

THE

HARBINGER,

DEVOTED TO

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

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

VOL. IV.

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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.



1865
Jan 5

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The names of the writers in the Harbinger are indicated by their initials. We give the names which those initials represent.

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No. 222 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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VOLUME IV.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1846.

NUMBER 1.

MISCELLANY.

THE WATER CURE.

DEAR HARBINGER:—Knowing your love for reform and anxious desire for the elevation of our race, I feel that you will be willing to give the cause of man's redemption from disease "a lift" in your extensively read journal. Hydropathy, or the Water Cure, as many of the Brook Farm fraternity, in common with most others among the truly enlightened, believe, is now the accepted mode of cure for the many afflicting ills of life. Still, many there be who know not the power that simple cold water has to remove disease. To such I would beg permission to say a word in its favor, feeling it my duty to spread far and wide the knowledge that has been vouchsafed me respecting it. I had, as you know, been many years in practice in the "old way," and had a very extensive field of operation, being thereby enabled to test the merits of medicines to the utmost; and I most solemnly affirm, that the more I became familiar with their nature and *modus operandi*, the more was I disgusted with them, and for the last few years of my practice, I gave but very little of what the world calls "medicines," and I found, the less I gave, the quicker my patients got well. I found that one good "cheering up" was worth a dozen doses of nauseous physic, and one good bathing a cart-load of blisters or "cataplasms," and in this way got my patients out much sooner than when I gave much medicine. Still I found many cases which required other aid, cases where the combined effect of disease and excessive medication had almost completely paralyzed the recuperative power, which is the great physician striving incessantly for the restoration of a healthy tone. Judge, then, of my delight when Hydropathy, like a ministering angel, came to my relief, and I could dispense altogether with the disgusting implements I had so long and so reluctantly been using.

It is now about a year since I abandoned the use of medicines and devoted myself heart and soul to the practice of Hydropathy or Water Cure; and I can assure your readers, that no physician ever practiced allopathically with one half the pleasure; and I think I may say without boasting, with one half the success. Diseases, which in the old way took months and mountains of "blue pills," and so forth, to cure, I soon found would yield in a few days to the simple cold water plan, much to the astonishment and delight of both myself and patient. I do not wish to be understood as saying that simple cold water will cure every thing and every body in a few days. But this I do say: that in my opinion there is scarcely any curable disease which cold water and its adjuncts, air, exercise, diet, and so forth, properly applied, will not cure in time. And I speak not unadvisedly, for I have tried it in most of the diseases incident to this country; such as measles, scarlet fever, and all eruptive diseases, fevers of all kinds. In the intermittent it acts like a charm, and in all kinds of bilious affections. The worst kinds of dyspepsia yield at once to this plan of treatment. Bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs and pleura, where nothing else could possibly do anything, I have seen yield as by magic. Bowel complaints, colic, and so forth, I have seen cured in an almost incredibly short time in this way. As to rheumatisms, sprains, lameness of all kinds, there is no remedy, as far as I know, that can compare with this simple yet all powerful one. And I here assert, without fear of contradiction, that there is no sedative, not even opium, in the whole pharmacopeia of medicines, that can for a moment compare with the "Wet Sheet." I never have seen, during an extensive practice for a year, a single case of colic or painful disease of any kind, which *the cold sheet, properly applied, would not alleviate at once, and in a few minutes stop the pain entirely.*

"I verily believe, that if the "Faculty "

but knew and would use this natural and humane remedy in their practice, they would agree with me, that it is the greatest discovery of the age, and calculated to be the greatest blessing ever vouchsafed to poor diseased humanity; and they would be ready to exclaim with Shakspeare:

"Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it."

With the hope that this hasty sketch may make some of your readers "ponder their footsteps," cease to make drug-shops of their stomachs, and have more faith in nature and her remedies, I remain yours for the Good and True,

E. A. KITTREDGE.

LYNN, Gothic Cottage, Nov. 23, 1846.

IGNORANCE AND CRIME. We take the following from "Douglas Jerrold's" paper of the 17th ultimo.

"According to the returns of the Registrar-General, one half of the adult population of England and Wales are unable to write their names; and Mr. Porter states that, during the years 1839, 1840, and 1841, out of 735,788 persons married, 303,836 affixed their mark to the marriage register by way of signature. In Mr. Tremenhur's report to the Committee of Council on Education, he observes that, in Monmouthshire and Wales; forty-eight males in one hundred, and sixty-nine females in one hundred, were unable to write their names; while in Cheshire and Lancashire 40 per cent. of males, and 65 per cent. of females were similarly disqualified. In his inquiries into the state of crime in the northern division of Lancashire, the Rev. Mr. Clay, referring to the prisoners admitted into the House of Correction, at Preston, during the year 1844, ascertained that of 1,022 persons committed, 49 per cent. were unable to name the months of the year, 39 per cent. were ignorant of the name of the reigning sovereign, 42 per cent. knew not the import of 'virtue,' 'vice,' 'righteousness,' and so forth; while 13 per cent. were unable to count one hundred. Incredible as it may appear, among the opinions as to her majesty's name, seventeen were in favor of 'Prince Albert,' while thirteen supposed it to be 'Elizabeth.' Their religious ignorance was still more deplorable, for 39 per cent. had never heard of the name of the Savior. We might multiply similar

facts, but those adduced are sufficient to show the necessity of some plan being adopted to educate the great body of the people. Our boasted claim of being at the head of civilized Europe will hardly be conceded so long as one half of our adult population can neither write nor read, and our material wealth will only be regarded as the exponent of an ingenious system of industrial slavery."

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest.
Is lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
The most when most his soul ascends:
Nearest the throne, itself must be
The footstool of humility.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,* SEQUEL TO CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.
Translated for the Harbinger.

The confessor and the penitent kept a sorrowful silence; but soon Consuelo, recalling Supperville's accusations, was penetrated with horror. Would that old man, whose presence filled her with veneration, lend himself to an infernal machination? Would he speculate upon the virtue and the sensibility of the unfortunate Consuelo in order to throw her into the arms of a miserable impostor? She raised her head, and, pale with horror, her eyes dry, her mouth trembling, tried to pierce with her glance that impassable mask which perhaps concealed from her the paleness of a guilty man or the diabolical laugh of a villain.

"Albert is living!" said she. "Are you very sure of it, sir? Do you know that there is a man who resembles him, and that I myself thought I saw Albert on seeing him?"

"I know all that absurd romance," replied the old man in a calm voice; "I know all the follies that Supperville has imagined to clear himself of the crime of misconduct as a physician, which he committed in sending to the grave a man who was asleep. Two words are enough to bring down all that scaffolding of stupidities. The first is, that Supperville has been considered unworthily to pass the lower grades of the secret societies of which we have the supreme direction; and his wounded vanity, joined to a diseased and indiscreet curiosity, has not been able to bear this insult. The second is, that count Albert has never thought of

claiming his inheritance, which he has voluntarily renounced, and that he will never consent to resume his name and his rank in the world. He could not do so now without exciting scandalous discussions respecting his identity, which his pride would not endure. He has perhaps badly understood his true duty in renouncing, so to speak, himself. He might have made a better use of his fortune than will his heirs. He had cut himself off from one of the means of practising charity which Providence had placed in his hands; but there remain to him many others, and besides, the voice of his love has been stronger in this than that of his conscience. He remembered that you did not love him precisely because he was rich and noble. He wished to abjure his fortune and name without possible return. He has done so and we have permitted it. Now you do not love him and you love another. He will never claim from you the title of husband, which he owed, on his death-bed, only to your compassion. He will have courage enough to renounce you. We have no other power over him whom you call Liverani, and over yourself, than that of persuasion. If you wish to fly together, we cannot hinder it. We have neither dungeons, nor restraints, nor corporeal punishments at our service, whatever a credulous and timid servant may have said to you on that point; we hate the means of tyranny. Your fate is in your own hands. Go and make your reflections once again, poor Consuelo, and may God inspire you!"

Consuelo had listened to this discourse in a deep stupor. When the old man had ended, she rose and said with energy: "I have no need of reflection; my choice is made. Is Albert here? Lead me to his feet."

"Albert is not here. He could not be a witness of this struggle. He is even ignorant of the crisis to which you are subjected at this hour."

"O my dear Albert!" cried Consuelo raising her arms towards heaven, "I will come out of it victorious." Then kneeling before the old man: "My father," said she, "absolve me and help me never again to see that Liverani; I wish not to love him; I will love him no longer."

The old man extended his trembling hands over Consuelo's head; but when he withdrew them she could not rise. She had stifled her sobs in her bosom, and broken by a conflict beyond her strength, she was compelled to rest upon the confessor's arm in order to leave the oratory.

XXIX.

On the morrow the red-breast came at noon and struck with beak and claw upon Consuelo's window. At the moment

when she was about to open for him she remarked the black thread crossed upon his orange-colored breast, and an involuntary impulse made her carry her hand to the fastening. But she drew it back immediately. "Go, messenger of misfortune," said she, "go, poor innocent, bearer of guilty letters and criminal words. Perhaps I should not have the courage not to reply to a last adieu; I ought not even let it be supposed that I regret and suffer."

She took refuge in the music saloon in order to escape from the winged tempter, who, accustomed to a better reception, fluttered and struck against the glass with a kind of anger. She seated herself at the harpaichord in order not to hear the cries and the reproaches of her favorite, who had followed her to the window of that room, and she experienced something similar to the anguish of a mother who closes her ears to the cries and the prayers of her repentant child. Still it was not to the grief and vexation of the red-breast that poor Consuelo was most sensible at that moment. The billet which he bore under his wing had a much more heart-rending voice; it was that voice which seemed to our romantic recluse to weep and to lament that it might be heard.

Still she resisted; but it is the nature of love to be irritated by obstacles and to return to the assault always more imperious and triumphant after each of our victories. It may be said without a metaphor, that to resist him is to give him new weapons. Towards three o'clock Matteus entered with the bouquet of flowers which he brought each day to his prisoner, (for at the bottom he loved her for her gentleness and goodness); and according to her custom, she untied the flowers in order to arrange them in the beautiful vases of the pier-table. It was one of the pleasures of her captivity; but this time she paid but little attention to it, and undertook it mechanically, as if to kill some minutes of the slow hours which consumed her; when untying the bundles of narcissus which filled the centre of the sweet bouquet, she let fall a letter, carefully sealed but without address. In vain did she try to persuade herself that it was from the tribunal of the Invisibles. Would Matteus have brought it otherwise? Unfortunately Matteus was no longer within reach to give explanations. It was necessary to ring for him. He usually required five minutes to appear; by chance he took at least ten this time. Consuelo had too much courage against the red-breast to preserve any against the bouquet. The letter was read; and Matteus returned just at the moment when Consuelo reached this postscript. "Do not question Matteus; he

* 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.

is ignorant of the disobedience that I make him commit." Matteus was simply desired to wind up the clock which had run down.

The chevalier's letter was more passionate, more impetuous than all the others; it was even imperious in its delirium. We do not transcribe it. Love-letters awaken no emotion except in the heart which inspires and partakes the fire that has dictated them. In themselves they all resemble each other: but every being intoxicated with love finds in that addressed to him an irresistible power, an incomparable novelty. No one thinks he is loved as much as another or in the same manner; he thinks he is the most loved, the only loved in the world.—Where this ingenuous blindness and this proud fascination do not exist there is no passion; and passion had at last invaded the peaceful and noble heart of Consuelo.

The billet of the unknown brought trouble into all her thoughts. He implored an interview; he did more, he announced it, and excused himself beforehand from the necessity of profiting by the last moments. He pretended to believe that Consuelo had loved Albert and might still love him. He pretended also to be willing to submit to her decision, and in the meantime he exacted a word of pity, a tear of regret, a last adieu; always that last adieu which is like the last appearance of a great artist announced to the public and happily succeeded by many others.

The sad Consuelo (sad and yet devoured by a secret, an involuntary and ardent joy at the idea of that interview) felt, by the burning of her cheeks and the palpitations of her heart, that her soul was unfaithful in spite of herself. She felt that her resolutions and her will did not preserve her from an inconceivable attraction; and that if the chevalier decided upon breaking his vow by speaking to her and showing her his features, as he seemed resolved to do, she would not have strength to prevent this violation of the laws of the invisible order. She had but one refuge, which was to implore the assistance of that same tribunal. But would it be necessary to accuse and betray Liverani? Would not the worthy old man, who had revealed to her the existence of Albert and who had paternally received her confidences the day before, receive this also under the seal of confession? He would lament the delirium of the chevalier, he would not condemn him except in the secret of his heart. Consuelo wrote to him that she wished to see him at nine o'clock that very evening, that her honor, her repose, perhaps her life depended on it. It was the hour at which the unknown had announced his visit; but to whom and

by whom could she send this letter? Matteus refused to make a step outside of the enclosure before midnight, such were his orders; nothing could move him. He had been sharply reprimanded for not having punctually observed all his duties with respect to the prisoner. He was thenceforth inflexible.

The hour approached, and Consuelo, even while searching for the means of escaping from the fatal trial, did not think of resisting. O virtue! imposed upon woman, you will never be more than a name so long as man does not assume half of the task. All your plans of defence are reduced to subterfuges; all your immolations of personal happiness fail before the fear of driving the beloved one to despair. Consuelo determined upon a last resource, suggested by the heroism and the weakness which divided her mind. She began to search for the mysterious entrance to the subterranean passage which was in the pavilion, resolved to rush through it and present herself at every hazard before the Invisibles. She supposed, quite gratuitously, that the place of their sittings was accessible, when she had once passed the entrance to the subterranean, and that they assembled every evening in the same place. She did not know that they were all absent on that day, and that Liverani alone had retraced his steps after having pretended to follow them on a mysterious excursion.

But all her efforts to find the secret door, or the trap-door, of the passage, were useless. She no longer had, as at Spandaw, the coolness, the perseverance, the faith necessary to discover the smallest fissure in a wall, the slightest jutting of a stone. Her hands trembled as she sounded the wood-work and the tapestry, her sight was confused; every instant she seemed to hear the steps of the chevalier upon the sand of the garden or upon the marble of the porch.

Suddenly, she seemed to hear them beneath her, as if he were ascending the staircase hidden under her feet, as if he approached by an invisible door, or as if, like a familiar spirit, he was about to pierce the wall in order to present himself before her eyes. She let fall her taper and fled to the bottom of the garden. The pretty stream which crossed it stopped her course. She listened, and thought she heard some one walking behind her. Then she rather lost her self-possession and jumped into the skiff which the gardener used to bring sand and turf from the outside. Consuelo imagined that by unfastening it she would land upon the other side; but the stream was rapid and left the enclosure under a low arch which narrowed it and was closed by a grating. Drifting with

the current, the skiff would in a few moments strike upon the grating. Consuelo saved herself from too severe a shock by rushing to the prow and extending her hands. A child of Venice (and a child of the people) could not be much embarrassed by this manœuvre. But, strange chance! the grating yielded to her hand and opened at the simple impulse which the current gave to the skiff. "Alas!" thought Consuelo, "perhaps this passage is never closed, for I am a prisoner on parole, and yet I fly, I violate my oath! But I do it only to seek protection and refuge among my hosts, not to abandon or betray them."

She leaped upon the bank whither an eddy in the water impelled her skiff, and buried herself in a close thicket. Consuelo could not run very quickly under those dark shades. The alley wound about as it became more and more narrow. The fugitive struck every moment against the trees, and fell several times upon the turf. Still she felt hope returning to her soul; the darkness re-assured her; it seemed impossible for Liverani to discover her there.

After having walked quite a long while at random, she found herself at the foot of a hill covered with rocks, the uncertain outline of which displayed itself upon a grey and veiled sky. Quite a fresh stormy wind had risen and the rain began to fall. Consuelo, not daring to retrace her steps, for fear that Liverani had discovered her foot-prints and was seeking her on the banks of the stream, ventured upon the somewhat rough path of the hill. She imagined that when she reached the top she could discover the lights of the chateau, whatever was its position. But when she had climbed there, the lightning, which began to glare in the sky, showed before her the ruins of a vast edifice. An imposing and melancholy remnant of the middle ages.

The rain compelled Consuelo to seek a shelter there, but it was with difficulty that she found one. The towers had crumbled from top to bottom on the inside, and clouds of gerfalcons and tiercellets were startled by her approach, uttering that sharp and savage cry which resembles the voice of the spirits of the unhappy inhabitants of ruins.

In the midst of rocks and briars, Consuelo, crossing the unroofed chapel, which displayed the skeletons of its dislocated ogives in the bluish glare of the lightning, reached the court, the pavement of which was covered by a short and smooth grass; she avoided a deep cistern, the opening of which was betrayed at the surface of the soil only by the development of rich capillaries and a superb wild rose-bush, the tranquil possessor of its inner wall. The mass of

ruined buildings which surrounded this abandoned court presented the most fantastic appearance; and at each flash of lightning, the eye could hardly understand those thin and distorted spectres, all those incoherent forms of destruction; enormous chimney-pieces, still blackened beneath by the smoke of a hearth forever extinguished and issuing from the middle of walls denuded to a frightful height; broken staircases, darting their spirals into space, as if to carry sorcerers into their aerial dance; whole trees installed and grown large in apartments still ornamented with the remains of frescoes; seats of stone in the deep embrasures of the windows, and always empty within as without these mysterious retreats, the refuge of lovers in time of peace, coverts of look-outs in time of danger; finally, loop-holes festooned with coquettish garlands, isolated gables rising in the air like obelisks, and doors filled to the cornice by accretions and ruins. It was a frightful and poetic spot; Consuelo felt herself affected by a kind of superstitious terror, as if her presence had profaned an enclosure reserved to funeral conferences or the silent reveries of the dead. In a serene night and a less agitated situation she would have been able to admire the austere beauty of this monument; she would not perhaps have been classically moved to moralize upon the rigor of time and destiny which overthrow without pity the palace and the fortress, and lay their ruins in the dust beside those of the hovel. The sadness which the ruins of those formidable abodes inspire, is not the same in the imagination of the artist and in the heart of the practical man; but in that moment of trouble and of fear, and in that night of storm, Consuelo, not being sustained by the enthusiasm which had impelled her to serious enterprises, felt herself on the instant again become a child of the people, trembling at the idea of seeing appear the phantoms of the night, and fearing above all those of the ancient chatelains, savage oppressors during their lives, desolate and menacing spectres after their death. The thunder raised its voice, the wind brought down the bricks and mortar of the dismantled wall, the long branches of bramble and ivy wound like serpents around the battlements of the towers. Consuelo, still seeking a shelter from the rain and the falling fragments, penetrated beneath the vault of a staircase which seemed better preserved than the others; it was that of the great feudal tower, the oldest and most solid building of the edifice. After ascending twenty steps she found a great octagonal hall which occupied the whole inside of the tower; the winding staircase was constructed, as in all buildings of this kind, within the wall eighteen

or twenty feet thick. The vault of this hall had the interior shape of a bee-hive. There were no longer either doors or window-sashes; but the openings were so narrow and deep that the wind could not rush into them. Consuelo resolved to await the termination of the tempest in this place; and approaching a window she remained more than an hour contemplating the imposing spectacle of a blazing sky and listening to the terrible voices of the storm.

At last the wind subsided, the clouds dispersed, and Consuelo thought of retiring; but on turning she was surprised to see a light more permanent than that of the lightning prevail in the interior of the hall. That light, after having hesitated, so to speak, increased and filled the whole vault, while a slight crackling was heard in the chimney. Consuelo looked in that direction, and saw under the half arch of the ancient chimney, an enormous throat yawning before her, a fire of branches which had kindled as of itself. She approached it and remarked half-consumed brands and all the remains of a fire formerly kept up and recently abandoned.

Terrified by this circumstance which revealed to her the presence of a host, Consuelo, who could see no furniture about her, quickly returned to the staircase and prepared to descend, when she heard voices below, and the crackling produced by men's steps upon the rubbish scattered over it. Her superstitious terrors were then changed into real apprehensions. That damp and devastated hall could be inhabited only by some ranger, perhaps as savage as his dwelling, perhaps drunken and brutal, and most probably less civilized and less respectful than honest Matteus. The footsteps approached quite rapidly. Consuelo hastily ascended the staircase in order not to be met by these problematic visitors, and after having cleared twenty steps more, found herself on the level of the second story, where there was little probability that any one would come, as it was entirely uncovered and consequently uninhabitable. Fortunately for her the rain had ceased; she even saw some stars shining through the wild vegetation which had invaded the top of the tower about ten fathoms above her head. A ray of light coming from beneath her feet was soon cast upon the dark walls of the edifice, and Consuelo, approaching with precaution, saw through a large crevice what was passing in the lower story she had just left. Two men were in the hall, one walking and stamping his feet, as if to warm himself, the other bent under the broad mantle of the chimney, busy renewing the fire which began to crackle on the hearth. At first she only distin-

guished their garments which indicated a high position in society, and their hair which concealed their faces; but the light of the fire having spread around, and he who stirred it with the point of his sword having risen to hang his hat upon a stone jutting from the wall, Consuelo saw locks of black hair which startled her, and the upper part of a face which almost drew from her a cry both of terror and of tenderness. He raised his voice, and Consuelo no longer doubted: it was Albert de Rudolstadt!

"Approach, my friend," said he to his companion, "and warm yourself at the only chimney which remains standing in this vast manor house. This is but a sad resting-place, M. de Trenck, but you must have found worse in your rough travels."

"And often I have not found any," replied the princess Amelia's lover. "Really, this is more hospitable than it appears, and I should have accommodated myself in it more than once with pleasure. Ah ha! my dear count, so you sometimes come to meditate upon the ruins and to perform your night-watch in this haunted tower?"

"I do often come here in fact and for more conceivable reasons. I cannot tell them to you now, but you shall know them by and by."

"I can guess them, however. From the top of this tower you can see into a certain enclosure, you can look down upon a certain pavilion—"

"No, Trenck. The dwelling to which you refer is hidden behind the woods of the hill and I cannot see it from here."

"But you can reach it in a few moments and shelter yourself here afterwards from inconvenient spies. Come, allow that just now, when I met you in the wood—"

"I cannot allow anything, friend Trenck, and you have promised not to question me."

"That is true. I ought to think of nothing but my delight at having found you in this immense park, or rather in this forest, where I had so completely lost my way that without you I should have fallen into some picturesque ravine or got drowned in some limpid torrent. Are we far from the chateau?"

"A quarter of a league at most. Dry your clothes then, while the wind dries the paths of the park, and we will start again."

"This old chateau pleases me less than the new one, I confess, and I understand very well why it has been abandoned to the birds. Still, I feel happy at finding myself alone with you here at this hour and in this gloomy night. It recalls to me our first meeting in the ruins of an old abbey in Silesia, my initiation, the oaths which I pronounced between your hands,

you, my judge, my examiner and master then, my friend and brother now! Dear Albert! what strange and fatal vicissitudes have since passed over our heads! Both of us dead to our families, to our countries, to our loves, perhaps!—what will become of us and what will henceforth be our life among men!"

"Yours may yet be surrounded with splendor and filled with delights, my dear Trenck. The power of the tyrant who hates you has limits, thank God, upon the soil of Europe."

"But my mistress, Albert! Is it possible that my mistress will remain eternally and uselessly faithful to me?"

"You ought not to desire it, my friend; but it is only too certain that her passion is as lasting as her unhappiness."

"Speak to me then of her, Albert! More happy than I, you can see and hear her, you—"

"I can do so no longer, dear Trenck; do not deceive yourself in that respect. The fantastic name and the strange personage of Trismegistus under which I have been veiled, and which have protected me for several years in my short and mysterious connections with the palace of Berlin, have lost their fascination; my friends will be as discreet, and my dupes (since, to serve our cause and your love, I have very innocently been compelled to make some dupes) would not be more clear-sighted than in the past; but Frederick has got scent of a conspiracy, and I can no longer return to Prussia; my efforts there would be paralyzed by his mistrust, and the prison of Spandaw would not open a second time for my escape."

"Poor Albert! you must have suffered in that prison as I in mine, more perhaps!"

"No, I was near her. I heard her voice, I labored for her deliverance. I neither regret having endured the horror of a dungeon, nor having trembled for her life. If I suffered for myself, I did not perceive it; if I suffered for her, I no longer remember it. She is saved and she will be happy."

"By you, Albert! Tell me that she will be happy only by you and with you, or I no longer esteem her, I withdraw from her my admiration and my friendship."

"Do not speak thus, Trenck. It is outraging nature, love and our lovers; and to wish to chain them to the name of a duty profitable to ourselves alone would be a crime and a profanation."

"I know it, and without aspiring to a like virtue with yours, I feel that if Amelia had withdrawn her word instead of confirming it to me, I should not, on that account, cease to love and to bless her for the days of happiness she has conferred upon me; but it is permitted me to

love you more than I love myself, and to hate whomsoever does not love you. You smile, Albert; you do not understand my friendship; and I, I do not understand your courage. Ah! if it be true that she who has received your faith has become attached (before the expiration of her mourning, insensate!) to one of our *brothers*, were he the most meritorious among us, and the most seductive man in the world, I could never forgive her. Do you forgive her if you can!"

"Trenck! Trenck! you know not what you say; you do not understand, and I cannot explain. Do not judge her yet, that admirable woman; hereafter you will know her."

"And what prevents your justifying her in my eyes! Speak then; to what purpose is so much mystery! We are alone here. Your confession cannot compromise her, and no oath, that I know of, compels you to conceal from me what we all suspect respecting your conduct. She no longer loves you! What is her excuse!"

"But did she ever love me?"

"That is her crime. She never understood you."

"She could not, and I—I could not reveal myself to her. Besides, I was ill, I was crazy; no one loves crazy people; they are pitied and feared."

"You have never been crazy, Albert; I have never seen you so. The wisdom and strength of your understanding have always astonished me on the contrary."

"You have seen me firm and master of myself in action, you have never seen me in the agony of repose, in the tortures of discouragement."

"Do you then know what discouragement is? I should never have thought it."

"That is because you do not see all the dangers, all the obstacles, all the vices of our enterprise. You have never been to the bottom of that abyss into which I have plunged my whole soul and cast all my existence; you have seen only the chivalric and generous side; you have embraced only the easy labors and the cheering hopes."

"That is because I am less great, less enthusiastic, and since I must say it, less fanatical than you, noble count! You have wished to drain the cup of zeal even to the dregs, and when the bitterness has suffocated you, you have doubted of Heaven and of men."

"Yes I have doubted, and I have been very cruelly punished."

"And now, do you doubt yet? Do you suffer still?"

"Now I hope, I believe, I act, I feel strong, I feel happy. Do you not see joy radiating from my face, do you not

feel transport overflowing from my bosom?"

"And yet you are betrayed by your mistress! What do I say! by your wife!"

"She was never either the one or the other. She never owned me, she does not betray me. God sends her love, the most celestial of the graces from on high, to reward her for having had a moment's pity for me on my death-bed. And I, to thank her for having closed my eyes, for having wept over me, for having blest me upon the threshold of eternity, which I thought I was passing, should I claim a promise torn from her generous compassion, from her sublime charity! Should I say to her, 'Woman, I am your master, you belong to me by the law, by your imprudence and your error. You shall submit to my embraces, because in a day of separation you deposited a kiss of farewell upon my frozen brow! You shall forever place your hand in mine, follow my steps, endure my yoke, break in your bosom a growing love, stifle insurmountable desires, be consumed by affection for another in my profane arms, upon my selfish and cowardly heart!' O, Trenck! do you think I could be happy when acting thus! Would not my life be a punishment even more bitter than hers! Is not the suffering of the slave the curse of the master! Great God! what being is so vile, so brutal, as to be proud and transported at a love which is not shared, at a fidelity against which the heart of the victim revolts! Thank Heaven, I am not that being; I never will be! I was going this evening to find Consuelo; I meant to tell her all these things; I meant to restore to her her liberty. I did not meet her in the garden where she usually walks; and then the storm came and deprived me of the hope of seeing her descend. I did not wish to penetrate to her apartments; I should have entered them by the right of a husband. The mere shudder of her horror, the mere paleness of her despair, would have caused me a pain which I had not the resolution to brave."

"And did you not meet also in the darkness the black mask of that Liverani?"

"Who is that Liverani?"

"Do you not know the name of your rival?"

"Liverani is a false name. Do you know him, that man, that happy rival?"

"No. But you ask me with a strange look! Albert, I think I understand you: you forgive your unfortunate wife, you abandon her; you ought to do so; but you will punish, I hope, the villain who has seduced her?"

"Are you sure that he is a villain?"

"What! the man to whom had been

confided her deliverance, and the guardianship of her person during a long and perilous journey! He who ought to have protected her, to have respected her, not to have addressed a single word to her, not to have shown her his face! A man invested with the powers and with the blind confidence of the Invisibles! Your brother-in-arms, and by oath, doubtless, as I am! Ah! if your wife had been confided to me, Albert, I should not even have thought of this criminal treachery of making myself beloved by her."

"Trenck, once again, you know not what you say! Only three men among us know who this Liverani is, and what is his crime. In a few days you will cease to blame and to curse that happy mortal to whom God in his goodness, in his justice perhaps, has given the love of Consuelo."

"Strange and sublime man! You do not hate him!"

"I cannot hate him."

"You will not disturb his happiness?"

"On the contrary, I labor ardently to assure it, and I am neither sublime nor strange in this. You will soon laugh at the praises you bestow upon me."

"What! you do not even suffer?"

"I am the most happy of men."

"In that case you love but little, or you love no more. Such a heroism is not in human nature; it is almost monstrous, and I cannot admire what I do not understand. Stop, count, you laugh at me, and I am very simple! Now, I guess at last: you love another, and you bless Providence which frees you from your engagements with the first by rendering her unfaithful."

"I must open my heart to you, you compel me to it, haron. Listen: it is a whole history, a whole romance which I have to relate to you; but it is cold here; this fire of brush-wood cannot warm these old walls; and besides I fear that in a little while they will unpleasantly recall those of Glatz. The weather has become clear; we can resume our walk to the chateau; and since you leave it at break of day, I do not wish to prolong your vigil too much. As we go on I will tell you a strange tale."

The two friends resumed their hats after having shaken off the moisture; and giving some kicks to the brands to extinguish them, they left the tower arm-in-arm. Their voices were lost in the distance, and the echoes of the old manor-house soon ceased to repeat the low sounds of their steps upon the wet grass of the court.

To be Continued.

ANECDOTE OF THE GREAT CUVIER. It is related of this remarkable philosopher, that whilst promenading one day where *Aeneas* is said to have walked, he

was met by a repulsive looking object, who stopped and demanded worship from him. "I cannot worship you," said Cuvier. "But you must," said the horrible. "No, I will not," replied the other. "Then," said the demon, "if you will not, I will eat you." Cuvier eyed him deliberately; and instead of defying him, as no doubt he might have done, preferred falling back upon the natural history lessons of his earthly life, and said, "Horns and cloven feet—*graminicosus*. You eat me!—nonsense!"

AN ITEM IN A LAWYER'S BILL. A solicitor, who had been employed by a railway company, in England, on making out his bill, after enumerating all other ordinary items, adds the following—"To mental anxiety, item not contained in the above, £2,000," and it was paid without any demur.

Eight sisters of the Association of Notre Dame are to leave Paris on the 30th instant, for Oregon. They go to join six nuns of the same community, who proceeded to that country two years back, to spread religious and temporal instruction amongst the people.

YANKEE DOODLE.

By the last number (the eighth), we are constrained (and that with pleasure) to acknowledge that "Yankee" grows more human, and by consequence more witty. This number contains half-a-dozen pieces wholly on the side of humanity, and some very sly pokes at the weak points of that respectable old hypocrite, called civilized society. Take for instance the following portrait of "The Semstress:" we regret that we cannot also give the wood-cut, which occupies the middle of the page, surrounded by these comments as by a square picture frame; it is an admirable stroke of art in its way, and bespeaks at a glance the tragedy of woman in Society,—her essential dignity and claim to love and reverence contrasted with the dismal drudgery and worse than loneliness to which society has doomed her.

LIVE PORTRAITS.—No. II.

THE SEMSTRESS.

Ten thousand women in New York exist—somehow—on what they earn with the needle. We have a bundle of most desperate statistics, showing how shirts are made for six cents a piece, and trowsers for ten; and how very swift hands, who work incessantly from daylight to midnight, can sometimes actually earn a quarter of a dollar per day. But it is not important to go into details—our principal object in collecting these statistics being to ascertain if the human drudge, whether male or female, can work as many hours, subsist on as little, and be as respectful to superiors, in this country as in the Old World; for Yankee Doodle has a great fancy for a real, first-chop aristocracy here, who shall ride about in tall carriages with blue flunkies, and do nothing but tumble over silks at Stewart's and go to the opera all their blessed lives. Therefore, as the foundation of such a glorious institution—the underground wall, as it were, upon which his superstructure must be erected—he must see that the working classes are all of the right temper and capacity. It would be excessively vulgar and disagree-

able if, after the thing were nicely finished, the sleepers upon which it rested should awake and upset the whole concern into the mud-puddle of democracy.

Thus far, then, our observations have been on the whole tolerably satisfactory. We find that of the women who support themselves by the needle, there are several thousand who, when they can get work at all, earn from ten to twenty-five cents a day—which, considering the chances of sickness, the necessity for education and amusement, (for Yankee Doodle is a true humanitarian, and insists stoutly upon establishing the happiness of a refined and enlightened people,) is not perhaps very far from what is desirable. Of this number there will always be a handsome proportion who, to escape starvation and despair; perhaps to save fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, from death—will become—but Yankee Doodle shudders to trace them farther. So that, all things considered, the affairs of the young and rising Yankee Doodle Aristocracy are in a very promising train.

In regard to the manners of this working class, the ridiculous political privileges which our silly forefathers secured to even the poorest people have had a very injurious effect upon the men. But the women, shut out as they are from the sympathy of their own sex and the protection of ours, are in general of quite a becoming degree of subservieny. So long as they remain virtuous they are scarcely ever seen in the streets, save when hurrying to or from their employers' shops with their bundle of work, their hearts beating fearfully with the anticipation of their poor pittance, or the apprehension that they may be a moment too late. They are always dressed very poorly on these occasions—seeming to feel how improper it would be to be mistaken for ladies; and we have observed with approbation that they are careful about not incommoding carriages at the crossings nor passengers on the walks. The only thing objectionable about their appearance is the extreme haggardness of their faces, and a kind of wildness in the eyes which is really sometimes quite distressing. To such an extent are these blemishes carried, in some instances, that we have wondered why these haggard and wild-eyed creatures, in their grey and scanty drapery, were not arrested by some "indefatigable officer Smith, of the Third Ward Police," as fugitives from the Asylum for Lunatic Paupers. Says our grave and matter-of-fact statistician:

"A large majority of these women are American born, from the great Middle Class of life, many of whom have once been in comfortable and even affluent circumstances, and have been reduced by the death or bankruptcy of husbands and relatives, and other causes, to such straits. Many of them are the wives of ship-masters and other officers of vessels. Others are the widows of mechanics and poor men, and have children, aged mothers and fathers, &c., to support by their needle. Many have drunken husbands to add to their burdens and afflictions, and to darken every faint gleam of sunshine that domestic affection throws into the humblest abode. Others have sick and bed-ridden husbands or children, or perhaps have to endure the agony of receiving home a fallen daughter or an outlawed son, suddenly checked in his career of vice.

"The manner in which these women live—the squalidness and unhealthy location and nature of their habitations—the inadequateness of their food and clothing—the impossibility of providing for any the slightest recreation, or moral or intellectual culture, or of educating their children—can be partly imagined; but we assure the public that it would require an extremely active imagination to conceive the reality.

"These women generally 'keep house'—that is, they rent a single room, or perhaps two small rooms, in the upper story of some poor, ill-constructed, unventilated house, in a filthy street, constantly kept so by the absence of back yards and the neglect of the street inspector—where a sickening and deadly miasm pervades the atmosphere, and in summer renders it totally unfit to be inhaled by human lungs, depositing the seeds of debility and disease at every inspiration. In these rooms all the processes of cooking, eating, sleeping, washing, working and living, are indiscriminately performed. The inevitable consequence, in too many cases, is pauperism or theft—the Alms House or the Penitentiary."

Bravo! this is quite down to the lowest European standard, and is indeed encouraging. Here is the antithesis of our Yankee Doodle aristocracy, clearly and sharply defined. The substance of so heavy a shadow must be an object of some importance and ponderosity. Patience, Milady Yankee Doodles! if the wretchedness of others can do it, you shall yet be noble.

For the Harbinger.

SOCIETY—AN ASPIRATION—OR THE ACTUAL AND THE POSSIBLE.

(Continued.)

Friendship—the Unity of Man with Man.

The developments afforded by the serial order for Friendship, will be sufficiently understood from the general context. Constancy, or even ardor in friendship, is now so seldom met with because the tie is simple. It is either sympathy of character or sympathy in pursuit and interest, but rarely the two combined, though they live as well without each other, as a soul without a body, or a body without a soul. The friendships of civilization, beyond the little family sphere, are like Sodom apples, fair in their seemings, but filling the mouth as with bitter ashes, and wholly unfit for use. One hardly dares to gratify the heart by giving, for we are as proud as we are mean, and you will as soon lose a friend by obliging him as by asking favors of him. The series, in their corporate labor and convergence of interests, alone afford the conditions of composite friendship, and enable us to live out the sentiment of brotherhood innate to every bosom.

"In vain thou deniest it," says Professor Teufelsdröckh, "thou art my brother. Thy very hatred, thy very envy, those foolish lies thou tellest of me in thy splenetic humor;—what is all this but an inverted sympathy! Were I a steam-engine, wouldst thou take the trouble to tell

lies of me? Not thou; I should grind all unheeded, whether badly or well.

"Wondrous, truly, are the bonds which unite us one and all; whether by the soft binding of love or the iron chaining of necessity, as we like to choose it. More than once have I said to myself of some perhaps whimsically strutting figure, such as provokes whimsical thoughts: 'Wert thou, my little brotherkin, suddenly covered up with even the largest imaginable glass bell, what a thing it were, not for thyself only, but for the world! Thou art no longer a circulating, venous, arterial heart, that taking and giving, circulatest through all time and through all space. There has a hole fallen out in the immeasurable world tissue, which must be darned up again!'

"The venous, arterial circulation of letters, verbal messages, paper and other packages, going out from him and coming in, is a blood circulation visible to the eye; but the finer nervous circulation by which all things, the minutest that he does, minutely influence all men, and the very look of his face blesses or curses whomsoever it lights on, and so generates ever new blessing or cursing; all this you cannot see, but only imagine. I say there is not a red Indian hunting by Lake Winnipeg, can quarrel with his squaw, but the whole world must smart for it: will not the price of beaver rise! It is a mathematical fact that the casting of this pebble from my hand alters the centre of gravity of the universe.

"If, now, an existing generation of men stand so woven together, not less indissolubly does generation with generation. Hast thou ever meditated on that word Tradition: how we inherit not life only, but all the garniture and form of life, and work and speak and even think and feel as our fathers and grandfathers from the beginning have given it to us. Who printed thee, for example, this unpretending volume on the philosophy of clothes? Not the Herren Still-schweigen and Company; but Cadmus of Thebes, Faust of Mentz, and innumerable others whom thou knowest not. Had there been no Maesogothic Ulfila, there had been no English Shakspeare, or a different one. Simpleton, it was Tubal Cain that made thy very tailor's needle, and sewed that court suit of thine. Yes truly, if nature is one, and a living indivisible whole, much more is mankind the image that reflects and creates nature, without which nature were not. As palpable life-streams in that wondrous individual, mankind, among so many life-streams that are not palpable, flow on those main currents of what we call opinion, preserved in institutions, politics, churches, above all in books. Beautiful is it to understand and know that a thought did never yet die, that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it, and created it from the whole past, so wilt thou transmit it to the whole future. It is thus that the heroic heart, the seeing eye of the first times, still feels and sees in us of the latest; that the wise man stands ever encompassed and spiritually embraced by a cloud of witnesses and brothers; and there is a living, literal *Communion of Saints*, wide as the world itself, and the history of the world."

Ah Teufelsdröckh, thou bringest us tales from thy gossips the stars, in thy lonely sky-nest at Weissnichtwo. Here

have we rather, it seems as yet, a communion of fiends, whose neuro-vascular circulation is mainly of bullets and bombshells, itch, small pox, cholera and typhus. Teach us to stop our fighting for room and cheating for bread, practices surely unbecoming in saints. Yet hast thou spoken the bold and the true and the loving word to thy brothers,—rending the time-garment. Thou hast seen the tulip in its bulb, O Teufelsdröckh! Jove's forehead aches splittingly: Vulcan stands ready with his axe, and the miracle of the ages will presently be born. Who shall be then the saints, and who the fiends? O mystic Swede, who hast written of Heaven and Hell, where are those hearty worshippers of evil who shall quarrel with their bread and butter to keep within the "sphere" thou hast set for them? Nay, do not rub thy spectacles, for how shouldst thou discern them, when our elder brother, the devil, king of the senses, shall also be saved!

"Ye are all members one of another."

"Know ye not that God is our Father and that all ye are brethren?"

Love—the Unity of Man with Woman.

Does this title call a sardonic smile to the lips of the reader? Love is a subject confined to the realm of poetry; and poetry, with us now, means something unreal, and beyond the range of daily, practical life. Certain prosaic household interests, cheaply warmed up to blood heat by such fuel as egg-nogs and mince pies, constitute the staple of sentiment in the eyes of our utilitarian moderators and wondrous wise physiologists, who having made the surprising discovery that there is no spiritual manifestation without physical organization, have to the beautiful simplicity of their logic, concluded that matter alone exists and that the soul is a "humbug." This sect of philosophy is as modest as it is powerful. Content with the practical sway of the public mind, they would fain decline the laurel, and forbear even to assume the cognomen of materialists. Their fort is based upon the rocks of poverty and selfishness, and whoso would battle with them must first build his entrenchments on the foundations of luxury and unity.

Common sense in the relations of love is now the calculation of incomes, expenditures and fashionable circles. Whoever has a taste for the bathos, and delights in critical rumination on what society hides under its great cloak of plausible seemings that is meanest, falsest and most pitiful, will find himself as bappy in the chronicles of match-makings and connubial perplexities, as a black beetle under a manure pile. Does not half the coarse wit of our theatres and newspaper squibs consist in ridiculing the folly of being "caught in the noose?"

All this is precisely the pledge we should desire of truth, purity, and realized poetry in the love relations of the future; since the social relations based upon incoherence of interests and individual selfishness, must present the systematic inversion, in this as in other passions, of the relations existing in a society based on unity of interests and collective devotion.

It would be idle for us to speculate on the forms and institutions which will grow out of the Harmonic order and constitute its expression in the relations of the sexes. Through the fog of distrust and duplicity which envelop these subjects to us, still wallowing in the mire of incoherence, it is not probable that we can discern the wants and indications of a pure and healthy society. Our work is to obtain the basis of universal unity by organizing industry, trusting to God and the future for the corollaries and developments which will flow from it.

Marriage has been selected as a special point of attack by certain representatives of the commercial interest, who mistaking Association for a class or party movement for the poor against the rich, and fearing to compromise their popularity by openly opposing the organization of labor, the only subject which Associationists have urged, have thus sought to substitute a false issue before the American nation. Their choice was a judicious one. The marriage institution, in its civil point of view, is a ground on which civilization is very conscious of its weakness, and will not bear discussion, fearing that its tendencies to licentiousness, already so strong, would upon the removal of existing restraints, plunge it in promiscuous bestiality. The Phalansterian position has been here pre-eminently that of conservative reform. Whilst deploring the evils now resulting from constraint in the relations of love, and its false dependence on pecuniary interests, the withering of true affections, the false and unhappy marriages, the adultery, the libertinism, and the prostitution with which our civilized cities are rotten, we foresee the change of this inversion to a beautiful, pure, and healthy development, in the serial organization contemplated as our social destiny.

This order, by securing pecuniary independence, and by associating the sexes in those industrial groups to which sympathy of pursuit attracts individuals, will tend to develop that entire sympathy of character and interest essential to constancy, and at the same time give the best opportunities of practical criticism previous to forming engagements.

In the rich and high-bred families of England and America, who have not yet reached the heartlessness of reducing

marriage to a mere question of worldly policy, and of contemplating separate establishments from the beginning, a refinement upon the rude Scottish fashion of "handfasting," is often practised. The aspirant to the lady's hand is invited to pass some weeks as a member of her domestic circle, previous to ratifying the engagement, which gives to both parties the chance of studying character and testing their fitness to each other in positions like those in which they would stand after marriage. How much more perfect is the test provided by the Passional Series, whose combinations include all the industry and all the interests of life; whilst the isolated household, often rather a forced or accidental than an attractive centre, is restricted to the agency of simple presence for drawing out sympathies of character or providing for their exercise. The poverty and coarse manners of the laboring masses, the contracted character of individual enterprise, whose essential of success is the confinement to a single branch, and the prejudice of the small wealthy class against productive industry, now degraded as the sphere of the Pariah, have all combined to exclude woman from a large class of employments in the garden, orchard and vineyard, as well as several mechanic arts and branches of practical science, which are as elegant and attractive as they are useful. In the Phalanx of associated capital and labor, it will no longer as now, be necessary to sacrifice them to the few employments most essential to subsistence, as the grain crop, the dairy, the fattening of swine; but each branch, prosecuted in all its details on the largest scale by the series devoted to it, will invoke the charm of woman's presence, will rescue her health and the bloom of her youth from a premature withering, from sedentary monotony, and the suppression of her passional life, and set her free like a fairy, to mould in the glorious forms of nature that beauty which is ever struggling to express itself in her being. It is only the isolation of pursuits and interests, and the suppression of industrial attractions, which, putting asunder what God would join together, has made the song of Maria del Occidente so mournfully true.

"Even as the Dove from far Palmyra flying
To where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, fainting, panting, dying,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;
So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure, congenial stream unfound, un-
quaffed,
Suffers, recoils, then thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the near-
est draught."

When it was said to man that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his

brow, it was not without having therein provided the bread of his soul. Our spiritual sympathies are linked with our industrial attractions, as the life of the Dryad to the oak which enfolds it.

In connection with the development of purer characters in the society of the future, perfect liberty to this and every other attraction must be not only compatible with a divine order, but absolutely essential to it.

The following paragraphs from Fourier's "New Industrial World," will show his position and our own towards the present state of things.

"We see that there was a discovery to be made, namely, the Passional Series,—a discovery which required profound researches into the arrangements of 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 breakneck politician, and no new means at all; and yet it is in this stuff that the nineteenth century has confided now for twenty years.

"As to liberty in love, he does not foresee the general licentiousness which would prevail as soon as the new sect should have become established: he seems to have no more 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 the fathers and husbands of families. When these four classes shall with one accord vote an innovation, we may be sure that it will be useful and not dangerous."

The Family and Home.

It is only the constraint and narrow selfishness of the isolated family which the arrangements of the series will remove. In the groups of industry, which develop sympathies of character through sympathies of pursuit and interest, those members of a family whose dispositions are congenial, will find, in addition to the present foci of union at the table and parlor, multiplied ties; whilst those who have antipathic characters, being drawn out of each other's way in following freely their respective attractions, will meet only at times and places where some common sentiment unites them. In place of the dispersion of families, now necessitated by the narrow sphere of the isolated household, which cannot provide for the interests of the smallest possible nucleus, the large home of the Phalanx, with its system of practical education, at

once developing the child's attractions, and securing to them a sphere of action, will allow the patriarch of the future society to stand amid five generations of his children.

In regard to the homestead or dwelling, in which so many sympathies centre, it is unnecessary to state that, in a society whose order is attained solely through attraction, individual predilections would always be respected.—Such, however, are the economies, luxuries and harmonies of art, attained by combining resources and substituting for hundreds of separate dwellings with their out-houses and appurtenances, a grand unitary building with suites of apartments adapted to different prices of rent, gas lighting, flue ventilation, a single kitchen and laundry establishment, and other arrangements such as our first class hotels may suggest some idea of, that it is not probable that isolated dwellings will be preferred, unless by a few very wealthy and eccentric characters. In all the architectural and other arrangements of the Phalanx, the sacredness of individual or of family privacy is as scrupulously considered in the chamber and parlor, as the requisitions of the social attractions and corporate sentiment in the halls, the grand street-gallery, the Church and the Opera.

Such is the answer of Association to that beautiful aspiration of the soul for a permanent home, a centre of childhood's recollections, of ancestral traditions, of all that now constitutes the charm of the old English manor, descending in the same family for many generations, and even the prestige of heraldry, and armorial bearings; for when honors shall be the natural complement of proved nobility, the pledge of justice to the people, they can excite no other feeling than honorable ambition.

Here, from his happy home, the child will ramble to play under the vine and the fig tree that his father planted, will gather nuts in the forest with which his grandfather's industry has clothed the bare hill-side, and sleep under the venerable oak that towers over the grave of his earlier forefathers. Their names he will view with pride upon the sculptured columns of the great bridge, the water-works, or other permanent and splendid structures, the benefits of which he every day enjoys. These also stimulate his ambition. He would be the worthy child of a noble line; he too, would leave on the industrial battle-field the trophies of his skill and zeal; footprints on the sand of life, that shall in turn speak to the great Future of his work.

To be Continued.

THE BEAUTIES OF CHRISTIAN WARFARE. A correspondent of the *True Sun*, writing from Baltimore, says:

"I have just perused an interesting letter from an officer attached to the Gulf Squadron. He states that the Mexican soldiery, at the time of the attack of Commodore Perry on Tabasco, put to the sword every poor woman and child that attempted to leave the city, as they considered themselves safe so long as the females and children were in their midst. A great many defenceless females and children were unfortunately killed by the shells from our guns. An instance or two is mentioned.

"A Mexican had his only daughter, a beautiful girl of 18 years, completely cut in two by a twenty-four-pound shot, and after laying the mutilated remains on the bed, he rushed down to the beach, covered with blood, and implored our men to stop firing. In another instance, a whole family were sitting at the table, when a shell fell among them, instantly exploding, killing all the females, besides three servants. There are many other instances of the same kind, but for which the town would have been entirely demolished. As it was, it received a severe drubbing."

