She could find nothing to express the delicate shade but these terrible words: "Who knows in what manner I could love Albert, if he were restored to me!"

Consuelo could not deceive herself; she had thought she loved, with love, the memory of the dead; but she felt life overflow in her bosom, and a real passion extinguish an imaginary one.

She tried to read over all that she had written, in order to escape from this disorder of mind. In doing so, she found in it only disorder, and despairing of having calmness enough to concentrate herself, feeling that the effort made her feverish, she crushed the written sheet in her hands, and threw it upon the table until she could burn it. Trembling, like a guilty soul, her face on fire, she walked about with agitation, and could not longer think of anything except that she loved, and that she could not doubt it.

Some one knocked at the door of her sleeping room, and she reëntered it, to open for Karl. His face was heated, his eye troubled, his jaw rather heavy. She thought him ill with fatigue, but she soon understood from his answers that he had welcomed rather too freely, on his arrival in the morning, the wine or the beer of hospitality. This was poor Karl's sole defect. A certain dose made him confident to excess; a stronger one might

make him terrible. Fortunately he had kept to the dose of expansion and benevolence, and there remained something of it in him, even after having slept all day. He was full of M. the chevalier; he could speak of nothing else. M. the chevalier was so good, so humane, so little proud with poor people! He had made Karl sit opposite to him, instead of allowing him to tend at table, and had compelled him to share his meal, and had poured out for him the best wine, pledging him at every glass, and holding his own like a true Selave. "What a pity he is only an Italian!" said Karl; "he well deserves to be a Bohemian; he carries wine as well as I do."

"Perhaps that is not saying much," replied Consuelo, but little flattered by this great readiness of the chevalier to drink with valets. But she immediately reproached herself for being able to consider Karl as inferior to herself or her friends, after the services he had rendered them. Besides, it was doubtless for the purpose of hearing him talk of her, that the chevalier had sought the company of this devoted servant. Karl's discourse showed her that she was not mistaken.

"Oh! signora," added he, artlessly, "that worthy young man is madly in love with you; he would commit crimes, even meannesses for you!"

"I should wish to dispense with them," replied Consuelo, whom these expressions displeased, though Karl, doubtless, did not understand their extent. "Can you explain to me," said she, to change the conversation, "why I am so closely shut up here?"

"Oh! as to that, signora, if I knew, my tongue should be cut out before I would tell you; for I have given my word of honor to the chevalier, not to answer any of your questions."

"Many thanks, Karl! So you love the chevalier even better than you do me!"

"Oh! never! I do not say that; but since he has proved to me that it is for your benefit, I must serve you in spite of yourself."

"How has he proved that to you?"

"I don't know, but I am well persuaded of it. Also, signora, he has charged me to shut you up, to watch over you, to keep you prisoner, *au secret* in a word, until we arrive."

"Then we do not remain here?"

"We leave again as soon as night comes. We shall not travel by day any longer, in order not to fatigue you, and for other reasons, which I do not know."

"And you are to be my jailer all that time?"

"As you say, signora; I have sworn upon the Gospel."

"Well, M. the chevalier is facetious.

I agree Karl! I prefer you to M. Schwartz."

"And I will guard you a little better," replied Karl, laughing good-humoredly. "To begin, I am going to prepare your dinner."

"I am not hungry, Karl."

"Oh! that is not possible: you must make a hearty dinner, signora; that is my countersign, as said master Schwartz."

"If you imitate him in every thing, you will not force me to eat. He was well content to make me pay, the next day, for the dinner of the day before, which he conscientiously reserved for me."

"That made his business prosper. With me, it is different, you may be sure. The business concerns M. the chevalier. He is not miserly, not he; he pours out the gold by handfuls. Either he must be extremely rich, or his patrimony will not go very far."

Consuelo had a candle brought, and returned to the next room, in order to burn what she had written. But she sought for it in vain: she could not find it.

To be continued.

### "IT IS NOT DEATH."

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

It is not Death — it is not Death,  
From which I shrink with coward fear;  
It is, that I must leave behind  
All I love here.

It is not Wealth — it is not Wealth,  
That I am loth to leave behind;  
Small store to me (yet all I crave)  
Hath fate assign'd.

It is not Fame — it is not Fame,  
From which it will be pain to part;  
Obscure my lot — but mine was still  
An humble heart.

It is not Health — it is not Health,  
That makes me fain to linger here;  
For I have languish'd on in pain  
This many a year.

It is not Hope — it is not Hope,  
From which I cannot turn away;  
Oh, earthly Hope hath cheated me  
This many a day.

But there are Friends — but there are Friends,  
To whom I could not say "Farewell!"  
Without a pang more hard to bear  
Than tongue can tell.

But there's a thought — but there's a thought,  
Will arm me with that pang to cope;  
Thank God! we shall not part like those  
Who have no hope.

And some are gone — and some are gone —  
Methinks they chide my long delay —  
With whom it seem'd my very life  
Went half away.

But we shall meet — but we shall meet,  
Where parting tears shall never flow;  
And, when I think thereon, almost  
I long to go.

The Saviour wept — the Saviour wept  
O'er him he loved — corrupting clay!

But then He spake the word, and Death  
Gave up his prey!

A little while — a little while,  
And the dark Grave shall yield its trust;  
Yea, render every atom up  
Of human dust.

What matters then — what matters then  
Who earliest lays him down to rest?  
Nay, "to depart and be with Christ,"  
Is surely best.

### CLOSING ARGUMENT FOR DR. KRAITSIR.

[The strictures upon Dr. Kraitsir's system by our unknown correspondent, which appeared in our paper of October 17th, have not escaped the vigilance of "Tiro," who offers the following in defence. We confess the article in question had not, as we read it, at all the spirit of an "attack;" but we see not with the same eyes, it may be, in this matter. With the publication of this, each side will have appealed thrice to our readers; beyond this, we cannot pledge ourselves to risk their wearying of the subject.]

To the Editors of the Harbinger:

GENTLEMEN: — As your new reviewer of the pamphlet of Dr. Kraitsir is so "good tempered," he will doubtless allow me to take up his article with the same freedom with which I commented upon that of the phonographer. I would not deprecate, but court criticism on this great system, because only so can the merits of it be strongly brought before the public. Criticism, whether just or not, affords opportunity for discussion, and this discussion may produce an attention which Dr. Kraitsir's own statement might not make, because it is so self-evident that the minds that accept it do not react upon it enough to become aware of its bearings.

Your reviewer says he does not comprehend what practical advantage is to arise to the student of languages from the application of Dr. Kraitsir's principle, because the laws of euphony sometimes, especially in Greek, alter the roots of words, and the philological teacher must quicken his imagination in order to apprehend what the imagination of men has done in the formation of words.

It is evident from what the reviewer subsequently says, that he has not comprehended the principle nor rules of Dr. Kraitsir, and therefore it is no argument for the inutility of the system, that he does not find it "practical."

The principle of the system, the central idea, is not once adverted to in this article. Short as Dr. Kraitsir's book is, could not the reviewer see its point, namely: that the Indo-European languages are all the same language, if we consider the vowels one element, the labials one element, the gutturals one element, and the lingual-dentals one element? that varieties of dialect are produced in a

great measure by the interchanges of these letters respectively? To refute Dr. Kraitsir's pretensions to having made a great discovery, of use in the translation of languages into each other, it is necessary to prove that this principle is false. No reviewer of him has yet attempted this. They have only adduced some words as exceptions to his rules and contradictions of his principle, and in doing so have displayed their own want of any philological principle. The present reviewer has fallen into this, as I will immediately show.

But first let me make another remark: the central idea of the organism of the alphabet is not the only principle that Dr. Kraitsir advances. He declares, that the division of organic sounds corresponds to great classes of meanings, which meanings are the Life of nature and of man; and that through the disposition of the human imagination, in relation with the fact that every object in nature and of thought may be looked at from many points of view, and therefore be seen in many lights, words may be applied in different languages somewhat differently. Symbolization is a large part of language, for there is more of the spiritual to be expressed in language than of the material. In the sentence, "I am very happy to be obliged to think in all points of view of the subject," there is not a single word which expresses a material object. Yet every word here used to denote states of mind and operations of thought is founded on words that express outward things, applied by the imagination of man to that to which they are applied. Doubtless critics taking up the central idea and taking a common dictionary of another language, or even of their own language, will find words that denote the same thing which are not made of the same elements. But in this case, Dr. Kraitsir's system can meet the criticism by showing that the symbolization is true, and affords a clue out of the difficulty.

And now permit me to take up your reviewer's verbal criticisms. First, what he says upon *ætl*.

One of Dr. Kraitsir's rules, is, that the vowels, being comparatively inarticulate, afford us no insight into the radical meanings, except that the vowels *i* and *u* are sometimes in the place of a guttural, because being extreme vowels they sometimes pass into consonants, *i* becoming *y* and *j*, *u* becoming *w*. Thus the word drag sometimes becomes draw; the word guard becomes ward, the English word fact becomes in French *fait*, the Latin word lact *lait*, the English night or Latin noct, becomes *nuit*, and so forth. If the reviewer will take the trouble to look at Dr. Kraitsir's scheme of the alphabet,

and see the interchanging columns, he will find that the words he adduces with *æt* will be a happy illustration of the doctrine of interchange. The Greek *aiti* pronounced with digamma, the Latin *ærum*, the Gothic *airs*, the English *ever*, the Anglo-Saxon *aiere*, the German *erig*, are all one word, meaning time more or less. If any of them mean a generation, that is obviously a secondary meaning: the application of a word expressing time indefinite, to a period marked by the act of generation. So the volumes of the Holy Scriptures were designated in Gothic as the *old time* and the *new time*. Thus the very words brought by the reviewer, illustrate felicitously Dr. Kraitsir's view.

The reviewer shows also that he as little understands Dr. Kraitsir's doctrine of diphthongs, as his doctrine of vowels. Dr. Kraitsir says there are only proper diphthongs, and that an *improper diphthong* is a contradiction in terms, a logical absurdity. He says diphthongs may interchange with vowels, and since being compounded of vowels they have no radical meanings, they may be omitted in the search after roots. He also shows that *e* and *o*, being compounded respectively of *a i*, and *a u*, are in the last analysis diphthongs, and he could not have a better illustration than the Gothic writing of *Saulaumon* and *Aifaisium* for the Greek *Σολουμῶν* and *Ἄιφαισίμ*, words furnished by the reviewer himself. In Sanscrit, only the three pure vowels *a i* and *u* are written explicitly; the *e* and *o* are there indicated as diphthongs.

With respect to the word *hare* the reviewer is singularly unhappy. He suggests that this animal is so named because he is *hairy*! In this he is at variance with other philologists, besides Dr. K., Boorn in his analytical dictionary speaks of the word *hare* (page 158) as coming from the old English verb *to hare*, (French *harier*) meaning to frighten from a place, later *to harry*, and hence *to hurry*. He also says the old English *to hare* was written *to hase*, and refers to the German *hase*, *hare*, and the French *hase*, the female of a hare. He then goes on to say that the verb *to haste* comes from the same root, for it means the same thing as *hurry*. He even refers to the fact of the interchange of *s* and *r*, though he does not know it as a principle. If the reviewer will look at Dr. Kraitsir's scheme of the alphabet, he will see that *r*, *s*, and *d*, interchange, and therefore that *hare*, *hase*, *hide*, do not altogether differ. *To hare* means *to make*, *to hide*, as well as *to hasten*. Root meanings have no respect to activity or passivity. Dr. Kraitsir is accustomed to find his nouns derived from verbs or participles, and not from adjectives. Some action generally lies deeper in the signifi-

cance of a word than an external property like *hair*, which is enjoyed in common by the largest number of quadrupeds, and of which the *hare* has not such a superabundance as to be distinguished for it among animals.

The reviewer says that "the great defect of the system is, that these laws imply much more method, and a much more philosophical mind than is likely to have actuated those by whom the primitive words were invented, as they became necessary." Dr. Kraitsir believes that language began when men were uncorrupted in mind, and that they instinctively symbolized objects and thoughts, by especially adapted organs, used on a principle analogous to that on which deaf mutes use their limbs in the gesticulating language. When they wished to express that a bird *flew*, they moved the most moveable organs; when they wished to speak of Cause, God, Action in its principle, they used the internal organ nearest to the heart and requiring the most effort to move, and so forth. Out of these things language grew, not by the premeditation of individual men, but by reason of "the vast soul that o'er them planned." He says Dr. Kraitsir does not go back to nature. What does he mean by going back to nature? Are not man's brain, organs, material and spiritual environment, nature? Is not man the highest being in nature, the microcosm? And does not Dr. Kraitsir found his whole theory and art upon the relations of sounds to the organs that make them, the relation of these organs to the brain, and the relations of both sounds and organs to phenomena on the one hand and causal ideas on the other? The reviewer sees, or rather hears, that the words *thunder*, *whisper*, *sigh*, *surge*, (!) sound like that in nature for which they stand. Perhaps Dr. Kraitsir would not deny it, but this *parrotism* is but a small part of language. He would go farther than the parrotism, and ask why do these words stand for these things, and how; and would find the answer by analyzing them into their component sounds, and asking what organs make these sounds, and what do these organs and consequently these sounds symbolize.

But I must not omit the other etymology of the reviewer. With respect to the German word *haupt* he is fighting with a windmill. Dr. Kraitsir never said that *caput*, *haupt*, *head*, and so forth, were so called because heads have length, breadth, and depth. Head is so called, he says, because it contains the man, the brain being in fact the man. But the container of anything must be designated by a *guttural*, because the throat being angular, curved, hollow, symbolizes a container. Hence *capio*, to take into it-



self, capacity, the power of taking in; and the Romans said *caput*, head. The first syllable is the root of this word, for *t* and its interchanging letters are grammatical letters. This root is composed of a guttural and a labial, connected by a vowel or a diphthong. Now let the reviewer cast his eyes upon the scheme of the alphabet and mark the interchanges of the columns while he considers the following words:

*caput* . . . Latin  
*κεφαλή* . . . Greek  
*chef* . . . French  
*haubith* . . . Gothic  
*haupit* . . . Old German  
*haupt* . . . New German  
*hobid* . . . Early Saxon  
*heafod* . . . Anglo Saxon  
*head* . . . English

Thus the very words which the reviewer brings, again illustrate felicitously Dr. Kraitsir's rules. A farther illustration would make them still more triumphantly manifest. Besides the other Germanic tongues, the Slavonian still preserve the same elements to express the same thing, thus the Poles say *glowa*, the Russians, *golowa*, the Bohemians, *hlawa*. The *w* of these last words is here interchanged for *v* labial. The reviewer asks if Dr. Kraitsir knows the meaning of the word *umlaut*, because the latter asserts that *declension* properly consists in *umlaut*. In speaking of the word conjugation, Dr. Kraitsir remarks that it ought to be applied to the variation of the ending of nouns no less than to that of verbs, because in both cases the variation is made by the conjunction or rather crushing of pronouns upon the roots, thereby often adding a syllable; of the old personal pronouns in the instance of verbs, and of the old demonstrative pronouns in the instance of nouns, adjectives, and participles. In this relation he says a declination of the leading vowel into a slenderer sound, a change within the word, (whether *umlaut* or *ablaut*.) is properly called *declension*: and this declension is not found exclusively to express *the cases*, but pervades languages thus: drop, drip; hang, hinge, and so forth. It is evident that, small as the book is, the reviewer has not made himself master of its contents. Like its other critics, he has not touched its point; but why not? It is the forefront of Dr. Kraitsir's statement. It is exhibited to the eye in his alphabet-scheme. The questions should be with every critic, — is this probable? — is this true? — does the comparison of languages bring it out? For if so, a method of studying languages may be founded on it, which shall accomplish something towards the great end of conferring on men the gift of tongues.

Tiro.

## SILENCE.

Still-born silence, thou that art  
 Floodgate of the deeper heart;  
 Offspring of a heavenly kind;  
 Frost o' th' mouth, and thaw o' th' mind;  
 Secrecy's confidant, and he  
 That makes religion mystery;  
 Admiration's speaking'st tongue —  
 Leave thy desert shades, among  
 Reverend hermits' hallow'd cells,  
 Where retired'st devotion dwells;  
 With thy enthusiasms come;  
 Seize this maid, and make her dumb.

Flecknoe.

## A YANKEE IN A COAL SCREEN.

BY JOE MILLER, JR.

In order to load the coal boats on the Lehigh canal, a short but steep inclined plane, of about one hundred and fifty feet in length, is made at the *chute* which runs from a station house on the side of the mountain, to a large circular revolving screen. To the loaded car is attached a rope which draws up an empty car, and, arrived at the screen, the lower end of the car is suddenly unbolted, and the coal is shot with great velocity into a hopper; this conveys it directly into the screen, which has three large chambers, through which coal of as many sizes is riddled out, and shot, by scuppers, into just as many boats, waiting for different descriptions of the article.

A few months since a Yankee of the genuine breed, quite inquisitive, but more verdant than a Yankee should be, gained the station house, and gazed with wonder at the contrivances. He peculiarly admired the swiftness with which the loaded car descended and emptied its load and the velocity with which it returned to give place to another.

Shortly his attention was attracted by seeing a laborer mount one of the full cars about to make the descent.

"Going to slide?" inquired he.

"Yes, going to *chute*; won't you go?"

"Wal, I guess I'll stop a bit, and see you do it."

The car swiftly descended, and ere it reached the hopper, the passenger jumped off safely.

"Do you do that often?" inquired he of one of the laborers in the station house.

"Oh, yes, continually," was the wag-gish answer, "you know most all the boatmen are single men, and as they often have orders for '*family coal*,' we always send down a *married man* with every car of that kind, to let 'em know."

"Wal now, du tell," uttered the eastern man.

The more the Yankee looked at the apparatus, the more did he become convinced that it would be a great thing to go down the steep in that way — something that he could tell "to hum."

Plucking up courage, he approached the superintendent.

"That beats sleddin down hill, don't it?"

"I 'spose it does."

"You couldn't let a feller go down, could you?"

"Why, do you think you can jump off in time?"

"Oh, yes, I'm reckoned considerable of a jumper — jumping does me good: I once jumped off a hay mow thirty feet high, and it made me so supple that I'm

give in to be the best dancer in the hull township."

"Well, get on, and take care of yourself."

Suddenly the car moved off, and our friend found the speed so fearful, and the declivity so great, that he was forced to stoop down and grasp the sides of his vehicle for support. The place where the laborer had leaped off was reached, but the Yankee was not in the position to jump; he had to hold on, and, running down a descent three times as steep as that which he had come, a sudden click shot the bolt, and, with a violent force, out went the contents, Yankee included, into the hopper.

"Murder! get me out! stop the consarn!" shouted our hero, as he felt himself sliding down the hopper to the cylinder. "Murder! stop the consarn — I'll be killed!"

But the motive power of "the consarn" was water, which had no sympathy with those who pursue knowledge under difficulties, and those who saw were too distant and too much convulsed with laughter to yield assistance. Into the screen he slid, landing on the top, and as he felt himself revolving with the coal, he grasped the wires in desperation, to prevent himself from being rolled to the bottom. Around the wheel he went, and our friend's sensibilities were touched up by a plentiful shower of fine coal dust riddled through from all the chambers. He managed to get one eye open, and saw with delight that the cylinder was only about fifteen feet in length, and he forced his way forward to the opening with convulsive struggles, but was not altogether successful; another revolution of the wheel had yet to be borne, and the next time he reached the bottom he was shot out of the scupper into the boat beneath. To the screams of laughter with which his advent was hailed our hero said not a word, but getting out an old handkerchief, rubbed the dust out of his eyes, and, surveying his torn apparel and bruised, battered, scratched and cut limbs, he 'raised his vein,' to know as what quality of *anthracite* he had been delivered — when, smashing his remnant of a hat over his eyes, he stumped off, muttering, "broken and screened, by thunder." — *St. Louis Reveille*.

For the Harbinger.

## SOCIETY — AN ASPIRATION — OR THE ACTUAL AND THE POSSIBLE.

(Continued.)

In our last article we considered man as a series of chemical elements, and of organic structures with vital functions: we now proceed to give the formula of his conscious life under its triune distinction of Sensation, Intellect and Affection.

N. B. The term "Direct and Composite" will refer to the action of an attraction in convergence or harmony with the other springs of action within the same individual, or among the individuals composing a society. The term "Inverse and Simple" refers to the incoherent impulse of any spring, as exhibited in the Savage, Barbarous, or Civilized societies.

## I. SENSATION. (See Note A, on page 347.)

*Comprises Five Material Attractions, relating Man to External Nature.*

**FUNCTION.**—Communication between the material and spiritual worlds.

**TENDENCY.**—To material harmonies and luxury.

**ENDS OF ATTAINMENT:—**

*Direct and Composite.*—Development of Industry in cultivating, preserving and preparing for use those necessities and luxuries demanded by the senses.

*Direct and Composite.*—Co-operation of man with God as he is manifested in the mineral, vegetable and animal creations subordinate to man, by integral development of their resources.

*Direct and Composite.*—Fulfillment of adaptations to man's individual well-being by attainment of physical health, integral physical development, and refinement of the senses by their exercise as the condition of enjoying external harmonies.

*Inverse and Simple.*—Waste of effort and of material by incoherent struggling of each individual to seize the goods around him.

*Inverse and Simple.*—Opposition of man to God as manifested in the subordinate creations, by partial abuse and destruction of their resources, as in the extermination of game, the destruction of forests and barring of hill sides.

*Inverse and Simple.*—Perversion of adaptations to man's well-being, by diseases of repletion in one class, and of inanition in the other. Imperfect and fragmentary development, by exclusive employment in a single occupation, and brutification, by excessive and exclusive action of the senses of Taste and Touch.

**TONE OF SENTIMENT manifested:—**

*Direct and Composite.*—Love to nature.

*Inverse and Simple.*—Selfish sensualism.

**CONCOMITANT RESULTS:—**

*Direct and Composite.*—Sensitive happiness, generation of industrial sympathies, and elevation of the laborer.

*Inverse and Simple.*—Sensitive miseries of the seven-eighths, and preclusion of enjoyment in seven-eighths of the rest by satiety and disease. Antipathies between laborers and capitalists, and degradation of the laborer.

*Sensation is a Series of Five Branches or Groups. (See Note B.)*

SIGHT.	HEARING.	SMELL.	TASTE.	TOUCH.
<i>Direct.</i> —Attracts man to the beautiful in forms and colors, and to cultivate or create landscapes, gardens, buildings, paintings, sculpture, furniture, clothing in general. Brings man into unity with God's manifestation in visual harmonies.	<i>Direct.</i> —Attracts man to the music of nature—the sounds of the forest and waters, the songs of birds which collect around his dwellings, &c., and to imitate and develop these notes in vocal and instrumental art. Brings man into unity with God as manifested in aural harmonies.	<i>Direct.</i> —Attracts man to fragrant odors, and repels him from stench, generally expressive of qualities unfriendly to him. Combined with Sight and Taste, it excites to the culture of flowers, and to provisions for cleanliness, &c. Brings man into unity with God as manifested in aromal harmonies.	<i>Direct.</i> —Attracts man to food and flavors, incites to the culture of delicate fruits, to culinary art, and to form at his table harmonic groups of the elements of food so as to combine the gratification of the palate with the welfare of the stomach and system, of which it is the natural indicator. Brings man into unity with God as manifested in harmonies of flavor.	<i>Direct.</i> —Attracts to tactile luxury in clothing, &c., to artificial regulation of temperature by fires, houses, &c., and to equilibrium of climates and seasons, attainable by integral cultivation of the earth. To establishment of magnetic sympathies through the contact of hands, &c. Brings man into unity with God as manifested in tactile harmonies.
<i>Inverse.</i> —Afflicts the denizens of towns and cities with continual discords of form and color; materially, in the confused masses of dingy buildings, and spiritually, by the aspect of misery and disease around. Tempts them to covet their neighbors' property.	<i>Inverse.</i> —Afflicts the denizens of towns and cities with discords of street noises, cries of suffering, &c. Tempts to disbelief in the harmony of creation.	<i>Inverse.</i> —Afflicts the denizens of towns and cities with foul and insalubrious stenches. Tempts to universal disgust.	<i>Inverse.</i> —Tantalizes the poor with fruitless desire for the dainties they see for sale around them, and tempts the rich to gluttony and intemperance, because unbalanced by healthy alternation of other senses and passions, except in the few Sybarites who enjoy true composite liberty, by the union of wisdom and wealth to a congenial society.	<i>Inverse.</i> —Afflicts the poor, in the privation of baths and clean raiment, with continual malaise, aggravated by the itch, which generates chronic diseases. Unbalanced by the healthy alternation of other senses and passions, it tempts to sacrilege of the passion of love, and degrades by prostitution and libertinism the youth of civilized and barbarous countries.

## II. INTELLECT.

*Comprises Three Distributive Attractions which arbitrate between the different Sensuous and Affective Attractions and transmit to the Will the impulse of the dominant motive.*

**FUNCTION.**—To contrast, combine and interlock the sensuous and affective attractions, by the discovery and realization of a social mechanism and material sphere, calculated to harmonize all interests and passions within each individual, and among the members of each society; effecting external or collective unity, and internal or individual unity.

**TENDENCY.**—To truth, order and general equilibrium.

**ENDS OF ATTAINMENT:—**

*Direct and Composite.*—Coöperation with God as he is manifested in the order or mathematics of creation to which all attractions are coördinated.

*Direct and Composite.*—Fulfillment of God's adaptations to our integral welfare, individual and collective, and to that of all creatures whose destinies are linked with ours.

*Inverse and Simple.*—Opposition to God by arbitrary legislation and repression of attractions.

*Inverse and Simple.*—Prevention of God's adaptations to our welfare and to that of the creatures connected with us, by false philosophies which shut the eyes of our race to their true destiny; persuading them that it is impossible to escape from the evils that oppress and enslave them, and even insulting the senses and passions by pretending that their suppression is necessary to salvation in a future life.

**TONE OF SENTIMENT:—**

*Direct and Composite.*—Love of truth.

*Inverse and Simple.*—Love of sophistry.

## INTELLECT. (Continued.)

## CONCOMITANT RESULTS:—

*Direct and Composite.*—Intellectual development and pleasures of science by sympathy with God's wisdom in the mechanisms of creation, to which the passionate or social harmony will serve as the key-note.

*Inverse and Simple.*—Unprofitable and trivial amusements in forming arbitrary classifications and hypotheses, or pain from perceiving the discrepancy of sidereal, atomic, organic and instinctual harmonies, with the incoherence of our social chaos.

*Intellect is a Series of Three Distributive Branches.* (See Note C.)

CABALIST.	COMPOSITE.	PAPILLON.
Comprises perceptions of progression or relation of cause and effect, order, time, and events, similitude and difference.	Comprises faculties of Ideality, and of forming combinations of images, and of Constructiveness, the name applied to ideality in the material or mechanical sphere.	Or attraction for change or variety in the exercise of Senses or Passions.
<b>FUNCTION.</b> —Creation of discords by analysis and contrast.	<b>FUNCTION.</b> —Creation of accords by combinations.	<b>Function.</b> —To alternate sensations, sentiments, occupations, and to refresh by variety.
<b>TENDENCY.</b> —To refinement, to formation of sects.	<b>TENDENCY.</b> —To construction or creation, and in its application to society, to combinations of masses.	<b>Tendency.</b> —To change.
<b>ENDS OF ATTAINMENT.</b> —Division of a mass into its component elements, and manifestation of their specific characters as groups or sects. Division of labor in every department.	<b>ENDS OF ATTAINMENT.</b> —Union of parts in a symmetrical whole. Combinations of thought in arts and sciences, and other departments of industry admitting them.	<b>Ends of Attainment:</b> —
<i>Direct.</i> Stimulation and refinement of industry, art and science, through the rivalries of groups in a common or unitary series.	<i>In Composite action.</i> —Collection of individuals into groups, and of groups into series, as in an army.	<i>Direct.</i> Integral development, by assuring to each Sense, Passion, or Faculty, its share of action.
<i>Inverse.</i> Persecutions and hostile jealousies between sects and parties having no connection in a general interest.	<i>In Simple action.</i> —Assemblage of crude masses as in mobs.	<i>Inverse.</i> Weakness of character from fickleness and inconstancy.
<b>TOPE OR SENTIMENT:</b> —	<b>TOPE OR SENTIMENT.</b> —Creative, constructive or corporate.	<i>Direct.</i> Interlocking of groups and series by interchange of their personal elements, i. e. of the persons attached to each group.
<i>Direct.</i> Emulation and criticism.	<b>CONCOMITANT RESULTS:</b> —	<i>Inverse.</i> Sacrifice of industry to unproductive and hurtful dissipation, and failure of enterprises requiring the concentration of any single force.
<i>Inverse.</i> Envy and detraction.	<i>Direct.</i> Aptness for Association.	<b>Tone or Sentiment.</b> —Love of novelty.
<b>CONCOMITANT RESULTS:</b> —	<i>Inverse.</i> Facility of yielding to the blind impulse of numbers.	<b>Concomitant Results.</b> —Plasticity of intellect and character, facility of adaptation to new spheres. Prevention of excesses.
<i>Direct.</i> Aptness for calculation and discrimination.		
<i>Inverse.</i> Aptness for intrigue, knavery and cabals.		

## III. AFFECTION.

*Comprises Four Social Attractions, relating Man to his Fellow Creatures.*

**FUNCTION.**—Generation of sympathies.

**TENDENCY.**—To social harmonies and formation of groups.

## ENDS OF ATTAINMENT:—

*Direct and Composite.*—Co-operation with God as he is manifested in passionate creatures, identical or co-ordinate with man.

*Direct and Composite.*—Fulfillment of God's adaptations to our social well-being by attainment of moral health and passionate development, with refinement of sentiment, the condition of enjoying social harmonies.

*Inverse and Simple.*—Opposition to God by enmity and antagonism towards our brethren of creation.

*Inverse and Simple.*—Prevention of God's adaptations to our social well-being by moral disease and passionate starvation or perversion of passions, in the prevalence of hostility and treachery between nations, classes and individuals during the reign of incoherence and general poverty, which render barbarous nations a generation of tigers, and civilized nations "a generation of vipers."

## TONE OR SENTIMENT:—

*Direct and Composite.*—Love to man.

*Inverse and Simple.*—General distrust.

## CONCOMITANT RESULTS:—

*Direct and Composite.*—Social harmony and passionate happiness.

*Inverse and Simple.*—Social hell.

*Affection is a Series of Four Branches.*

AMBITION.	FRIENDSHIP.	LOVE.	FAMILISM.
Comprising sentiments of Self-Esteem, Acquisitiveness, and transition to Friendship by Approbativeness. Transition to Familism through Veneration.	Comprising Adhesiveness, transition through Benevolence to Love and through Approbativeness to Ambition	Comprising Amativeness, transition to Familism through Adhesiveness, and to Friendship through Benevolence.	Comprising Philoprogenitiveness, and transition to Love through Adhesiveness, and to Ambition through Veneration.
Spiritual, by league of glory; Material, by league of interest.	Spiritual, by sympathy of character; Material, by sympathy of pursuit.	Spiritual; Material or sensual.	Spiritual, by consanguinity of character; Material, by bond of the household.
<b>Function.</b> —Establishes distinctions of rank or grades according to capacities, talents, services, experience, &c.	<b>Function.</b> —Establishes kindly relations without regard to age, sex, or condition.	<b>Function.</b> Unites the male and female elements of beings adapted to each other.	<b>Function.</b> Secures protection, spiritual and material, to children, to parents; service and veneration between relatives, and reciprocal sympathy.
<b>Tendency.</b> —To elevation or higher attainment of luxuries, honors, spiritual graces, for the individual and for the race.	<b>Tendency.</b> —From individual to universal philanthropy, political and social equality, and brotherhood of the race.	<b>Tendency.</b> To the marriage institution.	<b>Tendency.</b> To the household institution.
<b>Tone.</b> —Aspiration.	<b>Tone.</b> —Self-devotion.	<b>Tone.</b> Mutual absorption.	<b>Tone.</b> Condescension, veneration, and reciprocal benevolence.
<b>Ends of Attainment:</b> —	<b>Ends of Attainment:</b> —	<b>Ends of Attainment:</b> —	<b>Ends of Attainment:</b> —
<i>Direct.</i> Order in church and state in strict ratio of abilities, and based on free election by intelligent	<i>Direct.</i> Creation of moral attraction in the industry of the groups. Equilibrium with Ambition and absorption of jealousies. Enno-	<i>Direct.</i> To make the details of life charming and sacred by embracing in our own another dearer life in life, unfolding to us the hitherto concealed mysteries of creation whose key lies in our own being. Inspiration of chivalrous	<i>Direct.</i> Cementing by closer and warmer ties, those already sympathizing in character and pursuit, and

voters directly conversant with the candidates. Conciliation of liberty with order, and security of highest general interest, by providing for each individual the place to which his talents and capacities entitle him.

*Inverse.*—Despotisms, conspiracies, political and ecclesiastical convulsions; wars, with their attendant evils; industrial and commercial monopolies, and oppression of weaker by more powerful classes. Imposition by demagogues and quacks of all professions. Y Sacrifice of public to individual interests, and oppression of the mass by the few possessed of strongest selfishness and talent for intrigue.

bling of occupations otherwise trivial or repugnant, by the sentiment of serving a friend. Substitution of the sentiment of collective brotherhood, for that of selfish individualism, the parent of sin and incoherence.

*Inverse.*—Simple suppression. It is unknown to most men, and its existence is by many denied.

enthusiasm in the industrial armies.

*Inverse.* Prevention of its spiritual development, 1st. By an education which, instead of developing the soul, distorts and suppresses its natural evolution, and thus rendering its true type of character irreconcilable, precludes the sympathies calculated upon that type by the arbiter of attraction. 2d. By the isolation, estrangement, or opposition in pursuit and interest, class of society, &c., of those essentially sympathetic in character. Partial prevention by these causes, where one party, seeing the good and feeling the attraction, yet unable to obtain sympathy, finds his life embittered and desolated by misunderstanding and disappointment in the ratio of the blessing lost. Premature withering of love from privation of its natural sphere of beauty, in the dwellings of the poor, where every thing offends the senses, and amongst wealthy and fashionable classes, from the hollowness of their lives, wasted in trivial dissipations and sensual excesses. Doubling of the ills of life among the poor of civilization by sympathetic recoil of each other's sufferings.

conciliation of those not thus connected, by family meetings and festivals.

*Inverse.* Concentration of selfishness in the isolated household, the basis of social incoherence, whose prayer is, "Lord bless me and my wife, my son John and the cow, us four and no more." Affliction, by sympathetic recoil, to the suffering poor, who see their children sicken and prematurely die from privation of wholesome air, food, and the comforts and pleasures natural to their age, while forced to enslave them to the cart of the coal-shaft or the wheel of the cotton factory. Annoyance to the parent, and embittering of life to the child of richer classes, by necessity of using arbitrary restraint and compulsion in the absence of the serial mechanism of practical education through the emulations of successive ages. Inversion of the natural tone of affectionate condescension from parent to child, rendering the former a tyrant, the latter a rebel. Aversion and internal strife,—all the more bitter for being concealed from the world,—the frequent consequence of compulsory approximation in the household, without sympathy of character or pursuit.

UNITY. Y Pivotal attraction of the Soul or collective voice of Sensation, Affection, and Intelligence, as in their full development and perfect equilibrium, aspiring to Harmony, to Duty, to Deity.

(Note A.) Each mode of perception is double in its application—in the material and spiritual sense. We perceive the *momentum* of a passion as well as of a stone, and measure the relative effects of the love or hatred of a powerful or a feeble person, just as we should the relative forces of a cocoa-nut or a chesnut in falling to the ground. We appreciate the *distance* of character, as well as the number of feet between two persons sitting before us. The word *place* is as often used in a spiritual sense in regard to moral influences, as to outward and visible locations. The *order* of ideas in an essay is quite as appreciable as the order of knives and forks on a table. We have *individual* characters, and individual countenances which correspond to them; and we recognize the spiritual *event* of a suppression of intellect as readily as the material event of a concussion of the brain.

(Note B.) Each of the senses has its gamut. That of sounds and that of colors we are familiar with, and artists combine their tones and shades scientifically to produce harmonic effects. Those of the other senses have not yet been theoretically appreciated. In regard to that of taste, some practical notions obtain, but the general prevalence of dyspepsia signalizes our ignorance of harmonic combinations of aliments on the ordinary table. Here lies open a wide sphere of honor and usefulness for some original mind. Each sense, affection, and intellectual faculty has also its scale of developments and degrees of accord. Notes on this subject will be found in the works of Fourier. Admitting the possibility of ap-

proaching true results, for a genius of transcendent intuition, it is impossible in the brute and nebulous state in which we now behold the elements of passion and harmony, for the common mind to verify such calculations. Even the limited developments possessed by certain privileged individuals, such as the somnambulist sight, which sees at distant places or through opaque bodies; or the sympathetic perception of character or of physical condition, by touching a letter or a garment which has been worn by a distant person, and even by an entire stranger, are faculties quite incomprehensible to most persons.

We aim here to indicate the principles of a social mechanism, which by removing the present causes of antagonism and mutual obstruction, will allow each attraction and each character freely to describe its own orbit of movement. Once having substituted co-operative for incoherent action, it will be easy to make such subsequent modifications as shall be indicated. The first step is Association guarantying to all, work, bread, and a social minimum, reconciling the interests of labor and of capital, and by integral education and exemption from slavery to one exclusive occupation, preparing for the development of those faculties and sentiments of which we are already cognizant. The conditions of existence and of physical health must be the basis. Having reached this ark of safety by the organization of labor, other steps will follow in their order.

(Note C.) The application of the Distributive attractions composing the Intellect is also composite, material or me-

chanical, and spiritual or metaphysical, as they apply to the classification, combinations and alternation of colors, sounds, and saviors, or to those of passion and affections. There is likewise the distinction of internal or individual, as they apply to the order of sensations, sentiments, occupations, in each single man; and external or collective, as they apply to the distribution of individual characters in the order of society.

Under the head of 'Intellect or attraction to Truth,' we shall consider their 'internal or individual' actions as seeking to discover the best conditions for sensuous and passionate development, and the social order in relation to which our characters were calculated. Their external or collective action in the practical embodiment of that order, or attraction of all the various characters and interests to take their places and orbits of movement in it when discovered and appreciated, will be considered under the heads of Distributive attractions, Cabalist, Composite and Papillon, when their sphere of action in the serial order has been sketched. Each intellectual faculty has a scale of nine primary degrees, as in its distributive function it compares, combines, or alternates two, three, four or more of the five senses and four affections.

The tabular view preceding, applies especially to the springs of action in man. There is another class of passive faculties noted by phrenologists, such as the sentiments of Wonder and Mirth. The so called faculty of Concentration is only a mode or attribute of any faculty or passion. The attraction for home, for a fixed dwelling, is a development of Ad-

hesiveness. Self-Preservation and Combativeness are mere repulsions by any sense or passion, combating, or removing from, causes of injury. The Instinctual faculties are not here considered as a distinct series, but only as a different mode of action in the faculties or attractions, to be analyzed as Intellectual or Distributive.

The specific attraction to burn, kill, and so forth, sometimes observed as a moral disease, manifests energy of character, perverted by the foreclosure of attractive industry. The disease has given name to the tendency, because of the general denial of a true and genial sphere of action in our incoherent and competitive industry. Did we apply the term instinct to the tendency to self-preservation, combativeness, habitativeness, and so forth, as is often done, it would be necessary to distinguish these clearly from faculties of a different character, capable of supplying more or less perfectly the place of intellect.

It is to the latter class that the term instinct has been applied in the animal kingdom. It is not proved to exist in the lowest class, which still have vital functions. Thus the polypus draws in its tentacula when anything comes in contact with them; as the limb of a paralyzed body, whose connection with the brain is severed, draws itself up when the foot is burned or tickled, though there is no consciousness either of pain inflicted or of consequent motion. This is what is called reflex action, in distinction from voluntary motion, which implies the existence of a sensorium not discovered in the nervous system of the polypus. We distinguish, by the presence or absence of consciousness, simple organic vitality from animal vitality, which takes the triune development into Sensation, Affection, and Intellect, or Instinct. Accompanying a development of the brain in fishes and reptiles, are found new functions—the Instinctual. Such we designate those limited faculties, far more direct and certain in their operation than our reason has yet proved, which enable these creatures as soon as born to find all that is adapted to their wants, food, habitation, and so forth, while millions of men perish in destitution; and which so modify their impulses, as to enable them to gratify themselves with safety and advantage, while the favorites of fortune among men ruin themselves by excess. Most species of fish and turtle receive no maternal education; they find only mouths open to devour them.

Instinctual faculties appear to be not so much naturally absent in the human species, as extinguished by an arbitrary education, which inverts the development of the mind, substitutes the memorizing

of words for the perception of things, obscures the works of God by the commentaries of man, and prematurely excites the mind to the separate action of its faculties on abstract subjects.

Savages, even the lowest grades, as the aborigines of New Holland, seem to approach the lower animals in their instincts as in the keenness of the senses of smell and taste. Here is a mode of arriving at practical results in the ordinary affairs of life; a sort of intuitive process, seldom found in those who ratiocinate much, and more perfect in woman than in man; often designated as tact or common sense, which approaches very closely to instinct.

It even extends to the mathematical perceptions of numbers and forms in all their relations, examples of which have often excited our wonder in Colburn and others.

Such persons are seldom able to explain the why or wherefore of their operation; they analyze nothing. The organs which perceive, compare and combine, and the emotions and active volitions consequent upon these processes; all of which in the mind of man, trained to reasoning, act separately and successively, here seem to unite in one act. They give to their possessors great advantages in the limited sphere of every day life. Beyond this they fail. They seem to differ from reasoned actions only by a different mode of action in the same organs; the latter adapting to progress, to new positions and circumstances.

The wants of the animal seem to be the source whence instinct draws its inspiration, and the limit of its attainment; but our intellect ranges the universe and delights in investigations apparently unconnected with personal interests, in seeking for truth and the order of creation.

To be Continued.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, NOV. 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.

### HOW STANDS THE CAUSE!

Since the first flush of enthusiasm with which the idea of Association was newly received in this country, by so many earnest seekers after light respecting the true social destiny of man; since the first memorable conventions in New York and Boston, and the impulse thereby given to thousands who rushed into practical experiments in various parts of the land; much, no doubt, has happened to moderate expectations, much has been suffered, and a new aspect has come over the movement which it requires some insight to define. Practical trials in almost every instance have been failures, as those best

acquainted with the true principles and conditions of the associative organization could have predicted and indeed did predict. But Association is like Christianity itself, it triumphs in its failures; where it is trampled upon, there it most effectually plants itself, and its seeds are now silently taking root even in the hearts of those who outwardly reject it. The world has been gradually growing up to this conviction, reached it may be by but few minds now; while *all* minds, consciously or unconsciously, are on the way to it. In France, where Fourier wrote, the working classes are too ignorant, too utterly ground down, to have intelligence or energy of mind to seize upon so great a hope; besides which, public meetings and popular lectures and discussions are prohibited by law. The other class, the nobles and the savans and the money-getters, could not be supposed so disinterested as all at once to think of exchanging their present advantages for the chance of increased prosperity to all, through a more equitable and more productive system. And yet, remarkable as it may appear, the attention of statesmen and philosophers in France is now more earnestly turned to the great social problem, than in any other part of the civilized world, and the doctrines of Fourier are rapidly gaining ground among many of the most influential minds of that nation, to the extent that they already are beginning to influence politics. The Associative School there wisely wait their time; they have accumulated large funds for a systematic promulgation of their ideas through the public press, and are preparing the convictions of the best men and through them of the government, at the same time that they are raising by a gradual and steady increase the requisite material means for commencing a Model Phalanx, in some suitable place, and on the proper scale.

In Germany, socialism is rife; but the philosophic mind of that country, which generally goes to the bottom of every matter, has not yet fastened upon the Social Science as it will do, and with incalculable results. In England, the popular restlessness is growing wiser, and there is a tendency, though not in name, of every popular movement to grope its way out into the full light of Association.

But here in the free soil of America is the true home and first land of promise for this grand movement of Humanity. Here the whole tendency of thought, and of the practical working of our institutions is towards it. When its light first broke upon a few earnest minds, already thoroughly persuaded of the vicious circle in which civilization travels, and of the impossibility of attaining to anything like

real freedom and equality, real opportunities of education, fortune, influence, congenial labor and society to all, without a radical change in the whole social framework; then for a time that light was almost too strong to bear; enthusiasm overflowed the bounds of practical restraining wisdom; glimpses (however incomplete) of truth were taken for clear knowledge, and nothing was esteemed too great to undertake or to expect; the remedy of all old wrongs, the conditions of universal happiness and elevation, in a word the Divine Order of Society seemed understood and practicable at any moment. Then the movement had its Pentecost. And since then it has had its trials. Multitudes of little Associations, commenced without science, without money, without men, have struggled through their little day and peaceably subsided. The sceptical world bestows a smile of mingled triumph and compassion on the predicted failure, and still goes its way. But how is it with the actors in these experiments? Their faith in the principles and in the reality of the movement is stronger by every effort and by every failure. The conviction has taken root and withstood the droughts and winds of discouragement. The speculative idea has acquired the weight and earnestness of an idea which men can work for and suffer for, and wait for through long periods of apparent failure and defeat. It has spoken all the more eloquently by this fact to others. The necessity of a change has not been refuted by any of these failures, and more and more have turned hopelessly away from existing politics and philosophies and institutions, and have been compelled to examine this one only solution ever offered to the whole length and breadth and depth of the social problem. We verily believe that no moral movement in the history of man has ever made such progress, in a few short years, as has this doctrine of Association in the minds of all classes of men and women in these United States. Our failures we account as nothing; the experience we have gained by them is pure success. They have drawn attention to the subject, as no other method could have done at this stage of the movement. They have knit lasting bonds of union between hundreds of earnest souls, who, though they could not in all cases contrive materially to hold together, are yet pledged to one another and to this most holy cause of Unity, while life lasts. Each of these little practical attempts at true societies has been a nucleus and rallying-point for minds possessed with this idea; each has been a centre of discussion and study, where one enlightened, warmed and stimulated another, and the result has been an incalculable increase

of knowledge and of faith. We all know better what we want, what the cause demands, and what are the preliminary conditions to a true Association; and the hope is not at all abated that we shall live to see and to co-operate with a society formed after the image of the heavenly kingdom. That Association is the thing that is wanted — association of families instead of isolated households; association of Labor, and of Labor with Capital, instead of the free competition now prevailing; association of tastes, opinions, creeds, religious, moral or philosophical, into one great serial whole, instead of the exclusiveness and mutual denial by which each partizan deprives himself of what his rival, or more properly his complement, has to give — is proved beyond a doubt by these very abortive attempts at Association. The theory of Association accounts for the failure, better than the criticisms of the world can. The conditions to an experiment were wanting, and thus the failure, if it proved anything, proved the theory true.

The movement, then, is going on. It is a movement — every day more widely recognized, more deeply felt. There is earnest thinking on this subject where but a little while ago there was undisturbed persuasion of the impossibility of mending or improving the existing order, or where there were only sneers and passing smiles at the idle, amiable vision. It enters largely into the conversation of all thinking circles. It has become the life-long hope and study of some who have every thing personally to hope from the present form of society, except that which only truth can give. It forces itself upon the attention of the working-classes, who are rising in their turn, as the middling classes rose before them, to constitute the soul of society and settle the destiny of nations. It is the freshest subject on the carpet, and yet not the newest; it still justifies consideration and still demands it, where the political and other interests and hobbies of the day, and even other schemes of reform, have ceased to promise anything. It still rings out lively and clearly to the blow, where these have long since returned nothing but a flat and deadened sound. — And now what for action? And where stands the movement? If there is not a fully organized Association for us to go into, or an attempt at one of sufficient magnitude and promise to warrant the concentration of all the means and energies of all friends of the cause upon it, yet there is no necessity for standing utterly aloof; there are channels opened into which belief may flow to feel the gratifying sense of action; there are nuclei of permanent and useful measures formed, about which Associationists may gather

and feel their strength not lost. There is enough to do, the worth of which and way to which can be made plain. We will mention three things, which we trust it will become the settled policy of all Associationists to regard and aid as most important agencies, and as mutually dependent branches of the movement. We think the relation which they sustain each to each must soon be seen by all, as it is seen by us, and then we shall not longer feel that we are waiting and wandering in the dark, but travelling by routes agreed upon and definite to the same definite end.

1. In the first place we have overstated the failure of actual attempts at Association. The North American Phalanx, the Wisconsin and several other Phalanxes at the West, still exhibit decided symptoms of progress. Their industry, organized so far as it can be with small numbers on Associative principles, proves abundantly productive; and social harmony, though without the full accords of more varied elements of character and culture, rewards their faithful efforts. That they are succeeding in their way is evident. The only question is, in what light these little industrial families are to be regarded. With the utmost success of which they are capable, or to which they aspire, they would be far enough from Fourier's conception of a Phalanx. But they are an important part of the machinery by which the elements for future Association are providentially training themselves. They are so many groups, or primary elements, of the great organic system which is to be. Each of these little Associations will have its special tone, and to some extent its special occupations, to distinguish it from others. Each is nourishing the corporate spirit, and the habit of combined activity in a little band or group, which finally will affiliate itself with other kindred or related groups, until by degrees and by an almost unconscious process of natural attraction, series of series will be formed, expanding gradually into full Association. This is one process by which it is reasonable to suppose that the new Order will engraft itself upon the old, absorbing all its energy into its own better forms. It may be called the Synthetic mode, and is analogous with nature's growth. The practical bands of workers trained in these little independent unions, will come with a wealth of experience and a self-relying power, to take their places in the complete social unity when sufficient means and science call for the experiment. And without such tried bands, who have already worked together under disadvantage in the name of Social Unity, we doubt if any science, wealth or numbers would be adequate to the initia-



tion of the first living centre of Industrial and Social Order.

2. There is at the same time a tendency to the opposite mode of realization, or what may be called the Analytic, which enumerates and provides beforehand all the elements, constructs the scales of industrial and passionnal varieties, contrives the various affinities and contrasts, of the complete model Phalanx, and having first cast the material mould, then introduces the life and sets it all in motion. The elements are brought together in proper proportions and varieties, and the whole is then left to attraction as in the coalescing of any chemical compound. For the laws of passionnal attraction are strictly analogous to those of material attraction. Given the right circumstances, and instantly the social elements will disengage themselves from artificial and constrained combinations, and flow together into willing harmony and beauty. There is truth in this also; but the greatest hope is in the meeting of both these counter-processes. Nature's methods are composite and not simple; and these many ways are leading to the same result.

To the successful organization, however, of a model Association, by whatever means arrived at, we all naturally look forward as the consummation of our efforts. Let the small Associations grow up to it if they will; yet not the less must all Associationists make this the end and focus of all their practical measures. The world awaits this proof, before it will be convinced of the soundness of our social doctrines; it asks to see the thing in practice; and we know too well that all we can do now with our small means is *not* that thing. A great work must be gone through first; the work of propagation and indoctrination. The idea must be set before the collective mind and conscience of this nation; the destructive tendencies of modern society and modern conservatism must be exposed to those who, wise enough in many things, are but the blind slaves of habit and authority in all that regards the vital interests of society, the proper *commonwealth*; the fallacy of all this talk about perfectibility, while the gulf grows wider all the time between the heartless practice and the Christian theory of society, must be urged home to every one who flatters himself that he is promoting the elevation of the race by vague, vain methods. A larger portion of the world must be converted speculatively, before the means will be forthcoming to convert the whole by a practical demonstration. This, then, is the great work for Associationists at this day: to indoctrinate the people; and this requires instrumentalities and organization, not to be sustained

without a liberal dedication of the means. The commencement of such an organization has been made, upon the principle of affiliated societies, which may save and draw to operative centres the scattered means and energies of all who cherish the same hope with us. Friends of Association! will you hesitate to use these channels by which you all in your degrees may help the cause? Shall not this organization be made effective? Shall not "The American Union of Associationists" command by its very name the earnest co-operation every where of those whom it is intended to unite? Shall it wait till it becomes a by-word, before the means be given it to send forth its corps of lecturers, and establish its presses, and fill up its lists of contributions to a permanent fund for the great practical experiment?