FRANCE. The *Presse* announces that the Minister of Commerce had received the reports on the crops which he had demanded from the prefects. "Those reports," it says, "mention that the wheat crop was in amount one-fifth inferior to that of ordinary years; but the excellent quality of the grain reduced the deficit to one-tenth. France consumes 60,000,000 hectolitres of wheat annually; she consequently only requires 6,000,000 hectolitres to supply the deficiency, or a month's consumption."

"Bankruptcies," says the *Reforme*, "are of daily occurrence in Paris. Petty merchants continue to shut up their shops; the pawnbrokers are besieged with applicants; the savings banks will soon be empty; the hospitals are crowded; 116,000 indigent depend upon public charity in Paris; the prisons are full, and the winter will throw about 100,000 workmen out of employment. Our prospects are indeed very sad."

THE NEW POPE. The New Pope is carrying on his reforms in a bold and vigorous manner, and the people of Italy, unused to the spectacle of having a friend at court, are overflowed with joy.—Among other things, he is said to be in favor of abolishing capital punishment, and substituting for it imprisonment for life. In all these movements his Holiness invades the recesses of privilege, and hence he has incurred the hatred of the aristocrats. His life is said to be in danger. A letter printed in Hamburg, from Rome, says that the life of the Pope is not safe. His Holiness has received many warnings, and must make a virtue of necessity. His dinner is served at eleven o'clock, and remains standing till one, till it is cold; it is then examined by a chemist, and warmed on the dinner table over a spirit lamp. His cup of chocolate for breakfast is prepared by the Cameraio in his immediate presence. When he goes to mass, he takes the host, the wine and the water with him; at a certain con-

vent where he lately intended to administer the sacrament, he neither performed the ceremony nor took the usual refreshments. Such is the life of Pius the Ninth, the greatest benefactor of the Roman states.—*Boston Post*.

IF A certain eminent medical man lately offered to a publisher in Paternoster-row, a "Treatise on the Hand," which the worthy bookseller declined, with a rueful shake of the head, saying, "My dear sir, we have too many treatises on our hands already."

WEALTH OF THE STATE OF OHIO. We learn by a letter from a friend in Ohio, that the State Board of Equalization concluded its labors at Columbus on the 16th instant, after a session of more than three weeks, of which the following are the aggregate results:

The valuation of the real property of Ohio is about three hundred and twenty-four millions of dollars.

The personal property is valued at \$79,177,484, making an aggregate of real and personal property to the amount of \$403,177,484—that is to say, more than four hundred and three millions of dollars.—*National Intelligencer*.

REVIEW.

The Auto-Biography of Goethe. Truth and Poetry: From My Life. Edited by PARKE GODWIN. Parts 1. and II. pp. 193, 228. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. (Sold by Redding & Co., 8 State St., Boston.)

Here we have the first half of the long expected work; two more parts will soon appear and complete it. Of the intrinsic value of the great poet's beautiful narrative of the facts and fancies of his youth, we "said our say" some six or eight months since, in announcing the intention of Mr. Godwin. To every one who would trace the native lineaments and first gradual developments of a poetical genius of the first order; to every one who would read the poet as he read himself, and know what influences conspired with his genius or challenged its reaction to make him what he was; to every one who would transfer a living impress of the social and the public life in Germany towards the close of the last century from the most susceptible and most observing mind that lived in the midst of it, to his own mind; to every one who would understand the modern literary history of Germany; in a word, to every one who would read the wisest, richest, truest, most romantic and most fascinating piece of biography extant in any language, we can confidently recommend it. While it exceeds almost any romance in interest, you feel that it is a most faithful history, and that it is called "*Poetry and Truth*" only because it would be leaving out the principal fact of life to leave out the poetry. Often what we call the fanciful part of a man, is the man. At all events,

Goethe is as much a poet in remembering his own life, as he is in writing *Faust* or *Iphigenia*.

And we can confidently recommend this translation,—the first trustworthy and complete one which has been made. Inimitable and perfect as is Goethe's style, and therefore all but impossible of translation, we confess our agreeable surprise at finding so much of the charm preserved. The first of these two parts apparently is translated, as well as edited, by Mr. Godwin. The second part is translated by Mr. John Henry Hopkins, Jr. of Vermont; yet it required, of course, some delicate and judicious labor on the part of the Editor to shape the style into unity with his own. Occasional footnotes illustrate the text, and others are promised at the end of the volume. May it be speedily completed and delight many readers!

We are happy to learn that translations of Goethe's "Annals," of his admirable letters from Italy, and of his dramas, may also be expected to follow from the same source, provided this first enterprise succeeds.

Urania: A Rhymed Lesson. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Pronounced before the Mercantile Library Association, October 14, 1846. Third Edition. Boston: William D. Ticknor and Co. pp. 32.

The longer productions of this most melodious, ever fresh and sparking lyric poet are generally devoid of unity. Perhaps for this very reason, added to his positive poetic merits, he has never failed to entertain an audience. He keeps attention pleasingly upon the stretch by a succession of thoughts beautifully versified,—pathetic, witty, patriotic, didactic, extravagant,—which have scarcely the finest fibre of a common thought connecting them. They charm to a certainty, because they make their virtue to consist in being just good enough for the occasion, and because they sympathize with common fancies and experiences, and clothe these with so much beauty as to flatter gracefully the self-esteem of all who do not know the need of more. It is amiable poetry; it exerts itself to please; and for that is always willing to forego high flights. It is not the sort of poetry which is wrung out by deep experience, and which is the earnest fulfilment of a whole life's mission. It is simply agreeable and graceful pastime; the grateful reminiscence and occasional revival of a talent which endeared the author's youth to those around him; while he dedicates his life to sterner professional duties.

Viewed in this light, it is certainly a very pleasing poem. Each thought is perfectly expressed; each image is dis-

tinct and finished; and every couplet has a luscious, swelling contour, without the aid of any bombast. The first half of the poem is mainly serious; but it would be hard to name its subject. The rest of it is a string of unconnected epigrammatic lessons in minor morals, personal and social, which display a fine tact and a most oracular good taste in every thing regarding manners, conversation, coats, and boots, and hats. Who will not recognize one of his own martyrdoms in the following:

"I tell in verse,—'t were better done in prose,—

One curious trick that every body knows;
Once form this habit, and it's very strange
How long it sticks, how hard it is to change.
Two friendly people, both disposed to smile,
Who meet, like others, every little while,
Instead of passing with a pleasant bow,
And 'How d'ye do?' or 'How's your uncle now?'

Impelled by feelings in their nature kind,
But slightly weak, and somewhat undefined,
Rush at each other, make a sudden stand,
Begin to talk, expatiate, and expand;
Each looks quite radiant, seems extremely struck,
Their meeting so was such a piece of luck;
Each thinks the other thinks he's greatly pleased
To screw the vice in which they both are squeezed;
So there they talk, in dust, or mud, or snow,
Both bored to death, and both afraid to go!"

A Course of Reading for Common Schools and the Lower Classes of Academies. By H. MANDEVILLE, Professor of Moral Science and Belle-Lettres in Hamilton College. New York: D. Appleton and Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.

Professor Mandeville has produced a work which evinces great labor, knowledge and taste; but in many respects so defective as to defeat, in our opinion, his design of supplying a good school manual. He has presented us with the results of a long experience as a teacher of Belle-Lettres, guided and enlightened by a pure taste and generous zeal in his vocation; and these results we regard as valuable acquisitions in the important and lamentably neglected departments of Education to which they relate, as well for future authors, to furnish them with instructive hints, as for advanced students who can exercise their own judgments, and distinguish the true from the erroneous. But for learners, who require at the outset sound elementary instruction, we consider them wholly useless, at least in their present form.

Professor Mandeville separates his work into "three general divisions or parts:"

"Part First contains a description of letters, syllables and words."

"Part Second contains a classification and description of sentences."

"Part Third contains a series of paragraphs in sections for exercise."

This division is quite judicious, though not absolutely scientific. And here we would remark that science has not yet fairly penetrated and elaborated this branch of education, and that until it has done so and dissipated all the moss-grown errors of the schools, we can expect only the arbitrary arrangements and methods of authors, more or less complete and useful, in proportion to the sound common sense and good taste they possess.

The First Division is especially faulty and imperfect; it treats the elementary grounds of the subject discussed, the analysis of sounds, and grammar of language, without knowledge of the true principles governing them or just critical perception and distinctions; and the learner is launched into the complicated mass of confusion, absurdity and contradiction, which old lexicographers and grammarians have built up, under the name of science, on a false basis. Having entered it he must extricate himself as he can, and if he does so with infinite labor, it is only to bring away a load of lumbering words, without ideas.

The Second Division, which treats of the construction of sentences, exhibits Professor Mandeville in a much more favorable light, as a sound English scholar, who understands fully the power and uses of his own language.

The Third Division embraces a collection of elegant extracts, illustrative of every variety of expression and thought, more select and appropriate than any we know of in any other compilation; and the instructions of Professor Mandeville, to the student, applying to them the principles of elocution, for the highest effect, are undoubtedly admirable and well adapted to the purpose of purifying the taste and improving the judgment.

With the strictures we have ventured, we can commend the work to our readers with much satisfaction.

The French Revolution: A History. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In Three Parts. New York: Wiley and Putnam. (Sold by Redding & Company, 8 State St., Boston.)

Messrs. Wiley and Putnam, it appears, have bought out the right of the original Boston publishers of all Carlyle's works, and now print this as well as others under the same characteristic "Imprimatur" of the author which we have quoted before.

It is, to say the least, the most brilliant and impressive history ever written. It has been called affected and grotesque in point of style. Carlyle's certainly is not a style for those to imitate, who find nothing of themselves in it: but does it follow that the most unique,

unprecedented writer is more affected than the great mass of writers and talkers, who never utter themselves in their own way, but always affect conventional phrase? It has been called a poem, rather than a history. But we apprehend it has successfully established the fact, that it takes a poet either to record things or to see things truly; and this is as true of history in general, as it is of an individual biography, like that same golden one of Goethe, above noticed. As to "The French Revolution," the time for criticism has gone by. It has taken its place among the standard Classics.

Primary Lessons: being a Speller and Reader, on an Original Plan. By ALBERT D. WRIGHT. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

Mr. Wright has succeeded in making a very simple book indeed; so simple that it verges on folly. But he is not to be blamed for it; the fault is in his subject and means of execution, and not in himself. He knows the difficulties he attempted to grapple with, but like thousands before him fails to supply a remedy; for the satisfactory reason that the case is utterly hopeless and admits of none.

Every now and then some ingenious individual gets hold of a "new and original plan" for rendering it an easy matter to teach children how to read and spell; and forthwith teachers are called upon to throw away their old books and adopt the new "Series," which is to smoothe the road up the hill of science. New plans follow each other like waves of the sea, and if they do not devour one another in the same way, the last swallowing up the one going before, every author in turn thinks his own should take precedence of all others. However praiseworthy or ingenious may be all these attempts at simplifying the process and smoothing the task of teaching children to read "and spell the English" language, with our present Orthography, they all prove abortive, and to those who understand the true nature of the difficulty they are as ridiculous as they are unsuccessful. English Orthography is a chaotic mass of absurdities, and every attempt to reduce it to rule or order for enabling children to learn to read and spell easily, or more so, one way than another, is quite preposterous. This is obvious enough when we know that the twenty-six letters of the alphabet are applied without rhyme or reason upwards of five hundred and fifty different ways, in the spelling of words; the letter *a* being used to represent nine different sounds; the two letters *eo*, for instance, having nine, as in *people*, *leopard*, *yeoman*, etc.;

and that the simple vowel sounds of our language have upwards of three hundred and fifty different methods of representation, the *alphabetical* sound of *e* alone having twenty-three, as in *people*, *receive*, *relieve*, *bereave*, and so forth. This view of the matter shows us the fallacy and futility of "plans for making the art of reading easy." The disease is a desperate one and requires a radical remedy—palliatives only complicate the evil.

What Mr. Wright claims as original in his plan, is the application of an inductive principle, by teaching one letter at a time, and simple words composed of such letters only as are acquired one after another. But he soon gets into deep water where principle is swamped, and all the prospective benefit of his plan is afloat, to be finally lost. As the "primary lessons" advance, the letters soon become unruly, and begin to change character like harlequins; plain *a* becomes smart and wants to cut a dash; gentle *e* grows saucy and gets into a pet; frank, honest *o* learns tricks and goes to pot; and all the rest of them become unmanageable little rascals. But then come the expedients of "notation," which serve for a little while among monosyllables, long enough perhaps to make a "primer" or a "primary lesson" book, when the poor children are introduced to the beauties of English orthography, and made to feel how much they are indebted to the "simplifiers" for leading them so nicely into difficulty.

We will not weary our readers by details; they can pick up any "series of readers" and find enough of the same kind; but we must record one specimen of our author's ingenuity in notation, for the fun of the thing; it excels all that we ever met with in this species of invention; and lexicographers have been quite fertile in devices.

The little urchin first learns that the letter *s* has a hissing sound as in *so*, but he soon comes to words where it has the sound of *z*. This is a puzzler, which our author thus disposes of in a "note to the teacher."

"In the words *as* and *has*, *s* does not represent its own sound, but stands in the place of *z*; it is therefore called, in these particular positions, a substitute for *z*. As a kind of notation, a little *z* is placed over *s* (!) to indicate that it is to be sounded like *z*—and generally, whenever a little letter is placed over another letter, it indicates the sound of the letter over which it is placed."

Now is not this a notable scheme of notation—because Jack is sometimes called Tom, in order that he may not be *miscalled* by his own name when he does Tom's duty, Tom must mount on his shoulders! Beautiful orthography and wonderful invention!

But one word more. When our au-

thor goes as far as he can in teaching children to read *with* his plan of notation, he then instructs them how to read *without* it! He dispenses with all his marks of notation!

Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son. Wholesale, Retail, and for Exportation. By CHARLES DICKENS. With Illustrations by H. K. Browne. New York: Wiley & Putnam. (Sold by Redding & Co. 8 State Street Boston.)

This is a work still in course of publication. Two numbers of about fifty pages each, have been issued, uniform with Wiley and Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading." Thus far it opens richly, as the best of Dickens' stories. It is an admirable satire on the intense selfishness of the family sentiment, as found in its most exaggerated form in English life; the family without humanity, where the new-born child is not loved, but only cherished as the successor and continuator of the respectable business firm. In humor, truth and pathos, it well sustains the reputation of the author; and we doubt not it will reward reading to the end.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MENDELSSOHN AND HIS WORKS.

The interest which the music of this great composer is exciting in this country, must render welcome any information about his life and history. The following is from the "People's Journal," and is one of a series of contributions, under the head of "Talk about Music," by Henry F. Chorley. No one in the English language has written so much and so well about the æsthetic part of music as this genial, entertaining author. His historical and critical notices of the Pianists, from Sebastian Bach's time to the modern miracles of Liszt and Thalberg, published in one of the English Reviews, showed a profound appreciation of the various schools of composition for that instrument. And more latterly, his three rambling, sprightly volumes, entitled "Music and Manners in France and Germany," have proved his acquaintance with the whole field of modern music and its occupants to be most remarkable. Especially valuable are his criticisms upon the modern French opera, in which he enters into extended analyses of some of the *chef-d'œuvre* of Meyerbeer and Berlioz. We wonder that our enterprising publishers have not seized upon this very interesting book for a reprint. It would adorn a place in Wiley and Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading."

"You have been lately reading of artists called upon to struggle with hard for-

tunes. It is pleasant from time to time, to contemplate a more sunshiny picture than success preluded by years of struggle, or hope long deferred driving the sufferer into despair. I know not where, among musicians at least, I could find an example of a life from its first hour more joyous and more prosperous than that of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy—"Happy" by name, happy in his fortunes. The son of an opulent banker in Berlin, the grandson of the celebrated Jewish philosopher, "the boy was born," as an old friend said of him, "on a lucky day;" with as many good chances as rich gifts. His mother was one of the most distinguished women it has been ever my good fortune to encounter: distinguished in the best sense of the word. Very beautiful, with a taste for literature and art as keen as her affections were warm and her hospitality courteous—surrounded habitually by the most cultivated persons of Germany, and the worthiest strangers who visited Prussia—it was impossible to pass an hour in her society, to receive her welcome, gracious without formality or that over-interest which deceives no one, and to remark her marvellous familiarity with the events, the opinions, nay, and the contemporary *belles lettres* of other countries beside her own, clear of the slightest tinge of pedantry, without saying in one's heart—"This lady deserves to have been mother of such a son," and without understanding, as a matter of course, what the education of our artist must have been: how genial, how universal, above all, how strengthening. From his childhood, Dr. Mendelssohn has been conversant with those who, loving and honoring music (for they honor music in Germany), have still largely participated in other interests. It was by a near relative of his, then Prussian Consul at Rome, that the impulse was given to the young German artists which has ended in the revival of a school of fresco-painting. His family was in habits of affectionate intimacy with Goethe; and the mind of that poet was too large for any one of those who lived within its sphere to narrow himself into a self-contemplating exclusiveness. Thus the soil was rich, and the air kindly;—but the plant itself was singularly perfect, and worth the training. A vivacity of intellect not common, if I may dare say so, among the Germans: a sprightliness of wit—an indomitable energy, which made every acquisition not only seem, but be, easy; a prodigious memory, comprehending even every passing tune, and casually encountered face, and idle bit of ballad-jingle; an intense and enthusiastic nationality, with no ordinary personal advantages . . . here were good things enough to be divided among a tribe, in place of their being all centred in one person! It is much, however, to say, that such was Dr. Mendelssohn's education that not one has been left undeveloped. There have been musicians more prodigious, but I have neither read of nor known one so complete. I shall but further touch on his fortunes to add that his good luck (or good taste) has attended him into that world of many chances, called matrimony. And who, more than the Poet or Artist, needs faithful and gentle companionship? the constant incitement which the up-springing of a young and cheerful family furnishes! The nonsense about

men of genius being of necessity bad fathers and husbands, for the most part only broached by those who desire self-excuse, ought by this time to be hooted out of the world among other fallacies; such as the need of falsehood to govern mankind, or the attestation of religious faith by rancour. But to no one can a happy home be so precious, as to him whose imagination is perpetually exercised, and to whom the bare earth (if the figure may be permitted) becomes doubly hard in proportion as his soarings have been high!

Dr. Mendelssohn, then, has escaped most of the vicissitudes which color (sometimes distort) character, without losing its individuality. His personal history has included repeated visits to England, from his boyhood upwards, during which he caught enough of the true Shakspearian inspiration to write that exquisite prelude of his to *The Midsummer Night's Dream*; and was haunted among the Western Islands by the sea-sounds and the rock-echoes, which he has reproduced in his overture to *The Isles of Fingal*. He spent, too, when young, some time in Paris; where sundry of his boyish impertinences (quickened by a thorough Prussian *Gallophobia*) are hardly forgotten or forgiven, even unto this day. A visit to Rome was more fruitful. Indeed, some Italian sympathies are indispensable to every musician, be his school the severest, seeing that melody belongs to the South to a degree which no ruin or degradation can utterly destroy. Or, to put it otherwise, there is no composing for the voice without deep study of the Southern masters; and the art of every country is best comprehended on the spot. The German fashion which makes the craftsman fight his way from town to town, and learn all the secrets of his craft abroad as well as at home, is not had for the artist also, when there is a root of nationality so strong as in our friend. Dr. Mendelssohn came back from his journeys the most German of the German, enriched by the stores of every land, not despoiled of his own. After a few essays, he commenced his career as an active musician at Dusseldorf, a town of the Lower Rhine, of small musical "mark or likelihood," howsoever distinguished in the annals of painting. There *St. Paul* was first produced. From thence he was invited to Leipzig to direct the winter subscription concerts of that place: a post more important than the size of the town would seem to warrant. Since then, he has been "called to court" by his king, the monarch of Prussia, for whose theatres at Berlin, Potsdam, and Charlottenburg, he has successively produced his choruses to the translations of *Antigone*, *Edipus*, and Racine's *Athalie*, and his scenic music to Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It was also His Majesty's intention to employ Dr. Mendelssohn in enriching the music of the German Protestant Church; but I suspect that in all such cases, royal command proves totally inefficient. There is no getting up a school of Church Music, any more than there is *getting up* a religion, by royal edict. Both must answer the wants of the congregation, not be thrust upon it. Nor is Dr. Mendelssohn the man to suit his art to the humor of Potentates, Priests, or People. While few musicians have ever been less despotic in

temper, or less pragmatical in mistaking egotism for inspiration, few have been so honorably independent. After a short residence at Berlin he returned to Leipzig, to resume the direction of the concerts, and his duties as Professor in the Conservatory, or Musical College, there founded by the King of Saxony; and this year, after directing the Musical Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle, giving a noble Catholic Hymn to the Liege Jubilee, and presiding over the monster meeting of German and Flemish associated part-singers at Cologne, in June, here he has been, in August, with his new and magnificent oratorio, *Elijah*, for our Birmingham Festival. Prosperity, then, and domestic happiness, have not made our friend indolent. One triumph as a musician is left to him, the composition of a great opera; and that is now looked for; the work to be written for no less notable a singer than the Swedish lady, Madlle. Jenny Lind.

I may talk again, on some future day, about Dr. Mendelssohn's Sacred Music, in a separate article; just now merely rapidly running over the list of his writings, to complete my brief sketch, by calling attention to his versatility. He began with chamber music; producing when a boy, three pianoforte quartettes, of which the third was a masterpiece, "though a man had written it." Since then he has added to the list several violin quartettes, a quintett, an octett, pianoforte *sonatas*, one *solo* and two with *violoncello*, and two pianoforte *trios*; all good, but all very difficult, since they demand an excess of spirit and energy something akin to the vivacious nature of their composer, in any one meaning to impart to them due effect. A strong hand, a rapid finger, and an untiring wrist, are indispensables for the execution of this music. Then, (perhaps they ought in right of their dignity and rarity to have been placed *first* in my catalogue,) there are his compositions for the organ. Those hardly know the immense grandeur and power of that kind of instruments, Milton's instrument! now vexatiously neglected, who have not heard Dr. Mendelssohn extemporize; his fancy feeding itself as the strain proceeds; and many a new combination and many a gorgeous climax suggesting themselves, too audacious, perhaps, to bear being perpetuated in print. Of course his published fugues and *sonatas* bear comparatively little trace of this; however unique as productions of a time when the ancients of music, and their prodigious learning, are more talked about than studied.

Next, I should mention the concert music which Dr. Mendelssohn has written: his three full orchestral symphonies, the last in A minor, the best; his descriptive overtures, five or six in number; his effective and original violin *concerto*, written for his friend Herr David; his two pianoforte *concertos*, as many *rondos*, and his *serenade*,—all full of life and character, and, in fact, the last hope of concert-players in their present dearth of great and original composers. Further, there is his great *cantata*, *The First Walpurgis Night*, which, in spite of its fantastic and mystical—dare I say German?—subject, has, by the force and fancy of its music, taken deep and strong root in England. And this brings me to cnu-

merate Dr. Mendelssohn's vocal compositions.

These are single songs, duetts, part-songs, choruses, among which I must indulge myself by specifying one or two peculiarly beautiful specimens. There is a *Frühlingslied* (Spring Song) in the set dedicated to Madame Schleinitz, which is as true a breathing of "Spring, the awakener," with its fresh breezes, and its delicious wood-sounds, and the sound of its bright waters, while

Amid the hollows of the rocks, their fall
Makes melody —

as Music ever painted. There is, again, in his last published series, an eastern song called *Zuleika*, so intensely impassioned that, as one of the most dramatic living singers said of it, "Why, a stone must sing that!" There is his *Forester's Departure*, for four male voices, a thing which, even with the imperfect English text here forced into harness with it, has a haunting flow of rich woodland music, such as would befit an evening hour when the long shadows and the broad glow of sunshine make such solemn but not gloomy pictures of some long and ancient forest avenue. There is the setting, for two female voices, of Burns's delicious words

Oh, were I in some wintry waste! —

There are gondola songs; old German ballads, each in itself enough to substantiate the composer's reputation, were not his greater works behind. I cannot close this list without mentioning among Mendelssohn's happiest works, as also among the happiest inventions of modern time, his *Songs without Words*.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

VICIOUS CIRCLE.

"It hath been already of old Time."
Solomon.

BY MISS S. S. JACOBS.

I mourn that this world changes not; that still
Its beauty and its sorrows are the same;
Ever the torrent seems to wear the hill,
And the sun dries the torrent. But I came,
The hill was there, nor was the torrent tame,
But sparkling cooler down the mountain side,
For that it scorned the great sun's thirsty flame,
Its eager task continually it plied,
Where swelled the lofty hill in unabated pride.

The forest trees are transient things and frail;
(So the book told me ere I closed the page;)
Last year the willow leaves were wan and pale,
I'll make to their lost place a pilgrimage,
And changed, dead trees shall read a lesson
sage

Of change and death. No paler than before
I found the willow leaves, nor sign of age
Within the woods; immortal green they wore,
And the strong mighty roots the giant branches
bore.

The rock endureth with its mantle mossy,
Nature's soft velvet for the poor man's tread;
The grass abideth tapering and glossy,
And from the butterfly you thought was dead,
Lo! not a grain of shining dust is fled.

But clouds and snows and subtle harmonies,
And western winds with dewy perfumes fied,
And shadows, and their twins, realities,
And fickle human hearts, sure there is change
in these.

The gentle air fanned Sappho's fevered cheek,
That seems its virgin kiss to breathe on mine;
That cloud is not new born; its roseate streak
Decked a sweet sunset in fair Palestine,
When Abram's Sarah, 'neath the shadowing
pine

Watching its glories, showed them to her lord;
That night the beaming messengers divine
Came down; and heaven sat at earthly board
Gladdening the patriarch's heart with high pro-
phetic word.

Wears not the sky the vaulted majesty,
That greatly circled greater Homer's brow?
And the soft murmurs of the sleepy sea
Soothed Dante's soul of storms. The heav-
ens allow
No novel splendors. Every star that now
Looks miracles of beauty, in intense
And steely radiance saw the Chaldee bow;
The princely, poet heart, whose finer sense
Sublimely owned the "Pleiades' sweet influ-
ence."

But sun and cloud, river and tree and stream,
Rock, wind and mountain, earth and sea and
heaven,

Ephemeral things and perishable seem,
To the strong, human nature God has given.
The breath that fired man first, the wondrous
leaven

That makes "red clay" lord of its kindred earth,
Immortal in its essence, lasteth even
As *He* lasts, whose great impulse sent it forth.
There is no change in man since fallen man had
birth.

And youthful lovers still in Paradise
Walk hand in hand, like those of early day,
Till the stern missioned angel shall arise,
The vision and the music pass away;
The heart's short summer gone, no effort may,
In festive pomp of dewy fruit and flowers,
The frost-struck and the faded world array.
Self-exiled are we too, from Eden's bowers;
And Adam's wanderings and Eve's woes are
ours.

Still for her infant children Rachel weeps;
Still sighs sad Ruth "amid the alien corn;"
Still Aiah's daughter generous vigil keeps;
The father hails his prodigal's return;
Still Peter's soul with penitence is torn.
Humanity has lost no grief nor joy;
Partings are painful now as on the morn
When Hector bade, upon the walls of Troy,
Andromache farewell, and kissed the blooming
boy.

To meet is bliss, as when, beside old Nile,
Joseph his soul of tenderness outpoured;
Still Stephen dies with calm forgiving smile:
Still radiant Esther braves her tyrant lord.
No change. — No change. — Upon the self-
same chord
Life's overture is played; Life's pattern wrought
In the same figures, wearisome, abhorred. —
"BUT WE SHALL ALL BE CHANGED" — Such
sounds I caught.
All changed? Sublimar truth the Hebrew nev-
er taught.

For the Harbinger.

PLEDGE.

I sit alone, my friends have all departed;
By our deserted board alone I sit,
The silent midnight makes me lonely-hearted,
And visions of the past around me flit.

Friends of my youth, with smiles of sweet en-
treating,

Gather around me as in days of yore,
With laughter, song and jest no longer meeting,
But soul to soul more closely than before.

Welcome, immortal friends! my yearning spirit
With happy sadness gives ye welcome here;
I knew the soul, wherever death should bear it,
Must love its brothers, that on earth were
dear.

Those tender smiles into my heart are looking;
They kindle aspiration's gentle fire,
My doubting fear, my slumbering Faith rebuking,
And rousing in my breast renewed desire.

I pledge ye all, the deepest, holiest feeling
Brimming my heart, as wine once brimmed
our cup, —

Never to yield this heart to time's annealing;
To bear our youthful hope forever up.

What though Truth's fair reflection seem to
quiver

Upon the restless waves of whirling life?
The image only fleets — the star forever
Lives, journeying on unharmed by mortal
strife.

W. W. S.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, DEC. 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.

TO SUBSCRIBERS. After the present number we shall cease to send the Harbinger to persons who have been notified of the expiration of their subscription, unless it is immediately renewed.

☞ We thank W. M. of Wheeling, Va., for his friendly letter and efficient exertions in behalf of the Harbinger. We have seen the "Northern Star" which he refers to.

LECTURES ON ASSOCIATION IN VERMONT.

We are happy to hear from the Lecturers of the AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS, Messrs. ALLEN and ORVIS, that they have made a very favorable opening of their missionary tour in Vermont. They find a spirit of inquiry, a deep sense of the prevalence of appalling social evils, and a desire to learn an effectual remedy for the gigantic miseries, which stare us in the face in this blessed nineteenth century of grace. On Saturday, the 21st ult. they lectured in the evening to a quite respectable audience in PITTSFORD, and the ensuing week, on four successive evenings, to increasing audiences. "We have awakened a great interest here," they say, "among almost all who have heard us; but a large number of the church people fear, inasmuch as they hold themselves aloof from our lectures." Fear, indeed! Is there not reason for fear, by those who, professing devotion to the only religion which sets

forth the rights of Humanity as a cardinal element of faith, are as dead as if already immured in the whited sepulchre to every hope that transcends the miserable lifeless conservatism, which with ungodly stealth has fastened upon the bosom of the Church! We have patience with the avowed infidel; he is at least consistent with himself; we know where to find him; but a man's blood must be cold not to boil, when he sees the demure, long-faced advocate of rotten abuses, wrapping around him the spotless robe of a Christian profession, to conceal the selfishness and ignoble sloth of his own character. The true Church, composed of men who combine the love of God with the love of the neighbor, as the highest passion of their souls, has no reason to fear, and will not fear. It is only a false, corrupt, reprobate spectre of a Church which trembles and looks ghastly pale at the approach of light. It sees destruction in the rising Sun, and its quaking instinct is just.

Our Lecturers add, "We are well and full of enthusiasm, and are confident that the time has fully come for earnest and brave effort. We beseech you and all the friends not to relinquish the plan of a church in Boston. All our enthusiasm and hope will fail if the genuine spirit of Christianity be not organized in a humane Church. We are now living on the glorious hope, which is inspired by the idea of a pure, human communion, — a divine human worship and work. You cannot know the ripeness of the public mind for the preaching of the divine word of social unity. You must be in the midst of the people in order to perceive it fully. The New York Tribune has been the radiant pioneer in all this State.

"We have completed the organization of the PITTSFORD UNION, Auxiliary to the American Union. The meeting was small, but enthusiastic. They adopted substantially the Constitution of the American Union. They are pledged to a monthly contribution to the funds of the Parent Society. The Union now numbers fifteen, not more than one-third of those who will probably unite with it. The weather was so inclement, that a large number of those who are interested did not attend the meeting.

"We have now lectured nine times each during the present week, and there is no end to lectures, talks, and replies to inquiries in private. I have lectures appointed for every one of the next ten evenings."

We gather the above statements from a hasty private letter, but shall soon be able to furnish a more complete account. The subscribers to the Lecturing Fund will perceive that their wheel is in motion, — a good work has been commenced

and it must go on. 'The present time is too favorable to be lost. Friends of Association! the success of our noble cause depends on your faithfulness and zeal. You are now able to prepare for a grand social revolution. The world is ripe for it. Be up and doing. Unite, unite your efforts, and you will find, without fail, that UNION IS STRENGTH.

NEW YORK CONTROVERSY ON ASSOCIATION.

A discussion on the principles of Association is now going on in New York, according to previous agreement, between the Tribune and the Courier and Enquirer. The fact that two of the most influential political papers in the country, at this season of intense political excitement, should be willing to devote their columns to a subject of purely humanitarian interest, is an evidence of the deep hold it has taken on the public mind. For ourselves, we rejoice in the antagonism which the Associative movement has called out in such prints as the Express, Observer, Herald, and Courier and Enquirer; as their attacks, unfounded and outrageous as they are, serve to arouse the slumbering minds of the people, and to disturb the intellectual apathy which is such a formidable barrier to the access of truth. The articles in the papers just named, have excited the attention of thousands, who might not have had the subject presented to them for years; their misrepresentations have awakened inquiry; and earnest inquiry is all that is needed to produce conviction. Our antagonists prove efficient pioneers for the reception of our doctrines. The more basely we are vilified, the greater is the desire to do us justice. At this moment, there is a deeper interest in the progress of our cause, than we have ever known before; the field is ready for the seed of truth; and with the reality of destitution, warfare, fraud, violence, and wretchedness, in the present state of society, on the one hand, and the prospect of abundance, harmony, justice, tranquility, and heavenly joys, in the Combined Order of society, on the other, the result of earnest and thorough discussion cannot be doubtful. We accordingly welcome the New York Controversy, both as a significant sign of the times, and as an effectual means of quickening the spirit of inquiry, which is the essential condition of intellectual progress.

The following statement from Mr. Greeley's second number, presents a clear and compact view of the general objects aimed at by Associationists, and is commended to the special attention of those perspicacious gentlemen, who like the astute editor of the New York Mirror, complain that they cannot obtain a defi-

nite idea of what the Associative School proposes.

"By Association, then, I understand, under this term I advocate, a Social Order which shall substitute for the present Township, Commune, Parish, School District, or whatever the smallest Social Organism above the Family may be termed, a Phalanx or Social Structure expressly calculated to secure to all its members (who shall at the outset be two or three hundred, but ultimately be increased to nearly two thousand) the following blessings;

"1. A *home*, commodious, comfortable and permanent, so long as each has means to pay the fair annual rent thereof, or is willing to labor to defray such rent — and from which he can never be ousted because of sickness, infirmity or other misfortune.

"2. An *Education*, complete and thorough, Moral, Physical and Intellectual, commencing in infancy and continuing without interruption to perfect maturity, and longer if desirable.

"3. A *Subsistence*, in infancy and childhood, at the cost of their respective parents; in after life from the fruits of their own Industry or from the income of their several investments, if such there be; but in case of orphanage, sickness, infirmity or decrepitude without property, then at the charge of the Phalanx, as now of the Township, City or County.

"4. *Opportunity to Labor* secured to each individual, man, woman and child, at all times, whatever his or her capacity, skill or efficiency.

"5. Just and fair *Recompense* to each for the labor actually performed by him or her, with assured opportunity for constant *Improvement* in Arts, Processes and industrial ability.

"6. Agreeable *Social Relations*, including facilities for frequent and familiar intercourse with those eminent for wisdom, virtue, learning, piety or philanthropy.

"7. Simple and ever increasing Libraries, Cabinets, Philosophical Apparatus, &c. &c., with stated evening Lectures on Chemistry, Botany, Agriculture, Geology, and all desirable branches of Knowledge.

"— Such is a rude outline of the facilities to be afforded, with some of the more palpable ends to be attained, by the Association of a number of families in the ownership and occupancy of a single Domain of Five to Six thousand Acres, the occupants inhabiting a single edifice or Phalanstery located on its most eligible site, and cultivated by the labor of all or nearly all the male members of suitable age, while a portion of them, larger or smaller according to the season and the weather, with most of the women and children, will be employed in the various Manufactures prosecuted by the Phalanx. Some of the external advantages and physical economies to be secured by the ultimate perfection of this Social Order are as follows:

"1. *Economy of Land*. Under the guidance of scientific and thorough agriculturists, an Association, with its immense gardens, orchards, vineyards, and so forth, would produce four times as much as is usually obtained from a like area, and would require not more than two acres (ultimately much less) to each occupant, instead of the ten or twenty

acres' average of our present farms, to each person subsisted thereon.

"2. Economy of Fences and Fuel. The Domain, cultivated jointly by five hundred families, would not require so much fencing as would be necessary on one-tenth of the same area, cut up into twenty little farms in the occupancy of so many diverse families; and the Unitary Edifice of an Association would be thoroughly and equably warmed with one-tenth of the fuel now required to warm imperfectly the isolated dwellings of four or five hundred families.

"3. Economy of Household Labor, Cooking, Washing, and so forth. The saving herein must be immense, even if one half the families should choose to take their meals privately in their several apartments, as they would be at perfect liberty to do.

"4. Economy and perfection in Implements of Culture and Industry, generally. The farmer of limited means cannot now afford to supply himself with the best implements of his calling. He can barely afford to purchase the variety of Plows actually required to perform all kinds of Plowing with the greatest economy and in the best manner, and add thereto Cultivators, Harrows, Scythes, &c. &c.; but to furnish himself with Planting, Sowing, Reaping and Mowing Machines, Stump Extractors, Fanning Mills, &c. &c., is utterly beyond his ability. Yet every day is adding to the number and perfection of these labor-saving inventions, without which the farmer of the next age will find himself thrown completely in the rear, and unable to compete in products and prices with his wealthy neighbor. I would gladly enlarge on this point, which is more or less applicable to every department of human effort and industry. The time is at hand when the Laboring Mass must own the best Machinery, or be owned by the owners of it.

"5. Economy in the Cost of Education. Five to eight hundred children, living under one roof, having there the choicest Maps, Globes, Oratories, Chemical Apparatus, and so forth, with free Lectures at least weekly on the various Useful Arts and Sciences, alternating with their teachers from the gardens and work-rooms to the schools of various grades, could learn immensely faster than any now do, while the cost of instruction would be vastly less than now. Under proper regulations as to the distribution of time, all life would become Education, and a youth of twenty would often have acquired a far more thorough and solid intellectual culture than is now usually perfected in our highest seminaries.

"6. Economy in Commercial Exchanges. The Phalanx, purchasing for all its members at wholesale for ready pay and selling in the same manner, would effect an exchange of the products it could spare for the commodities it should need, at a twentieth part of the present cost, and thus save to Protective Labor at least one-fifth of its earnings now necessarily paid in mercantile profits and in the cost of transmitting its surplus products to their consumers.

"7. Economy in the cost of Medical Attendance, Legal Proceedings, (rendered in good part needless,) &c. &c.

"— But I am transcending my limits, and must stop. Bear in mind that I regard the Reform which Association pro-

poses, and of which I have here sketched but the dry skeleton without the animating soul, as one to be effected cautiously, gradually, and with due regard to all existing interests. I do not anticipate its consummation in one year, nor in ten. But that the end it proposes is one to which Society should gravitate — nay, to which it *does* gravitate — that it should be studied, labored for, lived for, prayed for, until attained, is the ardent conviction of H. G."

AID FROM THE WEST.

We publish the following extract of a letter from an active friend of Association in the West, and embrace the opportunity to make some suggestions of our own on the same subject.

"A number of people have talked with me upon the subject of collecting funds in the West for the various purposes of our Associative movement. A want seems to be felt here — no one wishing to assume the responsibility. It has been conjectured, in consequence, that if some Association were located here, where confidence could be concentrated, it might form such a nucleus, and thus act as a *Treasury* for the general behoof. I am confident that such ere long must be the case not only for the Mississippi Valley, but also for the far West, and in time for the South. Our Associative *empire* is pretty rapidly extending, and now, I think, demands something like a *solidarity* west of the mountains. There seems besides, no lack of recruits, but a considerable want of officers — that is men in whom confidence could be reposed. If we are to collect funds, something must be done in this way ere long. It certainly looks like an extreme point to send money on to New York. The people in the West, I know, look at it in this light; and I am certain that many a dollar is thus lacking, which might otherwise be of service to us. We are thus too scattered — too loose. We must endeavor to draw a little closer. Our sympathies are only kept alive by the Harbinger, and that every body does not see.

"Pray think on these things. That was a noble bonus of the "Cincinnati Affiliated Society" for a commencement. Had you been nearer at hand, I have no doubt that it would have been double the sum. It is too far and too expensive for you to come from the East to lecture. Were some of you set down in our midst, the transition would be easy and expenses light. A lecture here and there would thus be within the reach of all comparatively, and the good immense. Man by nature is, no doubt, an active animal; at the same time, it must be confessed, he has got his sluggish propensities, too. It was a pretty shrewd remark of Mahomet — 'If the mountain will not come to us,

we will go to the mountain.' Yet what a libel upon Civilization, that confidence is nearly annihilated amongst us! What a lesson for those who wish to keep things as they are!"

We highly approve the plan of a consolidated organization in the West, in connection with the AMERICAN UNION. Let our friends in that part of the country take the matter in hand. But meantime, let no society or private individuals refrain from contributing, as they are able, directly to the treasury of the UNION.

The purposes of the Union are specific and well defined. 1. To sustain a corps of Lecturers, for promulgating the doctrines of Associative Unity as widely as possible. 2. To sustain a system of publication, which shall furnish suitable books and pamphlets for distribution throughout the country. Every dollar, contributed by the friends of Association to the funds of the Union, is lodged in as responsible hands as can be found in the Eastern States, to say the least, and sacredly devoted to the objects specified. Our friends at the West need not hesitate in forwarding their collections on account of the distance. Our plans are now so well organized that we venture to say, any amount contributed can be used to better advantage in the operations of the Union, than by any isolated efforts. Nor need they despair of being visited by the most able Lecturers, that the movement can command. It is understood, that the Directors of the Union are desirous to appropriate their funds, as far as possible, in accordance with the wishes of the immediate donors. Thus, the contribution from Cincinnati will be devoted to defraying the expenses of a course of Lectures in that city. The same will be done, if desired, in the case of Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Louisville, or New Orleans. We trust that, by the opening of the Spring, at farthest, arrangements will be made for a thorough lecturing campaign, in the principal Western cities. By this means, not only will the advocates of Association be increased in number, but a more systematic and efficient organization can be introduced. At present, let our friends unite as far as possible. Let them adopt the plan of weekly subscription, as proposed in Mr. Godwin's Circular, and they will not be obliged to wait long to witness the fruits of their labor.

WELCOME! GERMANS.

We have received the first number of the "BOSTON MERKUR," a genial and lively little Weekly, in the German language. We trust that every German, and every reader of the German, will return, as heartily as we do, the *Gruss*

und Handschlag (greeting and handshake) of this our new cousin german. It is handsomely printed, on good paper, and contains a goodly variety of matter. It is of no party in politics or religion; but styles itself a "*Volksblatt für Stadt und Land*," a people's sheet for city and country. The Germans in Boston and its vicinity are certainly numerous enough to support an organ of their own, as appears from the *Merkur's* statement which we translate:

"The number of Germans in and about Boston is variously estimated. While some set it at six thousand, others maintain that it exceeds ten thousand. The truth perhaps, lies in the middle; yet it is not improbable that the latter number is the most correct; for the Germans are not only very numerous in Boston itself, but also in Roxbury, Dorchester, South and East Boston, Charlestown, Cambridge—indeed, in all the surrounding country, where in some cases they own very valuable farms. In the city of Boston there are three German churches. The Catholic church is a very fine building, which cost nearly \$30,000; it was consecrated only a few weeks since, and already the congregation is so large, that there is no room left. The United Reformed and Lutheran Congregation possess also a very neat church, a so-called frame-building; this society has a very good singing-choir, whose performances already warrant high expectations. The Lutheran Society, as we understand, will dedicate its new brick church by next Christmas; this society also is flourishing and increasing; its property is very valuable and lies in one of the finest parts of the city. We have also in Boston a very respectable Dispensary for the sick, which already has laid up a considerable sum as a reserved fund, and which deserves to be supported by all Germans. There is a sad want of German schools; and yet we have lately heard with satisfaction, that the Lutheran society have engaged a teacher, who proposes to open a German day-school in the room below their church. There is also a respectable Jewish synagogue here, which numbers a good many Germans among its members, and whose Rabbi moreover is a German.

"The majority of the Germans in Boston are mechanics; but there are also German merchants, artists, physicians, advocates, and so forth. We have been established here too short a time to give any very complete information, but it shall be our duty to acquire and to impart such."

Welcome and success, then, to the paper that will be the faithful organ and instructor of all these! Be a true Mercury and messenger of the Gods. Guard

the good German nature of your countrymen; for we need such leaven in our ambitious, selfish, fearfully expanding young republic. Be not Mercury, the god of thieves, to them; and aid not our demagogues and pseudo-patriots to steal away their German heart and honesty, and mislead them into a blind infatuation about "national glory," and into wicked enthusiasm for the extension of that "area of freedom," for which they crossed the Atlantic, not expecting to find it the area of slavery.

¶ The *Merkur* is printed and published by William Neeb, No 6 Water St. Terms, \$2 50 a year, payable within three months from the reception of the first number.

ANTI-SLAVERY AT WASHINGTON.

We perceive that a newspaper is to be established at the city of Washington, devoted to the principles and measures of the Liberty party. This is a bold and manly enterprise, and we trust will tend to throw light on the great question to which it is devoted. At the same time, we reiterate the expression of our conviction that a true organization of labor, on Associative principles, presents the only effectual remedy for Slavery, War, Indigence, and the other permanent scourges that are inherent in the existing system of society. The axe must be laid to the root of the tree, or no universal good can be hoped for from the sincerest purposes of reform. Let our legislators, our philanthropists, our reformers, open their eyes to the great vital question of the day. They must come to it, sooner or later. Meantime, let us welcome all earnest efforts for the removal of prevailing evils, and the advancement of man. They exhibit a love for Humanity, though they may not attain the consummation which is wished. We copy the following extract from the Prospectus of the proposed paper.

"The cause of human freedom calls for the establishment, at the seat of the national government, of a newspaper devoted to the support of its claims.

"Circumstances and the present state of public sentiment are peculiarly propitious to such an undertaking.

"The publication of an anti-slavery paper, entitled '*THE NATIONAL ERA*,' will be accordingly commenced in the city of Washington, District of Columbia, on the 1st of January, 1847.

"Issued under the auspices of the Executive Committee of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, it will be edited by G. BAILEY, Jr., assisted by A. A. PHELPS and J. G. WHITTIER, corresponding editors.

"While due attention will be paid to current events, congressional proceedings, general politics and literature, the great aim of the paper will be a complete discussion of the question of Slavery, and an exhibition of the duties of the citizen

in relation to it;—especially will it explain and advocate the leading principles and measures of the Liberty party, seeking to do this, not in the spirit of Party, but in the love of Truth, not for the triumph of Party, but for the establishment of Truth."

DR. KITTREDGE'S LETTER. We willingly insert the jubilant appeal of our quaint friend. Let him freely rejoice over his new practice, and his restoration to the simple ways of nature, to *physic* in its literal sense, synonymous with *nature*. It is encouraging, and we like to hear it. There is something fresh and wholesome in the very talk and style of these new water-doctors. They have burst the fetters of *one* "uncertain science" and learned to have confidence in nature. Soon, we trust, our lawyers, statesmen, priests and educators,—and all the "Faculties," whose name is "Legion," who have been botching away at the poor old diseased system of society, without any natural unitary method, will experience a similar conversion and deliverance; or at all events that society may be delivered from them. As for the entire truth of Hydropathy, we are not prepared to endorse, since we are too ignorant; but we have an instinct in favor of all reform in that direction.

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GEORGE RIPLEY.

Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass.
October 17, 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, DECEMBER 19, 1846.

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MISCELLANY.

For the Harbinger.

SOCIETY — AN ASPIRATION — OR THE
ACTUAL AND THE POSSIBLE.
(Continued.)

*The Three Distributive Passions of the
Intellect.*

In the 24th number (Vol. III.) we considered these as the mechanizing springs in the formation of the Passional Series.

In resuming the subject we shall attempt their more distinct and elaborate analysis.

1st. *The Cabalist.* This is the selecting, discriminative, analyzing, calculating faculty or passion. It takes cognizance of progression or the relations of cause and effect, order, time and events, similitude and difference. It refines by analysis and comparison.

It predominates in the logician and the critic, as the *Composite* in the poet and the artist.

In its action in society it divides the mass into its component elements, and develops their specific character as groups or sects. It requires division and subdivision of labor in every department, thus implying the co-operation of large numbers. It prizes the doctrine, group, or pursuit, and that particular branch of it which it has selected, above every other with which it compares, and schemes to obtain for it the highest rank. (This scheming implies the tone of secretiveness.) It stimulates and refines the products of industry, art and science, through rivalries of groups forming a unitary series, interlocked by the *Papillon* which interchanges their members, and fused by the *Composite* in the formation of other groups. In the Phalanx, where interests are harmonized and industry is co-operative, it promotes the general welfare by "the spur of industrial intrigue."

In the human aggregations of Barbarism and Civilization, where interests are antagonized, and industry isolated and

competitive, it injures the merchants or the rail-road companies in their efforts to break each other; or confines the artist and the mechanic to the special processes or trade-secrets in which they have been educated, indisposing them to seek, acknowledge or practice the methods of others, from which they might derive advantage. In science and in religion it opposes the spread of truth, causing each sect to shut its eyes to all light out of itself, and even to persecute to the death when it has the power. It is this which now causes such destruction of health and life, by preventing the mass of physicians from looking for anything beyond the circle of their limited experience, and investigating the new departments of Homeopathy, the water cure, and magnetism, which in developing and adding to the elastic vital power, constitute a positive medicine, whilst the allopathic system so far as it has any distinctive character, simply *resists evil*, repelling the symptoms by drugs which excite a morbid state contrary to or different from that existing; and is by the fullest admission of its powers, entitled only to the position of a negative medicine. The integral or composite medicine must appreciate and classify all therapeutic forces, and in the combined order, the cabalist sentiment will cause the different medical sects to co-operate for the extirpation and prevention of disease.