We are happy, however, to announce that several liberal pledges have been already made, and that money enough is already in hand to set on foot some lecturing expeditions this winter. We believe these projects will not end in words. Before long there will be an affiliated active brotherhood and sisterhood of believers and workers in this great cause of Heaven and Humanity, all quickened by one life, and responsive to each other's calls through all parts of the land. The printed word, the living voice, shall go forth freely and return not unanswered. But first of all, the most devoted workers in this business, those who are prepared to teach it and to preach it, and who have consecrated their whole lives to it without consideration of reward, must be united; and this leads us to consider a third branch which we hold essential to our policy, and which we only ask Associationists to prize as fully as they ever have done.

3. We believe it to be essential to the cause that there should be an associative home and rallying-point, an intellectual and moral nucleus of the faith, preserved at Brook Farm. Many speculations and inquiries are afloat respecting the condition and probable fate of this earliest and most cherished little associative institution. Reports of its failure and approaching dissolution are by no means unfrequent. We cannot say that as an Industrial Association it has succeeded, or offers at the present time much promise of success. Its position is ambiguous and precarious. Yet there is the strongest clinging to the life among those of its members who have been enabled to remain, and it is felt to be like death to give it up. There is a feeling, both within and without the institution, that it is thus far the sacred citadel of the Associative cause, humble as may be its importance in other points of view; that if it

should be abandoned, the most devoted advocates and soldiers of the cause would be scattered, there would be no constant reunion of so many of them again, where they could meet each other upon true associative ground and inspire each other to the study and diffusion of the doctrine; and that the sympathies of Associationists generally would find no common spot to rest upon; the cause would be identified no longer with a society, a life, which, notwithstanding business mistakes and failures, has been a beautiful and hope-sustaining thing, more beautiful in all its poverty than aught which civilization can afford.

What has been the mission of Brook Farm, and is that mission yet accomplished? These are the questions which we wish to have considered.

It is almost needless to review the history of this institution. Originally commenced without any purpose of Association on a large scale, without capital and in debt, its experience daily proved the need of organization like that in the mind of Fourier; then it partook of the first enthusiasm of the Associative movement to which we have referred above, and set to work with zeal to enlarge its industry and expand into a great industrial Phalanx. In this it failed; and it now is held in existence only by the considerable reduction in its numbers to which it has submitted, and by a modification of its internal arrangements, whereby every branch of business, and indeed every member, is made responsible for self-support, until there shall be nothing left that does not pecuniarily aid the institution. In this way so far as it goes, it must be sound; whether it will survive, however, remains to be seen. Of course we cannot enter here into all the details of its present arrangements and workings. But what is the motive which makes this life so clung to, in spite of so many discouragements and losses? It is the conviction of the important influence which it has always had upon the cause. How much of the impulse which has been given to the whole movement, by lectures, publications, discussions, conversations, has proceeded from this centre! It has been the nursery and school of Associationists; the social centre and strong-hold of those who are engaged in the great work of propagation. This it may yet be; and while we would do nothing to preclude any possibilities of enlarged and various industry, on associative principles, still we think that the peculiar providential mission of Brook Farm has been, to be the intellectual and moral centre of the movement. This has been the essential and central fact of its existence; and all the rest should always have been considered incidental. The

outward husk, the incidental part has failed; but the essential *fact* survives; the inspiring and uniting influence which may still proceed from this little school or centre, will be greater and better than ever, provided only that its true character and worth be generally recognized by all friends of the cause. We do not ask for it any pecuniary aid; we simply ask that it shall not be *considered* a failure, because in one point of view it has failed; we ask that its true importance to the movement may be understood and recognized, and that it be not judged by any false standard. If it should be dissolved to-morrow, would not our plans for propagation, to be at all efficient, instantly demand the establishment of another such centre? And could another be created in years which would have the sacredness, the wealth of experience and of cherished associations, and that binding power between many souls, which this has? — At present the only printed organ which we have, proceeds from this place, and would cease with it; it is an educational resort also to young and old, who breathe here the hopeful spirit of humanity amid all their lessons of literature and science; it has sent forth nearly every lecturer, and been the main-spring of nearly every meeting and convention from which the cause has gained new impulse; it has brought together manual industry with refined scholarship and culture, and taught the two elements to live and share together in equal honor; and even in its lowest estate, amid its worst embarrassments as a pecuniary and business operation, there is a feeling, so long as it lasts, that the cause of Association is not without “a local habitation and a name;” is not without its holy-land, where pilgrimages may be made, with hope of more than the imaginary influence of seeing the spot where the dead Lord was laid, but of being quickened by a living spirit, warmed to a new hope, and filled with a clearer light, about the destinies of society and the duty of each towards so great a movement.

We can but hint at this idea, and here we leave it for the present, to the earnest and candid consideration of all who work and pray with us for the coming of the great day of Unity.

#### A WELCOME ALLY.

The friends of Association in this country will be pleased, we doubt not, with the following extracts from a private letter from the accomplished London editor of Swedenborg's Scientific Works, an essay of whose upon the “Grouping of Animals” we reprinted some time since. We published also a very pregnant letter of his upon the relation between Swedenborg and Fourier. It will

be seen what progress his most earnestly inquiring mind has since that time been making, and that the tendencies of all his thought are more and more in the direction of a Social Reorganization and the establishment of harmony in the material spheres of life as a prerequisite to the true spiritual unity of Man. Would the formal disciples of Swedenborg in this country only enter into the *spirit* of the great thoughts of their master, as deeply as this writer, instead of clinging as they do to the dead letter!

Meanwhile let Associationists take courage. The truths we advocate are gaining over the great minds of this day. We shall soon have an array of intellect, of scholarship, of character, of genius on our side, stronger than was ever yet required for the greatest changes which have passed over the face of society. Let the statesmen take their time. Let the military patriots go on disgracing themselves by the present applause of the vulgar: let the money-getting oracles and rulers of to-day's affairs look as knowing as they please, and put away reforms as things unmentionable to polite ears:—the poets and the thinkers will soon all be ours; one by one they are giving in their adhesion to our great unitary thought, and through them the conversion of the world is sure. But read the letter. Have we not reason to rejoice in the accession to our cause of one of the profoundest thinkers, ripest scholars, and most powerful writers in England or in Europe!

“I am not at all surprised at the changes of thought and conviction which several of our friends are undergoing. The man who could be quite stationary now, would make one think he was of fossil extraction, and did not pertain to the existing species. For indeed it is physical necessity that in this eventful time is the mover of men and nations. The velocity with which the new ideas are trampling in through all the great portals of the world, is truly extraordinary. And what is a most cheering fact is, that it is no longer Doctrinaires we want, but practical social improvers. We require attention to facts, and a just way of applying them for the interests of the whole community. And those who see this, and preach it, and proffer schemes tending or professing to realize it, have, by uncontradictable consent, the precedence over other men: they have an admitted right now to be first heard before abstract philosophies and theologies, however good and noble; nay, is it not evident, alike from past experience and the circumstances around us, that the basement story of human life must be set in order, before philosophy and theology

can be approached either directly or sincerely! ‘If ye do the works ye shall know of the doctrine.’ Seeing as I now begin to do how little we have gone to work in the way marked out in this Divine prescription, I am more than inclined to suspect the great bulk of our interpretations both of Swedenborg and of other men; and to fear that there is not in them that liberal pliancy which may be useful in the large and small scale at once; but rather that they are comfortable cajoleries which the animal understanding, the imagination, proffers to the animal or selfish will. And the more I call again to mind my readings of Swedenborg, the more I see that his principles expand to take in all the exigencies of suffering humanity—and oh! how sad and suffering and evil it is—and by consequence to meet and blend with all other views, whether maligned or not, which tend to bring on the same blessedly useful issues. With this growing conviction, I need hardly say I have a growing sense of the inestimable importance of the views of Fourier; and it is remarkable that just now Providence affords me very ample and easy means of becoming somewhat better acquainted with those subjects, inasmuch as our beloved Doherty is still sojourning with us, and enriches my mind every day with some of that wealth of natural and social truth which lies in golden veins in his own. Talking of this subject, I should like you much to take in from the commencement (some two years since) the French Periodical, *La Phalange*, a scientific review unequalled in its kind in Europe, and which contains, besides the *MSS.* of Fourier, a series of papers *sur la Question Religieuse* by the said excellent Doherty, which are worthy of your deepest attention, as of that of all thinking New Church men. And it would also be very good, if you can afford it, to possess the whole of the works of Fourier, not I think more than six or seven volumes, in order that whenever hours of need or attraction come, you may have a storehouse to resort to in your library.

“I am now thoroughly occupied with editing the whole forth-coming volume of Swedenborg's *Opuscula*: and the enclosed Circular will show you that I also have another work of some magnitude just commencing. Two sheets of the Latin are printed under my editorship, and in a week or two I shall begin the translation. This will be a most important supplement to Swedenborg's *Scientific Works* already published. . . . What you say of Brook Farm, I cordially agree with; there is not in the whole world a Periodical to which I could so heartily contribute, and feel the while so encouraging and approving a sphere, as the *Harbinger*, the

organ of the Brook-Farmers. Depend upon it, they have real light and good among them, and will neither be laughed or coughed down, or put to flight by any insincere misunderstandings, not even though they should be tackled on the delicate ground of the doctrine of marriage; a matter which is heavily slurred over in all practical legislation; I suppose because people are too dishonest to be able to talk gravely about it."

### WE CANNOT BREATHE THIS ATMOSPHERE!

Such is the remark which we may often hear uttered by men who are not entirely dead to the promptings of their better nature, and who daily experience the incompatibility between a life of noble aspirations, and the sordid, anxious, drudging life of the devoted man of business. We should hear the expression of this sentiment oftener than we do, if all men were true to their convictions. It cannot be denied that there is a general dissatisfaction, among the most thoughtful persons, with the influence of our present business relations on the cultivation of a pure and sincere life; they feel that, in society as now constituted, they must sacrifice much spiritual or material wealth; indeed, they can hardly engage in the common routine essential to procure a livelihood, without meeting with occasions of disgust, that remind them of their distance from the true harmony of nature. The parched, dusty, reeking atmosphere of commercial life is too hot for them; they feel the springs of their best life drying up under its power; they long to breathe a purer air, from which their whole nature may obtain vigor, as well as delight. This unrest has the character of a prophecy. It is like the agitation, which among certain animals, betokens a coming storm. It is the genuine action of nature, which would lead her children, by influences that cannot be resisted, to the destiny for which they were made. If the present order of society were not a dark and shapeless chaos, if man were not called to seek for truer and more congruous institutions, this natural yearning for something better would not be so deeply placed within the soul. As it is, we may regard it as the voice of Providence, summoning the followers of light and truth, to seek and to construct a social system, in accordance with the laws of God and the wants of man.

We were much struck with an instance of this instinctive discontent, in a conversation which a friend related to us as having taken place between himself and a thriving, prosperous young merchant, whose successful devotion to business had not caused him to forget the "dreams of his youth." "I am about to wind up

my affairs," said he to our friend, "I cannot stand this any longer, and must find a more congenial sphere. I am weary and sick of the customs of trade; they demand too great a sacrifice of all that is most valuable to man, and compel me to violate the principles, which my past education has taught me to deem sacred." Here was a frank confession, more sincere, perhaps, than politic. But how many can speak from experience to the same effect! This person is by no means the only one who is made to suffer from the inconsistency of society.

The whole theory of education supposes that generous and lofty sentiments are to be instilled into the youthful mind. No pains are spared to overcome the developments of childish selfishness. The excellences of magnanimity, purity of thought, benevolence of purpose, and generous aspirations are loudly enforced. If the youth is not too much of a Yankee to be duped by such fine language, he leaves the seclusion of the schools for the throngs of business, as little prepared for actual life, as would be a naked savage to face a flaming battery. His beautiful maxims will not pass current on 'Change. His enthusiasm for truth and goodness is considered grotesque in State Street. Such a thing must never be thought of except on Sundays; and then is not the minister so well paid for talking about it, as to do away the need for anything more! The morality inculcated in the course of our education, is no more regarded as fit to be recognized in the common relations of business, than is the religion of the Gospel as a practical rule of conduct any where. "My friend," said a clergyman of our acquaintance, to a good deacon, who was equally noted for the odor of sanctity and the reputation of wealth, "it is your duty to carry the principles of Christianity into the transactions of business—" "Sir," interrupted the pious deacon, "the thing cannot be done." The young man, who may have been imbued with a noble spirit, soon finds out what a deep gulf is placed between his fondest aspirations and the actual demands of society. If he attempts to be consistent with his principles he is ruined in his prospects. If he wishes to make the laws of justice and disinterestedness paramount, his shrewdness as a business man is more than questioned. If his soul indulges in the visions of good and truth, with which, perchance, it may have revelled, as in an opening Paradise, he will not be deemed good at the Bank. His piety will be considered no pledge of his punctuality. Is this warfare always to exist! Can we believe it to be the normal state of man! On the contrary, is it not an indication of disorder in the social system, no less powerful than that

which is shown by the earthquakes and volcanoes in the physical world! Why then, O wise men, venerated leaders of public opinion, ye who are guides for the blind, and crutches for the lame, do you not give your thoughts to this question of social reform, which more than all others demands your assistance!

The time has come when this subject must be discussed with a depth and earnestness hitherto unknown. It cannot be that the present polluted and vulgar order of society is the completion of human destiny on earth. If it be so, man's whole nature is a lie, and the voice of the Creator has spoken in it but to deceive. As sure as the cups of the flower are made to furnish the bee with its appropriate food, as well as to delight the eye with their radiant beauty, is there a divine constitution of society, where all the natural instincts of the soul will be unfolded in harmony; where man can become truly a man, and where the faculties of the angel are not to be prostituted to the service of the animal. The establishment of this order is the problem of our age. We shall witness its solution, and that speedily. Meantime, if you are not prepared to work for it, pass away in silence. Hinder not, by your babblings, the work to which earnest men are devoted.

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N. R. GERRISH.

Sept. 1, 1846.

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### MISCELLANY.

#### THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,\* SEQUEL TO CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.  
Translated for the Harbinger.

XXIII.

A few moments afterwards, Karl re-entered with a letter, of which the writing was unknown to Consuelo, and the contents nearly as follows :

"I leave you, perhaps never to see you again! And I give up three days which I could still pass near you, three days which I may never recover in my life! I give them up voluntarily. It is my duty. Some day you will appreciate the holiness of my sacrifice.

"Yes, I love you, I love you *passionately*, I also! Yet I do not know you any better than you know me. Do not, therefore, feel in any manner obliged by what I have done for you. I obeyed superior orders; I accomplished my duty. Think only of the love I bear to you, and which I cannot prove except by leaving you. That love is as violent as it is respectful. It will be as lasting as it was sudden and unreflecting. I have hardly seen your features; I know nothing of your life; but I have felt that my soul belongs to you, and that I can never take it back. Were your past life as stained as your brow is pure, you would be none the less respectable and dear to me. I depart with my heart full of pride, of joy, and of bitterness. You love me! How shall I endure the idea of losing you, if the terrible will, which disposes of you and of me, condemn me to it? I know not. At this moment I cannot be unhappy, in spite of my fear; I am too much intoxicated with your love and mine to suffer. Were I to seek for you in vain all my life, I should not lament having met you, and having experi-

enced in a kiss from you a happiness which will leave me eternal regrets. Neither could I give up the hope of finding you one day; and were it but for an instant, should I never have any other testimony of your love than that kiss, so holily given and returned, I should still be happier than I was before knowing you.

"And now, sainted maiden, poor troubled soul, recall without shame and without fear those short and divine moments in which you felt my love pass into your heart. You have said it, love comes to us from God, and it does not depend upon us to repress or enkindle it against his will. Were I unworthy of you, the sudden inspiration which compelled you to reply to my embrace would not be any the less celestial. But the Providence which protects you was not willing that the treasure of your affection should fall upon the mud of a selfish and cold heart. If I were ungrateful, it would be in you only a noble instinct misused, only a holy aspiration lost; I adore you, and whatever I may be otherwise, you have not been deceived in thinking that you were beloved. You have not been profaned by the beatings of my heart, by the support of my arm, by the breath of my lips. Our mutual confidence, our blind faith, our imperious impulse, carried us in an instant to the sublime abandonment which a long passion sanctifies. I know well that there is something fearful in that fatality which has impelled us towards each other. But it is the finger of God, you know! We cannot but recognize it. I carry with me this terrible secret. Keep it also; do not trust it to any one. *Beppe* would not comprehend it, perhaps. Whoever that friend may be, I alone can respect you in your folly and venerate you in your weakness, since that weakness and that folly are also mine. Adieu! Perhaps this is an eternal adieu. And yet I am free, in the eyes of the world, and it seems to me that you are so likewise. I can love only you, and I see clearly that you do not love another. But our lot is no

longer in our own hands. I am bound by eternal oaths, and you doubtless will soon be; at least, you are in the power of the Invisibles, and it is a power without appeal. Adieu! then—my heart is bursting, but God will give me strength to accomplish this sacrifice, and one still more terrible, if there be such. Adieu—! O, great God, have pity on me!"

This letter, without signature, was written with a painful or a disguised hand.

"Karl," cried Consuelo, pale and trembling, "was it indeed the chevalier who gave you this?"

"Yes, signora."

"And did he write it himself?"

"Yes, signora, and not without difficulty. His right hand is wounded."

"Wounded, Karl? seriously?"

"Perhaps. The wound is a deep one, though he does not seem to care for it."

"But how did he wound himself thus?"

"Last night, at the moment when we were changing horses before reaching the frontier, the shaft horse tried to run away before the postilion was in his saddle. You were alone in the carriage; the postilion and I were some steps off. The chevalier stopped the horse with the strength of a devil and the courage of a lion, for it was a terrible animal."

"O, yes! I felt some violent shocks. But you told me it was nothing."

"I had not seen that M. the chevalier had the back of his hand torn by one of the harness buckles."

"Always for me! And tell me, Karl, has the chevalier left this house?"

"Not yet, signora; but his horse is being saddled, and I have just strapped his portmanteau. He says that you have nothing to fear now, and that the person who is to replace him has already arrived. I hope we shall soon see him again, for I should be very sorry if it were otherwise. Still he will not bind himself to anything, and to all my questions he answers, *Perhaps!*"

\* 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.

"Karl, where is the chevalier?"

"I do not know, signora. His chamber is on that side. Do you wish me to tell him from you —?"

"Tell him nothing. I will write to him. No — tell him that I wish to thank him — to see him an instant, only to press his hand. Now, be quick! I fear he may have gone."

Karl went out, and Consuelo immediately regretted having given him this message. She said to herself that if the chevalier had never approached her during the journey, except in cases of absolute necessity, it was doubtless only because he had bound himself on that point to those strange and redoubtable Invisibles. She resolved to write to him; but hardly had she traced and already effaced some words, when a slight noise made her raise her eyes. Then she saw pushed aside a wooden panel which made a secret door of communication between the cabinet in which she had already written and the next chamber, doubtless that which the chevalier occupied. The panel did not, however, open any further than was necessary for the passage of a gloved hand, which seemed to call that of Consuelo. She rushed forward and seized that hand, saying: "The other hand, the wounded hand!" The unknown concealed himself behind the panel so that she could not see him. He extended his right hand, which Consuelo clasped in hers; and hurriedly unwinding the bandage, she saw the wound, which was really deep. She carried it to her lips, and then bound it up in her handkerchief; then taking from her bosom the little filagree cross which she superstitiously cherished, she placed it in that beautiful hand, the whiteness of which was heightened by the purple of the blood. "Here," said she, "this is what I have most precious in the world; it is my inheritance from my mother, my amulet which I have always kept. I have never loved any one so much as to confide this treasure to him. Keep it until I meet you again."

The unknown drew Consuelo's hand behind the panel which concealed him, and covered it with kisses and with tears. Then, at the sound of Karl's footsteps, coming to his chamber to fulfil his message, he pushed it back and hurriedly closed the opening. Consuelo heard the noise of a lock. She listened, in vain hoping to catch the sound of the voice of the unknown. He spoke in a low tone, or had withdrawn.

Karl returned to Consuelo in a few moments. "He has gone, signora," said he, sadly; "gone, without wishing to bid you farewell, and filling my pockets with I know not how many ducats for the unforeseen necessities of your journey,

as he says! There is here a little man in black, who does not open his mouth, except to give orders in a clear and dry tone, and who does not please me the least in the world; it is he who takes the place of the chevalier, and I shall have the honor of his company upon the box, which does not promise me a very cheerful conversation. Poor chevalier! Heaven grant he may be restored to us!"

"But are we obliged to follow this little man in black?"

"We can't be more so, signora. The chevalier made me swear to obey him as I would myself. Come, signora, here is your dinner. You must not reject it; it looks good. We start at nightfall."

Consuelo, dejected and disheartened, no longer listened to Karl's chat. She cared nothing about her journey or her new guide. Every thing became indifferent to her the moment the dear unknown abandoned her. Sunk in a profound sadness, she mechanically tried to give pleasure to Karl, by tasting some of the dishes. But feeling more inclined to cry than to eat, she asked for a cup of coffee to give her at least a little strength and physical courage. The coffee was brought to her. "Here, signora," said Karl, "the little gentleman wished to prepare it himself, in order that it might be excellent. He seems to me like an old valet-de-chambre, and, after all, he is not so much of a devil as he is black; I believe he is a good child at bottom, though he does not like to talk. He made me drink some brandy at least a hundred years old, the best I have ever tasted. If you are willing to try a little, it will do you more good than this coffee, however strong it may be."

"My good Karl, go and drink what you please, and let me be quiet," said Consuelo, swallowing her coffee, the quality of which she did not think of appreciating.

Hardly had she risen from the table, when she felt overpowered by an extraordinary heaviness. When Karl came to tell her that the carriage was ready, he found her asleep in her chair. "Give me your arm," said she to him; "I cannot support myself. I think I must have a fever."

She was so overpowered that she could only confusedly see the carriage, her new guide, and the porter of the house, whom Karl could not induce to accept anything from her. As soon as she was on the road, she slept soundly. The carriage had been arranged and provided with pillows like a bed. From this moment Consuelo had no consciousness of anything. She knew not how long her journey lasted; she did not remark if it was day or night, if she stopped or travelled without interruption. She saw Karl

once or twice at the door, and comprehended neither his questions nor his afflict. It seemed to her that the little man felt her pulse, and made her swallow a refreshing drink, saying: "It is nothing; madam does very well." Still she experienced a vague discomfort, an unconquerable exhaustion. Her eyelids were so weighed down that she could hardly see; and her thoughts were not clear enough for her to reflect upon the objects which passed before her. The more she slept, the more she wished to sleep. She did not even think to ask herself if she were ill, and she could only answer Karl in the last words she had said to him: "Let me be quiet, good Karl."

At last she felt somewhat more free in body and mind, and looking around her, perceived that she was lying upon an excellent bed, between four vast curtains of white satin fringed with gold. The little man of the journey, masked with black like the chevalier, was making her inhale from a bottle something which seemed to dissipate the clouds of her mind, and to replace with the clearness of day the fog in which she had been enveloped.

"Are you a physician, sir?" said she, at last, with some difficulty.

"Yes, madam countess, I have that honor," replied he, in a voice which did not seem entirely unknown to her.

"Have I been ill?"

"Only a little indisposed. You must feel much better."

"I feel well, and thank you for your care."

"I present my respects to you, and will not again appear before your ladyship, unless you send for me in case of illness."

"Have I reached the end of my journey?"

"Yes, madam."

"Am I free, or a prisoner?"

"You are free, madam countess, in all the enclosure reserved for your habitation."

"I understand; I am in a great and beautiful prison," said Consuelo, looking at her vast and light chamber, tapestried with white Chinese silk embroidered with flowers of gold, and relieved by magnificently sculptured and gilded woodwork. "Could I see Karl?"

"I do not know, madam; I am not the master here. I retire; you have no further need of my assistance, and I am forbidden to yield to the pleasure of conversing with you."

The little man in black went out; and Consuelo, still weak and drowsy, attempted to rise. The only dress she found within reach was a long robe of white woollen stuff, of a marvellously soft texture, quite like the tunic of a Roman lady,

She raised it, and there fell upon the floor a billet, on which was written in letters of gold :

*"This is the robe, without stain, of the neophytes. If thy soul be impure, this noble dress of innocence will become for thee the devouring tunic of Dejanira."*

Consuelo, accustomed to peace of conscience, (to a peace perhaps too profound,) smiled, and put on her beautiful robe with an artless pleasure. She took up the billet to read it again, and thought it childishly emphatic. Then she went towards a rich toilet-table of white marble, which supported a large glass, framed with gilded scrolls in exquisite taste. But her attention was attracted by an inscription placed in the ornament which topped the mirror.

*"If thy soul be as pure as my crystal, thou wilt see thyself therein eternally young and beautiful; but if vice has stained thy heart, fear to see in me a severe reflection of moral ugliness."*

"I have never been either beautiful or culpable," thought Consuelo; "therefore I will use this mirror at any rate."

She looked in it without fear, and did not find herself ugly. That beautiful flowing robe and her long unbound black hair, gave her the aspect of a priestess of antiquity; but her extreme paleness struck her. Her eyes were less pure and less brilliant than usual. "Can I have become ugly," thought she at once, "or would this mirror accuse me?"

She opened a drawer of the toilet-table, and found there, among a thousand refinements of luxurious taste, several articles accompanied with devices and sentences both simple and pedantic. A pot of rouge had these words engraved on its cover: *"Fashion and falsehood! Paint does not restore to the cheek the freshness of innocence, and does not efface the ravages of disorder;"* exquisite perfumes with this device upon the bottle: *"A soul without faith, an indiscreet mouth, are like open bottles, of which the precious essence escapes, or is deteriorated;"* finally, some white ribbons, with these words in gold among the silk: *"For a pure brow the sacred fillets; for a head loaded with infamy the rope, the punishment of slaves."*

Consuelo turned up her hair, and complacently fastened it with those fillets, in the antique manner. Then she examined with curiosity the enchanted palace into which her strange destiny had brought her. She passed into the various rooms of her rich and vast suites. A library, a music room filled with perfect instruments, numerous scores and precious manuscripts; a delicious boudoir, a little gallery ornamented with superb pictures and charming statues. It was a lodging worthy of a queen in its richness, of an artist in its taste, and of a nun in its

chasteness. Consuelo, astonished at this sumptuous and delicate hospitality, put off until another time the work of examining in detail and with a quiet mind all the symbols concealed in the choice of the books, the objects of art, and the pictures which ornamented this sanctuary. The curiosity of learning in what part of the world this wonderful residence was situated caused her to abandon the interior for the exterior. She approached a window; but before raising the silk blind which covered it she read yet this sentence:

*"If the thought of evil be in thy heart, thou art not worthy to contemplate the divine spectacle of nature. If virtue dwell in thy soul, look, and bless God who opens for thee the entrance to a terrestrial paradise."*

She hastened to open the window in order to see if the aspect of the country corresponded to the proud promises of the inscription. It was a terrestrial paradise, in truth, and Consuelo thought she was in a dream. The garden, planted in the English fashion, a thing very rare at that period, but ornamented in its details with Dutch nicety, presented the charming perspectives, the magnificent shades, the fresh lawns, the free developments of a natural landscape, at the same time with the exquisite neatness, the abundant and sweet flowers, the fine sanded walks, the crystalline waters, which characterize a garden cultivated with intelligence and with love. Beneath those beautiful trees, lofty barriers of a narrow valley, sown or rather carpeted with flowers, and crossed by graceful and limpid streams, rose a sublime horizon of blue mountains, of varied forms and imposing summits. The country was unknown to Consuelo. As far as her eye could reach she found no indication to reveal any particular country in Germany, where there are so many noble sites and beautiful mountains. Only, the flowers being more advanced, and the climate warmer than in Prussia, showed her that she had made some steps towards the south.

"Oh my good canon, where are you?" thought Consuelo, as she contemplated the woods of white lilacs and the hedges of roses, the ground covered with narcissuses, hyacinths and violets. "Oh Frederick of Prussia! may you be blessed for having taught me, by long privations and cruel ennui, to enjoy as I ought the delights of such a refuge! And you, all-powerful Invisibles, retain me eternally in this sweet captivity; I consent with my whole soul—especially if the chevalier's—"

Consuelo did not complete the expression of her desire. Since awaking from her lethargy, she had not before thought of the unknown. That burning remembrance was aroused in her mind, and

made her reflect upon the threatening words inscribed on the walls, on all the furniture of the magic palace, and even on the ornaments with which she had so ingenuously arrayed herself.

To be continued.

For the Harbinger.

### THE DRAMA—MRS. MOWATT.

Again has this vision of beauty thrown a sunbeam over our life. Shakspeare's Juliet—Juliet in all her southern loveliness, in that exquisite union of spirit and sense, where the soul is a visible presence! Juliet, in all the star-voiced music of her love, has stood before us; the marriage of the real and ideal.

Criticism were here profanity. Mrs. Mowatt does not act Juliet, but she is Juliet. At least her acting is exceptional, not oftener, probably, than the first Juliet might, in being's flood—in action's storm, lose for a moment the unity of her character. No one is always like himself. It is, besides, the great sin of Shakspeare to make his characters talk too much in the crisis of passion. Every one feels it as a violation of nature. It is an excrescence upon the parts, and not a true development, which forces the character and its representative alike to act, instead of simply being. Such is the tempest of verbiage which Juliet is made to utter after learning that Romeo has slain Tybalt.

*"Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but I,  
And that bare vowel I shall poison more  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.  
I am not I if there be such an I,  
Or those eyes close that make thee answer, I.  
If he be slain say I, or if not, no."*

How utterly incompatible is this poor punning with the anguish and the heart-rending suspense of a moment when Romeo's life was in question. Were the season one which would permit of it, is it in such high-flown tropes or critical grammatics,—*"that bare vowel I,"* or the *"death-darting eye of cockatrice,"* that a young girl would probably address her fond old ignorant nurse, who in the last scene was coming off to her with a message from Romeo that *"he did not protest!"* Finally, what has all such brain-froth to do with the pure, deep, virgin heart of Juliet, throbbing with youth and love, whose thoughts are the crystalline dew drops of passion condensed?

Passion is the source of all art and all knowledge. It speaks out from the true, rich life in living poetry, and it is only when that life is banished by our heartless social conventions, that the critical dissector appears, and men begin to talk about virtue and purity and individuality, because they have them no longer. In vain would the chemist tear its secret from the rose; none ever shall bloom



from his crucible unless first unfolded in the natural seed.

In Juliet we have the true, rich, gushing life of sacred nature. She was not nurtured in an age of books, and her youth is the flower, not the grave of her childhood. This unsoiled nature, fresh from childhood, is an indispensable requisite for the impersonation of a Juliet or a Miranda. The life of such is charmed ground on which no profane foot may enter.

We do not fear here to be accused of substituting our own ideal for the character such as Shakspeare gives it to us. No one who has felt the wonder and the passion of losing himself in Shakspeare, can mistake for a moment the aim and meaning of such high characters. It is sometimes a subject of doubt to us whether some literary mountebank has not travestied the original text with many of these verbal affectations. We well know the liberties which are taken in preparing plays for the stage of the day. The most beautiful obscurity is spread over the history of Shakspeare's manuscripts: they require the assistance of a second council of Nice to separate the true from the false. There is a wicked story of the Jews, that at this learned convention, when the reverend Fathers had prayed for a sign to distinguish the genuine gospels among the collection then lying on a platform before the meeting, the true and now accepted Gospels suddenly jumped up upon the table. We do not learn that Queen Mab or any of her fairy tribe have shown their gratitude to Shakspeare by similar services. Upon the acting stage it is the province of those who, like our gifted countrywoman, possess by a natural title the key note of Shakspeare's characters, to discard from their parts all mere excrescences. This is the legal domain of criticism. The power may be safely entrusted to every true emhodie of character, who would be recognized by a student of Shakspeare even were the verbal text changed.

How different is *embodiment* from *acting*! Plato, toying with the mystery of the soul's expression in material form, and the preternatural phenomena of dreams and spectral apparitions, conceived that when the visible organism was merged by death in elemental life, images of that form were flung off like soul-shadows into space. Has Mrs. Mowatt caught in mid air the spirit robe of Juliet? or by what wonder of Nature's magic does she thus roll back for us Time's curtain, and subliming into flowers the jewels of his mine, bind them around her brow in the odorous fragile beauty of an evening hour's life? It were invidious to select mere points in so lovely a whole. We note one diamond, where Juliet, winning

her froward nurse to tell her Romeo's answer, falls into her arms, looking up into her face like a child, and the nurse forgets her pet and her affectations at this recalling of her darling's tender infancy. We do not find it thus in the ordinary copies; whether it stands so on the stage books we know not, but it is one of the finest touches of nature imaginable.

This drama has eminently the Shakspearian character, — variety of incident with unity of sentiment. The sacredness of passion is proclaimed throughout in a voice so true and deep that no sophistry dares to question it, whilst the utter incompatibility of its development with the false conventions of our societies is stamped as in letters of fire on a ground of night. When do we love and pity Juliet more than when she must deceive the parents who would sell her to the highest bidder, if she would be true to passion and to the highest duty? Is this a feature of the middle ages? Are no Juliets now sold here in your own houses? O fathers and mothers of America, beware!

Shakspeare is not alone the hero poet of the middle ages. The drapery of no past customs nor past codes of morals can ever hide him from his race. His fire pillar still marches before us; and him in the theatre, like Christ in the church, we mock with a homage to which our lives do not conform. Christ sees from the centre of being, outward; the soul's aspirations are holy to him because he sees from the point where they converge towards God and unity, as the colors of the rainbow in light. Therefore, says he, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Little children, whose hearts are not yet seared with the doctrines of total depravity, and whose pas-sional life gushes forth in the freedom of nature. Shakspeare sees from the human point of view, he stands amidst the storm of incoherent passions, but he sees so high and so true towards their ultimate aims, that they become sacred to him also. Blending in harmonious cadence or raging with wild, destructive force, he ever recognizes the passions or motive springs as the elements of life. The octavo of their harmony in the serial order, it was not for the *artist* to discover; enough that he recognizes the sacredness of what he feels.

To the fair priestess who has lately revealed him to us, we would express a hope that her foot-prints should be oftener seen within these sacred precincts. In the common-place of our modern drama, Mrs. Mowatt has not leave or room to be herself, therefore she *acts* perforce, and her *acting*, though very charming, very sweet and graceful, falls into affectations and stage effects unworthy of her. We

bleed to see her sacrificed to the theatrical trash now so common upon our stage, as to give it the reputation of vulgarity, and to degrade the highest branch of art until its votaries are received in our best society only as exceptions.

It is only in the highest conceptions of the drama that Mrs. Mowatt can truly express herself and make her power felt. She fills her parts as high as they can be borne, but the parts will not bear her. One should not take a pencil of the peacock's plumes and colors of the rainbow to paint a tub or the wall of a kitchen. Mrs. Mowatt inflicts on one the same sense of maladaptation that we might experience in seeing a glorious butterfly which had crept into the slough of an old chrysalis shell; its gorgeous rings of green and gold protruding from the shrunken skin, and its beautiful wings in their struggle to soar, rocking the poor carcass here and there with a fluttering anomalous motion. As she stands forth from the play and its tawdry surroundings, it is as if "a straggling sunbeam had come down through the high arched roof some morning, when the glare of the footlights had passed into smoke-wreaths, and lit up with whimsical radiance the faded rubbish of the scenes." She might embody the spirit of the torrent in Manfred, or Shakspeare's Miranda of the Tempest, for it is reserved for organizations in which sense and spirit are so rarely blended, to combine with human passion the subtler life of elemental expression. Flowers of our high civilization in its most genial growth, their lovely and fragrant lives are fulfilling the highest mission of our age. Our senses through them become ministers of religion.

The drama occupies among the fine arts the pivotal rank. It not only requires individually, as accessories to create its sphere, the labors of the poet, painter, sculptor, and musician, but it combines these arts within itself in their highest type of passional expression.

The stage is the temple of the senses, the drama the highest and subtlest expression of their life and their aspiration for beauty. It has been therefore necessarily the most degraded of the arts, whilst the senses and their aspiration for beauty were placed in pointed opposition to the soul in its aspiration for truth. It has been reserved for the nineteenth century, combining the philosophy of Zeno and Epicurus, to recognize the material and sensuous as the basis or substratum of the spiritual, and the spiritual as a higher developing upon the sensuous. Our negroes in the South have a saying and a pretty firm belief too, that the circus people, who are to them the incarnation of the arts, belong to "de debbil." This is really quite a crystalline expres-

sion, as the sayings of children and simple people, by the way, are very apt to be, of the prevalent opinions or feelings. This old creed, now passing like an old fashion from the central foci of our civilization, is a legitimate development from the old Persian mythos of the combats of Oromas and Ahriman in the fields of the empyrean. Ahriman, or "de debbil," was the allegorical impersonation of the sensuous; Oromas of the spiritual.

In the growth of our planet, and the calling forth of life and order from chaos, we recognize four distinct phases, whose laws are at first apparently antagonistic, and finally harmonize by the lower being brought to work co-ordinately to the higher. 1st. The inorganic or simply material world; 2d. The organic vegetable; 3d. The animal; 4th. The athermal or spiritual. Each of these, whilst apparently antagonistic with the next higher above it, becomes in the true organization its basis or foundation. In this sense, as the old Bæhmists believed, the Devil, as the God of the senses, would one day come to be saved; one day when the senses became the ministers of the spirit, and men should "eat and drink to the glory of God." After this it is but a modest aspiration that the drama, which combines the aims of higher senses in the spheres of art with the life of mimic passion, may come also to be saved; and upon such as Mrs. Mowatt do we call to save it. All depends upon combined action. No one can wrestle single-handed against the stupidity and perversion of taste which now prevail.

The public are ready for better things. They have not come like the nations of the South to attach much importance to their amusements, else they would no longer submit to such trash, any more than to be stifled for want of ventilation,—or have their eyes ruined by the disposition of the lights. A corps of our first actors supporting each other, could in the brilliancy of their representations of Shakspeare and a few other dramas of the highest character, extinguish by absorbent substitution the low tastes now so prevalent. They would be enthusiastically supported by the judicious public which now hangs neutral. Such a company could choose their own times and places, renting the theatres and employing the managers as factors for them. America, of all civilized countries, will afford in a few years the most genial sphere for the drama, since here no sphere, either political or social, has the exclusiveness of the old European regime, and the man of action and the actor are more likely to meet in the same person.

It is reserved for a century in which all characters can follow their God-given attractions, and find their level and their

destiny, without respect to birth or wealth, to give the world actors who shall hold the mirror up to nature. There can be no good actor who is not also a good man in many other ways.

We can only represent what we have either felt or are capable of feeling; and to act great and high parts there must be a certain reality and intensity in our own lives, which is incompatible with the mere symbolic life of the stage. *Quæ tidi et quorum pars magna fui*, is ever the actor's best condition of success. The imitative faculty is much, but it is not all.

From this exclusive position and narrow circle in which actors live, it arises that the higher drama has become an impossibility, except in such rare cases as Mrs. Mowatt, Mrs. Kean, Macready, and a few other ladies and gentlemen.

The drama once raised to its royal rank among the arts, votaries will flow to it from every class of society, from the king to the peasant, not indeed to spend their lives in acting, but to intervene in some favorite part, in which their success has been approved by a Thespian censorship. What wonders might not the simplest unions here effect! People crowd by thousands to see one actor or actress, at the risk of being stewed or suffocated. Yet this success is desultory, and there are fifty excellent reasons why an actor seldom gets rich, nearly all of which would vanish before the unity and stability of a Thespian phalanx. Calculate the attraction of ten or twenty stars, a constellation; of a house ventilated like the British house of Parliament, where the triumphs of the painter and sculptor should be heightened by the spring of fountains, and the odorous breath of the rose or the jessamine twining round statues, and where the notes of a full band should fill the interludes with true music. This ideal has been all accomplished in parts; we have only to unite those parts in a symmetrical whole.

From the Chicago Western Citizen.

#### OUR SOCIAL STATE, AND ITS EVILS.

Man is awake to a sense of misery. Evil has overspread the world. It is true that some lands are comparatively blest. Americans, while they behold the terrible ills under which the laboring classes of Britain groan, bless God that they were born AMERICANS. But we are treading the path England has trodden. We, too, are becoming a great nation. The whelp is growing to be a lion, and it will soon have claws and teeth to be dreaded. The world is filled with poverty, crime and degradation. We are told that man is inherently vile; and that his vileness is the cause of all this evil; granted; but how comes he thus vile? All agree that he did not come thus from the hand of his Creator. That God has established certain laws for the government of man's moral and material nature, those will acknowledge who do not believe in chance. If man is in harmony with these laws he is righteous. But if society is so constituted that it is impossible for

man to live in obedience to these laws, who is to bear the blame of the failure? Man must suffer the consequences; and, as no man can suffer alone, society must suffer. But where is the blame to rest? On man, or on a false state of society?

"What can we reason but from what we know?" We know that there are states of society, where crime of necessity grows rank and dreadful. Speculation has followed speculation in the world upon the origin of evil. One class of men has asserted that it was owing to the doctrine of total depravity; though these stopped short and did not inquire into the origin of this doctrine. The world was once said to stand on a turtle, but what the turtle stood on was not said. The views of those who have endeavored to account for the existence of evil, are peculiarly unsatisfying. A very small number have charged all evil upon that religion that teaches us to "bless them that curse us, and to do good to those who persecute us." Because these speculations have been false, shall we cease to inquire why man is evil, and why he is miserable?

The world seems to be determined that its hollowness shall not be exposed. Men hold down, with all their strength, the evil that covers the falseness of society, even when that falseness is cankering their very souls. Like the Spartan, man covers the fox carefully with his cloak, that is tearing out his vitals.

For years, the pages of our Journals and Reviews have teemed with accounts of the evils which oppress the people of the Old World. But we need not look away from our own land for miseries. We can see in our midst ever-wearying, wasting toil. And for what? Not for health, or life in its higher sense, but for the mere life, not health of the body. We have our poor struggling for existence—we have daughters sacrificing life, in toil and anxiety, for a dying father or a sick mother, who have been worn out in the false labor of our society—the death-struggle for life. We have our crowded attics with their diseases and destroying atmosphere; we have deadly miasmata ascending from our filthy cities; all these, and numberless other evils are here, and human intelligence and human virtue will yet come up in their might and remove these evils.

It is evident to the philosopher that the natural laws are not known, and consequently cannot be obeyed. Society is held together by arbitrary rules and regulations, which are only to be endured, because they are better than that worse state that men would fall into without them. One of the greatest evils of the present state is, that men are disintegrated. The immense power that is obtained by combining the material forces of men, may furnish a hint of what may come by a union of spiritual forces. Man was made for sympathy and companionship. If he finds them not with the good, he will seek them with the evil. The want of sympathy is everywhere felt. The interests of men run counter to each other. They are continually fastened to the material, and obliged to contend, till they lose sight of spirituality and sympathy together, and man might now not unaptly be defined as a being that *buys* and *sells*. Men and women, whose souls are developed, are everywhere soul-starved. In the great

struggle to live, men come to have little but worldly consideration to keep them in the line of duty. It is not love of truth that induces them to act or refrain from acting, but fear of the scorpion whip of public opinion.

We see around us a strange, wild, disorderly development of mind, which seems worse than death. What do we want? We want true harmonic development. We have every where disjointed fractions of humanity called men. Women are more shapeless and fragmentary than men, as the porcelain clay of creation is weaker and more easily crushed, than the sterner, and coarser material of which man is formed.

Nothing more fully demonstrates the state of a nation or people, than the state of the religious sentiment. The tendency in man's nature to worship, to adore, is so strong that it is found wherever man is found. The rudest savage has some traces of this divine instinct that connects man with Divinity. If the religious sentiment is false, or degraded, the love of man for woman is always degraded in a corresponding degree. True love always elevates. But how many in this age look upon love as debasing, or at least dangerous? Alas for man when legalized hate takes the place that love should alone occupy! And such is our social compact and economy, that we dare not speak words of condemnation concerning these things. Though a deep groan of agony goes through the length and breadth of our land, because of the false usurping the place of the true, it is smothered—we dare not even groan aloud. We have put darkness for light, and falsehood for truth. If we expose the time-honored errors of a false Christianity, men fear that we are about to destroy religion. And if we bring to light the hollow hypocrisy that stands in the place of true affection, "that steals the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the devil in," we are often accused of attacking truth. If we speak of the dependence and subserviency of woman in the married state, as it at present exists, and if we say that affection is often crushed out of her heart by this dependence, men fear that the institution of marriage is attacked. They forget that marriage has its foundation in the nature of man—that it is a Divine Institution, and therefore eternal.

True marriage can never be endangered by ever so scorching criticism upon that which is false, and though we may shrink from the contemplation of its evils in its present state, still they must be met and battled with as men fight fire, earnestly though in terror. Marriage, like the religious sentiment, may be degraded, but it cannot be destroyed. If there are, in every time, some few atheists who form exceptions to the fact of the universal existence of the religious sentiment, they cannot destroy this sentiment. Nature is always too strong for exceptions. So of marriage. The universal want of the soul is for permanent ties; for a unity and harmony which shall exist forever. This prayer of the soul is the earnest of its fulfillment. It will be answered in time, in spite of arbitrary law, which has no foundation in the fitness of things, and in spite of those exceptive monsters who ask for general license. There is little true heroism in our age, for we dare not look the facts of existence in the face.

There are too many who have a childish fear that the truth will be destroyed. Let such learn for their comfort that truth is immortal.

Woman, even in the nineteenth century, is reduced to a state of dependence, utterly incompatible with true development. She must often barter her soul, with all its true sentiment, all its desire for inward harmony and spiritual companionship, for a home. There are evils, generated by a life of idle dependence, that I cannot now bring to view. Enough now to say, they are reflected back upon man, with terrible distinctness, and cause many of his sharpest miseries. Woman is often, at an early age, made dependent on the husband for all things, from the food she eats, to her ideas and opinions. Is she happy in this state of servility? Is the chained fawn happy? Is the caged bird happy? They may be, for they have not a human soul. But the light of an undying soul can never be wholly put out. We often see, in our most refined females, weak and aimless beings. It is a sad fact which I would not utter did I not love truth. But why is woman thus weak? She has no occupation, by which she can become free from crushing dependence. Too often, there is no way for her, but ignoble submission, or management and deception. But men may say, "We are satisfied with things as they are." Women may say, "We wish no more liberty than we have." I war not with such, or for such. The darkest feature in slavery is that it blots out the innate love of freedom, and makes its victim wear a willing chain.

I acquit man of intentional injustice to woman. He is no more unjust to her than to himself. Both are the victims of a false social state, and both are equally to be commiserated.

Man expects firmness of principle, steadiness of purpose, clearness of understanding, and vigor of action, from a being broken by disease, taught that it is her highest duty to obey, and who has been confined in her education to the circle of domestic cares, or the frivolous round of fashionable dissipation. "Can men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" But amid all depressions and destroying influences, we have noble examples of goodness and greatness in woman.

The province of man seems to be to discover Truth. Woman accepts it from him; polishes, beautifies and makes it acceptable. In her sphere, she is not less honorable than man. Because woman loves man, more than he can love her, is she therefore his inferior? God is omnipotent; and He is Love.

The world is just now divided into two great classes, the agitators, and the non-agitators. One class seems to think, that they are in possession of all truth, and that there is no necessity for inquiry. New truth is, to them, as impossible of discovery as the new world was to the faithless contemporaries of Columbus. If we tell this class of persons that our present social order is wrong, and produces the very crimes that it punishes with such vindictive severity, they are like the men of Spain, who, with the exception of the friars of St. Stephen, entrenched themselves behind one dogged position, namely: "that after so many profound philosophers had occupied themselves in geographical investigations, and

so many able navigators had been voyaging about the world for ages, it was great presumption, in an ordinary man like Columbus, to suppose that there remained such a vast discovery for him to make." This is precisely the position of our modern wise men of the conservative order.

Why should those who are established on the immutable rock of Truth, fear agitation? It should not be feared. It is to the moral world, what storms are to the material world—what winds are to the Ocean. The Ocean becomes a breathing, crawling mass of corruption without the agitating breeze, and fitly does it emblem the world of mind in the calm of moral death. But the Angel of the Lord is troubling the waters.

The character of our age is Philosophical, is Religious. Philosophy, true or false, gives reasons. Religion, true or false, leads men to worship. It is a part of the philosophy of our age to imitate its vengeful deities. It is the pride of the age to worship, and we shall have plenty of zealous and respectable worshippers, so long as men find it for their interest, as they suppose, with God and man, to keep the semblance of piety. "What shall I gain by it?" is the question every where asked. It would be strange if this all-permeating spirit of gain-getting were excluded from man's worship. And is man to be blamed for acts and opinions that are the inevitable consequence of his position and organization? In our present social state man is isolated. He must strive for self. Often a dozen are dependent on his unaided head, or hands. The temptation to fraud is for this reason strong;—but how much stronger does it become, when honor, respectability, peace, is to be preserved, as well as life. Men say, "we respect honest worth, whether clothed in rags or broadcloth." We hear the assertion, think we feel its value, and—give our warmest welcome to the scheming, over-reaching speculator, or reputable defrauder, who wears a fine coat and gold chain.

"Crimes, necessitated and inevitable, are committed with fearful regularity, and in preassignable proportions." Can we consider for a moment, that a social state is right, that produces so many broken hearts, so many murderers, and suicides, so many victims of shame and reprobation yearly, and that, too, in "preassignable proportions!" Must society foredoom the lovely babe to be a murderer, or the daughter of infamy, and yet go on multiplying victims unquestioned?

L'ORIENT.

For the Harbinger.

## SOCIETY—AN ASPIRATION—OR THE ACTUAL AND THE POSSIBLE.

(Continued.)

*The Intellectual Attraction, whose Object is Truth.*

Its development corresponds to the size of the anterior lobes of the brain, and to the activity of individual temperament. Like our other faculties and passions, perverted in its action and disappointed in its results under present social arrangements, it has occasioned among the Caucasian race, who possess the largest and most active brains, a series of wars and

religious persecutions; innumerable volumes of theology and metaphysics, which have thrown darkness and confusion over questions which every heart that loves, answers correctly for itself; sectional divisions, religious, political and social. We owe to it the progress of error and of truth alike. It has co-operated with the passion for wealth, in developing for us those resources of science which now by substituting machine for human labor have brought us to the present transition epoch, fraught with suffering for the mass, but leading, like all the evils from which as progressive and self-moving creatures God has allowed us to suffer and to extricate ourselves, to the discovery of the opposite goods.

The Industry and Science of England, France, and other countries, now produce a superabundance of wealth for all their necessities, comforts and luxuries. The mass are deprived of this, while the few suffer from an oppression of superfluities which paralyze their energies. This, the greatest evil that we have yet suffered, is owing to an ignorance of the science of distribution—the science of social organization, which harmonizes the interests of all, and develops those of each in connection with, instead of in opposition to, those of all the rest, especially of persons with whom our industrial pursuits bring us into the closest relation. This science, the greatest of all our blessings, from which our future is to spring, we owe to the Intellect, or attraction to truth.

We acknowledge a poetical justice in this arrangement, contemplated by God in organizing our characters, that a progressive being, himself the transition link between the animal and spiritual, should owe to the most spiritual of his passions his passage from the moral chaos of antagonism to the moral order of harmony.

In the development of the passions, and in the social combinations required by those passions, there prevails the same serial arrangement which pictures itself in the tree of the forest, the river on the map, or the crystal in sparry grottoes; which the astronomer reads in the heavens, the chemist in his laboratory, and the anatomist in organic bodies; and in all these combinations the force manifested is attraction. These things escape our attention only because they are so simple and obvious. Can man do more wisely than in his own sphere of combination and of action,—the social,—to imitate these divine arrangements, thus unitary and universal? Can he fulfil his destiny in co-operating with God without obeying this emphatic expression of God's will? As a being whose destiny is progression, man must be self-acting. His reason and will, excited to act by his passions, must provide the conditions of their harmonic

action, and of his consequent development, happiness, and fulfilment of his possible destiny. We can no more expect of God to arrange for us the social sphere essential to this, and which shall harmonize our now clashing interests, than we can expect him to make our clothes for us. What is indeed the adaptation of material spheres to the beings calculated to move in them, but a higher sort of tailoring which we can learn as we have the lower? Our happiness arises from action. Were we not forced to act by our desires for what we have not, we should either sink into sluggish brutes, or constantly suffer ennui, like the spoiled child whose every want is anticipated by its mother's mistaken fondness.