Suppose a hospital divided into wards, each containing a given number of patients, in whose distribution, age, constitution and specific diseases should be equalized as nearly as possible. Assign each of these wards to a group of physicians elected from their sects. Each group to possess the absolute management of its own ward and control over the resources of the hospital. The whole to be open during certain hours each day to visitors, with the usual restrictions, and open constantly to a committee elected by the city commissioners or legislature, to observe daily proceedings and publish every month in newspapers a digest of

the records of cures, deaths and periods of illness in the different wards, in comparative tables. Minutes of each case to be recorded daily by secretaries appointed by a board, in which each medical sect should have one vote, and who should require an approval by three-fourths of the votes. With these fair and open arrangements, the cabalism of each group for the honor of its sect, would develop its energy and science in an intense competition to acquire over other sects an acknowledged superiority, and whatever skill they possessed would be realized by their patients. The comparative excellencies and defects of each mode of practice would be candidly presented to the public by its average results, registered by neutral inspectors. In a few years, during which the groups of representative physicians would have been changed, the sects in rivalry remaining the same; the chances of personal superiority in knowledge and skill would be equalized amongst them: we should arrive at definite conclusions respecting their comparative merits; and when compared with the results of a ward in which the patients should have the advantages of good nursing and attention to diet, cleanliness, and so forth, without any other treatment, a ward for which many sceptics would not fail to apply; we should also be enabled to decide respecting the *positive* merits and demerits of all who claim to be wiser than simple nature. The mutual acknowledgment of truth, whether voluntary or compelled, must also eventually lead to a better tone of feeling than now exists in the profession, and would force them to combine for the good of their patients the advantages of all methods discovered to them. It is only from the crime and misery which a perverted cabalism has hitherto caused, that we may conceive of the benefits which will result from its true, free and natural development in the emulations of groups affiliated in industrial pursuits, either material or spiritual; when their interests shall be interlocked by the arrangements of the *Papillon* or

alternating attraction, and fused by the *Composite*.

For the healthy development of Cabalism, a number of characters and pursuits sufficient to allow of minute subdivision is indispensable. It is constantly individualizing, and if the groups of a series do not stand near enough to each other to call forth its comparisons and emulations between them, it will display itself the more strongly *within* the groups, invading the province of the corporate sentiment and creating disunion and jealousy where union and harmony are indispensable. On this point nature is inexorable. She wishes the largest possible social unity, and she will not accommodate herself to the mean and narrow views of the civilizees.

That the Cabalist principle requires contiguity for the development of its discords and refinements, we may illustrate by the musical gamut, since "the passion system is an echo of all the accords established in nature; or rather, all nature is the echo and the emblem of the passion principles, as God, in order to create the universe according to the laws of eternal justice, must have bodied forth himself in the creation, and consequently imaged there the twelve passions which are his essence, and the plays of these twelve passions in all their possible developments," of which man created in the image of God, must as the archetype of nature, be the concentrated reflection.

In the musical gamut the 1st note will not accord with the 2d, but only with the 3d and 5th; the 5th is discordant with the 4th and 6th, and so on.

"Let us suppose, in analogy, a series cultivating twelve species of peaches or pears, and adapting twelve groups and the pivotal to each of these species. In classing the fruits by contiguous progression or resemblance, the accords and discords of the groups will be in the same relation as those of the thirteen notes of the gamut, as in the following table:

Gamut of the Notes—

ut re mi fa sol la si UT

Gamut of the Groups—

2 4 7 9 11
1 3 5 6 8 10 12 X

"The contiguous notes not according in the musical scale, it will be the same with the gamut of twelve groups cultivating twelve graduated species. The group 5 will not agree at all with the 4th and 6th. The species of peach which the two last cultivate being too near, too similar to the 5th species, their sectaries will have many pretensions irreconcilable with those of the group 5 whose fruit differs too little from their own. Each of the three will hold obstinately for his own peach and will repute it superior. The group 5 will accord well with its thirds, the numbers 11 and 8, and even with 2 and 9, these four groups cultivating species quite distant in the scale from its own, and differ-

ing in forms and flavors. These species, although according among themselves, contrast pleasingly with the 5th. There will then be no contest for superiority between No. 5 and Nos. 1, 2, 8, 9. One is in discord with 2, and 8 with 9; these contiguous groups of the series not according, just as in music a note accords with its thirds, fourths, and fifths ascending and descending, but not with those which are nearest to it. This incompatibility of contiguous groups is the main spring of their emulation. Every one seeks to gain for his favorite species the preference over the contiguous species which he does not cultivate, and whose groups are in rivalry with his."

Between two groups rearing horses of a very different character, as the English race horse and the heavy draught horse, there could exist no rivalry. These two groups, having no pretensions which clash, praise each other's horses for their respective merits, and assist each other in the cabals of exhibition and exportation; but there will be a very active rivalry between two groups raising two varieties of the race horse or draught horse, and it will become more intense as the varieties subdivide into particular breeds, and the breeds into families. Many a gentleman will sooner resent the imputation of a flaw in the genealogy of a favorite stud, than in his own family, and every spring and fall we see lives and fortunes staked upon the honor and excellence of a Priam, an Eclipse, and their lineal descendants.

This cabalistic rivalry stimulates to the attainment of the highest perfection in the breeding and rearing of animals, the culture of fruit, and extends to every branch of industrial product as soon as all its subdivisions are developed and classified in the series of groups.

"Partial discords are not to be feared, because the series is fertile in provisions for absorbing them, of which we have already mentioned the two pivotal, namely, the interlocking of the groups by the *Papillon*, which interchanges their members, and their fusion by the *Composite* in the formation of new groups. The series requires specific discords in order to organize its system of general accords.

"This principle is quite opposite to that of certain philosophers, according to whose systems we ought to be all brothers, all united, for the love of morality and black broth. This general and impracticable union would be a monstrosity in Harmony, where unity can only result from the regular shock of rivalries and contrast of inequalities. If these discords did not exist, we should have to prelude by establishing them. All harmony springs from the combined development of the three distributive principles, of which the first is the Cabalist."

In all movements tending to organized harmonies, discords, differences, individual types of character must first be developed and assert themselves in oppositions, before accords can be formed from

their ordered combinations. The formation of the crystal must be preceded by the thorough disintegration of the crude mass and its resolution into its radical atoms. It is from the divergent root fibres pushing out in the dark earth that the young plant springs green and lovely into the sunlight of heaven, to bear flowers and fruit, and type the arborescent series. The discordant scraping and jarring of the instruments whose notes the musician is attuning to their clearest tension, must precede the orchestra's full burst of harmony. It was from the dark and void of incoherent chaos, that the spirit of God evoked the light and the teeming life of a beautiful creation. It is thus from the social chaos of Humanity, from Savage war, from Barbarous oppression, from Civilized fraud, from the material and spiritual poverty which has individualized character in the most intense antagonisms of nations, classes and sects, that the *Passional Harmony* of the true society must be born. It is only from Universal Incoherence that we can pass to Universal Unity, religious, political and social.

2d. *The Composite Attraction*. 1. In its influence upon the ideas or perceptions, it is creative or constructive: it combines the mechanism of a poem or a watch. 2. It combines occupations or pleasures. It would spiritualize a good dinner by wit and song; it heightens pleasure to the point of enthusiasm by gratifying at once or in rapid succession many senses and passions. It would spread the feast in a bower of roses; and reclining on the sumptuous Roman couch, enrich the pauses with a wind-harp's melody. It would call around graceful animals, the bird, the squirrel, or the favorite dog. It would be served by friends, and not by hired menials. It would use the sweet benefit of this occasion to gain a lady's favor, or to forward an industrial or a political intrigue. It might combine all these in a great family meeting at Christmas or Thanksgiving. It has a scale of eleven primary degrees, as it may multiply the eleven senses and passions into each other in composite action. 3. In its social or collective influence, it seeks to combine characters in groups and series, under the guidance of other specific attractions; to harmonize the highest form of terrestrial visible life in human societies, as before, step by step, it clasped the mineral elements to form and beauty in the crystal, and caused proximate principles or organic elements to blush in the rose before rising to the highest type of harmony in the tissues and organs of the human body, where all lower types combine, repeated and exalted.

Its social sentiment is an irreflective transport, excited among great bodies of

men acting together : we know it only in perversion, as when parties are stirred up in revolutions or elections, or in an army on the field of battle. The *Composite* passion leads each to delight in the strength of his own mass, and to act with it enthusiastically, as the *Cabalist* leads each to belie, to cheat, to depreciate, and oppose the party to which he does not belong. It is the *Composite*, which in Association will render every thing possible to the industrial armies, where many groups, many series, whole Phalanxes combine for some great effort, as cutting through the isthmus of Panama or of Suez; or constructing the grand palaces of Harmony. In the unitary church, the unitary orchestra, in all harmonic combinations, it will develop itself in a spiritual enthusiasm, — making man's daily life one great hymn of praise to his Maker.

To be Continued.

PROGRESS.

Dream not of failure;
Shame set at nought;
God's angels hail your
Triumph death-wrought,
Ever succeeding!

Look not for glory,
Rest, or defeat!
Your work is before ye:
Never complete —
Ever proceeding.

How the world winneth
With every endeavor:
How the world spinneth
Ever and ever:

This be thou heeding!

People's Journal.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,*

SEQUEL TO

CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XXX.

Consuelo remained buried in a strange stupor. That which astonished her the most, that of which the testimony of her senses could hardly persuade her was, not the magnanimous conduct of Albert nor his heroic sentiments, but the miraculous facility with which he himself solved the terrible problem of the destiny which he had formed for her. Was it then so easy for Consuelo to be happy? Was Liverani's love so legitimate? She thought she must have dreamed what she had just heard. It was already permitted her to give herself up to her attachment for the unknown. The austere Invisibles called him equal to Albert himself in greatness of mind, in courage and virtue. Albert himself justified her and defended

her against the blame of Trenck. Finally, Albert and the Invisibles, far from condemning their mutual passion, abandoned them to their free choice, to their invincible sympathy; and all this without conflict, without effort, without cause of regret or remorse, without its costing a single tear to any one. Consuelo, trembling with emotion more than with cold, redescended to the vaulted hall, and renewed the fire which Albert and Trenck had scattered on the hearth. She looked at the wet marks of their feet upon the dusty tiles. It was a testimony of the reality of their appearance which Consuelo had need of in order to believe it. Crouched under the arch of the chimney, like the dreamer Cinderella, protected by the spirits of the hearth-stone, she fell into a profound meditation. So easy a triumph did not appear intended for her. Still no fear could prevail against Albert's marvellous serenity. It was precisely that respecting which Consuelo could least imagine a doubt. Albert did not suffer; his love did not revolt against his sense of justice. He accomplished, with a kind of enthusiastic joy, the greatest sacrifice which man can possibly offer to God. The strange virtue of that unique man struck Consuelo with surprise and horror. She asked herself if such a freedom from human weakness was consistent with human affections. Did not this apparent insensibility indicate a new phase of insanity in Albert? After the exaggeration of evils produced by memory and the exclusiveness of feeling, had he not undergone a sort of paralysis of the heart and recollection? Could he have been cured of his love, and was that love so small a thing that a simple act of his will, a single decision of his logic, could efface it even to the smallest trace? Even while admiring this triumph of philosophy, Consuelo could not escape a little humiliation at seeing thus destroyed by a breath that long passion of which she had been justly proud. She recalled the least words he had said; and the expression of his face when he uttered them was still before her eyes. It was an expression which Consuelo did not know in him. Albert was as much changed in his exterior as in his feelings. To speak truly, he was a new man; and if the sound of his voice, if the character of his features, if the reality of his words had not confirmed the truth, Consuelo might have thought she saw in his stead that pretended Sosia, that imaginary Trismegistus whom the doctor insisted in wishing to substitute for him. The modification which the state of calmness and of health had effected in Albert's person and manners, seemed to confirm Supperville's error. He had lost his frightful thinness, and he seemed

grown taller, so much had his weakened and languishing form straightened and become younger. He had a different gait, his movements were more supple, his step more firm, his dress as elegant and elaborate as it had before been neglected, and so to speak, despised by him. Even his smallest actions astonished Consuelo. Formerly, he would not have thought of making a fire; he would have pitied his friend Trenck for being wet, and would not have bethought himself, so far were exterior objects and material cares foreign to him, of gathering together the brands scattered under his feet; he would not have shaken his hat before replacing it on his head, and would have allowed the rain to stream down his locks without feeling it. Finally, he wore a sword, and never, in former times, would he have consented to handle, even in play, that arm of parade, that symbol of hatred and of murder. Now it did not interfere with his motions; he saw its blade glitter before the flame, and it did not recall to him the blood shed by his ancestors. The expiation imposed upon Jean Ziska in his person was a sorrowful dream which a refreshing sleep had entirely effaced. Perhaps he had lost the remembrance of it in losing the other remembrances of his life and of his love, which seemed to have been, and now no longer to be, his life itself.

Something uncertain and inexplicable then took place in Consuelo, something which resembled sorrow, regret and wounded pride. She repeated to herself Trenck's last supposition respecting a new love in Albert, and this supposition appeared to her probable. Only a new love could give so much tolerance and so much mercy. The last words of Albert, as he led away his friend and promised him a tale, a romance, were they not a confirmation of that doubt, an avowal and explanation of that discreet and profound joy with which he appeared filled? "Yes, his eyes shone with a brightness which I have never seen in them," thought Consuelo. "His smile had an expression of triumph, of transport; and he did smile, he almost laughed, he to whom a laugh seemed formerly unknown. There was even, as it were, irony in his voice when he said to the baron: 'You will soon laugh also at the praises you now bestow upon me!' There is no further doubt, he loves, and it is no longer me. He does not contend against it, he does not think of combating it; he blesses my unfaithfulness, he impels me to it, he rejoices at it, he does not blush for me, he abandons me to a weakness at which I alone must blush, and all the shame of which will fall upon my head. O Heaven! I was not alone culpable, Albert was still more so! Alas! why

* 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.

have I discovered the secret of a generosity which I should have so much admired, and which I never should have been willing to accept? I feel sensibly now, there is something holy in sworn faith; God alone, who changes our hearts, can free us from it. Then the beings united by an oath can perhaps offer and accept the sacrifice of their rights. But when mutual inconstancy alone presides over the divorce, something horrible takes place, and it is a complicity of parricide between those two beings; they have coldly killed in their bosoms the love which united them."

Consuelo regained the wood at the first dawn of day. She had passed the whole night in the deserted tower, engrossed by a thousand gloomy and sorrowful thoughts. She had no difficulty in finding the road to her dwelling, though she had passed it in the darkness, and the hurry of her flight had made it appear shorter to her than it now did on her return. She descended the hill and went along the bank of the stream as far as the grating, which she adroitly passed by walking along the cross-piece which connected the bars at the bottom on a level with the water. She was no longer timid or agitated. She cared little about being seen, decided as she was to relate all plainly to her confessor. Besides, the sentiment of her past life absorbed her so completely, that she felt only a secondary interest in present things. Hardly did Liverani exist for her. The human heart is so formed; dawning love requires dangers and obstacles; extinguished love is re-animated when it is no longer in our power to re-awaken it in the heart of another.

This time Consuelo's invisible watchers seemed to be asleep, and her nocturnal promenade did not appear to have been remarked by any one. She found a new letter from the unknown on her harpsichord, as tenderly respectful as that of the day before had been bold and passionate. He complained that she had shut herself up in her apartment as if she doubted his timid veneration. He humbly asked that she would sometimes permit him to see her in the garden at twilight; he promised not to speak to her and not to show himself if she so required. "Whether from indifference of heart or the decision of his conscience," added he, "Albert renounces you, tranquilly, even coldly, in appearance. Duty speaks louder than love in his heart. In a few days the Invisibles will announce to you his resolution and will give the signal for your liberty. You can then remain here to be initiated into their mysteries, if you persist in that generous intention, and until then I will keep my oath not to show myself to your eyes. But if you make that promise only from compassion for

me, if you desire to be freed from it, speak and I break all my engagements and fly with you. I am not Albert, not I; I have more love than virtue.—Choose!"

"Yes, that is certain," said Consuelo, letting fall the letter of the unknown upon the keys of the harpsichord, "This one loves me, and Albert does not love me. It is possible that he has never loved me, and that my image was only a creation of his delirium. Yet that love appeared to me sublime, and would to Heaven it were still enough so to compel mine by a painful and heroic sacrifice! that would be much better for us both than the tranquil disjunction of two unfaithful souls. It would be better also for Liverani to be abandoned by me with effort and with anguish than to be received as a necessity of my isolation, in a moment of indignation, of shame and of sorrowful regret."

She replied to Liverani these few words: "I am too proud and too sincere to deceive you. I know what Albert thinks, what he has resolved. I have discovered the secret of his confidence to a mutual friend. He abandons me without regret, and it is not virtue alone which triumphs over his love. I will not follow the example which he gives me. I loved you and I renounce you without loving another. I owe this sacrifice to my dignity, to my conscience. I hope that you will not again approach my dwelling. If you should yield to a blind passion, and if you should draw from me any new confession, you will repent it. You would perhaps owe my confidence to the just anger of a broken heart and to the terror of a forsaken soul. That would be my punishment and your own. If you persist, Liverani, you have not the love I had dreamed."

Liverani did persist, nevertheless; he wrote again and was eloquent, persuasive, sincere in his humility. "You make an appeal to my pride," said he, "and I have no pride with you. If you regretted an absent one in my arms, I should suffer without being offended. I would ask of you, prostrate before you and bathing your feet with my tears, to forget him and trust to me alone. In whatever manner you loved me and however little it might be, I should be grateful as for an immense happiness." Such was the substance of a succession of ardent and timid, submissive and persevering letters. Consuelo felt her pride vanish before the penetrating charm of a true love. Insensibly she accustomed herself to the idea that she had never been loved before, not even by the count de Rudolstadt. Repelling then the involuntary vexation she had experienced at that outrage committed upon the holiness

of her recollections, she feared, by manifesting it, to become an obstacle to the happiness which Albert might promise to himself in a new love. She therefore resolved to accept in silence the decree of separation which he appeared desirous of imposing upon the tribunal of the "Invisibles," and she abstained from writing his name in her replies to the unknown, requesting him at the same time to imitate this reserve.

Moreover, those replies were full of prudence and delicacy. Consuelo, in detaching herself from Albert and receiving in her soul the thought of another affection, did not yield to a blind attraction. She forbade the unknown appearing before her and breaking his vow of silence, until the "Invisibles" had released him from it. She declared to him that it was freely and voluntarily she wished to adhere to that mysterious association which inspired her both with respect and confidence; that she was resolved to pursue the studies necessary to instruct herself in their doctrine, and to avoid all personal pre-occupation until by a little virtue she had acquired the right to think of her own happiness. She had not strength enough to say that she did not love him; but she had enough to say that she did not wish to love him without reflection.

Liverani appeared to submit, and Consuelo studied attentively several volumes which Matteus brought to her one morning from the prince, saying that, *his highness and his court* had left the residence, but that she would soon have news. She contented herself with this message, addressed no question to Matteus, and read the history of the mysteries of antiquity, of Christianity and the various sects and secret societies derived from it: a very learned manuscript compilation made in the library of the order of the "Invisibles" by some patient and conscientious adept. This serious and at first difficult reading by degrees seized upon her attention and even upon her imagination. The picture of the trials in the ancient Egyptian temples occasioned her many terrible and poetic dreams. The recital of the persecutions of the sects of the middle ages and of the revival, affected her heart more than ever, and this history of enthusiasm predisposed her soul to the religious fanaticism of her approaching initiation. During a fortnight she received no message from without, and lived in her retreat, surrounded by the mysterious attentions of the chevalier, but firm in her resolution not to see him and not to give him too much to hope.

The summer-heats began to be felt, and Consuelo, absorbed moreover in her studies, had no time to repose and breathe at her ease, but the fresh hours of evening. By degrees she had resumed her

slow and dreamy walks under the shades of the enclosure. She thought herself alone, and yet I know not what vague emotion made her sometimes imagine the presence of the unknown not far from her. Those delightful nights, those beautiful shades, that solitude, that languishing murmur of water running among the flowers, the perfume of the plants, the passionate voice of the nightingale followed by silences more voluptuous still; the moon throwing her broad oblique rays under the transparent shadows of balmy arches, the setting of Vesper behind the rosy clouds of the horizon; what can I say! all the classical but eternally fresh and powerful emotions of youth and love plunged Consuelo's soul into dangerous reveries; her slender shadow upon the silvery sand of the alleys, the flight of a bird awakened by her approach, the rustling of a leaf shaken by the breeze, were enough to make her start and quicken her pace; but these slight terrors were hardly dissipated when they were replaced by an indefinite regret, and the palpitations of expectation were stronger than all the suggestions of her will.

Once she was more than usually troubled by the rustling of the leaves and the uncertain noises of the night. It seemed to her that some one was walking not far from her, that he fled at her approach and came near when she was seated. Her agitation informed her still better; she felt herself without strength for a meeting in that magnificent spot and under that beautiful sky. The breath of the breeze passed burning over her brow. She fled towards the pavilion and shut herself up in her chamber. The candles were not lighted. She hid herself behind a blind and ardently desired to see him by whom she did not wish to be seen. She did in fact see appear a man who walked slowly beneath her windows, without calling, without making a gesture, submissive and apparently satisfied to look upon the walls which she inhabited. That man was indeed the unknown, at least Consuelo felt it at first by her agitation, and thought she recognized his stature and gait. But soon strange doubts and painful fears seized upon her mind. That silent promenade recalled to her Albert as much as Liverani. They were of the same height, and now that Albert, transformed by new health, walked with ease and no longer kept his head bowed upon his bosom or resting on his hand in a grieved or diseased attitude, Consuelo knew no more of his external appearance than of that of the chevalier. She had seen the latter a moment in the broad day-light, walking at a distance before her and enveloped in the folds of his cloak. She had seen Albert also for a

few moments in the deserted tower, since he had become so different from what she knew him; and now she saw one or the other very vaguely by the light of the stars, and each time that she thought herself on the point of determining her doubts, he passed under the shadow of the trees and was there lost like a shadow himself. He disappeared at last entirely, and Consuelo remained divided between joy and fear, and reproached herself with having wanted courage to call Albert at every hazard, in order to promote a sincere and loyal explanation between them.

This repentance became stronger in proportion as he withdrew, and at the same time the persuasion that it was indeed he whom she had just seen. Carried away by that habit of devotedness which in her had always held the place of love for him, she said to herself that if he came thus to wander about her, it was in the timid hope of conversing with her. This was not the first time he had attempted it; he had told Trenck so one evening when he had perhaps passed Liverani in the dark. Consuelo resolved to bring about that necessary explanation. Her conscience made it her duty to enlighten her doubts respecting the true disposition of her husband, whether generous or inconstant. She redescended to the garden and ran after him, trembling and yet courageous; but she had lost all trace of him, and she searched the whole enclosure without meeting him.

At last, as she issued from a grove, she suddenly saw a man standing beside the water. Was he indeed the same she sought? She called him by the name of Albert; he started, passed his hands over his face, and when he turned the black mask already covered his features. "Albert, is it you?" cried Consuelo, "it is you, you alone whom I seek."

A smothered exclamation betrayed in that unknown I know not what emotion of joy or of sorrow. He seemed to wish to fly; Consuelo thought she had recognized the voice of Albert; she rushed forward and retained him by his cloak. But she desisted; the cloak opening had allowed her to see upon the breast of the unknown quite a large silver cross, which Consuelo knew too well; it was her mother's, the same which she had confided to the chevalier during her journey with him, as a pledge of gratitude and sympathy.

"Liverani!" said she, "always you! Since it is you, farewell. Why have you disobeyed me?"

He threw himself at her feet, encircled her with his arms, and embraced her so ardently and respectfully that Consuelo had no longer strength to repel him. "If you love me, and if you wish me to

love you, leave me," said she to him. "It is before the Invisibles that I wish to see and hear you. Your mask terrifies me, your silence freezes my heart."

Liverani raised his hand to his mask, he was about to tear it off and speak. Consuelo, like the curious *Psyche*, had no longer the courage to shut her eyes, but suddenly the black veil of the messengers of the secret tribunal fell over her head. The hand of the unknown, which had suddenly seized her own, was withdrawn in silence. Consuelo felt herself drawn without violence and without apparent anger, but with rapidity. She was raised from the ground, she felt the boards of a boat bend under her feet. She descended the stream a long while without being spoken to by any one, and when the light was restored to her, she found herself in the subterranean hall where she had first appeared before the tribunal of the Invisibles.

To be Continued.

A SCRAP OF HISTORY. An ignorant negro who had never been taught that he had a soul, killed a man suddenly in a drunken brawl. He was arrested and given in charge of a jailer who makes more than his salary by keeping a rum-shop; and one of the judges on his trial would not have been elected to the right of dispensing life on the bench if he had not been engaged in dispensing death at the bar. The negro was hung for being drunk, and they who made him so, remained unmolested. But all this happened in the Moon—such frightful mockeries could not have been enacted in a city like ours. — *Yankee Doodle*.

A POPULAR DELUSION. A great many persons, to their ruin, presume that because they have talents, genius, brains, they can edit a public Journal with "success." There could not be a greater mistake. The power which leads to what the world calls *success*, lies in the scissors. About the best paying concern, in the way of journalism, in Boston, is edited simply by a pair of scissors incarnate, and the way this keen-bladed editorial mind cuts round and serves up the richest thoughts of Europe, is a fearful caution to genius. But then it is all perfectly fair play, for this Journal only professes to be a *copy*. Is not this the law of the world, that the man who sells oysters gets rich faster than he who digs them from the mud? — *Chronotype*.

A WITTY AUCTIONEER. A young wag, who had made "going, going, gone" his profession, — a great favorite among the knights of the buskin and all good fellows, besides being a chosen favorite among the ladies, — was once mounted, hammer in hand, selling a piece of furniture. He was well conversant with all the best dramatic productions of the day, and among the rest the *Hunchback*, then the rage of Boston, where the joke occurred. Fanny Kemble

was at the time delighting the town with her *Julia*, and every body was well acquainted with the celebrated lines —

"Clifford, why don't you speak to me?
O, Clifford, is it you?" &c.

which are ranked among the favorite points of the play. "Going, going — last call — fifty-two — any more? — fifty-three — thank you, Sir — fifty-three dollars — last call — once, twice — any more? — gone! Who is it?" There was a pause, and nobody answered. "Who is it? who bid fifty-three?" "Clifford," cried a voice near the door. "O, Clifford, is it you?" exclaimed the auctioneer, dropping his hammer and clasping his hands *a la Fanny Kemble*. The joke was irresistible; every body recognized it; and catching the spirit of the thing, the audience followed up an ecstasy of laughter with three rounds of applause, while the auctioneer drew out a handkerchief in burlesque imitation of Miss Fanny. "Clifford, did you say, Sir? Clifford," said the auctioneer, when the merriment had subsided, "is it cash, Sir?" Clifford, the purchaser, it seems, was a bashful person, unacquainted with theatrical things, and had become somewhat alarmed at the unaccountable good humor of the crowd, so that he was afraid to open his lips again, lest he should excite another burst of fun. "Is it cash, Sir?" again inquired the auctioneer. All eyes were turned upon Clifford, who looked very much as if he felt his mother might be anxious about him. The merry auctioneer would rather lose his customer than his joke, and exclaimed, still imitating the fiery-eyed Fanny, "Clifford! why don't you speak to me?"

The assembly now fairly screamed with laughter; and, amid an uproarious burst of applause, Clifford made a precipitate rush for the door, and escaped. — *Kingston (Canada) News*.

From the New York Tribune.

RELIGION AND JOURNALISM.

Rev. Dr. Potts, the able and popular Pastor of the Ninth St. Presbyterian Church, University place, preached on Thanksgiving a Sermon on "The Duties of a Christian Citizen," which we find summarily reported in the last *Courier and Enquirer*, whose writing Editor is a member of said Church. The Sermon appears to have been well worth reporting, cogent, fearless and pertinent. Most of its positions meet our hearty approbation; while on some points we think the preacher could have better subserved the cause of Christianity, to say nothing of Humanity, had he been more correctly informed. For instance, the Rev. Dr. is reported as saying,

"It is especially worthy of notice that the various pernicious nostrums which have been invented for the cure of social evils, the various schemes of 'reform,' one proposing to abolish the penalty of Death for Murder; another to tell by a man's skull whether he be a criminal or a lunatic; another to revolutionize the domestic system and turn society into a system of joint stock companies, by which all the cooking, washing, nursing, schooling, scavenger work, and so forth, may be done by labor-saving plans, the effect of which will inevitably be to break up the present relations of the family order; all these and other similar reforms are

aiming to insinuate themselves into the public mind partly through the medium of fictitious tales. It cannot be doubted that they are doing the work they propose, and at least loosening the faith of many in the established order of things. And that this is so, is apparent from the fact, that even some of the public prints called respectable, feel strong enough in the patronage they receive, boldly to avow these disorganizing and demoralizing schemes.

"Now, in asking the duty of a Christian citizen in relation to these various influences, all going toward the formation of the public mind, in other words, to the *education* of the people, can there be any doubt that it lies, first, in doing every thing he can to expose the character and denounce the influence of all such publications as thus strike at public virtue and good order; in expressing plainly his opinion of the misconduct of those who usher them to the light and give them currency by publishing them; in withdrawing promptly his patronage in every way from the political presses which endorse them? For one, said Dr. Potts, I should like to know upon what principle any sober-minded man, much more a professed Christian, can assist in any way any press which zealously advocates the principles of Agrarianism, Anti-Rentism and Fourierism, to say nothing of a variety of other *isms*."

Now we think the Dr. is unfortunate in the use of terms. "Agrarianism" is a long and hard word; we do not happen now to know a single person who is strictly an "Agrarian;" but the term seems to us ill-chosen by one who professes to reverence and follow such messengers of Divine Truth as Moses and Jesus. The world has never seen another Lawgiver so thoroughly, consistently "Agrarian" as he who, under God, led the children of Israel out of Egypt; or should we not rather say He who selected and guided that leader?

Dr. Potts exhorts all his hearers to withdraw promptly their patronage from the *Tribune*; for though he speaks of "political presses" (and his denunciation in terms applies to the *Courier and Enquirer*, since it publishes our side of the discussion), he manifestly aims at this press, and none other. Now it is quite probable that we have some readers among the pew-holders of a church so wealthy and fashionable as the Dr.'s, though few, we presume, among Divines as well salaried as he is. We will only ask those of our patrons who may obey his command to read for their next Scripture lesson the xxvth chapter of Leviticus, and reflect upon it an hour or so. We are very sure they will find the exercise a profitable one in a sense higher than they will have anticipated. Having then stopped the *Tribune*, they will meditate at leisure on the abhorrence and execration with which one of the Hebrew Prophets must have regarded any kind of an Agrarian or Anti-renter, that is, one opposed to perpetuating and extending the relation of Landlord and Tenant over the whole arable surface of the earth. Perhaps the contemplation of a few more passages of Sacred Writ may not be unprofitable in a moral sense; for example:

"Wo unto them that join (add) house to house, that lay field to field that there be no place, that they be placed alone in the midst of the earth." — *Isaiah*, v. 8.

"One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross, and follow me."

"And Jesus looked round about, and saith unto his disciples, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" — *Mark* x. 21, 23.

"And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all, as every man had need." — *Acts* ii. 44, 45.

We might cite columns of this sort from the Sacred Volume, showing a deplorable lack of Doctors of Divinity in ancient times, to be employed at \$3,500 a year in denouncing, in sumptuous, pew-guarded edifices, costing \$75,000 each, all who should be guilty of "loosening the faith of many in the established order of things." Alas for their spiritual blindness! the ancient prophets, God's prophets, appear to have had slight faith in or reverence for that "established order" themselves! Their "schemes" appear to have been regarded as exceedingly "disorganizing" and hostile to "good order" by the spiritual rulers of the people in these days.

That Dr. Potts, pursuing (we trust) the career most congenial to his feelings, surrounded by every comfort and luxury, enjoying the best society, and enabled to support and educate his children to the height of his desires, should be inclined to reprobate all "nostrums" for the cure of Social evils and sneer at "labor saving plans" of cooking, washing, schooling, and so forth, is rather deplorable than surprising. Were he some poor day-laborer, subsisting his family and paying rent on the dollar a day he could get when the weather permitted and some employer's necessity or caprice gave him a chance to earn it, we believe he would view the subject differently. As to the spirit which can denounce by wholesale all who labor in behalf of a Social Reform, in defiance of general obloquy, rooted prejudice, and necessarily serious personal sacrifices, as enemies of Christianity and Good Morals, and call upon the public to starve them into silence, does it not merit the rebuke and loathing of every generous mind? Heaven aid us to imitate, though afar off, that Divinest charity which could say for its persecutors and murderers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

We rejoice that the Christian pulpit is henceforth to be devoted in some measure to a censorship on the public press. There is no duty more imperatively incumbent upon it, in view of the immense power which the press exerts, for good or evil, over the destinies of mankind. So far from regarding such censorship as impertinent or presumptuous, we welcome it with gratification. Had the pulpit hitherto paid becoming attention to the character and influence of the press, we are sure that the result would have been highly beneficial to both, and that some of the grosser misapprehensions evinced in the Sermon we are now considering would ere this have been dissipated. We are profoundly conscious that the moral tone and bearing of the press fall very far beneath their true standard, and that it too often panders to popular appetites and prejudices when it should rather withstand and labor to correct them. We, for example, remember having wasted many precious columns of this paper, whereby great good might have been done, in the publication of a controversy on the question, "Can there be a Church without a Bishop?" a controversy unprofitable in its subject, verbose and pointless in its logic, and disgraceful to our common Christianity in its exhibitions of uncharitable temper and gladiatorial tactics. The Rev. Dr. Potts may also remember that controversy. We ask the pulpit to strengthen

our own fallible resolution never to be tempted by any hope of pecuniary profit, (pretty sure to be delusive, as it ought,) into meddling with such another discreditable performance.

We do not find, in the *Courier's* report of this sermon, any censures upon that very large and popularly respectable class of journals which regularly hire out their columns, Editorial and Advertising, for the enticement of their readers to visit groggeries, theatres, horse-races, as we sometimes have thoughtlessly done, but hope never, unless through deplored inadvertence, to do again. The difficulty of entirely resisting all temptations to these lucrative vices is so great, and the temptations themselves so incessant, while the moral mischief thence accruing is so vast and palpable, that we can hardly think the Rev. Dr. slurred over the point, while we can very well imagine that his respected disciple and reporter did so. At this moment, when the great battle of Temperance against liquid poison and its horrible sorceries is convulsing our State, and its issue trembles in the balance, it seems truly incredible that a Doctor of Divinity, lecturing on the iniquities of the press, can have altogether overlooked this topic. Cannot the *Courier* from its reporter's notes supply the omission?

¶ Among the curiosities which are daily springing up here in Paris, perhaps the new *Jardin d'Hiver* (Winter Garden) may at present be the most remarkable. This is indeed a gigantic undertaking, and human ingenuity and wealth will engage in a strong struggle with nature. The great hot-house alone, which is built entirely of iron and glass, will easily accommodate two thousand promenaders, who can here, in the midst of winter, take an afternoon's walk amidst thousands and tens of thousands of the plants, flowers and fruits, of every clime under the sun, in a perfect July temperature. — *Cor. of the True Sun.*

Will there not come a time when luxuries like this will be at the command of every person? — *Chronotype.*

ONE OF THE THOUSANDS. Our attention was recently called to a case of starving poverty, that of a family who were neither living nor staying, but barely hanging on to life, in a rear shed in Elbridge near Division Street. We sought them out and found the case a truly deplorable one. The family consisted of five — husband, wife, and three children, and, save their poverty, they were an interesting circle. The mother, a young woman, seemed neat and cleanly even in her rags, and her general deportment evinced "better days." There were two apartments, or cribs, and on asking for her family, she apologized for her abject poverty and opened the door where lay her sick husband and the three children, upon the bare floor amid some straw and rags. It was a revolting spectacle of human misery. There was no article of furniture in the rooms except one chest, a wash tub, and a furnace. Neither chair, table, bed, fuel, or food, except some bread which had been kindly sent her by the proprietor of Croton Hall Tempe-

rance Saloon. We saw nothing else. We had like to have forgotten — there were a dozen shirts, which the poor woman had taken from the merchant linen-making establishment of Mr. L——, in William street, to make for *four cents each, forty-eight cents per dozen*, and by dint of unceasing labor she was able to finish the dozen in four days.

Hood's pathetic "Song of the Shirt" was vividly brought to our recollection, and we felt the scorching truth in all its irony —

"O men with sisters dear,
O men with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt."

We could not but exclaim, in bitter indignation,

"O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap."

Yet the poor woman murmured not at her unjust lot, but seemed so firm and hopeful that we could not but envy her fortitude. On the Saturday following, the door of her hovel was darkened by a LAND-LORD, who, standing unawed amid this wretchedness, coolly demanded \$5 Rent, in advance, for the next month. Of course it was impossible for her to satisfy this demand, and the *House-Lord*, bidding her evacuate the premises immediately, took the key from the door and departed. We had her removed to more comfortable apartments in Ridge Street, where, through the noble and timely charity of one or two kind Ladies, the family have been made comparatively comfortable. Owing to the cold and exposure, two of the children have been laid sick, and are now under the skilful care of Dr. Griscom, who, on hearing of the case, immediately volunteered his services. Let no press dare in future to deny that *shirts are made for four cents*: we have several like cases, and shall brand the falsehood wherever and whenever it is repeated. We say that this case is but one of thousands, and we are prepared to prove it by the daily visitations of the Alms House visitors, and those of the Poor Relief Society. — *Young America.*

RELIGION AND THE RICH. These vast, these awful inequalities between the Rich and the Poor; — the fact that the Christian Religion of the day joins in with the Rich, and turns aside from the Poor; — the crushing weight of poverty, and the exceeding difficulty of procuring a comfortable subsistence and driving away the sight of the monster Poverty, which a man sees about to fasten upon his wife and children after his decease; — and the ease, like the turning over his hand, with which the rich man accumulates, and the waste with which he spends; — these causes are sufficient to account for many of the wanton and criminal injuries which are inflicted upon the property of the Rich. Disguise it as we will, the Religion of the Saviour calls us all brothers;

the Poor cannot forget this: Nature inspires something of this in every heart. Society denies it, the Laws do all with their iron tongues deny it. But the poor feel wronged, because the elder brother takes to himself the whole of his father's heritage. Laws will not prevent crime. The Rich *must* use their wealth with modesty. Religion must teach better lessons, and inspire the Rich to give a larger share of their property to the discouraged and tempted. The frightful evils which gather in our cities and in the country, can be prevented by nothing but by a Religion which teaches as a literal truth that men are brothers. — *Tribune.*

MERCANTILE TRANSACTIONS IN SCOTLAND. It is not as in England, where, when an article is offered for sale it is immediately purchased or at once rejected as being too dear; but here there is a long haggling and cheapening of every article successively offered. The relation of my transactions with a man will serve to show the general mode of doing business. He bids me call again, which I do several times without doing anything. He wishes to be the *last* I do with, but *all* cannot be *last*, and *all* have wished to be *so*. After a few days I get him to proceed to business; he objects to the price of the article I offer — he will not buy — I try to induce him, but do not offer to make any reduction. Says he, "You are over dear, Sir; I can buy the same gudes 10 per cent. lower: if ye like to tak aff 10 per cent., I'll tak some of these."

I tell him that a reduction in price is quite out of the question, and put my sample of the article aside; but the Scotchman wants it — Weel, Sir, it's a terrible price, but as I am out o' it at present, I'll just tak a little till I can be supplied cheaper; but ye maun tak aff 5 per cent."

"But, Sir," says I, "would you not think me an unconscionable knave, to ask 10 or even 5 per cent. more than I intended to take?"

He laughs at me — "Hoot, hoot, man, do ye expect to get what ye ask? Gude Lord! an was I able to get half what I ask, I would soon be rich. Come, come, I'll gie ye with-in twa an a half of your ain price, and gude faith, man, ye'll be well paid."

I tell him that I never make any reduction from the price I first demand, and that an adherence to the rule saves much trouble to both parties.

"Weel, weel," says he, "since ye maun hae it a' your ain way, I maun e'en tak the article; but really I think ye are over keen."

So much for buying and selling: then comes the settlement. "Hoo muckle discount do ye tak aff, Sir?"

"Discount! you cannot expect it; the account has been standing a twelve-month."

"Indeed, but I do expect discount — pay siller without discount! na, na, Sir, that's not the way here; ye maun deduct 5 per cent."

I tell him that I make no discount at all: "Weel, Sir, I'll gie ye nae money at a'."

Rather than go without a settlement, I at

last agree to take 2 1-4 per cent. from the amount, which is accordingly deducted.

"I have ten shillings down against ye for short measure, and fifteen shillings for damages."

"Indeed! these are heavy deductions; but if you say that you shall lose to that amount, I suppose that I must allow it."

"Oh, aye, it's a' right; then, Sir, eight shillings and fourpence for pack sheet, and thirteen shillings for carriage and postage."

These last items astonish me. "What, Sir," says I, "are we to pay all the charges in your business?" But if I do not allow these to be taken off, he will not pay his account; so I acquiesce, resolving within myself that, since these unfair deductions are made at the settlement, it would be quite fair to charge an additional price to cover the extortion. I now congratulate myself on having concluded my business with the man, but am disappointed.

"Hae ye a stawmpe?" asks he.

"A stamp, for what?"

"Just to draw ye a bill," replies he.

"A bill, my good sir! I took off 2 1-2 per cent. on the faith of being paid in cash." But he tells me it is the custom of the place to pay in bills, and sits down and draws me a bill at three months after date, payable at his own shop.

"And what can I do with this?"

"Oh, ye may tak it to Sir William's and he'll discount it for you, on paying him three month's interest."

"And what can I do with his notes?"

"He'll gie ye a bill in London at forty-five days."

"So, sir, after allowing you twelve month's credit, and 2 1-2 per cent. discount, and exorbitant charges which you have no claim on us to pay, I must be content with a bill which we are not to cash for four months and a half."

"Weel, weel — and now, Sir," says he, "if you are going to your inn, I'll gang wi' ye, and tak a glaiss o' wine." — *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

MAKE IT LIGHT. An attorney, about to finish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as possible." "Ah," replied the attorney, "that's what you may say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

HORSE RADISH FOR THE MILLION. Among the enormous benefits of free trade, is a tremendous influx of horse-radish, which is arriving daily by ship loads at the Custom House. Getting the horse-radish is one step towards getting the roast beef to eat with it. This is like a friend of ours, who has got a banker's book, and now wants nothing to make it complete, but a large balance. — *Punch.*

☞ We never so truly enjoy as when carried beyond self in exercise of the benevolent and social affections. Thus has a wise Providence mingled with the deepest necessities of our nature — with the very elements of our character and constitution —

the pleasant with the healthful. This rule admits of general application. The exceptions are accidents, and no more mar the beauty and force of the principle than the dark spots sometimes seen upon the sun's disk obscure his brightness. The time is drawing near when men will come to perceive and know this also; and then the millennial day of Truth, and Love, and Universal Brotherhood, will have dawned. — *Lynn Pioneer.*

From the Portland Advertiser.

DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26, 1816.

For once in my life I may say I have been lucky. You have heard of the Dead Letter Office in the Post Office Department? Yes, I know you visited it, and furnished to all the world (for I believe all the papers copied your article) a highly interesting account of it and its operations last winter. Well, I too, have been to the dead letter office, and as good fortune will have it, happened there just in the right time. Zounds! what bags and piles of letters! Enough, one would think, to communicate all the intelligence, mercantile, commercial and political; all the love, rational, enthusiastic and nonsensical, in this great country for a whole year. And yet, these are only the dead letters for one quarter of a year! No wonder it takes three faithful old gentlemen, nearly all their time, just to open them; and if you saw them at work, you would readily grant they are not slow hands at the business.

But come, let us go into Mr. O'Brien's room, the superintendent having charge of the valuable part of the concern, whom you have so justly complimented for his obliging and gentlemanly deportment. As before remarked, we are here just in the right time; for he is about to overhaul a mass of things, which have been accumulating here for years, in order to dispose of the worthless, and make room for future arrivals. Here he is, now, busily engaged.

Well, if here isn't a pair of checkered pants, nice, new and clean; and there, in another bundle, are two pairs of gloves and eight pairs of stockings, all the way from Connecticut through the mail! No, not from Connecticut, but evidently from a long way off, for the direction is so much defaced that I cannot make it out. Who knows but these are clothes franked home by some economical member of Congress to be washed, which in their return have unfortunately wandered away into the dead letter office! Nothing more likely; for it is said in years gone by members have resorted to this plan to save themselves from being entirely fleeced by the boarding house washerwomen of the place.

And what have we here! A package of combs and razors, as I am alive! A very natural combination, to be sure; albeit the person addressed would have been pretty essentially shaved, had he not refused the package, thus avoiding the payment of a heavy postage.

Murder! Here's a man's head! Poh! no it isn't either; it's only a wig. Postage, one dollar and eight cents. Who'll take it?

And now we come to something valuable, no mistake. See! the bundle is sealed up with great care, and the post-

age is twelve dollars and fifty-eight cents. Let us open and examine. What a hoax! Nothing in the world but a dozen old newspapers.

But here is something fine, for I can see the gilt through the wrapper, which has already been broken. Yes; two beautifully bound volumes, the one entitled "Common Prayer," and the other, "Proper Lessons to be read at morning and evening prayer." A present, as this little note, which reads, "with love from your affectionate wife," plainly shows. Postage, nine dollars.

And here are two volumes more, equally splendid; but they are "all Dutch" to me, for they are printed in German. These, too, are evidently presents. Let us see though if we cannot decipher the address. O yes; one is from a faithful son, and the other from an affectionate daughter, to their dear mother. Now this looks well. Those children love their mother and are kind to her. What a pity she could not have received those handsome tokens of their affection. But the postage, \$13 12 1-2, it may be, prevented it.

Nor is this all in the book line. On my word, look at the number of volumes in those pigeon holes! And see, too, what piles of music! Why "Uncle Sam" has almost stock enough on hand — for it will never be called for — to open a book and music store. Here are Bibles, annuals and other books, bound in the richest style. "Wright's English Grammar," among the rest appears in gilt and morocco; here is "Sear's Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible," and there is a neat little volume, entitled "Eudemic Influence of Evil Government." And what is this? Here is a small package, never opened, resembling a book — and a book it is — a duodecimo, done up in red morocco. "Washington's Valedictory Address" is the title of this little volume, on the front leaf of which is written "Daniel Cobb, Jr., Portland, 1818." But enough of books.

What next? A pair of Indian moccasins, postage \$2 20. Two silver watches — whose are they? A box of straw braid for bonnets, postage ten times its value. A closely sealed bundle of Quito newspapers — burn them. Tailors' plates of the "latest fashions," four years old — give them to the children. Five or six enormous deeds, beautifully executed on parchment, from old England; and dry goods in any quantity.

But stop here is another package securely sealed up, that also looks like a book. Remove the wrapper and see. Yes — "Campbell's Poems" — and what else think you? A miniature, set in a gold locket — the leaves of the book being cut exactly in a form to receive it, thus leaving it embedded in the volume, as snugly as the toad in the granite. It is addressed to a lady, care of postmaster, New York.

And what's here! Another bundle, never opened, and marked "refused;" postage two dollars and seventy-five cents. Oh, meanness! — An old dirty stocking done up and addressed to some one, no doubt, with the vain expectation of satisfying a longing desire for petty revenge. Puppy! you have entirely failed this time; try again.

Hallo! here's a theatrical robe, all trimmed off with "glittering gold and diamonds." Let's try it on.

Well, now, if this isn't the last thing to send by mail—a pair of stout, iron bits. Wonder if they were intended for the reins of government?

But what have we come to here? A manuscript pamphlet of one hundred pages and over, the postage on which is four dollars twenty-five cents. 'Scrap-iada Poetica, or Pieces Sentimental and Satirical, hastily composed on board a man-of-war, by ———, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.' So says the author. But let us look inside. — Ah, 'Old Ironsides,' is the man-of-war, on which our poet tunes his happy harp; he should not, therefore, write otherwise than well, that is certain.

And now let us take leave of the dead letter office and its 'cabinet curiosities.' You have already seen and informed your readers of the contents of the iron chest, in which are deposited the money, as it comes to hand, the watch chains, bracelets, breast-pins, finger-rings, almost innumerable, necklaces, pencil cases, gold lockets, rosaries, and various other things, 'too numerous to particularize.' The good money and other valuable articles, where they exceed a dollar's worth, are, as your readers already know, returned to their owners, if rightful owners can be found; and found they will be by Mr. O'Brien, if any man living can do it—rest assured of that.

There are, however, several thousand dollars on hand, or deposited in bank, which, from time to time, have accumulated, and for which no owners can be ascertained. The average amount of genuine money received, is somewhere from fifty to sixty dollars a day, the year round. And my! what lots of counterfeit bills! suffered by their worthy proprietors to go to the dead letter office, lest, in calling for them, they might be detected and locked up in a strong box themselves.

A picture, though with most exactness made,
Is nothing but the shadow of a shade;
For even our living bodies (though they seem,
To others more or more in our esteem,
Are but the shadows of that real Being,
Which doth extend beyond the fleshly seeing
And cannot be discerned until we rise
Immortal objects for immortal eyes.

George Wither.

MARRIAGE.

BY MISS MARTINEAU.