Just to the extent that God should interfere to assist us, he would paralyze our own activity, and thus defeat our progressive destiny, and make the attainment of our happiness more difficult for us. What we have to expect from God is this;—that he should have so organized us that our own energies should suffice to procure for us all that our progressive destiny requires for development, the best conditions for useful co-operation with him, and for our happiness. The fatal mistake, which has so long paralyzed our efforts to realize these conditions, is the fiction that God, while intending this for some of us at least, as if our destiny was not unitary, means to defer it to another life,—another world,—gratuitously assuming, in contradiction to the light of all the sciences, that in *this* world God has bungled in his work,—that now he has falsely constituted man in his natural or social relations, so that he cannot *here* remove the obstacles to his progressive development and to his happiness in harmonic action; that in *this* world his instincts and aspirations are destined to eternal disappointment. No! this is as much God's world and God's work, God's sphere of adaptations, as any world in the universe. "God has well made all that he has made." The expression of his will in the attractions with which he has here organized us in this life are no more destined to be defeated, than in any other world, any other department. That wisdom and goodness which through all the universe provides for the greatest good of all; adapting the air, the earth, the sea, to the living creatures that inhabit them; placing each in a sphere in which all its wants may be amply supplied, so that, save man, who is left to discover by his reason those arrangements which his nature requires, they all enjoy the utmost happiness of which they are capable,—a happiness which no positions we can imagine for them could increase, exception being made of the domestic animals;—that wisdom, which has so

well succeeded in filling this universe with happy life, has assuredly not failed so to organize the character of man and his relations with the sphere around him, that the arrangements *possible* for him, shall be equally perfect and as well adapted to his composite nature, as all things in the sphere of instinct are to the simpler beings who find the problems of their life already solved. Our passionnal attractions being the only moral motive forces which can ever exist for us, it is for our intellects to discover and organize such arrangements as shall harmonize their action. A true social organization must so class men in groups and series, that each passion of every man shall receive its highest development. Harmony and co-operation of action and interest must, to this end, supersede that antagonism and conflict which now render coercive and suppressive measures needful to maintain a false and hollow peace. *It follows directly from the unitary character of a good and wise God, who expresses his will in those passionnal attractions with which he has endowed us, that the conditions most conducive to the permanent interest of any one passion must be favorable to that of all our other passions; that those integrally adapted to one man, must be salutary to every other man in the same society; that the best conditions for one society will extend a genial influence over all other societies with which it is brought into relation, and so on to an infinite extent. To doubt this is to doubt the goodness, wisdom and consistency of the God who could organize a man, a society, or a planet, with interests inconsistent and incompatible with each other. It is too true, however, that misery makes us atheists. Sacredly has Miss Barrett expressed this in her poem of "The Cry of the Children."*

"Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,

That they look to Him and pray;—  
So the blessed one who blest all the others,  
Will bless them another day.

They answer 'Who is God that he should hear us,

While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?  
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us  
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word!  
And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)

Strangers speaking at the door:  
Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,  
Hears our weeping any more?

"Two words indeed of praying we remember;  
And at midnight's hour of harm,  
'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,  
We say softly for a charm.

We know no other words except 'Our Father,'  
And we think that in some pause of angels' song  
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,  
And hold both within his right hand which is strong.

Our Father! If he heard us he would surely  
(For they call him good and mild)  
Answer smiling down the steep world very  
purely —  
'Come and rest with me my child.'

"But no!" say the children, weeping faster;  
'He is speechless as a stone;  
And they tell us of his image he is master  
Who commands us to work on.  
Go to!' say the children, 'Up in heaven,  
Dark, wheel-like turning clouds are all we find!  
Do not mock us; grief has left us unbelieving,—  
We look up to God, but tears have made us  
blind.'  
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,  
O my brothers, what you teach?  
For God's possible is taught by his world's loving,  
And the children doubt of each."

This age of ours teaches many stern lessons; but the saddest truth of all is, that science, while seeking a response to the voice of religion in the beneficent adaptations of God in this creation, has abandoned to atheism the sphere of human society. Some years ago, the Earl of Bridgewater left a large sum of money to be distributed in prizes for a series of essays which should demonstrate the goodness and wisdom of God in the universality of his providence. Some of the first spirits of our age entered upon the work. Buckland rolled back the curtain of the ages and amid the chaos of fire and of blood revealed to us the spirit of God preordaining the strata of our parent earth, the granite, the iron, the lime and the coal, all her bones and cartilages, to be clothed, centuries after, with the flesh of organic life; and that organic life, both vegetable and animal, from the rock lichen to the elephant, towards man the archetype and consummation of them all. Whewell was the priest of the wind and the cloud, and interpreted for us the prayer of the meteor. Kirby invaded the penetralia of insect societies, and showed us there a harmony of instincts beyond the attainments of our infantile reason. Bell displayed the subtleties of mechanic art prefigured in the human hand itself; and Chalmers, the still more wondrous mechanism of the hand-moving mind, weaving itself garments out of time, space and matter, or building heavenwards from the graduated platforms of habit, ever throwing out from itself higher bridgework into the air, on which it may mount like the spider.

On human society, no Bridgewater treatise has appeared nor could appear; and yet must not the natural sphere find its consummation in the social? and the unity of man with nature, in the unity of man with his brother man? Do the adaptations of light, air, and food, sustain our lives only to mock us with the aspect of an order and enjoyment into which we cannot enter?

We gave in our last article the formula

of man's active and conscious life; let us now apply it.

We found the basis in his sensuous attractions: these provide the necessities and luxuries required by the soul's connection with its present organization, and call forth, to attain their ends, our intellectual and affective attractions. The phrenologists show themselves good masons, when in building the house of man's soul, they place Alimentiveness below the temples as their corner-stone. The harmony of primeval societies, like that now witnessed in Typee and other South Sea islands uncorrupted by civilized missionaries, like that of which the elephant still presents a type, springs from the abundance poured out for them from the lap of earth, and reposes on the table as its pivot. Thus in the elephant, so haughty in his honor that he refuses to propagate his species amid the base conditions of civilized or barbarian servitude, the only ornaments and defences protrude from and surround the mouth; he is also a great epicure, delighting in spiced balls and other dainties. The analysis of man, and the analogies of nature, all announce the material and sensuous as the basis of the spiritual and affective. The actual embodiment of the single being or the society, is an order always inverse to that of the conception, where the creative idea begins with the spiritual as the centre and proceeds to shape for it garments and houses adapted to its needs, from matter, the periphery.

An organization of human society adapted to the aims of man's spiritual nature, must then in its practical order commence with luxury, the aim of the senses. It must correspond in its groups and series to the various departments of industry constituting the modes in which the attraction for luxury acts. We proceed to its analysis and synthesis.

*Analysis of a true Association, calculated to meet and to concentrate all the aims of Man's Nature.*

The analysis comes first, because it is necessary to have a just idea of the whole, before we can calculate the parts or their relations. Conception must precede development. The analysis is a purely ideal order, commencing from the centre or presupposed consummation, thence to discover the unknown terms of the calculation, and the relations they should bear towards this datum. In the analysis of Association, we must speak oracularly or dogmatically; we call simply upon the reader's imagination, we are not concerned with the means of effecting our ends until we arrive at the synthesis. We prelude with two analogies from numbers and from music.

Given the number 12, (luxury,) to de-

termine the numbers which it includes, (departments of industry,) their relations towards each other, and their combinations in forming it. 12 is equal to 11 plus 1, or 10 plus 2, or 3 plus 5 plus 4. One of these numbers, as 2, (branch of domestic industry,) stands to 12 in the relation of one-sixth, or to ten-twelfths (productive industry) in the relation of one-fifth, and will form with 6 and 4, (scientific and distributive industry) the original combination 12.

There is of course nothing farther intended here than to exhibit a general formula. The steps which should determine the ultimate branches of industry with all their conditions, would involve an immense analogical computation of fractions, and we do not aim, gentle reader, to be tedious, even for the sake of system. Here is a prettier analogy. Suppose a musician to have conceived a theme. He will first consider through what keys he will make it pass. (See Gardiner's Life of Haydn.)

"F	} is rich, mild, sober and contemplative.	{	is rich, mild, sober and contemplative.
Its relative,			
D minor,	} heavier, grander, more solemn.	{	is rich, mild, sober and contemplative.
D			
Its relative,	} ample, noble.	{	is rich, mild, sober and contemplative.
B minor,			
	} loud, bewailing, &c."	{	is rich, mild, sober and contemplative.

Each key having its specific character, he will select those accordant with his theme, and next choose the special notes of each key as he commences the writing or practical expression of his first conception. Our theme is the passionate harmony of the twelve attractions. We have decided that the key of Luxury, the aim or octave of the five senses, is best adapted to our prelude. We proceed to strike the notes which compose it, and the sounds produced by their combinations are the departments of industry to which the senses excite.

Industry has three primal branches, Productive, Psychical, and Distributive.

Productive industry branches into Agricultural, Mechanical, and Domestic.

Psychical industry branches into Art, Science, and Education.

Distributive industry branches into Administrative and Mercantile.

We have to determine for a given number of persons approximately, the amount of labor desirable in each department, and the characters required to perform it. The Agricultural, Mechanical, or some special branch, may predominate according to the location and peculiar advantages of the society. Some definite ideas being attained, we proceed to decompose each collective series into its component sub-series, (See Table C,) until we arrive at the ultimate subdivisions, to which, as to the culture of a favorite species of apple, pear, or peach, a group of individuals will attach themselves.

[TABLE C.]

## PHALANX.

Mercantile Series.	Mechanical Series.	AGRICULTURAL SERIES.	Domestic Series.	Scientific Series.	Artistic Series.
	Garden Sub-Series	FIELD LABOR SUB-SERIES.	Orchard Sub-Series.	Vineyard Sub-Series.	
	Grass Sub-Series.	GRAIN SUB-SERIES.	Root Sub-Series.		
Luther, William, Clarence, &c.* OATS.	Henry, Charles, Louis, &c. RYE.	John, Thomas, Peter, &c. WHEAT.	Richard, Philip, James, &c. MAIZE.	Cephas, Jacob, Lot, &c. BROOM CORN.	
	Potash.	STARCH.	Gluten.		
		WATER.			
		Oxygen.	Carbon.		
		Hydrogen.			

\* Groups attracted to these several cultures.

GLUTEN is identical in its chemical constitution with the fibrine and albumen from which the various tissues of the animal body are formed, (with some peculiar exceptions, or what in the present state of chemistry appear to be exceptions, viz. the glutinous tissues,) and thus this group of elements enters equally into the composition of animal or vegetable series.

The first condition is, of course, capital sufficient for a foundation, land for the farm, cultures, workshops, engines, tools, and a dwelling. The second condition is that all necessary and profitable departments of labor shall be filled, and filled by those who are peculiarly adapted to them by their natural attractions, and who pursue them from pure preference. It is evident that a great number of persons will be required by this condition, several hundreds at least: where several great branches are profitable, as agriculture, manufactures and commerce together, scarcely less than two thousand; though a much smaller number may certainly attain great advantages from combination in joint-stock partnership, and may embody to a certain extent the mechanism of the passional series. We will suppose an assemblage of from one to two thousand persons, of unequal fortunes, both sexes, and all ages. A sufficient number of farmers, mechanics, and others already highly skilled in their respective callings have been sought out, so that the Phalanx may avail itself of all the industrial resources of the age. The land has been selected in reference to its adaptation to a great variety of cultures, and the farm well provided with stock. The workshops and factories for the manufactures most profitable in the section of country selected, have been constructed, and machinery provided wherever it can be profitably employed. A building, with suites of apartments adapted to different rates of rent, is constructed, with all the economies and luxuries known to modern architecture, so far as the capital invested will allow. In short, the material sphere of associative industry in its various branches is prepared, just as the machinery of a cotton factory before calling in the workers. From the price currents and other statistics of demand and supply, it has been calculated within certain limits what is the least amount of work necessary to be performed in each department; and what is the greatest amount

consistent with the general interest, and how many workmen, for what proportion of time, will be required to do the work. It will suffice that these calculations be approximative. They will present no difficulties in the most important branches of production, the statistics of which are well known.

We open the book of serial classification. At a general meeting it is requested that each individual shall, within so many days, register his name under the heads of the different series and groups whose labors he wishes to join; specifying the number of hours and the time of day or night at which he will work. All having registered themselves, and the books remaining open until a number, ranging between the extremes of the calculation above mentioned, are found ready for each branch of industry, each set proceeds to organize itself as a group; to decide within itself the subdivisions of function to which each individual shall attach himself, and, in occupations pursued by different members of the group, at different periods, what order and combinations shall be followed. Each group is an independent body. It elects a chairman to preside at its meetings, a secretary, representatives for councils composed of members from several groups concerned in common interests, as the different groups in irrigation and manuring; and, if it engages in productive industry, its commercial factor, who attends to the sale of its produce, and makes its necessary purchases, crediting it against the whole Phalanx for the value produced, and crediting it to the Phalanx for purchases made. The secretary of the group supplying them, credits his own group towards the Phalanx for the value supplied. The factors do not all, however, conduct this business directly, as so great a number of non-productive intermediate exchanges would be quite unnecessary, and in lessening the general amount of value produced, would lessen proportionally the dividend of the factor

himself, who besides will grudge the time taken from other occupation, possessing greater attractions, in his favorite groups. The factors of several groups elect a general factor for the series, or collective branch of production; and those of all the series a factor for the Phalanx, who keeps accounts in its name against each series, group, or individual.

Securities may be required equal to the responsibilities incurred by the factors. It will thus be clearly seen from period to period by the statements on the books open to public inspection, whether the groups engaged in production support themselves; and should their expenditure at any time exceed their profits, they may at once modify their business so as to correct the deficiency, or else having made it good to the Phalanx, dissolve and enter other combinations, and more profitable branches of industry.

To be continued.

## REVIEW.

*A Sermon of the Perishing Classes in Boston; preached at the Melodeon, on Sunday, August 30, 1846. By THEODORE PARKER, Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Church in Boston. Boston: printed by I. R. Butts. pp. 28.*

It must be confessed that theologians by profession are a most unprofitable generation. They have looked so long at what seems to them the only heavenly light, that they have grown stone blind to the most portentous facts that lie directly before their eyes. They are the last persons to whom an appeal can be made in regard to the most vital interests of humanity on earth. Peering sharply through their spectacles into the letter of the Bible, spending days and nights in the discussion of the meaning of an insignificant phrase in a dead language, wrangling with the fury of prize fighters for some thin subtlety that not one in a hundred can comprehend, and scattering loads of learned dust in the eyes of those



who look to them for guidance, they are as cold and torpid in view of the monstrous outrages which every where stare them in the face, as if the throbbings of a heart of flesh had given place to turning over the leaves of a mouldy volume. They have forgotten the spirit of their Master, in devotion to the grammatical and logical arrangement of his instructions. If we were compelled to listen to them alone, we should never know that Christianity was anything better than a rattling skeleton. If perchance we now and then find one of them engaged in the promotion of reform, it is because the man has been too powerful for the theologian, and his human sympathies could not be utterly quenched by the sluggish tide of antique lore which flowed over them.

This is certainly, a very extraordinary condition of things. How does it happen that our great authorities in the church, our sleek and studious Scribes, our snow-white Pharisees, our ponderous doctors of divinity, are able to keep up such a dead silence, in the midst of evils and oppressions which one might almost suppose would make the dreams of Father Miller a matter-of-fact reality, and cause the being who wept tears of compassion over the woes of Jerusalem, to return to the earth which had made such wretched use of his mission for its redemption? We note the circumstance, but must be excused from answering the question.

It is an ominous fact, that of all men whose garments have the slightest smell of theology, the uncanonical author of this discourse holds the foremost rank in the application of the principles of Christianity to the regeneration of society. We all know that his theology is worse than nothing—not at all worthy to claim that venerable name. Although a man of studious habits, indifferently good native talents, and rare integrity of purpose and candor of mind, as even his enemies are forced to admit, we are perfectly aware that his theological views are superficial in the extreme, that he holds to things, the folly and nonsense of which any child who had received Christian baptism could prove, and that he repudiates with one mortal blow, all the marvels and mysteries which constitute the sole value of the Christian revelation in a theological point of view. At least, we are solemnly assured of this by our great authorities, from the Boanerges of the Boston Quarterly to the gentle shepherd of the Christian Register. We do not appeal from their decision in this matter. By no means. We only wonder that this fell heretic, who lies in wait to entrap unwary souls, this grim ogre who is thought to delight in destroying the innocents of the church, should be the man after all,

who reproduces the spirit of disinterestedness, purity, justice, and moral truth, that were such conspicuous elements in the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, with a power, a fearlessness, an earnestness, which would doubtless rend in twain any regular church into which they should indiscreetly be introduced.

It has often struck us in reading the published writings of this author, that it would be a great relief to the perplexity which his terrible speculations occasion, if the highly respectable individuals who are most scandalized thereby, would essay, for a season, the application of the moral principles which he sets forth to the removal of the evils, which they can escape from in no walk of society which they frequent. They might discover by this proof, that there was still some charm in life, some glow and depth in religion, some vitality and earnestness of spirit, although their favorite themes were somewhat bluntly called in question. It is possible, too, that the suspicion might be awakened that there was a more profound sentiment in Christianity than they had before imagined, and that it was destined to produce a revolution in society, which they had not even dreamed of. At all events, we believe that a devoted adherence to practical truth is the best preparation for a correct theory, and that the renewal of society in the image of Christ is an essential condition to a full understanding of the Christian revelation. The man then who is most efficient in opposing prevalent social evils will prove the most successful promoter of speculative truth.

But, in our zeal to palliate the disastrous influence of our author's heresies, we have almost forgotten the Discourse which has called forth our remarks. When we read his bold, impassioned and tender appeals in behalf of insulted and perishing humanity, we can scarce persuade ourselves that he is so far gone from all true religion as we have been led to suppose by those who are better informed on this subject than we can pretend to be.

The introduction to the Discourse shows a clear perception of the character of modern society.

"There are two classes of men who are weak and little: one is little by nature, consisting of such as are born with feeble powers, not strongly capable of self-help; the other is little by position, comprising men that are permanently poor and ignorant. When Jesus said, It is not God's will that one of these little ones should perish, I take it he included both these classes—men little by nature, and men little by position. Furthermore, I take it he said what is true; that it is not God's will that one of these little ones should perish. Now, a man may be said to perish when he is ruined;—when he fails to attain the degree of manhood he might

attain under the average circumstances of this present age and these present men. In a society like ours, with such a history—a history of blood and violence, cunning and fraud; resting on such a basis—a basis of selfishness; a society wherein there is a preference of the Mighty, and a postponement of the Righteous; where Power is worshipped and Justice little honored, though much talked of, it comes to pass that a great many little ones from both these classes actually perish. If Jesus spoke the truth, then they perish contrary to the will of God. In a society where the natural laws of the body are constantly violated, where many men are obliged by circumstances to violate them, it follows unavoidably that many are born little by nature, and they transmit their feebleness to their issue. The other class, men little by position, are often so hedged about by difficulties, so neglected, that they cannot change their condition, and bequeath also their littleness to their children. Thus the number of little ones enlarges with the increase of society. This class becomes perpetual; a class of men abandoned by the Christians.

"Now, in all forms of social life hitherto devised, these classes have appeared, and it has been a serious question, What shall be done with them? Seldom has it been the question, What shall be done *for* them? In old time, the Spartans took children born with a weak or imperfect body, children who would probably be a hindrance to the nation, and threw them into a desert place to be devoured by the wild beasts, and so settled that question. At this day, the Chinese, I am told, expose such children in the streets and beside the rivers, to the humanity of passers by; and not only such, but sound, healthy children, none the less, who, though strong by nature, are born into a weak position. Many of them are left to die—especially the boys. But some are saved—those mainly girls. I will not say they are saved by the HUMANITY of wealthier men. They become slaves, devoted by their masters to a most base and infamous purpose. With the exception of criminals, these abandoned daughters of the poor, form, it is said, the only class of SLAVES in that great country.

"Now, neither the Chinese nor the Spartan method is manly or human. It does *with* the little ones, not *for* them. It does away with them, and that is all. I will not decide which is the worst of the two modes, the Chinese or the Spartan. We are accustomed to call both these nations Heathen, and take it for granted they do not know it is God's will that not one of these little ones should perish. Be that as it may, we do not call ourselves Heathen; we pretend to know the will of God in this particular. Let us look, therefore, and see how we have disposed of the little ones in Boston—what we are doing for them or with them."

This is a noble beginning. Let us look a little further.

Here is a picture, the like of which is not often exhibited in our galleries of the Fine Arts.

"If you could know the life of one of those poor lepers of Boston—you would wonder, and weep. Let me take one of them at random out of the mass. He was born, unwelcome, amid wretchedness and want. His coming increased both. Miserably he struggles through his infancy, less tended than the lion's whelp. He becomes a boy. He is covered only with rags,

and those squalid with long accumulated filth. He wanders about your streets, too low even to seek employment—now snatching from a gutter half rotten fruit which the owner flings away. He is ignorant; he has never entered a school-house; to him even the alphabet is a mystery. He is young in years, yet old in misery. There is no Hope in his face. He herds with others like himself, low, ragged, hungry and idle. If Misery loves company, he finds that satisfaction. Follow him to his home, at night—he herds in a cellar; in the same sty with father, mother, brothers, sisters, and perhaps yet other families of like degree. What served him for dress by day, is his only bed by night.

"Well, this boy steals some trifle—a biscuit, a bit of rope, or a knife from a shop window—he is seized and carried to jail. The day comes for his trial. He is marched through the streets in hand-cuffs—the companion of drunkards and thieves—thus deadening the little self-respect which Nature left even in an outcast's bosom. He sits there chained like a beast—a boy in irons! the sport and mockery of men vulgar as the common sewer. His trial comes. Of course he is convicted. The show of his countenance is witness against him. His rags and dirt, his ignorance, his vagrant habits, his idleness—all testify against him. That face so young, and yet so impudent, so sly, so writ all over with embryo villany—is evidence enough. The jury are soon convinced, for they see his temptations in his look, and surely know that in such a condition men will steal: yes, they themselves would steal. The judge represents the Law, and that practically regards it a crime even for a boy to be weak and poor. Our Common Law, it seems to me, is based on Might, not Right. So he is hurried off to jail at a tender age, and made legally the companion of felons. Now the State has him wholly in her power; by *that* rough adoption, has made him her own child—and sealed the indenture with the Jailor's Key. His hand-cuffs are the symbol of his sonship to the State. She shuts him in her College for the Little. What does it teach him: Science, Letters? even Morals and Religion? Little enough of that, even in Boston; and in most counties in Massachusetts, I think nothing at all—not even a trade which he can practice when his term expires! I have been told a story—and I wish it might be falsely told—of a boy, in this city, of sixteen—sent to the House of Correction for five years because he stole a bunch of keys, and coming out of that jail at twenty-one, unable to write, or read, or calculate, and with no trade but that of picking oakum. Yet he had been four years the child of the State—and in that College for the Poor! Who would employ such a youth; with such a reputation; with the smell of the jail in his very breath? Not your shrewd men of business—they know the risk; not your respectable men, members of churches and all that; not they! Why it would hurt a man's reputation for piety to do good in that way. Besides the risk is great, and it argues a great deal more Christianity than it is popular to have, for a respectable man to employ such a youth. He is forced back into crime again. I say, *forced*—for honest men will not employ him when the State shoves him out of the jail. Soon you will have him in the court again, to be punished more severely. Then he goes to the State Prison, and then again, and again, till Death mercifully ends his career!

"Who is to blame for all that? I will ask

the best man among the best of you, what he would have become, if thus abandoned, turned out in childhood, and with no culture, into the streets to herd with the wickedest of men? Somebody says, there are "organic sins" in society which nobody is to blame for. But by this sin organized in society, these vagrant children are training up to become thieves, pirates and murderers. I cannot blame *them*. But there is a terrible blame somewhere, for it is not the WILL OF GOD that one of these little ones should perish. Who is it that *organizes* the sin of society?"

The following description of what our fashionable, metropolitan churches are doing for the poor is to the last degree uncivil. A preacher who can talk in this way in the pulpit, would almost speak of "Hell to ears polite." It is almost as savage as the suggestion made by a friend of ours to one of the oracles of a great church that a suitable inscription for the face of the pediment might be: "To the Poor the Gospel is *not* preached."

"The misfortunes of the poor do not end here. To make their degradations total, their names infamous, we have shut them out of our churches. Once in our Puritan meeting-houses, there were "body seats" for the Poor; for a long time free galleries, where men sat and were not ashamed. Now it is not so. A Christian society about to build a church, and having \$50,000, does not spend \$40,000 for that, making it a church for all, and keep \$10,000 as a fund for the poor. No, it borrows \$30,000 more, and then shuts the Poor out of its bankrupt aisles. A high Tower, or a fine-toned Bell—yes, Marble and Mahogany are thought better than the presence of these little ones whom God wills not to perish. I have heard ministers boast of the great men, and famous, who sat under their preaching; never one who boasted that the Poor came into his church, and were fed, body and soul! You go to our churches—the Poor are not in them. They are idling and lounging away their day of rest, like the horse and the ox. Alas me, that the apostles, that the Christ himself could not worship in our churches, till he sold his garment and bought a pew! Many of our houses of public worship, would be well named, CHURCHES FOR THE AFFLUENT. Yet religion is more to the poor man than to the rich. What wonder then, if the Poor lose self-respect, when driven from the only churches where it is thought respectable to pray!

"Now this class of men are perishing; yes, perishing in the nineteenth century; perishing in Boston, noble, charitable Boston; perishing contrary to God's will—soul and body; and perishing all the worse because they die slow, and corrupt by inches. As things now are, their mortality is hardly a curse. The Methodists are right in telling them this world is a valley of tears—it is wholly so to them—and Heaven a long June day, full of rest and plenty. To die is their only gain—their only hope. Think of that, you who murmur because money is "tight," because your investment gives only twenty per cent. a year, or because you are taxed for half your property, meaning to move off next season; think of that you who complain because the Democrats are in power to-day, and you who tremble lest the Whigs shall be in '49;

think of that, you who were never hungry, nor athirst,—who are sick, because you have nothing else to do, and grumble against God, from mere emptiness of soul, and for amusement's sake;—think of men not, if wise, daring to raise the human prayer for life—but for death, as the only gain, the only hope, and you will give over *your* complaint, your hands stopping your mouth!"

The conclusion of the discourse indicates a just sense of the need of something more thorough than superficial palliatives. We trust that the author will hereafter give us more explicitly his views of the organization of a true Christian State. He cannot but know that this question is to be the one of absorbing interest for the nineteenth century.

"What I have suggested only palliates effects; it removes no cause;—of that another time. These little ones are perishing here in the midst of us. Society has never seriously sought to prevent it, perhaps has not been conscious of the fact. It has not so much legislated *for* them as against them. Its spirit is hostile to them. If the mass of able-headed men were in earnest about this, think you they would allow such unthrifty ways—such a waste of man's productive energies? Never—no, never. They would repel the CAUSES OF THIS EVIL, as now an invading army. The removal of these troubles must be brought about by a great change in the spirit of society. Society is not Christian in form or spirit. So there are many who do not love to hear Christianity preached and applied—but to have some halting theology set upon its crutches. They like, on Sundays, to hear of the sacrifice, not to have mercy and goodness demanded of them. A Christian State after the pattern of that divine man, Jesus—how different it would be from this in spirit and in form!"

Surely, do we welcome from the bottom of our hearts the expression of such views as are here declared. If they are more critical than constructive, they are not merely negative. They are an integral element in the great work of social reorganization on Christian principles. They must be uttered by our truest and wisest men, before great progress can be attained. We need the rough ploughshare to break through the stiffened crust of prevailing prejudice and error, before the sower can cast the precious seed into a receptive soil, or the reaper exult in the yellow sheaves of a ripened harvest.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

### CAMILLO SIVORI.

We were present at the first concert of the pupil of Paganini in Boston, when he drew tones from his violin as sweet and silvery as his name. The story that that violin was Paganini's, is one which, whether true or not, seems not incredible when you have felt its magic. And having believed thus much, you not unwillingly extend the circle of romance, for fitness' sake, that there may be like instru-

ment, like player, and credit also what the fanciful Jules Janin says: that this young artist in his mother's womb was daily made to thrill to the vibrations of that Arch-wizard's playing, and thus that Paganini's spirit moulded and attuned the child before he saw the light. This may be fable; but fable has its truth as well as history; in this case it is at least a very good poetic way of setting before us this young man as the lineal representative, not of Paganini's blood, but Paganini's genius. And so of this no more; but to the concert.

We were delighted with the playing of Sivori, as were the musical nucleus of Boston, as were the musical crowds of New York, and the crowds on crowds who have acknowledged his mastery in Europe. It was unmingled, pure delight, and not astonishment alone. Astonishment comes afterwards, when we coolly reflect on the performance; but while we listen, the art is too perfect to betray itself; the end is so fully realized as to be like nature, and your spirit finds the same repose in its familiar wonders. The difficult feats and tricks and *tours de force* of modern violin virtuosity had grown so common, from the hearing of many great and many would-be-great performers, that we scarcely dared to expect much more than a moment's repetition of that kind of intoxication of the sense, which constantly grows weaker, though the means of excitement may be stronger and more cunning. But here indeed was something different in kind, as well as in degree. To be sure, the three pieces which he played were essentially such music as Vieuxtemps, Ole Bull, and all of them dealt most with; they were show pieces, written for effect, to show the instrument, and not classic compositions. But they had greater unity of purpose than these things commonly have, and were not loaded with forced ornament. Two of them were by Paganini, and one a part of a Concerto by himself. The Concerto came first. Amid prolonged applause, the slight and youthful figure of the artist moved upon the stage, with a calm and sober air, not condescendingly scattering little bows and graces, like taller popular deities before him, and took his stand upon a sort of box. The features of his face were delicate and finely marked; in the compressed lips you read refinement, energy, and earnest study, the wise and steady pursuit, as well as aspiration after, an ideal; and altogether it was a countenance full of sensibility and purity and truth. As the symphony began, and he addressed himself to his task, the quiet deep fire of his dark Italian eyes began to light up his face, and presently it became one of the brightest faces we ever saw,

though always quiet. His melodies were graceful and full of sentiment more deep and pure than passionate. His thoughts flowed freely forth, select and fine, rather than massive, or overwhelming by their number; and they were always natural. The transitions were always graceful, relieving the ear and the mind by delicious surprises, and not relying on mere strangeness and abruptness for a short-lived effect. The greatest difficulties were accomplished with an ease that made them seem familiar things; the wonderful passages, which astonish the vulgar, which we should call tricks in another, did not come to an end in themselves, so as to be separable from the rest like added jewels; but like the delicate tracery of nature's foliage they all vanished into the whole, as naturally as they developed from it, and left the impression of something chaste, harmonious and complete. His tone was of the utmost purity; and that alike in all parts of the scale; for in the remotest regions, as in the harmonic or flageolet tones, he was as perfectly at home, every thing was as easily and fully finished, and showed as little conscious effort, as in the most travelled octaves of the instrument. There was the most delicate shading, the most liquid rounding of all corners. The effect was to lift you gently into the serenest, clearest, and most sympathizing mood, wherein dreams and fancies come and go in sweet succession, without feverish distraction. The heart was happy, and the soul was clear. But we were not strongly moved and shaken, nor made restless with Titanic yearnings, as when Beethoven strikes. There was no want of brilliancy and strength; there was no want of anything; it did seem perfect beauty. The *trills* and *tremolos* and *pizzicatos* came in never to disturb, but to complete the feast.

The *Campanello* of Paganini showed far more unity and continuity and grace than we have been accustomed to ascribe to the fantastic wizard.

The *Carnival of Venice* had become as stale to us as a prolonged masquerade; but here was to be the satisfaction of hearing it played just as Paganini wrote it; and truly its piquant beauty and its brilliancy and its grotesqueness charmed us as they never did before. We felt the truth of what is quoted in the Transcript: "when you hear that old Venetian air as Sivori plays it, all sorts of fantastic visions flit across your mind. You see the white doves of San Marco skimming through the azure sky, and the gondolas gliding under the marble bridges; each note as it passes by wrapped up in the *bautta* of black lace, lifts up its velvet mask for an instant and discovers a once loved countenance. The modulations rock you languishingly like becalmed waves, and

you would lose yourself completely in your reverie, did not a nasal, chuckling passage, like the giggling of a group of masks, suddenly rouse you and bring the smile back to your lips."

The whole performance leaves a feeling of unmingled satisfaction. We only wish to hear Sivori more, and hear him also in more classic music. Should he play to us again, we trust that "Kreutzer Sonata" of Beethoven, which he performed in New York ("at the request," as the bills said, "of some lovers of classical music!") will make part of the feast. We have yet to learn by what right these modern brilliancies are allowed to reign with undivided and exclusive sway in every public concert, while of the real works of genius only the merest tastes are now and then afforded us; and then they are prefixed with an apology for being "classic," or in other words too good for us! Sivori, we know, is a true artist, and could render a Sonata or the first part of a Quartette, in such a style as it has not been permitted to our ears to hear; why will he withhold from us what every true musician deems his choicest stores?

The concert was enriched by singing, which was something better than a foil to the great artist. Rarely have we heard a nobler duett than that from *Seniramide*, as sung by Madame Pico and Miss Julia Northall. The latter, a favorite from her first public appearance, has improved surprisingly within a year. Her singing has acquired style and firmness. Her childlike, simple, and earnest manner, and her clear, fresh, birdlike and impassioned tones, contrast finely with the large and generous Italian nature and the mellow, warm contralto of Pico; they vied with each other in expressiveness and pathos, and yet drew nearer to each other by the rivalry. The hacknied duett from *Norma* was restored to fresh life by their singing. The union of their talents is a happy one, and we trust will not prove merely accidental and for once. The peculiar powers of each were brought out more distinctly in a solo.

In fine, it was one of the most perfect musical entertainments of this description ever given to the citizens of Boston. The only thing that marred it, was an introduction on the organ, which was nothing but a profanation of that noble instrument by the rattling off in unmeaning succession of all manner of light popular airs, when a fugue of Bach or Rink or Handel, or something of some form and meaning, was wanting to do away the common-place and dullness which cling about us and so deaden our true sensibilities to music.

¶ We have heard SIVORI again: how could we speak so tamely of the artist who has moved us as no other!

## HENRI HERZ.

Till Thalberg, Liszt and Chopin came, the name of HERZ, for years, stood for all that there is wonderful and brilliant in piano-forte playing. Perhaps he has the best title to be considered the founder of the "New School." His is a familiar house-hold name with all the musical. His wonderful playing every one has heard of, and some one or more of his compositions are in every house which glories in a piano and a young adept or aspirant in the divine art. He is fifty times as well known as Beethoven or Mozart; his "Variations" have been the staple of all show performances in private soirees and in concerts; it has been deemed one of "the accomplishments" of misses to get through the finger drudgery of tolerably mastering his labored brilliancies. Next to Rossini, he is perhaps the man who has done the most to make the ruling taste in music what it is.

His compositions are not without their original and rare merits. They are full of graceful fancies and dazzling effects. They bring out many hidden capabilities of the piano; and if properly used and not too exclusively, they constitute a necessary part of every thorough study of that instrument. They are so far classic. And now he comes among us, an authentic and undoubted notability and master in his art: the first one almost of these stars which have crossed our firmament of late, whom we had heard catalogued before, and whom we had enjoyed the opportunity of idealizing for some time in the dim distance, till it should become a real Eureka to reach him with our own telescope.

As a player, every one is prepared to find in him the consummate artist. In a few days more we shall have heard him, and may then describe. Meanwhile the "right ascension" and true relative position of this star in the musical heavens has been well calculated in the following, which we translate from the *Schnellpost*, and which expresses just our view of modern music:

"If we consider carefully the history of the piano-forte, we cannot fail to recognize in it a regular ascent whose periods are formed by distinguished individual composers. The space of this sheet does not permit us to describe each separate period particularly, or to dwell at any length upon the great men who especially constitute the successive steps. We can only pause, in passing, at two main epochs: the Old School, or as we are wont to say, the Classic, and the New, which may be generally distinguished as the Modern — which with the musically orthodox is the same thing as un-classic.

"We would characterize these two

schools as briefly as possible. If we consider the productions of the older school, — from the profound works of the two Bachs, the *naïveté* and simplicity of Haydn, the tasteful fulness and marvellous loveliness and elegance of Mozart, to the magnificent and grand creations of Beethoven — we see that depth of thought, the power of pure harmony, predominate in them as a guiding star, to which they sought to come as near as possible. Musical *thought*, and its correct and orthodox delivery, to them was every thing; — the piano, the medium which they made use of. Not so with the moderns: their striving is more directed to the many-sided than to the deep elaborations of their *instrument*; and if we must confess, that in point of the mechanical use of tone-effects, in point of finger-facility and tasteful delivery they have won from it a new side, still it cannot be denied that for music, viewed as Art, there has been no gain in this. In striving to transform a single instrument, unquestionably restricted within certain limits, so as to make of it a sort of compendium of all others, they fell into the province of the artificial, they sinned against the æsthetic rules of taste.

"To secure the applause of the mass, to be the *lion* (hero) of the day; that is the pole-star which our present masters follow; and if they have brought to light much that is beautiful and admirable, yet we cannot but regret the good times, when men strove with their whole soul for the genuine kernel of all art, for the unity and harmony of form with substance, so that neither one should outweigh the other.

"The agreeable, the captivating to the ear, in music, finds readier entrance for itself, than the earnest, the well studied, and for that reason the more difficult of comprehension. Hence it is easily explainable, why the latter is pushed aside, and why the former is loved and sought. And hence there has been no composer so popular as HENRI HERZ. We often understand by popularity, the enjoying of universal favor, without real merit. Such is not the popularity of Herz. To deny true merit to the founder of a school, to the father of the modern piano-forte virtuosodom, were folly. Without Herz, we should have had no Thalberg, no Döhler, no De Meyer; nay, even Liszt owes more than we are apt to believe, to the Herz-ian school. Moscheles, the connecting link, who binds the old school with the new, has had by far less influence on Herz, than Herz had upon Liszt. Was there ever an example of a popularity of more than twenty years' standing, which was without just claims to lasting merit? Can we imagine that a superficial popularity, to which we come contin-

nally back, although it may be overshadowed for a summer night?

"The esteem which Herz has won by his compositions in promoting the progress of piano music in America, is even greater, if possible, than that which the master has earned from Europe. It was not possible that the old school should ever have waked to consciousness the dormant musical feeling of the Anglo-Saxons; the reason is too clear to call for explanation. In what degree these merits are recognized in our country, is proved by the here unparalleled excitement of the artist's reception at his first appearance (in New York), by the tone of respect and enthusiasm of the collective Press. Scarcely had Herz set his foot upon the musical tribune, when they stormed, they clapped, they shouted with a passion nowhere met with out of Italy. At every pause a new thunder of plaudits; a repetition was called for of every piece; — the unmistakable expression this, of a grateful recognition which from its universality may be called national.

"Our pen has led us farther than we purposed, and we have scarcely room left to describe our personal feelings, so far as it can be done by words.

"We believed ourselves transported into a lovely vale, which is shut in on all sides by romantic groups of rocks, their summits gilded by the beams of the setting sun. In the middle of the vale we see a tree which has grown up by the side of a babbling silver stream, in whose shadow we lie down upon the soft carpet of moss, and are lulled to sweet dreams by the rustling of the evening breezes through the leaves. We see upon the twigs and boughs no motly, noisy parrots, and at our feet neither proud tulips nor yellow sun-flowers — but a lovely nightingale is fluting her enchanting song, so full of yearning, and fragrant violets and forget-me-nots wink to us friendlily with their small blue eyes.

B. ULLMANN."

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, NOV. 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.

## FALSE ASSOCIATION.

ESTABLISHED BY THE CAPITALISTS,  
CONTRASTED WITH TRUE ASSOCIATION.

The doctrine of INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION, as we advocate it, alone can save the laboring classes from one of the most heartless and degrading despotisms which ever existed, — from an *Industrial Feud*

*dalism*, or a gigantic system of industrial monopoly, in which Capital, with a rapacity and selfishness which have no term of comparison, will reign supreme, with a monied aristocracy for sovereign, and the laboring classes as its miserable serfs and hirelings. The *germs* of this system are already planted in society and have begun to grow; let us examine the result so far, and see what promise for the future. The germ which we refer to, is our joint-stock manufacturing system, as it is now being established by the capitalists of our land.

Attention should be called to these false and oppressive industrial Associations, in which the sweat and blood of the producing classes are slowly transmuted into gold, a sacrifice to satiate the lust of mammon, the main spring of action of this age; and a remedy should be proposed before the system becomes universal and all powerful.

We have lately visited the cities of Lowell and Manchester, and have had an opportunity of examining the factory system more closely than before. We had distrusted the accounts, which we had heard from persons engaged in the Labor Reform, now beginning to agitate New England; we could scarcely credit the statements made in relation to the exhausting nature of the labor in the mills, and to the manner in which the young women, the operatives, lived in their boarding-houses, six sleeping in a room, poorly ventilated.

We went through many of the mills, talked particularly to a large number of the operatives, and ate at their boarding-houses, on purpose to ascertain by personal inspection the facts of the case. We assure our readers that very little information is possessed, and no correct judgments formed, by the public at large, of our factory system, which is the first germ of the Industrial or Commercial Feudalism, that is to spread over our land.

The commercial press, and literary men who are in general the humble servants of the great capitalists and merchants, the successful speculators and stock-jobbers, give such a *coulour de rose* to the subject whenever they write upon it, that no true information can be obtained. Let us state very briefly the leading features of the factory system.

It is to be borne in mind that these large manufactories are *Associations*; for they are established by joint-stock companies, and worked by large numbers of people, so that they combine two characteristics of associations, union of laborers and union of capitalists; they are, in addition, *industrial* associations, for they are engaged in one great branch of industry—manufactures. We state this par-

ticularly, because we wish to contrast them with the industrial associations which we aim at establishing.

Now let us examine the *kind* of industrial Associations which are established in this Christian age, by the wealthiest and most skilful business men of the community, and with the sanction and approbation of Christian and democratic editors, who denounce our plan of Association as false, infidel and oppressive. Let us look into their arrangements, and see the condition of the people, whose labors and lives are spent in these Associations, formed and controlled solely by Capital.

In Lowell live between seven and eight thousand young women, who are generally daughters of farmers of the different States of New England; some of them are members of families that were rich the generation before. What a sad prognostic for the grand-daughters of many of the wealthy of the present day, and of some of those men who have built these dens of toil for children of the poor!

The operatives work *thirteen hours* a day in the summer time, and *from daylight to dark* in the winter. At half past four in the morning the factory bell rings, and at five the girls must be in the mills. A clerk, placed as a watch, observes those who are a few minutes behind the time, and effectual means are taken to stimulate to punctuality. This is the morning commencement of the industrial discipline—(should we not rather say industrial tyranny?) which is established in these Associations of this moral and Christian community. At seven the girls are allowed thirty minutes for breakfast, and at noon thirty minutes more for dinner, except during the first quarter of the year, when the time is extended to forty-five minutes. But within this time they must hurry to their boarding-houses and return to the factory, and that through the hot sun, or the rain and cold. A meal eaten under such circumstances must be quite unfavorable to digestion and health, as any medical man will inform us. At seven o'clock in the evening the factory bell sounds the close of the day's work.

Thus thirteen hours per day of close attention and monotonous labor are exacted from the young women in these manufactories. What remains to a being when he or she has given to toil so many hours? Nothing. Strength of body and mind, the desire for any intellectual pursuits or improvement, even the desire for amusements is gone. The latter effect would no doubt please many of our austere religious Journals. They would call it, probably, a "very wholesome system of restraint," checking the desires of "the

flesh," and the "promptings of the devil." So fatigued,—we should say, exhausted and worn out, but we wish to speak of the system in the simplest language,—are numbers of the girls, that they go to bed soon after their evening meal, and endeavor by a comparatively long sleep to resuscitate their weakened frames for the toils of the coming day. When Capital has got thirteen hours of labor daily out of a being, it can get nothing more. It would be a poor speculation in an industrial point of view to *own* the operative; for the trouble and expense of providing for times of sickness and old age would more than counterbalance the difference between the price of wages and the expense of board and clothing. The far greater number of fortunes, accumulated by the North in comparison with the South, shows that hiring labor is more profitable for Capital than slave labor.

Now let us examine the nature of the labor itself, and the conditions under which it is performed. Enter with us into the large rooms, when the looms are at work. The largest that we saw is in the Amoskeag Mills at Manchester. It is four hundred feet long, and about seventy broad; there are five hundred looms, and twenty-one thousand spindles in it. The din and clatter of these five hundred looms under full operation, struck us on first entering as something frightful and infernal, for it seemed such an atrocious violation of one of the faculties of the human soul, the sense of hearing. After a while we became somewhat inured to it, and by speaking quite close to the ear of an operative and quite loud, we could hold a conversation, and make the inquiries we wished.

The girls attend upon an average three looms; many attend four, but this requires a very active person, and the most unremitting care. However, a great many do it. Attention to two is as much as should be demanded of an operative. This gives us some idea of the application required during the thirteen hours of daily labor. The atmosphere of such a room cannot of course be pure; on the contrary it is charged with cotton filaments and dust, which, we were told, are very injurious to the lungs. On entering the room, although the day was warm, we remarked that the windows were down; we asked the reason, and a young woman answered very *naively*, and without seeming to be in the least aware that this privation of fresh air was anything else than perfectly natural, that "when the wind blew, the threads did not work so well." After we had been in the room for fifteen or twenty minutes, we found ourselves, as did the persons who accompanied us, in quite a perspiration, produced by a certain moisture

which we observed in the air, as well as by the heat.

Such is the atmosphere, such the din and clatter, in which the young women pass thirteen hours per day, for six days in the week. It struck us with amazement when we called to mind that persons had the courage and perseverance to go through with such efforts. It seemed to us as though a hundred dollars a day would be no compensation for passing the best hours of life in these industrial galleys, these infernal dens of labor, (to use a term expressive of the fact,) built by the most selfish passion, by the unlimited and insatiate lust of wealth.

We do not blame individuals for all this; we blame the whole spirit of our People, the tendencies of our Nation; we have scarcely any means of distinguishing ourselves except by fortune; art and science are not avenues to wealth and consideration; a high political standard can only be achieved by great talent; war is greatly lessened, so that the only thing we can do is to get rich, or be nobody. This has fanned the passion for wealth into a perfect mania, and made us the most money-making, grasping and rapacious people on earth, except, perhaps, the Hollanders and Jews.

If we follow the young girls from the manufactories to their boarding-houses, we find their domestic life as uncourteous and anti-social, as their life in the factory. Prolonged and absorbing application deadens the social sympathies, or rather exhausts the whole force of the mind; then a want of the union and the mingling of the two sexes is, as we remarked, extremely pernicious: the continual presence and monotonous society of women alone, is most unfavorable to the development of the social affections. It is very "moral" however, it must be admitted; and this will excuse it, of course, in the eyes of the Saints of the Press. Yet not the less is it a sacrilege, a blighting of the sympathies of the heart, and it should not be tolerated.

The young women sleep upon an average six in a room; three beds to a room. There is no privacy, no retirement here; it is almost impossible to read or write alone, as the parlor is full and so many sleep in the same chamber. A young woman remarked to us, that if she had a letter to write, she did it on the head of a band-box, sitting on a trunk, as there was not space for a table. So live and toil the young women of our country in the boarding-houses and manufactories, which the rich and influential of our land have built for them.

The Editor of the Courier and Enquirer has often accused the Associationists of wishing to reduce men "to herd together like beasts of the field." We

would ask him whether he does not find as much of what may be called "herding together" in these modern industrial Associations, established by men of his own kidney, as he thinks would exist in one of the Industrial Phalanxes, which we propose.

We would put another question to Colonel WERN, while we speak of him; we would ask him, and in all candor, whether, if by some unforeseen accident, his daughters or any beings whom he loves as tenderly as his children, were forced to work in these manufactories and live in these boarding-houses, he would not prefer that they should be laid peacefully in their graves?

It will be asked how these young women can be induced voluntarily to work in the manufactories. We answer: Poverty, the want of a home, or an uncomfortable home, the desire of aiding parents who are involved, are among the reasons. Another is, that the manufacturing companies keep recruiters traversing the country, who obtain a dollar "a head" for every girl that they can secure for the mills. They make exaggerated representations as to the amount of money which the girls can earn, and excite hopes which lead them to abandon their homes for the manufacturing towns.

As regards the effect of the factories upon the young women at the looms, the following is the general result of the information which we obtained: namely, that it requires a strong and healthy woman to work steadily for one year in a mill; that all must go into the country and recruit during a portion of the year; some require but six weeks, others two months, and many three, four, and even a greater length of time. A very intelligent operative informed us that she doubted whether the girls, if a period of years were taken, could make out much more than half of the full time: she said that she herself had only been able to work eight months in two years. We are perfectly certain from personal observation, that these long hours of labor in confined rooms, are very injurious to health, and we doubt whether it would be using too harsh terms to say, that the whole system is one of slow and legal assassination.

Such is the system of false and tyrannical Industrial Association which Capital is building up amongst us. It is rapidly monopolizing the different branches of manufactures, and it will be extended to agriculture, as soon as agricultural machinery is invented. Large joint-stock farms with vast and combined agricultural arrangements will be established; and as the little mechanics, the hand-loom weav-

ers, and so forth, have fast been disappearing, and been forced to enter the large joint-stock manufactories, so the little farmers of our country will then disappear, and be brought into the large joint-stock farms, as hirelings of the feudal monopoly. A couple of generations more will accomplish this work, and see a commercial or industrial feudalism arise and be established, which will govern the world by the power of Capital, as did the military feudalism, or feudalism of the nobles in the past, by the power of the Sword. The great bankers and merchants will be the rulers, like the barons of old; the hireling masses, the serfs. Civilization commenced with a feudalism, and if there are not devotion and intelligence enough in the people to prevent such a catastrophe, it will, according to the law of contact of extremes, terminate in a feudalism. The age by its commercial and industrial excesses and its anarchical license, called free competition, is plunging headlong into this abyss, and a general monopoly of commerce and industry must inevitably be the result of the present universal conflict and incoherence, if a true system of Association is not established.

But without wandering so far into the future, let us keep in view the manufacturing system.

The leading characteristics of the false system of Industrial Association, which Capital is building up so rapidly, may be summed up, as follows:

1. Subjection of Labor to Capital, and of the Laboring Classes to the Capitalists.
2. No just division of profits; all the surplus is taken by commerce and capital.
3. No association of the laborer and the capitalist, but permanent conflict of interests between the two.
4. Prolonged and excessive toil.
5. Monotony of occupations, which is deadening to the intellect and ruinous to the body.
6. Strict system of industrial discipline enforced upon the mass. This goes so far even as to say where the operatives shall live—namely, in the boarding-houses of the companies—at what hours they shall be at home, regulations as regards attending church, and so forth. In the next generation perhaps, as the system spreads, it will determine their mode of education, and fit them properly for their position.
7. War of machinery upon the laboring classes, or machinery working against instead of for the mass.
8. Anarchical competition between the operatives for work; strife for the labor which capitalists have to give; decrease



of wages and increase of the hours of toil.

9. Monotonous mode of life; extreme restrictions of social ties; deadening of the affections, particularly of the family sentiments, and of love, which woman most demands.

10. Radical selfishness, or the absolute power which is possessed by capital, wielded by capital for its interests alone, and without any regard whatever to the interests of the producing classes.

Such are a few of the beauties of the Industrial Associations which the rich and great of our land are establishing.