All institutions that have existed long among men have had their origin in nature; and it is only by keeping within a certain degree of nearness to nature that any institutions can be preserved. In proportion to their departure from nature is the certainty that they will fail and perish. Of existing institutions none is more clearly traceable to nature than that of marriage: and indeed, from the clearness of this—from the fact that the numbers of the sexes are equal at the age of twenty-one (though varying somewhat from this before and after)—from this indication that there is one man for one woman at the proper time for marriage, it is usual to speak of marriage as a divine institution, independently of what is said of it in the Bible. But how marvellously and how mournfully have men contrived to perplex and corrupt this simple and natural relation! For ages past

there have been marriages for state-policies, marriages for connection, for money, for estates, for every convenience, down to that of the poor ditcher who declares, "I was, as one may say, devoured with varmint, and I married a wife to keep me clean." The notion of marriage for convenience has now such complete possession of the general mind, that a true love marriage is almost as a matter of course opposed in those ranks of society where others than the immediate parties claim to be considered. And the consequences are such as appal the heart of every thinker. It has been the rule through many gradations of society to love in one place and marry in another; and this unavowed bigamy of course destroys the proportion under which alone marriage can be general and pure. Of all infectious evils, laxity of morals is the most so; and the laxity here spreads till the very idea of marriage is corrupted and debased. We hear of sales of a wife in Smithfield, the ignorant parties often really believing such sales to be legal; and the cases of bigamy are becoming frightfully common. And see what can happen even in America:—"At Philadelphia, on Monday, one German sued another for five dollars, the price of commission for procuring the latter a wife. The objection was, that the charge was too high. The plaintiff proved that the defendant stated his wish for a wife;—the former, in half an hour, brought a German, to whom the defendant was married in three days. The plaintiff was allowed his whole claim." In another rank we see at this moment what happens. The potentates of Europe and the politicians of Spain have long been contending as to whom the little Queen of Spain should marry. It appears that she wishes to marry a cousin who wishes to have her. She is compelled to marry another cousin who is his brother. All night were her mother and other advisers busy in persuading her, in overcoming her repugnance to the marriage. At seven in the morning she went to bed overpowered and wretched. She is only fifteen years old. Her sister is only fourteen; and she must be married, too, to please the King of the French, who wants to marry his youngest son into Spain. Is any one irrational enough to expect fidelity in marriages thus made in markets and palace chambers? And does not the contagion of inconstancy spread? And are we then to wonder at the increase of bigamy, of seduction, of child-murder, and of gross profligacy? Marriage, which was designed to protect the sanctity of the love of one man for one woman, has become the very means of obstructing such love, and destroying the sanctity of it. To the pure and simple it may be all that it ever was; but to society at large, that which professes to be its chief moral safeguard has become a fatal snare. If it be asked, "what is to be done?" the answer is the old one which will never wear out; those who have grace must be the salt of the earth. Every man and woman who duly feel the holiness of that love which gives birth to human life, and who enter upon it with conscience and affections as awake as passion, may and will countervail a world of mischief done by profligacy. Every pair who uphold in their lives the true, original idea of marriage, must command such sympathy from the best hearts as will shame the trafficking of the worst.

If there are yet among us enough of the simple and the pure to reinstate the institution of marriage in its original sacredness, and separate it from its impious alliance with worldly interest, it may retain its name and place. If not, if the corruption spreads, and marriage is the name given to that legal prostitution which induces the illegal, some new name must be found for the genuine and holy marriage which must always remain while God ordains and nature exists.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

THE IDEAL.

Late in the night, when all the city's din
Hath died away, and quelled is all its riot;
When, angel-like, the clouds so white and thin
Pass o'er the patient stars that watch in quiet;
With soul by night subdued to harmony
I listen to that stream that ever floweth
From the dim distance of Eternity,
And unto every soul its thought bestoweth.

I listen, and before my inward eyes
Is one great hope, that time will never banish;
And in its train phantoms of dreams arise,
That mock my earthly grasp, yet never vanish.
The Actual fadeth like a mountain mist,
The Unreal is the Real and enduring;
Upon the dizzy height of dreams I list
To music-tones my inmost soul alluring.

Oh! then in aimless hope this struggling heart
Pants at the prison wall that round it closes,
And longing sighs, that in the mould of art
The finest traits the hand forever loses.
Yes! then this yearning heart, that in such pain
Hath striven with itself, in grief confesses
The vainness of all effort to attain
That which the secret thought forever blesses.

W. W. S.

For the Harbinger.

LONGINGS.

On the hill the snow is lying,
Where we loved in summer hours;
Leafless swing the barren branches,
Withered all the flowers.

Happy hours of whispering breezes,
Grassy banks and singing rain,
Twilights of long summer evenings,
Visit us again!

Linger not, oh thoughtful winter,
Prison of the leaves and flowers!
Feeling's season, gentle summer,
Build for love its bowers!

W. W. S.

What is life worth without a heart to feel
The great and lovely, and the poetry
And sacredness of things? for all things are
Sacred,—the eye of God is on them all,
And hallows all unto it. It is fine
To stand upon some lofty mountain-thought,
And feel the spirit stretch into a view;
To joy in what might be if will and power
For good would work together but one hour.
Yet millions never think a noble thought:
But with brute hate of brightness bay a mind
Which drives the darkness out of them, like
hounds.
Throw but a false glare round them, and in
shoals
They rush upon perdition: that's the race.

What charm is in this world-scene to such minds,
Blinded by dust? What can they do in
Heaven,
A state of spiritual means and ends?

Festus.

We do not make our thoughts; they grow in us
Like grain in wood: the growth is of the skies,
Which are of nature, nature is of God.
The world is full of glorious likenesses.
The poet's power is to sort these out,
And to make music from the common strings
With which the world is strung; to make the
dumb
Earth utter heavenly harmony, and draw
Life clear and sweet and harmless as spring
water,
Welling its way through flowers. Without
faith,
Illimitable faith, strong as a state's
In its own might, in God, no bard can be.
All things are signs of other and of nature.
It is at night we see heaven moveth, and
A darkness thick with suns. The thoughts we
think
Subsist the same in God as stars in Heaven.
And as these specks of light will prove great
worlds
When we approach them sometime free from
flesh,
So too our thoughts will become magnified
To mind-like things immortal. And as space
Is but a property of God, wherein
Is laid all matter, other attributes
May be the infinite homes of mind and soul,
And thoughts rise from our souls, as from the sea
The clouds sublimed in Heaven. The cloud is
cold,
Although ablaze with lightning—though it
shine
At all points like a constellation; so
We live not to ourselves, our work is life,
In bright and ceaseless labor, as a star
Which shineth unto all worlds but itself.

Festus.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I.

O wild West Wind! thou breath of Autumn's
being!
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves
dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O, thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors, plain and hill:
Wild Spirit, which art moving every where;
Destroyer and Preserver! hear, O, hear!

II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's
commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are
shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and
Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Minotaur, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst! O, hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baia's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!—thou,
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea blooms, and the oozy woods, which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: O, hear!

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O, uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er have
striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet, though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

A life well spent is like a flower
That had bright sunshine its brief hour;
It flourished in pure willingness,
Discovered strongest earnestness,
Was fragrant for each lightest wind,
Was of its own particular kind,
Nor knew a tone of discord sharp;
Breathed away like a silver harp,
And went to immortality,
A very proper thing to die.

W. E. Channing.

Revolt is recreant, when pursuit is brave:
Never to faint, doth purchase what we crave.

Machen.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, DEC. 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.

BOSTON AUXILIARY UNION.

An Adjourned Meeting of the friends of Association was held on the evening of the 8th inst. at Messrs. Andrews and Boyle's Phonographic Rooms, for the purpose of forming a Union, auxiliary to the AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS. The Society adopted the following

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE 1. The name of this Society shall be, THE BOSTON UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS.

ART. 2. The object it has in view is 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 Guaranties; Honors according to Usefulness; Integral Education; Unity of Interests.

ART. 3. The methods of operation shall be to co-operate with the American Union of Associationists, in collecting funds, holding meetings, publishing documents, and in every other way endeavoring to diffuse the principles of Association, and to prepare for their practical application.

ART. 4. The conditions of membership shall be the signing of the Constitution, and the payment of a sum at such a rate weekly as each person shall specify at the time of signing.

ART. 5. The Officers of this Society shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, and three Directors, who together shall constitute the Executive Committee of the Society, and who shall be responsible for its general management.

ART. 6. The Annual Meeting of the Society shall be held on the first Wednesday in January, at which time the Officers shall be elected.

ART. 7. This Constitution may be altered or amended at any regular meeting, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present, such amendment having been proposed at a previous meeting.

The following persons were elected as Officers of the Union for the ensuing year.

WILLIAM A. WHITE, *President.*
JOSEPH CAREW, *Vice President.*
JOSIAH WOLCOTT, *Treasurer.*
FREDERIC S. CAROT, *Secretary.*
WILLIAM H. CHANNING, } *Directors.*
JAMES T. FISHER, }
ANNA Q. T. PARSONS, }

It was voted to hold meetings for the present once a week for conversation and business, and to take immediate measures to increase the number of subscribers to the weekly rent. It is understood that this branch of the American Union will undertake the charge of consulting the interests of the movement in Boston and its vicinity, and we trust that one of the

first fruits of its action will be the establishment of a systematic course of public lectures in Boston.

We learned at the meeting that Rev. WILLIAM H. CHANNING had accepted the invitation to hold religious services in Boston this winter, with a view to the establishment of a Church on the broad, humanitarian principles of the Gospel, irrespective of creeds or dogmas. He will probably preach his Introductory Discourse during Christmas week.

We need not say how cordially we sympathize with the spirit that now animates the friends of Association in Boston. They feel deeply impressed with the responsibility that is attached to their position as receivers of the grand doctrines of Social Unity, which, though now misunderstood, misrepresented, and calumniated, are destined to produce a revolution in the condition of Humanity, of inferior importance only to that which followed the advent of the Saviour of the world. We have no doubt that our friends in Boston will be firm, discreet, zealous, and faithful. Under their present organization, they have the power to act with increased efficiency. They can give a new momentum to the Associative cause, and hasten the coming of the day so long deferred, and so ardently longed for, when the spirit of justice, love, and universal brotherhood, which form the essence of Christianity, shall be practically embodied in the relations of human society. This can be done only by the true organization of labor. So long as this corner-stone of the social fabric is improperly adjusted, we can expect nothing but confusion, disorder, and distress. Man must have a fixed home, the means of subsistence and education, freedom from pecuniary anxiety, and a guaranty of his natural rights; or the best precepts of morality, as far as the masses are concerned, will be like water spilled on the ground. Every hope, every plan, every arrangement that is not based on this fact, we hold to be Utopian, in the highest degree. The church can do nothing, legislation can do nothing, the schools can do nothing, for the general amelioration of society, so long as the uncertainty of subsistence occasions a moral necessity for the feverish scramble for wealth, which is the most salient characteristic of modern civilization. These views must be fully spread before the public. The American people must be aroused to hear them. They must be presented in every form, until conviction has become general. Friends! be up and doing. Here is a work that demands the strength of giants and the wisdom of angels.

We were happy to see at this meeting the faces of several friends who have borne the burden and heat of the day in

practical Association. Nothing daunted by any ill success of the past, they appear as fresh and vigorous as ever, in their devotion to the cause; ready to act in any sphere that opens to them, and rejoicing to make personal sacrifice for the promotion of a vast general good.

AN ASSOCIATIVE TOWNSHIP IN THE WEST.

We take the following excellent description of the comparative advantages of a common township and Association in the West, from Mr. Greeley's fourth article of the controversy with the New York Courier and Enquirer. The method here proposed, is not that which we should recommend for the establishment of a model Phalanx, nor is it set forth by Mr. Greeley for that purpose; but our Western readers cannot fail to perceive the immense superiority of a settlement on this plan, over that which is usually undertaken by pioneers. We think the correct process to be followed in the formation of an Association, is to select a suitable domain in a highly cultivated country, contiguous to good markets, and not at a great distance from some of our principal commercial centres. When this is in successful operation, it will send forth colonists to the Western Prairies. They will have the benefit of experience, of the indomitable attachment to the cause which is produced by Associative life, and of the skill and capital that can be furnished by the parent Phalanx without inconvenience. In this way the magnificent valleys of our Western rivers will become the scenes of opulence, intellectual cultivation, moral advancement, and social harmony, such as the sun has never yet shone upon. The settlement of the country will proceed with rapidity, and upon a solid foundation. The first generation that ventures into the forest will not be doomed to suffer martyrdom for those that are to come. The perils from unhealthy districts, the desolate sense of loneliness, the destitution of social excitement and benefits, which are now endured by isolated families of emigrants, will no longer be necessary; and the vastness and splendor of the results obtained by the organization of united interests will give the first glimpses to this century of the true destiny of man on earth.

"A Township, we will say in Michigan, is settled stragglingly by some fifty to one hundred emigrants from New England or this State, most of them Farmers by vocation. The first comers obtain good locations, and at the minimum price. But, on the other hand, they are doomed to live for years without Schools, without Churches, to travel many miles to Mills or Mechanics, with wretched apologies for Roads, and in daily want of many of the most essential comforts of life. The

children necessarily grow up rude and un-intellectual; hunting and fishing get the upper hand of work with them; Mails and Newspapers come along tardily and reach but few; the overshadowing woods, the decaying timber, the undrained marshes and rarely disturbed vegetable mould continue for many years to generate miasmas and multiply diseases, which, in the absence or scarcity of proper Medical talent, are tampered with by every Quack abomination; immense suffering is endured for the want of proper medicine, comforts and nursing; many die whom proper care would have saved; while the aggregate loss of time by sickness (often at such seasons as to cause a loss of the fruits of the year's toil) is appalling. Such is a fair general picture of pioneering in the West—or, indeed, almost any where.

"Years pass; the forest slowly melts away; the little notches first cut in it gradually connect with each other; a fruitful soil emerges from beneath the once eclipsing shade. Mills, School-houses, Churches are erected; Stores are opened, Mechanics come in, with Doctors, Lawyers, and so forth, in abundance. Now the hitherto unoccupied lands are worth ten times, and, in the spot marked out by water-power or central position for the village, one hundred to five hundred times the original value. But what has created this additional value? The labor, amid privations and sufferings, of the pioneers. They have tamed the forest, constructed bridges, opened roads—made the country traversable, habitable with comfort and facilities of intellectual improvement. But do they who did the work reap the advantages of it? By no means. The enhanced price of the unoccupied lands goes into other pockets than theirs; they have added much to the general wealth, but little or nothing to their own. Many of them are driven by their necessities, others by their indolent and improvident habits (how acquired, we have seen,) to sell their improvements for a song, and push off into the woods again. The grand-children of the first settlers of Onondaga and Ontario, the children of the pioneers of Genesee and Chautauque, may to-day be found, generally destitute, in the log huts of Illinois and Iowa. So it will be again and again.

"Now let us see Association attempt to settle a new township. In the first place, the land is all bought at the first price, with whatever else is necessary to an effective and comfortable outset, and this forms the original capital, which the pioneers, if destitute of property, must pay interest or rent upon, as we know no way to obtain the use and benefit of other's property but by paying for it. At once, the axes of a hundred pioneers are put in requisition—not in a hundred isolated spots, but at that one best calculated for a beginning; and the forest is driven back half a mile each way from the site of the edifice that is to be. If a location partly prairie is chosen, that circumstance may be turned to far greater advantage in Association than in isolation. The prairie and woodland of the West would seem to have been blebbed in their giant proportions with a direct view to Associated Industry. If any swamp or generator of miasma is at hand, one day's united labor will drain it; a week will suffice to make one good road out into

daylight; a physician will be one of the pioneers; a School may be established and regular religious observances instituted before the first month has passed away. A saw-mill, grist-mill, smiths' shops, &c. &c., will be put in operation forthwith, saving an enormous waste of time in running to and from one and another of them by isolated backwoodsmen. Whatever articles are needed will be purchased in some large mart by wholesale at prime cost, instead of being bought at double price of the small dealers in a new region, and another price cost in time and team or shoe-leather in procuring them. A twentieth part of the labor required to fence miserably the petty clearings of the isolated settlers (which must be fenced again and again as each clearing is extended) will fence thoroughly the one Domain of the Association, and there will be a mill at hand to aid in getting out the materials. So with digging wells, purchasing implements, procuring books, newspapers, &c. &c. Are not the economies of Association palpable and immense! Do not three-fourths of our People stand in need of the additional comforts and intellectual advantages which Association proffers! Why, then — if it be affirmed that the mass of men are too selfish, depraved, short-sighted, to realize these blessings — will not regenerate, self-sacrificing Christians, take hold and set us an example of a reform so vast, universal and enduring in its consequences!"

RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF ASSOCIATION.

The first view of Association is that of an arrangement, in which the most obvious principles of good sense are applied to supplying the material wants of man. It is founded on the admitted fact, that sound material conditions are essential to true spiritual development. We should never think of awakening admiration for one of the exquisite productions of Allston, among a horde of wild Irishmen, starving upon a scanty meal of potatoes, in their smoky cabins; nor would a crowd gathered to witness the performances of a prize-fighter or a game-cock, be in a favorable intellectual state for the reception of any high truths of philosophy or science. The sublimest poet is not likely to have an access of inspiration during a fit of the tooth-ache; and the divinest strains of Leopold de Meyer or Sivori would fall on deaf ears in a room where the mercury was below zero. It is equally in vain to hope for any progress of the race towards the Beautiful or the Good, so long as their circumstances compel them to violate the divine command, and not only to think, but to plot, toil, and sweat, for what they shall eat, and what they shall drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed, under the certain penalty of starvation and nakedness. We wish then, as advocates of a true order of society, to ameliorate the physical condition of man, in the first instance. Every individual admits the value of wealth, ample means of living,

claims it for himself, devotes body and soul to its acquisition, even sacrifices the higher purposes of life for its attainment. What he claims for himself, in his individual capacity, we claim for society in its collective capacity. We demand food, shelter, clothing, and that of the best kind, for the whole human family. It is now in a great measure destitute of the commonest necessities of life, through the ignorance, stupidity, and wilfulness of those who should act as the social Providence of their race. We would have this outrageous evil corrected, by wise arrangements. We desire to see Humanity brought out of its prison-house, clothed in fit apparel, provided with food convenient for it, "with its feet placed in a large room." All this secured, the rest would come of course. The conditions for spiritual excellence and glory would be realized. Education, refinement of manners, elevation of taste, dignity of character, religious faith and communion, would follow as surely as the light follows the rising of the Sun. Even the inspired Apostle tells us, "Every thing in its own order, first, that which is NATURAL (or material), then that which is SPIRITUAL."

We find these views well expressed in the following extracts of a letter from an esteemed member of the Swedenborgian Church, from whom we venture to hope that we may hear frequently.

"The pleasure I have experienced in the perusal of the Harbinger has caused me to look for it with an impatience, that I never before realized in relation to a periodical. Be assured, then, that I hail with profound pleasure your announcement that it is to be continued. I cannot bear the thought that so much light as pervades the Associative School, should be lost to the world for the want of a medium of communication. I pray that it may be borne on the wings of the Harbinger of good news and glad tidings to enlighten the understandings and cheer the hearts of the remotest inhabitants of the earth, imparting to them a knowledge that the Lord in His Providence is about to establish an order of Society by the instrumentality of human means, in a just and peaceful application of recently discovered laws, which shall ultimately, and ere long, elevate man from his present moral and physical degradation, and impart a living Faith, grounded in experience, that happiness is the legitimate destiny of him, who was created in the image and after the likeness of God. The spiritual cannot exist without the natural, — the natural being the basis and continent of the spiritual; — and in all things correspondent thereto. This being premised, we have no ground of

hope for the spiritual improvement of the world, any farther and faster than its physical and moral condition is elevated. To this and for this cause, are the promulgators of the doctrine of social harmony laboring with the most perfect abandonment of selfish purpose.

"The two great commandments are, to love God supremely, and our neighbor as ourself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets; all of Truth and Good — of Faith and Charity. 'Whosoever says he loves God whom he hath not seen, and hates his brother whom he has seen, is a liar.' The only evidence of love to God is charity towards the neighbor. Who is our brother and neighbor? We are commanded to pray to Our Father who is in the Heavens. Is this command of partial application? If not, God is the Common Parent of the whole human family, and all we are brethren, — and neighbors also, so far as we have charity. Inasmuch then as we do not desire, and strive, even, for the happiness of others, as much as lies in our power, without injury to ourselves and those immediately dependent on us, we are guilty, in the aggregate, of a breach of the whole Divine Law, — which is to love one another, even as the Lord hath loved us, and consequently are unworthy of the name of Christians.

"Before the Lord, consistently with His Divine character, could perform the apparent miracle of turning the water into wine at the marriage at Cana of Galilee, it was necessary for the servants to make preparation by filling with water the water-pots of stone. Equally so is it that the mind should be well stored with scientific facts, before truths can be implanted in the understanding, and become operative in the will. The laws of nature are the ultimate laws of God. A knowledge of these laws constitutes Science, which is not truth, but the basis and continent of truth; without which truth cannot exist in the mind; scientific being the only recipient vessels of truths. And truth will always take on a form according to that of the vessel into which it is received, whether spiritual or natural. As without the atmospheres the earth would be shrouded in darkness, so without science truth can never illuminate the mind, nor effect its regeneration. — How vain then is the hope to Christianize the world, while the great mass are ignorant of the first principles necessary to understand the laws by which their existence is governed. As in relation to Spirit the body is the first as to time, so must the physical wants of man be provided for before his mind can be cultivated. Why then are the efforts of Associationists, to establish an order of Society which alone promises to improve the phy-

sical condition of the masses, so violently opposed? I do not so much wonder at the opposition of the Old Church, whose doctrines teach them to believe in justification and salvation by Faith alone, as I do at the want of Faith and lukewarmness of the New, in relation to it. For their doctrines teach that charity, or the love of the neighbor, is essential to salvation.

"I am aware that by many the plan is considered Utopian. But that adopted from time immemorial is proved to be so, for as yet it has accomplished comparatively nothing of its high aims. At present, poverty, crime, in short, the moral and physical degradation of the world is greater than at any former period, excepting with a favored few."

POVERTY AND SUICIDE. On Saturday morning, a man named John W. Hall, a baker by trade, who lives in Andover Court, was found by one of his daughters hanging to the bannisters, he having committed suicide during the night. It appears that Mr. Hall has for some time been out of business, and having a large family, (a wife and seven children,) he had been reduced to extreme poverty. This preyed upon his mind, and has finally led him to the commission of suicide. We learn from Mr. Pratt, the coroner, that when he arrived at the house he found that the family were in want of the common necessities of life. They had no food nor even fire-wood, the bedsteads and other furniture of the house having been in use for that purpose for some time past; but even that was exhausted. Mr. Pratt, with some charitable neighbors, took immediate measures to put the family in a comfortable condition. Mr. Hall was forty-seven years old, and has been a resident of Milton. Coroner Pratt held an inquest in the afternoon at 5 o'clock, and the Jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts.—*Boston Atlas*.

We do not call attention to this item of domestic intelligence, as if it presented a case of extraordinary or surprising horror. The causes which led to this catastrophe are constantly at work in the bosom of society, and if they do not always manifest themselves in such revolting results, they are slowly sapping the springs of life in a greater number than is known to the world, turning the sweetest affections into gall, and making the blessed light of Heaven as the blackest darkness. Not every man whose soul has been crushed by the misfortunes, inevitable under the present system of legalized violence, commits suicide. There are far more who wait in apathy for the tardy approach of death, who are so far sunk in wretchedness and despair, that they could not summon resolution to raise their hand against themselves, but who look with a morbid calmness towards the grave, as the only refuge from calamity, and the sure resting place of the weary and bleeding victim of a false, un-

christian order of society. The individuals who are driven to desperate acts, like the English artist Haydon, and this Boston mechanic, call forth a flood of sympathy; as soon as they are gone from a world which cared nothing for them, a dim consciousness of injustice is awakened on the part of those among whom they moved like joyless intruders; an attempt at reparation is made by munificent charity to their survivors; a few common-place words are uttered in regard to the evils that Humanity is ordained to suffer, and the duty of seeing the hand of a loving God in the most atrocious outrages of man; but no sense is aroused of the radical enormity and unnaturalness of a system, which with all the resources of the highest civilization at command, cannot avoid the frequent repetition of such blood-freezing events,—no determination is inspired to investigate the causes of social misery, and to adopt effectual methods for bringing their operation to an end.

Even the most virtuous men, the most pious Christians, are contented to accept this condition of things, as the ultimate order of society. They see nothing beyond it, their imagination aspires to nothing better in this world, their conscience is at peace in the midst of evils and sins which should call forth a blush on the cheeks of a devil. At the utmost they war against individual manifestations of a universal wrong: they apply cutaneous remedies to vital diseases; and think their work is done, if they destroy a few leaves of the poison tree, which is filling the air with pestilence, and covering the soil with the bones of its victims.

It is time to probe the festering wounds of the social order to the quick. We must not shrink from the disgusting task. It must be done with a firm and gentle hand. We must admit the fact, that the whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint, that, as parts of the great system of Civilization, we are covered with bruises, and wounds, and putrifying sores, which have not been closed, nor bound up, nor mollified with ointment. This description is far more pointedly applicable to the men of this age, than it was to the old Hebrews, so sternly denounced by the faithful prophets; for with the words of light and love in our hands, professing to be the followers of Him who was sent from the most intimate presence of the Eternal, to establish Harmony on Earth, we have basely acquiesced in social arrangements, founded on cunning and on force, which so far from exhibiting the spirit of the Prince of Peace, betray in every expression and lineament, their origin with him "who was a murderer from the beginning."

The father of the wretched family, who were so destitute of the common

necessaries of life as to be compelled to cut up their bedsteads for firewood, it appears, had been for some time out of business, and of course, had been reduced to the most extreme poverty. We say that this man was the victim of the social order to which he belonged. We know nothing of his private history; no doubt, he had his errors and his failings, like other men; they might or might not have aggravated the fierce evils which were brought to bear upon him; but we assert that in a wise, a just, a Christian organization of society, it would be impossible, under any circumstances, for such a catastrophe to take place.

He was driven to suicide by mental despair. This came from his Poverty. His Poverty was produced by want of employment. This was occasioned by his inability to struggle with the all-prevailing competition and antagonism of our business arrangements. Similar results are every day occurring, in more or less repulsive and startling forms. Cannot these wrongs be righted? Not under the present constitution of society. They are as inevitable as death in the midst of the plague. Good men may lament over them, they may call forth the tears of pity, and the tenderness of poetry, but they cannot be done away.

We tell you, O philanthropists and soft-hearted moralizers over the woes of Humanity, that the remedy must come in a sterner shape. You must confess your sins and turn to the Lord. Every plant which he has not planted must be plucked up, although it drives the ploughshare over your fairest fields, in which the thistle and thorn-tree are blooming in the gayest luxuriance of their mock beauty.

In a Christian order of society, it can easily be shown, how not even the shadow of such a calamity could come over the household hearth. In the first place, every child born in the bosom of such a society, would be surrounded with the atmosphere of love and justice, which is now ineffectually typified by the sprinkling of baptismal water on his brow in the presence of the Church. He would be provided with a home, from which no misfortune, sickness, or inability could ever drive him. His feet would stand upon a soil, free from the grasp of monopoly, from which he could be sure of obtaining an abundance of bread, and of which, for all practical purposes, he would be the rightful owner. In the next place, from his earliest infancy, his training would have reference to his efficiency in industrial pursuits. He would be taught the use of his muscular powers in every variety of application. His bodily development would be secured in health and symmetry, by systematic exercise. Early accustomed to handling

the implements of industry, familiar from his childhood with various branches of agriculture and manufactures, instructed to hold manual labor in honorable estimation, upon arriving at maturity, he would be able to provide amply for all his material wants, by the exercise of industry which is in every way attractive, and which no longer requires self-denial. He would be guaranteed, moreover, constant and uninterrupted employment. He would not be subject to the chances of trade and the fluctuations of unregulated commerce. With his industrial education, he would always be a welcome member of the different groups, devoted to various branches of industry, for which he possessed a peculiar aptitude. He is thus relieved from the biting anxiety, which at present corrodes the heart of every poor man, whose nature has not become already blunted by misfortune. He tastes the comforts of his own warm fire, with no fear of its being put out by the importunity of a creditor, and can indulge in the deepest affections for the family in which he has garnered up his heart, without dreading the moment when a change in business must either tear them asunder or plunge them in misery. Nor does he suffer from being deprived of a portion of the fruits of his labor, by a host of intermediate agents, who now suck out the substance of the producer, and make twelve hours a day of toil necessary to do the work of three or four. His daily labors, which are in fact converted into pleasures, would crown him with wealth in abundance. The certainty of an ample supply for all his wants, would destroy the insane thirst for accumulation which poisons the springs of modern society. Riches, having become a matter of course, would cease to be grasped with avidity. Material good would be reduced to its true place, as the condition and servant of spiritual good. The higher faculties of the soul, now benumbed by privations, or enervated by effeminate luxuries, would be called into vigorous action. Human nature would be manifested in its normal state. Man would appear in his justice, his truth, his beneficence, his harmonious and symmetrical development, as the image of the divine Creator.

Is a state of society like this, the vain dream of the enthusiast? Is there anything chimerical in the hope, the conviction that leads us to labor for its realization? Do we stamp ourselves as impracticable visionaries, because we cease not to declare, that such an arrangement of society is the only order of God, and that without it man must forever wander, like a star shot from its orbit, in darkness and chaotic confusion? We tell you, O friends, if this faith be a delusion, then was the blessed teacher who announced

the Unity of Man a false prophet; then are the divinest inspirations which ever glowed in the human soul, the cheatery of the devil, then

"Heaven's pillared firmament is rottenness
And Earth's base built on stubble."

JOHN JACOB ASTOR AND HIS BENEVOLENT PROJECT.

We find the following statement going the newspaper rounds, although we have as yet seen no evidence which leads us to think that it is authentic. It is hardly probable that Mr. Astor has ever had such a plan in contemplation, however this or similar projects may have been urged upon his attention.

"A BENEVOLENT DESIGN. An exchange paper speaking of Mr. Astor, the wealthiest man in the United States, says he designs establishing an institution for the advancement of honest and deserving men, by supplying them with capital varying from one to five thousand dollars, wherewith to commence life and forward themselves in their respective callings. Attached to this institution will be a board of gentlemen, whose duty it will be to examine and report on the character, talents, age, and claims of each applicant for a portion of the donor's bounty, and in case they report satisfactorily, the money will be forthcoming on personal security, and given for an unlimited period of time, without interest. It is a very common thing to attribute an intention to a wealthy man which never entered into his mind. But Mr. Astor has shown a liberal spirit, and the report of his benevolent project has probably some foundation. Such an institution would no doubt prove very beneficial, managed without favor, by judicious persons. Franklin had such a project in view when he provided for lending small sums to young and industrious mechanics, without capital. If his means had been as extensive as Astor's, his free and benevolent spirit would have carried his intention into execution on the most liberal scale." — *New York Telegraph*.

If it be true that such is Mr. Astor's intention, we commend his liberality of purpose, and are disposed to think as well of his plan, as of any other form of social charity. No doubt many deserving young men might thus obtain a moderate capital, who would make a good use of it, and get an effectual lift on starting in life. It is certainly better to help a man to engage in industry and thus keep him and his family from starving, than it is to give him cold victuals or the thin soup of a benevolent society, when he is ready to perish for lack of employment. But Mr. Astor's plan, we respectfully submit, does not hit the nail on the head. It is merely a temporary provision against a permanent evil. It presents a very agreeable palliative for a cancer that is gnawing on the very vitals of society. Perhaps it would prove nothing more than a grateful anodyne to lull the wretched sufferer in deceitful slumbers. At all events, it does

not touch the seat of the horrible misery of modern society. What is demanded to remove this, is not *Charity* in any form, but *Justice*, in every form. Give the poor man the right to labor, with all which that right involves. Secure to him a foothold on the free soil, which God gave to man, as unconditionally as the light and water. Put him in possession of a home, of which he cannot be bereft by misfortune, tricked out by cunning, or robbed by rapacious cupidity. The scattering of a few thousand dollars in the way proposed by Mr. Astor, if in fact he proposes anything at all, might aid here and there a solitary individual, but would be as impotent against the wild, raging surges of social wretchedness, as were the puny anchors of the ill-fated Atlantic, to withstand the wrathful billows in which it was engulfed. Peace, Joy, and Social Progress, can come only from devotion to the Right. No way short of God's way can save the world. A tender heart, a whining morality, a sentimentalizing philanthropy can do no more than puppets in this stern conflict. We need science to unfold the Laws of the Universe, Wisdom to comprehend them, the Might of Human Will to accomplish them. Let these divine agencies be applied to society, and its present crazy, quaking fabric would fall to pieces; a temple worthy of God and man would be erected on its ruins; and John Jacob Astor's would not be called on to supply the apparent neglect of the Eternal Providence.

RAIL ROAD TO THE PACIFIC.

We are happy to learn that this gigantic project is beginning to attract the attention to which it is entitled, no less on account of the grandeur and vastness of the design, than the ability, zeal, and devotedness of its author. We know nothing of Mr. Whitney, except in connection with this enterprise, but from every thing which we have seen of his public career, since the plan was announced, we believe him to be a man not only of original and bold conceptions, but of the courage, determination, and energy, essential to their successful accomplishment. He has recently been making a tour to the West, and lecturing to large audiences in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Terre Haute, Indianapolis, Dayton, Columbus, and Wheeling. In all these places, he has been received with enthusiasm; a strong public sentiment has been awakened in his favor personally, and in favor of the contemplated road; and measures have been taken to memorialize Congress in behalf of the project. Mr. Whitney makes his appearance at a most fortunate time for himself. He is not doomed to encounter

the obloquy and neglect which were experienced by the original inventor of the rail road system. His merit consists in a bold application of a principle that has gone through its novitiate and found acceptance. We dare say that he will find less difficulty in the realization of his stupendous design than did poor Thomas Gray in arousing the attention of the English public to the practicability of rail-road communication between Manchester and Liverpool. The age that is to witness a rail road between the Atlantic and Pacific, as a grand material type of the unity of nations, will also behold a social organization, productive of moral and spiritual results, whose sublime and beneficent character will eclipse even the glory of those colossal achievements, which send messengers of fire over the mountain tops, and connect ocean with ocean by iron and granite bands.

UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS.

A respected correspondent in a Western city thus speaks of the attempts at Association in that quarter, which have proved unsuccessful.

"It may be a question whether it had been better that these fragmentary attempts had never been tried. As an individual, my experience bids me declare that I consider the great cause which we advocate has rather gained than lost by these failures. They have been schools for training, heavy as the cost has been: and notwithstanding Fourier's calculation, that 'in a full and complete Association, each individual will naturally drop into his place,' still I think the great majority of people of the present day so utterly unfitted for Association, that a few being drilled beforehand, will be of essential service to the ultimate success of this great movement. This is the light in which I view it, and as to individual losses, I throw that to the winds—no man should enter the ranks practically in such a glorious warfare, who is not ready to sacrifice every thing, even life itself, for the sake of its consummation—the redemption of the human race—the cause of truth and justice. This of course, is the language of an enthusiast. Well, be it so: I am an enthusiast—have always been—and mean to continue one."

We fully coincide with these views of our correspondent. It would betray utter ignorance of the principles of Association, to feel a moment's discouragement on account of the failures to which he alludes. They were the inevitable result of the imperfect arrangements, with which every new enterprise almost universally commences. Nor were these attempts intended to embody in a complete practi-

cal organization, the system of Associated industry. They aimed at an advance on the present social state, at freedom from its fierce antagonism and heartless selfishness, at the establishment of freer and more natural relations between man and man, and, as far as we are informed, the result in this respect has been of the most gratifying character. Whatever material disasters may have attended the operation, we can testify to this point, most emphatically, from our own experience. Surrounded by external obstacles, suffering from the greatest imaginable dearth of facilities for brilliant results, and always impeded with undertakings too great for our resources, our convictions have been continually strengthened in regard to the social beauty and happiness, to be obtained from combination of interests, however inadequately organized. What then would be the effect of an Association, established with adequate resources of every description, on a scale commensurate with the magnitude of the experiment, and with every facility adapted to command success. The desire, the determination to witness the realization of such an enterprise have only been quickened by all past experience. They who have had a taste of Associative life, even in its humblest and most rudimental forms, can ill brook the hollow, false, and disgusting relations of the established social order. They long for the successful introduction of a true system. Their zeal is the fruit of personal knowledge, and hence are their opinions entitled to authority. Now then, friends, let this aim never be lost sight of. We must leave no fair and wise means untried to establish a model Phalanx, and that speedily. This should be the end constantly in view, in all our writings, teachings, and actions. Let us resolutely devote ourselves to the work and serenely wait the event.

THE REAR GUARD.

There are many noble minds, not only in Europe, but in this country, that are deeply impressed with the grandeur and beneficence of the Associative doctrines, although they never have been prominent among the public advocates of the movement. The reform, in which we are engaged, is so vast and comprehensive in its character, that we hail with joy every fellow-laborer for its promotion, whatever may be the position which he chooses to occupy. Some of us are called by inward conviction and favoring circumstances to bear the brunt of the battle, to become food for the powder which is always burned where vital interests are at stake, and to risk every thing precious in life, but the consciousness of obedience to truth and justice, for the progress

of our ideas. Others are at a distance from the field of combat, they watch the movement as friendly spectators, they wish for victory on the side of truth, and pray the Supreme to prosper the right. Their presence and sympathy are invaluable aids. They form a rear guard, to cheer and sustain the efforts of the stout pioneers, whom the fortune of war has placed in the front rank. The number of these devoted supporters is not small, and do not forget them, O man of facts and statistics, when you take account of our resources. Here is a testimony we have just received, from one of this *corps de reserve*,—one of the most accomplished scholars and admirable men, of whom this country can boast.

"I am rejoiced that the Harbinger is to be continued. This is at once a sign that the great cause is advancing and an earnest that it will go on advancing; for a good cause with so good an advocate must in the end prosper. Your journal stands on a noble eminence, whence, to discordant, waiting humanity, you point to a blessed region where discord and wretchedness shall cease. Behind you is the darkness of misdeveloped, misdirected faculties and the multiform disappointment of false aims: before you, the light of full, harmonious development, and the unspeakable content resulting from true aims and the healthy pursuit of them."

THE ANGLO SAXON.

This is the title of a new paper, of which the first number has just made its appearance,—to be issued in Boston, by Messrs. Andrews and Boyle. It is devoted to the Phonographic system, and is published in Phonotypic characters. With the interest that has recently been awakened in this new science, we cannot doubt that the ANGLO SAXON will meet with a cordial reception, and prove an efficient and welcome advocate of the cause to which it is devoted. The well-known talent, intelligence, and energy of its editors, are a pledge that it will be conducted with ability. We are glad to find that the claims of Phonography have been listened to with an uncommon degree of candor by many of the most eminent literary men in our conservative community, and that its principles, which are so clearly founded in nature and good sense, have commended themselves to enlightened and reflecting men of all classes. Phonography is bound to go forward; the time-hallowed associations of the past can no more enbalm the present false and arbitrary orthography, than they can consecrate the spelling of Gower and Chaucer as the model for all future ages. We wonder, however, that this serious revolt against the King's

English has not excited a greater fluttering among the owls and jackdaws that brood over public opinion and morals. We hear no note of alarm from any quarter. Not a bird has peeped, or chattered, or moved a wing. Where are the guardians of our virtue? Where sleep the vigilant Herald, Observer, and Express?

LECTURES IN VERMONT.

The Lecturers of the AMERICAN UNION are prosecuting their tour in Vermont with interest and success. They are sowing seed which falls upon a receptive soil and which will prepare for a glorious harvest. As usual, they are obliged to face the opposition of self-satisfied Conservatives in Church and State; as of old, the Scribes and Pharisees turn the cold shoulder to the heralds of new truth; but the common people hear them gladly, and welcome the doctrines of social regeneration with earnest hearts.

We learn from the last accounts which we have received, that they have lectured in BRANDON, PITTSFORD, CLARENDON, and MIDDLEBURY, several times in each place, and always to audiences that showed a deep interest in the subject. The formation of affiliated Societies, it is stated, awakens an enthusiastic interest, and in this way, efficient aid will be rendered to the friends of the Union, and its sphere of action enlarged.

While we are up, as the orators say, let us urge our friends every where to organize into affiliated Unions,—no matter with how small a number. Union, concentration is the one thing needful at present. We must have a nucleus, from which to start, in every town and village, where two or three Associationists are to be found. Let us hear also from any place, where our Lecturers may be wanted. The work of promulgation must not be permitted to flag, until it is triumphantly completed—until the life-giving truths of Social Harmony have been proclaimed throughout the land, and the practical organization of a model Phalanx shall be auspiciously commenced.

THE DAY IS DAWNING.

We can well afford to wait a long time for the consummation of human redemption. A reform so vast, so deep, so universal as that which the Associationist aims at, cannot be accomplished in a day. Still the signs of progress all around us are of the most cheering character. A great advance has been made within even the last five years. We see the light breaking forth in the East, growing brighter and brighter, showing that a sunny day is not far off. The sympathy, the enthusiasm, with which

the doctrines of Association are hailed, and responded to by intelligent men, earnest seekers after truth, in different and distant parts of the country, is an encouraging omen. A friend, whose face we have never seen, but with whom we are united in a common hope, thus writes us from a neighboring State. His letter speaks the language of many hearts.

"Feeling, as I do, the most lively interest in every thing that promises to contribute to the great work of human progression, I contemplate, with thrilling joy, the gradual and steady swelling of the great ocean of love and sympathy, that is now, more than ever before, universalizing the aspirations of man and converting into the actual the long-sought ideal. Every where the pulse of thought appears to be beating anew; and every new heart-throb seems to awake the higher, but too long dormant impulse of our nature. It really needs but a fair degree of active 'Faith, Hope and Charity' to behold growing out of the chaotic present, the Universal Harmony of the future—a harmony of human intelligence *on the earth*—for 'God shall be their God and they shall be his people.' This is the faith of the Associationist; and who can wonder that his heart grows big with the subject; that his soul is the sanctuary for the silent worship of the great Author of Universal Liberty and Order as it seeks the companionship of the Human Family in the lofty faith?

"I rejoice to see you moving for the establishment of a new church—one whose name is as significant as I trust its disciples will be faithful and loving—not because I would like to see more sects and partisans, for we all know the Christian world is lamentably fragmentary and antagonistic already; but because I have a hope that it will prove to be another 'star in the east' to guide and direct the worshipful and hopeful to the meek abode of the infant Saviour of our day. May it grow to be the true Church of God, the 'Kingdom that shall break in pieces and consume all other Kingdoms.'

☞ The BOSTON CHRONOTYPE is taking its stand more and more decidedly in the front rank of social reformers. It cuts through, with its keen Damascus blade, a whole army of abuses and lies, and that with so little ado about it, that the unhappy wight who has fallen under its stroke, may not know he is hurt, till he attempts to speak, when behold! his head drops off. Its Editor seems to be too old to tremble as he passes a churchyard, but if moved to do so, marches boldly into the mossiest sepulchres and makes a terrific clattering among the

dry bones. He is not a man to whistle, either through want of thought, or fear of ghosts. He shows almost every day that some solemn, spectral form, which has long made the world's teeth to chatter, is nothing better than a chestnut rail in a winding sheet. His little seven by nine has the effect of a bomb shell thrown into a company of fat aldermen, who are getting sleepy after dinner. As soon as the first shock is over, they begin to rub their eyes to find out who is not killed, and all who have any signs of life left, commence a vehement cursing and swearing. The way in which the contemporary Dailies fall upon the Chronotype is a regular *Batrachomachia*, or battle of the frogs. Dire croaks come up from every swamp. Meantime, the object of the attack goes ahead serene as Jupiter or Nicholas Biddle, and our life on it, never loses a wink of sleep or a joke.

Let those who complain that all Yankeeedom cannot boast of a live newspaper, forthwith take the Chronotype and confess their sins.

How is "Morality" to be reconciled with itself? On the one hand it preaches up contempt of riches and love of august truth; on the other hand it excites the love of commerce, which tends only to amass riches by every fraudulent practice.—*Fourier*.

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MISCELLANY.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT.*

SEQUEL TO

CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XXXI.

All the seven were there, as at the first time, masked, mute, impenetrable as phantoms. The eighth personage, who had then addressed Consuelo and who seemed to be the interpreter of the council and the initiator of the adepts, spoke to her in these terms :

"Consuelo, you have already undergone some trials from which you have come forth to your glory and our satisfaction. We can grant you our confidence, and we are about to prove it to you."

"Wait," said Consuelo ; "you think me without blame, and I am not. I have disobeyed you ; I have been out of the retreat which you assigned to me."

"From curiosity !"

"No."

"Can you tell us what you have learned ?"

"What I have learned is entirely personal to myself ; I have among you a confessor to whom I can and wish to reveal it."

The old man whom Consuelo invoked rose and said :

"I know all. The fault of this child is trifling. She knows nothing of which you wish her to remain ignorant. The confession of her feelings will be between herself and me. In the meanwhile, profit by this hour ; let what she is to know be revealed to her without delay. I hold myself responsible for her in all things."

The initiator resumed his discourse after having turned towards the tribunal and received a sign of assent.

"Listen to me attentively," said he to her. "I speak to you in the name of

those whom you see here assembled. It is their spirit, and, so to speak, their breath which inspires me. It is their doctrine which I am about to lay before you.

"The distinctive characteristic of the religions of antiquity is to have two faces, one external and public, one internal and secret ; one is the spirit, the other the form or the letter. Behind the material and gross symbol, the profound sense, the sublime idea. Egypt and India, great types of the ancient religions, mothers of pure doctrines, present in the highest state this duality of aspect, a necessary and fatal form of the infancy of society and of the misery attached to the development of the genius of man. You have recently learned in what consisted the great mysteries of Memphis and Eleusis, and you now know why the divine, political, and social science, concentrated with the triple religious, military, and industrial power in the hands of the hierophants, did not descend so far as the lowest classes of those ancient societies. The Christian idea, enveloped in the word of the revealer in more transparent and pure symbols, came into the world in order to bring down to the souls of the people the knowledge of truth and the light of faith. But the theocracy, an inevitable abuse of religions formed in trouble and in danger, soon endeavored once more to veil the doctrine, and in veiling altered it. Idolatry reappeared with the mysteries, and in the painful development of Christianity we saw the hierophants of apostolic Rome lose, by divine punishment, the divine light, and fall again into the errors into which they wished to plunge mankind. The development of human intelligence then proceeded in a sense entirely contrary to the advance of the past. The temple was no longer, as in ancient times, the sanctuary of truth. Superstition and ignorance, gross symbols, the dead letter, sat upon the altars and the thrones. The spirit at last descended into the classes too long debased. Poor monks, obscure doc-

tors, humble penitents, virtuous apostles of primitive Christianity made of the secret and persecuted religion an asylum for unknown truth. They endeavored to initiate the people into the religion of equality, and, in the name of Saint John, they preached a new Gospel, that is to say, a new interpretation, more free, more hardy and more pure, of the Christian revelation. You know the history of their labors, of their trials, of their martyrdom. You know the sufferings of the people, their ardent aspirations, their terrible outbursts, their deplorable weakness, their stormy awakenings ; and through so many efforts by turns frightful and sublime, their heroic perseverance to escape from darkness and to find the way to God. The time is near when the veil of the temple shall be rent forever, and when the crowd shall take by storm the sanctuaries of the holy ark. Then symbols will disappear, and the entrances to truth will no longer be guarded by the dragons of religious and monarchical despotism. Every man will be able to walk in the path of light and to come nigh to God with all the power of his soul. No longer will any one say to his brother : 'Be ignorant and humble yourself. Close your eyes and receive the yoke.' Every one will, on the contrary, be able to ask of his brother the help of his eye, of his heart, and of his arm, to penetrate into the arcana of the sacred science. But that time has not yet come, and at this hour we salute only the dawn trembling upon the horizon. The time of secret religions still exists, the work of mystery is not yet accomplished. We are still here enclosed in the temple, busied in forging arms to drive away the keepers who interpose between the people and ourselves, and compelled still to keep our doors closed and our words secret, that no one may come and wrest from our hands the holy ark, saved with so much difficulty and reserved for the community of mankind.

"You are now received into the new temple ; but that temple is still a fortress

* 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.

which has held out during ages for liberty, without being able to win it. The war is around us. We wish to be liberators, we are as yet only combatants. You come here to receive the fraternal communion, the standard of salvation, the sign of liberty, and perhaps to perish on the breach in the midst of us. Such is the destiny which you have accepted. You will perhaps fall without having seen the pledge of victory wave over your head. It is still in the name of Saint John that we call men to the crusade. It is still a symbol that we invoke; we are the heirs of the Joannites of former times, the unknown, mysterious, and persevering continuers of Wickliffe, of John Huss and of Luther; we wish, as they wished, to free the human race; but, like them, we are not free ourselves, and like them, we perhaps march to execution.

"Still the combat has changed its ground, and the arms their nature. We brave, still, the overshadowing rigor of the laws; we still expose ourselves to proscription, to misery, to captivity, even to death; for the methods of tyranny are always the same; but our methods are no longer an appeal to physical revolt, to the bloody preaching of the cross and the sword. Our war is entirely intellectual, as is our mission. We address ourselves to the mind, we act by the mind. It is not by armed force that we can overthrow governments, now organized and supported upon all the means of brutal force. We wage against them a war more slow, more silent, and more profound; we attack them at the heart. We shake their bases by destroying the blind faith and the idolatrous respect which they seek to inspire. We cause to penetrate every where, and even into the troubled and fascinated minds of princes and kings, what no one dares any longer to call the poison of philosophy; we destroy all their charms; we discharge, from the height of our fortress, all the hot shot of burning truth and implacable reason upon the altars and the thrones. We shall conquer: do not doubt it. In how many years, in how many days? We do not know. But our enterprise dates from such remote antiquity, it has been conducted with so much faith, stifled with so little success, resumed with so much ardor, pursued with so much enthusiasm, that it cannot fail; it has become immortal in its nature, like the immortal good it has to win. Our ancestors began it, and each generation has hoped to finish it. If we did not also hope a little ourselves, perhaps our zeal would be less fervent and less efficacious; but if the spirit of doubt and of irony which now governs the world, should succeed in proving to us,

by its cold calculations and its abusive reasonings, that we pursue a dream which can be realized only in several centuries, our conviction in the holiness of our cause would not be shaken; and because we should labor with a little more effort and a little more sorrow, we should not the less labor for the men of the future. There is between us and the men of the past and the generations yet unborn, a religious bond, so close and so firm that we have almost stifled in ourselves the selfish and personal portion of human individuality. This is what the vulgar cannot comprehend; and yet there is in the pride of the nobility something which resembles our hereditary religious enthusiasm. Among the great, many sacrifices are made for glory, in order to be worthy of their ancestors and to bequeath much honor to their posterity. Among us, architects of the temple of truth, many sacrifices are made to virtue, in order to continue the edifice of our masters and to form laborious apprentices. We live by the mind and by the heart in the past, in the future and in the present all at once. Our predecessors and our successors are as much ourselves as we are. We believe in the transmission of life, of sentiments, of generous instincts in souls, as the patricians believe in that of an excellence of race in their veins. We go still further; we believe in the transmission of the life, of the individuality of the soul and of the human person. We feel ourselves fatally and providentially called to continue the work we have already dreamed, always pursued, and advanced from age to age among us. There are even some among us who have carried their contemplation of the past and of the future so far as almost to lose all notion of the present; that is the sublime fever, that is the ecstasy of our believers and our saints; for we have our saints, our prophets, perhaps also our exalted and visionaries; but whatever be the wandering or the sublimity of their transports, we respect their inspiration, and among us, Albert the ecstatic and the *seer* has found only brothers full of sympathy for his sorrows and of admiration for his enthusiasm. We have faith also in the conviction of the count de Saint Germain, considered an impostor or deranged in the world. Though his reminiscences of a past inaccessible to human memory have a character more calm, more precise, and more inconceivable still than the ecstasies of Albert, they have also a character of good faith and a lucidity at which it is impossible for us to scoff. We count among ourselves many other exalted, mystics, poets, men of the people, philosophers, artists, ardent sectarians rallied around the banners of various chiefs; Bœhmists, Theosophists,

Moravians, Harnhutters, Quakers; even Pantheists, Pythagoricians, Xerophagists, Illuminés, Joannites, Templars, Millenarians, Jacobites, &c. All these ancient sects, in spite of their having no longer the development which they possessed at the time of their unfolding, are none the less existing and even but little modified. The characteristic of our epoch is to reproduce at once all those forms which the innovating or reforming genius has given by turns in past ages to the religious and philosophical idea. We therefore recruit our adepts in these various groups, without requiring an absolute identity of precepts, which is impossible in the time in which we live. It is enough for us to find in them an ardor for destruction in order to call them into our ranks; all our organizing science consists in choosing our *builders* only among spirits superior to the disputes of schools, in whom the passion of truth, the thirst of justice, and the instinct of a pure morality prevail over the habits of family and the rivalries of sect. Besides, it is not so difficult as is thought to cause to work in concert very dissimilar elements; those dissimilarities are more apparent than real. At bottom, all these heretics (it is with respect I use that name) agree upon the principal point, that of destroying intellectual and physical tyranny, or at least of protesting against it. The antagonisms which have hitherto retarded the fusion of all these generous and useful resistances come from self-love and from jealousy, vices inherent to the human condition, fatal and inevitable counterpoises to all progress in humanity. By sparing these susceptibilities, by permitting each communion to keep its masters, its institutions and its rites, we can constitute, if not a society, at least an army; and I have told you we are still only an army, marching to the conquest of a promised land, of an ideal society. At the stage in which human nature still is, there are so many shades of character in individuals, so many different degrees in the conception of truth, so many varied aspects, ingenious manifestations of the rich nature which created the human race, that it is absolutely necessary to leave to each the conditions of his life and the elements of his power of action.