Now the Associationists wish to establish a system of Industrial Association of their own; so far they have the same aim in view as the capitalists. But the false and tyrannical Associations of the latter are the very opposite, are an inverted image of the true Associations, based upon justice and liberty, which we wish to organize. Let us glance at a few of the features of our plan and contrast them with the foregoing.

1. Union of Agriculture and Manufactures; or a joint-prosecution on a large scale of a great variety of branches of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts.

2. Equitable division of profits, securing to every person, man, woman, and child, the fruits of his or her labor, capital and talent.

3. Varied occupations in agriculture, manufactures, the arts and sciences, open to the free choice of all tastes and adapted to the capacities of both sexes and all ages. (From three to four hundred branches of industry should be pursued in a large Association of eighteen hundred persons.)

4. Industry dignified and rendered *Attractive*, by a proper organization.

5. Real liberty and independence in labor; the industrial classes will lay down all laws and regulations for the government of labor and their own affairs.

6. The land and machinery represented by stock, and owned by the members, that is, by those who cultivate and work them.

7. A thorough system of industrial and intellectual education, extended to all the children.

8. True and harmonious development of the faculties of the soul, and their legitimate satisfaction in a system of society adapted to them.

9. Equal opportunities in all the spheres of life, in intellectual development, in the choice of pursuits, and in social advancement and encouragement.

10. Unity of interests, combined action and general accord of all the elements of society.

Industrial reform, or a reform in our present false systems of trade, credit,

labor for wages, division of profits, and the relation of capital to labor, must take place, and a new organization of labor, based upon principles of justice and right, must be devised and established. They form the grand problem which this age must solve. Without its solution, no further social progress is possible; we have achieved about all that can be achieved by political liberty and a just political organization. The next great step is a true organization of industry, which will form the *material* basis of the prosperity, the real liberty and intelligence of the people. We go further, and say that if this problem be not properly solved, the mass of the people of this country will, in a century more, be brought under an Industrial Despotism,—a vast system of commercial and industrial Monopoly, more rapacious, more vile and more oppressive than the political despotisms of the past. The manufacturing system in England, where the industrial feudalism is ripening rapidly, gives us a foretaste of what this system is to be when fully developed and universalized.

A true system of Industrial Association must be established, or a false system will prevail. Association is the point to which nature wishes to bring man, for it is her universal law, (except in the infancy or early growth of society,) and her ends will be attained. If the people possess the requisite intelligence and devotion, and can withstand the influence of their false guides and leaders—the commercial press and party politicians, and their own selfishness, they can organize rapidly and peacefully a true system, for the world is ready for it, and the science is discovered: if not, they will be brought into it by constraint and violence,—by the tyrannical power of capital, after passing through a period of false association; for such is the lot of the ignorant, the selfish, and the besotted; and they will wander through some generations of discipline, oppression and suffering, seeking blindly the end, before they attain it.

And now we ask opponents, which is the best system of Association, that which we propose, or that which your capitalists are establishing? Or, if this alternative of a true or false system of Industrial Association be denied, then, restricting the question to its narrowest limits:—Which is the most just and human organization, a joint-stock manufactory with its boarding-house arrangements such as our “wise and humane rich” are establishing, or an Association such as our “visionaries” and “infidels” propose?

WHAT IS TO BE DONE? Are we to wait the gradual progress of events, for the formation of a true society? Men

have been waiting for that for hundreds of years, and so much progress has been attained, that we must take another step. Now is the time for something more than passive contemplation, or indefinite action on the spirit of the age. While the fruit is ripening it is our duty to wait; after it has come to red and mellow maturity, we must put forth our hand and pluck it from the branches. This is the duty at this moment of the believers in Associative harmony. This age is to witness the introduction of a new social period. The way is prepared for direct action. We must not say, a few years longer, and the fields will be ready: they are ready and waiting now. The formation of a model Association must not be lost sight of for an instant. There cannot be a better time to attempt this than the present. We owe it to our faith to embody it in an Institution which shall illustrate it before the world.

We are aware of the vastness and difficulty of this work. We would conceal no obstacle from ourselves or others. But still, it must be done, and it will be done. The present, immediate duty of Associationists in regard to this point, we conceive to be plain,—and that is, with a spirit of unquenchable devotion to the cause, to rely on themselves, and not on others. Do not trust to the aid of capitalists, who have no faith in the movement, and who never will have any till they see the harmonious operation of a complete Phalanx. The means are to be obtained from among yourselves. Let it be your settled purpose to devote your resources to this object, and the work is as good as done. The united contribution for a few years of the friends of Association in this country, would ensure the triumph of their cause. Their present action must be with a view to this. We shall call attention again to these suggestions, and present some hints towards an organized system of effort.

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N. R. GERRISH.

Sept. 1, 1846.

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# THE HARBINGER,

## DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

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### MISCELLANY.

For the Harbinger.

#### SOCIETY — AN ASPIRATION — OR THE ACTUAL AND THE POSSIBLE.

(Continued.)

*Mechanism of the Groups and Series required by the Three Distributive Attractions of the Intellect, — Discriminating, Alternating, and Combining.*

Each group should present such varieties of character, taste, and function, as to form a centre and two wings — the wings addicting themselves to such departments of the labor or function as connect them with other groups. Thus in the care of a fruit tree, the wing particularly interested in the process of maturing would assimilate to the functions of agricultural chemistry, whilst that attending to irrigation, would connect itself with those who managed the hydraulic arrangements of the Phalanx. Each group should contain at least seven persons, three for the centre and two for each wing. Each group is thus an embryo series, ready to develop into other distinct groups. Of a group cultivating roses for instance, we will suppose the centre of eight persons preferring the red rose; the left wing of three, the white; and the right wing of four, the yellow. On the accession of ten new sectaries or members, the group may develop into a series, comprising three groups, one of which, cultivating the red rose, has a centre devoted to the moss rose, one wing to the Bourbon, and the other to the Victoria rose. Another distinct group will cultivate the varieties of the yellow rose, and another of the white.

Industrial attraction requires minute subdivision in the various functions, so that their progressive resemblances and contrasts may give birth, among the devotees attached to them, to discords and accords like those which exist between the contiguous and remote notes of the musical scale and shades of color. This subdivision, already recognized in large

manufactories as of high importance to the rapidity or perfection of products, will in the culinary department develop consequences very agreeable to our epicures, whose fastidious tastes will become useful and praiseworthy by their coincidence with the variety of product in the garden or kitchen. The greater the number of groups formed by difference of taste, the higher will be the emulative enthusiasm or spur of industrial intrigue. Many persons who have little interest in a pursuit, will take a special fancy to some branch of it, as a fine lady likes to go into the kitchen, and prepare with her own hands some little delicacy, or a lawyer amuses himself with budding his fruit trees or rose bushes.

La Bruyère, in his celebrated work on characters, has signalized humorously enough this discriminative tendency. He was right enough in ridiculing it as a mania, since its development is only useful in an organized society which understands how to rivalize, to interlock and to fire with corporate enthusiasm many series of laborers on the same domain.

"The florist has a garden in a suburb; he hastens thither at sunrise, and returns only to bed. You see him planted, and having taken root among his tulips, and before the Solitaire, — he opens his eyes wide, he rubs his hands, he stoops, he looks at it closer, he has never seen it so beautiful. His heart expands with joy; he quits it for the Oriental, thence he goes to the Widow, he passes to the Golden Fleece, then to the Agate, whence he returns to the Solitaire, where he fixes himself, where he exhausts himself, where he sits and forgets to dine, so shaded, so bordered and oiled is each petal of it. It has a fine cup, or a fine calyx — he contemplates and admires. God and Nature only there he neglects to admire. He sees no farther than his tulip bulb, which he would not sell for a thousand crowns, and which he will give away when tulips are neglected, and carnations are in fashion. This reasonable man who has a soul, and a religion, goes home tired and hungry, but well content with his day; he has seen tulips.

"Speak to this other of the rich harvests, the healthy state of the market, — he is curious in fruits, you do not touch

his sympathies. Speak to him of figs and melons; tell him that the pear trees are breaking with their load this year, that the peaches have borne well, — he is attached only to plums, he answers you not. Do not even speak to him of your plum trees, he cares only for one species. Every other that you name excites his satirical smile."

In the formation of groups attached to each species and variety, the corporate sentiment is brought to coincide with this discriminative passion, and a double source of pleasure and stimulus to exertion is developed in the rivalries of contiguous groups. To illustrate this formation mechanically, conceive of twenty laborers ploughing or reaping in a field. We range them in a centre and two wings, five, ten, and five. From the order in which they stand, it will be seen at once if any lag behind. The wings will be striving against each other, and in league against the centre, the centre striving against both wings to keep its row even. All would avoid at least the imputation of inferiority in strength and skill, and the moral excitement enables them to accomplish a hard day's work as if it were pastime. The stimulus will be increased if they constitute a body receiving their pay corporately and dividing it amongst them according to the time spent in labor, and the skill and rapidity of execution; each man's rank being assigned him in the group council, after fairly testing his capacity, the best workers also wearing honorary badges, and so forth. This emulative group arrangement would, however, like our party divisions and college rivalries at present, be fruitful in jealousies and unchristian results, were the composition of each group to be permanent. By alternation only shall we give fair play to the dominant abilities of each individual, and give each in his turn some gratification of ambition.

A simple serial arrangement would give us only the division of labor, with free choice of pursuits and of company, and would harmonize interests to a limit-

ed extent; but still labor would often be repugnant, because monotonous. People would get tired of each other when always together, and one faculty or organ would be developed at the expense of the rest, which would remain inactive, just as occurs in civilized industry.

To obviate these evils, and substitute their opposite goods, we must consult our instincts and the analogies of nature. Each individual must be an element or human atom of many different groups and series, just as the atom of oxygen, hydrogen or carbon, recognized as the ultimate *material* atom, enters into numerous combinations. This change of position, besides being required by the analogies of nature in God's serial orders, is exacted by the direct attraction or necessity for change or variety. (See notice of the *Papillon*, or alternating passion, hereafter.) The same atom of carbon, which to-day gives out heat from the fire in your grate, will shortly be found blushing in the delicate rose or luscious grape, and in a little while longer it may function in the very brain by which you think.

Thus the same individual may belong to the wheat group of the grain series, to the pear group of the orchard series, to one of the groups of agricultural chemistry in the scientific series, to the botanical group of the educational series; in the series of Art, to the musical or histrionic sub-series, as a tragic actor or a flute-player, and so forth. Thus this man, while combining his pecuniary interest with that of all the others engaged with him in the different groups, with whom he participates in their respective dividends, turns all his tastes and fancies, all the natural attractions which draw him to these pursuits (only one of which would in our isolated industry be profitable to him) to the best possible account. Whilst gratifying the passion for wealth, he gains internal wealth or health, the condition of enjoying external wealth; his body is exercised by his field labors, his intellectual faculties by his scientific and artistic labors, and his moral feelings by the numerous relations which he fills towards those with whom he is associated in industrial, scientific, or artistic pursuits, and in pecuniary interest. As in our present industry the antagonism of competitive labor breeds inimical feelings; so in Association the harmony of coöperative labor breeds kindly feelings.

We proceed to consider what developments are afforded to Ambition in the mechanism of the series, and under its two heads of interest and glory.

Each individual receives, in each of the groups in which he works, a share proportioned to the number of hours he labors, and to the skill which he displays.

Without enforcing any unnatural equality, the share or dividend of each will be large in proportion to the whole dividend of the group; that of each group to the whole dividend of the sub-series; of each sub-series to that of the series; of each series to the whole amount of value produced in the Association.

This all passes through the hands of the representative factors of the Phalanx, and is distributed at regular periods in dividends to each series, in the proportions determined by the general administration. Each series distributes its dividend among its component groups, and each group to its individual members, in the ratio of their predetermined rank in skill and time employed in labor. The interest on capital invested in the stock of the Phalanx, is accounted for by the central board to each individual.

If each group engaged in production, after effecting its sales, received through its own factor directly the profits of its produce, it would create a necessity for direct bargaining with the groups of other departments, and tend to develop the sentiment of incoherence, to create temptations to narrow selfishness, and might become the source of manifold unchristian relations.

The principle of the dividend from common partnership profits has the virtue of eluding this rock, and whilst it assigns to each his share in the just ratio of capital, labor and talent, embodies the collective sentiment, places the groups in fraternal relations, and gives the administration of the Phalanx the position of the Father towards all of them, whom it recompenses in just proportion, not only to the number of dollars they produce, but also to their utility in the promotion of passionial harmony. Thus the musician and other artists will draw high dividends.

This clock-work management may not suit small establishments, where many are necessarily thrown out of their natural sphere, and where duty and devotion, and social rather than industrial attraction are the moving springs. It may appear to such associates, that every one's labor is in its place equally indispensable—that the system of valuation in our competitive industry is arbitrary, false and oppressive; and men of the best abilities may be the first to disdain being valued by dollars and cents, and may refuse the trouble of charging either the Phalanx or the other groups or individuals on their books for every service they render. They will say, this is all nonsense, we work for Association. We want the work done, never mind who does it. Give us food and clothes and let us enjoy this life in Brotherhood! Where we have the true value we forget the base coin so often its

false representative. — "Liberty, Fraternity—Equality," this voice will be heard amongst them.

In the nucleus of associative life at Brook Farm, all this, and more than this was seen; for though they commenced without a true agricultural basis, burdened with a large debt, and with few experienced men in the practical departments; though all profits were swallowed up in the interest on the debt, and by the waste and mistakes incident to all irregular beginnings; men came, farmers and mechanics, who had been earning at least their dollar a day at home, and worked month after month for more than two years without receiving a cent, going off when their clothes wore out to earn more, and then returning from pure attraction to work where they could feel that brotherhood, that social enthusiasm which is totally incompatible with the incoherence of isolated households and competitive workshops.

This spirit is certainly very fine, and if society at large was composed of such elements of character we should have nothing to say.

But as the event has proved, men cannot live on enthusiasm. We require the word of God, the influx of the spirit, but also the bread which Christ does not omit to mention. Unless there is a system and a calculation by which it may be ascertained that every group engaged in productive industry at least supports itself, and that the surplus of their profit suffices to support the non-productive groups—that is, those not engaged in producing the *necessaries* of life, or what is thereunto convertible through ordinary exchange,—what security have we against dangerous mismanagement and consequent failure of the whole? Let each group distribute its dividend as it deems best, on principles of equality or otherwise, but let that group collectively stand on an independent footing; let it show from its books that it produces more than it consumes—that is, more than the cost of the material employed by the group in their industry, as interest on land, engines, tools, and so forth. All this being deducted, as well as the taxes for support of non-productive industry, the surplus dividend it distributes to its members must be sufficient at least to meet their individual accounts with the Phalanx for table, rent of apartments, and other charges. It is not meant that the dividend from a single group will suffice to its members for this, since each of them also belongs to several other groups; but that it should furnish a quota proportioned to the time which its members labor in it. To see that this is so should be each individual's look-out—no such individual expenses should be charged to

groups. That system is liable to a twofold objection: 1st. That it unnecessarily complicates the accounts; 2d. That it must either invade individual liberty by restricting members to fixed standards of expenditure, or else make the corporate group liable for imprudence and extravagance committed by any member of it.

*Example.*—Antinous incurs for costly dresses, jewels, and so forth, in addition to his necessary expenses, a charge of three hundred dollars more than his profits amount to. If this be in the name of the groups to which Antinous belongs, then are their members taxed to support Antinous's extravagance, and left to deal with him as they best may. If, on the other hand, the group has no direct concern with the private expenses of its members, either necessary or unnecessary, then is Antinous forced to manage for himself. The Phalanx credits him only to the extent of a fixed minimum, in guarantee for which it may reserve a mortgage on his invested capital or labor. All other expenses must be cash down, which will operate as a salutary check to all extravagance. The factor who sells an article, credits the group producing it on the books of the Phalanx for the amount.

To be continued.

Translated for the Harbinger.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,\*  
 SEQUEL TO  
 CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

XXIV.

Consuelo felt, above all, a desire, a necessity for liberty, very natural after so many days of slavery. She experienced therefore an extreme pleasure in rushing forth into a vast space, which the labors of art and the ingenious arrangements of clumps of trees and alleys made to appear still more vast. But after walking two hours, she felt saddened by the solitude and silence which prevailed in that beautiful place. She had already made the round several times without finding the trace of a single footstep upon the fine and freshly raked sand. Lofty walls, masked by a thick vegetation, prevented her from wandering at random in unknown paths. She already knew by heart all those which crossed each other under her feet. In some places the wall was interrupted by broad moats filled with water, and the view could extend over beautiful lawns rising in slopes and bounded by woods, or over the entrances to charming and mysterious alleys which were lost to sight as they wound among the coppice. From her window Con-

suelo had seen all nature at her disposal; on level ground she found herself in an enclosed plot, bounded on every side; all the interior beauties of which could not remove the feeling of captivity. She sought for the enchanted palace in which she had recovered consciousness. It was quite a small building, in the Italian style, luxuriously decorated within, elegantly built without, and backed by a steep rock of picturesque effect, but which formed a better natural enclosure for the whole bottom of the garden, and an obstacle more impenetrable to the sight than the highest walls and the thickest glacis of Spandaw. "My fortress is beautiful," said Consuelo to herself, "but is only the more confined; that I see clearly."

She went to rest upon the terrace of the building, which was ornamented with vases of flowers and surmounted by a little fountain. It was a charming spot, and though the view embraced only a garden, some glimpses of a broad park and of lofty mountains' the blue summits of which overtopped the trees, it was delightfully fresh and pleasing. But Consuelo, instinctively terrified by the care taken to install her, perhaps for a long time, in a new prison, would have given all the flowering catalpas and all the enamelled borders for the corner of a broad field, with a little thatched cottage, uneven roads, and the free sight of a country which it was possible to explore and to become acquainted with. From the spot where she was, she could discover no intermediate grounds between the high verdant walls of her enclosure and the vague indented horizon already lost in the fogs of evening. The nightingale sang delightfully, but no sound of human voice announced the vicinity of a dwelling. Consuelo saw that her own, situated on the borders of a great park and of a perhaps immense forest, was only a dependency upon some more extensive manor. What she could perceive of the park only made her desirous to see more of it. She could distinguish in it no other moving beings but some herds of deer and goats, browsing upon the sides of the hills with as much confidence as if the approach of a mortal were an unknown event for them. At last the evening breeze blew aside a screen of poplars which closed one of the sides of the garden, and Consuelo perceived by the last light of day the white towers and pointed roofs of a very large chateau, half hidden behind a woody rise, at the distance of about a quarter of a league. In spite of all her desire to think no longer of the chevalier, Consuelo persuaded herself that he must be there; and her eyes were fixed earnestly on that chateau, perhaps imaginary, the approach to which seemed forbidden her and which the shades of twilight

slowly caused to disappear in the distance.

When it was completely night, Consuelo saw the reflection of lights in the lower story of her pavilion dance upon the neighboring shrubs, and she hastily descended, hoping at last to see a human face in her abode. She had not this pleasure; the face of the domestic who was busy lighting the candles and serving supper was, like that of the doctor, covered with a black mask, which seemed the uniform of the Invisibles. It was an old servant, with a wig as smooth and as stiff as brass wire, neatly dressed in a complete suit of tomato color.

"I humbly ask madame's pardon," said he in a cracked voice, "for presenting myself before her with such a face. Such are my orders, and it is not my province to question the necessity of them. I hope that madame will have the goodness to accustom herself to it, and that she will deign not to be afraid of me. I am at madame's command. My name is Matteus. I am at the same time keeper of this pavilion, director of the garden, maitre d'hotel and valet-de-chambre. I have been informed that madame, having travelled a great deal, has the habit of serving herself in a measure; that, for example, she would not perhaps require the attendance of a woman. It would be difficult for me to obtain one for madame, inasmuch as I have no wife, and the entrance to this pavilion is forbidden to all the women of the chateau. Still a female servant will come here every morning to assist me in household matters, and a gardener's boy will also come from time to time to water the flowers and take care of the walks. I have a very humble remark to make to madame on this point; it is that every domestic, other than myself, to whom madame should be even suspected of having addressed a word or made a sign, would be dismissed on the instant; which would be very unfortunate for them, for the service is good and obedience well rewarded. Madame is too generous and too just, without doubt, to wish to expose these poor people—"

"You may be easy on that score, Mr. Matteus," replied Consuelo; "I am not rich enough to indemnify them and it is not in my character to turn any one from his duty."

"Besides, I shall never lose them from my sight," resumed Matteus, as if speaking to himself.

"You may spare yourself all precaution in that respect. I am under too great obligations to the persons who have brought me here, and also, as I think, to those who receive me, to attempt anything that could displease them."

\* 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.

"Ah! madame is here of her own free will?" asked Matteus, to whom curiosity did not seem so strongly forbidden as was communicativeness.

"I request you to consider me as a voluntary captive and upon parole."

"O! It is so that I understand it. I have never guarded any one otherwise, though indeed I have often seen my prisoners on parole weep and torment themselves as if they regretted having made the promise. And God knows they were well off here! But, in those cases their parole was always returned to them when they required it; nobody is retained here by force—madame's supper is served."

The last sentence but one of the tomato-colored major-domo suddenly restored all her appetite to his new mistress; she found the dinner so good that she bestowed great compliments upon its author. The latter seemed much flattered at being appreciated, and Consuelo saw that she had gained his esteem; but he was neither more confiding nor more circumspect on that account. He was an excellent man, rather cowardly, at once simple and crafty. Consuelo soon knew his character, on seeing with what a mixture of good-humor and address he anticipated all the questions she could make to him, in order not to be embarrassed and to arrange his answers to his liking. Thus she learned from him all that she did not ask, and yet without learning anything. His masters were persons very rich, very powerful, very generous, but very severe, especially in the matter of discretion. The pavilion formed part of a beautiful residence sometimes inhabited by the masters, sometimes entrusted to the charge of very faithful, well-paid and discreet servants. The country was rich, fertile, and well governed. The inhabitants did not complain of their lords; besides, they would have found no favor in the eyes of Master Matteus, who lived in the respect of laws and persons, and could not endure indiscreet words. Consuelo was so annoyed by his wise insinuations and his officious communications that she said to him smiling, immediately after supper: "I should fear being indiscreet myself, Mr. Matteus, by enjoying any longer the pleasure of your conversation; I do not require your services any further to-day, and I wish you good evening."

"Madame will do me the honor to ring for me whenever she desires anything," returned he. "I live behind the house, under this rock, in a pretty hermitage where I cultivate some magnificent water-melons. I should be much gratified if madame could favor them with a glance of encouragement; but I am especially forbidden ever to open that door to madame."

"I understand, Master Matteus; I must never go out except to the garden, and I must not consider this a caprice of yours, but the will of my hosts. I shall conform."

"The more, that madame would find great difficulty in opening that door. It is so heavy. And besides, there is a secret spring to the lock which might seriously wound madame's hands, if she were not informed."

"My word is still more solid than all your locks, Mr. Matteus. Sleep in peace, as I am inclined to do on my side."

Several days passed without Consuelo's receiving any sign of life from her hosts and without her having any face before her eyes other than Matteus's mask, more agreeable perhaps than his real countenance. That worthy domestic served her with a zeal and punctuality for which she could not sufficiently thank him, but he wearied her prodigiously with his conversation which she was obliged to endure; for he constantly and stoically refused the gifts she wished to make him, and there was no other method of testifying her gratitude but to let him talk. He passionately loved to use his tongue, which was the more remarkable because, sworn to a state of strange reserve, he never departed from it, and possessed the art of touching upon many subjects without ever hinting at those exceptions which were confided to his discretion. Consuelo learned from him exactly the quantity of asparagus and carrots which the vegetable garden of the chateau produced each year, how many fawns were born in the park, the history of each swan upon the lake, of all the pine-apples in the hot-house. But she could not imagine for an instant in what country she was; if the master or masters of the chateau were absent or present, if she was to communicate with them some day or to remain indefinitely alone in the pavilion. In a word, nothing that really interested her escaped from the prudent and yet always active lips of Matteus. She would have feared to be indelicate if she approached even within ear-shot of the gardener or of the maid-servant, who moreover, came very early and disappeared almost as soon as she rose. She limited herself to casting a glance now and then into the park, without seeing any one pass unless too far off for observation, and to contemplating the roof of the chateau, which was illumined every evening by a few lights always extinguished at an early hour.

She soon fell into a deep melancholy, and the ennui, which she had so courageously combatted at Spandaw, assailed and overpowered her in that rich abode, in the midst of all the comforts of life.

Are there any goods upon the earth which we can enjoy absolutely alone! Prolonged solitude darkens and disenchantments the most beautiful objects; it spreads terror over the strongest minds. Consuelo soon found the hospitality of the Invisibles even more cruel than strange, and a mortal disgust seized upon all her faculties. Her magnificent harpsichord seemed to give forth too piercing sounds in her empty and echoing chambers, and the accents of her own voice frightened her, when she was bold enough to sing; if the first shadows of the night surprised her at this occupation, she imagined she heard the echoes reply to her in an angry tone, and thought she saw moving, against the walls covered with silk and over the noiseless carpets, uneasy and stealing shadows, which, when she tried to look at them, were effaced and hid themselves behind the furniture, to gibber, laugh at, and mimic her. Still this was only the evening breeze rushing through the foliage which framed her windows, or the vibrations of her own song which thrilled around her. But her imagination, tired of interrogating those mute witnesses of her ennui, the statues, the pictures, the Japan vases filled with flowers, the great clear and deep mirrors, began to be seized by a vague fear, like that produced by the expectation of some unknown event. She recalled the strange power attributed to the Invisibles by the vulgar, the wonders with which she had been surrounded by Cagliostro, the apparition of the white woman in the palace at Berlin, the marvellous promises of the count de Saint Germain relative to the resurrection of Count Albert. She said to herself that all these inexplicable things probably emanated from the secret action of the Invisibles in society and in her particular destiny. She did not believe in their supernatural power, but she saw clearly that they applied themselves to overcome minds by all means, addressing either the heart or the imagination by threats or promises, by terrors or temptations. She was therefore suffering under the influence of some formidable revelation or of some cruel mystification, and like cowardly children, she could have said that she was afraid of being afraid.

At Spandaw she had hardened her will against extreme dangers, against real sufferings; she had triumphed over all with courage; and then resignation seemed natural to her at Spandaw. The gloomy aspect of a fortress is in harmony with the sad meditations of solitude; instead of which, in her new prison all seemed disposed for a life of poetic friendship or of peaceful intimacy; and this eternal silence, this absence of all human sympathy, destroyed its harmony like an

enormous misconstruction. You would have said it was the delightful abode of two happy lovers or of a beautiful family, a charming home, suddenly disliked and deserted in consequence of some rupture or some sudden catastrophe. She could no longer laugh at the numerous inscriptions which decorated it and which were seen on all the ornaments, as emphatic puerilities. They were encouragements united with threats, conditional eulogiums corrected by humiliating accusations. She could not raise her eyes without meeting some new sentence she had not before remarked, and which seemed to forbid her breathing at ease in this sanctuary of a distrustful and vigilant justice. Her soul had become depressed since the crisis of her escape and that of her sudden love for the *unknown*. The lethargic state into which she had been cast, doubtless with the design of concealing from her the situation of her asylum, had left in her a secret languor, joined to the nervous irritability which proceeds from it. She therefore felt herself in a short time become at once anxious and careless, by turns frightened by a trifle and indifferent to all.

One evening she thought she heard the sounds, hardly perceptible, of a distant orchestra. She ascended the terrace, and saw the chateau glittering with lights through the foliage. The music of a symphony, strong and vibrating, distinctly reached her. This contrast of a fête and of her isolation agitated her more than she was willing to confess to herself. It was so long since she had exchanged a word with intelligent or reasonable beings! For the first time in her life she imagined a wonderful delight in a night of a concert or of a ball, and like Cinderella, she wished that some good fairy would carry her through the air and make her enter the enchanted palace by a window, even were she to remain invisible, that she might enjoy the sight of a reunion of human beings animated by pleasure.

The moon had not yet risen. Notwithstanding the clearness of the sky, the shadows were so deep under the trees that Consuelo might easily glide thither unperceived, were she watched by invisible spies. A strong temptation seized upon her, and all the specious reasons which curiosity suggests when wishing to attack our conscience presented themselves in crowds to her mind. Had she been treated with confidence, when brought asleep and half dead into this gilded but implacable prison? Had they the right to require of her a blind submission, when they did not even deign to ask it! Besides, did they not wish to tempt and attract her by the appearance of a fête! Who could tell! All was

strange in the conduct of the Invisibles. Perhaps on attempting to leave the enclosure, she would in fact find a gate open, a gondola upon the stream which entered her garden from the park by an arch in the wall. She stopped at this last supposition, the most gratuitous of all, and descended to the garden, determined to try the adventure. But she had not made fifty steps before she heard in the air a sound quite similar to that which would be produced by a gigantic bird rising towards the clouds with a supernatural rapidity. At the same time she saw about her a great light of a livid blue, which was extinguished in a few seconds, and renewed almost immediately with quite a loud explosion. Consuelo then understood that it was neither lightning nor a meteor, but the commencement of fireworks at the chateau. This diversion of her hosts promised her a fine spectacle from the top of the terrace, and like a child who endeavors to drive away the ennui of a long trance, she hastily turned towards the pavilion.

But, by the brightness of those long artificial lightnings, sometimes red and sometimes blue, which illumined the garden, she twice saw a tall man in black standing by her side. She had not time to look, when the luminous shell, falling in a rain of fire, was rapidly extinguished, and left all objects buried in a deeper darkness to the eyes an instant dazzled. Then Consuelo, terrified, ran in an opposite direction from that in which the spectre had appeared to her; but on the return of the ominous brightness, again found herself two paces from him. The third time she had reached the porch of the pavilion; he was there before her, barring the way. Seized with insurmountable terror, she uttered a piercing cry and tottered. She would have fallen backwards on the steps if the mysterious visitor had not seized her in his arms. But hardly had his lips breathed upon her brow than she felt and recognized the chevalier, the *unknown*, him whom she loved and by whom she knew herself to be loved!

## XXV.

The joy she experienced at again finding him as an angel of consolation in this insupportable solitude, silenced all the scruples and all the fears she had upon her mind but a moment before when thinking of him without hope of soon seeing him. She passionately returned his embrace, and as he was already endeavoring to disengage himself from her arms in order to pick up his black mask, which had fallen, she retained him, crying out: "Do not leave me, do not abandon me!" Her voice was supplicating, her caresses irresistible. The unknown fell

at her feet, and hiding his face in the folds of her robe, which he covered with kisses, remained some moments as if divided between rapture and despair; then, taking up his mask and slipping a letter into Consuelo's hand, he rushed into the pavilion and disappeared before she could see his features.

She followed him, and by the light of a little lamp of alabaster which Matteo lighted every evening at the bottom of the staircase, she hoped to discover him; but by the time she had ascended a few steps he had become invisible. She ran in vain through every part of the pavilion; she could find no trace of him, and but for the letter which she held in her trembling hand, she might have thought she had dreamed.

Finally she decided upon returning to her boudoir in order to read that letter, the writing of which appeared to her this time to be intentionally disguised rather than changed by suffering. It contained very nearly what follows:

"I can neither see you nor speak to you; but I am not forbidden to write to you. Will you permit it? will you dare reply to the *unknown*? If I had this happiness I might find your letters and place my own, during your sleep, in a book which you could leave in the evening upon the garden bench, by the water side. I love you with passion, with idolatry, with madness! I am overcome; my strength is broken; my activity, my zeal, my enthusiasm for the work to which I have vowed myself, all, even to the sentiment of duty, are annihilated in me if you do not love me. Bound to strange and terrible duties by my oaths, by the gift and abandonment of my will, I waver between the thought of infamy and that of suicide; for I cannot persuade myself that you really love me, and that at this present moment distrust and fear may not already have effaced your involuntary love for me. Can it be otherwise? I am, for you, only a shadow, the dream of a night, the illusion of an instant. Well! to make myself beloved by you, I feel ready, twenty times a day, to sacrifice my honor, to break my word, to stain my conscience with a perjury. If you should succeed in escaping from this prison, I would follow you to the ends of the earth, even were I obliged to expiate, by a life of shame and of remorse, the rapture of seeing you, though for a single day, and of hearing you say again, though but once: 'I love you!' And yet, if you refuse to associate yourself in the work of the Invisibles, if the oaths which will doubtless be required of you, terrify and repel you, I shall be forbidden ever to see you again! But I will not obey, I cannot obey. No! I have suffered enough, I have labored enough, I have



long enough served the cause of humanity. If you are not the recompense of my labor, I renounce it. I will degrade myself by returning to the world, to its laws and its customs. My reason is troubled as you see. Oh! have pity, have pity on me! Do not tell me that you no longer love me. I could not bear that blow. I should not wish to believe it, or, if I believed it, I must die!"

Consuelo read this billet in the midst of the noise of the fuses and shells of the fireworks, which burst in the air without attracting her attention. Absorbed in her reading, she nevertheless experienced, without being conscious of it, that electric shock which is caused, especially in impossible organizations, by the explosion of powder, and by all violent noises in general. The former operates particularly on the imagination, when it does not act physically upon a weak and diseased body by painful shudderings. It exalts, on the contrary, the mind and the senses of persons who are brave, and well constituted. It even awakes in some women intrepid instincts, ideas of conflict, and, as it were, vague regrets that they are not men. Finally, if there be a decidedly marked accent which occasions a kind of *quasi* musical enjoyment in the voice of the torrent which precipitates itself, in the roaring of the wave which breaks, in the rolling of the thunder, that accent of anger, of threat, of bravery, that voice of strength, so to speak, is found in the booming of cannon, in the whistling of bullets, and in the thousand commotions of the atmosphere by which fireworks mimic the shock of battle. Consuelo perhaps experienced these effects while reading the first love-letter, properly so called, the first *billet-doux* she had ever received. She felt herself courageous, brave, and almost rash. A kind of intoxication made her find this declaration of love more exciting and more persuasive than all the words of Albert, as she had found the kiss of the chevalier more sweet, more ardent than all those of Anzoleto. She therefore began to write without hesitation; and, while the exploding mortars shook the echoes of the park, the odor of saltpetre stifled the perfume of the flowers, and the Bengal fires illumined the front of the pavilion without her deigning to perceive them, Consuelo replied:

"Yes, I love you; I have said it, I have confessed it to you, and, were I obliged to repent of it, were I obliged to blush for it a thousand times, I could never blot out from the strange and incomprehensible book of my destiny that page which I myself have written, and which is in your hands! It was the expression of an impulse perhaps to be condemned; senseless perhaps, but deeply

true and ardently felt. Were you the last of men, I should none the less have placed in you my ideal! Should you degrade me by a contemptuous and cruel conduct, I have none the less experienced, in the contact of your heart, a transport which I had never tasted, and which seemed to me as holy as the angels are pure. You see I repeat to you what you wrote to me in reply to the confidences which I had addressed to *Beppo*. We do nothing but repeat to each other that with which we are both, I believe, vividly penetrated and loyally persuaded. Why and how should we deceive ourselves? We do not know each other; perhaps we never shall know each other; Strange fatality! Yet we love, and cannot explain the first causes of that love any more than we can foresee the mysterious end. Now, I abandon myself to your word—to your honor. I do not combat the feeling with which you inspire me. Do not let me deceive myself. I ask of you only one thing in the world, which is, not to pretend to love me, never to see me again if you do not love me; it is to abandon me to my fate, whatever it may be, without fearing that I shall ever accuse or blame you for this quickly-passing illusion of happiness which you will have given me. It seems to me that what I ask of you is so easy! There are some moments when I am terrified, I confess, at the blind confidence which impels me towards you. But as soon as you appear, as soon as my hand is in yours, or when I look upon your writing, (your writing, which is nevertheless disguised and changed as if you did not wish me to have the least outward and visible indication of you;) in fine, when I simply hear the sound of your steps, all my fears vanish, and I cannot help believing you my best friend upon the earth.—But why conceal yourself thus? What horrible secret is then covered by your mask and your silence? Have I seen you elsewhere? Must I fear and repel you on the day when I know your name—when I see your features? If you are absolutely unknown to me, as you have said, whence comes it that you obey so blindly the strange law of the Invisibles, while you still write to me to-day that you are ready to free yourself from it, and to follow me to the ends of the earth? And if I required, before I would fly with you, that you should have no concealment from me, would you take off that mask? Would you speak to me? To enable me to know you, I must bind myself, you say—to what? By oaths to the Invisibles? But for what work? What! must I, with my eyes closed, my conscience mute, my mind in darkness, give and abandon my will, as you yourself have done, at least with knowledge of the

why and wherefore? And, to decide me to these unheard-of acts of blind devotedness, you will not commit the least infraction of the rules of your order? For, I see well that you belong to one of those mysterious orders which are here called *secret societies*, and which are said to be numerous in Germany: unless this be simply a political conspiracy against —, as I was told at Berlin. Well! whatever it may be, if I may have the liberty to refuse when I am informed of what is required of me, I will bind myself by the most terrible oaths never to reveal anything. Can I do more, without being unworthy of the love of a man who carries his scruples and his fidelity to his oath so far as not to be willing to let me hear that word which I myself have pronounced in contempt of the prudence and the modesty imposed on my sex; *I love you!*"

Consuelo placed this letter in a book which she deposited in the garden, at the spot mentioned; then she slowly withdrew, and remained hidden a long time in the foliage, hoping to see the chevalier arrive, and trembling to leave there this avowal of her most secret feelings, which might fall into strange hands. Still, as hours passed without the appearance of any one, and she remembered these words of the unknown's letter: "I will go and take your letter during your sleep," she judged that she ought to conform entirely to his advice, and she retired to her apartment, where, after a thousand agitated reveries, by turns painful and delicious, she at last fell asleep to the indistinct sound of the music of the ball, which recommenced, the flourishes which sounded during supper, and the distant rolling of the carriages, which announced the departure of the numerous guests of the residence at dawn of day.

At nine o'clock precisely, our recluse entered the hall in which she took her meals, which she found always served there with a scrupulous punctuality and a refinement worthy of the place. Matteus remained standing behind her chair in the respectfully phlegmatic attitude which was habitual to him. Consuelo had before descended to the garden. The chevalier had taken the letter, for it was no longer in the book. But Consuelo had hoped to find another letter from him, and she already accused him of lukewarmness in their correspondence. She felt uneasy, excited, and rather driven to extremity by the monotony of the life to which they seemed determined to compel her. She therefore decided to move at a venture, in order to see if she could not hasten the course of events slowly prepared about her. On that very day, for the first time, Matteus was gloomy and taciturn. "Master Matteus," said she

with a forced gaiety, "I see through your mask that your eyes are dull, and that you are fatigued. You did not sleep much last night!"

"Madame does me too much honor in being willing to laugh at me," replied Matteus, with a little sharpness; "but, as madame has the happiness to live with an uncovered face, I can see with more clearness that she attributes to me the fatigue and sleeplessness from which she herself suffered last night."

"Your speaking mirrors informed me of that fact before you, Master Matteus. I know that I have become very ugly, and I think that I shall soon be much more so if ennui continues to consume me."

"Is madame ennuyé?" returned Matteus in the tone in which he would have said: "Did madame ring?"

"Yes, Matteus, I am exceedingly so, and I begin to be unable to bear this seclusion. As no one does me the honor of a visit or of a letter, I presume I have been forgotten here; and, as you are the only exception, I think I may be allowed to say that I begin to find my situation embarrassing and strange."

"I cannot presume to judge of madame's situation," replied Matteus; but it seemed to me that madame did receive, not long since, both a visit and a letter."

"Who can have told you such a thing, Matteus?" cried Consuelo, blushing.

"I would say," replied he in an ironically humble tone, "if I did not fear to offend madame, and to be tedious by presuming to converse with her."

"If you were my domestic, Master Matteus, I know not what airs of grandeur I might assume with you; but as hitherto I have had no other servant than myself, and as, moreover, you appear to be rather my guardian than my majordomo, I request you to converse, if you please, the same as on other days. You have too much wit this morning to tire me."

"That is, madame is too much tired of her own company to be difficult. Then I will say to madame that there was a great fête at the chateau last night."

"I know it; I heard the fireworks and the music."

"At that time, a person who is closely watched since madame's arrival here, thought he could take advantage of the disorder and the noise, to introduce himself into the reserved park, in spite of the most severe prohibitions. Thence came an unpleasant result. But I fear to grieve madame by informing her."

"I now think grief preferable to ennui and anxiety. Speak quickly, therefore, Mr. Matteus."

"Well, madame, this morning I saw carried to prison the most amiable, the

youngest, the bravest, the most generous, the most witty, the greatest of all my masters, the chevalier Liverani."

"Liverani? Who is Liverani?" cried Consuelo, deeply agitated. "To prison! — the chevalier! Tell me! — O my God! who is this chevalier? Who is this Liverani?"

"I have described him sufficiently to madame. I do not know if she is much or little acquainted with him; but what is certain is, that he was carried to the great tower for having spoken and written to madame, and for not being willing to communicate to his highness the reply which madam had made to him."

"The great tower — his highness — is all that you tell me serious, Matteus? Am I here in the power of a sovereign prince who treats me as a prisoner of state, and who punishes his subjects for any little interest or pity they may testify towards me? or I am indeed mystified by some rich lord with strange ideas, who tries to terrify me in order to prove my gratitude for services rendered?"

"I am not forbidden to inform madame that she is in the house of a very rich prince, who is at the same time a great philosopher —"

"And the supreme chief of the council of the Invisibles?" added Consuelo.

"I do not know what madame means by that," replied Matteus with the most complete indifference. "In the list of the titles and dignities of his highness, I have never heard that quality mentioned."

"But shall I not be permitted to see this prince, to throw myself at his feet, to ask of him the liberty of this chevalier Liverani, who is innocent of any indiscretion, as I can swear?"

"I cannot say; and I think that it would at least be difficult to obtain such a permission. Nevertheless, I have access every evening to his highness, for some moments, in order to give him an account of madame's health and occupations; and if madame should write, I could perhaps succeed in inducing his highness to read her billet without its passing through the hands of his secretaries."

"Dear Mr. Matteus, you are goodness itself, and I am sure you must have the confidence of the prince. Yes, certainly, I will write since you are so generous as to interest yourself for the chevalier."

"It is true that I feel more interest for him than for any other. He saved my life at the risk of his own in a conflagration. He nursed me and cured me of my burns. He replaced the property I had lost. He passed whole nights watching me as if he had been my servant and I his master. He rescued from vice a niece of mine, and by his good words

and his generous aid, made her an honest woman. What good has he not done in all this country and in all Europe, from what they say! He is the most perfect young man in existence, and his highness loves him as his own son."

"And yet his highness sends him to prison for a trifling fault."

"Oh! madame does not know that no fault is trifling to the eyes of his highness, in point of indiscretion."

"He is then a very despotic prince?"

"Admirably just, but terribly severe."

"And how can I in any way enter into the occupations of his mind and the decisions of his council?"

"Of that I am ignorant, as madame may well think. Many secrets are constantly in motion around this chateau, especially when the prince comes to pass some weeks here, which does not often happen. A poor servant like myself, who should seek to penetrate them, would not long be endured; and as I am the oldest of the persons attached to the house, madame must understand that I am neither curious nor a great talker; otherwise —"

"I understand, M. Matteus. But would it be indiscreet to ask if the confinement to which the chevalier is subjected is rigorous?"

"It must be so, madame; though I know nothing of what takes place in the tower and in the subterraneans. I have seen more persons enter than I have ever seen come out. I do not know if there are outlets in the forest; I know of none in the park."

"You make me tremble, Matteus. Is it possible that I can have drawn serious misfortunes upon the head of that worthy young man? Tell me, is the prince of a violent or of a cold character? Are his sentences dictated by a hasty indignation or by a deliberate and lasting dissatisfaction?"

"Those are details into which it is not proper for me to enter," replied Matteus, coldly.

"Well! tell me of the chevalier at least. Is he a man to ask and obtain pardon, or to encase himself in a haughty silence?"

"He is tender and gentle, full of respect and submission to his highness. But if madame has entrusted any secret to him, she may be tranquil; he would allow himself to be tortured rather than reveal the secret of another, were it to the ear of a confessor."

"Well! I will myself reveal to his highness that secret which he considers important enough to excite his anger against an unfortunate. Oh! my good Matteus, can you not carry my letter at once?"

"Impossible before night, madame."

"No matter, I will write now. An unexpected opportunity may offer."

Consuelo entered her cabinet and wrote to ask of the anonymous prince an interview, in which she promised to reply sincerely to all the questions he might deign to address to her.

At midnight, Matteus brought to her this sealed reply: "If it be to the prince that you wish to speak, your request is foolish. You will not see him, you will never know him; you will never know his name. If it be before the council of the Invisibles that you wish to appear, you will be heard; but reflect upon the consequences of your resolution; it will decide upon your life and that of another."

To be continued.

### SONNET.

My gentle friend, this latter life of ours  
Should more of stern, unyielding Labor know;  
We quite too long have played among the flowers,  
Which in the garden of the Fancy blow,  
And on the Soul a balmy stupor throw.  
Oh! we have dwarfed and stultified our powers,  
Nor deemed we outraged Heaven in doing so!  
Yet now when we have grown to think it crime,  
Shall we not to our thoughts give solemn heed,  
And stamp on this, as on our coming time,  
The glorious virtue of some earnest deed,  
Of which the sleepy world hath stood in need?  
So may we make atonement for our wrong—  
So, firm in truth's great cause, at length grow strong.

A. D. F. R.  
Tribune.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Ledger.

### LETTER FROM EUROPE.

PARIS, Oct. 2, 1846.

As long as the feudal organization of Capital exists, the laboring man will be a vassal, though not in the feudal sense of the middle ages. The vassal of the nineteenth century—the slave of the *bourgeoisie*—receives no protection from his lord in return for his fealty; he is only a vassal as long as he is able, healthy, strong, and in good condition. The moment he possesses no longer these indispensable requisites, he becomes a useless thing, which is looked upon as a nuisance, and against which the whole society is armed to defend itself against mischief. What is the right of acquiring property to the laboring man of Europe, placed as he is in a position which renders the execution of that right physically and morally impossible? As well might you decree the right of every man to take wings and fly to any portion of the globe that suits his fancy. There is a right older than that of acquiring property, and that is the right to live, to become physically and morally educated—a human being. That society or state which denies that right to the majority of the people is no longer human; it is wicked, absurd, irreligious. A State which is so organized, is a mere assemblage of tamed beasts who are taught sooner to starve than destroy their keepers,—it may be a Roman State, and contain Roman subjects or citizens, but it is not a *Christian* State; based on Christian morals and on the love we owe our

species. "There is a greater difference," says Cabet, one of the most popular writers of the present day, though his works circulate principally only among the laboring classes—"there is a greater difference between men and women in certain ranks of life and their fellow beings among the lower classes, than there is between men and dogs in the abstract; and yet we are Christians." But our lawgivers have shrewdly divided the Christian into the spiritual and physical man. The former only has a hope of equality, of justice, of fraternity, in Heaven; the latter is consumed, as tallow, lard or oil in a machine.

This Cabet has the imperishable merit of being the O'Connell of the laboring classes of France. But for his writings and preachings, an hundred *eneutes* might have taken place, and thousands of unfortunate victims might have been condemned to the hulks, or have expiated their efforts to free themselves at the guillotine. The people, in 1789, dethroned the nobility for the benefit of the *bourgeoisie*; but they will not prevail against the latter until they are organized—until they know their condition, and have a perfect consciousness of what they want, and the means of acquiring it. This organization is now taking place, not only in France, but throughout Europe; and until it is completed, we shall have extreme quiet, prosperity and accumulation of property in a few hands. But it is utterly absurd to suppose that the present imperfect organization of society,—the cause of so much misery and such horrible enormities as fill our statistical tables,—can remain stationary;—that it can be considered the ultimatum at which human institutions—the modern state—can possibly arrive. The improvements in machinery, the building of railroads, the application of steam, may put an end to international wars; but they will hurry the solution of the social problem. I look upon them as the great emancipator of the human race—the conservator of human strength—the establisher of the spiritual superiority of man. Every new invention in machinery gives to man a higher employment than that of merely wasting his physical strength, destroys the deadening mechanism of labor, and changes him from a machine to a directing agent. The introduction of machinery renders the reorganization of labor indispensable, as the accumulation of property in a few hands of which it is productive, thickens the ranks of the non-possessors and increases their numerical power. Remember, our poor have no Western country to fall back upon—no acres to acquire by conquest or colonization. The evils of our society, therefore, call for changes amongst themselves, and cannot be remedied by allowing our people to spread. You, in happy America, have as yet political problems to solve; we have arrived at the end of this series, and hence our numerous social propagandas. As yet the very discontent of our laboring people is a means of strengthening the hands of government. It need only show the wealthy *bourgeoisie* the abyss that is yawning at their feet, to obtain grants of money by acclamation for internal improvements, for the pay of the army, for the building of ships, and for the protection of manufactures. Each capitalist will sooner pay a per-centage of his capital to the government than prepare to treat with the laboring classes. Thus,

all want "*a strong government*"—that is, a government strong enough to force the laboring classes to retain their present position. This is the cause of Mr. Guizot's majorities, and the popularity of Louis Philippe with the voters. The laboring man in France has no vote, he does not serve in the militia, (National Guards) he cannot be a jurymen. In the eye of the law he is a nonentity,—he belongs, in fact, like other personal effects, to the man who employs him. The charter declares all Frenchmen equal *before the law*; but it is not the law of his making, the jury of which his equals are members. His equals are not armed to enforce the law which *they* have not made, by the aid of juries of which they form no part. Such a state, in an enlightened community, cannot last, if there were a million of bayonets to enforce the present condition of things. Such a state of things cannot well stand the progress of practical Christianity,—the amount of floating intellect now existing in every civilized country,—the historical lessons taught by the last century.

Meanwhile Cabet, the French O'Connell, whose works are little read by American tourists, or by commercial agents abroad, has taught his countrymen to think and to reflect, and to organize. His "*History of the Revolution of 1830*," was published and sold in 20,000 copies; of his "*History of the French Revolution from 1789 till 1830*," a second edition has just been published; of his "*Icarian Almanac*," 8,000 copies were published in 1843 and 10,000 in 1844. All these books are bought by the laboring men, and each copy has from twenty to thirty readers. These books are all written for the laboring classes, who care little for Thiers' "*History of the Revolution and the Empire*," but devour greedily the works of Cabet, Proudhon, Leroux, Louis Blanc, and many others, who tell them the reason why, with all these revolutions, the people have no bread. The people of France care little whether Thiers or Guizot or Mole are at the head of the government, as long as they have no executed rights, as long as the laws of property take precedence of the laws of persons, as long as the person itself, that is man—God's image—does not exist in the eyes of the law, independent of property. Our lawyers are Roman jurists: for, disguise it as we may, the Roman law still regulates our property. But our civilization is no longer a heathen one—we are *Christians*, and the Roman law is, in the end, sure to fall before Christianity, as it did at the commencement of our faith. "Not only the future, but the present must become Christian," cry the modern reformers, who at last perceive that the encyclopedism of the last century was but the *critique* of our institutions, and that criticism cannot take the place of the work itself. The hollow Voltairians are now in the Chambers—doctrinarians and logicians *a la Condorcet*—but the political economists are among the people, and prove with the fiery eloquence of figures the absurdities of their legislators' propositions.

Equality before the law! What a shockingly empty phrase! What cruel irony in these abstract constitutions! "Equality before the law," where the majority have neither education, nor property, nor secured income from labor, nor any certain labor, nor means to marry

and rear a family! Equality before the law, where the poor man is incarcerated, while the rich man escapes on giving bail. Our lawyers and judges are Romans and Christians. We have a code of Christian morals, and a code of Roman (heathen) laws which regulates our actions in public life—a Constitution which declares us free, and a society which reduces us to slaves. The old nobility had a lordly contempt for the commons; but the moneyed aristocracy of the present day has invented the term "mob" in contradiction to the commons. This moneyed aristocracy does not live in Castles, behind walls and battlements, surrounded by its vassals, but in nice comfortable houses, as remote as possible from the hovels of wretchedness and despair. They stint the laborer of his bread and strip him of his clothes, and then despise his haggard and ragged appearance. But the *bourgeoisie* of the present day lack, after all, the feeling of security to enjoy their position. They war upon each other for power and position, and drive each other daily, by competition, from the high posts to the ranks. There is no *esprit du corps* among them, no pity for the fallen, no sympathy for the wounded. The merit and standing of the *bourgeoisie* is merely circumstantial—a breath can hurl it from its present position—a change of ministers—the death of a king who is now their acknowledged leader.

### THE REFORMER.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

All grim and soiled and brown with tan,  
I saw a Strong One in his wrath,  
Smiting the godless shrine of man  
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome  
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm:  
Wealth shook within his gilded home  
With pale alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled  
Before the sunlight bursting in;  
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head  
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;  
That grand, old, time-worn turret spare;"  
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,  
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Grey-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,  
Groped for his old accustomed stone,  
Leaned on his staff, and wept, to find  
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,  
O'erhung with paly locks of gold,  
"Why smite," he asked, in sad surprise,  
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,  
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;  
Shuddering and sick at heart I woke,  
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust cloud rolled—  
The Waster seemed the Builder too;  
Up-springing from the ruined Old  
I saw the New.

'T was but the ruin of the bad—  
The wasting of the wrong and ill;  
Whate'er of good the old time had  
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;  
The frown which awed me passed away,  
And left behind a smile which cheered  
Like breaking day.

Green grew the grin on battle-plains,  
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;  
The slave stood forging from his chains  
The spade and plow.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay  
And cottage windows, flower entwined,  
Looked out upon the peaceful bay  
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,  
The lights on brimming crystal fell,  
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head  
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,  
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,  
And with the idle gallows-rope  
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell  
Had counted o'er the weary hours,  
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,  
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,  
I fear no longer, for I know  
That, where the share is deepest driven,  
The best fruits grow.

The outworn right, the old abuse,  
The pious fraud transparent grown,  
The good held captive in the use  
Of Wrong alone—

These wait their doom, from that great law  
Which makes time serve to-day;  
And fresher life the World shall draw  
From their decay.

Oh! backward-looking son of time!—  
The new is old, the old is new,  
The cycle of a change sublime  
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer;  
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,  
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,  
Are one, the same.

As idly as in that old day  
Thou mournest, did thy sires repine,  
So, in his time, thy child grown gray,  
Shall sigh for thine.

Yet, not the less for them art thou;  
The eternal step of Progress beats  
To that great anthem, calm and slow,  
Which God repeats!

Take heart!—the Waster builds again—  
A charmed life old goodness hath;  
The tares may perish—but the grain  
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey  
His first propulsion from the night:  
Ho, wake and watch!—the world is gray  
With morning light!

Fountain, for 1847.

Oh, thou! who, of Heaven born,  
Every pain and sorrow stillest,  
And all those who doubly mourn  
With thy doubled presence fillest;  
Ah! weary me! let goading cease!  
Why sorrow-pained, why joy-carest?  
Lovely Peace!  
Come, oh come into my breast. Goethe.

### REVIEW.

*Rationale of Crime, and its Appropriate Treatment; being a Treatise on Criminal Jurisprudence, considered in Relation to Cerebral Organization.* By M. B. SAMPSON. With Notes and Illustrations, by E. W. FARNHAM, Matron of Mount Pleasant State Prison. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. pp. 177.

The vulgar opinion concerning the treatment of criminals is founded upon the law of retaliation. A certain amount of suffering, it is supposed, must be inflicted on the offender, as the penalty for a certain amount of injury which he has inflicted on society. The passion of resentment which is given to man in common with the brutes, and intended for his protection while in a condition nearly on a level with that of the brutes, is at the foundation of our prevailing systems of criminal jurisprudence in the present advanced stage of civilization. This passion is freely manifested in the expression of popular sentiment, whenever a crime is committed of sufficient magnitude to attract the public attention. Men are anxious to secure the arrest of the reputed criminal, they eagerly bring forward every particle of testimony adapted to convict him, they display a feverish excitement as to the result of his trial, and the moment his doom is fixed, they exult in the circumstance as if it were an immense personal advantage to themselves. In cases of great atrocity, they are unwilling that the law should take its course, and substitute for its slow processes, the more speedy methods of the bowie knife or fagot. The blood is up, and it will not risk the chance of being cheated of its revenge.

Now all this might be pardoned to the heated passions of man, but when revenge is framed into a legal system, and defended by theologians and jurisconsults, as the very corner stone of a Christian system of society, it is well to inquire into the validity of their assumptions. We rejoice that public opinion is now directed to this subject, and that the correctness of prevailing principles will be submitted to examination, even if it should be found impracticable to introduce any great improvements, under other existing social arrangements.

A view in direct opposition to the one we have described is presented in the volume now before us. The author maintains that every criminal is the victim of a diseased organization, and that hence the idea of punishment should be set aside for that of discipline, and prisons should give place to moral hospitals. The facts and illustrations presented by the author, as well as by the American Editor, in support of this point, are cer-

tainly very forcible, in reference to the extreme cases which they describe; but we find no substantial evidence in proof of the universality of the principle; and hence, while we admit the conclusions of the writers as respects the special instances which they adduce, we cannot follow them in what seems to us their hasty and premature generalizations. We can by no means deem it a settled fact that a defective or diseased organization is, in every case, the cause of crime. We do not doubt that many of the most atrocious violations of law, which are visited with the virtuous wrath of society, which doom their perpetrators to summary vengeance in this world, and to penal fires in the other, are traceable to this source. They were the paroxysms of cerebral disease, as far removed from the control of the will as the excitement of a fever or the convulsions of delirium tremens. The instances brought forward by our authors, as well as many others stated in the books of medical jurisprudence, are conclusive on this point. They show to a demonstration that some persons are born to crime, even as the sparks fly upward, that the organization of their nature impels them to acts of violence and outrage, and that unless restrained by circumstances external to themselves, this inborn character will as inevitably manifest itself in aggressions on society, as did that of Mozart in the harmonies of music, or of Newton in the investigations of science.

But we as little doubt that other criminals, no less guilty in the view of society than those already alluded to, equally abandoned and reckless of all established rules of conduct with them, are not the victims of a diseased organization, but of the corrupt, corrupting, and overwhelming external influences, by which their characters have been formed. We ask any one, who has been at all conversant with the vicious and criminal portions of society, if he has not found among them persons of noble endowments, of superior native powers, both intellectual and moral, who were not seduced to crime by any innate propensity, but who have been swept into its abyss by the action of outward causes, which were as little within their own power, as the eruption of a volcano? In an order of society where it is no exaggeration to say that man is not so well cared for as the brute, where outrages on his nature are daily caused by social institutions which no farmer of common humanity would permit to be exercised on his domestic animals, we should not be too hasty in pronouncing any one organically diseased, because he has become a criminal before the law. In a just, wise, and Christian order of society, even the worst cases of moral insanity, if any such

should be found, would not be developed in overt acts of crime, but, treated with more tender faithfulness and love than are now devoted to bodily disease, would be restrained from injurious manifestations, if not altogether cured. But, in the present abnormal and monstrous social arrangements, it is by no means certain, that the finest constituted natures, may not be led by the influence of early neglect, the contagion of poisonous example, the fell pressure of want, and the energy of mighty passions which find no legitimate development, to those violations of human law which consign them to irretrievable infamy and ruin.

In thus controverting the leading principle of the present volume, we certainly would not be understood to call in question the correctness or the importance of its practical conclusions. As Christians, believing in the supremacy of the law of love over the law of force, knowing that the only lawful treatment of an enemy is to load him with good offices, and that the exercise of revenge is in all cases expressly forbidden as an outrage on the Divine government, we cannot regard the criminal as a loathsome reptile to be trodden under foot, but as a fellow man to be restored from the error of his ways, by the application of every method which the spirit of gentleness and mercy can suggest. In our opinion, crime can be restrained in no way so effectually as by the conversion of the criminal, and removing him from the influence of those causes which have led to his offence. The present system of vindictive punishment is passing away. The voice of humanity has long since pronounced its doom. Wisdom, justice, and mercy alike demand a superior method. How far such a method can be introduced and made effectual, in the present organization of society, we submit as a problem to those who deem the existing civilization the ultimate expression of social truth. For ourselves, we confess we have no faith in any half-way measures. New wine must be put into new bottles. The new ideas, held forth with such earnestness of conviction and power of argument, in the volume before us can find no fit receptacle in the old, decrepit institutions of the civilized order. The best we can hope for them is, that their fermentation will accelerate the destruction of these institutions, and prepare the way for the dominion of truth, justice, and love, in all the arrangements of society.

In conclusion, we recommend this volume to all classes of readers. It is written in a clear, dispassionate, unpretending manner, and with a spirit of candor and mildness which must disarm prejudice. The notes by Mrs. Farnham, who has

acquired an enviable reputation as matron of the Mount Pleasant State Prison in New York, are worthy testimonials to her sagacity and large-heartedness. She speaks from strong conviction as well as from long experience, and hence is entitled to speak with authority.

*History of the Thirty Years' War.* Translated from the German of FREDERICK SCHILLER, by the REV. A. J. W. MORRISON, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff St. 1846.

It is somewhat remarkable, in these days of translation and literary speculations of all sorts, that this work has not before been done into English. The present translator has executed his task with ability and with success. The intrinsic value of the book will be attested by every reader of the German language. The great German poet was admirably qualified to write a life-like history of this most eventful and interesting period of modern Europe; for the Thirty Years' War, from its length, its fierceness, the variety of actors in it, and its important consequences, may well take precedence of any wars.

It is a frightful picture of the horrors of this modern social chaos. Let our young patriotic and military enthusiasts read the following for their edification, that they may know how great a thing is glory.

"A word from Tilly decided the fate of Magdeburg.

"Even a more humane general would in vain have recommended mercy to such soldiers; but Tilly never made the attempt. Left by their general's silence masters of the lives of all the citizens, the soldiery broke into the houses to satiate their most brutal appetites. The prayers of innocence excited some compassion in the hearts of the Germans, but none in the rude breasts of Pappenheim's Walloons. Scarcely had the savage cruelty commenced, when the other gates were thrown open, and the cavalry, with the fearful hordes of the Croats, poured in upon the devoted inhabitants.

"Here commenced a scene of horrors for which history has no language—poetry no pencil. Neither innocent childhood, nor helpless old age; neither youth, sex, rank, nor beauty, could disarm the fury of the conquerors. Wives were abused in the arms of their husbands, daughters at the feet of their parents; and the defenceless sex exposed to the double sacrifice of virtue and life. No situation, however obscure, or however sacred, escaped the rapacity of the enemy. In a single church fifty-three women were found beheaded. The Croats amused themselves with throwing children into the flames; Pappenheim's Walloons with stabbing infants at the mother's breast. Some officers of the League, horror-struck at this dreadful scene, ventured to remind Tilly that he had it in his power to stop the carnage. 'Return in an hour,' was his answer; 'I will see what I can do; the soldier must have some reward for his danger and toils.' These horrors lasted with unabated fury, till at last the smoke and flames proved a check to the plunderers. To

augment the confusion and to divert the resistance of the inhabitants, the imperialists had, in the commencement of the assault, fired the town in several places. The wind rising rapidly spread the flames, till the blaze became universal. Fearful, indeed, was the tumult amid clouds of smoke, heaps of dead bodies, the clash of swords, the crash of falling ruins, and streams of blood. The atmosphere glowed; and the intolerable heat forced at last even the murderers to take refuge in their camp. In less than twelve hours, this strong, populous, and flourishing city, one of the finest in Germany, was reduced to ashes, with the exception of two churches and a few houses."

"The next day, a solemn mass was performed in the cathedral, and *Te Deum* sung amid the discharge of artillery. (!!) The imperial general rode through the streets, that he might be able, as an eye-witness, to inform his master that no such conquest had been made since the destruction of Troy and Jerusalem. Nor was this an exaggeration, whether we consider the greatness, importance, and prosperity of the city razed, or the fury of its ravagers."

*The Chimes: A Goblin Story of some Bells that rang the Old Year Out and a New Year In. Together with a Christmas Carol; a Ghost Story of Christmas.* By CHARLES DICKENS. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway. (Sold by Redding & Co., 8 State St., Boston.)

Every body has read these beautiful Christmas and New Year's stories, and of course they do not need our commendation. Who will not be glad to know that he can obtain them in the permanent and beautiful shape of one of Wiley and Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading?"—for his original newspaper copies of them have doubtless long ago been used up by multitudes of borrowers.

*Yankee Doodle.* New York: Published at William H. Graham's, 160 Nassau Street, Tribune Buildings.

We have received the fourth and fifth numbers of this new weekly journal of fun. It is designed to be the corresponding Yankee thing to "Punch." But it has neither the wit, the dignity, the consistency, nor (what is most important) the humanity of "Punch." And the mistake is, we believe, because it aims to embody an element which does not exist to be embodied. There is no Yankee thing that corresponds to "Punch." There may be witty men among us, whose wit also gushes from the deep springs of a loving and sincere humanity; but to attempt to nationalize these qualities is to claim for Jonathan a little more than he deserves. The wit of "Punch" is honest and benignant. The wit of "Yankee" (we do not mean the paper, but the personified nationality) is malignant, cheating, hypocritical and diabolical. The character is most successfully and most unpleasantly depicted in the full length figure of Yankee which adorns the cover

of this journal. We recognize in it at once the very lineaments and stereotyped expression of the ruling spirit of this nation,—the spirit of selfishness, of cunning, of hypocrisy, and of tyranny; and the whole thing is helped out by the portrait's bearing a reputed resemblance to the present reigning political representative of this great country.

Yankee's wit is too much in earnest; he has always a personal end to gain, a personal pique to gratify behind it. It is narrow and not large and generous, like that of Punch. Punch is a good-natured reformer, a believer in human progress, and he criticizes society. Yankee is shrewd, selfish and unprincipled, and only criticizes individuals. He gets the laugh upon whomsoever he can; whether in the right or in the wrong. Yankee, once a distinguished advocate of liberty and human rights, now believes only in "might makes right," and talks largely about "conquering peace," our country "however bounded," &c., &c. And this "Yankee Doodle" sheet runs too much in the same vein. It accepts the proverbial character of Yankee; it makes fun of all things from that point of view; it seldom goes beyond the actual, political Yankee; it glorifies "the nation." But Punch is better than the nation; and hence his ability for wit. He loves his country too well to glorify its faults, and his wit appears in the contrast of his love for the good which he sees at the bottom of all, with his shrewd perception of the falseness of the actual aspect of all. Punch sympathizes with the real heart of humanity in its struggle after good, but smiles at the strange and absurd dilemma into which this great good heart has got. Punch is a reformer; Yankee Doodle is too much of a common street wit.

Now we wish to be understood, as not meaning to underrate the abilities of the *collaborateurs* of "Yankee Doodle." The fault we find is not with their wits, but with their *design*. We doubt not there are some very funny men amongst them; but the rarest wit and humor throws itself away, when it covers itself with such a title, and consents to enact the role of "Yankee Doodle." To be truly, usefully, humanely witty, to be even innocently witty, this circle of choice spirits must not identify themselves at the outset with that national stamp of character which the world has nicknamed Yankee, and which is really a very bad sort of a character. One glance at the face of Yankee on the cover shows you that no generous humor can come out of that. Let them rather identify themselves with the good element which is working in the bosom of our society, to save it and reform it, in spite of the desperate wickedness and unbelief which

shamelessly parade themselves in all our politics and in all that part of us which we call national. "Punch" is a believer; Yankee does not dare to be quite that, for fear his jokes should not be popular.

Drop "Yankee Doodle" then, and take some more genial and promising cognomen. There is wit enough among us somewhere to make as good a thing as "Punch." There is not a little of it displayed here and there in "Yankee Doodle;" but it is only exceptional; it lacks ground and motive; and its general tone, in spite of some good hits, is coarse and disagreeable. The wood-cuts are by far the best cuts which it contains.

*The Popular Magazine: A Journal of Art and Literature.* Edited by AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE. Philadelphia: Published by the National Publishing Company.

This is the title of a new Weekly, of sixteen octavo pages. From nothing that we find in its contents thus far, can we admit its claim to be esteemed "the nucleus, around which the true lovers of mankind, the disciples and neophytes of human progression—shall rally for the support of their principles." (See Prospectus on the back.) And it may be doubted whether such heroes as General Sam Houston and Levi Woodbury, whom it "Plumbeotypes" for frontispieces, are the best types of the "true lovers of mankind." But there is some hope in a bold design, provided the impulse be as deep as it fancies itself to be.

The said Prospectus also states: "The Poetry of 'The Popular Magazine' will be of that strong, nervous, and earnest kind, which is calculated to thrill at once to the soul of the thinking man, and call forth a responsive echo." This had better have been left for the reader to say.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

### SIVORI'S LAST CONCERT IN BOSTON.

We had intended to speak of the second concert of this transcendent artist, and, from the fulness of the pure enthusiasm of that occasion, atone for the somewhat too cold admiration which we expressed last week, feeling as we did then somewhat *blasé* to the thick-coming miracles of solo-playing. But our recollections of the second concert are already merged in the fresher and still deeper impression of the third; and on that occasion he repeated essentially the same music: so that in speaking of the last we speak of both.

In all these concerts we felt the want of an orchestra. So did Sivori feel it; for to the true musician the orchestra is his world, his native sphere and environment,



in which his genius is at home, and can put forth its individual faculty to the most advantage. Without the orchestra, the most angelic virtuoso is deprived of much of his proper inspiration; he feels himself stepping out into a cold world, which is not a world of music, inasmuch as he misses there the tones and harmonics which should envelop both him and his music, and respond to it throughout, like a congenial atmosphere and back-ground. The finest solos, as they are called, of masters like Vieuxtemps and Paganini and Sivori, presuppose orchestral shadings and responses in their whole composition, and they come forth somewhat timidly and nakedly when there is no accompaniment but the piano. Herein Boston feels its limitation as a musical city, that it does not afford the materials for a good orchestra on occasions like these. It has only musicians enough to supply (and that quite meagrely) the theatres, and, by dint of a very pains-taking and exhaustive selection, to man a symphony at the Academy about once a fortnight. Our artist however triumphed over the difficulty, as he does over all others. He changed the rawness of the atmosphere by the warmth and loveliness of his own music, and he steadily warmed with his audience, although he never for a moment lost his balance.

What we could praise before as faultless, now seemed great. The unalloyed delight which we could not refuse to perfect beauty, was now deepened by a true soul-thrill. We owned the humanity of his music; the workings of a great heart were in it, modestly veiling themselves in the very purity and perfectness of their own utterance. More and more we warmed towards the *man*, thanking him for that melodious magic by which he bridged over the distance between us. Our hearts said within us: "it is good to be with him;" and to be with him is to hear his violin. With what a joy we satisfied ourselves beyond a doubt, that we were in the presence, not merely of a wonderful performer, but of a great Artist, of one who by successful heroism of study has proved his genuine vocation to a character than which scarce any higher can be borne by man. The military hero is only the hero of the vulgar; the politician is for the most part little better; the philosopher never gets beyond abstractions; the religionist looks away to the life that is not for the life that should now be; the reformer plans and preaches and is misunderstood;—but the artist multiplies forms of beauty, shows us something *now* which is of the Imperishable, and convinces men of their capacity for heaven and harmony, and consequently of the reality of these things in spite of to-day's actual. Camillo Sivori

is such an Artist, in feeling, in design, and in attainment.

Of the peculiarities of his style of playing, and of the various points wherein its excellence is most marked, we have spoken at length before; all the difficulties and graces of the instrument are his, and newspaper critics have only to run over their whole list of scales, octaves, passages in thirds and tenths, trills, staccatos, pizzicatos, &c., &c., and pronounce him perfect in them all: we leave the finer discrimination of these matters to them; for it must be confessed, and that with pleasure, that some very clever musical criticisms are beginning to appear occasionally in the Journals of New York and Boston; though their cleverness for the most part exercises itself upon the mere externals of the art. Sivori has clearly proved himself the greatest violinist who has visited this country. Not only is he perfect in all the details and in his separate passages; but there is perfect unity in his performance as a whole. He has not of course, the wild Northern imagination of an Ole Bull; but he has all the warmth and delicacy and depth of the sunny poesy of the South; and whereas the Norwegian dissipates his mind in music, revelling in restless fantasies, vague and unconnected by any other logic than that of their mere moodiness, in Sivori's music there is symmetry and progress and completeness. Nor do we feel that he lacks any of the strength, or any of the crystal clearness and determinateness of outline, so remarkable in Vieuxtemps; while he adds far more of passion, chastened always and subdued.

Then, too, he has the modesty of a true Artist. We could not detect the slightest affectation or pretence. He lives too deeply and sincerely in his music; his look and manners are those of an innocent and beautiful child, trustingly and wonderingly following the guiding hand of Art through a boundless world of miracle and beauty. He is pleased and inspired by your applause, because he seems to want your sympathy in his deep sense of beauty and in every little triumph which rewards his faithful pursuit of it. We felt the genuineness of his own artistic character in the frank and enthusiastic manner in which he expressed his deference to the superiority of one living violinist, Ernst, whose playing, he says, moves him to the very centre of his soul.

We do not need the assurance of many who have heard Paganini, to feel convinced that all the best part of his art and style are adequately reproduced in the performance of Sivori. He is Paganini in a more pure and childlike form; without that weird and demoniacal aspect, which marked his lonely, singular experi-

ence. It is as if a great mind, struggling with much evil, and never attaining to clear expression of the good prayer at the bottom of his life, had found a fresh and childlike nature to whom he could fondly bequeath the secret of his own inmost art and purer aspirations, together with his material instrument.

The programme for the evening comprised four pieces, and all compositions of his master. First, the *Campanello*, which unfolded beauties and awakened emotions deeper than when we first heard it. The slow movement with which it opened was full of deep and sacred feeling; and the following Rondo as beautiful as it was fantastical. It suggested a mild, Italian, rural scenery, and a quiet, playful, yet poetic and religious life; the plaintive sobbing of the principal melody returning but to lose itself again in a thousand sunny fancies; and what a purity and depth of azure sky was suggested by that single clear note, in the highest region of the *harmonics*, which he would touch again and again, as if to show that there it stood, still absolutely true to its first pitch, at the same skyey level of pure tone! The delicacy of shading and transition with which the successive portions and variations of this air now insinuated and now flung themselves upon you, is only equalled in the subtle smiles and electric flashes of a most expressive face.

The variations upon *Nel cor piu*, without accompaniment, were full of novel and magical effects. Here every difficulty of execution was brought in, never obtrusively so as to distract the mind, but always in reverent subordination to the presiding poetic unity of the piece.—Wine shaken in a golden chalice seeks its level not more gracefully, than were those witching chromatic modulations swallowed up in the yesty waves of his inimitable tremolos; and never shall we forget the indescribable effect of those splashes of sound, like big rain drops, which fell fitfully ever and anon amid the wind-like rushing and gliding of his melodies, nor how they chased each other off at the close of the passage, making a sort of melody themselves.

Then came the "Prayer from Moses," executed on the fourth string. It had a body of tone nearly equal to the violoncello; and there was a depth and earnestness of expression in that prayer, of which the human voice itself is hardly capable. If Rossini had conceived no other melody but that, it would have stamped him for a genius; and to have heard that melody so brought out and transfigured as it was in this performance, is a memorable thing in one's experience. The martial theme which followed was in the extreme of contrast, full of every frolic-

icksome conceit; the melody was as it were bewitched, and mocked itself in imitations of all sorts of instruments, especially a saucy little pipe or whistle, which made you question the identity of the violin. Being tumultuously encored, the artist returned, and to our unspeakable delight commenced the *Adagio Religioso* of Ernst. This was the great thing of the evening, and displayed his abundant capacity to appreciate and to execute the deeper and less dazzling styles of music. This was music of the soul, and not of mere effect. His performance of it was truly sublime; he seemed to feel it and be filled with it, and to address himself to the task as to a religious act. The stillness of a deep emotion pervaded the whole audience; and with souls thus refreshed we could yield ourselves up all the more trustingly to the laughter-moving genius of the "Carnival," which he has to throw in, as a matter of course, at the end of every concert, before they will let him off.

There is this to be said about all the marvellous feats of Sivori's performance: that they do not weary you, like the same sort of thing in others. This is partly because they are so perfectly done; but partly also, and much more, because there is a living genius in whatever he does; the feeling of the dream is always fresh, like the memory of bright green meadows in childhood's spring,—fresh and marvellous as the story of Undine. Every one felt better and *was* better, we doubt not, from his playing. May blessings follow the pure young artist, CAMILLO SIVORI, and may he come again to bless us! There is but one regret mingled with our enjoyment of his art; and that is that the *people*, not the few and fortunate, but all men born with souls, are not allowed to hear these things. This is a fault not chargeable upon the individual, but upon the whole *social system* which makes it necessary.

#### THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Academy gave its first Concert for the season, on Saturday. The orchestra is uncommonly good; though not larger than in former winters, it is more select, and well-proportioned. We were struck with the quality of its collective tone in the *tutti* passages; it had none of the dead weight of mere noise; but was rich, and clear, and penetrating; a proper blending of many instruments in one. We have seldom heard an orchestra with so fine a voice.

The selection of music on this occasion was certainly a rich one; although there was a little too much of the warlike for our taste. We allude to the first piece, a grand thing in its way, the *Overture Guerriere*, by Lindpaintner, containing a

battle-piece; and to Donizetti's Overture to *La Fille du Regiment*, which is also warlike and full of the roll of drums. In times like these, when a nation has gone mad with the old fever of conquest, and the demoralizing process has begun of attuning the popular sentiment to false and barbarous excitement, and blunting the sensibilities to tales and scenes of blood and horror; when there is no good thing to be hoped from government or the press, it certainly is desirable that music should not prostitute its divine faculties to the same base uses. Let it not lend itself to the false work of nourishing the brutal passions, however they may shield themselves under the name of an unprincipled patriotism. Compared with our boasts of civilized refinement and high moral culture, the time should have already come when it should be disreputable for a man to hold military office; when he should lose caste by it, far more than if he became a constable or common hangman. And martial music should be odious in our ears, except so far as its tone of triumph may be dissociated from war, and regarded as the expression of nobler passions than war *can* nurture now. Indeed these "battle-pieces" are the cheapest sort of music, and no great composer should descend to them. Beethoven tried it once, in his "Vittoria Symphony," which is his only failure. But Beethoven's music is nearly all expressive of great moral struggle, of the everlasting warfare between light and darkness. This, however, has a meaning for the soul, and makes us greater while we listen. Not so with your "battle-pieces," which would awaken an imagination of the mere animal excitement of a fight.

In this overture of Donizetti's, we apprehend the drum-tap is the only element of popularity. There is nothing in Donizetti's musical ideas, sugary and feeble as they are, which demands the expansion of an orchestra. The overture in this case opens with a strange horn solo, followed by a strange mingling of clarionets and oboes, then another strange horn solo, and so on; all beautiful enough in detail, but aimless, undecided, and sufficiently wearisome, until the "Janissary music" comes in, as Beethoven called it, with its drums and triangles, making an animated close.

An overture by Reissiger gave some marrow to the first part of the concert. Then came an unexpected pleasure. Sivori was present, liked the orchestra, and felt moved to volunteer a solo,—a noble theme from Beethoven, with tremolo variations by De Beriot! It was grand, earnest music, without any flourish, and sank deep into the soul.

The second part consisted of a glorious Symphony (No. 2, in A minor) by MENDELSSOHN. We should wish to hear it several times before entering into anything like an analysis of it. It sounded

wonderfully like one of those "Songs without Words" of his, expanded to orchestral dimensions. The influence of Beethoven was perceptible in it; especially near the close of the first movement, which is like the storm in the "Pastoral Symphony;" and in the Scherzo, so like that of the Symphony in C minor. But it is only in its *structure* and its handling of the orchestral forces that this Symphony bears the impress of Beethoven; its *fiere* and its vein of melody are as unlike Beethoven, as they are unlike all others, except Mendelssohn. Even in this redeeming part of the selection the drum-bewitched genius of the evening peeped out; it was just that symphony of Mendelssohn's which ends with an *Allegro Guerriero*. But we felt this only in the Programme; in the music itself there was nothing of mere drums and cannonading, nothing of vulgar Mexican warfare.

We were pleased with the singing of Mlle Juliette De La Reintrie. She possesses a very sweet, clear and refined voice, of considerable compass; and she sings with a cheerful earnestness, hurling out her notes with a sort of spiral swing of her whole body, like a bird.

A solo on the French-horn was the pudding of the feast, and not much spice in it. We doubt not it was good horn-playing; but a French-horn solo is an absurdity in itself. In the orchestral commonwealth, your horn is your good-natured, dull, slow country body, very indispensable, but not to be made prime spokesman ever. We are sceptical about horn solos, although a great foreign horn virtuoso has just come on shore. *Nous verrons*.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, NOV. 21, 1846.

### UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS IN THE CHURCH OF HUMANITY.

When amid that crucified people, who have borne the griefs and carried the sorrows of humanity, and through whom the highest manifestations of the Divine have reached us, it was first understood that God is our Father, and that we are all brethren and members one of another; and when the law of Love was accepted as the ruling principle of life, the disciples of Him who had cast out the money changers from the temple, finding no home for his spirit in the isolated households and competitive industry based upon individual selfishness, where the capitalist devoured the laborer, and the exchanger the producer; where self-preservation caused oppression, and each man's gain was his neighbor's loss; moved by a common impulse towards Association, they shared their goods and lived in a common brotherhood.

This was yet but the crude impulsive action of the heart, no provision being made for peculiar bias of character or other individual interests. These were conciliated by the spirit of devotion to a common Cause, whose attraction was

stronger than that of any individual interest.

Their harmony was that of the bereaved family, where brothers and sisters press closer together after the parent is gone. Naturally, however, the spirit of love would suggest the material arrangements adapted to it; it would gradually conciliate interests and pursuits, and establish an industrial solidarity.

These results were prevented by external oppression and persecution. Force was then the open law of the world, and its feral character must be developed into something higher and milder under spiritual influences before it could be safe or possible for any isolated body of men to live out the law of love. Once separated on their mission of propagation, that mighty world swallowed them, and now the very name of Christianity is a stranger in the land of its birth. This should be a warning to us. *Whenever a revival of the early Christian fervor has been practically felt in any sect, they have formed associative nuclei.* A very interesting movement was that of the Port Royalists. Commencing at a time when the monastic institutions had fallen into gross sensualism, by the reform of a single nunnery; a colony of ascetic devotees was formed, who engaged in labors for common ends, in self-support and the extension of religious influence. They founded schools, they wrote, compiled and circulated books, spread themselves abroad and concentrated at certain foci. Attracted by the social and religious beauty of their life, many strangers sought them; some as boarders, others erected houses, even palaces on their domain, and the spirit of their inner movement, like that of the inner temple of the Shaker future, moulded the expression of all the outer world. This order perished by the animosity of the Jesuits, and left the church of universal unity still in the womb of time.

Many sects, in whom the religious sentiment has been the basis of social combination, have been formed and have vanished, like the imperfect *chyle cells* from whose shreds of lymph, acquiring at each dissolution a more vital plasticity, the blood globule is finally developed. In various stages of growth or decay they are more abundant than ever. They are characterized by a radical defect which restricts their attainment to a very narrow compass, and cuts them off from the prospect of a universal future. They have none of them answered, they have not even stated, the problem of a society integrally co-ordinated to man's whole nature, material and spiritual.

Here we find simplistic spiritual action, the heart going to work without the head. Next, and especially in modern times

when the oppressive combinations of capital have forced political economists into new fields of speculation, we have witnessed the strange phenomenon of men attempting to construct a great *Social Machine*—a body without a soul. We have seen a school of social reformers, in their astonishment at first discovering that the world they were living in was upside down, deny the existence of a Divine Creative principle of Love and Order, and, treating all religion as disease, and its institutions as the lumber of false Priestcraft, arrogate to themselves, as if standing unseated and independent in the order of humanity's march, the task of setting this world to rights.

These men, going to work with the head without the heart; commencing only with their own little stock of strength, must fail, however good their purposes or wise their speculations, because they have not with them Religion, the pivotal passion of the soul.

Finally, the affective principle and the intellectual principle having both separately declared themselves, the time had arrived when in the regular development of accords from discords, a religious science or a scientific religion should unite these principles; and the individual mind in which this union received its first crystalline expression was that of CHARLES FOURIER. This man has fulfilled the conditions of the problem: Given the analysis and synthesis of the springs of human action, sensuous, affective and intellectual, to discover the social order for which they are calculated, and in which the highest general welfare shall result from obtaining for each attraction of the individual soul, and for each soul of the social humanity, its highest development and gratification in convergence with the sentiment of Deity.

True to its characteristic simplism, civilization in the reception of this science has commenced by fragments; and in no attempt to organize Association has any form or outward acknowledgment been given to the religious aspiration. In the little Associations which have been attempted this has been felt and deplored; but symbols, which had once formed a beautiful vesture for the church, now hung like a tattered shroud about the gilded rottenness of dead sects, and it was not easy at once for these reformers to overcome repugnance to the forms of church organization and religious worship which had been thus profaned. The life of these little societies too, though precluded by the limitation of their means and numbers from true associative arrangements, was so far one of devoted brotherhood as to be felt as a sort of worship in itself.

Whatever may have been or may be

again the virtue of these societies, the necessity for some higher and more intimate bond of union and focus of action among the Associationists of America is deeply felt. We need the strength of membership in a Church of Humanity. We would feel that, when two or three of us are gathered together in God's name for the service of our race, his spirit goes with us. A thousand millions of our fellow creatures are living in social chaos and industrial conflict, destroying, oppressing and hating each other, marring with crime and misery God's fair creation; and we who have learned the secret of possible harmony, are but a little handful, without money and without power. The world is too heavy to be borne on our shoulders. We stand appalled at the task of regeneration before us. We ourselves are sunk in the evils we deplore, and we feel that we can do nothing that shall stand, unless God work with us.

That we may consecrate ourselves to the marriage of science and religion in a true society, it is proposed to establish in the city of Boston a religious union, which we may feel to be a faint foreshadowing of the Church of Association, based upon the Brotherhood of Humanity and the Law of Love, which shall devote itself to the promulgation of these principles and of the science of their practical embodiment, and which shall tend as its definite aim to the association of its members in the industrial, political, religious and social unity of a true society.

The Associative movement is essentially a religious and a Christian movement in its very nature, its purpose being nothing less than to remould all the outward institutions and relations of society in harmony with the spirit of Christ, and to make society, what it is not now, the body of Christianity. The movement, therefore, to be effectual, must recognize its own religious origin and mission. At the centre of all its practical organizations, whether for promulgation of the Associative doctrine or for actual experiment of the Associative life, must the sacred fire be lit upon the altar of united, reverent and devout hearts. There must be a sacred communion of souls looking up to God, and renewing their vows daily and continually before Him. In a word, there must be the first germ of the Associative, the Unitary Church; not a church in any narrow, or sectarian sense, but a church in the sense of that profound conviction which we have that all mankind are *one*, and that only in the unity of each with all, can the true God be known.

As the appropriate and truest name for such an assemblage of worshippers, a name than which none could be more expressive of the spirit of Christianity,

"THE CHURCH OF HUMANITY" has been suggested.

It is moreover the cherished hope of all the friends of the cause, whose feelings we have heard expressed, that the services of our inspiring and beloved brother, WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, may be secured, for the initiation and future conduct of this beautiful and solemn worship, for which we feel that there is so broad and deep a basis, as well as a demand so earnest, in the Associative faith.

We commend this matter to the earnest consideration of all our friends. In a short time we shall be prepared with a more definite statement of the plan, as well as with some report of progress.

### SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The times are ripe for a peaceful, social revolution. The present order of society satisfies no one. It is made up of malcontents, who more or less boldly express their disgusts. The most favored, as they are deemed, are far from being the most happy. No felicity of outward circumstances can compensate for the want of the highest spiritual nutriment. Most men are in a false position; their daily pursuits and environment are not in accordance with their deepest aspirations; they are conscious of a terrible want; nothing gives them rest; nor can they obtain serenity, much less interior joy, in a social organization, which, in every arrangement, violates some of the most sacred laws of nature.

Every day brings new proofs of the misery inevitable in such a condition of things. It is truly lamentable to witness the perversion and waste of intellect, the prostitution of glorious powers, the heart-sickening anxieties, the apathy of spirit, the destruction of vital energy, which grow out of an order of society where chance is the presiding deity,—where the laws of divine harmony are not recognized, and where more care and skill are bestowed on the construction of a spinning-jenny, or the cultivation of a cabbage, than on the integral development of human nature.

We find in a recent "Deutsche Schnellpost," an extract from a letter of a distinguished Professor in a German University to a friend in America, which we will here quote in illustration of our remarks. "You will perceive from my Journal for 1845 and 1846, (supposing that the packet has reached you,) that I, who to my thirtieth year was so staunch a German and Prussian, have every month become more and more dissatisfied with the present state of affairs, so that I am now almost ripe for America or a Prussian fortress. I must regret, it is true, giving up such a secure income as I now receive, and a situation which always had

many agreeable circumstances; but it is out of the question to remain in it; the conflict is too great, though the position is altogether negative, to allow a free exercise of activity. We cannot work, even in opposition, unless we are sure of the fundamental principles on which we profess to stand. This is by no means the case with me: for I regard the whole organization of State, Church, and School, as the Babylonish harlot, which I should rejoice to annihilate. It has taken some years to bring me to these convictions; but now that I have gained them, in Europe I am (since no party has an idea of education independent of the State) a barbarian, because no one understands me. It is a miserable age, in which we live. In Germany, public rights, in America, private rights, are not respected. Here, we are consumed in fruitless indignation against the despotic authority of governments and the slavish disposition of the people who submit to it; there, the necessity of bearing the fate of human nature, prevents what might almost seem a controversy with the Deity."

The writer goes on to say that he proposes to make a tour of some months in America, in order to become a farmer in the Far West. But this can only palliate the evil, not remove it. The roots of the prevalent social wretchedness have struck deep even into the virgin soil of the young West. No change of place can bring health to the spirit that has been sickened by false and pernicious social institutions. We breathe the atmosphere, more or less poisonous, wherever we go. In fact, the human soul is now, as it were, imprisoned within the lifeless and mouldering body of the Past; it has not yet attained to the resurrection from the dead; and the present sufferings and convulsions which exhibit such a gloomy aspect to the merely superficial observer, are but the throes of nature previous to entering upon a new life of unutterable beauty and joy.

In these remarks we do but utter convictions that are cherished by thousands already, and that are winning new and strong converts every day. The desire is intensely felt for an order of society which shall do justice to human nature. Men are outraged by the predominance which is given to trade, to politics, to the acquisition of wealth, to superficial and unavailing schemes of philanthropy, and by the neglect and degradation into which the holiest rights of humanity are sunk by the institutions of modern society. They demand with a loud voice,—a voice which, echoed and re-echoed from the most opposite quarters, is beginning to be heard every where,—a more liberal and rational education for their children,

a guaranty for material support by the freedom of labor and the freedom of the soil, a more equal distribution of the products of industry, a more practical application of the spirit of Christianity to the arrangements of society, a more efficient helpfulness, and a universal unity of interest in the intercourse of men.

The time has come, not only for the promulgation, but for the realization of these demands. Society is ready to assume a new shape, to be moulded into new forms of dignity and grace by the spirit of harmony which is the law of God. This is the faith of many, burned into their hearts in the fiery letters of deep experience. They are now called on to unite, in an efficient compact, for the fulfilment of the great hope of their lives. The way is plain before them. Success depends on their union of action. Let them combine, in the first place, for the furtherance of their views; let them spare no pains to spread their convictions; let them establish a living Apostolate for the promulgation of the sublime doctrines of social unity; and then, the next step will be to institute an experiment for the practical organization of an Association, which shall possess every element of success that can be secured by combined councils, adequate material resources, and the devotion of experience, wisdom, energy, and perseverance to its interests.

Friends of Association! Believers in the advent of a new Social Order! Now is the time for your united action. If you are but two or three in a village, you can exert an influence which will be felt on the general movement. Combine under some organization for the promotion of your principles. The approaching winter must not pass away, without vigorous systematic efforts for promulgation. Let the American Union be furnished with ample means for lectures, publications, and other instruments of propagation. Let the work be now commenced in earnest, on which such lofty hopes depend.

### SWEDENBORG ASSOCIATION.

We have before had occasion to notice prospectively the operations of this society in London. We are glad to understand from the annexed circular which has recently been put into our hands, that our best anticipations of its services to Science are to be realized. We also hear from Mr. Wilkinson that the Latin Edition of the works mentioned below, is now in press. We trust that nothing may delay the accomplishment of the translation. The essay on the Doctrine of Forms, especially, we shall look for with impatience. We hope it may throw light on a subject which, in what is already published, Swedenborg only

touches on in the most tantalizing manner.

The Circular, it will be noticed, seems to regard these writings rather in their relation to the so-called New Church than in their scientific and philosophic character. For our own part we confess that it is chiefly in the latter aspect that we value and admire them. Not that we deny them a high use in the formation of the New Church, but to our minds that title is too profoundly and broadly significant to be applied to any special ecclesiastical organization that has yet been formed.

"27 Shipperton Cottages, Islington,  
September 22, 1846.

"DEAR SIR,—The Swedenborg Association has, within the last week, received from the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, the loan of a most interesting philosophical and scientific MS. of Swedenborg.

"This MS. treats on the Human Brain, and contains besides an elaborate Essay on the Doctrine of Forms; a subject but cursorily mentioned by the Author in his published Works. The Third Chapter of the MS. is exclusively devoted to the consideration of *Diseases, seriatim*, and forms a succinct body of Philosophical Pathology. In this new field into which we thus find Swedenborg entering, his remarks and induction are as penetrating and as satisfactory as in those other walks where he more constantly studied. In fact, to the New Church generally, and to the medical men of the Church in particular, the Chapter on Diseases will be a boon as great as it is unexpected.

"At the end of this MS. there are various other short treatises, which will form part of a *Course of Philosophical Tracts for the Service of the Church*.

"The publication, in Latin and English, of the whole of these treasures, will be prosecuted by the Swedenborg Association, provided it meets with support in the undertaking. But the means of the Association are so small, that unless a few very liberal subscriptions are made for the production of the original Latin, (which both foreign countries and posterity have a right to demand of us prior to or simultaneously with the translation,) it will not be justified in taking this needful step. In this matter the Council throws itself upon your generosity, and trusts that you will also procure contributions for the purpose from others.

"The translation of the whole is undertaken by Mr. Wilkinson, whose version of the *Animal Kingdom* is known to the Church. It will be published in Parts, varying in price from one shilling to one and sixpence each, and issued every month with the magazines; to commence on the first of January, 1747, and to be completed, D. V., within the year.

"The first Part will contain the following tracts.—

"1. *The Way to a knowledge of the Soul.*

"2. *Faith and Good Works.*

"3. *The Red Blood.*

"Mr. Newbery, the publisher to the Association, 6, King St., Holborn, will receive the names of subscribers to the translation, as well as subscriptions or donations to the Latin edition.

"In conclusion it may be observed, that in aiding the Association to produce this work, you will inflict another blow on the senseless outcry and prejudice that has too long accompanied the name of Swedenborg, and which has already been shaken so considerably by the publication of his philosophical works.

"E. RICH,  
"Secretary to the Council."

TO THE FRIENDS OF ASSOCIATION IN VERMONT. We are happy to be able to state that, by appointment of the Executive Committee of the American Union of Associationists, JOHN ALLEN and JOHN ORVIS commence this week a lecturing tour through a part of the State of Vermont. They propose to make Pittsford the centre of their operations, where they will probably lecture this very evening. From thence they will proceed to visit the friends in Waterbury, Montpelier, Vergennes, and other places to which they may be called.

The objects of their mission are:—

1. To confirm and unite those who are already interested in the Associative movement, by organizing Affiliated Societies, or branches of the American Union.

2. To call public attention every where to the necessity and practicability of a great social change, whereby a Divine Order, based on unity of interests, may supersede the present competitive chaos and disorder; and as far as possible to unfold the principles of Social Science as discovered by CHARLES FOURIER.

3. To procure subscriptions to the Harbinger, as well as to the funds of the "Union," for the support of lecturers, the publication of tracts, and so forth.

Their address, until further notice, will be "Pittsford, Vt." And it is hoped that wherever there are two or three believers gathered together in any town or village of that region, they will invite our missionaries among them, and make arrangements for a public meeting. One or both of the lecturers will strive to be in readiness to answer every such call.

To our friends in general, in whatever direction, who may desire a lecturer, we would say: address (in the absence of the Corresponding Secretary of the A. U. A.) either George Ripley, President, or John S. Dwight, Secretary of the Executive Committee, at Brook Farm; and if the distance be not too great, and the means be at our command, they shall not apply in vain.

#### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We are happy to announce to the friends of the Harbinger that it will be continued. We have reason to expect that it will be put upon a permanent foundation, so as not again to call for aid beyond their best endeavors in maintaining and extending its subscription list. We

can also say that improvements both in its form and substance are contemplated, by which it will be rendered more worthy of the cause to which it is devoted and of the remarkable favor with which it has been received. Of these we shall speak more definitely at the earliest opportunity. Meanwhile let our friends not delay to forward their subscriptions, and to send those of every other person whom they can procure.

#### BROOK FARM SCHOOL.

THE course of study in this School comprises 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. Young men are fitted for College, or for commercial pursuits, or are instructed in the higher branches usually taught in the University.

The School is under the immediate direction of Mr. and Mrs. RIPLEY, assisted by experienced teachers in the different departments.

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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# THE HARBINGER,

## DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

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### MISCELLANY.

Translated for the Harbinger.

#### THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT, SEQUEL TO CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

XXVI.

It was still necessary to wait twenty-four hours after receiving the letter.—Matteus declared he would rather cut off his hand than ask to see the prince after midnight. At breakfast the next morning he showed himself a little more expansive even than the day before, and Consuelo thought she perceived that the imprisonment of the chevalier had embittered him against the prince, so far as to give him quite a strong inclination to be indiscreet for the first time in his life. Still, when she had made him talk for more than an hour, she remarked that she was no further advanced than before. Whether he pretended simplicity in order to study the thoughts and feelings of Consuelo, or whether he really knew nothing of the existence of the Invisibles, and the part his master took in their acts, the fact was that Consuelo found herself bewildered in a strange confusion of contradictory notions. In all that referred to the social position of the prince, Matteus intrenched himself behind the impossibility of forgetting the rigorous silence which had been imposed upon him. He shrugged his shoulders, it is true, when speaking of that strange injunction. He confessed that he did not comprehend the necessity of wearing a mask in order to communicate with the persons who, at more or less remote intervals, and for more or less long periods, succeed each other in the pavilion. He *could not help saying* that his master had some inexplicable caprices and was employed about incomprehensible matters; but all curiosity, as well as all indiscretion, was paral-

alyzed in him by the fear of terrible punishments, respecting the nature of which he did not explain himself. In fine, Consuelo learned nothing, except that some singular things took place at the chateau, that they hardly slept there at night, that all the domestics had seen spirits, and that Matteus himself, who declared that he was brave and devoid of prejudice, had often met, during winter, in the park, at times when the prince was absent and the chateau deserted, figures which made him shudder, which had entered he knew not how, and departed in the same manner. All this threw no new light upon Consuelo's situation. She was obliged to resign herself and wait until evening to send this new petition:

"Whatever may be the consequences to myself, I earnestly and humbly ask to appear before the tribunal of the Invisibles."

The day seemed to her mortally long; she endeavored to master her impatience and anxiety by singing all that she had composed in prison respecting the sorrows and ennui of solitude, and she ended this rehearsal at nightfall with the sublime air of Almirena in the *Rinaldo* of Handel:

Lascia ch'io pianga  
La dura sorte,  
E ch'io sospiri  
La Libertà.

Hardly had she finished when a violin of extraordinary vibration repeated on the outside the admirable strain she had just uttered, with an expression as profound and as sad as her own. Consuelo ran to the window, but could see no one, and the music was lost in the distance. It seemed to her that such an instrument and such remarkable playing could belong only to count Albert; but she soon drove away this thought, as forming part of the series of painful illusions, dangerous to her reason, from which she had already suffered so much. She had never heard Albert play a single passage of modern music, and none but a diseased mind could persist in evoking his spectre

every time the sound of a violin was heard. Nevertheless this emotion troubled Consuelo and cast her into such sad and absorbing reveries that not until nine o'clock in the evening did she remark that Matteus had brought her neither dinner nor supper, and that she was fasting since the morning. This circumstance made her fear that Matteus, like the chevalier, had fallen a victim to the interest he had shown for her. Doubtless the walls had eyes and ears. Perhaps Matteus had said too much; he had murmured a little about the disappearance of Livorani; this was probably enough to cause him to share his fate.

This new anxiety prevented Consuelo from feeling the discomfort of hunger. Still the evening advanced. Matteus did not appear; she ventured to ring. No one came. She experienced great weakness, and especially great consternation. Leaning upon the sill of her window, her head resting on her hands, she was recalling in her brain, already somewhat troubled by the sufferings of inanition, the strange events of her life, and asked herself if this was the remembrance of a reality or of a long dream, when a hand cold as marble was placed upon her head and a deep bass voice uttered these words: "Your request is granted—follow me." Consuelo, who had not yet thought of lighting her apartment, but who had hitherto clearly distinguished objects in the twilight, tried to look at the person who spoke to her. She suddenly found herself in darkness as thick as if the atmosphere had become compact and the starry sky a vault of lead. She raised her hand to her forehead deprived of air, and recognized a hood at once light and impenetrable, like that which Cagliostro had once thrown over her head without her feeling it. Drawn by an invisible hand she descended the staircase of the pavilion, but she soon perceived that it had more steps than she remembered, and it entered subterranean passages in which she walked more than half an hour. Fatigue, hunger, emotion and an overpower-

\* 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.



ing heat slackened her steps more and more, and, ready to swoon every instant, she was tempted to ask for a respite. But a certain pride which made her fear the appearance of falling back from her resolution, impelled her to struggle courageously. At last she reached the end of her journey and was placed upon a seat. She heard at this moment an ominous sound, like that of a tam-tam, slowly strike the midnight hour, and at the twelfth stroke the hood was lifted from her brow bathed in moisture.

She was at first dazzled by the brightness of lights which, arranged upon the same spot in front of her, formed a large flaming cross upon the wall. When her eyes could bear this transition, she saw that she was in a vast hall of gothic style, the vaulted ceiling of which, divided into elliptic arches, resembled that of a deep dungeon or of a subterranean chapel. At the extremity of this chamber, the aspect and illumination of which were really ominous, she distinguished seven persons enveloped in red cloaks, their faces covered with masks of a livid white which made them resemble corpses. They were seated behind a long table of black marble. In front of the table and on a lower platform an eighth spectre, dressed in black with a white mask, was also seated. On each side of the lateral walls about twenty men, in black masks and cloaks, were arranged in profound silence. Consuelo turned and saw behind her other black phantoms. At each door there were two standing, each with a long shining sword in his hand.

Under other circumstances Consuelo would perhaps have said to herself that all this gloomy ceremonial was but a play, one of those trials of which she had heard at Berlin respecting the free-mason lodges. But besides that the free-masons did not constitute themselves a tribunal, or claim the right of causing uninitiated persons to appear in their secret assemblies, she was disposed, from all that had preceded this scene, to find it serious, even terrifying. She perceived that she trembled visibly, and without the five minutes of profound silence in which the assembly remained, she would not have had strength to recover herself and to prepare to answer.

At last, the eighth judge rose and made a sign to the two introducers, who stood, sword in hand, on the right and left of Consuelo, to lead her to the foot of the tribunal, where she remained standing in a somewhat forced attitude of calmness and courage.

"Who are you—and what is your request?" said the man in black without rising.

Consuelo was for some moments speechless; finally she took courage, and re-

plied: "I am Consuelo, a cantatrice by profession, called the Zingarella, and the Porporina."

"Have you no other name?" resumed the interrogator.

Consuelo hesitated, then she said: "I could claim another, but I have pledged myself on my honor never to do so."