"Our work is grand, our task immense. We wish not only to found a universal empire upon a new order and upon equitable bases; it is a religion that we wish to reconstruct. We feel, moreover, that the one is impossible without the other. Thus we have two modes of action. One all material, to undermine and cause to crumble the old world by criticism, by examination, even by sneering Voltairism and all connected with it. The formidable concourse of all wills

and of all strong passions hurries our march in that direction. Our other mode of action is all spiritual: it is to build up the religion of the future. The elect in intelligence and virtue assist us in this incessant labor of our thought. The work of the Invisibles is a council which the persecution of the official world prevents from assembling publicly, but which deliberates without relaxation, and which labors under the same inspiration in all points of the civilized world. Mysterious communications carry the seed in the air as fast as it ripens — sow it in the field of humanity as fast as we clear it from the husk. It is in this last subterranean labor that you can be associated; we can tell you how when you shall have accepted it."

"I accept it," replied Consuelo in a firm voice, and raising her arms to heaven in the form of an oath.

"Be not in haste to promise, woman of generous instincts, of an enterprising soul. Perhaps you have not all the virtues which such a mission would require. You have traversed the world; you have already gathered therein the notions of prudence, of what is called *savoir-vivre*, discretion, the spirit of conduct."

"I do not so flatter myself," replied Consuelo, smiling with a modest pride.

"Well, you have there learned at least to doubt, to discuss, to sneer, to suspect."

"To doubt, perhaps. Take from me the doubt which was not in my nature and which has made me suffer, and I will bless you. Take from me especially the doubt of myself, which would strike me with impotence."

"We cannot relieve you of doubt except by developing our principles to you. As to giving you material guaranties of our sincerity and our power, we shall not do so otherwise than we have hitherto done. Let the services we have rendered be sufficient for you: we will always assist you on occasion, but we will not associate you in the mysteries of our thought and of our action, except according to that part of action which we give to yourself. You will not know us. You will never see our features. You will never know our names, unless a great interest of the cause compels us to infringe the law which renders us unknown and invisible to our disciples. Can you submit and trust blindly to men who will never be to you other than abstract beings, living ideas, mysterious aids and counsels!"

"A vain curiosity only could impel me to wish to know you otherwise. I hope that childish feeling will never enter my bosom."

"We have no reference to curiosity,

but to mistrust. Yours would be well founded, according to the logic and the prudence of the world. A man is answerable for his actions; his name is a pledge or a warning; his reputation supports or belies his acts or his projects. Do you reflect that you can never compare the conduct of any one of us in particular with the precepts of the order? You must believe in us as saints, without knowing that we are not hypocrites. You must even see apparent injustice, perfidy, cruelty, emanate from our decisions. You can no more control our operations than you can our intentions. Will you have faith enough to walk with closed eyes upon the brink of an abyss?"

"In the practice of catholicism I did so in my childhood," replied Consuelo after a moment's reflection. "I opened my heart and gave up the direction of my conscience to a priest whose features I did not see behind the veil of the confessional, and whose name and life I did not know. I saw in him only the priesthood, the man was nothing to me. I obeyed the Christ, and did not trouble myself about his minister. Do you think that very difficult?"

"Raise your hand now, if you persist."

"Wait," said Consuelo. "Your reply would decide upon my destiny, but will you permit me to interrogate you once, for the first and the last time?"

"You see! already you hesitate, already you seek for guaranties elsewhere than in your spontaneous inspiration and in the bounding of your heart towards the idea which we represent. Speak however. The question you wish to make will enlighten us respecting the disposition of your mind."

"This is it. Is Albert initiated into all your secrets?"

"Yes."

"Without the least restriction?"

"Without the least restriction."

"And he walks with you?"

"Say rather that we walk with him. He is one of the lights of our council, the purest, the most divine perhaps."

"Why did you not tell me this at first? I should not have hesitated a moment. Lead me where you will, dispose of my life. I am yours and I swear it."

"You extend your hand! but upon what do you swear?"

"Upon the image of the Christ which I see here."

"What is the Christ?"

"The divine thought revealed to humanity."

"Is that thought entire in the letter of the gospel?"

"I do not believe that it is. But I do believe that it is entire in its spirit."

"We are satisfied with your answer and we accept the oath you have just

taken. Now we are about to instruct you in your duties towards God and towards us. Learn therefore, beforehand, the three words which are all the secret of our mysteries, and which are only revealed to most of the affiliated with so many delays and precautions. You have no need of a long apprenticeship; and yet you will require some reflection to understand their whole extent. *Liberty, Fraternity, Equality*; this is the mysterious and profound formula of the work of the Invisibles."

"Is that, in fact, all the mystery?"

"It does not seem to you to be one; but examine the state of societies and you will see that, to men accustomed to be governed by despotism, inequality, antagonism, it is an entire education, an entire conversion, a whole revelation, to come to understand clearly the human possibility, the social necessity and the moral self-denial of this triple precept: *Liberty, Fraternity, Equality*. The small number of upright minds and pure hearts who protest naturally against the injustice and the disorder of tyranny, seize the secret doctrine at the first step. Their progress in it is rapid, for with them it is only requisite to teach them the processes of application which we have discovered. But for the greater number, with the people of the world, the courtiers and the powerful, imagine what precaution and discretion are necessary before submitting to their examination the sacred formula of the eternal work: it is necessary to surround it with symbols and evasions; it is necessary to persuade them that it refers only to a fictitious liberty, confined to the exercise of individual thought, of a relative equality, extended only to the members of the association and practicable only in its secret and benevolent assemblies; in fine, to a romantic brotherhood agreed upon between a certain number of persons and limited to temporary services, to some good works, to mutual assistance. For these slaves of custom and prejudice, our mysteries are only the statutes of heroic orders, renewed from ancient chivalry, and offering no attack upon constituted powers, no remedy to the miseries of the people. For them we have only insignificant grades, degrees of frivolous science or of hackneyed antiquity, a series of initiations, the strange rites of which amuse their curiosity without enlightening their minds. They believe they know every thing and they know nothing."

"Of what use are they?" said Consuelo, who listened attentively.

"To protect the exercise and freedom of labor of those who do understand and know," replied the initiator; "this will be explained to you. Listen first to what we expect from you."

"Europe (Germany and France especially) is filled with secret societies, subterranean laboratories in which is being prepared a great revolution of which Germany or France will be the crater. We have the key, and we endeavor to have the direction of all those associations, without the knowledge of the greater part of their members and without any one of them having knowledge of our connection with others. Although our object has not yet been attained, we have succeeded in placing our foot every where, and the most eminent among the different associates are with us and second our efforts. We will procure for you an admission into all those holy sanctuaries, into all these profane temples; for corruption and frivolity have likewise built their cities; and in some, vice and virtue labor in the same work of destruction, without the evil understanding its association with the good. Such is the law of conspiracies. You will know the secret of the free-masons, a great brotherhood which, under the most varied forms and with the most different ideas, labors to organize the practice and to spread the notion of equality. You will receive all the degrees of all the rites, though women are admitted to them only by adoption and do not share in all the secrets of the doctrine. We shall treat you as a man; we shall give you all the insignia, all the titles, all the formulas necessary for the relations which we shall cause you to establish with the lodges and for the negotiations with them which we shall entrust to you; and your profession, your travelling life, your talents, the fascination of your sex, your youth and your beauty, your virtues, your courage, your uprightness and your discretion, fit you for that part and give us the necessary guaranties. Your past life, the smallest details of which we know, is a sufficient pledge to us. You have voluntarily undergone more trials than the masonic mysteries could invent, and you have come out from them stronger and more victorious than their adepts from the vain forms intended to try their constancy. Moreover, the wife and the pupil of Albert de Rudolstadt is our daughter, our sister and our equal. Like Albert, we profess the precept of the divine equality of the man and the woman; but compelled to recognize in the unhappy results of the education of your sex, in its social position and its customs, a dangerous frivolity and capricious instincts, we cannot practice that precept in all its extent; we can trust in only a small number of women, and there are secrets which we shall confide to you alone.

"The other secret societies of the different nations of Europe will also be

opened to you by the talisman of our investiture, in order that, through whatever country you pass, you may there find an opportunity to second us and serve our cause. You will even penetrate, if necessary, into the impure society of the *Mopses* and into the other mysterious retreats of the gallantry and of the incredulity of the age. You will carry there reform and the idea of a purer and better understood brotherhood. You will not be sullied in your mission by the spectacle of the debauchery of the great, any more than you have been by that of the freedom of the stage. You will be a sister of charity to wounded souls; we shall give you moreover the means of destroying those associations which you cannot correct. You will act principally upon women; your genius and your fame will open to you the gates of palaces; the love of Trenck and our protection have already given you the heart and the secrets of an illustrious princess. You will see closely still more powerful personages and will make of them our auxiliaries. The means of attaining this will be the object of private communications of an entirely special education which you will here receive. In all the courts and in all the cities of Europe towards which you wish to turn your steps we shall cause you to find friends, associates, brothers to second you, powerful protectors to secure you from the dangers of your enterprise. Large sums will be entrusted to you to relieve the misfortunes of our brothers and those of all the unhappy who by means of the signals of distress may invoke the assistance of our order in places where you may be. You will institute among women new secret societies, founded by us upon the principles of our own, but adapted, in their forms and their composition, to the usages and the manners of different countries and different classes. You will endeavor as much as possible to bring about the cordial and sincere union of the great lady and the citizen's wife, of the rich woman and the poor sempstress, of the virtuous matron and the adventurous female artist. *Tolerance and Benevolence*, such will be the formula, softened for the persons of the world, of our real and austere formula: *Equality, Fraternity*. You see, at first sight, your mission is sweet for your heart and glorious for your life; still it is not without danger. We are powerful, but treachery may destroy our enterprise and overwhelm you in our disaster. Spandaw may not be the last of your prisons, nor the rage of Frederick II. the only royal rage you may have to encounter. Are you prepared for all and devoted beforehand to the martyrdom of persecution?"

"I am," replied Consuelo.

"We are certain of it, and if we fear anything, it is not the weakness of your character, but the dejection of your mind. From this moment we must put you on your guard against the principal disgust attached to your mission. The lower grades of the secret societies, and especially of masonry, are almost insignificant in our eyes and serve us only to try the instincts and the dispositions of the candidates. The greater part never pass those first degrees, in which, as I have already said, vain ceremonies amuse their frivolous curiosity. Into the following grades are admitted only persons who give us hopes, and yet these are still kept at a distance from the end; they are examined, they are tried, their souls are probed, they are prepared for a more complete initiation, or they are given up to an interpretation which they could not pass without danger to the cause and to themselves. That is still only a nursery from which we choose the strong plants destined to be transplanted into the sacred forest. To the highest grades alone belong the important revelations, and it is by them that you will enter upon the career. But the part of *master* imposes many duties, and there ceases the charm of curiosity, the intoxication of mystery, the illusion of hope. You have no longer to learn, in the midst of enthusiasm and emotion, that law which transforms the neophyte into an apostle, the novice into a priestess. You have to practise it in instructing others and in seeking to recruit, among the clean in heart and the poor in spirit, levites for the sanctuary. It is there, poor Consuelo, that you will know the bitterness of hopes deceived and the hard labors of perseverance, when you shall see, among so many greedy, curious and boasting seekers after truth, so few serious, firm and sincere minds, so few souls worthy of receiving and capable of understanding it. For hundreds of children full of vanity at employing the formulas of equality and affecting its appearance, you will hardly find one man penetrated with their importance and courageous in their interpretation. You will be obliged to speak to them in enigmas and to make to yourself a sad jest in deceiving them respecting the fundamentals of the doctrine. The greater part of the princes whom we enrol under our banner are in this situation, and, adorned with vain masonic titles which amuse their foolish pride, serve only to guaranty to us the liberty of our movements and the tolerance of the police. Some, nevertheless, are sincere, or have been so. Frederick, surnamed the Great, and certainly capable of being great, was received as a free-mason before he was king, and at that time, liberty spoke to his heart, equality to his reason. Still we surrounded his

initiation with skilful and prudent men, who did not reveal to him the secrets of the doctrine. How we should have repented had they done so! At this moment, Frederick suspects, watches and persecutes another masonic rite which has been established at Berlin in competition with the lodge over which he presides, and other secret societies at the head of which prince Henry, his brother, has placed himself with ardor. And yet prince Henry, as also the abbeſs of Quedlimburg, is not and never will be, more than an initiate of the second degree. We know the princes, Consuelo, and we know that we must never repose entire confidence in them or in their courtiers. Frederick's brother and sister suffer from his tyranny and curse it. They willingly conspire against it, but for their own advantage. Notwithstanding the eminent qualities of these two princes, we shall never place the reins of our enterprise in their hands. They conspire, it is true, but they do not know to what a terrible work they lend the support of their name, their fortune and their credit. They imagine that they labor only to diminish the authority of their master, and to paralyze the encroachments of his ambition. The princess Amelia even carries into her zeal a sort of republican enthusiasm, and she is not the only crowned head whom a certain dream of antique grandeur and philosophic revolution have agitated in these times. All the little sovereigns of Germany learned Fenelon's *Telemachus* by heart in their childhood, and now they are fed on Montesquieu, Voltaire and Helvetius; but they do not go beyond a certain ideal of aristocratic government, wisely balanced, in which they, of right, are to have the first places. You can judge of the logic and good faith of all of them, by the strange contrast you have seen in Frederick between maxims and actions, words and deeds. They are no more than copies, more or less obliterated, more or less exaggerated of those models of philosophic tyrants. But as they have not absolute power in their hands, their conduct is less shocking; and people may form illusions respecting the use they would make of that power. We do not allow ourselves to be deceived; we permit these wearied masters, these dangerous friends, to sit upon the thrones of our symbolic temples. They think themselves the pontiffs; they imagine that they hold the key of the sacred mysteries, as formerly the chief of the holy-empire, fictitiously chosen grand-master of the secret tribunal, was persuaded that he commanded the terrible army of the franc-judges, masters of his power, of his designs and of his life. But while they believe themselves our generals, they serve us as lieutenants; and never before the

fatal day marked for their fall in the book of destiny, will they know that they assist us to labor against themselves.

"Such is the gloomy and bitter side of our work. It is necessary to make a compromise with certain laws of one's peaceful conscience, on opening the soul to our holy fanaticism. Will you have that courage, young priestess of pure heart and candid speech!"

"After all that you have told me, I am no longer permitted to draw back," replied Consuelo after a moment of silence.

"A first scruple might lead me into a series of reservations and terrors which would end in cowardice. I have received your austere confidences; I feel that I no longer belong to myself. Alas! yes, I confess it, I shall often suffer at the part with which you invest me; for I have already suffered bitterly at being obliged to deceive king Frederick in order to save friends in danger. Let me blush for the last time with the blush of souls virgin to all deception, and weep for the candor of my ignorant and peaceful youth. I cannot avoid these regrets; but I shall retain no tardy and pusillanimous remorse. I cannot henceforth be the inoffensive and useless child I have formerly been; I am no longer so, since I am placed between the necessity of conspiring against the oppressors of humanity or of betraying its liberators. I have touched the tree of knowledge: its fruits are bitter; but I shall not throw them from me. To know is a misfortune, but to refuse to act is a crime, when we *do know* what we should do."

"That is replying with wisdom and courage," returned the initiator. "We are satisfied with you. To-morrow evening we will proceed with your initiation. Prepare yourself during the whole day for a new baptism, for a formidable engagement, by meditation and prayer, by confession even, if your soul is not free from all personal feeling."

To be Continued.

☞ The earth, as a whole, teems with plenty, yet the inhabitants starve—some gormandize and waste and are idle, others toil and pine and starve. The earth is filled with light and knowledge, yet the great masses of men pine in darkness, ignorance and superstition. They who ought to be the enlighteners of the race use their superiority to lead them captive at their will. — D. S. Whitney.

UNPUBLISHED ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. One summer's morning, the Duke was riding with his groom on the north bank of the Serpentine, when an unfortunate gentleman, who had got out of his depth in the water, hallooed lustily to his grace for assistance. His grace stopped his horse, and turning to the

river, replied—"Field-marshal, the Duke of Wellington, is only a subscriber to the Royal Humane Society; neither he nor his groom hold any office under that institution. He is not one of the park-keepers, and has no connection with the Metropolitan police. The Duke declines interfering. The gentleman in the water may apply to any one of the officers of the Humane Society, or to a park-keeper, or to one of the officers of police." The Duke then touched his hat with his fore-finger, and quietly rode on. — *Almanack for the Month.*

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The Quaker of the olden time!

How calm, and firm, and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through!

The lust of power, the love of gain!
The thousand lures of sin
Around him had no power to stain
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all,

He walks by faith and not by sight,
By faith and not by law;
The presence of the wrong or right,
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive, makes
His brother's sin his own.

And, pausing not, for doubtful choice
Of evils great and small,
He listened to the inward voice
Which calls away from all.

O! spirit of that early day,
So pure, and strong, and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.

Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverence to make
Our daily lives a prayer.

British Friend.

THE POOR IN NEW YORK. In New York probably One Hundred Thousand persons depend for a subsistence on wages paid for their daily labor. When Winter approaches, Business is contracted and Employment is diminished, so that at least Twenty Thousand who have found work during the milder season are thrown out for two or three months. They are almost uniformly the least skilful, least effective, most meagrely paid portion of our citizens. They could hardly by possibility save anything when they had work; now they need fuel and extra clothing in addition to their former wants, and have absolutely nothing. Yet the landlord will be paid; every morsel of food or firing must be paid far higher prices than are charged the man of substance. — What are the unemployed to do? Remember they are thousands and every year is swelling their number. What shall they do? Christian men! they are your brethren. Fathers and Mothers! your children's fate

may be theirs, for no foresight, no heaps of gold, avail to secure us against "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Men of wealth! the cost of Pauperism is annually swelling; the next age may see it, if unchecked, absorb half your incomes. Statesmen! Philanthropists! what is to be done, not to maintain this immense multitude in idleness, but to give them constant and adequately rewarded employment? This is the problem of the Age — do not attempt to frown or scout it away, for it *will* be heard and heeded. Why not meet it thoroughly, and now? — *Tribune*.

For the Harbinger.

SOCIETY — AN ASPIRATION — OR THE ACTUAL AND THE POSSIBLE.

(Continued.)

Distributive or Mechanizing Attractions, (continued.)

The *Papillon* or *Alternating*. We have in No. 24, shown its utility in harmonizing the interests of the Society, whilst providing for the integral development of the individual. It interlocks the groups by the interchange of their members, in a serial unity. It is the necessity of variety, or change.

"The sun in the heavens won't pause without change,
But speeds on, o'er lands and o'er oceans to range;
The wave will not pause on the same lonesome strand;
The winds they go roaring with might through the land."

So in all nature, whether we regard the atom, alternately existing as an element of the crystal, the plant, the animal; the drop of water, now blended with the power of the ship-devouring billow, now fixed, itself a vast aerial sea to some wondering insect eye, as it trembles in a tulip's cup — now falling, a tear of emotion on some fair maiden's cheek, — still thus, all "elements perpetual circle multiform and mix and nourish all things, varying to their great maker's still new praise," — so likewise man, owning in his nature the same law that causes the day to succeed the night, and spring to follow winter; living in alternate phases of action and rest, manifesting the law of periodicity in the pulsations of his heart, in his sleep, his hunger, his habits both animal and spiritual; in the action of every fibre of nerve and muscle that compose his frame; — with man, the *Papillon* passion is a necessity of organization. There is no pursuit, which for a few hours, in its periodical order, variety cannot render attractive to some one; none which, however attractive in itself, monotony will not render repugnant to all. Man requires a composite variety: first of occupations; secondly of associates. Those in whom the passion is weak will content themselves with a

few pursuits, a few sets of associates; others only with a great number. The groups thus formed by the development of the alternating passion will be limited in their number only by the time devoted by attraction to each of its pursuits.

When we think of the combinations into which the twenty-six letters of our alphabet enter in all the words of our language, obsolete, modern, and yet to be coined; we shall be able to appreciate the number of serial combinations into which one thousand and eight hundred persons may pass, each drawn successively by each of the passions which in turn predominate according to different ages, circumstances and phases of character. Their number is, however, considering the time which each requires, out of proportion with the comparatively brief space of our present life. It points to a composite immortality, in which this life, and that which death unlocks to us, shall *alternate* like our sleep and waking.

The *Papillon* passion, varying occupations and associations in the different groups which each person enters, modifies the structure of the series, and closely interlocks their interests by the numerous combinations of the human elements composing them. There can be no antagonism between the interests of the mechanical, agricultural, scientific and capitalist classes, when the majority in each of them belong also to each of the others.

Objections to the *Papillon* distribution will arise from the fact, that a man does best that which he is most accustomed to do, and that continual distraction in his occupations will prevent the attainment of excellence in any one. How little this excellence depends, however, on the length of time occupied in a special labor, we may understand from the skill and success of surgeons who are not engaged in operating more than half an hour in the day. Many do not operate oftener than once in several weeks. God in organizing us with many mental and moral faculties, and many groups of muscles, has expressed his intention that they should have *each* its appropriate action; and thus *all*, their integral harmonic developments. Will provisions essential to this interfere with the excellence of industrial products? Shall we expect a man to do his best work, when he is compelled to labor all day, and for many weeks together at a single unvarying species of toil, often one in itself unattractive to him; or when he works under the impulse of attraction at something which he does because he prefers it to anything else, and just as long and no longer than this attraction is sustained? Add to this that we take a pride in the excellence of what we do by

our free will, but none in what the compulsion either of persons or of circumstances forces us to. The emulative cabalist feeling of each group is brought into play; it excites them to surpass every other group in the same series or department, in the excellence of their product. This excellence also will secure to them the highest dividend in the distribution of profits. In the large industrial establishments of our cities, on the contrary, it is a common practice to turn off the best, most skillful and practised hands to make room for the labor of apprentices, who in consideration of the *privilege* of learning the trade receive little or no pay.

In reference to the first years of crude Association, formed from the distorted and one-sided elements of civilization, the objection to the *Papillon* distribution will be to a certain extent valid. The number of groups and of industrial departments in which men as we now find them can work to advantage, is very small. So far as the principle of interlocking the groups by alternating their individual elements, is carried out in a new organization by the adult members, it will be at a clear pecuniary loss, which each will calculate his own ability to support. It is only in the second generation, that the pecuniary advantages of alternation will begin to be appreciated; as that will be composed of members educated from infancy to the practice of many industrial vocations.

The sacrifice of time, from this and other obstructions of the mechanism in the first years, and the reduced time of working, may be estimated to subtract about one-half from the value of productive industry, among the same number of individuals compared with the compulsory labors of civilization. In full Phalanxes of one thousand to two thousand members, this will be much less the case, from the advantages of selection afforded by the great number of industrial departments; and it will be much more than compensated by the opening afforded for labor-saving machines, and by the economies of unitary management as to fires, kitchens, &c. &c., but it is to small combinations an obstacle of great weight.

Whilst harmonizing the interests of the series, the *Papillon* guaranties to our various faculties and sentiments, to all our attractions, such culture as will constitute for the individual an integral development, the sound mind in a sound body, and a happiness in which the pleasures associated with the healthy action of each faculty will be intensified by the frequently recurring stimulus of novelty. We now see its influence illustrated in the integral physical development of the athlete, who has given to all his groups

of muscles their healthy exercise, when contrasted with the clumsy and disproportionate power of the blacksmith's massive arm, or with the slight chest of a dancing master who has only developed the muscles of his leg.

We mark its influence in comparing a Milton, the soldier, statesman, poet, sage, and withal a man of glorious presence, with the sickly refinement of a Cowper.

The Papillon passion is eminently the Esculapius of the passions. This we instinctively recognize when we take a friend broken in health or heart to foreign countries. The change is in general, however, merely external, and fails of its object by its simplism. While men's hearts are shut to each other in cold selfishness, the poor wanderer will seldom find any new hearth of love. It is only in the large Phalanx home of Universal Unity, that together with fresh climates and novel customs he will obtain the composite variety of a new industrial, sensuous and affectional sphere.

The diseases of civilization are chiefly due to excess or to exhaustion, both consequent upon monotony of life.

In its action out of the serial order, this passion for variety and novelty is peculiarly mischievous. "If the blind lead the blind, then shall both fall into the ditch," and if the physician himself be sick, what shall become of his patients?

Here, where man's energies are not yet crushed by the abject poverty and the arbitrary laws under which the laboring serf of other climes lies prostrate, but where our free institutions have not yet ripened their fruit, and a monotonous and repugnant system of industry, inherited from the dark ages of poverty, ignorance and servitude still fetters his nature; it is here we should expect the passion for change, resisted by the monotony of the isolated household and the wearing toil of base necessity, to writhe in its wildest freaks. Here the spirit of unrest in politics, religion, industry, society, should burn in the feverish life, and stamp its haggard lines on our American features.

In space, a bed between the oceans, and from Maine to Mexico; ice at our head, fire at our feet, a curtained arch of light standing at the same moment on the double prism of dawn and sunset, is all too narrow for our fevered tossings. In occupations, free to follow each, though not to combine many, we see men impelled by the recoil of this spring, (denied an integral development by varied and attractive industry, where all their powers may be turned to profit,) wasting brilliant energy in fragmentary effort, and passing, not always in progressive order, through the farm, the school, the shop, the factory, daguerrotyping, lecturing, authorship; leaving no "foot-print on the sands of

Time" that the next wave may not efface, and too often illustrating the proverb that "a rolling stone gathers no moss."

Resisted at our meagre tables, it fills our streets with shops and huckster stands for all manner of abominations, assisting our other bad arrangements in naturalizing dyspepsia.

Barred within the narrow caste of a family circle whose members are thinned, scattered and estranged by the necessities of their livelihood, we lose that God-appointed sphere of relationships of character, where love, friendship and ambition should wake an eternal music in the chords of our being.

Denied the play of our affective attractions, we are thrown back upon the sensuous; not upon their higher developments in art, only open to the rich, but upon those which are common to us with the brutes: is it strange that intemperance should be a characteristic vice of civilization, and that in the excitement of spirituous drinks, tea, coffee, tobacco and opium, we should seek some vent for the life suppressed in its higher manifestations?

Liebig has shown from the connection of vital force, as of other forms of electricity, with oxidation and analogous chemical changes, (the amount evolved being proportioned to the material undergoing molecular change,) that this force like others is lost for one purpose in the ratio that it is expended in other purposes, and that a balance exists between the activity of intellection and muscular motion, and between them both and that of digestion, circulation and the other organic functions; thus proclaiming the unity of organic with animal and spiritual life. It is the consequence of this unity, and the converse of Liebig's proposition, that with a certain datum of vital energy and certain forms or modes of attraction given for its manifestation, the suppression in one direction necessitates a greater impulse to the channels left open.

Now arises the question whose answer is the key to human destiny. How to convert the *subversive* into the *harmonic* expression of the attraction for variety, which regulates for all our other attractions the conditions of action? Resistance to an attraction causes a subsequent development, or a perversion, intense in the ratio of that resistance. Fling a stone up into the air, it will not simply come down again to rest on the surface, but will bury itself in the sand: (attraction of gravitation.) Grind and dissolve a handful of salt, and as the solution evaporates, you will find a more perfect and intimate apposition of its particles in crystals: (attraction of cohesion.) The longer you starve a creature short of injuring his structure, the more intense will be

his digestion and the quicker he will fatten after it: (assimilative attraction.)

It is in hours of silence and darkness that voices and spectra come from within "the past-haunted caves of the soul," and repeat themselves upon our passive sense in dreams and visions: the longer we suspend the action of any sense, the greater becomes its susceptibility to impressions. When we would see in a dim light, we prepare our eyes by first shutting them: (visual and aural attractions.)

Who knows not that an ardent love, a high ambition, or devoted friendship, but gain new strength from obstacles opposed to them? (affective attractions.)

As the converse of this proposition, we find that a surfeit or excessive gratification of an attraction prevents its subsequent manifestation in a degree proportioned to that excess. We grow blind by gazing at the sun, and are deafened by the cannon's roar.

The cold bath is a safeguard from the pulmonary scourges of our climate, by diminishing our sensibility to the weather. Highly seasoned food impairs our sense of taste, and we become *blasé* or deadened by the very success of a love or ambition which has rendered life monotonous.

To convert the *subversive* into the *harmonic* development of attraction, we must then avoid the results of both repression and excess. We must strike the medium which gratifies each just to such an extent as to attain the equality of destiny with attraction, a state which is no longer one of action or motion, but of sensation or being. After attaining this point, which is the *point of harmonic expression* for each attraction in turn; we wish through the attraction for variety, to prevent destiny or gratification from exceeding attraction, and thereby depriving it of the conditions of healthy action at its next normal period. To effect this, we must at each point of harmonic expression or equality of destiny with attraction, call into play *some other attraction*, into whose channel the current of life (which always retains a constant ratio to the sum of the forces of all our attractions,) shall be diverted by an *absorbent substitution*.

God in making this necessity for change in itself a strong attraction, has spared us minute and complex calculations which it would have been necessary for each society to make before it could so classify its groups of industry and of pleasure, as to furnish to each individual in it these conditions, indispensable to his healthy and integral development. The benefit thus conferred on us by God, is composite: 1st. Positive, in converting into an essential pleasure, by investing with attraction which he retains the exclusive

prerogative of bestowing, what would otherwise have been a simple necessity, and like all other necessities, recognized only by our reason, have been painfully and unwillingly obeyed. 2d. Negative, in relieving man's reason of a distribution of social functions, so difficult at the transition from incoherent action to the organization of groups and series, that reason might fail of its end. It would have been necessary to calculate the normal force of each attraction, for each individual; since no two individuals have been endowed by God with the same character or the same relative force of the different attractions whose mutual ratio constitutes character. It would be only by patient experiment, and a faculty of observing both physical and psychical conditions which few have ever exerted upon the questions of social science, that such knowledge could be attained; for not only would the calculation need to recognize in its sliding scale such modifying causes as the changes of age, of marriage, of paternity, &c., which are susceptible of a true appreciation, but also the *abnormal* play of attractions, some of which have been long starved and suppressed, others surfeited, in the monotonous life of our present and past incoherence. All this, God regulates for each and for all by a direct instinctual attraction for change and novelty, "a compass of permanent social revelation, whose needle at once reveals and stimulates by impulses as true at all times and in all places as the lights of our reason would be variable and deceitful." We have only to give it its condition of action by organizing the series.

To be Continued.

REVIEW.

Views a-Foot: or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR. With a Preface by N. P. WILLIS. In Two Parts. New York and London. Wiley and Putnam. 191, 202.

This is a very agreeable book of travels. It will find its way to public favor, independently of Mr. N. P. Willis's Preface, which announces it to the world, or the peculiar circumstances under which it was written, that at once awaken a friendly interest in the author. Mr. Taylor, it seems, was an apprentice in a printing office, but before he became of age, determined to gratify an enthusiastic desire, which he had long cherished, of beholding the wonders of foreign countries with his own eyes. Destitute of pecuniary means, he was obliged for a time to remain in suspense, but resolving at length, to shape his plans by his circumstances, and to adopt the cheapest possible modes of travelling, he commenced the tour, of which the present

volume is the first fruits. Having, after repeated disappointments, made arrangements to write for one or two newspapers in Philadelphia, he received a small sum in advance, which, together with the avails of poems published in Graham's Magazine, put him in possession of about a hundred and forty dollars, with which he determined to start, trusting to future remuneration for letters, or if that should fail, to his skill as a compositor, intending, at the worst, to work his way through Europe, like the German *Handwerker*. Remittances, received from time to time, enabled him to stay abroad two years, during which he travelled on foot upwards of three thousand miles in Germany, Switzerland, France, and Italy. "I was obliged, however," he tells us, "to use the strictest economy; to live on pilgrim fare, and do penance in rain and cold. My means several times entirely failed; but I was always relieved from serious difficulty through unlooked for friends, or some unexpected turn of fortune. But the main object of my pilgrimage is accomplished. I visited the principal places of interest in Europe, enjoyed her grandest scenery, and the marvels of ancient and modern art,—became familiar with other languages, other customs, and other institutions, and returned home, after two years absence, willing now, with satisfied curiosity, to resume life in America." The whole tour was performed at an expense of less than five hundred dollars, and this sum earned on the road.

These circumstances would disarm criticism, even if the book were below mediocrity. But it stands in need of no indulgence of this kind. It is written in a singularly modest and unpretending style, with great simplicity, and often with great beauty, of language, and presents a faithful record of the impressions made by foreign travel on a sincere and susceptible mind. The author presents himself in a very favorable light, without intending to do so, and seems by his frank manners, good nature, and buoyancy of temperament, to have made friends wherever he went. We trust he will find the paths of literature, into which he has made so successful an entrance, no less attractive and exciting, than those of his wanderings of which he has given us such a pleasing description. When we meet him again, as we undoubtedly shall, in the field of authorship, may he show as true and refined a taste, as pure and genial feelings, and as great intellectual modesty, as he now brings back from his interesting foreign tour.

A few selections, taken almost at random from these volumes, we are sure will gratify our readers, and lead them to wish for further acquaintance with the work itself.

The following is from a chapter entitled "Scenes in and around Heidelberg."

"We lately visited the great University Library. You walk through one hall after another, filled with books of all kinds, from the monkish manuscript of the middle ages, to the most elegant print of the present day. There is something to me more impressive in a library like this than a solemn cathedral. I think involuntarily of the hundreds of mighty spirits who speak from these three hundred thousand volumes—of the toils and privations with which genius has ever struggled, and of its glorious reward. As in a church, one feels as it were, the presence of God; not because the place has been hallowed by his worship, but because all around stand the inspirations of his spirit, breathed through the mind of genius, to men. And if the mortal remains of saints and heroes do not repose within its walls, the great and good of the whole earth are there, speaking their counsels to the searcher for truth, with voices whose last reverberation will die away only when the globe falls into ruin.

"A few nights ago there was a wedding of peasants across the river. In order to celebrate it particularly, the guests went to the house where it was given, by torchlight. The night was quite dark, and the bright red torches glowed on the surface of the Neckar, as the two couriers galloped along the banks to the bridegroom's house. Here, after much shouting and confusion, the procession was arranged, the two riders started back again with their torches, and the wagons containing the guests followed after with their flickering lights glancing on the water, till they disappeared around the foot of the mountain. The choosing of conscripts also took place lately. The law requires one person out of every hundred to become a soldier; and this, in the city of Heidelberg, amounts to nearly one hundred and fifty. It was a sad spectacle. The young men, or rather boys, who were chosen, went about the city with cockades fastened on their hats, shouting and singing, many of them quite intoxicated. I could not help pitying them, because of the dismal, mechanical life they are doomed to follow. Many were rough, ignorant peasants, to whom nearly any kind of life would be agreeable; but there were some whose countenances spoke otherwise, and I thought involuntarily, that their drunken gaiety was only affected to conceal their real feelings with regard to the lot that had fallen upon them.

"We are gradually becoming accustomed to the German style of living, which is very different from our own. Their cookery is new to us, but is, nevertheless, good. We have every day a different kind of soup, so I have supposed they keep a regular list of three hundred and sixty-five, one for every day in the year! Then we have potatoes 'done up' in oil and vinegar, veal flavored with orange peel, barley pudding, and all sorts of pancakes, boiled artichokes, and always rye bread, in loaves a yard long! Nevertheless, we thrive on such diet, and I have rarely enjoyed more sound and refreshing sleep than in their narrow and coffin-like beds, uncomfortable as they seem. Many of the German customs are amusing. We never see oxen working here, but always cows, sometimes a single one in a cart, and sometimes two fastened together by a yoke across their horns. The women labor constantly in the fields; from our window we can hear the nut-brown maidens

singing their cheerful songs among the vineyards on the mountain side. Their costume, too, is odd enough. Below the tight-fitting vest they wear such a number of short skirts, one above another, that it reminds one of an animated hogshead, with a head and shoulders starting out from the top. I have heard it gravely asserted that the wealth of a German damsel may be known by counting the number of her 'kirtles.' An acquaintance of mine remarked that it would be an excellent costume for falling down a precipice!"

His description of Christmas and New Year in Germany, presents an attractive picture of the domestic customs of that genial country.

"We have lately witnessed the most beautiful and interesting of all German festivals—Christmas. This is here peculiarly celebrated. About the commencement of December, the Christ-market or fair, was opened in the Rœmerberg, and has continued to the present time. The booths, decorated with green boughs, were filled with toys of various kinds, among which during the first days the figure of St. Nicholas was conspicuous. There were bunches of wax candles to illuminate the Christmas tree, gingerbread with printed mottos in poetry, beautiful little earthenware, basket-work, and a wilderness of playthings. The 5th of December, being Nicholas evening, the booths were lighted up, and the square was filled with boys, running from one stand to another, all shouting and talking together in the most joyous confusion. Nurses were going around, carrying the smaller children in their arms, and parents bought presents decorated with sprigs of pine and carried them away. Some of the shops had beautiful toys, as for instance, a whole grocery store in miniature, with barrels, boxes and drawers, all filled with sweetmeats; a kitchen with a stove and all suitable utensils, which could really be used, and sets of dishes of the most diminutive patterns. All was a scene of activity and joyous feeling.

"Many of the tables had bundles of rods with gilded bands, which were to be used that evening by the persons who represented St. Nicholas. In the family with whom we reside, one of our German friends dressed himself very comically, with a mask, fur robe and long tapering cap. He came in with a bunch of rods and a sack, and a broom for a sceptre. After we all had received our share of the beating, he threw the contents of his bag on the table, and while we were scrambling for the nuts and apples, gave us many smart raps over the fingers. In many families the children are made to say, 'I thank you, Herr Nicolaus,' and the rods are hung up in the room till Christmas to keep them in good behavior. This was only a forerunner of the Christ-kindchen's coming. The Nicolaus is the punishing spirit, the Christ-kindchen the rewarding one.

"When this time was over, we all began preparing secretly our presents for Christmas. Every day there were consultations about the things which should be obtained. It was so arranged that all should interchange presents, but nobody must know beforehand what he would receive. What pleasure there was in all these secret purchases and preparations! Scarcely anything was thought or spoken of but Christmas, and every day the consultations became more numerous and secret. The trees were bought sometime beforehand, but as we

were to witness the festival for the first time, we were not allowed to see them prepared, in order that the effect might be as great as possible. The market in the Rœmerberg Square grew constantly larger and more brilliant. Every night it was lit up with lumps and thronged with people. Quite a forest sprang up in the street before our door. The old stone house opposite, with the traces of so many centuries on its dark face, seemed to stand in the midst of a garden. It was a pleasure to go out every evening and see the children rushing to and fro, shouting and seeking out toys from the booths, and talking all the time of the Christmas that was so near. The poor people went by with their little presents hid under their cloaks, lest their children might see them; every heart was glad, and every countenance wore a smile of secret pleasure.

"Finally, the day before Christmas arrived. The streets were so full, I could scarce make my way through, and the sale of trees went on more rapidly than ever. These were commonly branches of pine or fir, set upright in a little miniature garden of moss. When the lamps were lighted at night, our street had the appearance of an illuminated garden. We were prohibited from entering the rooms up stairs in which the grand ceremony was to take place, being obliged to take our seats in those arranged for the guests, and wait with impatience the hour when Christ-kindchen should call. Several relations of the family came, and what was more agreeable, they brought with them five or six children. I was anxious to see how they would view the ceremony. Finally, in the middle of an interesting conversation, we heard the bell ringing up the stairs. We all started up, and made for the door. I ran up the steps with the children at my heels, and at the top met a blaze of light coming from the open door that dazzled me. In each room stood a great table, on which the presents were arranged, amid flowers and wreaths. From the centre, rose the beautiful Christmas tree covered with wax tapers to the very top, which made it nearly as light as day, while every bough was hung with sweetmeats and gilded nuts. The children ran shouting around the table, hunting their presents, while the older persons had theirs pointed out to them. I had quite a little library of German authors as my share; and many of the others received quite valuable gifts.

"But how beautiful was the heart-felt joy that shone on every countenance! As each one discovered, he embraced the givers, and all was a scene of the purest feelings. It is a glorious feast, this Christmas time! What a chorus from happy hearts went up on that evening to Heaven! Full of poetry and feeling and glad associations, it is here anticipated with joy, and leaves a pleasant memory behind it. We may laugh at such simple festivals at home, and prefer to shake ourselves loose from every shackle that bears the rust of the Past, but we would certainly be happier if some of these beautiful old customs were better honored. They renew the bond of feeling between families and friends, and strengthen their kindly sympathy; even life-long friends require occasions of this kind to freshen the wreath that binds them together.

"New Year's Eve is also favored with a peculiar celebration in Germany. Every body remains up and makes himself merry till midnight. The Christmas trees are again lighted, and while the tapers are burning down, the family play for articles which they have purchased and hung on the boughs. It is so arranged that

each one shall win as much as he gives, which change of articles makes much amusement. One of the ladies rejoiced in the possession of a red silk handkerchief and a cake of soap, while a cup and saucer and a pair of scissors fell to my lot! As midnight drew near, it was louder in the streets, and companies of people, some of them singing in chorus, passed by on their way to the Zeil. Finally three-quarters struck, the windows were opened and every one waited anxiously for the clock to strike. At the first sound, such a cry arose as one may imagine when all set their lungs going at once. Every body in the house, in the street, over the whole city, shouted, '*Prosst Neu Jahr!*' In families, all the members embrace each other, with wishes of happiness for the new year. Then the windows are thrown open, and they cry to their neighbors or those passing by.

"After we had exchanged congratulations, Dennett, B—— and I set out for the Zeil. The streets were full of people, shouting to one another and to these standing at the open windows. We failed not to cry, '*Prosst Neu Jahr!*' wherever we saw a damsel at the window, and the words came back to us more musically than we sent them. Along the Zeil the spectacle was most singular. The great wide street was filled with companies of men, marching up and down, while from the mass rang up one deafening, unending shout, that seemed to pierce the black sky above. The whole scene looked stranger and wilder from the flickering light of the swinging lamps, and I could not help thinking it must resemble a night in Paris during the French Revolution. We joined the crowd and used our lungs as well as any of them. For some time after we returned home, companies passed by, singing, 'with us 'tis ever so!' but at three o'clock all was again silent."

Lucretia, or the Children of Night. By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart. New-York: Harper and Brothers. 1847. pp. 168.

Mr. Bulwer, or as we suppose he is now canonically styled, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., has the merit, such as it is, of a very sincere and bitter hatred of the social institutions of England. No writer has shown up, in more vivid colors, the frivolity and heartlessness of her fashionable circles, the sordid vulgarity of her monied interest, and the luxuriance of crime in the midst of her bristling legal technicalities. He criticizes prevailing evils, however, in the tone of a morose cynic, rather than with the large hope of a philanthropist. He sees clearly into the rotten depths of social corruption, but has no insight into the glorious harmony of a true social order. The influence of his writings, accordingly, in this respect, is not of a healthy or inspiring nature. If we see nothing beyond the masses of pollution and wretchedness, on which modern civilization is founded, we can scarce avoid becoming misanthropes. Bulwer gives us no clue to the future. He has no perception of the laws of social progress. With his unrivalled powers of description, and the skill with which he paints the workings

of individual passion, he has no comprehension of the human soul as a whole. Hence, he enkindles us with no fresh enthusiasm, there is no magnetic thrill in his touch, and after fascinating us with the wizard energy of his language, he leaves us despairing of the present, and hopeless of the future.

The present work is not equal to many of his former productions, regarded as a piece of composition. It contains passages of wonderful magnificence, exquisite tenderness, and the rare picturesque effect, which characterizes his writings generally; but as a whole, the execution is feeble, the story complicated and awkward, and the descriptions of nature and character, though high-colored, comparatively lifeless.

A far higher degree of artistic skill, however, should not protect the book from indignant condemnation. It is throughout a tale of perfidy, diabolical intrigues, juvenile and hoary iniquity, monstrous female depravity, poison, bloodshed, and multiplied murders. The attempt to fashion such materials into a work of art is an outrageous bravado. No graphic ability can excuse such an atrocious insult to humanity. It reminds us of the celebrated French painter, who gathered subjects for his infernal pencil, from the agonies and horrors of the guillotine.

The principal characters which figure on the bloody canvass here portrayed, are specimens of that rare moral depravity, which no degree of intellectual development or culture, no force of social position or circumstances, can save from an insane delight in the commission of crime, which breathes the atmosphere of murder as does the peasant the air of his native hills, and which finds no appropriate nutriment but in the fruits of lust and blood. You might as well take the howls of a mad-house for the materials of a concert, as clothe such demons as Mr. Bulwer's Lucretia, Dalibard, and Gabriel, in the gorgeous drapery of high-wrought fiction.

Loathesome as are the details of this work, they bring before us the example of such Satanic self-reliance, such proud and lofty defiance of opinion and custom, such terrific steadfastness of purpose and energy of execution, such calm, unquailing diabolism in every emergency, that they would give, for a certain order of minds, a wild, hellish fascination to the foulest deeds. If the art of secret poisoning, so common in Italy during the middle ages, and said to be now gaining ground in England, can be made to revive in the present century, Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton cannot be held guiltless of warning the viper into life.

We denounce the moral tendency of

Lucretia, therefore, without sweetening our words.

If the fastidious Messrs. Harpers are willing for the sake of gold to spread such an infamous publication on the wings of their thousand agencies, from Canada to Carolina, they should be visited with the summary retribution of an outraged public opinion. The man who poisons the fountains of popular literature is no less guilty than the crafty murderer described in this volume.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

HENRI HERZ IN BOSTON.

This oldest, and still perhaps most popular, of the New-School pianists, has at last appeared in Boston, and, as is usual with him every where, before by far the largest audiences ever commanded there by any artist in the same line. It was enough that it was HENRI HERZ; he had only to appear; his name, his compositions, his position in the musical world, had prepared for him beforehand numerous admirers, to whom it was too good a thing to find him suddenly amongst them. "Variations *a la Herz*" have been the staple of parlor, school and concert playing for these twelve years back among us; and whole armies of misses now and misses once were curious to see how easy and how graceful a thing the author makes of what to them has been matter of much patient labor and indifferent success. With such a guaranty of interest every where, he could journey like an emperor among his subjects, and give concerts on a generous scale, with orchestra and additional "assistance" in full, so that no accessories should be wanting to the effect of his music.

The severe storm thwarted our intentions of hearing him the first night; but the words "POSITIVELY ONLY" most politely changed their meaning to furnish us a second opportunity, which we did not let slip. — By the way, let no grammarians say that the word "positively" does not admit of degrees of comparison; one season of concert-going will teach them better. — At an early hour on Saturday evening the great unmusically remodelled Tremont Theatre, now "Tremont Temple," was filled, both galleries and main floor, by those who consider themselves emphatically "Boston," swelled by more aspirants for that honor to a goodly, decent crowd of twelve or thirteen hundred, and of every age and quality that passes for important, from grave to gay, from venerable to very juvenile. There was a very good orchestra (that of the Philharmonic Society,) led by Schmidt, whose accompaniment really buoyed up and did not drown the principal performers.

They opened with the overture to *La Dame Blanche*, in a manner which lacked neither precision, delicacy, life, progression, unity of effort, nor (for their numbers) ample coloring. The second overture, however well played, was new to us and left no impression which should prompt us to inquire its name or author.

Madam Ablainowicz, as a singer, commands our admiration. Her noble wealth of voice shrank somewhat in that place, which makes all solos *so low*; but there was heart and substance, and life-like glossy roundness to all her notes, and her style was one of deep chaste feeling; there seemed a plenty of strength in reserve. She gave the *Una voce* of Rossini in a somewhat less impassioned and impulsive style than we have been used to hear it sung in; and yet a style more true to nature, not less than to art. Her "Swiss Boy," with variations, displayed a fluency and flexibility of voice worthy of Cinti Damouréan. But the most beautiful was the Tyrolean air by Liszt, "the Wanderer," with echoing flute accompaniment by Mr. Kyle, in which that gentleman displayed far better taste, than in the Irish *Potpourri* of his Solo. We find no fault with its execution; but as a composition it was below the standard of the evening. Mrs. Loder's singing was very finished and expressive, especially in the air from Cimarosa, a gleam of whose warm mellow light is a rare pleasure amid the colder modern glare which has eclipsed him.