"Do you hope, then, to conceal anything from this tribunal? Do you think that you are before common judges, chosen to decide on common matters in the name of a stupid and blind law? Why do you come here if you expect to impose upon us by vain evasions? Name yourself, make yourself known for what you are, or retire."

"You who know what I am, doubtless also know that my silence is a duty, and you will encourage me to persist in it."

One of the red cloaks leaned forward, made a sign to one of the black cloaks, and in an instant all the latter left the hall, excepting the examiner, who remained in his place and resumed in these words:

"Countess de Rudolstadt, now that the examination becomes secret, and you are alone in the presence of your judges, will you deny that you are legitimately married to the count Albert Podiebrad, called de Rudolstadt by the pretensions of his family?"

"Before replying to that question," said Consuelo with firmness, "I request to know what authority controls me here, and what law obliges me to recognize it?"

"What law, then, do you pretend to invoke? Is it a divine or a human law? The social law still places you under the absolute control of Frederick II., king of Prussia, elector of Brandebourg, from whose territory we have carried you off in order to rescue you from an indefinite captivity, and from misfortunes still more horrible, as you know!"

"I know," said Consuelo, bending her knee, "that an eternal gratitude binds me to you. I therefore pretend to invoke only the divine law, and I beseech you to define to me that of gratitude. Does it command me to bless you and to devote myself to you from the bottom of my heart? I accept it; but if it prescribes to me to disobey, for the sake of pleasing you, the dictates of my conscience, ought I not to refuse? Be yourselves the judges."

"May you have strength to think and act in the world as you speak! But the circumstances which place you here before us are removed from all common reasoning. We are above all human law, as you may have seen from our power. We are above all human considerations; prejudices of fortune, of rank and of birth, scruples and niceties of position,

fear of opinion, even respect for engagements contracted with the ideas and persons of the world, nothing of all this has any meaning for us, or value in our eyes, when, assembled far from the eyes of men and armed with the sword of the justice of God, we weigh in the hollow of our hand the trifles of your frivolous and timid existence. Explain yourself, therefore, without evasion, before us, who are the support, the family and the living law of every free being. We cannot listen to you unless we know in what quality you appear here. Is it the Zingarella Consuelo, or is it the countess de Rudolstadt that invokes us?"

"The countess de Rudolstadt, having renounced all her rights in society, has none to claim here. The Zingarella Consuelo—"

"Stop, and weigh the words you have just uttered. If your husband were alive, would you have the right to withdraw your faith, to abjure his name, to reject his fortune; in a word, to become again the Zingarella Consuelo, in order to gratify the childish and senseless pride of his family and caste?"

"No, certainly."

"And do you think that death has forever broken your ties? Do you owe neither respect, nor love, nor fidelity to the memory of Albert?"

Consuelo blushed and was troubled, then again became pale. The idea that they were about, like Cagliostro and the count de Saint Germain, to speak to her of the possible resurrection of Albert, and even to show her an apparition, filled her with such terror that she could not answer.

"Wife of Albert Podiebrad," resumed the examiner, "your silence condemns you. Albert is entirely dead to you, and your marriage is in your eyes only an incident of your adventurous life, without any consequence, without any obligation for the future. Zingara, you may retire. We were interested in your fate only on account of your connection with the most excellent of men. You are not worthy of our love, for you were not worthy of his. We do not regret having restored you to liberty; for every reparation of the evils inflicted by despotism is a duty and delight to us. But our protection will go no further. To-morrow, you will leave the asylum we had granted you in the hope that you would issue from it purified and sanctified. You will return to the world, to the chimera of glory, to the intoxication of vain passions. May God have pity upon you; we abandon you without recourse."

Consuelo remained for some moments overpowered by this sentence. A few days earlier she would not have received it without appeal; but the words, *rain*

passions, which had been uttered, brought before her eyes at this instant the senseless love she had conceived for the unknown, and which she had cherished in her heart, almost without examination and without a struggle. She was humiliated in her own eyes, and the decision of the "Invisibles" appeared to her just in certain respects. The austerity of their language inspired her with respect mingled with terror, and she no longer thought of rebelling against the right they claimed of judging and condemning her as a person subject to their authority. It is very rare, whatever may be our natural pride or the blamelessness of our life, that we do not feel the ascendancy of a serious word which unexpectedly accuses us; and that, instead of discussing with it, we do not examine ourselves to see, before all, if we do not deserve the blame. Consuelo did not feel herself above all reproach, and the solemnity displayed around her rendered her position singularly painful. Still, she recalled to her mind that she had not asked to appear before this tribunal without being prepared and resigned to its rigor. She had come resolved to submit to admonitions, to any punishment even, if necessary, provided the chevalier were exculpated or pardoned. Laying aside, therefore, all self-love, she accepted the reproaches without bitterness, and for some moments meditated a reply.

"It is possible that I deserve this severe malediction," said she at last; "I am far from being satisfied with myself; but on coming here I had formed an idea of the Invisibles which I wish to tell you. The little I had learned of you from public rumor, and the benefit of the liberty which I receive from you, had led me to think that you were men as perfect in virtue as you were powerful in society. If you are such as I am glad to believe, whence comes it that you repulse me so suddenly, without having indicated to me the path I must follow in order to escape from error and to become worthy of your protection? I know that for the sake of Albert de Rudolstadt, the most excellent of men, as you have rightly named him, his widow deserved some interest; but were I not the wife of Albert, or even were I always unworthy of being so, the Zingara Consuelo, the girl without name, without family and without country, has not she, also, some rights to your paternal care? Suppose that I am a great sinner, are you not like the kingdom of heaven, in which the conversion of one cursed causes more joy than the perseverance of a hundred elect? In fine, if the law which assembles and inspires you be a divine law, you are wanting to it in repelling me. You have undertaken, you say, to purify and sanctify me. Try to

raise my soul to the height of your own. I am ignorant and not rebellious. Prove to me that you are holy by showing yourselves patient and merciful, and I will accept you as my masters and models."

There was a moment of silence. The examiner turned towards the judges and they seemed to consult together. At last, one of them spoke and said:

"Consuelo, you presented yourself here with pride; why are you not willing to retire in the same manner? We had the right to blame you, because you came here to question us. We have no right to bind your conscience and take possession of your life, unless you voluntarily and freely abandon to us both the one and the other. Can we ask of you this sacrifice? You do not know us. This tribunal, the holiness of which you invoke, is perhaps the most perverse, or at least the most audacious that has ever acted in darkness against the principles which govern the world: what do you know of it? And if we had to reveal to you the profound science of an entirely new virtue, would you have the courage to devote yourself to so long and so arduous a study before knowing the object? Can we ourselves feel confidence in the persevering faith of a neophyte so badly prepared as you are? We should perhaps have important secrets to confide to you, and we could find a guarantee only in your generous instincts; we know enough of them to believe in your discretion; but we have no need of discreet confidants; we do not want for such. We require, to fulfil the law of God, fervent disciples, free from all prejudices, from all selfishness, from all frivolous passions, from all worldly habits. Descend into yourself—can you make all these sacrifices for us? Can you model your actions and guide your life by the instincts which you feel and by the principles which we would give you to develop them? Woman, artist, child! would you dare reply that you can associate yourself with serious men to labor at the work of the ages?"

"All that you say is very serious, in truth," replied Consuelo, "and I hardly understand it. Will you give me time to reflect upon it? Do not drive me from your bosom without having interrogated my heart. I know not if it be worthy of the light which you can shed upon it. But what sincere soul is unworthy of the truth? How can I be useful to you? I am terrified at my impotence. Woman and artist, that is to say, child! But to protect me as you have done, you must have foreseen something in me. And I—something tells me that I ought not to leave you without having attempted to prove my gratitude. Do not banish me; try to instruct me."

"We grant you eight days more for reflection," said the judge in a red robe, who had already spoken; "but you must first pledge your honor not to make the least attempt to know where you are, or who are the persons whom you see here. You must also pledge yourself not to leave the enclosure reserved for your walks, even should you see the doors open and the spectres of your dearest friends beckoning to you. You must not address any questions to the people who wait upon you, nor to any one who may clandestinely obtain admittance to you."

"That shall never happen," replied Consuelo, earnestly; "I pledge myself, if you wish, never to receive any one without your consent; and, in return, I humbly ask of you the favor—"

"You have no favor to ask of us, no conditions to propose. All the requirements of your soul and body have been provided for during the time you have to pass here. If you regret any relative, any friend, any domestic, you are free to depart. Solitude, or a society regulated as we determine, will be your lot with us."

"I ask nothing for myself; but I have been told that one of your friends, one of your disciples, or servants, (for I am ignorant of the rank he may hold among you,) was subjected to a severe punishment on my account. I am ready to accuse myself of the faults imputed to him, and it was for this purpose that I requested to appear before you."

"Is it a sincere and detailed confession which you offer to make to us?"

"If necessary for his acquittal; though it would be a strange moral torture for a woman to confess herself aloud before eight men—"

"Spare yourself that humiliation. We should have no guarantee of your sincerity, and, besides, we have not as yet any right over you. What you said, what you did an hour since, enters for us into your past. But reflect that from this instant it is our prerogative to fathom the most secret depths of your soul. It is for you to keep that soul pure enough to be always ready to unveil it before us without suffering and without shame."

"Your generosity is delicate and paternal. But this refers not to me alone. Another expiates my faults. Ought I not to justify him?"

"That is not your province. If there be any one to blame among us, he will exculpate himself, not by vain excuses and rash allegations, but by acts of courage, of devotedness and of virtue. If his soul has faltered, we will raise it up, and help him to conquer himself. You speak of severe punishment: we inflict only moral punishments. That man, whoever he may be, is our equal, our

friend, our brother; there are among us neither masters, nor servants, nor subjects, nor princes: false reports have doubtless misled you. Go in peace and sin not."

At this last word the examiner rang a bell; the two men in black, masked and armed, entered, and replacing the hood upon Consuelo's head, they reconducted her to the pavilion by the same subterranean windings through which she had passed on leaving it.

## XXVII.

Consuelo, having no further reason, after the benevolent and paternal language of the Invisibles, to be seriously anxious respecting the chevalier, and thinking that Matteus did not see very clearly in the matter, experienced a great relief of mind on leaving that mysterious conventicle. All that had been said to her floated in her imagination like rays behind a cloud; and anxiety and the effort of her will no longer sustaining her, she soon felt an insurmountable fatigue in walking. Hunger made itself felt quite cruelly, the gummed hood stifled her. She stopped several times, was obliged to accept the arms of her guides in order to continue her advance, and on reaching her chamber she fainted away. A few moments afterwards she felt restored by a smelling-bottle which was presented to her, and by the fresh air which circulated in the apartment. Then she remarked that the men who had brought her back hurriedly departed, while Matteus hastened to serve up a very excellent supper, and the little masked doctor, who had thrown her into a lethargy in order to bring her to that residence, was feeling her pulse and bestowing his attention upon her. She easily recognized him by his wig, and his voice, which she had heard somewhere, but was not able to say under what circumstances.

"Dear doctor," said she, smiling, "I believe the best prescription will be to let me sup very quickly. I have no other trouble than hunger; but I beseech you to spare me this time the coffee which you prepare so well. I believe I should no longer have strength to bear it."

"The coffee prepared by me," replied the doctor, "is a very valuable calumative. But be tranquil, madam countess: my prescription has nothing similar. Will you now trust to me and let me sup with you? The will of his highness is that I shall not leave you until you are completely restored, and I think that, in half an hour, the repast will have completely driven away this weakness."

"If such be his highness' good pleasure, and your own, sir doctor, it will also be mine to have the honor of your company at supper," said Consuelo, while

Matteus rolled her arm-chair to the table.

"It will not be useless to you," returned the doctor, beginning to demolish a superb pheasant pie, and carve the birds with the dexterity of a consummate practitioner. "Without me, you would allow yourself to be carried away by the unconquerable voracity experienced after a long fast, and you might make yourself ill. I, who do not fear such an inconvenience, will be careful to count your morsels to you, by putting double upon my own plate."

The voice of this gastronomic doctor attracted Consuelo's attention in spite of herself. But her surprise was great when, abruptly taking off his mask, he placed it on the table, saying: "The devil take this nonsense, which prevents my breathing, and tasting what I eat!" Consuelo shuddered on recognizing in this bon-vivant physician him whom she had seen at her husband's death-bed, doctor Superville, first physician to the margravine of Bareith. She had afterwards seen him at a distance at Berlin, without having the courage to look at or speak to him. At this moment, the contrast of his gluttonous appetite with the emotion and dejection she experienced, recalled to her the dryness of his ideas and conversation in the midst of the anguish and sorrow of the Rudolstadt family, and she had a difficulty in concealing from him the disagreeable impression he occasioned her. But Superville, absorbed by the flavor of the pheasant, appeared to pay no attention to her trouble.

Matteus completed the ridiculousness of the situation in which the doctor had placed himself, by an artless exclamation. That circumspect servant had waited upon him five minutes without perceiving that his face was uncovered, and it was only when he took the mask for the covering of the pâté, and was about to place it methodically over the open breach, that he cried out with terror: "Mercy! sir doctor, you have let your face fall upon the table!"

"The devil take that face of cloth, say I. I can never accustom myself to eat with it. Put it in a corner; you will give it back to me when I go out."

"As you please, sir doctor," said Matteus, with an air of consternation. "I wash my hands of the matter. But your lordship is not ignorant that I am obliged every evening to give an exact account of all that is done and said here. Though I might say that your face was unfastened by mistake, I cannot deny that madam has seen what was under it."

"Very well, my honest man. You will make your report," said the doctor, without being disconcerted.

"And you will remark, Mr. Matteus,"

observed Consuelo, "that I in no way incited the doctor to this disobedience, and that it is not my fault if I recognized him."

"Be perfectly tranquil, madam," returned Superville, with his mouth full. "The prince is not so much of a devil as he is black, and I do not fear him. I shall tell him that since he authorized me to sup with you, he authorized me by that very act to free myself from every obstacle to mastication and deglutition. Besides, I had the honor to be too well known by you for the sound of my voice not to have betrayed me already. It is therefore a vain formality which I laid aside, and the prince will himself make light of it first of all."

"No matter, sir doctor," said Matteus, much shocked, "I would rather you should play that joke than I."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders, laughed at the timid Matteus, ate enormously and drank in proportion, after which, Matteus having retired to change the service, he drew his chair somewhat nearer to Consuelo, lowered his voice, and spoke thus:

"Dear signora, I am not so much of a gourmand as I appear, (Superville having eaten quite enough, could say this at his ease); my object in coming to sup with you was to give you information respecting important matters which particularly interest you."

"From whom, and in whose name do you wish to reveal those things to me, sir?" said Consuelo, who remembered the promise she had just made the Invisibles.

"In my own full right, and by my own free will," replied Superville. "Do not be anxious therefore. I am no spy, and I speak with open heart, not caring much if my words are repeated."

Consuelo thought for a moment that her duty was absolutely to close the doctor's mouth, in order not to render herself an accomplice of his treachery; but she also thought that a man so devoted to the Invisibles as to undertake to half poison people, in order to bring them while unconscious to that chateau, could not act as he did without being secretly authorized. "This is a snare that is laid for me," thought she. "This is the commencement of a series of trials. Let me be attentive and observe the attack."

"It is necessary, madam," continued the doctor, "that I should tell you where and in whose house you are."

"Here we are," said Consuelo, to herself; she hastened to reply: "Many thanks, sir doctor; I have not asked you, and I wish not to know."

"Ta, ta ta!" resumed Superville, "we have fallen into the romantic train

to which the prince delights to lead all his friends. But don't believe seriously in these idle stories; the least that could happen to you would be to become crazy, and to swell his retinue of deranged and visionary persons. I have no intention, on my part, to fail in the promise I have given him not to tell you his name or that of the place in which you are. It is that moreover which should affect you least; for it would only be a satisfaction to your curiosity, and it is not that disease which I wish to treat in you; it is an excess of confidence, on the contrary. You may therefore learn, without disobeying him and without the risk of displeasing him, (I am interested not to betray you,) that you are here in the house of the best and the most absurd of old men. A man of wit, a philosopher, a soul courageous and tender even to heroism, even to madness. A dreamer who treats the ideal as a reality and life as a romance. A savan who, in consequence of reading the writings of sages and searching for the quintessence of ideas, has come, like Don Quixote, after reading all his books of chivalry, to take inns for chateaus, galley slaves for innocent victims, and wind-mills for monsters. In fine, a saint, if you consider only the beauty of his intentions; a fool if you weigh their result. He has imagined, among other things, a network of permanent and universal conspiracy, to hamper and paralyze the action of the wicked in the world: 1st, to oppose and thwart the tyranny of government; 2d, to reform the immorality or the barbarity of the laws which govern society; 3d, to pour into the hearts of all men of courage and devotedness the enthusiasm of his propaganda and the zeal of his doctrines. Nothing more than that! eh! And he thinks he shall succeed! Still, if he were seconded by some sincere and reasonable men, the little good he succeeds in doing might bear its fruits! But, unfortunately, he is surrounded by a clique of intriguers and audacious impostors, who pretend to share his faith and aid his projects, and who make use of his credit to get possession of good places in all the courts of Europe, not without dexterously conveying to their own pockets the greater part of the money destined for good works. That is the man, and such are his confidants. It is for you to judge in what hands you are, and if this generous protection, which has so happily rescued you from the claws of little Fritz, does not risk letting you fall still worse in attempting to raise you to the clouds. Now you are warned. Distrust fine promises, beautiful discourses, scenes of tragedy, slight-of-hand tricks by Cagliostro, Saint Germain and company."

"Are these two last personages here

now?" asked Consuelo, rather troubled, and wavering between the danger of being deceived by the doctor and the probability of his assertions.

"I don't know," replied he. "Every thing passes mysteriously. There are two chateaus: one visible and palpable, to which you see come people of the world who imagine nothing, in which fêtes are given, in which is displayed all the ceremony of a princely, frivolous and inoffensive existence. That chateau covers and conceals the other, which is a little subterranean world quite skillfully masked. In the invisible chateau are elucubrated all the brown studies of his highness. Innovators, reformers, inventors, sorcerers, prophets, alchemists, all architects of a new society always ready, according to them, to swallow the old one to-morrow or the day after; such are the mysterious guests who are received, lodged, and consulted without the knowledge of any one on the surface of the soil, or at least without any profane person being able to explain the noises in the cellars, otherwise than by the presence of wandering ghosts and meddling spirits in the lower stories of the building. Now conclude: the said characters may be a hundred leagues off, for they are great travellers by nature, or a hundred paces from us in good chambers with secret doors and double walls. They say that this old chateau formerly served as a rendezvous for the franc-judges, and that afterwards, in consequence of certain hereditary traditions, the ancestors of our prince have always amused themselves by contriving terrible conspiracies, which have never, so far as I know, produced anything. That is an old custom of the country, and the most illustrious brains are not those least addicted to it. I am not initiated into the wonders of the invisible chateau. I pass some days here from time to time, when my sovereign, the princess Sophia of Prussia, margravine of Bareith, gives me permission to go and take the air out of her dominions. Now as I am prodigiously ennuyed at the delightful court of Bareith, at the bottom have an attachment for the prince of whom we are speaking, and am not disinclined to play a little trick sometimes to the great Frederick whom I detest, I render to the said prince some disinterested services by which I amuse myself very much. As I receive orders only from him, those services are always very innocent. That of assisting to rescue you from Spandaw and to bring you here like a poor sleeping dove, had nothing repugnant to me. I knew that you would be well treated, and I thought you would have an opportunity to amuse yourself. But if, on the contrary, you are tormented here; if the charlatan counsellors of his

highness pretend to take possession of you and to make you serve their intrigues in the world —"

"I fear nothing of the kind," replied Consuelo, more and more struck by the doctor's explanations, "I shall know how to preserve myself from their suggestions, if they wound my sense of rectitude and are revolting to my conscience."

"Are you very sure of that, madame countess?" returned Superville. "Beware! do not trust to it and do not boast. Very reasonable and very honest people have gone from here stamped and quite ready to do evil. All means are good to the intriguers who speculate upon the prince, and that dear prince is so easily dazzled, that he has himself assisted in the perdition of some souls while thinking to save them. Know that these intriguers are very skilful, that they have secrets to terrify, to convince, to move, to intoxicate the senses and strike the imagination. First a persistence in tricks and a crowd of little incomprehensible methods; and then receipts, systems, enchantments at their service. They will send spectres to you, they will make you fast to take away your clearness of mind, they will surround you with pleasant or frightful phantasmagoria. In fine, they will make you superstitious, crazy perhaps, as I had the honor of telling you, and then —"

"And then! What can they expect from me? What am I in the world that they can desire to draw me into their nets?"

"Oh ho! The countess of Rudolstadt does not imagine?"

"Not in the least, sir doctor."

"Still you must remember that Monsieur Cagliostro made you see the late count Albert, living and acting?"

"How do you know that, if you are not initiated into the secrets of the subterranean world of which you speak?"

"You told it to the princess Amelia of Prussia, who is rather a babbler, as are all curious persons. Do you not know moreover, that she is very intimate with the spectre of the count de Rudolstadt?"

"A certain Trismegistus, as I am told!"

"Exactly. I have seen that Trismegistus, and it is a fact that he resembles the count in a surprising manner at first sight. He can be made to resemble him still more by being dressed and wearing his hair as the count was accustomed to do, by making his face pallid and studying the gait and manners of the deceased. Do you understand now?"

"Less than ever. What interest could they have in making this man pass for count Albert?"

"How simple and loyal you are! Count Albert is dead, leaving a great

fortune which will fall to women, from the hands of the canoness Wenceslawa into those of the little baroness Amelia, count Albert's cousin, unless you claim your rights to a dowry or to a life estate. They will at first endeavor to decide you to this —"

"It is true," cried Consuelo, "you enlighten me as to the meaning of certain words."

"That is nothing; this life estate, very liable to be contested, at least in part, would not satisfy the appetite of the *chevaliers d'industrie* who wish to get possession of it. You have no child; you are without a husband. Well! count Albert is not dead; he was in a lethargy, he was buried alive; the devil got him out; M. de Cagliostro gave him a potion; M. de Saint Germain set him walking. In brief, at the end of one or two years he reappears, relates his adventures, throws himself at your feet, consummates his marriage with you, starts for Giants' Castle, gets himself recognized by the old canoness and some old servants who do not see very clearly, calls an inquest if there is any opposition, and pays the witnesses. He even makes a journey to Vienna with his faithful wife, to claim his rights from the empress. A little scandal does no harm in such matters. All the great ladies are interested in a handsome man, the victim of a fatal adventure and of the ignorance of a stupid physician. Prince Kaunitz, who does not hate cantatrices, protects you; your cause triumphs; you return victorious to Riesenbourg, put your cousin Amelia out of doors; you are rich and powerful; you associate yourself with the prince of *here* and his charlatans, to reform society and to change the face of the world. All that is very agreeable and costs no trouble but a little deceit, by taking, in the place of an illustrious husband, a handsome adventurer, a man of wit and a great fortune-teller to boot. Do you understand now? Make your reflections. It was my duty, as a physician, as a friend of the Rudolstadt family and as a man of honor, to tell you all this. They had depended on me to testify, in case of need, to the identity of Trismegistus with count Albert. But I who saw him die, not with the eyes of imagination, but with those of science, I, who have very well remarked certain differences between the two men, and who know that the adventurer has been known at Berlin for a long time, shall not lend myself to such an imposture. Many thanks! I know that you will not lend yourself to it either; but they will put every thing in play to persuade you that count Albert has grown two inches taller and gained freshness and health in his coffin. I hear Matteus returning; he is

a good animal who imagines nothing. I retire, I have said all. I leave the chateau in an hour, having nothing more to do here."

After having thus spoken with a remarkable volubility, the doctor resumed his mask, profoundly saluted Consuelo and retired, leaving her to finish her supper all alone if she pleased: she was by no means inclined to do so. Overpowered and cast down by all she had heard, she retired to her chamber, and only found a little repose after having suffered long from the saddest perplexities and the most vague anguish of doubt and anxiety.

To be continued.

### THE COMING OF WINTER.

Autumn's sighing,  
Moaning, dying;  
Clouds are flying

On like steeds;  
While their shadows  
O'er the meadows  
Walk like widows  
Decked in weeds.

Red leaves trailing  
Fall unfailing,  
Dropping, sailing  
From the wood,  
That, unpliant,  
Stands defiant,  
Like a giant  
Dropping blood.

Winds are swelling  
Round our dwelling,  
All day telling  
Us their wo;  
And at vesper  
Frosts grow crispier,  
As they whieper  
Of the snow.

From the unseen land,  
Frozen inland,  
Down from Greenland,  
Winter glides,  
Shedding lightness  
Like the brightness  
When moon-whiteness  
Fills the tides.

Now bright pleasure's  
Sparkling measures  
With rare treasures  
Overflow!  
With this gladness  
Comes what sadness!  
Oh, what madness!  
Oh, what wo!

Even merit  
May inherit  
Some bare garrot,  
Or the ground;  
Or, a worse ill,  
Beg a morsel  
At some door-sill,  
Like a hound!

Storms are trailing,  
Winds are wailing,  
Howling, railing,  
At each door.  
Midst this trailing,  
Howling, railing,  
List the wailing  
Of the poor.

Cincinnati Sunday News.

## THE HARBINGER.

### THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

### SECTION III.—NOTICE VI.

ON EDUCATION.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### *Of the Associative System of Teaching.*

Thus far we have only viewed the Associative education in detail, choir by choir, and function by function. We must now regard collectively all the tribes below the age of puberty, and consider the springs of their emulation; draw a parallel between them and the civilized education, in which we shall remark five faults:

1. Inverse order of proceeding.
2. Simplism of action.
3. Error in principle.
4. Error in form.
5. Absence of material attraction.

1. *Inverse order of proceeding*: it places theory before practice. All the civilized systems fall into this error. Not knowing how to incite the child to labor, they are obliged to leave him in idleness and vacancy until the age of six or seven years, a period which he should have employed in becoming a skilful practitioner: then at seven years, they wish to initiate him into theory, into studies, into abstract sciences for which nothing has awakened any desire in him. This desire cannot fail to spring up in the child in Harmony, who, at the age of seven, already practices some thirty different trades, and experiences the need of perfecting himself in them by the study of the exact sciences. Thus we see the civilized education reversing the true order of march, placing theory before practice,—a true *world upside down*, like the whole system of which it forms a part.

2. *Simplism of action*. The child is limited to one single occupation, which is to study,—to grow pale, morning and night, for ten and eleven months in the year, over rudiments and grammar. Can he help acquiring an aversion for study! It is enough to repel even those who have a studious inclination. In the pleasant season of the year, the child needs to go and labor in the gardens, in the woods, in the meadows; he ought not to study except on the rainy days and in the season when cultivation is suspended, and even then he ought to vary his studies. There is no unity of action where there is simplicity of function.

A society which commits the mistake of imprisoning the father in a counting-room, may well add the folly of shutting up the child all the year in a boarding-school, where he is as weary of his studies as of his masters. If our system-makers understood the passions, I should ask them how this subjection of the children to seclusion, to *solity* of employment, can consist with the two passions called the Alternating and the Composite! (Chapter V.) Our political and moral authors talk incessantly of nature, and yet will not consult her for an instant: let them observe the conduct of half a dozen children brought up in idleness, and dressed in blouses: see them go and roll upon the straw; see their delight in bargainings,

in gatherings of nuts and fruits, in hunting birds, and so forth, and then invite them to the study of the rudiments, and they will be able to judge whether it is the nature of the child to be shut up all day long in the pleasant season, amid an environment of books and pedants.

They may reply: must they not study while they are young, to render themselves worthy of the fine name of gentlemen, worthy of commerce and of the charter? Ah! when they shall study by attraction and from the prompting of cabalistic rivalries, they will learn more in a hundred lessons in the winter time, limited to sessions of two hours each, than in the three hundred and thirty days which they are doomed to spend in the seclusion of the boarding-school.

3. *Error in principle:* in the use of constraint. The civilized child cannot be formed to study without the aid of privations, extra tasks, whips and leather-medals. It is only half a century since science, confounded by this odious system, has sought to gloss it over by contrivances less bitter; it studies how to disguise the ennui of the children at schools, to create a show of emulation among the pupils, and of affection for the masters; that is to say, it has perceived what ought to be, but it has found no means of establishing it.

Affection between masters and pupils can only spring up where instruction is solicited as a favor: this can never take place in civilization, where all instruction is rendered false by reversing the true order, placing theory before practice, and by simple action or perpetual study.

We find some children, at the most one-eighth of the whole number, who accept instruction in a docile manner, but who have not solicited it. Hence the professors conclude that seven-eighths are vicious. This is taking the exceptions for the rule—the habitual illusion of the chanters of perfectibility. In all classes there is an exception of one-eighth, who differ from the general habits, and who are easily pliable to new manners; but the change to be real, should apply to the great majority, to seven-eighths, and that is what our systems do not do; I have observed that they lead the child to accept, but not to solicit instruction. As to the seven-eighths of the children who form the majority, they are, as they have been in all times, weary of the school, and impatient to be delivered from it. I have seen and questioned children as they came out from celebrated schools, like that of Pestalozzi and others, and I have found among them only a very moderate amount of instruction, and a great indifference to their studies and their masters.

4. *Error in form:* an exclusive method, operating upon children as if their characters were all uniform.

I have elsewhere described a series of nine methods, to which many others might be added. They are all good, provided that they sympathize with the character of the pupil, and a series of nine or twelve methods would not be too much for the child to have his option among.

I have also observed, (*Treatise on Universal Unity*), that d'Alembert was ridiculed when he ventured to propose, in the study of history, the *inverse synthesis*, which reverses the chronological order, ascending from the present to the past, in opposition to the *direct synthesis*, which proceeds from the past to the present. D'Alem-

bert was reproached with wanting to destroy the charm of history, and to introduce mathematical dryness into the methods of teaching. Strange sophism! No method is dry in itself; they are all fruitful, only they must be applied with discrimination to characters congenial with them. If you do not present to children a series of methods, among which they may take their choice, many characters will never acquire a taste for study. There is generally a keen relish for contrasts: to a flattering book entitled *Beauties of the History of France*, oppose as a parallel a sincere writing upon the *Duperies of French Politics*, even under Louis XIV. and Buonaparte, two reigns so homogeneous, and you will see the study of the duperies attract ten times as much as that of the pretended beauties.

In the *Treatise on Universal Unity*, I have given three Chapters on the system of instruction in Harmony. These may be consulted for the course to follow in the model Phalanx, in which it will be necessary to try an approximation of rival methods, notwithstanding the impossibility of employing them fully at the outset.

5. *Absence of material attraction.* We have seen above that our methods want the spiritual and affective springs; they are equally wanting in the springs of material attraction, the opera and *graduated gastronomy* (*la gourmandise appliquée*.)

The opera forms the child to measured unity, which becomes for him a source of profit and a pledge of health; it leads, therefore to the two luxuries, internal and external, which are the first end of attraction; it draws children, from the earliest age, to all the gymnastic and choreographic exercises. Attraction urges them to this strongly; it is here that they acquire the necessary dexterity for the labors of the passional series, where every thing must be executed with precision, with that measure and unity which reign at the opera. This then holds the first rank among the springs of practical education in early childhood.

Under the name of opera I comprise all the choreographic exercises, even those of the musket and the censer. The Associative children will greatly excel our manoeuvres of this kind. We are ignorant frequently of the most elementary ones, such as the series of combined steps; for example, each Phalanx forms for the divine service a corps of 144 persons who figure in graduated steps; namely:

<i>Incense-bearers.</i>	<i>Florists.</i>	<i>Step.</i>
Gymnasians, 24	Gymnasiennes, 24	<i>Short.</i>
Lyceans, ... 20	Lyceennes, ... 20	<i>Half.</i>
Seraphins, ... 16	Seraphines, ... 16	<i>Full.</i>
Cherubins, ... 12	Cherubines, ... 12	<i>Double.</i>

This number of twelve dozens being marvellously well suited to a variety of evolutions, the religious procession will have far more pomp in a township of Harmony, than it could now in our great capitals, where it is mean enough, especially at Paris.

The choreographic evolutions of the censer, the musket, the opera, please children excessively; it is a great favor for them to be admitted to these things. The opera combines all sorts of exercises, and it is to be ignorant of the nature of man not to place the opera in the front line among the springs of education in early childhood, which can only be attracted to material studies.

The Associationve education regards the body in the child as the accessory and co-adjutor of the soul: it considers the soul as a great lord who does not arrive at his castle until his steward has prepared all things; it begins by fashioning the body, in its youthful age, to all the services required by a harmonic soul, that is to say, to accuracy, to truth, to combinations, to measured unity. To habituate the body to all perfections, before fashioning the soul to them, two springs are put in play entirely foreign to our moral methods; these are the opera and the kitchen, or graduated gastronomy.

The child should exercise, —

Two active senses, taste and smell, by the kitchen;

Two passive senses, sight and hearing, by the opera;

And the sense of touch in the labors in which the individual excels.

The kitchen and the opera are the two points to which attraction leads him, in the regime of the passional series; the magic of the opera and of fairy illusions has a great charm for early youth. In the kitchens of the Phalanx, which are distributed in a progressive mode, the child acquires dexterity, and intelligence in the trifling labors upon the products of the two kingdoms in which he is interested by the gastronomic discussions at the table, and the agronomic discussions in the gardens and stables: the kitchen is the bond of union between these functions.

The opera is the combination of the material accords; we find there a complete gamut of them.

*Choreographic Intervention of all Ages and Sexes.*

1. Singing, or the measured human voice.
2. Instruments, or measured artificial sounds.
3. Poetry, or measured thoughts and words.
4. Pantomime, or harmony of gesture.
5. Dancing, or measured movement.
6. Gymnastics, or harmonic exercises.
7. Painting and harmonic costumes.

Regular mechanism, geometrical execution.

The opera, then, is the assemblage of all the material harmonies, and the active emblem of the spirit of God or the spirit of measured unity. Now, if the education of the child is to commence with the culture of the material, it is by enrolling him in good season in the opera that we can best familiarize him with all the branches of material unity, from which he will easily rise to spiritual unities.

I am aware how much expense and inconvenience the opera would cause in the civilized education; it would be a very dangerous lever. It would be of little use to polish the people under a system of repugnant industry: but different manners suit different times. In Harmony it will answer, that the people should rival in politeness the opulent class with whom it will find itself mingled in all sorts of labors. A gross people would take away all charm from these labors; the twelfth, or composite passion would then find no exercise.

Since with us the opera is nothing but an arena of gallantry, an enticement to expense, it is not astonishing that it should be reproved by the moral and religious classes. But in Harmony it is a friendly re-union, it cannot give room for any dangerous intrigue, between persons who are meeting every instant in the various labors of the industrial series.

The opera, so expensive now, will cost almost nothing to the Harmonians; each



will aid in the construction of the machinery, the painting, the choirs, the orchestra, the dances; they are all, from the earliest age, masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, by attraction. Each Phalanx, without recourse to the neighboring cohorts and to travelling legions, will be able to furnish from twelve to thirteen hundred actors, either for the stage, or for the orchestra and the mechanical arrangements. The poorest townships will be better provided for in the opera, than our great capitals. It is to their general familiarity with the stage that the Harmonians will owe, in a great measure, unity of language and of pronunciation, regulated by a universal congress.

To return to the means and methods of the Harmonic teaching, I observe that it employs practice a long time before theory, and that this practice rests upon two series of *genus*, each containing several series of *species*:

*The Opera*, furnishing ample series in music, dancing, painting, &c. (See nine divisions above.)

*The Kitchen*, equally provided with series of every kind, with utensils, furniture, machinery. All the apparatus is distributed by series in the immense kitchen of a Phalanx; for example, we may count there seven degrees of spits, from those on which the greatest pieces are roasted, to the smaller spits for little birds, which already occupy some practised *bambins*, or children from three to four and a half. As to the preparation of food, I have already observed that it may occupy some sixty series, well intrigued and in permanent exercise.

But how will childhood take part in this kitchen labor, if it be not stimulated by the gastronomic discussions about the culinary preparations? And these discussions will not arise unless the child is exercised from the earliest age in the refinements of the table, the dominant propensity in all children. It will suffice, then, after having well formed the series of every kind, to abandon the children to attraction; this will lead them at first to epicurism, to cabalistic parties about shades of taste; once excited on this point, they will take part in the kitchens; and the moment that graduated rivalries are exercised in the consumption and preparation, they will extend the next day to the labors of production, animal and vegetable,—labors to which the child will come strong with knowledge and with pretensions developed at the tables as well as in the kitchens. Such is the natural interlocking of functions.

On this subject the reader is referred to the treatise on *Universal Unity*, where are Chapters on the incentives which the child finds to the serial kitchens, on the branches of agriculture adapted to children, on the Harmonic education of animals, and on the whole matter of the Harmonic education. [A translation of this work, by George Ripley, will soon appear.]

I should have added an article upon teachers in civilization, who practise there the trade of meanly compensated galley-slaves, bending their backs under every species of yokes. The priesthood runs upon the same rock; with the exception of some bishops and a very small number of favorites, the mass of curates and vicars vegetate in a state bordering upon destitution, and without any means of advancement. How severely should these

two classes feel the need of stimulating some man to make a trial of Association, in which they will live in the greatest opulence!

## REVIEW.

*Wit and Humor, selected from the English Poets; with an Illustrative Essay, and Critical Comments.* By LEIGH HUNT. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1846. pp. 261. (Sold by Redding & Co., 8 State St., Boston.)

Leigh Hunt seems disposed to share his literary feasts with all the world. He is very liberal of his readings. He reads not for himself alone, for the mere selfish luxury of it; but with Shakspeare, or Ben Jonson, or Fielding open before him, he is catering for the public, he is culling matter for a book. And somewhat curious is the method he pursues: the field before him for exploration is the wide field of English poetical literature, through its whole history; through this he runs certain metaphysical lines to different points of the compass, noting all that he encounters by the way; and the result of the survey upon each line is a book. Thus first he sets out on the metaphysical tack of *Imagination and Fancy*, and gathers illustrations from the whole range of English poets: this is one book. Next he shifts his tack, and ransacks the same authors for their *Wit and Humor*, producing the volume now before us. And again he promises himself and us the pleasure of "a selection, edited in the like manner, from the Narrative and Dramatic Poets, under the title of *Action and Passion*." Nor is this all that he is doing for us: "Meantime, he is preparing for publication a volume apart from the series, and on quite another plan; its object being to produce such a selection from Favorite Authors, both in prose and verse, as a lover of books, young or old, might like to find lying in the parlor of some old country-house, or in the quietest room of any other house, and tending to an impartial, an unlimited, and yet entertaining and tranquillizing review of human existence."

The selector's field was necessarily limited in the present volume by the fact, that he looked for wit and humor only in the poets, thus leaving out the richest veins of English wit, which are in prose, like *Tristram Shandy*, which our author pronounces the wittiest and most humorous book ever written, and the prose comedy of Shakspeare; and yet he complains of the vast accumulation of materials and of having been obliged to reduce his volume to a third part of what he had collected.

To the prose humorists, however, he does full justice in his "Illustrative

Essay," which is both entertaining, subtle and profound, and a most agreeable piece of reading, inasmuch as it reminds you of all the wealth of pleasantry and good-humor and happy coincidences which you have found, after all, in this sad life; and especially as it assures you of the inextinguishable good in the human soul, and of its power to triumph over every wrong and contradiction, if it be only by wit and humor. He thus describes the difficulty of concentrating himself upon his subject:

"But this laughing jade of a topic, with her endless whims and faces, and the legions of indefinable shapes that she brought about me, seemed to do nothing but scatter my faculties, or bear them off deridingly into pastime. I felt as if I was undergoing a Saint Anthony's Temptation reversed,—a laughable instead of a frightful one. Thousands of merry devils poured in upon me from all sides,—doubles of Similes, buffooneries of Burlesques, stalkings of Mock-heroics, stings in the tails of Epigrams, glances of Inuendoes, dry looks of Ironies, corpulences of Exaggerations, ticklings of mad Fancies, claps on the back of Horse-plays, complacencies of Unawarenesses, floundering of Absurdities, irresistibilities of Iterations, significancies of Jargons, wailings of pretended Woes, roarings of Laughters, and hubbubs of Animal Spirits;—all so general yet particular, so demanding distinct recognition, and yet so baffling the attempt with their numbers and their confusion, that a thousand masquerades in one would have seemed to threaten less torment to the pen of a reporter."

The Essay then proceeds to compare the different definitions which have been given of Wit; commencing with a lengthy and quaint extract from Dr. Barrow, who despairs of reducing the Protean quality to any one general term, and seems disposed to reply like Democritus when asked the definition of a man—"tis that which we all see and know."

Locke followed Barrow, and described Wit as "lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy."

Addison said: "Every resemblance in the ideas is not that which we call Wit, unless it be such an one that gives Delight and Surprise to the reader—particularly the last—and it is necessary that the ideas should not lie too near one another in the nature of things," &c.

Campbell, Beattie and Hazlitt followed out this hint. Leigh Hunt next gives a definition of his own, which has the merit of proceeding by a composite method: that is, he interrogates simultaneously the *physical* phenomena of Laughter, and the spiritual experience which accompanies it. There is some hope in such integral study of both sides or phases of a fact at once. Let us not omit by the way Hobbes's surly defini-

tion, so characteristic of the philosophy whose corner stone was *selfishness*: "The passion of laughter," says Hobbes, "is nothing else but sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some *eminency in ourselves* by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly." But hear Leigh Hunt:

"The reason indeed is partly physical as well as mental. In proportion to the vivacity of the surprise, a check is given to the breath, different in degree, but not in nature, from that which is occasioned by dashing against some pleasant friend round a corner. The breath recedes only to re-issue with double force; and the happy convulsion which it undergoes in the process is Laughter. Do I triumph over my friend in the laughter? Surely not. I only triumph over the strange and sudden jar, which seemed to put us for the moment in the condition of antagonists.

"Now this apparent antagonism is the cause, *per se*, of the laughter occasioned by Wit. Our surprise is the consequence of a sudden and agreeable perception of the incongruous;—sudden, because even when we laugh at the recollection of it, we undergo, in imagination, a return of the suddenness, or the liveliness of the first impression, (which is the reason why we say of a good thing that it is always 'new'); and agreeable, because the jar against us is not so violent as to hinder us from recurring to that habitual idea of fitness, or adjustment, by which the shock of the surprise is made easy. It is in these reconcilments of jars, these creations and re-adjustments of disparities, that the delightful faculty of the wit and humorist is made manifest. He at once rouses our minds to action; suggests, and saves us the trouble of a difficulty; and turns the help into a compliment, by implying our participation in the process."

"Wit may be defined to be the *arbitrary juxtaposition of dissimilar ideas, for some lively purpose of assimilation or contrast, generally of both*. It is fancy in its most wilful, and strictly speaking, its least poetical state; that is to say, Wit does not contemplate its ideas for their own sakes in any light apart from their ordinary prosaical one, but solely for the purpose of producing an effect by their combination. Poetry may take up the combination and improve it, but it then divests it of its arbitrary character, and converts it into something better. Wit is the clash and reconcilment of incongruities; *the meeting of extremes round a corner*; the flashing of an artificial light from one object to another, disclosing some unexpected resemblance or connection. It is the detection of likeness in unlikeness, of sympathy in antipathy, or of the extreme points of antipathies themselves, made friends by the very merriment of their introduction."

He thus distinguishes Wit from Humor:

"Wit, apart from Humor, generally speaking, is but an element for professors to sport with. In combination with Humor it runs into the richest utility, and helps to *humanize* the world."

We shall not follow the author through the remainder of the Essay, which consists of a long enumeration of the principal forms of Wit, from direct similes and metaphors, personal and national humors,

down to puns and Macaronic verses, of all which species he quotes copious illustrations from modern literature. One good remark he makes under the head of *Moral or Intellectual Incongruities*, touching the character of Don Quixote, who, he says, "is the representative of the most affecting struggles of society itself, if society did but know it. And indeed society seems to be finding it out, and to be at once restoring Don Quixote to his reason, and giving him hopes of his island.—*Veniut Regnum*." This is humane, and shows a reverence for the Utopias of the human heart, which, however incongruous and absurd to-day, are nevertheless prophetic although dazzling glimpses of real changes which society must undergo before it will become a congenial home to the human heart. Verily it increases one's faith in humanity, to study the philosophy of Wit and Humor. Another trace of the same good faith is in his preface, where after apologizing for printing so much of his selections in Italics, he adds:

"Otherwise, the necessity of thus pointing out particular passages for admiration in the writings of men of genius is rapidly decreasing, especially in regard to wit and humor; faculties, of which, as well as of knowledge in general, of scholarship, deep thinking, and the most proved abilities for national guidance, more evidences are poured forth every day in the newspaper press, than the wits of Queen Anne's time, great as they were, dreamed of compassing in a month. And the best of it is,—nay, one of the great reasons of it is,—that *all this surprising capacity is on the side of the Great New Good Cause of the World,—that of the Rights of the Poor; for it is only from the heights of sympathy that we can perceive the universal and the just*."

The body of the book is a well ordered mass of witty and humorous selections from Chaucer, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Suckling, Butler, Pope, Dean Swift, and many other English poets, accompanied with critical notices, always lively, discriminating and just. Very profitable hours may be spent over it.

*The New Jerusalem Magazine*. No. CCXXXI. November, 1846. Boston: Otis Clapp.

The Swedenborgians seldom look out of their own church for movement. As a sect, in this country and perhaps especially in Boston, they are quietists and exclusivists. They are not active reformers, but accepting literally the revelations of their master, they cling to their small commencement of a New Church, few in numbers as they are, as the nucleus of all that there is good and permanent and tending to the true estate of Man. Outward revolutions they regard not, comparatively with the inward purification of the individual. The unity of man with man, with nature, and with

God, is indeed part of their creed; but they do not lend themselves to any external changes and schemes of social reorganization with a view to the speedy fulfilment of this unity. They live a life apparently of cheerful charity and piety within their own communion, and are distinguished by mild courtesy to all men; but they seem to dread the contamination of the world, and to avoid mixing themselves in any general movements. The writing of the "New Jerusalem Magazine," judging from the occasional sight we get of it, is mostly of a corresponding character. It is almost altogether theological, and simplistic-spiritual, although it has much to say of the doctrine of *Uses*. But these are rather in the common details of individual private life: and as to society, it seems to believe that there is and can be no society out of the communion of the New Church. It is incredulous to any scheme for the political and social regeneration of the race, except the theological scheme. And this theology is one of quietism. Accordingly there is but little energy, variety, or spice in their writing; the same steady, tedious, repetitious, literal way of unfolding things, which characterizes the more strictly theological writings of Swedenborg, also characterizes those of his disciples. The spirit of them is serene and beautiful, and often golden veins of quiet thought are visible in them; *but for the most part there is but little in them which is stirring*; while as to literary style and imagery, they bear the stamp of Swedenborg alone.

And yet, as we have repeatedly intimated, there is a most remarkable, although unconscious correspondence between the leading views of Swedenborg and those of Fourier, respecting the true form and destiny of human society. Beginning at opposite points they meet and are the complement of one another. Swedenborg discovered the true order of degrees and the true relation of the outward to the inward life; but the laws and conditions of harmony in the outward or material, by which alone it can be brought into unity with the inward or spiritual, it was reserved for the author of the Social Science to reveal. The inefficacy of all merely spiritual, theological, and internal means, without this outward science of society, has been for some time forcing itself upon the attention of the most penetrating minds among the followers of Swedenborg. They find their New Jerusalem at a still-stand, exceedingly limited and slow in its spread over the surface of the earth, for the want of new social and material forms, for the want of a proper organization of industry or the sphere of daily and collective uses, for the want of some reflec-

tion of the soul's own form in the material body of society. The present number of the Magazine contains a letter from its London Correspondent, full of significant hints to this effect. We copy the principal portions of it, and our readers will perhaps recognize the authorship.

"LONDON, Oct. 3, 1846.

"If England were compared with America, at this moment, in relation to the direct reception and development of the new Doctrines, it is probable that the comparison would be greatly in favor of America. For this there are doubtless many reasons. One of the most prominent, perhaps, is the existence of an established Church in this country, which in a manner solidifies public opinion into a fixed body, recognized by the state, and makes movement and progression slow and difficult. Yet it seems also probable that the vast industrial operations which are at present absorbing the energies of the whole people of these islands and which the existing state of the European world requires at the hand of England; as these operations are almost entirely confined to the sphere of material uses; leave but little leisure for the cultivation of the mind in higher things; and indeed but little inclination. Like a tired day-laborer this hard working nation, when it has accomplished a task, rather requires sleep than study, to fit it for the manual toils of another day or movement. It literally works over hours, and has no quiet evenings of pleasant instruction, contemplation, or discourse, and but little relish of domestic communion. Nevertheless, if the material progress which is taking place among us be considerably regarded, it will be found to be an excellent evidence of the descent into the lower and lowest sphere, of a broader truth than before existed. Many are the mirrors, obliquely placed and indirectly, that reflect the new spirit, and coarsely give back some general image of the truths and uses of the new dispensation. Individual and national benevolence grows apace, and on all hands there seems an anxiety to strike out new paths of practical good, suited to the exigencies of this eventful time. Greater boldness of thought is displayed where a respectable timidity was not long ago the characteristic; the intellect also is clearing, and becoming free to ask new questions, suggested by the altered condition of things, or the pressure of actual necessity. The increased velocity also with which new ideas are received, and old preconceptions detached from the mind, is among the most cheering signs of the alteration. On all sides fortified ignorances, seated on the inaccessible rocks of the will itself, are quietly capitulating, and soon these strongholds promise to be manned by those who own humble allegiance to truth, and will use their position, not for offence or warfare, but for widely extended watchfulness and observation, for the enforcement of true order, and for giving firmness and consistency to the subjacent operations of the mind. It is true that in England all these changes are mainly to be traced in the material or lowest plane of social and civil existence; nor could it well be otherwise as yet. For with famine impending for the last two years, the body has inevitably claimed nearly the whole attention of the thinking portion of the community, and until its wants are in some degree surmounted, and its new house is building or built, it would be in vain to hope for any great public direction towards new Religious Truth. At present, in consequence, Theological move-

ments are nearly suspended, and long separated parties almost indistinguishably mixed. Nevertheless, the outward is so changed and changing, that the old inside is as good as done for; and when the day of the outward is passed, it will be found that internal things of a new order are those which alone can be considered. The social question is in all mouths, and the great journals of the empire declaim upon no other subject; and this in its train can never reinstate the blank, disorderly ignorance of the old Theologies, but must bring in at least a predisposition to give ear and credence to the orderly, practical, organic truths, which a merciful Providence has prepared beforehand to meet the wants of this time and country, as of all times and countries under heaven.

"Even the Catholic Church is by no means stationary, but images somewhat of the European advancement. At length the Papacy itself admits the validity and legitimacy of natural truth. There is an interesting evidence of this in a little book entitled *Introductio ad Philosophiam*, sanctioned by the Archbishop of Malines, and in use throughout the Catholic colleges and universities of Belgium. 'We do not fear to assert,' says the author, I. Peemans, 'that it is lawful for Catholics to embrace all propositions whatever, of which the truth shall have been found in the sciences, and the Church exercises not the slightest prohibition against them: furthermore, that adhesion is not to be given in to any proposition whose falsity is acknowledged. The Church compels to neither error nor ignorance.' (p. 107.) And the same Manual abounds in other passages, which show more or less of homage and obedience to the new spirit.

"So much by way of general remark on the state and tendencies of the age, as related to the New Church. Of direct advancement in the Church itself, London, at all events, exhibits but slender evidences. In this vast community of nearly two millions of souls, it is extremely doubtful whether the number of regular attendants on the New Church Worship has sensibly increased during the last half century. Certainly the increase, if such there be, is more than sufficiently accounted for by the increase in the population. Of the stable foundation of a new Ecclesiastical order which shall compete with the old Establishments, or even with the minor congregations of Dissent, there is no present appearance. These facts may not, perhaps, be flattering, but they ought not the less to be known, that their remedies, either in ourselves, or in the world, may be discovered and applied. Are we wrong in our conception of what the Holy City, New Jerusalem, can be, and will be? wrong in measuring our success by ecclesiastical strength at all, when it is rather the progress made towards an integral reconstruction of society, which is meant to be the sign and standard of the gradual descent from Heaven of the new order of things? This is an important question, and one which each thoughtful and sincere receiver of the Heavenly Truths will doubtless answer for himself.

"One thing may be regarded as certain, that natural things correspond to spiritual, and that the world, which is at present in the natural sphere, would gladly listen to the proposition of any improvements, whether doctrinal or real, corresponding to spiritual verities, which promised to be of avail under present difficulties; that is to say, provided such improvements were practical. It therefore behooves all New Churchmen to examine themselves carefully, as to whether they are well informed of the ex-

isting wants of the age; whether they are quite keeping up with its spirit, and consequently, whether they are giving the world all possible opportunity to learn a New Church truth, and appropriate a New Church goodness, suited to the plane, and to the conditions and exigencies in which that world now finds itself. If we cannot do this, there seems some fear that we shall not get a hearing from that large majority who are carried on so helplessly, and with such velocity, through the needful career and undertakings of this remarkable period."

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

### CHAMBER CONCERTS OF THE HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The two first of this series of six Concerts were given at Mr. Chickering's rooms, in Boston, on the evenings of November 3d and 17th. We prize too highly our rare opportunities of hearing music of this stamp at all, to be too fastidious about the manner in which it is performed. We trust *the music* in itself, as the composer's soul bequeathed it to us; the real life we know is in it; we cannot be content to have it shut up from us like a sealed fountain, waiting until perfect artists shall appear to play it. All we ask of our musicians is: Try it, study it, do the best you can with it; even through bungling repetitions, if you have any soul, such music will inspire it, and the inspiration will ere long flow into your fingers, and you will have conveyed the meaning of that music to your audience, if they are fit to hear it. If a *partie carre* of musicians can be found, who aspire to render the divine Quartettes and Trios of the great composers, *for the sake of the music*, and not for the sake of displaying their own individual powers of execution, we sympathize too fully with their purpose to listen very critically for false notes, or an occasional scraping of the strings, or any little awkward turn of a difficult corner. If their aspiration be a true one, and if they will only resolutely adhere to the highest order of compositions, there will soon be virtues in their performance which will far outweigh these minor defects; and even these will gradually work out and disappear. The four performers of a Quartette will rapidly assimilate and enter into living true *rapport* with one another in their playing, just in proportion to the depth and greatness of the music upon which they exercise themselves; for that will form their mystic bond of union; they will be bound together by the spirit of Beethoven and Mozart, and through them, as ministering priests, the hearers will be bound together also in the same communion.

This satisfaction we enjoyed in the highest degree, two winters since, in the first course of Chamber Concerts, in

company with a very appreciating audience, necessarily limited by the size of the room and by the nature of the music. It is a golden memory with all of us; then the gospel according to Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven was really opened to us: and now it was a double pleasure to find essentially the same company met again and for the same purpose. Some elements were wanting, to be sure, to the complete reproduction of those exquisite evenings. The performers were not the same persons. The lamented Herwig was not there; nor could his place be supplied. The leading violin on this occasion was energetic, spirited, impassioned, and displayed a good deal of execution; but there was a sort of nervous furor about it, which inclined to overdo the matter, and "overstep the modesty of nature" in its too intense expression. It affected every sort of music alike, whether *Adagio cantabile* or *Allegro agitato*, with its own irritable temperament. It was altogether of the *Tarantula* order, a morbid and uncomfortable intensity, although it had its own desperate charm about it. Some improvement, however, was manifested on the second evening; and we speak not in the way of fault-finding, but of impartial, friendly suggestion. We did not let it spoil our Quartette for us. Then again we had pleasant memories of Mr. Lange at the piano-forte, whom now we missed. But we had every reason to be satisfied with the graceful, well-studied and well-felt accompaniment of our young native artist, Mr. William Mason, in the Trios of both evenings. The violoncello was admirable; the alto violin and tenor did faithfully their parts, enriching the golden conversation. On the whole, it was a Quartette which we should at any time be thankful to have at our command, when the longing for Beethoven or for Mozart looks round in vain for satisfaction; and they improve of course by playing this great music together, as their individualities of style temper one another.

The first concert consisted of three pieces: first, a very fanciful and spirited Quartette by André Spaeth: a succession of beautiful and striking passages, but leaving not much unity of impression. Secondly, a Trio for piano-forte, violin and violoncello, by Mayseder. This opened grandly, and did not defeat expectation; it had breadth and progress, and touched some of the soul's deeper chords. The Quartette by Mozart, though a less ambitious piece than either of the others, and by no means calculated for popular effect, was yet the truest music and most satisfactory. It seemed the ordinary language of a life all steeped in harmonies, eloquent without an effort,

and transporting all who listen, before they are aware of it, to its own serene and blissful element. Music in Mozart never seems an accomplishment, an art, but the warm, real atmosphere of the heart's dream of heaven. He cannot be criticized; if you enter his tone-element, you forget yourself and you become an ever-loving, ever-young Mozart.

The second Concert was a great improvement on the first, both as respects the performance, and the selection of music. A fresh Quartette of Haydn (Op. 65) opened the evening, healthy and invigorating, and putting the mind in the clearest and best mood for any music that might be worthy to follow. It was one of the very best Quartettes of one who reigned the master in that form of composition, before Mozart and Beethoven came. How bird-like, spring-like the *Allegro*! How frolicsome the *Minuetto*! How full of pious feeling, full of wisdom the *Adagio*! and how untameable, yet self-possessed the joy of the *Finale Presto*! The Trio by Reissiger, through all its three long movements, was a most delicious, uninterrupted, perfect dream of beauty; the glossy notes flowed out in copious streams from Chickering's grand piano, so that our mouth waters at the recollection, as at the taste of luscious grapes. The solo on the violoncello was a chaste and finished performance. Finally, the Quartette in A major, by Beethoven, (Op. 18,) set the stamp of grandeur on the evening. It contained that remarkable Andante theme with five variations, in which each of the four parts is so individual. The subject of this is exceedingly simple, and yet wrought up with such skill as to evolve the profoundest meaning. Where it first steals in, it is like four independent streams of melody converging into one. Beethoven is often charged by lovers of Donizetti-ism and of the merely liquid part of music, with wanting melody. But we know no melodies so magical as his; a few simple notes, that seem almost common-place at first, begin to grow upon you, and develop beauties inexhaustible. Every melody which he picks up to give you, is a seed sound to the core, and yields a whole waving forest of melodies as it leaves his hand.

Music of this sort needs repeated hearings. If the Programme for each evening were to consist, half of pieces performed before, and half of new ones to be repeated in their turn, we think it would be an improvement.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have received from G. P. Reed, 17 Tremont Row, Boston, the third and fourth numbers of "Musical Flowers," or "Six Rondeaux et Variations sur des

*Themes favoris, pour le Piano*," by C. T. BRUNNER. The themes of these are from the operas of *Zampa* and *Belisario*, by Herold and Donizetti, and are introduced and varied prettily enough, like the two numbers which we have already noticed. Useful and pleasing exercises, we should think, for young pupils.

Of the same publisher may be had "La Braziliana," a Grand Waltz, by GUSTAVE BLESSNER. This is quite a formidable waltz, of a dozen pages in length, with introduction and *Coda*, full of fire and impetus, which seems to be the habitual temperament of the author. The theme sets out with crashing force, not only twice, but three times *forte*, *fff*, and *marcatissimo*; and shoots aloft through common-chord intervals, scouring the compass of three or more octaves, like flame bursting from a steeple. The motion too is irregular and hurried in its minuter divisions, while preserving the general rhythm; that is, it traverses unequal numbers of notes in equal times. This furious movement, which is in A flat, alternates with a gentler, tamer, and somewhat playful passage in E flat, which is marked *Grazioso e Scherzando*; and again with another passage in D flat, followed by its relative minor; the whole abounding in contrasts and bristling with dynamic signs, and other side-promptings, such as "*Delicatamente*," "*Impetuoso e accelerando*," "*Con tutta forza*," "*Silence*," "*Grazioso*," and finally, "*Elegantemente e animato*!" The reader will of course infer from all this that it is a very expressive piece of music. At all events, it will be the player's fault if he does not make something very expressive of it, having so many and such explicit directions. We will only add that it is a piece of medium difficulty as to execution.

## POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

### THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

How fairly shows yon distant maple, shedding  
It's blood-red leaves upon the ground;  
Those very leaves that not long since were  
wedding  
The young spring breeze with modest, rustling  
sound!  
The yearly tribute done, 'twill be left standing  
To wrestle naked with the wintry winds,  
And by such change deciduous, grow command-  
ing,  
And flourish lofty 'mid it's sister kinds.  
Might we too shed, with patient courage hopeful,  
Our brilliant hopes, soft falling one by one;  
While with God's life, like sap, our veins still  
flow full,  
We need not fear the wild wind's benison,  
But, though most desolate our lot it seemeth,  
May yet end greener than the wanderer dream-  
eth!  
X.

For the Harbinger.

## THE MORNING MIST.

Clinging, caressing, with a soft despair,  
It hung upon the rugged mountain side,  
As every moment it would melt in air,  
A snowy ghost, fading from daylight's pride.  
Then low it dropped upon the river's breast,  
Most like a human heart, seeking for love,  
But in that deep-stirred bosom found no rest:  
O Father, call the gentle mist above!

X.

## SONNETS.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

I.

Hearts of Eternity,—hearts of the deep!  
Proclaim from land to sea your mighty fate;  
How that for you no living comes too late;  
How ye cannot in Theban labyrinth creep;

How ye great harvests from small surface reap;  
Shout, excellent band, in grand primeval strain,  
Like midnight winds that foam along the main,  
And do all things rather than pause to weep.

A human heart knows nought of littleness,  
Suspects no man, compares with no one's ways,  
Hath in one hour most glorious length of days,

A recompense, a joy, a loveliness;  
Like englet keen, shoots into azure far,  
And always dwelling nigh is the remotest star.

II.

I love the universe,—I love the joy  
Of every living thing. Be mine the sure  
Felicity, which ever shall endure;  
While passion whirls the madmen, as they toy,

To hate, I would my simple being warm  
In the calm pouring sun; and in that pure  
And motionless silence, ever would employ  
My best true powers, without a thought's annoy.

See and be glad! O high imperial race,  
Dwarfing the common altitude of strength,  
Learn that ye stand on an unshaken base;

Your powers will carry you to any length.  
Up! earnestly feel the gentle sunset beams;  
Be glad in woods, o'er sands,—by marsh, or  
streams.

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, NOV. 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.

## THE CONSERVATIVE PRINCIPLES OF ORDER IN SOCIETY.

[The following letter was originally addressed and sent for publication to the editors of the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, in answer to the prejudiced and wanton statements of that paper respecting the views and purposes of the American Associationists. After holding out a hope for some time that it should be published, the editor finally saw fit to decline it. It may be regarded here as a continuation of the article in our 16th number, on "Government—the Church—Marriage."]

BATAVIA, Genesee Co., N. Y. }  
Aug. 27, 1846. }

To the Editors of the *Courier and Enquirer*.

GENTLEMEN: May I claim from the courtesy of old acquaintance the space for a reply to an article, which I observe in your paper of the 25th ult., upon the subject of Association.

The aim of your article, like all that has lately been written against the idea of a Social Reform, based upon the principle of universal Association, is to show that the reform in question is directly hostile to Christianity, and the institution of marriage. I will not answer your objections and charges in detail, but will go directly to principles.

The burthen of all the attacks which have latterly been brought against our plans of a social reform, is that they break down the conservative principles of Order in the present system of society—of which the two leading ones are, the Church and Marriage. The charges will of course excite the deepest prejudices in many minds, and in order to meet them with some hope of success, I will answer them in a clear and simple manner, without any appeals to philanthropy, or any arguments *ad hominem*. Impartial and reflecting minds, at least, will form a correct opinion upon the subject.

Two principles have divided the world since the dawn of history, and have waged an implacable warfare against each other. These are the principles of LIBERTY and of ORDER. This contest is still prosecuted and as violently as ever, and yet the science of human destiny teaches us that a reconciliation must at some day take place between them, that a *perfect union* must be effected, not by the sacrifice of the one to the other, but by the true development of both combined. The social union and brotherhood of the race, and the peace and happiness of mankind can only be attained upon these conditions. The controversy that now occupies us, however unimportant it may appear, is but a branch of this contest, and can only be settled, in the sphere of thought, by a clear understanding of these two great principles, heretofore antagonistic, of Liberty and Order; and in the sphere of practice, by a practical experiment of Association.

Let me examine briefly the source and nature of these two principles, the relation in which they now stand to each other, and that into which they should be brought.

The principle of Liberty has its source in those *springs of action*, implanted in man by our Creator, called by different writers, the faculties, passions, feelings, propensities, &c. These springs of action, these impelling forces, crave development or expression, crave action and satisfaction;

and it is this desire for action and satisfaction, which constitutes the strife of man for Liberty.

But the faculties and passions, during the false societies which have existed upon the earth, namely, the Savage, Patriarchal, Barbarian and Civilized, have been misdirected and perverted in their action, and tend to excess and *license*. We may sum up under four heads their general derangement.

1. They have been misdirected, as for instance in the ambition of a Caesar or a Napoleon, directed to war; or in the intellectual faculties of men of the law, directed to unproductive controversies and sophistical quibbles.

2. They have been developed in their lower degrees, as in the case of ambition, when employed in the selfish strife of party politics; the religious sentiment when degraded to fanatical bigotry in sectarian controversies; or to draw an example from one of the senses, when a refined taste for the delicacies of the table is transformed into mere gluttony.

3. They have been subversively or inversely developed, when sentiments of hatred are called out in the place of friendship; malevolence in the place of benevolence; calumny in the place of charity; revenge and jealousy in the place of justice and confidence; misanthropy in the place of philanthropy.

4. They have been thwarted and repressed in their action, and forced in consequence to excesses in an opposite direction; and they have also been thrown into a state of general conflict, warring with each other, and leading to ruin the beings whom they were intended to guide to happiness.

This misdirection and perversion constitute what is called the "depravity of man;" but this depravity is an *effect*, not a *cause*, and can be removed. The original springs themselves are not depraved; if they were, the Creator must have called into existence vicious elements. What we understand by the true development and harmony of the faculties and passions, the religious world calls the "regeneration of man." It says that this regeneration must be effected by Faith, and the action of Religion on the mind. We accept this statement, but we know that works must be added, and of the broadest and most comprehensive character—of the head and of the hands. The first of these works is to devise and establish a true and just order of Society, in the place of the present, which is false and unjust in all its parts.

You cannot reform the individual in the midst of a false system of society, acting in and influenced by a false and selfish system of labor, commerce, law, politics,

and other false arrangements. Or if you can partially reform a few individuals under such arrangements, they will constitute a mere exception, and exceptions only confirm the general rule. This is proved by the experience of the past eighteen hundred years.

But I am digressing; the point I wish to establish is, that the faculties and passions of man, being perverted and deranged in their action, tend to excesses, to disorder, in a word, to License, and that they must in consequence be checked and repressed if we wish to maintain order in society.

The three great principles of order and equilibrium at present, are GOVERNMENT, the CHURCH, MARRIAGE.

Government maintains Order in the temporal and practical sphere of human affairs, in politics, commerce, industry, and in all things relating to persons and property.

The Church maintains Order in the sphere of human reason, which tends, in a false society and during its ignorance of universal principles, to doubt and denial of the invisible and universal.

Marriage maintains Order in the sphere of the family and the relations of the sexes.

Reformers seek to advance the principle of Liberty; conservatives to maintain the principle of Order. Reformers have often run to extremes, and endeavored to break down hastily and inconsiderately the principles of order in society. Conservatives on the other hand, have, with equal blindness, endeavored to stop progress, smother liberty, and maintain all the absurd and tyrannical institutions which time has sanctioned. These two classes should be united. The reformer should be wise and conservative in his policy; the conservative, liberal and progressive. And let us hope that the present age will raise up men of this kind. With the history of the past and its blind controversies before us, and in a country progressive and liberal in its spirit like ours, we may hope for such a result.

If the principle of liberty runs into license in our present false society, the principle of order on the other hand tends to tyranny, and virtually oppresses man in seeking to maintain what it holds to be order. Conservatives should not flatter themselves with the idea that one of these antagonistic principles can be true in its nature, and the other false, and that the truth is on their side. There are no half truths; and while human nature is perverted and depraved, Government, the Church, and Marriage must be false and oppressive in many of their features. In Marriage, for example, the pecuniary dependence and subserviency of woman, and the right given to the man to deprive the mother of her children, are

unjust conditions which an enlightened sentiment will ere long correct. In fact, just in proportion as human nature is degraded, must Government be tyrannical, the Church superstitious, and Marriage oppressive to the weaker sex. This is proved by the whole history of the world; we challenge conservatives to deny it; and hence it necessarily results that if human nature is depraved and corrupt at present, the organization of society, with its three leading institutions, must also be more or less false and imperfect. The ratio of imperfection is not the same; our theory of government, for example, is rather in advance of the moral development of the people in whom the sentiments of social equality and justice are but slightly developed, while the systems of commerce and industry, with their frauds, selfishness, and conflicts, are far behind it.

Let us examine a little more in detail the functions of Government, the Church, and Marriage.

I. GOVERNMENT. It is the principle of order in the practical sphere of human affairs, that is, in the commercial, industrial and political relations of men. It settles disputes and litigations, enforces contracts on the one hand, and punishes crimes against persons and property on the other. In the present order of society, where poverty is the lot of the great majority, the strife for riches is reckless and desperate in the extreme. This strife is heightened to a mania by the ambitious thirst for influence and power, which is now satisfied mainly by the possession of wealth. The senses and the passion of ambition are excessively developed in their lower degrees, and are in a state of general license, unbalanced by a sufficient development of the higher social sympathies and of the religious sentiment acting in the practical relations of men, or what the Church calls "the love of the neighbor." Now, suppose that all law and government were abolished; that courts of justice, prisons, sheriffs and bailiffs were done away with at once: is it not evident that fraud and robbery would become general in society, and crimes against persons and property prevail to such an extent that every individual would have to go armed to the teeth to protect himself? It is clear that this principle of order must be carefully maintained; and the judicious reformer, who knows that constructive reforms can only be effected where order reigns, should be the first to desire it.

Government also represents the collective principle in society: it unites all the individuals of a country, makes of them a collective whole, and establishes the State or national Unity. It manages the administrative affairs of this national

Unity, and represents it in its relations with other nations.

But while government must be maintained, and under some form will always exist, it is greatly modified as man progresses in moral development and intelligence. Let abundance become universal, by means of a good organization of labor and the vast economies of Association, so that prosperity will be secured to all: let far more perfect means of education for the whole people be established than now exist, and sentiments of justice and honor be developed in them; and we shall see that the all-absorbing anxiety in relation to riches, and the intense selfishness to which it gives rise, will be allayed, and the low ambition of shining through wealth directed to nobler ends.

In such a state of things, that is, in a society where abundance and intelligence are universal, the desire to rob and plunder will cease, and crimes against property will disappear. Our courts of justice, our prisons and scaffolds will no longer be necessary, and will fall of themselves. Government will continue to exist, but it will be greatly modified. Instead of being a mere negative protector of property, as it now is, it will become a positive protector, by developing and encouraging productive Industry; instead of merely repressing the false and perverted action of the passions, it will aid their harmonious development by true political institutions. Let me remark, that any system of Government which is based upon tyranny, or which is controlled by the will or caprice of an individual or a minority of individuals, is *organized license*, and can be considered as a principle of order only in a false society, which renders it necessary. The English government, for example, has for its foundation its powerful landed aristocracy. This aristocracy, under William the Conqueror, took the soil, the principal property of the nation, by the power of the sword, and retained it by entailment in its own possession. This government then, so far as the aristocratic element is concerned, is based upon a system of organized spoliation and monopoly. Our own government, in the Northern States, based upon the collective will of the people, is about the only government in the world that represents truly, as far as it goes, the principle of order in the political sphere.

II. THE CHURCH. For reasons analogous to those which we have assigned for maintaining Government, judicious reformers should desire to maintain the Church and Marriage.

These institutions preserve order in two other spheres, in that of the religious sentiment and the union of the sexes; they check excess and license in



these spheres, as Government does in industry and politics. As modifications and improvements will take place in Government in proportion as the people are morally developed and elevated, so modifications and improvements will take place in the Church and Marriage. When these changes are to be, I will not inquire; this much at least may be prophesied of the religious sphere, that one universal Church will exist upon the earth, and that the numerous antagonistic sects will be united in a higher religious Unity.

As regards Marriage, the subserviency of woman and the degrading pecuniary dependence in which she is placed, can and should be changed in present society, as should also our system of divorce. The latter is now granted only for disgraceful reasons, which inflict a stain upon those who demand it, and men and women endure the most wretched unions rather than encounter the obloquy of a separation. A system of honorable divorce is beginning to be called for by the age, and when demanded by the refined and intelligent among women, will be sanctioned. I must however remark that whatever changes are to take place in the three principles of order of which I am speaking, the Associationists in this country leave them to the future, to be effected by the enlightened sentiments of coming generations. They wish to reform the practical or industrial organization of society, and establish in the place of the present society of poverty, ignorance and injustice, a social order of universal intelligence, justice and harmony.

Let us examine very briefly the functions of the Church in the present order of society. It maintains order, as I said, in the sphere of finite human reason, which, being absorbed mainly with material objects and interests, possessing no universal science, and believing only what it apprehends through the senses, would without the influence of the teachings of Religion gradually lose sight of the universal and invisible. But the Church protests against the negative tendencies of benighted human intelligence in our false societies. It maintains the idea of the unity of the Universe and of God, of the universality of his Providence and the future existence of souls. It thus forms the link between man and God and the universe, by preserving his faith in that, which to his uncultivated finite reason is incomprehensible. It preserves also the idea of the brotherhood of the Race, and is the source of the religious unity of Mankind, in view of its higher destinies, as Government is the source of its political unity on earth. These are but a small part of the functions of the Church, but they are evident and easily

understood. If we look over the whole history of the past and study the functions of the Word, and the Church its exponent, at different times and in its different spheres, we may make out a list like the following. We have not space to offer any comments, but leave the subject to reflecting minds.

*Principal Political Functions of the Church and the Bible.*

1. Preservation of a part of the Greek and Roman sciences and civilization, and their infusion into the barbarian hordes which overrun the Roman empire.
2. Union of the European nations during the middle ages, when universal political division and strife reigned; and the effectual resistance thereby of the attacks of Africa and Asia under the Mahometan rule. Without the Church, Europe would have been conquered by the Mahometans, and human progress retarded for ages.

*Principal Spiritual Functions.*

1. To fix the minds of men upon God, the principle of unity in the universe.
2. To serve as the spiritual guide of mankind during their social infancy, and the collective ignorance which accompanies it.
3. Anterior revelation of a part of the plans of God.

*General Functions.*

1. To form simple associations, which are prophecies of future social harmony.
  2. To cause the progressive development of human intelligence, by the study and controversy of dogmas.
  3. To establish several classes of ideas and doctrines, tending to universality.
  4. To aid mankind in supporting present misfortune by the idea of a happy future.
  5. To awaken in mankind the idea and sentiment of the brotherhood of the race.
  6. To accustom the human mind to reflect upon the invisible and universal.
  7. To create faith in the immortality of the soul.
  8. Promise of a Millenium on earth, or the reign of universal peace and harmony.
- The number could be greatly increased if we entered into minute details.

III. MARRIAGE. The same general remarks which apply to Government and the Church, apply to Marriage. It checks excess and license in the relations of the sexes, or in the passion of love in its present incomplete and false development, and is the foundation of the family in present society. The passion of love is as much misdirected and perverted, and is as little developed in its higher spiritual degrees, as any of the other passions; as ambition, for example, which engenders wars and the furious strife of parties. It consequently must be restrained, kept in subjection; otherwise it would tend to

rank materialism and its various excesses, to disease, infanticide, the abandonment of helpless women and children, and other abuses. The spiritual passions are at present smothered by poverty, or contaminated by the selfish and cautious calculations, which poverty forces upon them. Love, one of the principal affections of the soul, cannot of course escape the common lot, and there is in present society but little spiritual love of a high and elevated character, which calls forth reverence, devotion, and justice, and which is the counterbalancing power to the excessive development of the material passion. Stringent laws must consequently be established to force people to do that which the higher sentiments should prompt them to do. The morality is in the law, not in the people, and the law must exist and be upheld to supply its want in them.

Although it is evident that Marriage is the *Principle of Order* amidst the moral disorder which the low and false development of the passion of love engenders in present society, yet it is equally true that a vast amount of license, of mere materialism, of injustice, oppression and misery, and of what in fact is legalized prostitution, exists in, and is sanctioned by, Marriage.

By prostitution I understand the subjection of the *spiritual principle* to the *material*, — or of spiritual love to mere material considerations, as occurs in marriages for fortune, for a home, for uniting estates, for physical beauty or other similar motives, without any tie of the soul. Spirit or soul is the noble principle. Matter the ignoble or inferior principle, and the source of evil wherever it predominates. The spiritual principle is also the active and creative principle, and embodies itself in the material; the latter is the inert and passive principle, and the external emblem, the image in the natural world, of the former; hence it should always be subject and obedient to the former; wherever it usurps the control, the law of divine order is inverted, and evil reigns in the place of good. In present society, this is the case; it is the *union of bodies* which, before the law, the church, and public opinion, constitutes marriage, and not the *union of souls*. This is undeniably proved by the fact that the Church sanctions marriages contracted from various sordid and material motives, without ever inquiring into the spiritual union of souls; and also by the fact that married couples may live together in perpetual broils and discord, that is, in spiritual severance and hatred, and yet, living united bodily and the bodies being united legally, they are considered married, and perfectly moral people. Thus the law of divine order

is inverted, and hence the ten thousand woes and miseries which exist in marriage in civilization, and are hidden in its silent and too often gloomy depths.

The law of a true Order of Society concerning marriage will be: that spiritual love and spiritual motives alone must rule, and the material principle be made subservient and accessory. Hence, no union of souls, no union of bodies. But the fulfilment of the law is only possible in a social order where unusual abundance and independence, and a complete physical and moral development, exist. The union of the bodies, the external and visible union, which extends care and support to the children, is the system of Marriage adapted to the present social order. Its mode of verifying paternity, which is this: *Is pater est quem nuptia demonstrant*, (he is the father whom the marriage tie points out), is about as sound as its unions are true and sincere.

To sum up all: the Associationists in this country hold that the three great principles of order in society, as they now exist, must be maintained. They wish to establish justice and harmony in the practical relations and affairs of the world; in Industry, Commerce, Finance, Politics, Education, and so forth; and render abundance, moral culture and refinement, universal. When the foundation of society is right; when social justice and harmony reign on earth, these principles of order will reform themselves as far as necessary. They are in fact but *the form*, or law of action, of the human faculties and passions; the fruit of the social tree; and as is the tree, so will be the fruit. Whatever changes shall take place, after perfect justice is established in the practical affairs of society, and after human nature is rightly developed, they cannot fail to be good and just.

I hold this to be the stand which judicious reformers should take. If it be false, then the only alternative is to declare that the present system of society, with all its institutions, is *exactly right as it is*, and must be so maintained until the end of time.

Yours, &c.

A. BRISBANE.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

We continue our extracts from letters received from friends of the Associative movement in different parts of the country. Although not intended for publication, their writers, we are sure, will pardon us for the use which we make of them, while our readers cannot fail to be gratified with this introduction to the noble spirits, who like them, are watching in joyful trust, for the dawn of a brighter day. It is cheering to witness the interest and devotion which a faith in the principles of Universal Unity is sure

to call forth, and our brethren who cherish this sublime faith in the midst of isolation and antagonism, may be certain that they do not stand alone, and that all events are preparing for the realization of their highest hopes.

— "NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1846.

— "True! we are none of us, really worthy in character to present a visible *type* of that largeness, freedom, rich variety, harmonious action, freshness, simplicity of feeling, which are alone becoming the apostles of Universal Unity. But we shall not be worthy, till to our *convictions* are added suitable *conditions*. Our life is a Trinity in Unity; and holiness, truth, humanity are indissoluble as brain, blood, and extremities. Our piety is a longing of the spirit for the very 'fullness of God' in us; and it is a longing which cannot be satisfied, till we live united with fellow-seekers of a divine humanity in societies of heartily co-operating men and women. Out of our very consciousness of imperfection, undevelopment, distortion, comes thus our motive to go forward in our mission.

"True again! we none of us have a *Theology*,—a Science of the Divine,—that deserves the name. We are watchers in the dawn; and though the gleams are on the higher clouds, we do not yet see the Sun. But, after years of weary perplexities,—like fever-dreams,—I feel sure for one that I *really am awake*, or awaking, and that I am looking *towards* the east, to say no more. Many mysteries have been becoming clearer through this summer and autumn; and I feel more prepared than ever before to answer to the yearning cry 'Watchman! what of the night.' It is with a sweet-toned, golden trumpet, we may rouse the sleepers. And perhaps, before the sluggards are shaking themselves from their visions of the past, it will be all glowing sun-shine. Intellectually, we are surely seeking in the *right direction*. How very, *very* much is contained in that assertion—if one is conscious of the latent scepticism and the patent error all around us!

"Then as regards the third part of the religious life, the *body* of the soul and spirit, we *know* that we are in harmony with God's *method*. OUR WHOLE EFFORT IS CHARITY. And this more we know,—to complete the circle, and to come back to my first statement—that it is only by fullness of love in all the social relations that we can become One with Him whose essence and existence are Love.

"Out of Idealism and Pantheism and Ego-ism have we passed into Realism and Mediation and Immortal Communion. We have a *Religion* to announce to our fellows. And our watch-cry is once

again, in the most emphatic meaning of the words, 'The kingdom of Heaven upon Earth.'

"In all this there is nothing new in thought or in expression; but to me, as I write, there is the most rich and glorious newness of spirit. I cannot convey to you my impressions of the *Reality* of this movement in which it is our joy to be co-workers. I am, I believe, a *Christian*, as I have never yet been; and recognize a profoundness of significance in that Symbol of God-in-Man; and a nearness in his present relations to humanity, which make passing events and every scene warm with the pulsations of a heavenly life. But yet I wait, as we are all waiting, for the 'season of refreshing from on high.' Not on *us* alone, my friend, depends the progress of the grand at-one-ment, (I mean by '*us*,' the *Associationists* in Europe and the United States.) *The spiritual world, through the whole age, and especially in Christendom, is working with us.* And it is with a spirit of confident humility, of an unabashed and most serene hope, that we may go forward. We cannot fail."

— "MANCHESTER, N. H., Nov. 14, 1846.

"DEAR FRIENDS: I am really pained to see that there is some probability, or at least possibility, that the Harbinger will necessarily be discontinued for the want of adequate support; and, feeling that it would be a real calamity to society at large, and especially so to all true-hearted Associationists, I am anxious to make some feeble exertion in its behalf. My circumstances and relations are such that I cannot consistently do this in any way but to use my endeavors to obtain a small extension to your list of subscribers. I have already the promise of three or four names to be added at the commencement of your next volume, but I find people so in the dark as to the character and real claims of our magnificent theory and the proposed practical application thereof, that they desire to peruse some numbers of the Harbinger before venturing to become subscribers; therefore, I write this to ask you to send, if convenient, a few numbers, that can best be spared; and if I can use them with the result I desire, I shall feel doubly repaid in the consciousness of doing the cause a service, in some small degree, and of being instrumental in introducing to the minds of men a subject of incalculable interest, the practical application of the principles of which in all our social relations can alone save our race from degradation and misery.

"Hoping the day may speedily arrive when men shall not only sanction truth in theory but shall be able to give it a *body* and a life in all relations, I am yours."

We insert the following from a respected clergyman in the interior of New England, and a tried and most devoted Associationist, although we are not prepared to give our assent to the plan of operation, which he recommends. At some future day, we doubt not, an enterprise like that which he suggests, will be attempted; but at present, we are persuaded, the most important step is to establish a model Phalanx in the very heart of Civilization.

—, Nov. 14, 1846.

"In the first place, *I hope* the Harbinger will be continued. It will be, say you, if the friends of Association will just sustain it. But unfortunately the friends of Association are poor in purse though perhaps rich in faith. There is not an individual in this place that is capable of reading the Harbinger and appreciating it. But why, you may ask, has not this doctrine of Association been preached, and why have not individuals been taught at least the first principles of Association? It will not answer in such a place as this to run directly athwart men's most cherished ideas. I could do no good in directly preaching on the subject. There is here the greatest equality of condition. There are no overgrown, grinding monopolies. Then again, the population of this town are driving ahead with all their might on the subject of education. You can hardly imagine the enthusiasm with which they take it up. It is true they are on the old track, but still alive, active. I have not thought it best to distract, for the present, the popular mind. It is concentrated and acts to intensity. We are one people on the subject of common school education.

"Still I preach Association, not in name, but in fact. I take every fitting opportunity to show the present condition of society and contrast it with what it should be. I do whatever I can to strengthen men's faith in the providence of God; tell them it is a universal providence, that God designs to establish his kingdom on earth, and gather all nations into it, and then the whole human race shall be as *one man* before the Lord, integral, wanting in none of his parts.

"But let this pass. My faith is unwavering, has ever been since I attained to a little light on the subject of the reorganization of society.

"From all I can gather from the Harbinger and elsewhere, I get this idea, that it is doubtful whether you ever attain to your idea of a perfect Association at Brook Farm. If you should, by circumstances, ever be compelled to give up there, what shall be the next step which the friends of Association must take.

"Now let us speculate a moment.

Create Stock to the amount of \$200,000; let this be taken in shares of one hundred dollars. Let an annual assessment of twenty per cent. be made on these shares. Let us organize in 1847. Let Oregon be our place of destination. In the spring of 1848, let the pioneers go forward, say twenty in number, having resolute experienced men, men of clear heads; an engineer, a rail-road contractor, young men of robust constitutions, and sound hearts. Let them locate, plan out the domain, break the ground and cast in the wheat. Let these pioneers take out with them the first installment \$40,000. In the spring of 1849, let another band go out, say fifty men and a few women, perhaps twenty. Let the buildings now be commenced in good earnest; the foundation line, the walls of stone or brick, or the best material that can be procured, be put up. Let this band carry out with them the second assessment, \$40,000. In the spring of 1850 let another company of one hundred or more, men, women, and a few children go, and push forward the work as fast as possible; the next spring send out not less than two hundred, with the fourth assessment. The following spring let three hundred go with the fifth and last assessment, and complete in a good degree, the buildings, and make the necessary arrangements to receive the last accession, which would be probably as many persons as had already arrived. Thus in 1853 we should be able to commence our work *to live*. Let the shares be taken on the condition that one share should entitle a man to become a member of the Association, and an additional share for his wife, and for every child. This I think would induce many of small means to invest a little every year in so grand an enterprise. But why go to Oregon? In the first place there would be excited in the minds of multitudes an intense enthusiasm. There is something inspiring in the idea of leaving houses, and lands, and home, and going half the circumference of the globe to found a new order of things. It would awaken a religious enthusiasm; we should go there to establish the first society, the first community that ever existed on a purely Christian basis.

"In the second place, Oregon would be favorable on account of its remoteness from present *connections*; we should feel free, unencumbered; we should neither think nor care what narrow-minded, false-hearted men might say of our enterprise. We cannot, without an immense capital, realize our idea here at the East. People are looking on, sneering, watching, criticizing, and we could not go forward with a bold, firm step. Then again, Oregon is suitable as to soil

and climate. It is destined to become a place of immense importance, its location is favorable. In fine, there are a thousand reasons why this would be the place for such an enterprise.

"I have no doubt that \$200,000 stock could be sold. Many young men would subscribe for one or two shares because they could pay for them on easy terms. Many men of small means would be glad to invest their money in this way. Some rich men would take a few for the *fun* of it. And better still, hundreds of living men of living faith in a better order of society would gladly subscribe. You may think the scheme impracticable. I do not regard it so; at the present moment we need some movement of this kind. The genius of the age requires it. The religion of the age demands it. Humanity cries out for it. Ten men of the right spirit, in one year, might raise a tempest of enthusiasm. You may doubt, *I believe*."

Confound not religion, which is essentially one and unchangeable, with the different external forms in which it is clothed.

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Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass.

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### MISCELLANY.

For the Harbinger.

#### SOCIETY — AN ASPIRATION — OR THE ACTUAL AND THE POSSIBLE.

(Continued.)

##### *Synthesis of Association.*

The formation of groups on a basis which, in the smallest and crudest forms of Association, will assure to them an independent footing, is a desideratum of the first importance.

We have shown the conditions and relations which should exist, and which will test this independence. We now proceed to indicate the means of attaining it. We shall here consult the analogies of nature.

We have illustrated the serial distribution in the Planetary, the Atomic, the Organic, and the Psychical spheres. We will seek in the first of these, the Planetary, the law of the formation of groups. The solar group, for example, to which we belong, is composed of certain planets with their satellites, and the sun as pivot of movement. This sun is chief of the group. He attracts to certain orbits the planets, as they in turn act upon their satellites. His is the primal energy which co-ordinates all. Now, passing from great things to small, what is the law of combination among a gang of masons whom we find building a house? There is a master mason who by his superior knowledge, skill, influence of capital, primal energy, has attracted to him the laborers and the apprentices whose movements are directed by him, and who receive their pay through him. This man proceeds by the light of experience, and employs only so many subordinate co-operatives, and only upon such works as he knows will afford the best compensation. He is the sun of the group.

Experience has proved that the chances of successful management are greatest in this arrangement. We apply this principle to the formation of groups in Association. On the assemblage of

persons sympathizing in a given industrial attraction, if it is on the first evolution of order from social chaos, there may be among them no man so eminently qualified by talent and experience to lead, and for a short time the group may remain in a nebulous condition; but such characters very soon appear where they are called for; plenty of talent lies hidden among the rubbish of civilization, and the system of free election is most favorable to the development and appreciation of superior qualities. Whoever exerts the strongest attraction over the other members of a group, is its natural sun, and the hierarchy being established, harmonious and efficient movement commences.

The group chiefs, the farmers, or master mechanics with their workmen whom associative views have brought together, may first proceed to transact business with each other as independent firms. This preliminary organization will afford some approximative data, from which to calculate the relative dividends of these departments when subsequently united in a Phalanx. The next step, in which attraction begins to manifest itself, is the interlocking of these groups. Certain unitary arrangements will be formed, affording a guarantee from the mass to the individual, the germ of which we already see in the combinations of families in Boston to support mercantile factors through whom they obtain their goods nearly at wholesale prices, a very large reduction. Far greater will be the economies and luxuries of uniting many families in a single dwelling like a first class hotel, with suites of apartments instead of separate houses, preparation of food in a single kitchen, unitary ventilation by flues, saving many fires and risk of conflagrations, and so forth. Our hotels and club-houses, although established by private speculation, already render these advantages appreciable, to those who have no nobler aims than mere economy and comfort.

The meetings of the families or other

groups, in the common parlors, their visiting, social parties, and other intercourse naturally arising, will after a period of some months develop many new sympathies.

Individuals of the different groups, to vary the monotony of their labors, will desire to intervene in others with their friends, and to obtain this privilege without sacrificing their profits, which would be the condition in our incoherent industry. To facilitate this, each group through its secretary would register the number of working hours of each member, and any laborer accepted by a new group, as capable of co-operating profitably, would be credited by it as well as by his former group in just proportion. As these alliances grew more numerous, the groups would become more and more linked in a serial unity.

From the real connection of interests, and the social confidence established, would spring corresponding forms and mechanisms. The groups most closely connected by common interests and interchange of members, would meet in common council to decide upon collective operations, multiply their resources by combining their capital in a common stock, and distribute by general vote or through a representative medium the general profits to each component group; not according to the oppressive standard of civilization, which pays lowest that work which is hardest, as the ditcher's; or most disgusting, as the scavenger's; or most trying to the health, as the seamstress's; but retributing most highly those which are most necessary and least attractive. Besides satisfying the sentiments of justice and of friendship, now brought into convergence with interest through the serial distribution of labors, this common dividend system will save the daily necessity for mutual charges of the groups upon each other, and greatly lighten the duty of the book-keeper.

The principle of interlocking the series by interchange of their members, will finally combine the Agricultural,

Mechanical, Domestic, Scientific, Artistic and Mercantile departments in a unitary society, just as before the smaller groups of the same series. No series, group, or individual, would lose its distinct character or interests, but their aim would be brought into convergence with the rest. Stock might still be separately invested or labor separately performed by any group or individual whose individual interests did not bring him or them freely into this arrangement, whilst they could unite with other groups and series in departments which did harmonize their interests.

In the Phalanx thus formed, each individual would be credited on the books of the society for stock invested, and for labor and talent contributed, according to his estimation in his several groups; whilst he would be debited for his board, room-rent and purchases at the great deposit store; and these accounts being all open, every one could obtain the full amount of credit warranted by his fortune, without fear of injury on either side.

Taxes, both internal and external, would be levied from the general purse of the Phalanx before proceeding to distribution. The groups would very soon present a different aspect from that of their first meeting. Necessity was then perhaps the bond of union, and devotion the spring of friendly intercourse: they have now been replaced by Attraction; the freedom to follow this attraction; the labor in short sessions, alternating pursuits and associates; the spur of emulation with contiguous groups, and the enthusiasm of the corporate sentiment ennobling all; the full security of justice, required since the interlocking of the groups, by selfishness equally with generosity, and the genial warmth of social life growing out of all these, will have imparted such a charm to industry, that, if punishment were ever needed, none would be more dreaded than suspension of employment.

The society will consequently be enabled to declare to every member a constant minimum sufficient to prevent destitution, whatever may befall him, and which no one however rich shall be at liberty to decline. This guarantee will be cemented by personal sympathies, and it will embrace *all* the conditions which life demands, so far as the society has attained them,—an advantage impossible to the Odd Fellows, or other guarantee societies, who can only afford the *material* of subsistence, while their members continue to live in the isolated household.

Having now, as we hope, stated clearly the relations of *interest* in which ambition is gratified by the serial order, we proceed to consider those of *glory*, strictly based upon such interests.

In each group, the rank in skill will stimulate the ambition of the persons composing it, as well as the elective office of president of the group, who in this capacity, will meet the presidents of the other groups in the same sub-series, to form a council for consultation and combined action in measures of common interest; namely, in the grain sub-series, the allocation of soil best adapted to each culture, the distribution of the various implements of husbandry they require, the distribution of the dividend coming to the sub-series, among the groups which compose it. As president of a group and member of a sub-serial council, this man becomes eligible to the office of sub-serial president. As sub-serial president he meets the other sub-serial presidents of the series to which they all belong, to transact for the whole series business of common interest, such as the matters mentioned above, and so forth. As member of a serial council he becomes eligible as its president, and so on, series above series, to the presidency of the Association or Phalanx, to the presidency or monarchy of a series of Phalanxes, to the monarchy or empire of the world. Observe here,—that as each group, each sub-series, and each series, manages its own private interests for itself, electing representatives only to manage its external relations with other groups, sub-series or series,—the limits of each department are accurately defined, and no power is *entrusted*, which can be advantageously exercised by those immediately interested in the results of administration. Each office in succession is filled by men chosen by those who from being personally acquainted with them, and associated with them in business, have had full opportunities of judging of their capacity. Here is a true democracy; for not only is all power derived from the *people*, including all *laborers* whose interests are represented, male and female, old and young; but that power is absolutely exercised *by* the people, by the laborers, by those *personally* interested in every result which they determine. Yet, from the interlocking of their interests with various groups, which often comprise a majority of all persons in the Association, they are absolutely incapacitated from attaining for themselves any result, in which the rest shall not participate. These goods are substituted for the evils in our pseudo-democracy, whose representatives are a few persons chosen from many thousands, most of whom never saw them before the eve of the election, as is the case in our congressional and presidential elections, and who are even in the minor elections very slightly if at all acquainted with them. The tumult, the opposition, sometimes amounting to personal violence, the

deceit, the bribery, the drunkenness, and all the legitimated crimes, which make our yearly elections appalling moral evils, are here annihilated by the simple distribution of power among the groups, sub-series, series, and so forth, whose interests are immediately concerned in its exercise. Again, the number of ranks and offices will be so great and correspond to so many varied species of excellence, that the gratification of ambition, now restricted to a few, and attained often at the expense of every other interest, will be in the power of nearly every person at some period; he who holds an inferior station in one group, will be consoled by finding himself a chief in some other whose pursuits are better adapted to his peculiar genius: since God has so organized our characters in their infinite shades of difference, that each has its peculiar excellencies, and when by the practical education of Association they have received their natural and integral development, each one will find a sphere of action peculiarly his own. One more consideration. The expensiveness of our present forms of government all over civilization, is surpassed only by their inefficiency in providing for the well being of their subjects.

The distribution of power in Association, like that of labor, will confine no one to an exclusive sphere of life; the same person whom we have followed into the field, the workshop, the school, the orchestra, will when occasion requires, devote without inconvenience, a few hours to the business of legislation. In the small sphere of one Association the honor alone may be reward enough when no sacrifice of other interests is required. The emperor of the world does not resign the privilege of attractive labor in the groups, where he meets a court endeared to him by the thousand ties which spring from sympathy in attractive pursuits, in the majestic shades of a forest bower, or in the tasteful saloons of the Phalanx, where genius and wealth have combined their resources for a beloved home.

We have now left behind us the ages of incoherence, of social and political warfare, in which self-sacrifice is the law of Christian duty and class-sacrifice the law of civil policy.

In the series of contrasted, graduated, combined, and interlocked groups, we have bound the individual with the mass by the composite ties of selfishness and generosity, of personal interests and family affections, social sympathies and corporate league; ambition no longer climbs over the dead and living corpses of his brothers to a throne amid glaciers. The lion has lain down with the lamb, and Lucifer beams again resplendent in the

angelic choir. Humanitary interests now require as earnestly, as they before had feared, the highest developments of individual ambition, and civil policy must seek to universalize instead of suppressing them.

Let us glance at a few of the avenues which the serial order opens, its administrative dignities, its premiums to genius and public services. The population of our globe is variously computed at from five to nine hundred millions. At the low estimate that only five-sevenths of this number are sufficiently concentrated for Phalansterian organization; excluding Tartar and Indian tribes, the sutorial Australians, and all savage nations subsisting on the free bounty of our mother earth, who have not yet reached the age of social dentition or development of industry; there remain five hundred millions, capable of forming two hundred and seventy-seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven Phalanxes.

What are the attractions which will render the first Phalanx, under all the disadvantages of its crudity, a nucleus of organization to these social elements, and enable it to open a sphere for those splendid ambitions of the future, before whose aims at a composite conquest both material and passional, the efforts for brute empire of a Cæsar or an Alexander, will lose their prestige, and scarcely appear to be gigantic absurdities?

Of its highest attractions we must forbear to speak, because they are of that moral, social, psychical character that they are instantly felt as if magnetically; but descriptions, or at least such as we are here limited to, can convey no idea of them. They are those which God has enclosed in the varied types of genius and beautiful character, whose influence is already felt in their own little circles, and still more who are now unrecognized even by themselves, but who, pendent like the water-lily in the still stream, await their genial hour to bloom. We shall be more intelligible in speaking of the combinations of capital, labor and skill, now at open war, or undermining each other in treacherous leagues,—of unitary economies substituted for incoherent waste of labor, time and material,—of introduction of machinery into the agricultural and domestic labors which now require half mankind to be hewers of wood and drawers of water; machinery only practicable in arrangements on the largest scale, and of which our first class hotels can give only very imperfect hints,—of regular payments by dividends from the society, substituted for the precarious wages of individual to individual, with the frauds, the general distrust, and the opposition of interests which grows out of that system,—of the integral education of

children, at once scientific, industrial and social, which enables them to earn their expenses before the tenth year,—of the solidary guaranties sustaining all in their strong net-work of interests, providing for accident, sickness and old age not merely the means of a physical existence, as in those abominable outrages on humanity, our almshouses; but a largo home, where environed by those luxuries and harmonies of art and nature which naturally flow from the combined resources of many hundreds, these poor, "whom we shall have always with us," shall rest among their friends, draw new life from the world of love and action round them, and in the numerous industrial groups ever find favorite employments in which they may intervene as complementary members whenever ability, pursuits and inclination attract them. With such a depth of tone, with so clear and penetrating and withal so musical a voice, will the first Phalanx plead with the heart of humanity—"Come all ye brothers who are weary with strife and heavy laden with sin and broken with oppression, come to me and I will give you rest"—that ten years from the formation of the first Phalanx must witness the crystallization of the whole social mass in which the seeds of Associative propagandism have been scattered. They cannot resist this voice, for it is that of their own nature and all their life will respond to it. The series being the predetermined order for which God has calculated man's instincts and attractions, he must feel it as soon as presented to him, to be his social destiny; he can no more escape conviction than he can escape from himself. Supposing the exclusiveness of the Chinese, the remoteness of many portions of Asia, Africa and America from the centres of propagandism, and other causes, to prevent the impulse from being communicated to more than one-twentieth part of the industrial population, we shall see about the tenth year from the success of the first Phalanx the formation of only thirteen thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight. Of Unarchs or Presidents of a single Phalanx, we shall now have thirteen thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

Of Duarchs presiding over	4 Phalanxes	3472
Of Triarchs " "	12 "	1157
Of Tetrarchs " "	48 "	289
Of Pentarchs " "	144 "	96
Of Hexarchs " "	576 "	24
Of Heptarchs " "	1728 "	8

Corresponding to these will be commercial dignities and offices of profit and trust in different departments of spherical industry, as there are internally within a single Phalanx.

In the premiums of genius there are two points to be conciliated, the lightness of taxation upon the mass, and the mag-

nificence of the reward to the individual. Each Phalanx prepares every year a table of the inventions, compositions, and novelties of art and science which it has accepted by a majority of votes. Each of these productions is judged by the competent series of literature and poetry, and thus of all other novelties. If a work is considered worthy of reward, they fix the sum to be adjudged to the author; for instance, five dollars to a Fulton for a cultivating-engine, fifty cents to Elizabeth Barrett for a "Drama of Redemption," completing that of "Exile." The Phalanx, after having formed a table of the prices it decrees, sends it to the administration, which collects the votes of the canton and forms the provincial table. This in turn is sent to the administration of the district which collects the votes of the cantons, and so by degrees to the spherical congress where the censorship is held, and where are proclaimed the names of authors crowned by the majority of the Phalanxes on the globe. Of the sums voted by this majority an average or medium term is assigned to the author. If one-third of the Phalanxes has voted half a dollar, one-third a dollar, and one-third a dollar and a half, the premium adjudged will be one dollar. If the ultimate vote has assigned to the engine five dollars, to the "Drama of Redemption" fifty cents; the minister of finance will send to Fulton a letter of credit for

13,888  
5

\$69,440

And to Miss Barrett for

2,13,888

\$6,944

They receive besides, the triumphal decoration as magnates of the globe, and thenceforth wherever they go, they receive the same honors as the magnates of the country. These sums, inappreciably small for each Phalanx, are immense for the authors, especially as they may be often repeated. Fulton, or Miss Barrett, may gain such sums every year by some production which shall receive the general suffrage. The smallest works, provided they are distinguished by their excellence, will bring large sums to their authors; for if Mendelssohn is awarded sixpence by his Phalanx for a Symphony, which may have occupied him only a few days, it will amount, when multiplied by the general vote of the phalansterian globe, to eight hundred thirty-three dollars and fifty-eight cents.