But what of Herz? What of the heart of the entertainment? It was a very refined, mildly glowing, rather than impetuously heating heart, that very gently stole upon you, warmed you just enough and left you pleased and placid, without any after-penalty of unsubduable excitement. It flowed through the entertainment like the unpretending perfectness of true politeness. Exquisite finish, uniform proportion and timeliness, clearest certainty of design, and steady progress in the unfolding of it, were the general characteristics of his playing and his composition, which are inseparably one. Perhaps the greatest excellence of his work is its symmetrical progress. It comes upon you and it leaves you like a day. His whole performance is like one *Crescendo et Diminuendo*, exquisitely proportioned and prolonged. And yet it is altogether the form of the thing; the substance seems but slight, and plants no seeds of permanent thought or emotion in you. It is the perfection of form, of manner; absolute ease and tact in handling every thing, in meeting every little emergency. The newspapers are right about Herz; his is "gentlemanly playing." Drawing-room ease and elegance,

as far from the briefest possibility of dullness, as they are from anything very original or inspiring, are the sentiments of his music.

His first piece was his second Concerto for piano-forte and orchestra, in three parts, *Allegro maestoso*, *Adagio pastorale*, (in the Scotch style,) and *Swiss Rondo*. This displays perhaps as fully as anything he has done, his merits as a composer; of which the chief one is the power of graceful appropriation of whatsoever unique and happy thoughts and forms of music are already popular, and the power of working them up into a progressive beautiful whole. He has not so much a *style* of his own, as a free, accomplished *manner*, which is at once lively and at ease, readily appropriating and imparting in more graceful language whatever admits of pleasing effects. There was a great deal of beauty in the orchestral background and surroundings of this piece. He commenced the allegro almost faintly, but his playing grew upon you as he proceeded, and you felt in it no want of force, but only that admirable and equal distribution of force, steadily and quietly accumulating itself like the force of water, which prevails more than the shock of solid bodies. It did its work like a Damascus blade, before you knew it. The precision and delicacy of his touch surpassed every thing we have heard, "light, firm and crisp to an extraordinary degree." There was a limpid, liquid quality in his upper notes, at the thought of which we still smile inwardly; and his repeated notes were marvellous. We know not that we ever dreamed of anything so finished as it all was. There was an unpretending consciousness of mastery in his whole look and manner. "Less dashing than the style of our recent octave players, his is sounder and more perfect," says one of his critics; and we feel the truth of the statement, at the same time that it must be acknowledged that there is less of original material, less of the deep and permanent poetry and soul of music in Herz than in either Thalberg, Henselt, Chopin, Liszt, or even Leopold De Meyer. Nevertheless he is a master, and as a friend said, "the perfection of *ton*" in music; and what could glide more surely into the welcome of the smooth impassible gentility of Boston, and the calm classicality of Cambridge? The Scotch Adagio and the Swiss Rondo were exquisite and characteristic melodies, varied in his graceful way, and not too separable from the unitary form of the entire Concerto.

The second piece, a *Fantasia on Lucretia Borgia*, was to us the most quaint and forcible. The smooth sea foamed and lashed itself into a certain furor of

enthusiasm in this, showing that this calm gentility is not purchased at the expense of *all* free, wild life. Being entered, he *Yankee-doodled* in a far from serious manner, which is decidedly the best, if such state demands must still be answered. The "Bravura Variations on the Terzett from *Le Pre aux chers*" combined all his brilliancy, delicacy and variety, and dismissed the audience exquisitely satisfied, if not deeply moved.

It was one of the most brilliant, and thoroughly got up concerts which we have ever had; precisely what we should expect from the man who has created the new School of music; whose compositions are more known in cultivated circles than those of any writer; and who has devoted himself to perfecting the manner of piano-forte playing; who has studied every effect and resolved to have every thing perfect so far as the form and material of his art are concerned; who employs three hundred workmen in the manufactory of pianos; who has built for himself the finest concert-room in the world at a cost of \$200,000; who has established himself pianist to his majesty, the king of the French; and who now travels on a six month's vacation, like an emperor, to show himself for the first time to his pupils and subjects in the New World.

Mr. Herz will play for the Philharmonic Society in Boston, on the 2d of January.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

DREAM NO MORE.

Dream no more. Heaven's not to be;

It is, within, around you:

Wake from a selfish lethargy.

Where misty visions bound you.

Cease resting on a joy, to start

When first the groan shall press you;

The throbbing, living, longing heart

Is full of joys to bless you.

O! dream no more. Hell's not to be;

It is, around, within you:

What are the groans of imagery,

To those from Earth that din you?

Awake and live: 'tis dawn at last;

Hark, how your brothers call you.

Awake and love: let go the past,

Shake off the hates that thrall you.

O! dream no more: awake and be;

Let Love and Beauty bound you;

And so, at last, Humanity

Shall grow a Heaven around you.

E. Y. T.

There dwells a life in every star;

With brother spheres it rolls afar

Its self-elected, radiant way.

Still throb within the great earth-ball

The forces which conduct us all

From day to night, from night to day.

Goethe.

And while, throughout, the self-same motion
Repeated on forever flows,
The thousandfold o'er-arching ocean
Its strong embrace around all throws;

Streams through all things the joy of living;

The least star thrilleth fond accord;

And all their crowding, all their striving,

Is endless rest in God the Lord.

Id.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, DEC. 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.

CONVENTION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS IN CHRISTMAS WEEK.

Our friends who met in Boston about two months since, in the stormy season of the Equinox, will remember that that meeting ended with a resolution to hold a Convention of two or three days, in the same place, commencing with the Thursday following Christmas. The particulars of time and place will be found in the Advertisement on our last page.

The intention of the resolution was to bring about a gathering of more than ordinary interest, which shall worthily represent the strength of the Associative cause in this whole section of the country, which shall attract and quicken many, and result in a stronger pledge than ever before of devotion to our great Humanitary hope. With this view the time has been selected, the season of the holy Anniversary of Humanity's great hour of promise, when angels announced: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men!" Now that the annual custom of all Christendom again relumes this motto over the world, and this sweet mystic gladness blooms in the dead of winter over the whole face of society, it is surely a time for us to meet, to whom the promise is no creed laid up on the shelf, no flickering, momentary aspiration, but a most definite and constructive idea which we have set about to realize as we would build a house. Let us rally in full numbers; let the earnestness, the hopefulness, the unanimity, the loving kindness, the holy zeal, and mutual determination to great efforts for humanity, with which we meet and part in such a season, rebuke and put to shame the glittering icy worship of respectable and mercantile Christianity. Let the world know of at least one multitude assembled, who having celebrated the advent of the Prince of Peace, and taken on their lips the Hymn of Unity, are not so ready as the rest to part at once upon the scramble for the devil's prizes, but can afford to stay together till they have devised and pledged themselves to active means for

"preparing the way of the Lord" and realizing Peace and Unity.

Come, then, Associationists, from far and near, as many of you as can shape things conveniently to be in Boston at this time! Come, all who believe in the possibility of a better order of society, all who see, and all who seek to see the Laws of Social Harmony, the true conditions of a Heaven of purity and happiness on earth! All who have sympathy, or counsel, or means to give, and all who would aid and bless the good cause by receiving, know that you are most earnestly invited. Come and strengthen us by your presence, even if that be your only eloquence. It is worth an effort, worth some personal sacrifice and inconvenience, to ensure a noble gathering at this time. The moment is auspicious; we take the wave returning and shall make a high mark on the beach this time.

Several circumstances promise to render this week memorable in the annals of our movement. Not only are the universal aspects of the cause brightening apace; not only do we find, when we come to fathom the minds and feelings of the masses and the thoughtful of all ranks, that the tide has actually risen in the night, while society seemed dead to unitary hope, preoccupied with its old hopeless competition in a vicious circle; not only has the reaction of doubt after the failure of many hasty experiments exhausted itself, while the great problem of the age has steadily grown upon men, and the enthusiasm which seemed squandering itself in unstudied enterprizes, has survived them all and found itself in no whit spent, but only wiser and more earnest than before; not only are we buoyed up once more by a consciousness of general movement, as we witness a certain Associative coloring unconsciously beaming from the best expressions of thought around us, even from the speech and writings of those we deemed conservative; but the local symptoms of Associative zeal in Boston are now peculiarly inspiring. A great work has commenced there, and the convention will be just in time to take advantage of the fresh interest of several now movements.

In the first place, the Boston Union of Associationists has just completed its organization; its members, though not very numerous, have become concentrated, and are full of the spirit of action; they hold weekly meetings and have all pledged themselves to pay, some more, some less, towards the weekly rent. This simple practical measure already creates the sensation of *doing* something, and saves the thing from becoming like a sermon or a dream; it

stimulates to greater ingenuity and effort, and gives a body to the enthusiasm already existing. Henceforth there will be action in Boston. A constant fountain, self-existing, of Associative propaganda is there opened. The coals are laid together, and the fire will burn. There is now an organized and active nucleus for every meeting or convention which may be summoned in that place. So may it be ere long in each of our great cities!

One of the first fruits of this organization will appear in the commencement, almost immediately after the Convention, of a thorough and studied course of Lectures on the science of Association, which has been for some time in contemplation among several of the persons who have devoted long thought to the subject. The Boston Union have resolved that such a course is expedient and called for during the present winter in their city, and have already taken in hand the necessary preliminary arrangements. The lectures probably will be delivered once a week in the beautiful hall of the Masonic Temple, and will be seven or eight in number. The whole field will be carefully distributed into that number of topics, of which each of the following gentlemen engages to treat one, namely: WILLIAM H. CHANNING, HORACE GREELEY, PARKE GODWIN, ALBERT BRISBANE, CHARLES A. DANA, GEORGE RIPLEY, and JOHN S. DWIGHT. It is thought that the intellectual novelty of the thing will prove attractive in this modern Athens, while the opportunity of chaining attention to a consecutive, complete and carefully reasoned exposition of our social doctrines, both in their more obvious and practical bearings and in their absolute symmetry and depth as science, will do much to commend them to the minds of most intelligence and influence. There is reason to expect an audience both select and numerous; and such an audience fairly won, we will not say to full conviction, but to earnest study of our views, will add incalculably to their progress in the land. In due time we shall say more of this.

Our lecturers, Messrs. ORVIS and ALLEN, fresh from their Vermont tour, will be present at the Convention, and doubtless have much that is interesting to report. Mr. BRISBANE and Mr. CHANNING will also be there, besides the speakers of the more immediate vicinity.

Finally, the Convention occurs in immediate connection with the formation of a religious union, under the direction of WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, of which we have spoken in previous numbers, and which not only interests the friends of Association in Boston as they have never been interested before, but is also watched with deep solicitude and hope by all who

think and feel with us in all parts of the country. The Christmas week of this year will be a season memorable for the drawing of closer bonds between the believers in the coming day of Social Unity; it will give a religious depth and fervor to their purpose; it will consecrate their union and their labors, and knit all their action to the central sentiment and source of energy in human souls, to the recognition and feeling of Him whose essence is Love, the omnipresent One of whom all Unity in nature or society is but the manifest proceeding and reflection. Thus pledged, thus consecrated, we shall feel a solemn obligation laid upon us to be, each in his way, apostles and missionaries in this great work of Love; and we may leave it to the world to judge whether it is the Associationists, or whether it is the mercantile and formal Christians who abuse them, that are undermining the faith and unsettling the sacred institutions of mankind.

PRESIDENT POLK ON NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

The President introduces his Message with quite a sonorous blowing of horns. The first paragraph is an admirable specimen of the kind of literature for which the Governors of Massachusetts have been distinguished from time immemorial, in their proclamations for Thanksgiving. Is this compliment to the official commonplace of the old Bay State, intended as a trap to secure her votes at the next election, or does Mr. Polk suppose that the best models of rhetoric in this kind are to be found only in the "Yankee Athens?" However this may be, it would be lamentable, if it were not ludicrous, to hear such expressions of plethoric complacency from a man whose position demands a correct knowledge of the elements of social happiness.

"In resuming your labors in the service of the people, it is a subject of congratulation that there has been no period in our past history when all the elements of national prosperity have been so fully developed. Since your last session no afflicting dispensation has visited our country; general good health has prevailed; abundance has crowned the toil of the husbandman; and labor in all its branches is receiving an ample reward; while education, science and the arts are rapidly enlarging the means of social happiness. The progress of our country in her career of greatness, not only in the vast extension of our territorial limits and the rapid increase of our population, but in resources and wealth, and in the happy condition of our people, is without example in the history of nations."

"National prosperity fully developed" indeed! No doubt our huge army of office-holders are as well off as at any "period in our past history." They quietly suck the marrow from the bone,

which they kindly leave to be picked by the poor wretches who have never been able to crawl into the sunshine of political patronage. They enjoy a delightful sense of earthly felicity, secure of the reception of a rich salary, surrounded with all the objects that can gratify their ambition or love of pleasure; in their opinion, the world is going on finely,—the country is in a state of palmy prosperity,—odorous zephyrs wait on every step of our virtuous republicans,—they can talk politics and make money under skies without a cloud; and their wonder is surpassed only by their indignation that any dyspeptic visionary should presume to hint that our present condition is not an emblem of the celestial Paradise, or to dream of a higher “development of national prosperity.” Our wealthy capitalists, speculators, stock jobbers, legalized gamblers, too, have no special hardships to complain of. Their operations have been as successful as usual during the past year. Money has commanded a good interest; fat dividends have been paid off from the toil and sweat of the patient operative; golden opportunities have been afforded for great bargains; and hoards of wealth, already larger than any man needs, have sensibly increased in magnitude. We are a great nation, and have done a great business. Trade has been brisk, commerce has reaped a magnificent harvest from the furrows of the ocean, and radiant splendor sits enthroned in the palaces of our merchant princes. Our cities have increased in population and in architectural elegance; churches, custom-houses, and drinking-houses, have been erected with lavish profusion and expense; and the costly applications of art devoted to the adornment of temples of vice. With these brilliant facts, staring us in the face, can any one be fool enough to call in question the astonishing “development of our national prosperity?”

A croaker might indeed allege, that with the progress of commercial enterprise, there has been more than a proportional progress of crime; that every newspaper brings us intelligence of startling acts of atrocity; that fraud, swindling, defalcation, and licentiousness, have never been more conspicuous; and that tragedies are daily enacting, both in public and private life, enough to sicken the heart of the most self-complacent favorite of fortune. According to an old fashioned morality, obedience to the laws, private honor and public faith, a contented, peaceful, honest, and industrious population, were deemed essential elements of national prosperity. But we have changed all that. A nation may now fairly plume itself on having attained the height of human felicity, if its office-

bearers have not been disturbed in their velvety repose; if its merchants have had a full share of the avails of industry; and if productive labor has created an abundance of materials for the rapacity of speculation,—no matter how wretched and degraded the condition of those whose hard hands have called into being the elements of wealth. We need not bring into the account the immense mass of human beings, who are cowering over the cold hearth stones of free and independent America, who know not to-day how they are to get bread to-morrow, or who keep soul and body together by submission to toil which a humane driver would think cruel to his beast.

But “in the happy condition of our people,” according to Mr. Polk, “labor in all its branches is receiving an ample reward.” Let us be thankful for the information. At all events, we may learn something of our venerated President’s ideas, concerning the rewards of labor. Year in and year out, the laboring man in this country would be considered lucky, who could be sure of his one dollar a day, cash down, Sundays excepted. In a little more than eighty years, at this rate, his wages would amount to the salary of our philosophic President in one year. Meantime, the laborer has a family of three or four to support; is obliged to purchase his groceries, his provisions, his fuel, and his clothing, in small quantities, with an enormous profit to the retailer; must hand over his taxes at the appointed time, money or no money, and perhaps pay a heavy doctor’s bill in addition, so that at the end of the year, the “ample rewards of labor” dwindle down to a sum altogether invisible without a microscope.

The truth is, our politicians are the last men in the world to entertain just ideas in regard to the claims of labor, or the true conditions of national prosperity. If they can obtain the votes of the great masses, by whom the labor of the country is performed, they have little anxiety as to the rewards given to industry. Their talk on this subject is usually sheer nonsense. It is altogether out of their sphere. And if on the eve of an important election they put forth plausible professions of interest for the cause of the laboring classes, there is no dependence to be placed upon their promises: their words are belied by their deeds; and we be to the suffering and oppressed working-man if he trusts his temporal salvation to the good faith of a long-tongued politician. President Polk is no worse than the rest of his class. He probably knows as much of the matter as most of his compeers. It was his duty, as Chief Magistrate of a country, extending over a “vast area of freedom,” to welcome the assembled wisdom of the nation with

a certain amount of bombast. He performed this duty in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired. He meant nothing by his words, and would no doubt be the first to laugh at the man who should take them in earnest.

It is time, however, that this subject should be discussed in earnest by the wisest and most intelligent of the land. The reward which labor may justly claim, the true organization of industry, the real elements of national prosperity, are topics not to be summarily winked out of sight in a paragraph of the President’s message. They demand an exposition for which we must look elsewhere than to the White House at Washington.

MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

The interest in social reform, which has thus far been awakened in England, has, for the most part, taken the direction of Communism, as set forth by Robert Owen, and the numerous adherents, who at one time, were devoted to the doctrines of that school. The labors of Mr. Owen and his followers, we believe, have been productive of no small benefit to social progress, by pointing out, in an impressive and powerful manner, the imperfections of the present order,—by arousing the public attention to the fearful waste of human capacity, which necessarily grows out of existing institutions,—and by describing the ideal at which the arrangements of society should aim, before any thing like justice can be done to the nature of man, or an effectual guaranty provided for universal happiness. The genuine benevolence, simplicity, and single-heartedness, which gives such a genial warmth and attractiveness to the vigorous old age of Mr. Owen, have no doubt had a great influence in winning attachment to his system, and leading to earnest and combined efforts for its realization. The radical defects, however, of his views of human nature, as well as of the practical arrangements which he proposes, have prevented the success of all the attempts that have been made for their accomplishment on a large scale. At this moment, we are not aware of any practical enterprise, under the direction of Mr. Owen’s followers, and we presume that no further measures are contemplated in England, for an experimental application of his theories of society.

At the same time, the English mind is becoming more and more thoroughly aroused to a sense of the appalling evils inherent in the actual social organization. The activity of the Chartists, under the leading of Fergus O’Connor, of the Free Trade Party, with Mr. Cobden at their head, and of the advocates of political reform, in general, must necessarily

tend to an examination of the source of the evils which they are endeavoring to remedy, and the revelation of a vicious social construction must be the inevitable result. The signs of this movement are visible in every quarter. Even to a greater degree than in our own country, a keen sense of social inequality and oppression is expressed; a deep sympathy is called forth for the condition of the masses, and an intense desire is manifested for institutions which, instead of favoring, nay, of actually necessitating poverty, ignorance, wretchedness, and crime, shall encourage the integral development of humanity, establish the dominion of truth, justice, harmony, love, and universal brotherhood among men. Among the cheering fruits of this movement, we may mention the *People's Journal*, a magazine conducted by JOHN SAUNDERS, and numbering among its constant contributors, several of the most enlightened and powerful, as well as agreeable writers, of whom English Literature can now boast. This work has already attained a large circulation in England, and, as we understand from its enterprising publishers in Boston, Crosby and Nichols, is rapidly gaining favor and patronage in this country.

We regard this Magazine as an invaluable element in the great work of social reform, which is now beginning to agitate the nations. It is conducted with rare ability and tact, adapted in all respects to the popular mind, without ever swerving from the highest principle, or degenerating into triviality and coarseness, or catering for a vulgar appetite. It is circulated among all classes, finds its way to the studies of clergymen, scholars, and professors in Colleges, is read by lawyers, deacons, and editors of newspapers, attracts the attention of merchants, politicians, retired country gentlemen, and ladies, as well as the hard-handed children of toil, for whom it is expressly intended. The doctrines which it advocates are thorough and uncompromising; it goes for reinstating the people in all their natural rights; and this it is easy to perceive, can be done only by the true organization of labor, and combination of interests.

When the subject of scientific, systematic Association in all the arrangements of society shall come to excite the interest in England, which it is destined to attain, it will be found, we are persuaded, that the *People's Journal* has had no small share in bringing about the result. We trust its enlightened conductors will soon give this subject a profound, thorough discussion; and with such advocates and expounders as HUGH DOHERTY and JOHN JAMES WILKINSON in London, they would find no difficulty in obtaining the aid of the most able pens.

The way is preparing, then, for the promulgation of Associative truth in England. This cannot long be delayed, and the effects, we doubt not, will be of the most auspicious nature. A scientific gentleman, whose opinion is entitled to great authority, tells us in a letter just received, "England is long in beginning to look directly into Association. But when she does once begin, I think she will be like the laborers hired late in the day, yet to whom equity itself will accord a full day's wages. For practical progress will be great here when the interest is once taken. Meantime, there are a host of signs in the Newspaper press and elsewhere, that the social question will not longer be postponed. Already the *Times* declares that Political Economy and *Laissez-faire*, are as good as extinct. The social problem then must be considered next."

We learn, moreover, that measures are to be taken at once for introducing the works of Fourier and other eminent writers on the science of Industrial Association to the attention of the English public. The views of the conductors of this enterprise will be perceived from the following Prospectus which reached us by the last arrivals.

"THE FOURIER SOCIETY,

For Publishing the Works of Charles Fourier and other eminent Writers on the Science of INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION.

"The organization of Industry is, undoubtedly, the great problem of the nineteenth century, and no author has obtained so much celebrity on this question, as the late CHARLES FOURIER, whose writings are extensively read in continental Europe and America, though little known, as yet, in England.

"The estimation in which these works are held abroad, may be inferred from the fact of numerous societies being formed to spread the doctrines they contain. The Central Society in Paris, supported by a constantly increasing income, which amounts already to four thousand pounds a year, publishes a daily paper, a weekly paper, and a monthly magazine. The daily paper exercises a wide influence on the public mind, and especially on the press. The weekly paper has an extensive sale among the intelligent portion of the working classes. The monthly review is devoted to the higher aspects of associative science, and the publication of Fourier's manuscripts.

"In Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and other continental countries, the doctrines of Association are rapidly supplanting those of Communism. Moreover they are making great progress in the United States.

"Besides having free access to an influential daily paper, *The New York Tribune*, and to the columns of several other journals, the American Associationists issue a large weekly paper, *The Harbinger*, entirely devoted to the principles of Association.

"It is desirable that England should become acquainted with principles which

have obtained such influence in other countries.

"The Fourier Society, therefore, proposes:—

- "I. To form a central depot in London of the works of Fourier and his disciples.
- II. To translate the whole works of Fourier into English, and publish them as soon as possible.
- III. To publish original works, papers, and journals, explanatory of the principles of Industrial Association in its various modes and degrees.
- IV. To institute, as soon as convenient, periodical scientific meetings, for the reading of papers, and the delivery of lectures;—for conversation, and other means of instruction in the doctrines of Association, and particularly in the grand doctrine of 'Series.'
- V. To establish literary correspondence with individuals and societies interested in Association.
- VI. To advise with parties who desire to realize Association in practice.
- VII. To rectify mistakes in the public mind with regard to the general principles and bearings of Association.

"The 'Fourier Society' considers the works of Fourier of sufficient value to justify the formation of a special institution for making them known to the English public; but the members of this Society are simply pledged to the publication of the works, and not to the doctrines they contain. Fourier was a man of science only, and laid no claim to infallibility. His speculations are sometimes questionable: there can, however, be no doubt of his transcendent genius.

"His writings contain important views on many questions of philosophy and science; but the greater part of his elaborate investigations bears directly on the problem of industrial Association.

"The system of Fourier holds forth great advantages to all classes, by means of organization, attractive industry, quadruple production, decuple economy, equitable distribution, universal education, the advancement of science, and the application of machinery; all which are practicable in Association, to an extent that is impossible without it.

"The fundamental doctrine of the system is that of 'Order and Series,' including universal analogy and correspondence. Fourier's *method* is also derived from this great law, and he considers it the key to Nature and to Scripture. It is not a system of association only that springs from it, but a universal science of society. As a key to history it is invaluable.

"Industrial Association is compatible with every mode of Christian worship and with every civilized form of government, although the beau-ideal of religious life and brotherhood has not been realized in any State.

"Fourier's system is entirely different from communism. It recognizes personal and private property, with full right to give and to inherit.

"As this system of Association is unlike all others in its practical details, and also in the psychological analysis from which it is derived, the English public should be made acquainted with it; and therefore, the 'Fourier Society' solicits the support of those who feel an interest in human advancement, and are anxious to see something done, and soon, to better the condition of the masses. The first requisite evidently is to inquire into the principles of true society; and hence the use of this Association.

"To publish a translation of Fourier's writings will require an expenditure of £20 per month, and several years of careful labor. It becomes necessary, therefore, to solicit donations from those who can afford it, in addition to annual subscriptions.

"All persons who contribute to the funds, will be duly informed of the progress of the Society.

"The literary operations will be conducted by Mr. Doherty, assisted by a Council.

"If adequate support be given, the publication of Fourier's works in English will commence in 1847. They will be translated by Mr. Doherty, and published in monthly parts, price one shilling. It may, however, be expedient to commence with the publication of one or two tracts explanatory of the principles of Association.

"A selection of extracts from Fourier's writings will also be issued from time to time, in a cheap form.

"It will materially assist the Society, if those who are interested in its success, will each procure a list of subscribers to the monthly issue of Fourier's works."

DANIEL WEBSTER ON LABOR.

Mr. Webster has never been charged with an exaggerated interest in the welfare of the laboring classes. He is free from the stain of radicalism in any form, and always shows himself faithful to the great conservative interests, on which the practical policy of this country is based. We were not a little surprised, accordingly, at the sentiments expressed by him, at a recent Whig dinner in Philadelphia, which claim for labor precisely the same rights and guaranties, which are demanded by the advocates of a new social organization. It is easy for a political opponent to accuse Mr. Webster of insincerity in the utterance of such opinions, to maintain that they are brought forward merely for the sake of popular effect, and that in any future struggle between the conflicting interests of labor and of capital, he would not be found recreant to the conservative principles of policy, which he has always so vigorously maintained.

The dominant idea of an age, however, must ultimately master even those who are led to it by no affinities of character or position. This is the secret of Mr. Webster's emphatic vindication of the demands of labor. He was acted on by an intellectual movement of which he was not conscious himself. He involuntarily yielded to the spirit of the age, without being aware of the impulse to which he was subject. The great question, in comparison of which all others lose their importance, relates to the organization of labor, the distribution of products, and the elevation of the working classes. No public man can neglect this, and retain any influence. It is rapidly becoming the great pivotal question of European politics, and has already assumed a position in this

country, which must startle and embarrass our statesmen, who rely on traditional formulas and precedents, with no comprehension of the inevitable tendencies of American freedom.

Hence the bold and uncompromising assertion by Mr. Webster, of principles, with which we are familiar in the writings of the Associative school, on which the reform which we have at heart is founded, for which we have endured so much suspicion and obloquy, in our humble capacity as advocates of Association, that their utterance on this occasion sounds like the tones of our mother tongue, in the midst of a foreign and hostile land.

"We go," says Mr. Webster, "for labor. The destiny of the country is labor. We are all laboring men—we live by labor—by occupation. There is no country under the light of the sun in which there are so few large estates—and I thank God, in which there are so few men who have no estate. I desire to see the condition of things when each man shall feel that he has a stake in the community, the result of his labor—when all shall have employment, and when employment shall receive its proper remuneration—for all would then be happy. Labor with us is entitled to something more than the paltry privilege, to work all day, to lie down at night, to sleep on straw and to rise in the morning hungry. It is entitled to abundant food, suitable clothing, a comfortable home, and to every man ample means for the education of the offspring with which God has favored him. With a proper administration of our affairs we can do all this. My hope and prayer to Heaven is, that these results may be so improved that the great ends so earnestly desired may be accomplished."

We are not so sanguine, as to suppose that Mr. Webster in uttering these words had any perception of their profound significance, or that he is prepared to follow them to their rigorous logical consequences. We cannot but rejoice, however, that he has openly, publicly, and in the most decided manner, committed himself to principles which have heretofore brought upon their advocates the reproach of Sansculottism. Let the busy alarmists who have attempted to awaken the public hostility against a social reform, which aims at precisely the same ends with those here set forth by the mighty expounder of the Constitution, henceforth hold their peace, or have the magnanimity to admit that their political idol and those whom they brand as disturbers of the public weal, fall under a similar condemnation.

"I desire to see a condition of things," says Mr. Webster, "when each man shall feel that he has a stake in the community, the result of his labor when all shall have employment, and when employment shall receive its proper remuneration—for all will then be happy." We wish that Mr. Webster would point out the means by which this desirable consum-

mation is to be brought about. He virtually admits that this is not our present condition, for if "all had employment, and employment received its proper remuneration," "each man would feel that he had a stake in the community," and "all would then be happy." The general discontent of the laboring classes in this country, their consciousness, which is growing more and more lively, that they are in a false and unnatural position, the absence of every thing among them which a true man should accept as human happiness, and their eager strivings for improving their condition, demonstrate that as yet employment fails to "receive its proper remuneration." In our opinion, as we have taken every occasion to declare, labor never can be certain of receiving a full and adequate remuneration so long as it is subject to the slavery of wages; the laborer must work on his own land, with his own implements, and on his own account, or he will never enjoy the entire fruits of his industry. If these are to be shared, according to the arbitrary decision of an employer, he will be compelled, by the inevitable laws of free competition, to receive but a moderate surplus above what is necessary for bare subsistence. But the fruits of labor belong to labor. If a man has no right to what he produces by the sweat of his brow, he has no right to anything. If this principle be denied, the foundation of individual property is destroyed. No arrangement should be tolerated, which does not secure to the producer, the full value of his product, or a just equivalent therefor. Every social organization which does not accomplish this is essentially defective, contains the seeds of decay within its bosom, and must be set aside with the increasing light and intelligence of the age.

"Labor," moreover, continues Mr. Webster, "is entitled to abundant food, suitable clothing, a comfortable home, and to every man ample means for the education of the offspring, with which God has favored him." This is certainly a just and comprehensive statement of the natural rights of man, in a true order of society. It enumerates the material conditions, demanded by human nature, for a healthy moral and spiritual development. These advantages are essential to all sound vital action. Man cannot live without them. Let ascetics declaim as they will about the beauties of poverty, the importance of self-denial, and the influence of wretchedness here on felicity hereafter, it is the will of God, that man should be abundantly provided with the means of supplying his physical wants. His nature is in accordance with this arrangement, and where it is not carried into effect, it dwindles, grows sick, and at length perishes. But no man will pretend that

these benefits are guaranteed to the laboring classes under the present organization of society. It is a mockery, a burning sin, to hold up the comparative comforts enjoyed by the poor in this country, as an excuse for the apathy which is felt concerning their condition. If, in many respects, they are better off than the degraded, diseased, and wretched masses which toil in the fields and work shops of Europe, it is but a temporary exemption, at best, from the operation of an inevitable law; and does not do away with the fact, that they are deprived of the means of elevation and happiness, which every man may claim of society, as his inalienable birthright. What measures, does Mr. Webster, imagine will put the laboring classes in possession of the happiness which he so eloquently portrays? We have had every form of political panacea, high tariff and low, bank and no bank, Whiggery and Democracy, — but all without effect. The fatal dart still inheres in the sides of the body politic. The virulent poison is yet active, and spreads corruption and agony throughout the system.

The principles of the Associative School provide a certain and an effectual remedy for the evils under which the laboring classes now groan in hopeless degradation. In a social order, arranged according to the Associative system, every man, woman, and child, is provided with employment adapted to their capacities and tastes, and guaranteed a remuneration in proportion to their industry and skill. No intermediate agents are required to rob the producer of his earnings, as is the case in our present false and arbitrary system of exchanges. The amount of production is increased, at least in a tenfold proportion, while it is distributed in such a mode as to insure an equitable share to all, and to give them the material conditions of happiness. A course of unitary education, adapted to the integral nature of man, — embracing every accomplishment of mind and body that can add to the ability, gracefulness, and elevation of the individual, — enjoyed by every child, without distinction of birth or position, — and facilitated by the most perfect instruments and apparatus which the improvements of modern science can furnish, — would produce the intelligence, refinement, dignity of manners, and purity of character, which are essential to social esteem, would make the laborer a man of thought and culture, without destroying his taste for industry, and would forever abolish the odious distinctions, which in the present highly artificial order of society, separate the most congenial hearts, and convert those who should be united by ties of brotherhood into deadly foes.

That such an organization of society is the destiny of man, and that it will be realized at no distant day, we can no more permit ourselves to doubt, than we do of the rising of to-morrow's sun. The first condition of its accomplishment is already complied with, — a sense of the inadequacy of the existing order to meet the demands of human nature. The whole tendency of modern thought and conviction is preparing for a speedy development. Even statesmen and politicians — the last now to open their eyes on any quickening views of universal truth, — are beginning to advocate the claims of labor. The age of miracles has returned. Our young men see visions and our old men dream dreams. Daniel Webster becomes the prophet of the poor, the champion of the laborer, the vehement assertor of the rights of man. We may soon look for a new heaven and a new earth.

NEW LIGHT.

A correspondent of some paper in New York, we think the Tribune, in describing the recent Whig celebration at Philadelphia, and alluding to the circumstance that seats were provided for women to listen to the speeches after dinner, seems to have been struck with a sudden idea, to have been visited with a new ray of light, and in the enthusiasm of the moment, propounds the following queries:

"This admission of ladies, to witness convivial tributes to distinguished talents and services, is somewhat novel in our country, but is it not just and proper? Is it right to impose on them all the drudgeries of life, and shut them out from witnessing occasions of the highest and most agreeable of social and intellectual recreations?"

An enormous privilege, certainly, was here accorded to those who in the sardonic irony of Civilized society, are called the "better half of creation!" We wonder that the glossy conservatism of Philadelphia did not bristle up, like a fretted porcupine, at such a monstrous innovation. Women, or ladies, to speak more daintily, allowed to be present when their liege lords are about to perpetrate eloquence under the inspiration of wine and party politics! Allowed to come in, like the children, after the cloth is removed, to taste the nuts and raisins! And even indulged with seats in the gallery, where they can hear very well, without interfering with "the hilarity of the occasion!" Let us have no more babble about the proper sphere of woman, or the maintenance of woman's rights. Here is a precedent, established by the collective wisdom and gallantry of the Whigs of Philadelphia, which cannot be set aside. It even appeals to the sense of justice in the arid soul of a newspaper reporter. He shows by his honest in-

terrogatories that he for one, is ready to go all lengths, — that he repudiates "the right to impose on ladies all the drudgeries of life," — that he goes decidedly for "not shutting them out from witnessing occasions of the highest and most agreeable of social and intellectual recreations." Worthy reporter! thou must clearly belong to the progressive democracy. Let us be thankful for the smallest mercies. It is something to hear it intimated that woman is born for something more than the "drudgeries of life." In some conditions of society, it is thought to be her true function to hoe corn, build canoes, cook venison, and nurse papooses. We are getting on. Philadelphia allows her to "witness occasions of the highest and most agreeable of social and intellectual recreations." Bravo! Philadelphia! Perhaps we may be allowed to hope, without giving too great latitude to the imagination, that woman may one day share in all social and intellectual recreations in which man indulges, and that not as a privilege to be blazoned in the newspapers, but as an essential element of the social order. Perhaps we may live to see the time when man will no more think of "shutting" out woman from any enjoyment or privilege, which he claims for himself, than he would shut out one eye from beholding the light of heaven and the glories of creation, for the sake of giving greater satisfaction to the other. It may not even be too romantic to hope that the time is coming, when woman shall be no more dependent on man than he is on her; when she shall possess property in her own right; be allowed to form contracts and make a will; when she shall have the disposal of the children to which she has given birth; be provided with constant, appropriate, and profitable employment, as well as with "seats in a gallery" to see the men "hear Mr. Webster;" and be consulted, revered, and loved, on all occasions, not as a servile inferior, but as the noblest, most majestic, most divine of God's creatures.

¶ The Rev. WILLIAM H. CHANNING will preach in Boston, either in the afternoon or evening of next Sunday, (Dec. 27th). Special notice of the time and place will be given in the Boston papers.

CONVENTION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS.

ACCORDING to adjournment, the AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS will meet in Boston, on Thursday, Dec. 31st, at 10 o'clock, A. M., in the New "Bromfield Hall," in Bromfield Street, a few doors from Washington Street. The meeting will probably last two or three days.

All who are interested in a truer organization of Society, are earnestly invited to be present.

JOHN ORVIS,
Rec. Sec. of A. U. A.

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,
No. 222 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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VOLUME IV.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1847.

NUMBER 4.

MISCELLANY.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,* SEQUEL TO CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.
Translated for the Harbinger.

XXXII.

Consuelo was awakened at break of day by the sound of horns and the barking of dogs. When Matteus brought her breakfast, he informed her that there was a great battue of deer and wild boars in the forest situated behind the rock on the confines of the park. More than a hundred guests, he said, were assembled at the chateau for this lordly diversion. Consuelo understood that a great number of the associates of the order had come together under pretext of hunting at this chateau, the principal rendezvous of their most important meetings. She was rather frightened at the idea that she would perhaps have all these men as witnesses of her initiation, and asked herself if it was indeed a matter sufficiently interesting in the eyes of the order to occasion so great a concourse of its members. She endeavored to read and to meditate, in order to conform to the prescriptions of the *initiator*; but she was still more distracted by an internal emotion and by vague fears than by the flourishes of horns, the galloping of horses and the baying of the blood-hounds, which made the surrounding woods echo all day long. Was this hunt real or pretended? Had Albert been so converted to all the customs of common life as to take part in it and to shed without terror the blood of innocent animals? Would not Liverani quit this party of pleasure and under cover of the disorder come to trouble the neophyte in the secret of her retreat?

Consuelo saw nothing of what passed without, and Liverani did not come. Matteus, too busy, doubtless, at the cha-

teau to think of her, brought her no dinner. Was this, as Superville pretended, a fast designedly imposed in order to weaken the mental powers of the adept? She was resigned.

Towards night, when she returned to the library which she had left an hour before in order to take the air, she recoiled with affright at seeing a man, clothed in red and masked, seated in her arm-chair; but she was immediately re-assured, for she recognized the feeble old man who served her, so to speak, as spiritual father. "My child," said he, rising and coming to meet her, "have you nothing to say to me? Have I still your confidence?"

"You have, sir," replied Consuelo, making him resume his seat in the arm-chair and taking a stool beside him in the embrasure of the window. "I have earnestly desired to speak with you and for a long time."

Then she faithfully related to him all that had passed between herself, Albert, and the unknown since her last confession, and she concealed none of the involuntary emotions she had experienced.

When she had concluded, the old man kept silence so long as to trouble and embarrass Consuelo. Pressed by her to judge her conduct and feelings, he replied at last: "Your conduct is excusable, almost irreproachable; but what can I say of your feelings? That sudden, insurmountable, and violent affection which is called love, is a consequence of the good or bad instincts which God has placed in souls or allowed to penetrate them that they may be perfected or punished in this life. Bad human laws, which thwart in almost all things the will of nature and the designs of Providence, often make that a crime which is an inspiration from God, and curse the feeling which he had blessed, while they sanction infamous unions, degrading instincts. It belongs to us, exceptional legislators, hidden architects of a new society, to distinguish as far as possible legitimate and true love from culpable and vain love, in

order to pronounce, in the name of a purer, more generous and more moral law than that of the world, upon the lot which you deserve. Are you willing to trust in this to our decision? Will you grant us the power to bind and to loose you?"

"You inspire me with an absolute confidence; I have told you so, and I repeat it."

"Well, Consuelo, we will deliberate upon this question of life and death for your soul and that of Albert."

"And shall I not have the right to cause the cry of my conscience to be heard?"

"Yes, to enlighten us; I, who have heard it, will be your advocate. You must release me from the secret of your confession."

"What! will you no longer be the only confidant of my private feelings, of my sufferings?"

"If you were to request a divorce before a tribunal, would you not be obliged to make public complaints? That suffering will be spared you. You have no complaint to make of any one. Is it not more pleasant to confess love than to declare hatred?"

"Is it enough to feel a new love in order to have a right to abjure the old?"

"You have never felt love for Albert."

"It seems to me that I have not, yet I would not swear it."

"You would have no doubt if you had loved him. Besides, the question which you ask carries its own answer. Every new love excludes the old by the force of things."

"Do not decide that too quickly. my father," said Consuelo with a sad smile. "Because I love Albert otherwise than *the other*, I do not love him less than in the past. Who knows if I do not love him more? I feel ready to sacrifice to him this unknown, the thought of whom deprives me of sleep and makes my heart beat at this moment while speaking to you."

* 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.

"Is it not the pride of duty, the ardor of sacrifice rather than affection, which counsels you to this kind of preference for Albert?"

"I believe not."

"Are you very sure of it? Recollect that you are here far from the world, protected from its judgments, beyond its laws. If we give you a new formula and new notions of duty, will you persist in preferring the happiness of the man whom you do not love to that of him whom you do love?"

"Have I ever said then that I did not love Albert?" cried Consuelo quickly.

"I can only answer your questions by other questions, my daughter. Can you have two loves at the same time in your heart?"

"Yes, two different loves. A woman loves her brother and her husband at the same time."

"But not her husband and her lover. The rights of the husband and of the brother are different, in fact. Those of the husband and the lover would be the same, unless the husband consented to become a brother. Then the law of marriage would be broken in what it has most mysterious, most private and most holy. It would be a divorce, wanting only the publicity. Answer me, Consuelo, I am an old man on the brink of the grave, and you a child. I am here as your father, as your confessor. I cannot alarm your modesty by this delicate question, and I hope that you will reply with courage. In the enthusiastic friendship with which Albert inspired you, have you not always felt a secret and insurmountable terror at the idea of his caresses?"

"It is true," replied Consuelo, blushing, "that idea was not ordinarily mingled with that of his love; it seemed foreign to it; but when it did present itself, the chill of death passed through my veins."

"And the breath of the man whom you know under the name of Liverani has given you the fire of life?"

"That also is true. But should not such instincts be stifled by the will?"

"By what right? Has God suggested them for nothing? Has he authorized you to abjure your sex, to pronounce in marriage the vow of virginity, or that more horrible and more degrading still of serfdom? The passiveness of the slave has in it something which resembles the coldness and brutishness of prostitution. Is it in the designs of God that a being such as you are should be so far degraded? Woe to the children that are born of such unions! God inflicts upon them some disgrace, an incomplete, delirious, or stupid organization. They bear the seal of disobedience. They do not be-

long entirely to humanity; for they have not been conceived according to the law of humanity which wills a reciprocity of ardor, a community of aspirations between the man and the woman. There where this reciprocity does not exist, there is no equality; and there where equality is broken there is no real union. Be certain therefore that God, far from commanding such sacrifices to your sex, rejects them and denies to it the right of making them. That suicide is as criminal and still more cowardly than the renunciation of life. The vow of virginity is anti-human and anti-social; but the sacrifice without love is something monstrous in that sense. Think well of it, Consuelo, and if you persist in annihilating yourself to that degree, reflect upon the part which you would reserve to your husband if he accepted your submission without understanding it. Unless he were deceived he would never accept it, as I need not tell you; but, abused by your devotedness, transported by your generosity, would he not soon appear to you strangely selfish or gross in his error? Would you not degrade him in your own eyes, would you not degrade him in reality before God, by laying that snare for his candor, and by furnishing to him that almost irresistible opportunity to succumb? Where would be his greatness, where would be his delicacy, if he did not perceive the paleness on your lips and the tears rolling in your eyes? Can you flatter yourself that hatred would not, in spite of yourself, enter your heart with the shame and the grief of not having been understood or divined? No, woman! you have not the right to deceive love in your bosom; you would rather have that of suppressing it. Whatever cynical philosophers may have said respecting the passive condition of the feminine species in the order of nature, that which will always distinguish the companion of man from that of the brute is discernment in love and the right of choice. Vanity and cupidity make the greater part of marriages a *legalized prostitution*, according to the expression of the ancient Lollards. Devotedness and generosity may lead a simple mind to similar results. Virgin, it was my duty to instruct you in delicate matters which the purity of your life and of your thoughts prevented you from foreseeing or analyzing. When a mother gives her daughter in marriage she half reveals to her, with more or less wisdom and modesty, the mysteries which she had concealed from her until that hour. A mother was wanting to you when you pronounced, with an enthusiasm more fanatical than human, the oath to belong to a man whom you loved in an incomplete manner. A mother is given to you at this day to assist and en-

lighten you in new resolutions at the hour of divorce or of the definitive sanction of that strange wedding. The mother is myself, Consuelo, who am not a man but a woman."

"You a woman!" said Consuelo, looking with surprise at the thin and bluish, but delicate and truly feminine hand which had taken her own during this discourse.

"This little, worn and wasted old man," replied the problematical confessor, "this exhausted and suffering being, whose broken voice has no longer any sex, is a woman worn by sorrow, disease, and anxiety, more than by age. I am not more than sixty, Consuelo, though under this dress, which I do not wear except in my office as an *Invisible*, I have the aspect of an imbecile octogenarian. However, in the garments of my sex, as in these, I am nothing but a wreck; yet I was a large, strong and beautiful woman of an imposing exterior. But at thirty I was already bent and trembling as you see me now. And do you know, my child, the cause of that precocious sinking? It was the unhappiness from which I wish to preserve you. It was an incomplete affection, an unhappy union, a horrible effort of courage and resolution which bound me for ten years to a man whom I esteemed and respected, without being able to love. A man could not have told you what are the holy rights and the true duties of woman in love. They have formed their laws and their ideas without consulting us; I have nevertheless, often enlightened the consciences of my associates in that respect, and they have had the courage and the loyalty to listen to me. But, believe me, I well knew that if they did not place me in direct communication with you, they would never have the key to your heart, and perhaps condemn you to an eternal suffering, to a complete abasement, while thinking to ensure your happiness in strength and in virtue. Now, open your heart to me entirely. Tell me if this Liverani —"

"Alas! I love him, this Liverani! that is only too true," said Consuelo, carrying the hand of the mysterious sibyl to her lips. "His presence causes me still more fear than that of Albert; but how different is that fear, and how mingled with strange delights! His arms are a magnet which attracts me, and his kiss upon my forehead makes me enter another world in which I breathe, in which I exist otherwise than in this."

"Well, Consuelo, you must love that man and forget the other. I pronounce your divorce from this moment; it is my duty and my right."

"Whatever you may have said, I cannot accept this sentence before having

seen Albert, before he has spoken to me and told me himself that he renounces me without regret, that he returns to me my word without contempt."

"You do not yet know Albert, or you fear him! But I, I know him, I have rights over him even more than over you, and I can speak in his name. We are alone, Consuelo, and it is not forbidden me to reveal myself entirely to you, although I form part of the supreme council whom their nearest disciples never know. But my situation and yours are exceptional: look, therefore, upon my faded features, and tell me if they seem unknown to you."

Saying this, the sibyl took off at the same time her mask and her false beard, her skull-cap and her false hair, and Consuelo saw the head of a woman, aged and suffering, in truth, but of an incomparable beauty of lines, and with a sublime expression of goodness, sadness and strength. These three habits of the soul, so different and so rarely united in one and the same being, were depicted in the vast forehead, in the maternal smile, and in the deep look of this unknown woman. The form of her head and the lower part of her face announced great strength of primitive organization; but the ravages of sorrow were only too visible, and a kind of nervous tremulousness imparted a vacillation to that beautiful head, which recalled that of Niobe expiring, or rather that of Mary fainting at the foot of the cross. Grey hair, fine and smooth as virgin silk, separated upon her broad forehead and closed in small bands upon her temples, completed the noble strangeness of that captivating face. At that epoch, all women wore their hair powdered and frizzled, raised and leaving uncovered the bare and bold forehead. The sibyl had tied hers in the manner least embarrassing under her disguise, without thinking that she adopted the style most in harmony with the cut and expression of her face. Consuelo contemplated her a long while with respect and admiration; then, suddenly struck with surprise, she cried out seizing both her hands: "O my God, how you do resemble him!"

"Yes, I resemble Albert, or rather, Albert resembles me prodigiously," replied she: "but have you never seen a portrait of me?" And seeing that Consuelo made vain efforts of memory, she added, to assist her:

"A portrait which resembled me as much as art is permitted to approach reality, and of which I am now only the shadow; a large portrait of a young, fresh, brilliant woman, with a waist of gold brocade covered with flowers in precious stones, a purple mantle, and black hair escaping from clasps of rubies and

of pearls to fall in curls upon the shoulders; that is the dress I wore, more than forty years ago, on the day after my marriage. I was beautiful, but I was not to be so long; I already had death in my soul."

"The portrait of which you speak," said Consuelo, becoming pale, "is at Giant's Castle, in the chamber which Albert inhabited. It is that of his mother whom he had hardly known, and whom he nevertheless adored—whom he thought he saw and heard in his ecstasies. Can you then be a near relative of the noble Wanda de Prachalitz and consequently—"

"I am Wanda de Prachalitz herself," replied the sibyl, recovering some firmness in her voice and attitude; "I am the mother of Albert, and the widow of Christian de Rudolstadt; I am the descendant of Jean Ziska of the Chalice, and the mother-in-law of Consuelo; but I wish no longer to be other than her friend and her adopted mother, because Consuelo does not love Albert, and Albert must not be happy at the expense of the happiness of his companion."

"His mother! you, his mother!" cried Consuelo, trembling, as she fell at the knees of Wanda. "Are you then a spectre? Were you not mourned as dead at Giant's Castle?"

"It is now twenty-seven years," replied the sibyl, "since Wanda de Prachalitz, countess of Rudolstadt, was buried at Giant's Castle, in the same chapel, and under the same stone where Albert de Rudolstadt, attacked by the same disease and subject to the same epileptic crisis, was buried last year, a victim to the same error. The son would never have risen from that horrible tomb, if the mother, attentive to the danger which threatened him, had not watched, invisible, over his agony, and had not presided with anguish at his inhumation. It was his mother who saved a being, still full of strength and life, from the worms of the sepulchre to which he had already been abandoned; it was his mother who rescued him from the yoke of a world in which he had lived only too long and in which he could no longer live, to transport him to this mysterious world, to this impenetrable asylum in which she herself had recovered, if not health of body, at least the life of the soul. It is a strange history, Consuelo, and you must know it in order to understand that of Albert, his sad life, his pretended death and his miraculous resurrection. The Invisibles will not open their session for your initiation until midnight. Listen to me then, and may the emotion caused by this strange recital prepare you for those which still await you."

XXXIII.

"Rich, beautiful, and of illustrious birth, I was married at twenty to count Christian, who was more than forty. He might have been my father, and he inspired me with affection and respect, but not with love. I had been educated in ignorance of what such a feeling may be in the life of a woman. My parents, austere Lutherans, but compelled to practise their worship as secretly as possible, had in their habits and in their ideas an excessive strictness and a great strength of mind. Their extravagant hatred of foreigners, their inward revolt against the religious and political yoke of Austria, their fanatical attachment to the ancient liberties of their country had passed into my bosom, and these passions sufficed for my proud youth. I did not suspect that there were others; and my mother, who had never known aught besides duty, would have thought she committed a crime had she permitted me to imagine them. The emperor Charles, Maria-Theresa's father, persecuted my family for a long while on account of heresy, and set a price upon our fortune, our liberty, and almost upon our lives. I could ransom my parents by marrying a Catholic lord devoted to the empire, and I sacrificed myself with a kind of enthusiastic pride. From among those who were designated to me, I chose count Christian because his character, gentle, conciliating and even weak in appearance, gave me hopes of secretly converting him to the political ideas of my family. My family accepted my devotedness and blessed it. I thought that I should be happy from virtue; but the unhappiness of which we understand the extent and feel the injustice is not a medium in which the soul can easily be developed. I soon discovered that the wise and calm Christian concealed under his precise and benevolent gentleness an invincible obstinacy, a bigoted attachment to the customs of his caste and to the prejudices of his neighborhood, a kind of merciful hatred and of sorrowful contempt for every idea of combat and resistance to established things. His sister Wenceslawa, tender, watchful, generous, but bound even more than he to the minutiae of her devotion and the pride of her rank, was to me a companion both sweet and bitter, a caressing but overpowering tyrant, a friend devoted but irritating to the last degree. I suffered mortally at the absence of sympathizing and intellectual connection with beings whom I nevertheless loved, but the contact with whom killed me, whose atmosphere slowly wasted me. You know the history of Albert's youth, his suppressed enthusiasm, his misunderstood religion, his evangelical ideas accused of heresy and madness. My life was a prelude to his,

and you must have sometimes heard uttered in the family of Rudolstadt exclamations of terror and of sorrow at that fatal resemblance between the son and the mother, in mind as well as in body.

"The absence of love was the greatest evil in my life, and from that flowed all the others. I loved Christian with a strong friendship; but nothing in him could inspire me with enthusiasm, and an enthusiastic affection would have been necessary to repress the profound disunion of our understandings. The religious and severe education I had received did not permit me to separate understanding from love. I devoted myself. My health became affected, an extraordinary excitement seized upon my nervous system; I had hallucinations, ecstasies which were called attacks of madness, and which they concealed with care instead of trying to cure. Still, they tried to divert me and to carry me into the world, as if balls, performances and feasts could supply to me the want of sympathy, of love and of confidence. I fell so ill at Vienna that I was carried back to Giant's castle. I preferred even that dull abode, the exorcisms of the chaplain, and the cruel friendship of the canoness, to the court of our tyrants.

"The consecutive loss of my five children gave me the final blow. It seemed to me that Heaven had cursed my marriage; I desired death with fervor. I had no more hope in life. I strove not to love Albert, my last-born, persuaded that he was condemned like the others and that all my cares could not save him.

"A last misfortune brought the exasperation of my faculties to its height. I loved, I was beloved; and the austerity of my principles constrained me to stifle in my bosom even the inward confession of that terrible feeling. The physician who attended me in my frequent and painful crises was less young in appearance and not so handsome as Christian. It was not, therefore, the graces of his person which affected me, but the profound sympathy of our minds, the conformity of our ideas, or at least of our religious and philosophical instincts, an incredible resemblance of characters. Marcus, I can indicate him to you only by that name, had the same energy, the same activity of mind, the same patriotism as myself. Of him could be said, as well as of me, what Shakspeare has put in the mouth of Brutus: 'I am not of those who bear injustice with a smiling face.' The misery and degradation of the poor, serfdom, the despotic laws and their monstrous abuses, all the impious rights of conquest excited in him tempests of indignation. Oh! what torrents of tears we have shed together over the sufferings of our country and those of the human race, everywhere

enslaved or cheated! Here brutified by ignorance, there decimated by the rapacity of the avaricious, elsewhere violated and degraded by the ravages of war, debased and unfortunate over the whole face of the earth! Still Marcus, more learned than I, conceived a remedy for all these evils, and often conversed with me respecting strange and mysterious projects for organizing a universal conspiracy against despotism and intolerance. I listened to his designs as to romantic dreams. I could not hope; I was too ill and too much broken to believe in the future. He loved me ardently; I saw it, I felt it, I shared his passion: and yet, during five years of apparent friendship and chaste intimacy we did not once reveal to each other the fatal secret which united us. He did not usually dwell in the Böhmer-wald; at least he was frequently absent from that region under pretext of going to attend upon distant patients, but in fact for the purpose of organizing that conspiracy of which he incessantly spoke to me without being able to persuade me of its results. Each time that I again saw him I felt more inflamed by his genius, his courage and his perseverance. Each time that he returned, he found me more weakened, more devoured by an inward fire, more wasted by physical suffering.

"During one of those absences I had horrible convulsions, to which the ignorant and conceited doctor Wetzeliuss, whom you know, and who attended me in the absence of Marcus, gave the name of *malignant fever*. After the crisis I fell into a state of complete prostration which was taken for death. My pulse did not beat, my respiration was insensible. Still I had all my consciousness; I heard the prayers of the chaplain and the tears of my family. I heard the heart-rending cries of my only child, of my poor Albert; and I could not make a motion, I could not even see. My eyes had been closed; it was impossible for me to open them. I asked myself if this was death, and if the soul, deprived of its means of action upon the corpse, preserved in its decease the sorrows of life and the horror of the tomb. I heard terrible things around my bed of death; the chaplain, endeavoring to calm the strong and sincere regret of the canoness, told her that it was necessary to thank God for all things, and that it was a great happiness for my husband to be delivered from the anguish of my continual agony and from the storms of my reprobate soul. He did not use quite such harsh words, but the meaning was the same, and the canoness listened to him and by degrees assented. I even heard him afterwards try to console Christian by the same arguments, rather more softened in expression, but

quite as cruel to me. I heard distinctly, I understood frightfully. It was, thought they, the will of God that I should not bring up my son, and that he should be withdrawn in his tender years from the poison of the heresy with which I was infected. This was what they found to say to my husband when he cried, pressing Albert to his bosom: 'Poor child, what will become of thee without thy mother!' The reply of the chaplain was: 'You will educate him according to the will of God!'

"Finally, after three days of motionless and mute despair, I was carried to the tomb, without having recovered strength to make a movement, without having lost for an instant the certainty of the horrible death to which they were about to condemn me! I was covered with diamonds, I was dressed in my wedding garments, that magnificent costume in which you saw me in my portrait. A crown of flowers was placed upon my head, a crucifix of gold upon my chest, and I was deposited in a long coffin of white marble, cut in the subterranean pavement of the chapel. I felt neither the cold nor the want of air, I lived only in thought.

"Marcus arrived an hour after. His consternation took from him all reflection. He came mechanically to prostrate himself upon my tomb; he was torn from it; he returned in the night. This time he was provided with a hammer and a lever. An ominous idea had crossed his mind. He knew my lethargic crises; he had never seen them so long, so complete; but from some instances of that strange state before observed by him, he imagined the possibility of a frightful error. He had no faith in the science of Wetzeliuss. I heard him walking above my head; I recognized his step. The clang of the iron which raised the stone made me shudder, but I could not utter a cry, a groan. When he raised the veil which covered my face I was so exhausted by the efforts I had made to call him that I seemed more dead than ever. He hesitated for a long while; he interrogated a thousand times my extinguished breath, my frozen heart and hands. I had all the stiffness of a corpse. I heard him murmur in a heart-rending voice: 'It is done, then! No more hope! Dead, dead!—O Wanda!' He let the veil fall again, but he did not replace the stone. A horrible silence once more prevailed. Had he fainted? Would he abandon me, he also, forgetting, in the horror inspired by the sight of what he had loved, to close my sepulchre?

"Marcus, plunged in a gloomy meditation, formed a project dismal as his sorrow, strange as his character. He wished to save my body from the rava-

ges of destruction. He wished to carry it away secretly, to enbalm it, to seal it in a metal coffin and keep it always by his side. He asked himself if he would have so much courage; and suddenly, in a kind of fanatic transport, he said that he would. He took me in his arms, and without knowing if his strength would permit him to carry a dead body so far as his dwelling, which was more than a league distant, he laid me upon the pavement, and replaced the stone with that terrible sang-froid which often accompanies acts of delirium. Then he wrapped me up and hid me entirely under his cloak, and left the chateau, which was not then closed with the same care as now, because the bands of malefactors rendered desperate by the war had not yet shown themselves in the environs. I had become so thin that I was not, to tell the truth, a very heavy burden. Marcus crossed the woods, choosing the least frequented paths. He deposited me several times upon the rocks, overpowered by sorrow and dismay more than by fatigue. He has told me since that more than once he felt a horror of this theft of a dead body, and was tempted to carry me back to my tomb. At last he reached his dwelling, penetrated without noise through his garden, and carried me, without being seen by any one, into an isolated pavilion which he used as a private study. It was there only that the joy of seeing myself saved, the first feeling of joy I had had for ten years, unbound my tongue, and I was able to articulate a feeble exclamation.

"A new and violent crisis followed the lethargy. I suddenly recovered an exuberant strength; I uttered cries, groans. Marcus' maid servant and gardener ran towards the pavilion, thinking that some one was assassinating him. He had the presence of mind to throw himself before them, saying that a lady had come there to be secretly confined, and that he would kill any one who attempted to see her, as he would discharge whomsoever said a word about the matter. This feint succeeded. I was dangerously ill in the pavilion for three days. Marcus, shut up with me, attended me with a zeal and an intelligence worthy of his will. When I was saved and could collect my ideas, I threw myself into his arms with terror, at the thought that we should be obliged to separate. 'O Marcus,' cried I, 'why did you not let me die here, in your arms? If you love me, kill me; to return to my family is worse than death to me.'

"'Madam,' replied he with firmness, 'you never shall return there; I have made an oath to God and to myself. You henceforth belong only to me. You will not leave me again, or you will go

hence only over my dead body.' This terrible resolution shocked and charmed me at the same moment. I was too much troubled and too weak to perceive its extent. I listened to it with the at once timid and confiding submission of a child. I allowed myself to be nursed, cured, and by degrees accustomed myself to the idea of never returning to Riesenbourg and of never contradicting the appearances of my death. Marcus displayed an exalted eloquence to convince me. He told me that I could not live in that marriage, and that I had no right to go to certain death. He swore to me that he had the means of withdrawing me from the sight of men for a long time, and for my whole life from that of persons who knew me. He promised me that he would watch over my son and provide a way for me to see him in secret. He even gave me sure pledges of these strange possibilities, and I allowed myself to be convinced. I consented to depart with him and never again to become the countess de Rudolstadt.

"But at the moment when we were about to depart, Marcus was sent for to attend Albert, who was said to be dangerously ill. Maternal tenderness, which unhappiness seemed to have stifled, was re-awakened in my bosom. I wished to follow Marcus to Riesenbourg; no human power, not even his, could have dissuaded me. I entered his carriage, and, enveloped in a long veil, waited with anxiety at some distance from the chateau for him to go and see my son and bring me news of him. He soon returned, in fact, assured me that the child was not in danger, and wished to reconduct me to his house and afterwards return and pass the night with Albert. I could not resolve to do this. I wished still to wait for him, hidden behind the dark walls of the chateau, trembling and agitated, while he returned to take care of my son. I was hardly alone when a thousand anxieties consumed my heart. I imagined that Marcus concealed from me the real situation of Albert, that perhaps he was dying, that he would expire without receiving my last kiss. Overcome by this fatal persuasion, I rushed through the porch of the chateau; a servant, whom I met in the court, let fall his torch and fled crossing himself. My veil hid my features; but the appearance of a woman in the middle of the night was enough to awaken the superstitious ideas of those credulous domestics. They had no doubt that I was the ghost of the unhappy and impious countess Wanda. An unexpected chance allowed me to penetrate to my son's chamber without meeting any other persons, and the canoness had fortunately gone out for that moment to get some medicine prescribed by Marcus.

My husband, according to his custom, had gone to pray in his oratory instead of acting to avert the danger. I precipitated myself upon my son, I pressed him to my bosom. He was not afraid of me, he returned my caresses; he had not comprehended my death. At this moment the chaplain appeared upon the threshold of the chamber. Marcus thought that all was lost. Still, with a rare presence of mind, he remained motionless and appeared not to see me beside him. The chaplain pronounced, with an interrupted voice, some words of exorcism, and fainted away before he had dared to make a step towards me. Then I resigned myself to fly by another door, and I regained in the darkness the place where Marcus had left me. I was reassured; I had seen Albert relieved; his little hands were moist, and the fire of the fever was no longer on his cheeks. The fainting and the terror of the chaplain were attributed to a vision. He insisted that he had seen me beside Marcus, holding Albert in my arms. Marcus insisted that he had seen nothing. Albert had gone to sleep. But on the next day he again asked for me, and the following nights, convinced that I had not fallen asleep forever, as they endeavored to persuade him, he dreamed of me, thought he saw me again and called me several times. From that moment, Albert's childhood was closely watched, and the superstitious souls of Riesenbourg made abundance of prayers to drive the fatal assiduities of my phantom from around his cradle.

"Marcus reconducted me to his house before day. We put off our departure for a week longer, and when my son was entirely re-established we left Bohemia. Since that time I have led a wandering and mysterious life. Always concealed at my resting places, always veiled in my journeys, bearing a false name, and having for a long while no other confidant in the world but Marcus, I passed several years with him in foreign countries. He maintained a constant correspondence with a friend who kept him informed of all that took place at Riesenbourg, and who gave him ample details respecting the health, the character and the education of my son. The deplorable state of my health authorized me to lead the most retired life and to see no one. I passed for the sister of Marcus and lived several years in the interior of Italy, in an isolated villa, while for a part of each year Marcus continued his journeys and pursued the accomplishment of his vast projects.

"I was not the mistress of Marcus; I had remained under the empire of my religious scruples, and I required more than ten years of meditation to conceive

the right of human beings to shake off the yoke of the laws, without pity and without intelligence, which govern human society. Being considered dead, and not wishing to risk the liberty I had so dearly bought, I could not invoke any civil or religious power to break my marriage with Christian, and I could not desire, moreover, to reawaken his sleeping sorrows. He knew not how unhappy I had been with him; he believed that, for my happiness and the peace of his family, and for the salvation of his son, I had descended to the repose of the tomb. In this situation, I looked upon myself as eternally condemned to be faithful to him. Afterwards, when by the exertions of Marcus the disciples of a new faith had united and secretly constituted themselves a religious power, when I had modified my ideas sufficiently to accept this new council and to enter this new church which could have pronounced my divorce and consecrated our union, it was no longer time: Marcus, fatigued by my obstinacy, had felt the necessity of loving elsewhere, and I had heroically impelled him to it. He was married; I was the friend of his wife: still he was not happy. That wife had not a mind and heart sufficiently great to satisfy the mind and heart of a man like him. He had not been able to make her understand his plans; he was careful not to inform her of his success. She died after some years, without having imagined that Marcus still loved me. I nursed her in her last illness; I closed her eyes without having any reproach to make against myself respecting her, without rejoicing at the removal of this obstacle to my long and cruel passion. My youth had departed; I was broken; I had led too grave and too austere a life to change when age began to bleach my hair. I entered at last into the calmness of old age, and I felt deeply all that there is august and holy in that phase of our woman's life. Yes, our old age, like our whole life, when we understand it aright, is something much more serious than that of men. They can cheat the course of years, they can still love and become parents at a more advanced age than we, while nature marks for us a bound beyond which there is something monstrous and impious in the wish to reawaken love and to encroach by ridiculous transports upon the brilliant privileges of the generation which already succeeds and effaces us. The lessons and the examples which it expects from us in that solemn moment, require moreover, a life of contemplation and of concentration which the agitations of love would fruitlessly disturb. Youth can be inspired by its own ardor and find therein high revelations. Ripe age has no lon-

ger any commerce with God but in the august serenity which is granted to it as a last benefit. God himself gently aids us by an insensible transformation to enter upon that path. He takes care to calm our passions and to change them into peaceful friendships; he takes from us the fascination of beauty, thus withdrawing us from dangerous temptations. Nothing then is so easy as to grow old, whatever may say and whatever may think about it those women diseased in mind whom we see move about the world, victims to a kind of fury, obstinate to conceal from others and from themselves the diminution of their charms and the termination of their mission as women. What! age takes from us our sex, it frees us from the terrible labors of maternity, and we do not recognize that this is the moment to raise ourselves to a kind of angelic state! But, my dear daughter, you are so far from that bound, fearful and yet desirable as a port after a tempest, that all my reflections on this subject are out of place; let them therefore only be of use to you to understand my history. I remained what I had always been, the sister of Marcus; and those repressed emotions, that conquered love which had tortured our youth, gave at least to the friendship of riper age a character of strength and of enthusiastic confidence which is not to be found in common friendships.

"I have as yet told you nothing, moreover, of the mental labors and the important occupations which, during the first fifteen years, prevented us from being absorbed by our sufferings, and which since that time have prevented our regretting them. You know their nature, their object and their result; you were informed of them last night; you will be more fully so this evening by the organ of the Invisibles. I can only say to you that Marcus sits among them, and that he has himself formed their secret council and organized their whole society with the assistance of a virtuous prince, whose entire fortune is consecrated to the mysterious and mighty enterprise with which you are acquainted. I have likewise consecrated my whole life to it for fifteen years. After twelve years of absence I was too much forgotten on the one hand and too much changed on the other not to be able to reappear in Germany. The strange life which befits certain employments of our order moreover favored my incognito. Entrusted, not with the active propagandism which is reserved to your life of brilliancy, but with secret missions which my prudence could execute, I have made several journeys which I will describe to you directly. And since then I have lived here entirely concealed, exercising in appearance the obscure functions

of housekeeper to a part of the prince's mansion, but in fact earnestly engaged in nothing but the hidden work; holding a vast correspondence in the name of the council with all the important associates, receiving them here, and often presiding over their conferences alone with Marcus when the prince and the other supreme chiefs were absent; in fine, exercising at all times quite a decided influence upon those of their decisions which seemed to demand the delicate perceptions and the peculiar sense with which the female mind is endowed. Apart from the philosophical questions which are brought forward and weighed here, and from which, besides, I have, by the maturity of my understanding, acquired the right not to be excluded, there are often questions of feeling to be discussed and judged. You may well think that in our attempts abroad, we often find an assistance or an obstacle in particular passions, love, hatred, jealousy. I have had, by the intervention of my son, and even in person and under the disguises, much in fashion at courts among women, of sorceress or of prophetess, frequent connections with the princess Amelia of Prussia, with the interesting and unhappy princess of Culmbach, finally with the young margravine of Bareith, Frederick's sister. We were obliged to win those women more by the heart than by the mind. I have worked nobly, I dare to say it, to attach them to us, and have succeeded. But that phase of my life is not the one with which I am to acquaint you. In your future enterprises you will find my trace and you will continue what I have begun. I wish to speak to you of Albert, and inform you of all that side of his existence which you do not know. We have still time. Give me yet a little of your attention. You will understand how, in this terrible and strange life I have made for myself, I at last knew tender emotions and maternal joys."

To be Continued.

FLATTERING. A writer in the Evening Post says: "Among the wild tribes of Epirus the most flattering tribute that can be paid to a man's memory is to say—'he was an honest man and a good robber;' and here in New York, where commercial gain is looked upon as the whole duty and chief end of man, it is most natural that we should exalt it to the dignity of a virtue."

KIEN-LUNG, EMPEROR OF CHINA.—One day the old Kien-Lung, Emperor of China, asked George Stanton how medical men were paid in England. When the system was explained to him, he asked if there could be a single Englishman in good health. "I will tell you," said he, "how I treat my physicians. I have four, to whom the care of my health is confided. A certain sum is

given to each weekly; but as soon as I am ill, the salaries are stopped till I am well. I need not tell you that my illnesses are not long." By this it appears that the medical care of the celestial emperor is no joke. — *Medical Times*.

¶ When a fine whiskered preacher, with white kid gloves, diamond studs, macassar ringlets and a cambric pocket handkerchief, talks in a lisp about the vanity of the world, we must say we always feel the strongest inclination—only we are averted by the majesty of the beadle—to shout out to him, "Now, then, stupid." — *Punch*.

THE RIGHT OF MAN TO THE SOIL:

THE HOLLAND LAND PURCHASE IN THE WESTERN PART OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

BATAVIA, Genesee Co, N. Y., Dec. 5.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

DEAR SIR:—I see that you are denounced in various quarters for advocating the Right of Man to the Soil, and for wishing to reserve the Public Lands for the poor and landless citizens of our country, with a limitation to land monopoly, so as to secure to the coming generation the possibility of obtaining a portion of the earth (the common inheritance of the Race) not as tenants at will, but as freeholders.

Allow me to state briefly the history of the sale of the Western part of the State of New York, embracing all that section of country West of a line running from the boundary of the State of Pennsylvania due North to Lake Ontario, which line passes through the centre of Seneca Lake, immediately East of Geneva.

This tract contains about 7,000,000 acres of land, and comprises the counties of Wayne, Ontario, Yates, Steuben, Alleghany, Livingston, Monroe, Orleans, Genesee, Wyoming, Cattaraugus, Chautauque, Erie and Niagara.

In the year 1777 or '78, a Mr. Phelps of Salisbury, Conn., then without means or capital, and engaged in a very humble branch of commercial pursuits, conceived the bold project of buying this immense tract of territory from the State of Massachusetts, which was the owner of it. The State of New York held the legal jurisdiction, but the preemptive right to the soil was vested in Massachusetts. He proposed to a Mr. Gorham of Boston, to join him in the purchase, he being a man of some capital. The purchase was made by those two operators for less, it is believed, than six cents an acre. The lands were purchased on credit, and the buyers had the right to pay in the certificates of the State, which were then selling for 2s. 6d. in the pound. This fact being known, it caused the certificates to rise to par value, and the purchasers becoming alarmed relinquished all the lands lying west of Genesee River, and comprising four millions and a half of acres.

Mr. Phelps then proposed to Robert Morris of Philadelphia, a wealthy merchant and an extensive operator, to join him in the re-purchase of the lands relinquished. After some negotiations they were unable to buy jointly, and Robert Morris bought them on his own individual account through the medium of his agent, Samuel Ogden of New Jersey.

He paid for the 4,500,000 acres \$333,333, or a fraction under seven and a half cents per acre. This purchase was made, I think, in 1792.

The same or the following year, Robert Morris sold 3,300,000 acres of these lands to a company of capitalists in Holland for thirty seven and a half cents an acre, clearing in the operation about \$990,000, besides reserving 1,200,000 acres, which he sold in tracts to various persons.

The Indian title was extinguished in September, 1797, for \$100,000, which sum was paid by Robert Morris.

The Holland Land Company had their land surveyed into townships in '98 and '99, and opened them for sale to the settlers in February, 1801. They were sold to the settlers, who generally were from the New England States, at an average of \$2 per acre, on credit.

In 1837, the Holland Land Company sold out the lands remaining on hand, together with the debts due to them by the settlers, to several companies. The total receipts of this company, including the final sale, amounted to over \$12,000,000.

There is a debt of several millions still due from the settlers, secured by mortgages. These mortgages are held by the companies that purchased in 1837, and by some Trust Companies in New York that loaned the money to make the purchases.

In reviewing this operation we see that the State of Massachusetts sold a vast extent of territory to a Philadelphia merchant for seven and a half cents an acre. (Let me remark that Massachusetts received the title to the land by a grant from the English Crown, a rather questionable title, we should think, for Americans who, by a revolution, had thrown off and trampled under foot the political claims of that authority.)

Robert Morris sold the larger part of this territory to a Foreign Company for thirty seven and a half cents per acre; and this Company sold it to the actual settlers, to the men who came to cultivate it, for \$2 per acre.

The men who settled the country, were, as I said, New Englanders, and many of them from Massachusetts; and thus this State saw, in a few years, lands which she had sold for seven and a half cents an acre pass through the hands of a Merchant and a Foreign Company and re-sold to her own sons for \$2 per acre!

And the men and the sons of the men who had fought so valiantly to disenthral themselves from the political yoke of Great Britain, left their homes, came to a wilderness, and gave the profits of their labor during a good portion of their lives to pay to a Merchant and a Foreign Company their profits on lands, the title of which was derived from Great Britain!!!

But this is only the beginning of the evil. The sales of these lands on credit proved most disastrous to the settlers. Previous to the construction of the Erie Canal, completed in 1825, produce generally sold extremely low, or there was no sale for it. I have seen wheat sold in this town at eighteen and three-quarter cents a bushel, and pay taken in goods, upon which one hundred per cent. profit no doubt was made.

Interest accumulated on the mortgages of the settlers, and so enormously was the debt, resting on the country, in-

creased, that a considerable portion of the lands, with the improvements put upon them, were not worth the incumbrances. The settlers also, in many cases mortgaged the farms, which they had paid for, to the Merchants with whom they had traded, and in some cases to Lawyers and Banks.

Taking a general survey of the country, we find a large portion of the farms pledged for the original purchase money, or mortgaged or sold to Merchants, Lawyers, Banks, and so forth. If we follow the fate of the early settlers, who first came in and cultivated the lands, it will be found (and I state this from the best information I can obtain on the subject) that not more than one farmer in ten ever paid for the farm which he had taken up and cleared.

Some were obliged to sell at great sacrifices to those who had the means of paying; the Company sold a very considerable number, depriving the original settlers of their improvements, and many passed into the possession of Merchants, Lawyers, and so forth. The hard and honest toil of a generation was scattered like the chaff and wasted as if it were valueless, and yet this toil was the only property of the poor men that came into the country.

What a frightful result! What gigantic injustice somewhere in our Social System! We see families leaving their homes, and emigrating to a wilderness; we see them clearing a vast region, most heavily timbered, felling tree by tree the dense forest, and converting them into productive farms; we see them combating with want and disease, (for fevers were common and violent in the early settlement of the country,) and after all this toil, which exceeded in extent the labors of the greatest armies, we see that not more than ONE FAMILY IN TEN has retained possession of its farm, and reaped the fruits of its labors!

Now suppose that Massachusetts, instead of selling these lands for seven and a half cents an acre to a Merchant Speculator, had reserved them for actual settlers, for her own sons, and other emigrants from New England, and sold them at twenty five cents an acre in cash. Suppose in addition that two of the measures of the National Reformers, which are denounced as subversive and revolutionary, had been adopted at that period; namely, that not more than one hundred and sixty acres should be sold to one man, and that he could only sell it to a landless man, so as to prevent monopoly by non-producers; and second, that the homestead should be inalienable; that is, should not be sold under mortgage or execution. (The farm, the home of the family, should be held next in sacredness to the human body, which can no longer be imprisoned for debt.)

Had these measures been put in operation, the settlers in this part of the country, who by their labor have transformed it from a wilderness into a fertile region, would have owned their farms, and remained secure in their possession: vast sums would not have been drained from the People by a Foreign Company and sent to Europe; mortgages would not have been plastered over the whole region, as they now are, lying in the Land Offices upon it, and in the Trust Companies in New York, and causing thousands of law suits and hundreds of

thousands of dollars' expense in foreclosures; numberless farms would not have fallen into the hands of underbuyers and others who did not clear them, and of Merchants, Lawyers, Banks, Speculators and Money Lenders; and hundreds of poor, hard-working and disappointed farmers would not have been driven from their homes, and, sunk as many did, into a drunkard's grave—their families ruined and dispersed, seeking a new home in the West—where perhaps some other Companies are enacting over the same scenes, or begging an asylum in the Poor House.

Such is a brief outline of the history of the sale of the soil in the Western part of the State of New York. It is a sad history; one of legal injustice and plunder upon a gigantic scale; of respectable extortion of the most villainous character, perpetrated upon the poor, the defenceless and unsuspecting Producing Classes, who by their patient labor and endurance, have made this important region all that it is.

In the territory west of Genesee river there are several millions still due for the original purchase money, and the entire indebtedness on bond and mortgage must amount to at least ten millions of dollars. This is an immense weight resting on the country, draining it of its resources and impoverishing it, crushing the farmers and keeping a considerable portion of the population under the "har-row" of anxiety and the dread of ruin.

And where goes the money drained year after year from this region? the result of the act of folly of Massachusetts, of politicians, so penny-wise as to sell an immense district of country for a paltry trifle?

The money, the fruit of the industry of the people of this part of the State, goes in part to the city of New York to augment its extravagances, its waste, and its luxury; but the greater portion goes to England and Holland. The bonds issued by the Companies that purchased in 1837 from the original Holland Land Company, have, through the Trust Companies in New York and the United States Bank, found their way to London and Amsterdam.

What a strange result! The subjects of the Crowns of Great Britain and Holland hold at this moment an *absolute sovereignty over the Labor of the Agricultural Classes of an important part of the Empire State*, and an immense tax is levied annually by them, the payment of which is enforced for them without any trouble or expense on their part; and the hard earnings of our people here go to feed the vices, the follies, the insane expenditure, of that disgusting and dreary sink of iniquity, London, and the stupid-est of cities, Amsterdam.

And where are we to seek for the original cause of this complicated mass of error and injustice? We are to look for it in the fact that the People and the leaders of the People after our Revolution had not the intelligence to see the necessity and justice of annulling these grants of Territory from the British Crown to the States, and declaring them as well as all Public Lands, the property of the whole People, to be reserved for the real cultivator and improver, (for cultivation and improvement are the only true claim to wild lands, and the plea on which we dispossessed the Indians,) and

as a new home for our increasing population, and our poor and landless citizens, with a bar to land monopoly or the purchase of land in large quantities by individual Speculators or Companies, who may be fitly denominated, *the Vampires of Agricultural Industry*.

Yours truly,

ONE BORN ON THE SOIL.

THE RELIGION OF LABOR.

We find in the last "Practical Christian," an interesting Discourse on this subject, delivered by ADIN BALLOU to the Hopedale Fraternal Communion. It gives us pleasure to copy the subjoined extract, both on account of the soundness of the views which it presents, and of its encouraging description of life at Hopedale. Mr. Ballou by no means exaggerates the importance of the noble, philanthropic, and truly Christian movement, in which he is engaged.

Brethren, do not our hearts burn within us while we contemplate this theme? How anxiously have we sought to find out a method by which the ordinary labors of our hands might be made a part and parcel of the service of God; by which we could work out the problems of justice and charity, without neglecting any of the other duties of life; by which, indeed, we might at every stroke be doing something to glorify God, to bless humanity, and to keep ourselves from being burdensome to others! Have we not found this desired method? Has not our heavenly Father discovered it to us? If we faithfully follow it, will not "the pleasure of the Lord prosper in our hands?" May we not feel that the humblest manual labor of the humblest individual among us, conscientiously performed, is calculated to subserve the ends of that justice and charity which we have been contemplating. O let me entreat you, dear associates, not to forget your high calling, not to undervalue your vantage ground, not to think lightly of your mission. We are often weak, cold and frail, ready to count our efforts vain; but I tell you that unborn millions will feel the benefits of your associated Christian industry. Let no one deem himself a cypher. Let no one say, "I am doing nothing for truth, righteousness and humanity." *It is not so.* Be patient, be persevering, be conscientious, be diligent in business for the two great purposes we have seen set forth in the gospel, and you will enter into the true blessedness. We are not distillers of intoxicating liquors, to cover the world with drunkenness. We are not fabricators of swords, guns and other deadly weapons. We are not manufacturers of slave manacles and scourges. We are pursuing no essentially anti-Christian industry. We have eschewed these abominations, and testified against all such perversions of human industry, skill and capital. Nor have we imposed on ourselves excessive labors and overtasks for mere selfish aggrandizement. We are not struggling to hoard up wealth. We are not toiling for an exclusive, isolated interest, which is at war with the interests of others. If we are occasionally necessitated to endure more of labor and care than is desirable, we do it for a noble end. But on the average our labors are moderate compared with the labors of the hard laboring classes in general. And as we rise towards maturity, there will scarce

remain a necessity for any one to perform more of physical or mental labor than each should be willing and glad to perform. We have no *government-craft*, no *law-craft*, no *priest-craft*, no *medical-craft*, no *education-craft*, no *bussing-craft*, no *skill-craft*, no exclusive privileged class or order among us to be salaried, fattened and effeminated at the expense of our little commonwealth. All things necessary to be done are done for the common good *on equal terms*. We have the glorious privilege in our position of prosecuting all our labors to the two great Christian ends—*independent self-maintenance*, and the *doing of good to the weak and needy*. O may we appreciate the excellence of this high position, delight to fulfil faithfully its duties, commend to a suffering world, and unitedly enjoy its benefits with ever humble, affectionate and grateful hearts.

LEGAL ABSURDITIES. Major Noah thus "shows up" the absurdities of legal technicalities:—

"Why cannot we simplify the language of the law—why not banish its old black letter Vandalism? 'Sir, I give you this orange,' and I do give it; should not that declaration and transfer be deemed an absolute conveyance? Yet to make it perfectly legal it must run thus:

"I give you all and singular my estate and interests, right, title, and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with the rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, with or without the rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of whatever nature or kind soever, to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding," with much more of the same effect.

ASYLUM FOR AGED AND INDIGENT WOMEN. There is in the city of New York an excellent institution of this kind. It has just had an anniversary, which the Transcript notices as follows:

"At the present time there are eighty inmates in the Asylum, and these have just celebrated a most happy anniversary, with an address at St. Thomas's Church, from the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse. In the course of the address, the Doctor, in depicting the blessedness of such a home for those venerable but poor mothers, contrasted the difference between such a sanctuary from destitution, and the usual abodes of the poor, placed by severe necessity in crowded neighborhoods, and with only a thin partition between the virtuous and the vicious. 'Instead,' said he, 'of a constant, wearing resistance to all that is passing around—jarred by every sound, offended by filth, blasphemy, drunkenness and misery, where a solitary life is the only means of resisting the offence and contagion—in a home like this, there is repose and confidence. The moral air is healthful and congenial, the moral nature acts in secure expansion, and peace, and progress in what is good, are attainable states. Hence this home in many cases effects what neither the home of childhood nor the home of riper

years did produce.' We would that we had such an establishment in our city, to restore in a measure the lost sympathies of the aged and sorrow-stricken, and to supply the wants of the mind as well as of the body of this interesting portion of humanity."

We agree with the Transcript in its admiration of this asylum, and in its wish that such institutions existed in other places. We go, however, a little farther than our neighbor. We say that society universally should furnish for all its members the advantages that Dr. Whitehouse attributes to this asylum, as well as a good many others that he does not mention; or it is anything but a Christian kind of society. — *Chronotype.*

☞ Love sways even justice, and it is the peculiarity of love to devote itself for that which is beloved.

SYDNEY SMITH ON WAR. Among the last productions of the pen of Sydney Smith was one "on the duties of the Queen," in which this forcible paragraph occurs:

"A second great object which I hope will be impressed upon the mind of this royal lady is a rooted horror of war, an earnest and passionate desire to keep her people in a state of profound peace. The greatest curse which can be entailed upon mankind is a state of war. All the atrocious crimes committed in years of peace; all that is spent in peace by the secret corruptions or by the thoughtless extravagance of nations, are mere trifles compared with the gigantic evils which stalk over the world in a state of war. God is forgotten in war; every principle of Christian charity trampled upon; human industry extinguished; you see the son, and the husband, and the brother, dying miserably in distant lands; you see the breaking of human hearts; you hear the shrieks of widows and children after the battle; and you walk over the mangled bodies of the wounded calling for death. I would say to that royal child, worship God by loving peace: it is not your humanity to pity a beggar by giving him food or raiment. I can do that. That is the charity of the humble and the unknown. Widen your heart for the more expanded miseries of mankind. Pity the mothers of the peasantry who see their sons torn away from their families; pity your poor subjects crowded into hospitals, and calling, in their last breath, upon their distant country and their young Queen; pity the stupid frantic folly of human beings who are always ready to tear each other to pieces, and to deluge the earth with each other's blood. This is your extended humanity, and this the great field of your compassion. Extinguish in your heart the fiendish love of military glory, from which your sex does not necessarily exempt you, and to which the wickedness of flatterers may urge. Say upon your death-bed, 'I have made few orphans in my reign—I have made few widows; My object has been peace. I have used all the weight of my character and all the power of my situation to check the irascible passions of mankind, and to turn them to the arts of honest industry. This has been the Christianity of my throne, and this the gospel of my sceptre. In this way I have striven to worship my Redeemer and Judge.'"

REVIEW.

Fact and Fiction: A Collection of Stories. By L. MARIA CHILD. Author of "Letters from New York," "Philothea," &c. &c. New York: C. S. Francis and Co., 252 Broadway. Boston: J. H. Francis, 128 Washington Street. 12mo. pp. 282.

We know not how to speak of this little volume in any terms which will not sound like extravagant praise. Surely no stories ever delighted us more; and nothing that we have read of late in any shape of literature, elaborate or light, has been to us so like the contact of a fresh, true soul. Such a book in the Christmas season comes to us like a whole garden of flowers suddenly springing up around us amid winter snows:—*real* flowers; there is no magic about them, except the heart's permanent magic; and a heart kept fresh from childhood, grown only wiser and more loving by life's lessons, fed with still deepening hopes, instead of exhausting itself, by each experience, is the infallible poet. There is the secret of imagination, of fancies ever brightening into fuller beauty and consistency, of profound acquaintance with and facile skill to touch the springs of human sympathies, of life-like style and charm in every thing. Mrs. Child's characteristics as a writer are too well known to call for our analysis. Allowing for all shades of temperament, (since most are born with slower pulses than her own, and cannot help it, and to them consequently there is always a certain exaggeration in all her enthusiasms,) she is generally acknowledged to be one of the most genial, buoyant, versatile, impetuous, playful, earnest, humane and unpretendingly, informally religious writers of the times,—a sincere, generous, great woman, to whom no conventional sham or folly by any possibility can cleave,—and a poet, in whom the faculty of seeing beauty in every thing and sympathizing with it, and re-creating it in forms of art, seems never suspended, never blunt or wearied. Her tendency has always been to dwell upon the bright side of things, to detect hidden beauties and restore faded promises; but not the less has she felt and understood (as far as faithful hearts can understand) the tragedy of life, and pleaded earnestly against the wrongs, the bitter, solemn lies which false society would make perpetual and unimpeachable. She does not idly fret herself about these things; her earnest protest is backed by a still more earnest faith. She has outlived fanaticism, and yet grown in faith: and that is a great thing to say of any one. Probably however it would be wiser to infer that what *seemed* fanaticism never really was so, otherwise than relatively to less earnest, less enthu-

siastic, and certainly not more healthful minds. She has "come out" from organized philanthropy, and partial reform movements, as well as from the mouldy conservatism of Church and State, and is only a truer and more active lover of humanity than before; she trusts in God, and in the heart's true instincts and abides her time; saving herself, we doubt not, for that organization which shall be broad as humanity, and whose perfect order shall be but the mirror and complement of the freest charin and subtlest, grandest laws of nature.

One thing we may properly add to all these familiar enumerations of Mrs. Child's moral and literary qualities: her's is a remarkably *progressive* genius. Each successive yield from her mind's store-house is of a deeper, finer, and more solid quality; the fresh and glaring colors of her pictures steadily acquire tone; her productions have more and more a sweet and recondite taste as of old wine, or well dried walnuts. And the sap-wood is in proportion to the heart-wood. Her thoughts grow richer, as well as calmer. The exuberance of fancy is ever enhanced, and her most busy imagination wears like a native the costume of all countries, and can breathe the spirit of old ages as if they were new. Nothing is more remarkable than the variety of the flowers woven into this wreath of "Fact and Fiction." They are of all climes and of all spheres of passion. Here is music in almost all keys, the most remote from one another.

The strongly contrasted atmospheres of Classic, Sacred, or wild Northern legends; the home of guileless Quakerism a century and a half ago; the obscure walks of Irish simplicity and heart to-day; Southern Slavery; and the whole boundless kingdom of pure Faerie and moral allegory besides:—she goes from one to the other, throws herself entirely into the spirit of each by turns, and is at home wherever she finds childlike life and nature, whether among the heroes and shepherds of Homer's day, or in the quaint courtship and simple, useful, holy life of the Quaker emigrants, Elizabeth Haddon and John Estaulgh.

The first piece in the volume is "The Children of Mount Ida," which we should call the most exquisite piece of classic fiction which we ever read, if we did not know the danger of superlatives. It is thoroughly old Grecian and Homeric in its characters and imagery, showing the passions of Love and Friendship in their primitive simplicity and innocence, and, in a style as chaste and yet as warm and mellow as a Mozart's music, telling of Love's peaceful heaven, and how ambition, ignorant of its true ends in a society so simple and incoherent, could not wake,

but it must chase Love out and trample down its bowers. It is the old story of Paris and CEnone expanded. In the latter part of it a very artistic use is made of the prophetic ravings which the Iliad ascribes to Cassandra and others, and which are here identified with the modern phenomena of the clairvoyant state. It is perhaps as perfect a poem as could be written without rhyme.

In the very next piece you are at the antipodes almost of history: you have the simple tale of Quaker love, above alluded to; the same human nature still, the same childlike simplicity, under a different garb, and schooled to happier issue. Next comes the "Quadroons," another tragedy of love, love cursed by slavery. The "Irish Heart" is such a true, heroic, self-forgetting heart as doubtless may be found among the untutored peasantry of Ireland, but such as our more civilized arrangements do not succeed in making: thank God, that they do not *always* succeed in killing it! Of the other pieces we have not room to speak particularly. Most, if not all of them, have been widely circulated in the journals of the day. There are the "Neighbor-in-Law," the "Poet's Dream of the Soul," and that most strange, impossible, and yet most natural, exquisitely beautiful, witty, wild fantasia of Swedish and Norwegian life, the "Hilda Silfverling." To straight-laced readers it may seem an irreverent liberty of the imagination, thus to suppose the natural laws of life and death suspended; but it is full of deep and touching truth to the heart; and it merely fancies earth a heaven, and renders that poetic justice to the soul on earth, which the soul will trust and wait for, though it be not found here. Music enters more and more into Mrs. Child's imaginings, and with as good and blending an effect, as when it intervenes in stage representations. If she have no definite, constructive view of a true social order, in which there shall be harmony, and all things outward corresponding to the inward, yet we must give her this praise: that she uniformly and with most brave trust reverences and celebrates the natural instincts, the deep and sacred springs of passion in the human heart.

The Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Richard Hooker, Mr. George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson. By ISAAC WALTON. *With some Account of the Author and his Writings.* By THOMAS ZOUCH, D. D., F. L. S., Prebendary of Durham. A new edition, with illustrative Notes, &c. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway. In Two Parts. pp. 386. Price 37 1-2 cents each. (Sold by Redding & Co., 8 State St., Boston.)

Here is choice old English reading, dear to many a scholar. We are glad to

see this rich ore dug from the mines of old libraries, and brought out in so attractive a shape for general readers. The simple piety, solid learning, sound integrity, and dignity of character, exhibited in these lives; and the quaint, inimitable style of the old angling philosopher, will retain an interest after opinions and institutions have undergone even greater changes than they have yet. Wordsworth's Sonnet, prefixed to the volume, is not too flattering an advertisement of its merits:

"There are no colors in the fairest sky,
So fair as these: *the feather whence the pen*
Was shaped, that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropt from an angels' wing: with moistened eye,
We read of faith, and purest charity,
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen.
Oh! could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright,
Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night;
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray; or seen—like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring,
Around meek WALTON's heavenly memory!"

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

STILLE LIEBE.

Who from restful Love would wander?
Let me pitch my happy tent
Where its music streams meander
Through the valley of Content!

Lessons of divinest beauty,
Acts which scent the very thought,
Circling round life's lowliest duty,
To the loving heart are taught.

Glimpses of a pure ideal,
Not removed from sight and sense,
Bloom in beauty round the real,
Like a fragrant effluence.

From the vale the lofty summits,
Light-enchanted, show more fair;
Yet within Love's peaceful limits
Flowers are planted every where.

What the ever-toiling seeker
Vainly sought on Fame's bleak height,
Unto humbler hearts and weaker
Yielded a perpetual light.

Peacefully the plant upgroweth,
Peacefully the planets move,
Tempests reach no tide that floweth,
Nature's deepest art is Love.

Life shall not through aspiration
Over nature's law transgress;
Only in her limitation
Are the bounds of happiness.

W. W. S.

THE MUSIC OF HEAVEN.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

The holy prophets say that heaven will be a singing choir;
I reverence the prophets! their tongues are lit with fire;

And when they say that heaven will be an hal-
leluia wide,
I feel a song within my heart, and strike my lyre
with pride;
For oh, I ever pray the prayer, by blessed Jesus
given,
"Thy will be done, our Father, on earth as 'tis
in heaven."

This earth will be hosanna; this earth will be a
psalm,
When all the discords of our hearts are har-
monized in calm;
This earth will be a concert as of myriad angel
throats
When Love, the Great Musician, plays on wil-
ling human notes;
When Life is Music—then the truth that pro-
phets forth have given,
Will be; for earth will then become a harmony,
a heaven.

Not that, O Lyre! thy tones can rise no higher
than the earth,
But that the poet-child must sing first at its
place of birth,
Then travel forth as troubadour, through coun-
tries and through years,
As thou, O Earth! dost mingle with the music
of the spheres;
For they must be prepared below to whom gold
harps are given,
And have deep music in their souls to join the
choir of heaven.

People's Journal.

THE CROWDED STREET.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Let me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an everlasting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the fitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest;
To halls in which the feast is spread;
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
Goest thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd, to-night, shall tread
The dance till daylight gleams again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold dark hours, how slow the light!
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to night.

Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not.
There is who heeds, who holds them all,
In his large love, and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1847.

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.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

A profoundly experienced, though eccentric man once said, "Earth is Hell, and you will not through eternity see worse devils than men." He knew little of the Persian tradition of the struggle between Ormuzd and Ahriman to rule our race, — or of Plato's doctrine, that this world is a prison for fallen spirits, — or of Swedenborg's awful statement, that it is the most debased planet in the Universe, — or of Fourier's appalling assertion, that it is a globe so sick as to make it doubtful whether it can be cured. He had not so much theorized as looked freshly at facts; and the contradictions, contrasts, perverse hindrances, failures, disappointments, which tantalize all without exception, made this existence seem to him like a place of torment for the lost, or a bedlam for the mad. And, if any one, of quick heart and active imagination, will follow in thought the scenes which this very Christmas day has exposed to the light of the sun, he cannot halt in his judgments far short of the view which regards this little ball, on which we play such antics, as a pandemonium.

Christmas! Day consecrated as the memorial of His nativity, whose name was God-with-us, whose way to truth and life was Love; which whether actually the anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ or not, must forever be holy, as a symbol of the reality, that the Divine Being is through all ages and nations incarnating himself in the Good, and seeking to raise them to a perfect unity with himself; day welcomed by the professed benedictions of millions, and garlanded, in pretence at least, with freshest hopes; sacred by custom to home gatherings, neighborly kindnesses, tokens of friendship, bestowal of alms, acts of forgiveness and hospitality, — to prayers of thanksgiving and choruses of praise, and words of glad tidings from tens of thousands of preachers; day which should

be eloquent with the unmingled joy of children trusting in a Heavenly Father, and warmed in each other's love, the echo of the angel's song of glory, peace, good-will; what hypocrisies, strifes, jealousies, neglects, cruelties, mockeries, has it witnessed! From the moral lazaretto of New Holland, where Christian England heaps her outcasts to fester in their crimes, to Siberian snows, where Poland's martyrs for freedom are forced by the knout to bless with their lips the Czar of Christian Russia, whom in heart they curse; — from the coasts of Africa, where under shadow of the rocks, clippers from Christian America lie lurking for the slave-coffle, to the crowded cities of Christian Europe, where around the doors of stately cathedrals hosts of hungry, ragged, wretched creatures beg bread from the plump and portly disciples of Him who had not where to hide his head, and who came to preach the gospel to the poor; — from the bristling walls of San Luis, where the freemen of the Christian United States are mustering their bands of volunteers for the unconcealed purpose of robbing a sister Christian republic of vast provinces in order to re-establish there oppression, to the islands in the Pacific, where Christian France is persuading Christianized half-savages to yield to the argument of the cannon, what their untutored justice tells them are God-given rights; all around the earth, in a word, what a pantomime of fiendish inhumanity has this day seen enacted! — In prisons, workhouses, barracks, fortresses, — in gambling hells and dens of debauchery, — in crowded hovels behind the spacious palaces of wealth, — in counting-rooms and pawnbrokers' shops, where the rich make each other poor, and the poor prey upon one another, — in the close allies of cities, and the dense neighborhoods of factory towns, and the crumbling cottages of toil-worn peasantry, and the steerage and forecables of emigrant ships, and all the countless hiding places and holes of civilized society where exiles are driven to herd, what hosts of fallen creatures, men and women, young and old, have on this very blessed Christmas day yielded to despair and temptation, and from seeing hate in human faces, have learned to fear and curse their God!

Christmas! Suppose that the doctrine of the Church denotes a reality, and that Christ, as the head over all things and the ruler in the kingdom of Heaven, is at this moment looking down upon bishops, priests, ministers, laity, who have to-day taken his name upon their lips with titles of honor and vows of obedience; and how can we think of him, except as by his spirit saying, "Because ye are lukewarm, I spew you out of my mouth."

Followers of me, who lived and died to save the lost! and these fellow mortals and immortals thus left to linger in the death-in-life of want and wickedness, originated by want! Inasmuch as ye have done no good to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it not to me." Or suppose, as the Rationalist teaches, that Jesus, as the central prophet among all the good, who in every time and land have labored to redeem Humanity, stands encircled by legislators, poets, heroes, regarding with them this age, which was born the legatee of all their experience and efforts. Must it not be with sadness bordering on contempt, that they witness this universal anarchy, incoherence and brutal strife! Do they still cry "Patience! spare them yet a little while longer. Let us dig around the fig tree for another season; and then, if it bears no fruit, let it be cut down and burned, for why should it any more cumber the ground?"