This may be considered as an inordinate profusion; the aspirants themselves may say that this is overwhelming them with riches. In civilization, dependent upon the base impulse of necessity for industry of mind or body, these premiums would indeed extinguish the virtue which



they crowned. The series which works by the springs of attraction has no need of base motives; we shall have there the stimulus of appreciative masses which did such wonders for the arts in Greece; and the cabalism, which now in incoherent industry, and in the groups of small Associations combining many functions under one name, throws the apples of discord; will yield the single group to sympathy of identity, and the dominion of the corporate sentiment, and become a spur of industrial intrigue, by its development between contiguous groups. Let the artists then be reconciled to their tardy good fortune. "They do not now find a gain of millions too large for a stock-jobber, a monopolizer, a usurer. They admire the perfectibilities of that civilization which throws these millions at the feet of evil doers. Why this disorder? If the social or Harmonic state has the property of rewarding with immense treasures noble functions, as those of science and art, it follows in contrast that the civilized state destined to invert and falsify the passions, is prodigal of its treasures to the meanest and most pernicious classes, to those who instead of working, like votaries of art and science, for beauty and utility, work only to starve a country and to levy tribute on productive industry under the pretext of circulation. These are the men worthy of public favor in the civilized and barbarous societies, where the effects of the passions are the opposite of those produced by the social divine code, which favors only truth and justice, noble deeds and noble ideas; thus our angels of darkness, our sophists, only attain with their perfectibilities to concentrate the fruits of industry more and more in the hands of stock-jobbing sharpers, who share the powers of government and cause the civilized order to decline rapidly to its fourth phase, Composite Feudalism, or division of the spoils between the two classes, the nobility and the merchants." When we speak of the meanness of the mercantile class, we refer to their false position as parasites upon productive industry, not to their individual characters, which are often amongst the most liberal, in conformity with the inversion of nature which civilization presents in all its paradoxical phases, and as a direct consequence of their prosperity. Charity, when they possess it, is a virtue they share with the gambler and the robber of the highway.

The premiums of which we have spoken sink into insignificance, compared with those which the vote of much smaller sums will secure to genius, when a brilliant and rapid system of propagandism and colonization, organized after the tenth year, shall have brought into the associative mechanism the whole popula-

tion of the globe, and the number of Phalanxes shall increase to three hundred and eighty-eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight, which lies within the possibilities of our own generation.

The number of seven hundred millions, which seems so large to our petty calculations, and which is perhaps about the ultimate which the human race can reach during the period of incoherence in which wars, famine, pestilence and chronic diseases leave as the average of life, or what passes for such, hardly an eighth of its natural period, is only left as a seedling plant for the growth of the future.

Where there is the slightest exemption from destructive influences, as among the country population of England; the ratio of births to deaths is such as to double the population in twenty-two years. This is far exceeded in many other districts. The statisticians of our gazetteers have, in calculating only the negative influence of an ultra civilized mechanism in the prevention of wars, pestilence, and so forth, estimated that one century might bring the population of the earth to three thousand two hundred and twenty-six millions. Superior health-conditions for the individual, must of course limit the propagation of the human race, as it does of our horses, which are so much better cared for, that the farmer is under the necessity of subjecting his breeding mares to special hardships and ill usage; and as the earth obtains its complement, we may expect an equilibrium to prevail between births and deaths. In the first years however, the rapid increase must give a prodigious impetus to colonization.

Here open the brilliant crusades of Humanitary propagandism. Courage yet for a few years! and no longer struggling painfully against prejudice and fatuity, but billowed upon the enthusiastic sympathies of all that is highest in note and name as in heart and worth; our industrial armies marching forth to the regeneration of their race, shall put to shame the brutal chivalry of a blood-stained past. These industrial armies will go to prepare the homes of new Phalanxes in barbarous or savage countries, in which the natives will only be admissible in the proportion of one-fourth, until seduced by the guarantee of privileges superior to the rude freedom of nature, they come to solicit an industrial education. They will be organized not only with the unitary discipline of our military, but with all those classes of character and industrial function which are required to give zest to life and labor, from the cook to the minstrel.

Possessors of our vast machine power, and the protean resources of science in its application; physical obstacles will only serve to develop the consciousness of

strength and skill. To fill the deserts with streams, to re-forest the hill sides, and disintegrate rock barrens, will be like games of joyous boyhood to the armies of unity. To convert this whole earth, from the torrid desert of Lybia to the ices of the pole, by our integral culture into a garden of beauty, is, as Miss Barrett well observes, but

"A power within our tether no new spirit power conferring."

"When we drive out from the cloud of steam, majestic white horses,

Are we greater than the first men, who led black ones by the mane?"

This earth-subduing we shall hold but as out-door play; nature will always be our gymnasium, for in our new moral and spiritual developments, we shall not fall into the symplistic error of neglecting our bodies and their material relations. We dare hardly touch at present on the loftier reachings of an ambition standing on this earth-broad basis. Have not the phenomena of magnetic clairvoyance, both induced and spontaneous, shown that space and time are no limits to the human soul? We have but recently heard Professor Bush solemnly aver that Leverrier's planet had been discovered and spoken of to him several months before by a clairvoyant, without the slightest scientific pretension. These are but the voyages of Columbus;—a Cortez will follow on their track.

To be continued.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF A FRENCH THEORY OF ASSOCIATION.

BY TITO PAGLIARDINI.

(Concluded.)

### Organization of Labor.

In all agricultural and manufacturing arts, it is universally admitted that the most minute subdivision of labor adds considerably to the quantity and quality of the product: thus every pin, to be perfect, is made to pass through the hands of no less than ten persons; or, in other words, the pin manufactory is divided into ten different branches or series; but at what a price is the perfection of the product attained! The workman devoting for months, years, his whole life to the exercise of only one of his faculties; and generally condemned to carry on monotonous and deadly occupations in narrow and ill-ventilated apartments, becomes degraded in body and mind, and falls early a victim to the perfection of the product.

Yet the principle of the division of labor is too essential in all productive arts, to be abandoned; nay, it is so essential that it ought to be extended to every branch of human industry; but to increase the wealth of the community without sacrificing the laborer, this subdivision must be thus organized.

All the occupations of a Phalanstery or community (village) may be classed under the following seven heads:—domestic, agricultural, manufacturing, educational, scientific labors, and the practice of the fine arts, besides the political or

administrative functions common to all; each of these classes may be subdivided into many species, each species into varieties, each variety into sub-varieties, and so on, until it be reduced to the smallest division possible. Each individual will undertake one or two of those small portions of labor, and as he will have to choose among at least three or four hundred, he will follow the bent of Nature, and only choose among those for which his taste or talent is suited, to the considerable improvement of each article; for some tailors excel in making waistcoats, who completely fail in the confection of a coat; some ladies, who would scorn to prepare a complete dinner, often take the greatest pleasure in preparing the creams and pastry for an evening entertainment; thus, also, many wealthy persons, in the cultivation of their own gardens, neglect numerous essential or beautiful plants, to devote themselves exclusively to the care of a favorite flower, nay, of a particular variety of that flower; and such is the will of nature: but civilization generally forces each individual, if tolerably free, to accumulate in his own hands all the various branches of his trade or occupation, for many of which he has neither taste nor aptitude; and if solely dependent on his labor for existence, he is forced to wear out his life in a monotonous, health-destroying occupation, such as gilding, needle-grinding, mining. The happiness of the individual is thus destroyed, and the work proceeding from his hands suffers from the indifference or disgust with which it is performed.

In Fourier's system, all who are engaged in any branch of industry, are divided into groups, each group undertaking only one small portion of the labor; but to avoid all the above-mentioned evils, the labor of each group will be limited to two or three hours at a time, another group coming to relieve them, if necessary; so that the work may be continuous, though the workmen vary. The relieved group then breaks up, and each individual proceeds to join some other group of his choice, which he again quits for another; thus finding variety and pleasure in his work, which makes him not only a healthy, but a contented man.

That no confusion will arise from one group relieving another every two or three hours, is evident from what happens daily in the army, the only well-organized body that civilization can boast of. The sole difference between the existing body of destruction and the proposed industrial army is, that the latter substitutes the universal principle, ATTRACTION, as its link, for the barbarous principle of constraint, which alone holds together the former. Besides which, there are natural interruptions in the course of the day, formed by the three meals, breakfast, dinner, and supper, which divide the day into four parts: namely, 1, before breakfast; 2, between breakfast and dinner; 3, between dinner and supper; and 4, between supper and bedtime. Now if, instead of returning after each meal to the same work, which might have been attractive for a time, and in no wise injurious to the health, but which decidedly becomes both tedious and unhealthy if long continued, each individual joins a totally distinct group, no confusion will have arisen, and the workman will feel refreshed by the variety, and happy in

the exercise of some other faculty. Thus supposing that in the first portion of the day he devotes himself to the care of the horses and cattle (and how many noblemen there are whose first morning-visit is to the stables!) or to some necessary domestic occupation; after breakfast, he may proceed either to the fields, or to the orchard, or to the garden, according to the directions of the chief of the group, which he has freely entered, and which he may as freely quit, on giving sufficient notice; after his dinner, he may then, having been sufficiently in the open air, and enjoyed sufficient exercise, like to be engaged in some more sedentary occupation, and enter not only without disgust or danger, but with absolute pleasure and benefit into various manufacturing groups. As all occupations are subdivided into their most minute and simple details, the work entrusted to each group can offer but few difficulties, and will not need a long apprenticeship; every one will thus be enabled to belong to twenty or thirty different groups, and yet attain excellence in each. Every group will be directed by the member generally admitted to possess most skill or science, and who will thus be entitled to a dividend, not only from the portion of the profits allotted to labor, but also from the portion to be distributed to talent. This election of a chief will always be a just one; for as the ambition of all men may be satisfied in consequence of their belonging to several groups, none will be unjustly envious of the superiority attained by one member in a particular branch, it being probable that every one will be superior in some other branch; moreover, whatever emulation or jealousy may exist between any two groups, this jealousy will never extend to individuals; for they may the very next moment be united in some other group, which a similarity of taste on this particular point has made them enter. Thus the Organization of Labor, at the same time that it admits of the natural inequalities of rank, fortune, and talent, completely does away with the party hatred so fearfully conspicuous in civilization.

That man will naturally submit to superior skill, is evident from daily occurrences. Do we not see the nobleman, of his own free-will, follow the advice, nay, obey the orders, of his farmer, of his jockey? Do we not see ladies meekly submitting to be directed by their milliner in dress, by their gardener in the cultivation of a favorite flower? Yet on all other occasions they feel, they jealously uphold, the superiority of their rank.

Though the system here proposed applies only to the industrial population, it is nevertheless probable, that, after a certain period, those of the highest rank would join in some particular industrial group, not from need, but from inclination. Do we not already see noblemen delight in driving a stage-coach?—men of education charm their leisure hours in gardening, shooting, hunting, fishing, carpenters' and turners' work?—ladies seek unceasing amusement in embroidering stools, slippers, braces?—nay, in employing their delicate fingers in the preparation of coarse clothes for the poor and the aged? It would certainly be difficult for men of polished manners to associate even for two hours regularly with a group of uneducated workmen, such as civilization produces them; but the man-

ners of these will be so improved, from the organization of the community, that a well-bred man will no longer dread passing a short time with them while engaged in some occupation or sport of which he is passionately fond.

The organization of labor will have the extreme advantage of preventing that curse on workmen in civilization, the *dead season*—a season of difficulties, forced idleness, and the consequent temptations to vice and crime: for, as every member pursues twenty or thirty various branches of industry, the periodical slackening in the activity of one or several of these is scarcely felt; and so much the less so, as it is compensated by a corresponding increase in the activity of other branches. Thus, in the winter most agricultural pursuits slacken, or cease altogether; but the manufacturing arts acquire at the same time a renewed vigor.

The administration must be particularly careful in keeping a just equilibrium between the necessities of the Phalanx, and the demand for labor in the various groups; and this is easily accomplished. For instance, if the industrials, free in their choice, have grouped in a manner not perfectly in accordance with the general interest, the administration by diminishing the sum ascribed to the crowded groups, will soon remove from them the least ardent, and by increasing the pay of the till then abandoned groups, will forthwith recall its members; and, as a general rule, the more agreeable and more attractive labors will be less liberally remunerated than the more repugnant ones.

The whole system, then, is included in the following words:—*Association, Attractive Labor, Organization of Labor, and Unitary Administration of the Community*; principles which are by Fourier logically deduced from axioms as obvious as those of Euclid, and from a most profound analysis of the laws of nature and the human heart, but which it is not at present our purpose to develop.

Neither will we now expatiate on the efficacy of the proposed organization of the commune, or village, in preventing crime; nor prove that with a well-fed population, working in groups, the fruits and orchards will be secure—that they will, therefore, only be gathered at fit times, and not while still unripe, to prevent their being stolen; that in a corporation where each individual, man or woman, is sure of finding work, and being remunerated therefor—and in which the natural instincts of children will be made useful to the community, marriage, now so perilous a step, will be encouraged at an early age (between eighteen and twenty-four, or twenty-five;) and that this facility, combined with the moralizing influence of continued and attractive industry, will do more towards extirpating vice from its bosom than all the repressive laws of the realm. Neither will we, supposing the first trial to have succeeded, and its example to have been followed by other communities, represent these communities as combining three and four in cantons, under the general administration of a borough—three or four boroughs forming a county, under the administration of a town—three or four towns forming a province, under the administration of a city—a collection of cities forming a state—several states a nation. We close this imperfect view of

the subject, by the enunciation of the opinion that, at a future period, when the whole of the world shall have been organized as we propose, happiness, plenty, virtue, and truth, will alone reign among men; and that, in the meantime, we wish to preserve all the existing institutions — the laws, with all their severity — the judge, the fine, confiscation, prisons — until, having no more crimes to punish, they die of languor. Also, that we wish to preserve all the political privileges of the existing classes, till they of themselves shall relinquish them for far superior advantages.

Translated for the Harbinger.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,\*  
SEQUEL TO

CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

XXVIII.

On the next day Consuelo felt herself broken in mind and body. Superville's cynical revelations, following so suddenly upon the paternal encouragements of the "Invisibles," produced upon her the effect of an immersion in freezing water after a delightful warmth. She had been raised an instant towards heaven in order to fall again immediately to earth. She was almost vexed with the doctor for having undeceived her; for she had already, in her dreams, taken pleasure in clothing with a dazzling majesty this august tribunal which opened its arms to her as an adopting family, as a refuge against the dangers of the world and the temptations of youth.

Still the doctor appeared to deserve some gratitude, and Consuelo acknowledged it without being able to experience any towards him; was not his conduct that of a sincere, courageous and disinterested man? But Consuelo found him too sceptical, too much of a materialist, too much given to despise good intentions and to laugh at beautiful characters. Notwithstanding what he had said to her about the imprudent and dangerous character of the anonymous prince, she still formed to herself a high idea of that noble old man, ardent for good as a youth, and artless as a child in his faith in the perfectibility of the human race. The words which had been addressed to her in the subterranean hall, returned to her mind and appeared to her full of calm authority and austere wisdom. Charity and goodness pierced through the threats and reserve of an affected severity, ready to give itself the lie at the least burst of Consuelo's heart. Would cheats, covetous men and charlatans have thus spoken and acted with her? Their valiant enterprise of reforming the world, so ridiculous in the eyes of the cynic Superville,

echoed the eternal wish, the romantic hopes, the enthusiastic faith with which Albert had inspired his spouse, and which she had again found with benevolent sympathy in Gottlieb's afflicted but generous head. Was not this Superville hateful for wishing to dissuade her from it, and to deprive her of her faith in God, at the same time with her confidence in the Invisibles?

Consuelo, much more given to poetry of soul than to the dry appreciation of the sad realities of the present life, struggled against the judgments of Superville and endeavored to repel them. Had he not made gratuitous suppositions, he who confessed that he was not initiated into the *subterranean world*, and who appeared ignorant even of the name and existence of the council of the Invisibles? It was possible that Trismegistus was a chevalier d'industrie, though the princess Amelia affirmed the contrary, and the friendship of count Golowkin, the best and wisest of the nobles whom Consuelo had met at Berlin, spoke in his favor. That Cagliostro and Saint Germain were also impostors, that too might be supposed, though they likewise might have been deceived by an extraordinary resemblance. But when uniting these three adventurers in the same contempt, it did not follow that they made part of the council of the Invisibles, nor that this association of virtuous men could not repel their suggestions as soon as Consuelo had herself ascertained that Trismegistus was not Albert. Would it not be time to withdraw her confidence after that decisive proof, if they persisted in wishing to deceive her so grossly? Until then Consuelo wished to try her destiny and to know better those Invisibles to whom she owed her liberty and whose paternal reproaches had reached her heart. She determined upon this last course, and while awaiting the termination of the adventure, she resolved to treat all that Superville had said as a trial he had been authorized to subject her to, or else as a necessity of expressing his bile against certain rivals better received and better treated than himself by the prince.

A last hypothesis troubled Consuelo more than all the others. Was it absolutely impossible that Albert should be alive? Superville had not observed the phenomena that had for two years preceded his last illness. He had even refused to believe in them, persisting in the thought that the frequent absences of the young count in the grotto had been consecrated to gallant rendezvous with Consuelo. She alone, with Zdenko, knew the secret of those lethargic crises. The doctor's self-love would not allow him to confess that he might have been deceived by the appearance of death. Now that

Consuelo was acquainted with the existence and material power of the council of the Invisibles, she dared to form many conjectures upon the manner in which they might have rescued Albert from the horrors of a premature burial, and received him secretly among themselves for unknown purposes. All that Superville had revealed to her of the mysteries of the chateau and the peculiarities of the prince, helped to confirm this supposition. The resemblance of an adventurer named Trismegistus might complicate the marvellousness of the fact, but it did not destroy its possibility. This idea took such strong possession of poor Consuelo that she fell into a deep melancholy. Albert alive, she would not hesitate to join him as soon as she was permitted, and to devote herself to him eternally. But more than ever she felt that she must suffer from a devotedness into which love did not enter. The chevalier presented himself to her imagination as a cause of bitter regret, and to her conscience as a source of future remorse. If she were obliged to renounce him, her dawning love would follow the course of opposed inclinations, it would become a passion. Consuelo did not ask herself with a hypocritical resignation why this dead Albert wished to leave his tomb where he was so well off; she said that it was her destiny to sacrifice herself to this man, perhaps even beyond the grave, and she wished to accomplish that destiny even to the end; but she suffered strangely, and she wept for the unknown, her most involuntary, her most ardent love.

She was drawn from her meditations by a slight noise and the grazing of a little wing upon her shoulder. She uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy on seeing a pretty red-breast fluttering in her chamber and approaching her without fear. After a few moments of reserve he consented to take a fly from her hand.

"Is it you, my poor friend, my faithful companion?" said Consuelo to him with tears of infantile joy. "Can it be possible that you have sought and found me here? No, that cannot be. Pretty, confiding creature, you resemble my friend, and are not he. You belong to some gardener, and have escaped from the green-house in which you have passed the cold weather among always beautiful flowers. Come to me, consoler of the prisoner; since the instinct of your race impels you towards the solitary and the captive. I wish to transfer to you all the friendship I had for your brother."

Consuelo played seriously for a quarter of an hour with the amiable little animal, when she heard from without a slight whistle which seemed to thrill that intelligent creature. He let fall the dainties which his new friend had lavish-

\* 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.

ed upon him, hesitated a little, made his great black eyes sparkle, and suddenly determined to take his flight through the window, attracted by a fresh call from an irresistible authority. Consuelo followed him with her eyes and saw him lose himself in the foliage. But on striving to discover him again, she perceived at the bottom of her garden on the other bank of the stream which bounded it, in a rather open place, a personage easily recognized notwithstanding the distance. It was Gottlieb, who dragged himself alongside the water in a very cheerful manner, singing and trying to hop. Consuelo, forgetting a little the prohibition of the "Invisibles," endeavored to attract his attention by waving her handkerchief from the window. But he was absorbed by the desire of recalling his red-breast. He raised his head towards the trees as he whistled, and went away without having noticed Consuelo.

"God be blessed, and the Invisibles also, in spite of Superville," said she to herself. "That poor child appears happy and better in health; his guardian angel, the red-breast, is with him. It seems that it is also the presage of a more pleasing destiny for myself. Let me no longer doubt my protectors. Distrust palsies the heart."

She sought for the means of occupying her time in a profitable manner to prepare her for the new moral education which had been announced to her, and she thought of reading, for the first time since she had been at \* \* \*. She entered the library, upon which she had hitherto cast only an absent glance, and resolved to examine seriously the choice of books that had been placed at her disposal. They were not numerous, but extremely rare and probably unique, for the greater part. It was a collection of the writings of the most remarkable philosophers of all epochs and all nations, but abridged and reduced to the essence of their doctrines, and translated into the various languages which Consuelo could understand. Many, having never been published as translations, were in manuscript, especially those of the celebrated heretics and innovators of the middle ages, precious remains of the past, important fragments of which, and even some complete copies, had escaped the researches of the Inquisition, and the later violations of the Jesuits in the old heretical chateaus of Germany during the thirty years' war. Consuelo could not appreciate the value of these philosophical treasures, collected by some ardent bibliophile or by some courageous adept. The originals would have interested her on account of their characters and the vignettes, but she had under her eyes only a translation made with care and penned

with elegance by some modern. Still she sought with preference for the faithful translations of Wickliff, of John Huss, and of the reforming Christian philosophers who were connected, in anterior, cotemporaneous and subsequent ages with those fathers of the new religious era. She had not read them, but she was quite well acquainted with them from her long conversations with Albert. In turning them over, she did not read them any more, and yet she knew them better and better. Consuelo had an essentially religious soul without having a philosophical mind. If she had not lived in that reasoning and clear-sighted medium of the world of her time, she would have been easily turned to superstition and fanaticism. Still such as she was, she understood the exalted discourses of Gottlieb better than the writings of Voltaire, which were nevertheless read with ardor by all the fine ladies of that age. That intelligent and simple girl, so courageous and so tender, had not a head formed for the subtleties of reasoning. She was always enlightened by her heart before being so by her brain. Seizing all revelation of feeling by a prompt assimilation, she could have been instructed philosophically; and she had been remarkably so for her age, her sex and her position, by the teachings of a friendly voice, by the eloquent and fervent voice of Albert. The organizations of artists acquire more in the emotions of a lecture or of a sermon than in the patient and often cold study of books. Such was Consuelo; she could not read a whole page with attention; but if a great thought, happily rendered and summed up by a brilliant expression, struck her attention, her soul became fixed upon it; she repeated it to herself like a musical phrase: the sense, however profound it might be, penetrated her like a divine ray. She lived upon that idea, applied it to all her emotions. She derived a real strength from it, she remembered it all her life. And it was not for her a vain sentence, it was a rule of conduct, an armor for the fight. What need had she to analyze and sum up the book in which she had seized it? All that book was written in her heart, as soon as the inspiration which produced it had taken possession of her. Her destiny did not command her to go beyond. She did not pretend to conceive a philosophical world learnedly in her mind. She felt the warmth of the secret revelations which are granted to poetic souls when they are also loving. It was thus that she read several days without reading anything. She could give no account of anything; but more than one page in which she had seen only a single line was wet with her tears, and often she

ran to the harpsichord to improvise songs, the grandeur and tenderness of which were the burning and spontaneous expressions of her generous emotion.

She passed a whole week in a solitude which was no longer troubled by Matteus' reports. She had promised herself not to ask him the least question, for he had become as taciturn as he was tedious in the first days. The red-breast came to see Consuelo every morning, but without being accompanied at a distance by Gottlieb. It seemed that this little being (Consuelo was not far from believing him enchanted) had regular hours to come and divert her by his presence, and to return punctually at noon to his other friend. In fact, there was nothing wonderful in that. Animals at liberty have habits, and make a regulated employment of their days with more intelligence and foresight even than domesticated animals. One day, however, Consuelo remarked that he did not fly as gracefully as usual. Instead of coming to peck at her fingers, he only thought of freeing himself by claws and beak from some irritating clog. Consuelo approached him, and saw a black thread hanging from his wing. Had the poor little fellow been taken in a snare and escaped only by strength and address, carrying away a piece of his chain? She had no difficulty in capturing him, but she had a little in freeing him from a thread of silk skilfully crossed over his back, and which fixed under his left wing a very small bag of quite thin brown cloth. In that bag she found a billet written in almost imperceptible characters upon a paper so fine that she feared to tear it with a breath. At the first words she saw well that it was a message from her dear unknown. It contained these few lines: "A generous work was confided to me in hopes that the pleasure of doing good would calm the anxieties of my passion. But nothing, not even the exercises of charity, can distract a soul in which you reign. I have accomplished my task sooner than was thought possible. I have returned, and love you more than ever. Still the sky has become more clear. I do not know what has passed between you and them, but they seem to be more favorable, and my love is no longer treated as a crime, but only a misfortune for me. A misfortune! O! they do not love! they do not know that I cannot be unhappy if you love me; and you do love me, do you not? Entrust it to the red-breast of Spandaw. It is he. I have brought him in my bosom. O! let him pay me for my care by bringing me a line from you! Gottlieb will give it to me faithfully without looking at it."

Mystery, romantic circumstances, fan the flame of love. Consuelo experienced

the most violent temptation to reply; and the fear of displeasing the Invisibles, the scruple of breaking her promise, restrained her only feebly, it must be confessed. But, on thinking that she might be discovered and occasion a fresh exile to the chevalier, she had the courage to abstain. She restored the red-breast to liberty, without confiding to him a single word of answer, but not without shedding bitter tears at the sorrow and disappointment which this severity would occasion her lover.

She tried to resume her studies, but neither reading nor singing could distract her from the agitation with which her bosom was stirred since she knew that the chevalier was near her. She could not help hoping that he would disobey for both, and that she would see him gliding in the evening among the flowery thickets of her garden. But she did not wish to encourage him by showing herself. She passed the evening shut up, watching through her blinds, palpitating, full of fear and desire, and yet resolved not to answer his appeal. She did not see him appear, and she experienced as much sorrow and surprise as if she had depended upon a rashness which she would still have blamed, and which would have re-awakened all her terrors. All the little mysterious dramas of young and burning loves were accomplished in her bosom in a few hours. This was a new phase, these were new emotions in her life. She had often expected Anzoleto in the evening, upon the quays of Venice or upon the terraces of the *Corte Minelli*, but she had expected him while going over her morning's lesson or saying her rosary, without impatience, without fear, without palpitations and without anguish. That childish love was so akin to friendship, that it in nothing resembled this which she now felt for Liverani. The next day she expected the red-breast with impatience; the red-breast did not come. Had he been seized on his passage by some savage argus? Had the disquiet occasioned by that band of silk and that burden heavy for him prevented his coming out? But he had so much sense that he would have remembered that Consuelo had freed him from it the day before, and he would have come to ask her to do that service for him again.

Consuelo wept the whole day. She who had not found tears in great catastrophes, who had not shed a single one over her misfortune at Spandaw, felt herself broken and consumed by the sufferings of her love, and sought in vain for the strength which had sustained her against all the other evils of her life.

In the evening she was trying to read a score at the harpsichord, when two black figures presented themselves at the

entrance of the music saloon without her having heard them ascend. She could not restrain a cry of terror at the apparition of those spectres; but one of them said to her, in a voice more gentle than the first time: "Follow us." She rose in silence to obey them. A silk bandage was presented to her with the words: "This will inconvenience you less than the hood. Cover your eyes yourself and swear that you will do so conscientiously. Swear also that if the bandage falls or becomes disarranged you will close your eyes until we tell you to open them."

"I swear it to you," replied Consuelo.

"Your oath is accepted as valid," returned the conductor. And Consuelo walked through the subterranean passages as before; but when she was told to stop, an unknown voice added:

"Take off the bandage yourself. Henceforth no one will again raise a hand to you. You will have no other keeper but your word."

Consuelo found herself in a vaulted cabinet, lighted by one small sepulchral lamp, suspended from the hanging key-stone in the middle. A single judge, in red robe and livid mask, was seated upon an antique arm-chair near the table. He was bent with age; some silvery locks escaped from beneath his skull-cap. His voice was broken and trembling. The aspect of this old man changed into respectful deference the fear from which Consuelo could not defend herself at the approach of an Invisible.

"Listen to me attentively," said he to her, making a sign that she should be seated upon a stool at some distance from him. "You appear here before your confessor. I am the oldest of the council, and the calmness of my life has rendered me as chaste as the most chaste of the Catholic priests. I do not lie. Still, do you wish to refuse me? You are free to do so."

"I accept you," replied Consuelo, "provided always that my confession does not imply that of another."

"Vain scruple!" returned the old man. "A scholar does not reveal to his master the fault of his comrade, but a son hastens to inform his father of that of a brother, because he knows that a father represses and corrects without punishing. At least, such should be the law of the family. You are here in the bosom of a family which strives to practice the ideal. Have you confidence?"

This question, so arbitrary in the mouth of an unknown, was made with so much gentleness and so sympathizing a tone of voice, that Consuelo, suddenly attracted and softened, replied without hesitation:

"I have full confidence."

"Listen again," resumed the old man.

"You said, the first time you appeared before us, a word which we have received and weighed: 'It is a strange moral torture for a woman to confess herself aloud before eight men.' Your modesty has been taken into consideration. You will confess only to me, and I will not betray your secrets. Full power has been given me, though I am not superior to any other in the council, to advise you in a particular affair of a delicate nature and which has only an indirect reference to your initiation. Will you reply to me without concealment? Will you lay bare your heart before me?"

"I will do so."

"I shall ask you nothing of your past life. As you were told, your past does not belong to us; but you have been warned to purify your soul from the instant that marked the commencement of your adoption. You were to have made your reflections upon the difficulties and the consequences of that adoption; it is not to me alone that you are to render an account on that head; the question between you and me is on another matter. Reply then."

"I am ready."

"One of our children has conceived love for you. During the past eight days, do you respond to that love or do you repel it?"

"I have repelled it in all my actions."

"I know that. Your smallest actions are known to us. I ask the secret of your heart and not of your actions."

Consuelo felt her cheeks burn, and she remained silent.

"You find my question a very cruel one. Still it must be answered. I do not wish to guess anything. I must know and register."

"Well, I love!" replied Consuelo, carried away by the necessity of being true. But hardly had she pronounced that word with holdness, than she burst into tears. She had renounced the virginity of her soul.

"Why do you weep?" returned the confessor with gentleness. "Is it from shame or repentance?"

"I do not know. It seems to me that it is not from repentance; I love too much for that."

"Whom do you love?"

"You know; I do not know."

"But if I did not know! His name?"

"Liverani."

"That is the name of no one. It is common to all those of our adepts who wish to bear and to make use of it; it is a nom-de-guerre, like all those which most of us use in our journeys."

"I know him by no other, and it was not from him that I learned it."

"His age?"

"I have not asked him."

"His face?"

"I have not seen it."

"How would you recognize him?"

"It seems to me that on touching his hand I should recognize him."

"And if your fate depended on that trial and you should be deceived?"

"That would be horrible."

"Shudder then at your imprudence, unhappy child! Your love is senseless."

"I know it well."

"And you do not combat it in your heart?"

"I have not the power."

"Have you the desire?"

"Not even the desire."

"Then your heart is free from every other affection?"

"Entirely."

"But you are a widow!"

"I believe I am."

"And if you were not?"

"I would combat my love, and would do my duty."

"With regret! With sorrow?"

"With despair, perhaps; but I would do it."

"Then you did not love him who was your husband?"

"I loved him with fraternal friendship. I did my best to love him with love."

"And you were not able?"

"Now that I know what it is to love I can say no."

"Then feel no remorse; love cannot be forced. You think that you love this Liverani seriously, religiously, ardently?"

"I feel all that in my heart, unless he is unworthy of it—"

"He is worthy."

"O my father!" cried Consuelo, transported with gratitude, and ready to kneel before the old man.

"He is worthy of an immense love, as much as Albert himself! but you must renounce him."

"Then it is I who am not worthy!" replied Consuelo, sadly.

"You would be worthy of him, but you are not free. Albert de Rudolstadt is living."

"My God! forgive me!" murmured Consuelo, falling on her knees and hiding her face in her hands.

To be Continued.

**A PROPER DISTINCTION.** Governor Chittenden, Chief Magistrate of Vermont, was of humble birth, and rose by the force of talent to his exalted station. Yet while Governor of the Green-Mountain empire, he still continued to keep the same tavern, upon the steep hill-side, that he kept for many years before. One evening, a wagoner drove up and accosted him thus: "Governor Chittenden, as chief magistrate of Vermont, I render you all due homage; but as landlord Chittenden I'll thank you to turn out my horses."

## THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, DEC. 5, 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.

### CLOSE OF OUR THIRD VOLUME.

We complete our third volume with this day's paper. Cheered by the approving voice of the friends of Association, we would continue our labors in this sphere with fresh earnestness and zeal. Our audience, though limited, is one which inspires us by its sympathy. We write in the Harbinger as to a friendly circle, not to a miscellaneous public. We trust our future labors will be received in the same spirit which has made our past efforts so attractive to us. With the determination expressed on the part of many friends to sustain the Harbinger, we shall commence another volume with cheerful confidence. Our subscribers, whose terms expire with this number, are requested to renew their subscriptions without delay, and forward the amount to the usual address.

### WHAT SHALL WE DO?

We earnestly call the attention of the friends of Association to the following communication from the Corresponding Secretary of the AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS. It brings before them, with great distinctness and force, the methods of action which, in the present state of the movement, are best adapted to promote the grand and comprehensive object which they have in view. The time has arrived for a concentration of their resources on the propagation of unitary principles, until the way shall be fully prepared for the establishment of a model Phalanx, and the irrefragable demonstration to the world of the truth and value of Associative ideas.

We must have a corps of Lecturers, if no more than two or three, constantly before the public. Our principles are to be spread now by popular discussion, earnest practical appeals, lucid statements of fact, and if need be, by stringent controversy. The public mind is ready for the reception of truth. The prevailing evils of society are too keenly felt by the majority of all classes, to allow their discussion to be smothered or hushed up. The organization of labor,—the relation of capital to production,—the equitable distribution of the avails of industry,—the principles of true commerce,—the economies and moral advantages of associated homes,—the method


of a wise and integral education, in accordance with the whole nature of man,—the substitution of the Law of Love for the Law of Force, in the intercourse of men,—are subjects to which the general mind is now turning with eager curiosity, and on which it will not be satisfied, without a more thorough, profound, and sincere investigation, than they have yet received. We believe that the doctrines of the Associative school present a clear and convincing light on all these subjects. We are bound to exhibit these doctrines, in all their completeness and power. They court inquiry. They boldly demand a hearing of all intelligent men. We wish them to be fearlessly sifted and examined. We are sure that they cannot be studied and understood, without being received; nor received, without producing a social revolution that shall bless Humanity. Hence, we feel the urgent importance of sustaining a body of Lecturers, who shall at all times be in the field. Our principles have taken possession of enlightened, eloquent, and devoted men, who are ready to consecrate their lives to this service. They ask only for the humblest means, by which their mission can be sustained. The combined efforts of Associationists for this purpose would be amply adequate, with scarcely a feeling of individual sacrifice.

Nor less important is the preparation and distribution of publications. A reform like that in which we are engaged, which relies on statistical facts, numerical calculations, scientific analyses, no less than on appeals to the noblest sentiments and aspirations of man, demands the aid of the printed page as well as the spoken word. Our lecturers must have at their command a variety of works, in which the doctrines of Association are explained and illustrated, which they can leave in the hands of those whose interest has been awakened by their discourses. This is an essential condition of permanent success. An annual appropriation, of comparatively trifling magnitude, would meet this demand.

The plan, suggested by Mr. Godwin, and partially carried into effect in New York, we are authorized to say, will be immediately acted on in Boston. A good beginning is already made. The two cities just mentioned, we are sure, will not fail to do their part. We call for the coöperation of our friends every where. If you are but half a dozen in a village, form an affiliated society to the American Union. If you are alone, send on your name, with the weekly amount you are willing to pledge for this holy cause. Let every Associationist who reads this article, at once decide for himself what he can do, what he is bound to do, what he *will* do, for the promulgation



of the truth which he holds dear. There should be no delay. Here is a field of action all ready and waiting. Enter it, friends, with a pure zeal, a sacred resolve that, whatever may be the result, you at least will do your duty.

Write to any of the Directors of the UNION, either at NEW YORK, BOSTON, or BROOK FARM. 

#### THE LECTURING FUND.

##### TO THE FRIENDS OF ASSOCIATION.

Your brethren in the city of New York have determined that, as far as their most devoted efforts can effect it, the cause of Combined Industry shall move forward, from this time, with increased rapidity. Their zeal in the cause, never lukewarm, has been rekindled by the awakening enthusiasm which is every where excited by the claims of Labor. In France, in Germany, in England, and in the United States, a new interest in whatever tends to associated labor and associated homes has recently sprung up. In France, our friends were never so strong, both in men and means as they are now: in Germany, a deep and earnest discussion of the great subject of industrial organization occupies its best minds: while in more practical England, the working-men, led on by some of the noblest spirits of the land, are combining to work out their own salvation. The same spirit is moving in the United States, and we must quicken and extend the movement at once by the most prompt and energetic efforts.

If you ask what is to be done, we answer that every thing is to be done to give the people information. All that we want now is, that our principles should be known. The condition of society, the state of the popular mind, is prepared for action in the right direction. We must send forth lecturers, and send forth tracts. Let the truth be scattered through the whole extent of our country.

But in order to do this we must have means. How shall these be obtained? We answer, by contributions weekly, to a small amount, from all who are alive to the grandest of modern problems — the ORGANIZATION OF LABOR.

The plan we have adopted in this city is this: We have drawn up a paper, pledging the subscribers to it, to pay into the Treasury of the American Union of Associationists, through some local treasury, a certain amount weekly for one year. Our subscriptions vary from five cents to one dollar per week, according to the circumstances of the subscriber. We are already sure of ten dollars per week, which will make five hundred dollars. Boston will doubtless adopt the same plan, which will give one thousand dollars a year: and we expect more from

other cities and towns. The money so collected is to be disbursed, under the management of the American Union, in paying lecturers and publishing tracts on the great theme of the day — United Labor.

Now, friends, we ask you to come forward and join us in this work. Let no time be lost in ascertaining what you can do. Form your little clubs: and if you can gather only one dollar per week, it is so much added to the general fund. The burden on each individual is trifling — the effect to be produced, tremendous. Can we not raise an income of at least two thousand dollars a year for the propagation of the eternal principles of Social Harmony? Surely, an object so magnificent is worth the effort.

PARKE GODWIN,

*Foreign Corresponding Secretary of the  
American Union of Associationists.*

NEW YORK, Nov. 21, 1846.

#### THE CHURCH OF HUMANITY.

If there be any such thing as a religious sentiment, or any foundation for religion in our nature, surely the contemplation of such truths, such hopes as evermore preoccupy the mind of an Associationist, should wake it into life. When the Jews groaned in bondage and humiliation, and when the thought of a Messiah and deliverer dawned upon them, there was less cause for deep and solemn joy, less to stir up the soul from its depths, and to touch all lips with something of the holy fire of prophecy; less to aggravate the inward mutual necessity for gathering ourselves together and presenting ourselves as one before the Lord, in sacred symbol of that truest unity with Him which we can only have in unity with the whole race; less need, less motive for a visible religious union and expression, than is now contained in our sympathy with the all-pervading wrongs and misery of humanity, and in our glorious assurance of the great day of Unity, by whose light those wrongs now but begin to be appreciated.

Think what a faith is ours. We reject the doctrine of the inherent depravity and disharmony of the human passions, as impious atheism, not only libelling but denying the good God; as an altogether confused notion of life, which fails to explain it and makes all consciousness a night-mare, and Deity and Love and Order only a glimmering exception here and there to the superior reign of "chaos and old night." We reverse all this and believe the passions, or innate promptings of all men, to be significant of harmony, could we but read them; — predestined elements of social harmony, or heaven, a kingdom not of chaos, but of God. We believe that unity of interests is all that

is now needed to display the passions in their true character, and to enable them to justify their pure and holy origin. And we believe, we know, that unity of interests is possible, and is reduced to the simple problem of the Organization of Labor; which problem has been solved, in theory, to the satisfaction of a steadily increasing multitude of earnest, candid, and reflecting minds; and approximately in practice, by innumerable, almost instinctive experiments which the age is making in some of the minor forms of partial Association.

A final practical demonstration, we are persuaded, is not far distant: and who can estimate the sublime results? In these familiar formulas of ours, the Organization of Labor, Unity of Interests, and Social Harmony, is there not a depth of meaning greater than we can realize in any but inspired moments? Can the soul know a profounder, holier emotion, than stirs it at the mention of these words, and at the consciousness that they stand not for mere speculations, but for those sincere, integral, ineradicable convictions to which every sentiment and faculty of our nature adds a voice? Either we are not in earnest about these things, or their contemplation floods the soul with awe and rapture unsurpassed in any record of believer's triumph; for such thoughts should touch deeper depths of spiritual experience than ever saint or prophet sounded. "An undevout Associationist is mad." He who would redeem all Christendom from its practical blasphemy, its legalized wars, monopolies and slavery, whereby the many bleed, or drudge, or starve, that the few may prosper and believe themselves good Christians; he who would make it Christendom indeed, and help to construct an order of society so much better than civilization as to be worthy and able to embrace the whole population of the globe; he who would so reconcile conflicting interests and organize the daily labors and affairs of life, that there should really be some room and breathing-space for generous feelings and pure aspirations, which there is not now, — some possibility of carrying into practice what the heart approves and would forever cherish, but for the anti-christian necessities imposed on all of us by a false system of society — must surely feel the weight of a religious obligation resting upon him, must own a deep responsibility to God for knowledge and for faith so precious. He must go earnestly, religiously to work. If he had never seen a church, or heard the voice of prayer and consecration in his life before, the tendency of such thoughts and aims as he now cherishes would be to impart the rhythm of a devout and earnest joy to his whole consciousness and to his

every movement, and to render his whole soul congenial with all things truly sacred.

And such, as we have said before, has been the experience of those who in this country have become deeply interested in the Associative cause. They feel the need of consecrating themselves to this work, which to them is verily the great work of God in this our age, by purifying and refreshing acts of worship, and by the quickening reception of devout and inspired words at stated times into hearts too prone to temporary coldness and discouragement. As an evidence of this, a short time since, we spoke of a growing disposition on the part of our Associative friends in Boston and its neighborhood, to institute for themselves some simple means of social religious communion and instruction; and of the fact that a movement has been set on foot among them, to raise funds by subscription for the support of weekly Sabbath meetings, with the hope that Mr. Channing may be induced to lend the influence of his eloquence and piety to the cementing of true bonds between them. Thus far the effort seems encouraging. A beginning very probably will be made this winter; a nucleus of friends and believers in the unity of man, will unite themselves, however small and feeble, trusting that the truth will gradually strengthen them in numbers, as well as in the will and power for good. We gladly give place to the following response to that statement from a correspondent in New York. But first we will take this occasion to correct a false impression which has or may have been received from our former imperfect statement. When we suggested the name of the "Church of Humanity" for this simple fellowship of friends and seekers after a more practical and unitary religion than now anywhere unites men, we did not mean to be understood as presuming to say, that now and here, in this very spot, and by these few unworthy hands, there was to be a formal laying of the corner-stone of the Universal Church of all mankind. That is too great a work for any individual wills, and will be done in God's own time. To that we look forward as the consummation of the great regenerating process now going on in society throughout the globe. And meanwhile, by an instinctive impulse, for the self-preservation and perfection of our own faith in this matter, — those of us who chance to live in one particular neighborhood, — we would fain institute a religious union among ourselves, which shall be to us and to all engaged in it, some faint foreshadowing type of that true "Church of Humanity," which shall express the relation of all humanity to God, so soon as all are one in every interest.

"NEW YORK, Nov. 22, 1846.

"BROTHERS: With the greatest satisfaction I read in the Harbinger of the projected organization of the "Church of Humanity" to be founded upon the doctrine of the "Brotherhood of Mankind." I cannot but see in this an indication of the future rapid and prevailing progress of the cause of Association. Religion is the life and soul of reform. It gives courage, power and persevering zeal. Association was discovered by the profoundest religious confidence in the goodness and wisdom of God. Shall it not be propagated under the inspiration of the same sentiment!

"Such a church as you propose is sadly needed at the present day. There are thousands of deeply religious minds who are completely dissatisfied with the modicum of food dealt out to them by their spiritual instructors. Such views of God and of his Government, of the nature and destiny of man — the sameness, one-sidedness, morbid feeling and profound ignorance respecting these subjects have disgusted multitudes. The cry in the religious world is, Where shall we go? When shall we find our religious wants satisfied without the violation of the convictions of our understanding? When shall take place the marriage of religion and science? I trust that the time is at hand.

"May God grant wisdom and guidance to the founders of the Church of Humanity! May it be the commencement of the radical reform which is so much needed in Church and State and Society! r."

#### THE WAR—ITS POETRY AND ITS PIETY.

It is a common trick of guilty conscience, instead of manfully repenting and forsaking its own hellish works, to smooth them over with a little sentimental poetry and piety. The authors and abettors of this infernal war with Mexico, (and the latter class includes very nearly this whole people, if the press be any indication,) seem to study, not how they may most speedily end it, but only how they may carry it on and yet save some semblance of humanity. And so we have the papers filled with "affecting incidents" and with reports of religious doings on board ships of war. There are touching bits of poetry floating about in the newspapers, investing the heroes of this unprincipled business with a certain romantic halo, and telling how our "evening bugles play" at Monterey. This is the most sickening thing about it: it shows how irredeemably false and dead the soul of virtue has become in this self-styled free and Christian Republic, which certainly is no worse than the rest

of the world; how little the superior humanity, religion, and intelligence of the age can be relied upon for any staunch resistance when the devil summons to his standard for such an enterprise as that in which this nation now imbrues itself. All own the wickedness of the thing, all exclaim against it; but the fiction of Patriotism, Order, Loyalty, is allowed to look their conscience down; they mutter puny indignation against the President, call him King, Dictator, and then tamely comply with his worst requisition; and the superior humanity, religion, and intelligence comfort themselves with "affecting incidents." Some of them are really affecting, — if there were any heart or conscience which could be affected, more than in the skin-deep, *diletante* way of poetry. If there were half the virtue in this nation which it boasts of, it would paralyze every nerve of the president's strength, it would let him call in vain, it would show him that the body politic is a machine too good to move unless good springs are touched, and leave him impotent and ridiculous in his conspicuous solitude, that he should be glad to dive down into obscurity as fast as possible, cured of the ambition of filling a post too great for him. But it does no good to moralize; it is not so; virtue is not of the stern stuff which it pretends to be; it is content to let the worst man rule and be the pivot of its "Law and Order;" it tolerates the loosing of war's hell-hounds, and writes "affecting incidents" about "our army;" it follows admirals and captains on to blood and glory, and has its prayer-meetings in the holds of their war-ships.

For example, all the papers copy the following paragraph. They whine a little sympathy about it; but frown upon the recreant American who can be so dead to Law and Patriotism as to suggest quiet and conservative resistance to the war, of which the whole course necessarily is of this complexion.

"A MEXICAN WOMAN — Her noble conduct and melancholy fate. A correspondent of the Louisville Courier, writing from Monterey, under date of October 7th, says — 'While I was stationed with our left wing in one of the forts, on the evening of the 21st, I saw a Mexican woman busily engaged in carrying bread and water to the wounded men of both armies. I saw this ministering angel raise the head of a wounded man, give him water and food, and then carefully bind up his ghastly wound with a handkerchief which she took from her own head. After having exhausted her supplies, she went back to her house to get more bread and water for others. As she was returning on her mission of mercy, to comfort other wounded persons, I heard the report of a gun, and saw the poor innocent creature fall dead! I think it was an accidental shot that struck her. I would not be willing to believe otherwise. It made

me sick at heart, and turning from the scene, I involuntarily raised my eyes towards heaven, and thought, great God! and is *this* war? Passing the spot next day, I saw her body still lying there, with the bread by her side, and the broken gourd, with a few drops of water still in it—emblems of her errand. We buried her, and while we were digging her grave, cannon balls flew around us like hail!"

This is an example of the poetry of the war. We add one of its piety: the war department no doubt finds it profitable to invest a little in religion, and in turn;—it is presumed that the sailors fight the better, after such refreshing seasons of divine grace:

#### "RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE."

[Compiled for the Atlas.]

"SCENES IN A WAR-SHIP. Rev. Walter Colton, Chaplain of the frigate Congress, writing from Monterey, (California) says:—

"There is a deep interest among a large section of our crew on the subject of religion. It commenced two months back, in my Bible class, and extended to others. I now hold a prayer meeting three evenings in the week, in a retired and very convenient apartment of our ship, and usually meet there about sixty sailors—about thirty of them have become hopefully pious. I invite them to pray, and speak to the others, which they do with great fervency. Among the converts are some of the best seamen in our ship. Several of the officers have attended—our meetings have no opposition from any quarter. This is all the work of the good Spirit, and I pray he may remain among us. I am the only chaplain out here, and officiate alternately on board the Congress and the frigate Savannah."

But seriously now, what do these things indicate? Radical and all-pervading duplicity and falseness: is our answer. In the present order of society (if such chaos can be called order) there is nothing right. The disease is every where. The worst sore may break out at any point, and there is not health enough in the whole system to prevent it. The positions of persons, of the component units of society, towards the war may be enumerated as follows:

First, there are those directly or indirectly interested in it:—Southern money-makers, who would extend the area of slavery, (for this is a *monde au rebours*, every thing is inverted, and when men say "area of freedom" they mean slavery); military men, who would turn the world into a slaughter house, in order that there may be an honorable sphere for *them*, which there is not in peaceful times when *men* are esteemed more honorable than *blood-hounds*; and finally, ambitious politicians who play a desperate game for popularity, and having no hope of commending themselves to the sober conscience and good judgment of their race, court the votes of the classes above-

mentioned, plunge their country into war, enter into conspiracy to demoralize society, and set the tone so low, that qualities like theirs may have some chance for ascendancy. And it appears that they have the power to do it. Old Jupiter, or Brute Force, is still king in this world, notwithstanding some talk about Christianity, education, progress of civilization, &c.

Secondly, there are the weak, tame, pusillanimous mass of society, friends of morality and decency and comfortable homes and money, who deplore a business like this, but who *do nothing* to prevent it, happy if there come no draft upon their own purse or person. The shrewd politicians well knew they would condemn it, and acquiesce in it. Have they not a good conscience in the matter? Have they not supported public schools and churches, and all things that make for peace, as above? Our respectable "Peace Societies" belong under this head.

Thirdly, there are our staunch reformers, men and women who have *grit* as well as conscience; Abolitionists, "Conscience-Whigs," and so forth. These are the stern and brave denouncers and expositors of the policy of the first class, the independent whippers up of the tame virtue of the second. These are *doing* something; nobly struggling to set things right. But things will not be righted. The war goes on; the nation sanctions it. They are the sublimely, vainly struggling *Œdipus* of the old Fate tragedy. How grand! how impotent!

The fact is, after all, that society as now constructed is truer to itself in War, than in any other manifestation. The genius of the system seeks its ultimate expression in war, in war of conquest and slavery. The causes of this thing lurk in the whole frame-work of our social system. The disease is all-pervading, and wars are but the eruptive fevers, through which the system vainly labors to eject the subtle poison. It is no preternatural mystery, this, that public virtue should be so tame, that religion and humanity should so belie their profession and dwindle away to fruitless sentimentalities, practically acknowledging Jupiter too strong for Christ. The fact is, virtue, humanity, and Christian principles want elbow-room and breathing-space in such a system of society as this. They *cannot* do much. The present social forms cannot contain the pure wine which Christ infused into the ages. Wherever there is any of it truly cherished in a faithful heart, its position is exceptional. Society, as it now is, is based upon the law of Antagonism, and not the law of Love. Anarchical competition, and isolation of interests, have not wrought so long, and left things to crystallize into the

beautiful, harmonious, practicable shapes, which love and unity would have produced. And now, as the natural and necessary result, the sacrifice which the individual is always called upon to make to the whole, to the system, to existing order, is a sacrifice to blind necessity, there being now no order except the accidental sediments and fixtures of this old weltering chaos. These must be unfixed, and an order substituted such as the passions of men in their harmony, and according to the divine intent, would have produced. And the solution of that problem is ASSOCIATION.

We do not despair of the world, though all things now look rotten, and the old lava-flood of barbarism seems breaking up through the treacherous crust of our smooth sunny civilization. Civilization may be on its last legs; but humanity is not. Civilization may rot itself away, or explode itself away; but under the surface of all this (we know it by too many beautiful and unmistakable evidences) the temple of a glorious order is growing into being, and will soon reflect the brightness of God's sun of love from its myriad jewelled points, and thrill to the music of the spheres through all its heaven-pointing spires.

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