Why, then, with such a sad review of life before us, do we write as our motto and watchword, "GLORIA IN EXCELSIS!"

Because we are *sure*, that had and wretched as man has been and is, he is not accursed of God, nor abandoned by good spirits, nor wholly lawless, nor radically depraved; because we are *sure*, that the faithful and wise, brave and disinterested of the past and present, have not come among mankind in vain; because we are *sure*, that whatever was and is the relation, perhaps too high and holy for our apprehension, in which the man Jesus stood to God, he was filled to overflowing with a Divine life of love, — love, *one* in its centre, *harmonious* in its development, *universal* in its sphere; because we are *sure*, whatever the degrees and modes of mediation, that throughout Christendom is now working the spirit of holiness, truth, humanity, seeking to make all men one; because finally we are *sure*, that we see clearly the causes of disunity in the ages which are behind, and the principles and methods of Unity in the future. Thus, witnessing the nativity of PERFECT AT-ONE-MENT, we feel authorized to utter again the hallelujah of the angels, and to proclaim the advent of Heaven upon Earth.

From this mountain-top of faith, we call upon our fellows to shake off the nightmare of fear and doubt and despair, of selfish struggle, and slothful contentment, and indifference to each other's lot, and to wake to vigorous action, for the morning dawns. We call them to put into deeds their faith in Providence and grace, and practically to obey the commandments of that Beloved Son of God, who taught his disciples to love one another *even as he loved them*. We call upon them to confess, that this state of

Society in which we exist, where millions toil that hundreds may rest; where the masses are squalid, that the select may be refined; where wretched multitudes are driven, by want and ignorance, bad habits and helplessness, to the dram-shop, the stews, the house of correction and penitentiary, the camp, and the hospital, to exile, and youthful villainy, and premature death, until humanity is crushed out of them; while the lucky few trick and use, govern and punish them, kick them only when they block their path, and shove them aside with haughty assumption as they step forward to seize the prize in life's lottery; — is an utterly unchristian, inhuman, unnatural and hellish state.

Fellow Christians! Prayers and preachings, rituals, penances, creeds, professions, are not clear evidences of the spirit of Christ. Self-sacrificing charity; perfect consecration to heavenly order; universal sympathy with humanity; justice, which shares equitably the labors, rewards, privileges, honors, joys; Unity with God and Man in real, living, active goodness, is the only *Christism*, the only true indwelling of the Divine in Man.

SOCIAL RE-ORGANIZATION. — NO. I.

We propose to show the necessity for a social re-organization, the providential character of the Associative movement and the mode of its consummation, in a somewhat less abstract form than that in which it has generally been treated. The popular mind is every where calling for it, and we deem it but justice to respond to this call. It is surprising, to witness the rapidity with which the *idea* of Association spreads among all classes; hence the necessity for adapting the form of its doctrines to the capacities and tastes of all. To the poor the gospel should be preached, no less than to the rich. To this end, we propose entering into a more detailed account of the order, purport, and modes of Association; its economies, resources, guarantees, educational and social advantages; and into a more specific criticism of the nature and tendencies of the antagonistic and competitive arrangements of the present Civilized Order than has been done hitherto. Shallow demagogues and political quacks have long enough deceived and hood-winked the people. A mercenary church and bribed priest-hood have too long consecrated this civilized jugglery, "preached for hire, and divined for money," "and turned away God's poor without a cause." We have the right then to plead the cause of the poor man, to unroll to him the charter of his rights, and "to waken the hope within him dying," of "the good time

coming." Associationists ask for a society conformed to the spirit of Christianity, in place of the prevailing pagan institutions; they ask that Christianity may become a deed, and brotherhood a life. They offer Association as the unfailing remedy for poverty, ignorance, degradation, physical and moral, intemperance, slavery, war, national and international, — they pledge it as the reconciler of social conflicts and competition between Labor and Capital, — the power which will dignify and ennoble labor; upraise the masses to honor and the consciousness of a noble destiny, which as men belongs to them; protect woman against social debasement, and inspire man with that respect for her rights and person, which belongs to the mothers of our race; secure the unitary cultivation of the globe; establish guarantees for the education of every child in the community, and for the comfortable and honorable maintenance of the sick and infirm; and become the fulfilment and complement of all the humane Reforms of the age. They offer it as the formula of Universal Brotherhood, and the realization of our national motto of "many made one."

To those who regard these promises as the empty babblings of visionaries and fanatics; who are well content with society as it is; who think the rich as secure as they can be, and the poor as happy as they were born to be; to those who see in the present order of society the wisdom of a universal and impartial Providence, we propound the following enigmas for their solution. Why is it, that in every civilized country on the globe, the poverty of the masses increases with the national wealth? Why is it, that with the multiplication of labor-saving machinery, the application of science to industry, and enlarged facilities for production, the laborers are every where more destitute? Why is it, that while there is every where an increased demand for production, there is a proportional privation of the right to labor? Why is it, that while every country on the globe possesses the resources for producing more in one year, than its population can consume in three, there is a general famine throughout Europe? Why is it, that while the scientific resources, the facilities for production, and the national wealth of Great Britain are vaster than at any former period, three millions of her people are in a state of starvation, the cry of "bread or blood" perplexes the ministry, and the young Queen trembles in her capital? Why is it, that in our own comparatively unpopulated country, with our immense territories of unappropriated lands, with the general intelligence and universal enterprize of our people, thirty thousand of them, in the

city of New York, and thousands more in other cities, are denied the right to labor, and are down upon their knees, craving the bootless privilege of work? Why is it, that vice and crime in every form, Intemperance, Licentiousness, Slavery, War, Legalized Murder, Domestic and Social Depravity, and National Profligacy, increase with the spread of Christianity throughout the world? Explain us all this, O political sophists, and ye anointed of the Church, and give evidence that all these monstrosities are not the fruit of your vaunted Civilization. Show us that this Civilized Order of society instead of being the parent of these evils, is the deliverer of Humanity from them.

But there is another riddle still to read. Why are the wealthy as insecure as the poor? They who worship at Mammon's altar most devoutly, are scarcely certain of the pay they receive. The lord of to-day becomes the pauper of to-morrow. An oppressed people is a tumultuous sea. He that walks upon the waters to-day, or glides with golden sails upon its waves, sinks into their wrath to-morrow. Society, as it is, inspires no assured faith, and human effort becomes frenzy, in place of labor in sincere trust. Neither the rich nor poor have hope. But we say there will be bread and bliss for all in the Combined Order. Establish unitary interests, in place of incoherent and conflicting ones; co-operative labor for antagonistic struggle; attractive industry for general idleness; association of families for isolated households; equitable distribution of profits for general monopoly; mutual guarantees for general selfishness, and the result must be universal wealth, education and social happiness.

There cannot be a more striking evidence of practical atheism, than the prevailing idea, that a human society coordinated to the nature of man and the law of Heaven would not ensure the highest possible good of every human being. Why, O man, have you more faith in Satan than in Christ? Satan promises you all the kingdoms of the earth if you will worship him. You have done so, and been always a mean slave. Christ tells you that if you will seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all these things shall be added unto you. You have proved the devil a liar, but still serve him in his kingdom, while you profess to be a Christian. Your aspirations and purposes, in the deep centre of your being, are pure enough and high enough. You need but conditions in harmony with them. Ordain society according to eternal justice, and your aspirations shall become holy seraphim, and your noble purposes shall ripen into deeds.

Civilized society which is every where the type of hell, is also the inverted symbol of Heaven. This is but Heaven reversed, as discord is harmony confounded. The same tones which produce discord become sublime harmony when scientifically related to each other. The higher and diviner the music, the more fell would be the discord by inversion.

The most expert musician would fail to produce harmonious music on a discordant instrument. He may have the truest inspiration of his art, but for lack of the proper instrument all his efforts would but torture his soul. Humanity can but mock at its celestial career, while it runs in the race-course of demons. It cannot perform the symphony of Universal Love, amid relations of Universal Selfishness.

THE JUVENILE CHOIRS OF HARMONY.

We could not ask for anything more in the spirit of Fourier's conception of the corporate unions and graceful exercises of children in Association, than the following description, by Mrs. Child, of the "Viennese Children." Nor could there be a better evidence of the naturalness and true philosophy of his ideas of early training, than the exquisite and deep emotions which their fairy-like manœuvres have called forth in every beholder. There is nothing beautiful or wonderful in this exhibition, which shall not be the ordinary habit of life, enlisting every child as an actor, when the Harmonic Order of Society shall have become established. We are fain to look upon the arrival of these forty-eight little choreographic artists, in whom art is but the lovelier unfolding of innocence, as a type and forerunner of what shall be the daily and spontaneous ritual of childhood then.

We trust that those who have laughed at the descriptions of the choirs and unitary dances of high Harmony, as we have occasionally translated them from the works of Fourier, will make it a point to see the Viennese children, and listen to the testimony of their own hearts as to the naturalness and purity of such a sphere for childhood. Children never were made to be educated alone, to be isolated and kept apart from one another; it is their instinct to form bands and live in corporate union with those of their own age, grouping themselves according to natural affinities of character and temperament. Their senses should be educated to the finest appreciation of harmony. All their motions should be rhythmic; and when they come together, they should fall, as by the natural magic of chemical affinities, into graceful and poetic combinations, evolving an ever-shift-

ing, fugue-like figure;—variety in unity; whereas now, most social gatherings are but confused chaos. All fine arts are but types and promises of true life. And the choreographic art stands for the unity of corporeal movement, which, once organized in the collective education of children, will answer the end of all our arbitrary checks upon natural passion in a more graceful and more efficient way. As a leaf dropped into running water cannot but describe graceful figures as it floats, so the child, born into these beautiful arrangements, will retain the innocence, the buoyancy, the grace of childhood, and learn no uncouth, egotistical exaggerations of any of his native characteristics.

Mrs. Child's delight as she looked on was not without sadness. She thought of the perilous, false destiny of those poor innocents; she thought of how venal an audience they bring their fairy gifts. But she could see that here was a solitary glimpse of the true, amidst a world that is altogether false. And as to any demoralizing tendency of such a life, with proper safe-guards, are they not the sweetest lesson of morality, of love and purity, and blissful harmonious coöperation, to a world all torn and rent by competition? They *are* in a false and dangerous position; because there is a gulf between them and their audience. They dance for hire, for those who only pay that they may be amused, and in an abominable order of society which establishes arbitrary distinctions of class, and attaches arbitrary honor or shame to various occupations. But in Association, all this danger ceases. There all are actors, all are audience; and society itself will have its theatrical, as well as its industrial, political or religious exercises, in which all ages and sexes will take an active part. Then only will the true blending of the *utile cum dulci*, of fine arts with economy, of recreation with improvement, of health of body with health of mind, of freedom with perfect law, be possible; then, when labor is organized, and unity of interests secured by true Association.

"The forty-eight little dancers from Vienna are the newest wonders here; and they are indeed a wonder. I cannot imagine that the best disciplined troops in the world can perform difficult and complicated evolutions with more perfect exactness. Whoever arranged the groupings must have had extraordinary talent for scenic effect. Such various changes of enchanting beauty I never before witnessed or conceived of. In the Flower Dance, all the children carry bouquets and long garlands. As they floated round in a maze of graceful motions, they reminded me of a breezy day in June, when the whole air is filled with a whirling shower of apple-blossoms. They danced in pairs through garland-arches held up by their

companions; leaped through hoops of flowers; twined and untwined in ever-varying festoons; and formed a great revolving wreath, in which pleasant childish faces were the constantly recurring theme of the beautiful Rondo. A mingled feeling of delight and sadness brought the tears to my eyes. 'A vision of rosy Childhood came to me out of its bower of blossom-buds, smiled on me innocently, and said, "Look at me, how beautiful I am! Dost thou not remember how we have played together? Once I gave thee so much! great kingdoms, and meadows, and gold, and a beautiful long paradise behind the mountains. But now thou hast nothing left, and thou hast become so pale. Have not the rose-buds yet opened that I gave thee? Come and play with me again!"' These poetic words of Jean Paul led me back to the spring-time of life, and I gazed on the beautiful pageant with a real childish joy.

"It seemed to me as if I were witnessing the creation of the flowers, when each one received its fairy, or ministering spirit. Thus might all children play spontaneously with their rich profusion of blossoming life, if earth had remained an Eden, or man could be brought into harmony with nature and with God. But our children wear braces and busies, and are taught that the object of life is to look pretty and keep their clothes clean; therefore, the best we can do is to imitate, by immense effort and drill-service, the buoyant freedom and grace, which would be so much more perfect if they were natural.

"The Hungarian Dance was more dazzling and impressive than the other, but of course less fairy-like. The costumes were extremely picturesque and rich, and the movements expressive of magnificence and energy.

"The Oriental Dance was the oddest thing imaginable; grotesque, but beautiful, and full of all manner of gorgeous effects. The music abounded with that peculiar Asiatic movement, which undulates like the smoke of a half-extinguished cigar. It breathes Mahometan languor, voluptuousness, and passive yielding to Fate. The leaps and bounds, and energetic stamp of European dances belong only to believers and doers in Free Will; so intimate is always the relation between the soul of man and all original forms of Art.

Half of the juvenile troop represented the fair offspring of Sultanas, and the other half their Moorish attendants. One moment, they squatted on divans, in Asiatic fashion, swaying their bodies gracefully to the drowsy music; the next moment, nothing was to be seen but a pyramid of little jewelled heads, as compact as a Grecian ladder of shields, to scale the walls of a beleaguered city. Then instantly all were dispersed, capering in couples, or forming fans, balloons, and all manner of picturesque arrangements, with their white and crimson scarfs. One of the prettiest effects was when the fair children formed a semi-circular fence of scarfs, and quite unexpectedly the little Moorish heads popped out between, bobbing to the music.

"Taken as a whole, it was by far the most beautiful and brilliant spectacle I ever beheld. But a shadow *would* come between me and the fairy world. I thought of the future that lay hidden before those innocent little ones, and asked, with renewed anxiety, the question I have

so often propounded to myself, 'Why, O why, can we not enjoy all forms of grace and beauty, and have no human soul sacrificed in the process?' In vain ascetics try to banish mirth and ornament. Nature is lavish of both, and both are necessary to complete the soul's circle. And of all the ornamental arts, beautiful dancing is the most fascinating; for in its perfection it is a triple unity of sculpture, painting, and music. All the graces of life are attendants upon love; for 'Love is the passion which possesses the Aladdin's Lamp of the imagination.' And because this powerful attraction, which *should* be the highest, and purest, and most beautiful fact in man's existence, has been reversed by his selfishness into the lowest and most polluted, therefore the ornaments of our life are dragged in the mire, till they seem of themselves unclean and sinful. Music alone soars on angel wings above the contamination; for she *cannot* express anything gross or wicked, unless united to unworthy words. But opera-dancing carries 'the trail of the serpent' on all her garlands. So dearly do I love her fluent grace, that I sigh ever, like Mrs. Jameson, for 'artists who shall bring modesty, and sense, and feeling, into this lovely and most desecrated Art.'

"The absence of every thing impure gives an additional charm to these little dancers. They are graceful and gamboling children; and as such, the eye and the heart greet them with unstained love. It is true the reflecting mind fears for them the future effect of being thus early accustomed to excitement. But they are the children of poor laboring people in Europe, and would have had far less joy, perhaps quite as little safety, if they had been left in their original position. It is a comfort to know that Madam Weiss, the German matron who superintends them, is extremely careful of their health, happiness and morals. Capt. Bailly, who brought them over in the Yorkshire, speaks of her in the highest terms as an exemplary, kind-hearted woman, who indulges the little folks in every thing for their good, but allows no one to flatter them, and guards them with motherly care from every possible approach of contamination. Every soul on board became warmly attached to the young creatures. They were thoroughly frightened by the danger of shipwreck on board the Great Britain, in which they first embarked; and this circumstance made them unusually affectionate to each other whenever the clouded sky gave indication of approaching storm. On such occasions, the whole band would sit down on the deck, nestled close together, hugging and kissing each other. This, and other little winning ways, so touched the sailors' hearts, that when Madam Weiss, at parting, offered them money in return for their kind attentions, they every one refused it, saying it was 'pay enough to have the company of the little darlings.' Captain Bailly, a generous, kind-hearted man, is famous for making short passages; but this time, he said he wanted to lengthen the voyage, so reluctant was he to part with his innocent and endearing young passengers. It was a pleasant sight to see them marching up from the vessel in procession, each with a small knapsack slung over her shoulder.

"While all the world are travelling, peering about every where for wonders,

I find it extremely agreeable to sit still and have Europe and Asia come to me.

"L. M. C."

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have received the following gratifying account of the TRUMBULL PHALANX, Braceville, Ohio, in a letter dated December 12th. Every attempt of the kind here described, though not to be regarded as an experiment of a MODEL PHALANX, is in the highest degree interesting, as showing the advantages of combined industry and social union. Go forward, strong-hearted brothers, assured that every step you take is bringing us nearer the wished for goal, when the redemption of Humanity shall be fully realized.

"We are getting along well. Our Pittsburg friends have lately sent us two thousand dollars, and are to send more during the winter. We are also adding to our numbers. We have an abundance to eat of our own raising, but aside from this, our mill brings sufficient for our support. We have put up a power-loom at our upper works, and are about prepared to produce, thereby, sufficient to clothe us. Hence, from uniting capital, labor, and skill, in two mechanical branches, we secure, with ordinary industry, what no equal number of families in civilization can be said to possess entirely, — a sufficient amount of food and clothing. And these are items which practical men know how to value, and we know how to value them too, because they are the result of our own efforts.

"We have two schools, one belonging to the District, that is, a state, or public school, and the other to the Phalanx, both taught by persons who are members. In the latter school, among other improvements, there are classes in Phonography and Phonotypy, — learning the new systems embraced by the writing and printing reformation, the progress of which is highly satisfactory.

"On the whole, we feel that our success is ensured beyond an earthly doubt. Not but what we have yet to pass through trying scenes. But we have encountered so many difficulties that we are not apprehensive but that we are prepared to meet others equally as great. Indeed, we feel that if we had known at the commencement what fiery trials were to surround us, we should have hesitated to enter upon the enterprise. Now, being firmly in, we will brave it through, and we think you may look to see us grow with each year, adding knowledge to wealth, and industrious habits to religious precepts and elevated sentiments, till we shall be prepared to enter upon the Combined Order, and, with our co-

partners, who are now breast and heart with us, lead the Kingdoms of the Earth into the regions of 'Light, Liberty, and Love.'

The following communication from a liberal-minded clergyman in Illinois, will be read with pleasure for its calm, enlightened, and earnest devotion to the truths announced by the Associative School.

"The doctrines of Fourier are so new and strange to most minds, so entirely foreign to all the habits of thought of the world at large, that they could not fail for a long time to be generally misunderstood. We had some ideas of Association for industrial, economic and other purposes, obtained from the Shakers, the Rappites, the Owenists, and others, and from our knowledge of these we have gone on to condemn the system advocated by Fourier, without taking the trouble in the first place to ascertain what that system is. In all this we have acted very naturally. This is precisely the way men almost always judge of every thing new. They condemn and examine, if they examine at all, afterwards. Happy are they if they are blessed with sufficient candor to discern their error on this review of their hastily formed opinions. The subject of Association has been for some years past occupying an important place among my thoughts, and I have but indicated, in what I have written above, my own experience.

"But the fermentation has been going on, thanks to the weekly arrival of the Harbinger, until at length the matter is beginning to work itself clear in my mind. That it is the *form* which society ought to assume, almost no one doubts. The prominent question is — is it practicable? Of course there are interested opposers, men who fatten by means of the very evils sought to be removed; but words are wasted on these, for they are wilfully blind. Nevertheless, men having some degree of sincerity may ask, 'is Association practicable?' This is the main question now to be answered. And it is not to be answered flippantly and off hand. It must be answered more by deeds than words, or if by words, by such as will become deeds. The very admission that it *ought* to be, is an admission of its practicability, except for one reason, and that is the disinclination of mankind thereto.

"And are mankind disinclined to Association? Certainly they are, else they would have come into it, and the necessity for the continuance of the Harbinger would hardly exist. For many thousand years they have lived, and almost every thing else has been attempted — this has

never yet been. When the drum beats to arms, they rush by thousands and enrol themselves as soldiers to engage in bloody and murderous war; but when the clarion of peace is heard and they are called to harmonic union, wherein each shall help all and all each, there is no enthusiastic rally.

"It is proved, then, that Association thus far has been and is impracticable, for no one can be so blind as to suppose that men can be forced into it, or if forced against their will, that it would succeed. They must understand at least its leading principles and come into it voluntarily or from the love of them, else it cannot succeed, for false ends cannot of course be realized.

"Our attention, then, withdrawn from the past and the present, must be directed to the future; and what is the prospect before us? It is certainly most cheering. Great changes are manifestly in progress. The world is not to-day what it was yesterday, neither will it be to-morrow what it is to-day. These changes are also manifestly tending to Association. Those who have been instructed to look somewhat at the interior causes of things perceive this, although the mass of mankind look on with astonishment, knowing not whence these changes come nor whither they tend.

"The time, also, is near at hand. The Spirit is at work preparing the elements, of which the future body is to be formed. The Model Phalanx must soon be established. A little more light, a little more understanding of what Association is, and what it aims at, in order that the winnowing process may be effectual and that men may not be misled, and then the cry to rally must be answered. It must be that the materials already exist. There must be, in this land, four hundred families who possess among them ample means and varied capabilities, and who need only to understand the matter a little better, to be induced to engage in it heartily."

We cannot resist the temptation to gratify our readers with the subjoined extract from a private letter, trusting to the kindness of our correspondent to pardon the liberty we take.

"I do not know a single resident of this city who feels sufficiently interested in Association to aid us in an attempt to get up an affiliated society in this place. You cannot imagine the perfect indifference and apathy of the people here to this great social reform. That the doctrine of Association, and the glorious results to which it will lead, should call forth no warm response from the inmost soul of every intelligent, reflecting being,

I can understand in no other way, than that this faith is a divine gift, inspired by heavenly influences, and that in due time, God will inspire all hearts with the same. Meanwhile, those who are thus favored now, should regard it as a sacred trust, a call from on high, to devote themselves trustingly, lovingly, unselfishly, as co-workers with unseen angels, to this great work of man's redemption from the mighty evils which a false state of society has brought upon him. I regard all those who from pure motives are actively engaged in the Associative cause, as a *chosen people*, fulfilling a sacred mission, ordained of God to do His work for the salvation of Humanity. Through this faith we arrive at clearer perceptions of the Father's infinite goodness in creating all things to contribute to man's eternal progress and happiness; all the seeming inconsistencies of our own natures are solved, when we can understand how all error is only an exposition of the wants of the soul, so richly endowed with capabilities of happiness and improvement, but falsely developed and misdirected in its aspirations. O what a sublime, what a gladdening faith is ours, to know that after passing through these phases of error and suffering, we shall *all* arrive at our grand, eternal destiny of universal unity, harmony, and love."

WHERE IS THE CHURCH?

As an illustration of the position held by the Church in regard to reform, we find a statement by the London Correspondent of the New Jerusalem Magazine, which is quite to the purpose. The writer, we may add, is a man of the deepest religious feeling, in spite of the apparent irreverence with which he alludes to the Bishops. For ourselves, we venerate the Church, in the grand, universal, catholic, Christian idea, according to which it is set forth in the New Testament, as the true home of Humanity, where every child has a place at his father's table, a social position among his brethren, and a watchful training which shall make him a fit member of the divine, mystic body, whose head is Jesus, the Lord. But for the grim spectre of a Church, which mumbles over its devotions, clothed in rich scarlet and cut velvet, while thousands of immortal beings for whom the Saviour died, have scarce the rags to hide their nakedness; which claims a temple gorgeous with gold, marble, stucco and paint, while perishing millions have not a place fit to lay their heads; whose servants stalk through the streets of a city reeking with fraud, impurity, oppression, and unutterable abominations, with a dainty smile on their lips and a heart of bronze in their breasts,—for such a Church, or its leaders, what

Christian, or what man, can feel any sentiment but that of indignation and contempt,—what words can be addressed to them but those of the Divine Iconoclast "Wo unto you! ye Doctors, for ye have taken away the key of knowledge, and will neither enter the kingdom of Heaven yourselves, nor suffer those who are going in to enter."

"The greatest fact of the day appears to be, the every where admitted necessity of raising the lower orders of this country from their conditions of brutish ignorance and perennial want, lest like a mortification spreading upwards, the state of the feet of society should infect the whole frame, and the body politic and social be reduced to extremity. Strange, however, as it may appear, yet even in the face of the present dangers, when so many conversions have been wrought to the cause of general progress among all classes, the higher clergy are not yet able to concede to the masses such an education as can be accepted by all; it must still be Church-of-Englandism, or ignorance. The bishop of London opposes all but Episcopalian knowledge. Notwithstanding this untoward disposition of our right reverend fathers in God, as they call themselves, it seems highly probable that the question must begin to be settled very shortly; and settled by adopting some secular principles of teaching, to the entire exclusion of religion as a part of state education. This is a necessity for more reasons than one; and, indeed, I am inclined to think, that Deism, in one form or another, has so far invaded the lower classes, that none of the sectarian views could be taught with much impressiveness. The creed which could command attention, must have a natural force of truth, and a broad common sense, which neither the Establishment nor the Dissenters are masters of. It must answer the questions of the age, and admit the human right to solve mysteries on those principles of reason which are admitted on all subjects but religion."

MODEL PHALANX. An esteemed correspondent inquires: "What are the prospects in regard to forming a Model Association,—is there any direct move made among our friends for that purpose, and if so, what?"

ANSWER. All the operations of the AMERICAN UNION have in view the establishment of a model Association, as their ultimate object. No attempt will be made, however, until ample means are provided. The first step, is to propagate the Associative doctrines, until they shall be received by a sufficient number to warrant a practical demonstration. This is the immediate mission of the Associative School in this country. The next step will be to secure the amount of funds requisite for a successful experiment. The time has not arrived for direct action on the subject, although the whole matter is under constant deliberation, and measures are maturing for its speedy accomplishment.

INFLUENCE OF RAIL-ROADS ON CITIES. We find the following striking views in a recent number of the Chronotype, which noble paper, we rejoice to perceive, is taking a bold stand in favor of universal principles, as well as wielding a scourge "to lash the rascals naked through the world."

"The effect of the railway system is to transfer all the advantages of the city to the country. It is the difficulty of transportation of persons and chattels which has built enormous and crowded cities, the living sepulchres of the human race. These great cities may continue to grow; the railway system may even quicken their growth for a while; but in the end, steam on the ocean and steam on the land will effect the more equal distribution of the people over the face of the planet. It will populate the sterile but salubrious mountain regions. It will carry the stived-up population of Spital-fields to healthy, vine-clad villages, where esculent vegetables luxuriate at the back door and roses at the front. It must take time to do this, but it will be done and is now doing. In England, where capital is abundant, it is wonderful how the railway system has already dispersed the large manufacturing establishments. The London dealer in umbrellas, who employed a hundred people in back lanes to make them, has perhaps found it for his interest to set up an establishment near a station-house a hundred miles distant on the Midland counties railway, the saving of rent more than counterbalancing delay and cost of transportation. This course will by and by make the country along the railway lines a sort of sparse city—a commingling of the city and country, of the works of man and God. In our country, as population and capital increase, we shall see this take place more and more, and we may trust it to save us from the horrible evils which in the old world have resulted from crowded cities."

SOMETHING GOOD IN NAZARETH. The able and intelligent but most prejudiced correspondent of the New York Observer, 'G. de F.' has commenced a series of articles in that paper against 'Fourierism,' professedly based on a course of Lectures delivered in Lausanne, Switzerland, by M. Victor Considerant, Editor of the 'Democratique Pacifique,' Paris. 'G de F.' of course gives us the usual round of accusations against 'Fourierism,' but he gives us also the following admissions:

"We now come to the system which he explained at Lausanne. No doubt it contains some just and good things. In all human errors, there is a mixture of truth, and it is this which gives them success. There is not on earth an *absolute lie*. Man is always forced to mingle with his most extravagant notions some truth. So in the socialist school, *the principle and necessity of association are better established than in any other system, and mankind are evidently going in this way.* In proportion as nations shall advance, Association will assume new forms and will extend to a greater number of objects. — If Fourier and his disciples would confine themselves

to this, they would be able to give to their fellow men useful instruction. It is a happy thought to have an equitable distribution of *Capital, Labor and Talent.* This opinion is not new, I agree: it has been more or less applied in all human societies; but *it is just to confess that Fourierism has treated this question with more care than was given it before, and thrown light on a most difficult problem.* I will confess, too, that this school tells very plain truths, when it attacks certain vices in our present state of society. It is undeniable that we are far from having attained the best imaginable condition, that many abuses, many miseries exist, that the poorer classes are in a situation worthy of the deepest sympathy, and that it is the duty of all benevolent men to seek means to elevate them. *The Fourierites excel in pointing out these evils, and in this respect they also have claims on our gratitude.*"

It does seem to us that the true way to deal with truths confessedly so vital and beneficent is to accept them, to actualize them, instead of abusing their proclaimers. Seize the good you find in this new school, men of Piety and Philanthropy! — appropriate it, realize it, live it! — then whatever error has been mingled with it, being separated and left to stand alone, will speedily perish. But so long as you make blind war on the whole, you help sustain the evil by keeping it mingled with the good — shaken up and blended by the incessant friction of your hostility. Let the Religious World but adopt such of the ideas of the Fourierites as are essentially Christian, and the world will hear little afterward of the residue. Is not this manifestly the 'more excellent way!' — *Tribune.*

NEW YORK. An Affiliated Union, Auxiliary to the AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS has been organized in New York, with the following Officers:

EDWARD GILES, *President.*
LEWIS W. RYCKMAN, *Vice President.*
EDMUND TWEEDY, *Secretary.*
J. T. S. SMITH, *Treasurer.*

PITTSFORD, VT. An Affiliated Union, Auxiliary to the AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS, has been organized in Pittsford, Vt., with the following Officers:

THOMAS H. PALMER, *Pres't and Treas'r.*
G. B. ARMINGTON, *Vice President.*
JAMES S. EWING, *Secretary.*

The Rev. WILLIAM H. CHANNING will preach in Boston, to-morrow, (Sunday, January 3d,) either in the afternoon or evening. For special notice of the time and place, see Boston papers.

A report of the doings of the Convention of Associationists, assembled in Boston on Thursday and Friday of this week, will be given in our next.

RECEIPTS

FOR THE FOURTH VOLUME.

Several persons have enclosed to us sums of three or five dollars, or more, to "continue their subscription through the next volume" or "next year." In such cases we have set down as donation the excess of said sums over the regular price of subscription. But we shall consider all who send us money, whether in the form of subscriptions or donations, as entitled to receive as many volumes of the Harbinger, or as many copies of one volume, as the sum will cover, provided we are able to sustain the paper beyond the present volume. The account now stands as follows:

Total of Donations and Subscriptions acknowledged, Oct. 31st.....	\$127 00
Donations from Oct. 31 to Dec. 25.	
James C. Neal, Dover, N. H.....	5 00
Martin Lewis, Middletown, N. Y.....	5 00
A Friend, Newport, R. I.....	10 00
Mrs. Crehore, Milton, Mass.....	1 00
A Friend, Newark, N. J.....	1 00
W. C. Wheeler, Chatham, Four Corners, N. Y.....	5 00
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Dr. A. Rea, Portland, Me.....	4 00
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Edward M. Madden, South Middletown, N. Y.....	5 00
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C. Neidhard, M. D. ".....	5 00
C. Woods, Northumberland, ".....	5 00
Charles H. Kay, Pittsburg, ".....	5 00
	95 00
Subscriptions from Oct. 31 to Dec. 25.....	212 00
Total.....	\$464 00

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October 17, 1846.

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N. R. GERRISH,
Jan. 1, 1847. *Agent.*

GENERAL AGENTS.

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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, JANUARY 9, 1847.

NUMBER 5.

MISCELLANY.

SOCIAL REFORMERS IN CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Dec. 14, 1846.

BELOVED FRIENDS:—In August last, I gave you some account of a small band of Social Reformers in this city, holding weekly meetings for discussion, in the Kemble Street Chapel, under the guidance of Messrs. GILMORE, WATTLES and CORNELL. I then stated, that, as a distinctive characteristic from other reformers, they professed to receive their instructions direct from the spiritual world, by means of *clairvoyants*; and that they publicly taught that all persons may come into a state of spiritual communication, by observing and obeying certain mental and physiological laws. I have now to add, in relation to this movement, that their numbers are steadily increasing, and that they have received into their communion additional talent and wealth, already having at command hundreds of thousands of dollars. Their place of meeting being too small to accommodate the continually augmenting audiences, they have taken the beautiful and commodious Melodeon Hall, the largest in the city, at the corner of Fourth and Walnut Streets, where they assemble every Sunday, at 3 P. M. Public discussion is discontinued, and the work of propagation now occupies the whole time of the meetings. Several speakers are always in attendance to address the meetings.

The end and aim of this movement is a thorough re-organization of society; but as to the specific plan of operations in effecting this object, I cannot speak definitely; I understand them to state, that they attempt nothing, but as they are instructed from the world of Light.

They teach, that the faculty of spiritual vision belongs to *all* men, and only needs development to enable any one to hold positive communication with the spiritual world, and thus to come into a knowledge of scientific, philosophical and

religious truth, otherwise unattainable. For the proper development of this faculty, purity of mind and obedience to natural law are the only requisites.

They assert the unity, the universal brotherhood of the human race, and man's capacity for the conscious recognition of the Divine presence; and as a proof of their firm faith in this doctrine, all that they possess, of spiritual or temporal wealth, is consecrated to the cause in which they are engaged, and which they believe to be the cause of God and Humanity. They hold no individual property as their own, but as stewards, to be used for the regeneration of the race.

As far as I can learn, they do not now propose to separate themselves from their present positions in society, and locate in a body as a distinct community; but to continue their various avocations where they are, each one attending to his own business as formerly, with the exception that they all act unitedly and advisedly for a common end, guaranteeing to each other mutual support, and pledging the profits of their several occupations to the extension of the field of operation.

They are not adverse to the science of Association; but they hold Associative Unity to be impracticable while the individual is in disunity; that the individual must first come into harmony with himself before he can be in harmony with his fellow man. They assert, that no change of position can possibly fit and prepare the individual, who is out of harmony with himself, for harmonious action in society, until that individual at least recognizes his own defects. They hold that the work of Associative Unity is to be accomplished by the "union of such individuals as can harmonize with each other and blend together their feelings and thoughts, and bow with a true devotion to the will of God, who is the great head and centre of all spiritual existence; and that, by a proper discipline, the number of those who can thus harmonize can be increased, until the whole human race

shall be redeemed from all the evils of the world."

That these people are actuated by an earnest zeal for the advancement and well-being of man, I think there can be no doubt. Their meetings are marked by the most profound religious solemnity, without any appearance of that wild religious enthusiasm which invariably attends fanaticism. There is a calm, serene, and philosophic tone in their teachings, which give assurance of the most exalted religious faith, acting scientifically, and not blindly, for the accomplishment of a great end.

A goodly number of Associationists are in the habit of attending these meetings. For my own part, I have attended them regularly, with a few unavoidable exceptions, ever since my arrival in the city. I need not say to you that I am deeply interested. I am well convinced that they have taken the true starting point of Social Reform, which is faith in God. Without this faith, there can be no real progress, no forward movement. It is the impetus, the projectile force, which alone can urge forward the mind to the accomplishment of any great work. Could our *scientific* Associationists be but thoroughly imbued with it, a model Phalanx might soon be formed; but without it, we shall hear only of the theory. Is not this so? Does not a genuine faith confer all things of science? Is it not an eminence from which the mind may survey the entire domain of the sciences? Let the extraordinary facts in the case of the clairvoyant DAVIS, as related by Professor BUSB, answer the question. Will not our fellow Associationists profit by these hints? Doubtless they will.

There is another movement in our city, of which I would fain speak, but my sheet is already full. I refer to the lectures of Rev. Mr. BOYNTON, from Massachusetts, who has recently settled among us. He has been delivering a course of lectures in the Sixth Presbyterian church, on Sunday evenings, concerning the Jews, in which he took occa-

sion to make manifest many of the evils which now afflict the social state. He draws large audiences, and awakens an intense interest. But I must defer remarking upon this topic until another time. Yours, &c. JOHN WHITE.

For the Harbinger.

SOCIETY — AN ASPIRATION — OR THE ACTUAL AND THE POSSIBLE.

(Continued.)

Unity.

This sentiment is the collective voice of Sensation, Affection, and Intellect, in their fullest development and perfect equilibrium, and converges our impulses back towards their Divine Source, as the colors blend in light. It gives us conscience or perception of duty. In a medium of incoherent interests it requires sacrifice, in one of united interests, harmony. We have taken the position in a former number, that the *greatest action and enjoyment of any one sense or passion, requires the conditions which are most favorable to every other, as the highest welfare of every individual implies that of the collective race*. This, which in the present state of social incoherence is an apparent paradox, is very simply explained. We take, for instance, the sense of taste, or passion of eating, which is dominant in these brute or rudimentary ages, as the only one which receives some development every where as a necessity of existence. Stupid as the rebel genii in the Tales of the Arabian Nights, who had been listening to the exposition of the Scriptures since the days of king Solomon, and had not yet learned the first verse, we have been now nearly six thousand years abusing and reviling the attractions or passions with which we are organized, instead of seeking their true position in the serial order which develops their accords and uses. We have not yet learned, except here and there among some little class of more fortunate exclusives, to give a decent development to the lowest and most merely animal in the scale, the sense of taste. Such as it is, it ruins the health of half of civilization, by gluttony, intemperance, and bad cookery. How then does it harmonize with our higher interests, or tend to Unity?

"By an effect of the law of the contact of extremes, which links with the pivot, the inferior terms of the series, it is the enjoyments of the senses which transport us most vividly towards unknown worlds. Incense and music, whether under the vaults of the cathedral or in the breath of flowers, the song of birds and murmur of tree tops in nature's sanctuaries of the forest and the mountain, are the most powerful agents of religion; and it is the most individual, in vulgar language, the coarsest of all the

senses, taste, which by its immense development of human activity in agriculture, commerce, and many of the arts, concurs most powerfully to bind together men, states, and continents, and thus to prepare for terrestrial Unity."

The same powers most hurtful in their perversion and incoherence, are most beneficial in their harmonic tendencies. But this, it may be objected, is reasoning only on consequences, — indirect effects. We can understand how Ambition, starting from Self, includes successively in that Self the family, the town, the state, the globe. Friendship tends naturally to universal philanthropy and the recognition of the brotherhood of the race. Love, by supreme individual satisfaction, unlocks the heart to embrace a whole creation. Familism has been seen, even during incoherent periods, extending, as among the children of Israel, to a whole nation. These affective passions are then clearly expansive in their tendency, and convergent to the collective aim, Unity; though in this point of view, they require higher developments than societies based on incoherence of interests, can afford to them. But taste, it would seem at first sight, develops itself towards excessive gluttony, which is the grave of all spiritual aspiration, and even of the nobler senses.

Our answer is this: excess, or gluttony, not only diseases the system and shortens the term of life during which man continues to be an eating animal, but also directly disorders the stomach and impairs the appetite or source of pleasure in taste; whence it is clear that though not at a single meal, yet in a given number of years, months, weeks, or even days, the sense of taste will receive its highest gratification by precisely that quantity or quality of food which is most conducive to the welfare of the general system of which the stomach is an index, through the expansion on its coats of the ganglionic nerve, which maintains a sympathy amongst the different organs of the body, rendering life unitary. The divergence of the senses from unity is then, like all other evil and depravity, not essential, but merely incidental upon false positions and incoherent relations, and must cease as soon as we organize that serial order for which our attractions have been calculated. The true medicine for this evil, that which brings each erring sense or passion into convergence towards unity or harmony, is the system of equilibration by absorbent substitution, expressed by Hahnemann in the formula *similia similibus curantur*, and developed by him in its application to organic life in the science of Homœopathy, which by temporary removal of organic incoherence anticipates the harmonies of the future. It

is simply a practical application of Christianity to the organic life. Christ enjoins that we resist not evil, but turn the right cheek to him who smites us on the left, and to him who would take the coat, give the cloak also. To cause the cessation of the organic as of the moral tendency, we must give to each form of disease its material type; to the febrile inflammation, the acnite exciting such condition in the healthy body; to the neuralgia, the belladonna, mezercon, or sepiæ, exciting such neuralgia, as the cloak to be given is similar to the coat which our enemy would take.

The laws of attraction are unitary in their application. In the material, the organic, and the moral sphere alike, resistance to the existing tendency only provokes subsequent manifestation, or perversion, intense in the ratio of that resistance. It is by this same law that the stone resting on the surface will, after resistance to its gravity by throwing it into the air, come down with proportional force to bury itself in the soil; that the salt whose cohesion is resisted by dissolving, will re-form into more perfect crystals; that the elements of a compound body united in quiet status, will after separation, if the conditions of recombination be afforded, unite with evolution of sound, light, heat, or other signs of intense affinity; that the half-starved animal eats voraciously and assimilates more rapidly; that among the sensuous attractions which adapt the soul to a material sphere, the eye, by confinement in dark places, which resist its attraction for light, becomes sensitive like that of the owl; that the clicking of a flea's spurs will be heard in the silent watches; that a simple diet of grains and fruits procures us the most exquisite appreciation of savor; that the temporary removal of pain or diminution of sensibility caused by opiates, is followed by the tremulous impressibility in which the eye will not bear light, nor the ear noise, nor the stomach food, nor the muscles weight; and the continuance of this practice, as we so often witness in a stupid and unreasoning routine, results in the wreck of strength and beauty which at last can only escape the bitter consciousness of their ruin in the wild and morbid excitement of the same poison. Hence it is that tea, coffee, tobacco, and other numerous stimulants of the intellect, which concentrate a day's life in a few hours, cause reactions of debility, break us down prematurely, render each successive generation more morbidly impressible, and preclude in susceptible persons any regular habits of vigorous and continued exertion; while the cold bath, in its application of one of the most powerful agents in nature for depressing or even destroying

life, in its direct effect on the animal body, stands first upon the list of tonics.

Passing from the organic and sensuous to the affective sphere of attraction we find a love or ambition once awakened, only stimulated, by opposition, to intenser struggle,* just as a diarrhœa or a neuralgic paroxysm exhibits increased virulence after the opposition of astringents or opiates. Physical disease is the excess or repression of organic attractions specific to the various tissues and regions of our body, determining their relation to each other through the circulating blood, as psychical disease is the unbalanced action or the repression of the affective attractions or passions, which bring souls in relation with each other, through the magnetic circulation of Humanity, the integral man. It is on this principle that persecution has been like the wind to a fire in developing and spreading new sects of religion. It is to the ignorance of moral Homœopathy by the British Cabinet, that America owes her political independence, for we should never have dreamed of the step if our self-esteem and sentiment of justice had not been brutally trampled on,

* Let no one fear that the development of character, virtue, genius, afforded by struggle, will be wanting in the Passional Series, which operate by the mechanism of *contrasted* groups; for of the three Distributive Passions which mechanize the Series, the first is the Cabalist. The base and inverted stimulus of compulsion, and the sting of poverty, will yield to the noble one of direct attraction, and we shall have the true struggle and competition of productive and beneficent passions emulous for a superiority, every step of whose attainment conduces to the social welfare.

This vital principle of Harmonic Competition has, we fear, been overlooked by the Communists, and other equalizing philosophers, an omission analogous in the field of social science to that of a musician who in composing a metrical harmony, should forget the discords of the individual notes. The mistake is of less importance, because when men are once associated, nature will take care of their mutual relations, and will determine her passional groups and series according to the individual and national characters given as elements, just as easily as she determines the modifications of the series in a hexagonal or polyhedral crystal as it forms in a saturated solution, or the arborescent series of an oak or a pine tree, so different in form and properties, yet both equally perfect as types of the unitary or harmonic series. Thus will it be of the various types of the Phalanx in England, France, America, and India—absolute unity of law, infinite variety of form or manifestation.

Man's nature is essentially progressive, and in advancing from the ground attained, it is the Cabalist principle, ever discriminating, comparing, selecting and calculating, which determines the step of progress, and which breaks the circle to form the spiral. "The splendor of the beautiful becomes the normal fact of the useful; the prodigies of this century will be the commonplaces of the next, as the white linen, a luxury in the country and provincial towns of

instead of according to us some semblance of privilege.

As attraction under its various modifications, including their negative poles or repulsions, seems to be the only motive power which exists,—the "permanent revelation of God's will to his creatures," or, in the language of the Pantheist, the nervous fluid of God, it is evident that this truth of *Non-resistance* in the language of Christ, *Similia Similibus* in that of Hahnemann, (stating its converse or positive side,) or *Absorbent Substitution* in the terms of Fourier, is the universal and eternal principle of medicine, applying to all cases in all times in which it is desirable to effect a change in existing conditions, material, organic or psychical. This being an epoch of inverse development, we find the truth of the law evidenced in the consequences of its denial;—in the increase of disease under medical treatment, which exacerbates and multiplies the existing evils by the exhibition of medicines, inducing opposite or differ-

Europe, becomes an indispensable comfort in its capitals, or in America."

"But other riches will have been conquered by labor, produced by art, discovered by science. Other elements of beauty will have revealed themselves to the soul, expanded and refined. The ages of harmony will have their beauty and their luxury, a splendid crown always beaming on the brow of humanity. The perfect fruit of labor, the exquisite flower of thought, will still have that character of rareness which causes them to be sought with passion, and conquered by prodigies of activity. It is the ideal placed at the supreme limit; eternal charm of the human soul, moving spring of our incessant aspiration towards the source of absolute beauty. It happens to the Communist school not to have conceived this. Its ideal is limited. Penetrate the spirit of its doctrines and you feel that you attain the universality of a certain comfortable, agreeable, and commonplace life, served upon the table of equality. Some Communists, criticizing minds, sound on the subject of false societies, attack strenuously the vice of oppressive hierarchies, of the false series; but they do not rise to the conception of the true series. Their near-sighted eyes analyze correctly at a short distance, but do not reach in the heights of the future, the idea of the hierarchy organized in the bosom of harmony. If communism was anything more than an excellent instrument for destroying abuses; if it could seriously implant itself in society and govern it, it seems that there would soon be nothing more around man than the fact of utility, an honest and quiet mediocrity. Supreme beauty, always exceptional, that flower which unfolds at the top of the human pyramid, to reproduce itself gradually towards the infinite, and to shed successively its charm even upon the lowest leaves of the living series,—the flower of the ideal, the summary, luminous, and sublime point by which humanity is placed in contact with God,—all that shines and warms, all that animates, excites, creates enthusiasm in man, would be effaced from the bosom of the stagnant earth. The principle of equality contains a germ of death for art."

ent morbid symptoms;—in the increase of crimes, or moral and social diseases under the various forms of compulsory human legislation, which oppose to them the gallows and penitentiary;—and in the increase of selfishness and all spiritual perversions, under the legislation of the Church, which combats them with menaces of hell-fire and eternal torments. All these proceed upon the anti-christian principle of resistance and combat.

What is it we would have? why do we sin? why do we pursue the pleasure, the proximate and transitory good, rather than the ultimate permanent good? Simply, because being nearest to us it looks biggest; because in morals as in chemistry, it is not the attraction intrinsically strongest which prevails, but that between elements which are brought into most intimate mixture. Evil, as Mr. Emerson observes, is only the less Good; it is the attraction of the smaller, and but nearer part of unity prevailing over the more distant and greater part. But no part of good can be so small as to lose its nature and become irreconcilable to all higher good. The antagonism between soul and sense, or between any two attractions or interests, is not essential, but incidental to imperfect development. Let us take a murderer in the worst sense; one who kills his fellow creature, not for the sake of his purse; this, thousands of good churchmen are doing every day, through the false mechanism which sacrifices labor to capital, and then taxes capital to support crime, poverty and disease. This sort of murder,—exploitation,—sucking the vital juices of a fellow creature, and throwing his husk into the gutter, to be fished out by the rag-gatherer of the almshouse and hospital, we should perhaps consider as bad as any; but this sort of thing is now in fashion. We take then one who murders not for gain, not to secure his safety, not to secure any interest to a mistress, friend, or relative, but from pure malice or revenge, simply from jealousy of another's greater happiness. The case is clear—the man sins from poverty of affection. To keep him from sinning, you must bring him into a sphere which, through the medium of interest, will discover to him sympathies of character with his fellow creatures, of whose existence he is ignorant, but which God, who has clothed the lilies in beauty, and provided for every sparrow that flies, his food and mate, has surely not forgotten for any of his human children.

The Phalanx accepts from Christ the incarnation of God, in Humanity, which organizes in its limited life those active forces and those principles of order whose expression in the universe reveals the presence of God. Seeing that the passions, like steam, or gun-powder, will act

equally for good or evil, according to the circumstances in which they are placed, it does not, like the governments and the religions of incoherence, contend stupidly with God, by seeking to suppress these passions with which he has endowed us, but, having organized the sphere for which they were calculated, it finds them all ministering to the harmonies of Universal Unity. In its magnificent luxury and passion harmonies growing out of attractive industry in the Series, it provides for each attraction, the objects for which it would have otherwise tempted to sin,—*Similia Similibus*, not to the crime, but to the object of the crime.

Passional, like organic Homœopathy, never resists or represses the tendency, which from its excess or perversion, has become pernicious, but removes it by the absorbent substitution of another passion, or organic tendency. The enlightened physician removes nausea by an emetic, diarrhœa by a purgative principle, (this does not imply the hyperemesis or hypercatharsis, induced by crude doses of ten or twenty grains,) and comatose sleep by an opiate; agents specifically inducing similar tendencies in the organism, and thus indicated by nature as their curative, in the corresponding forms of incidental disease. Thus the cure for a disappointment in love is to fall in love again; the prevention of infatuation, *Cyclopsy*, or passional congestion, is attained by the diversions of Ambition. Hahnemann recognized the higher branches of this science, he speaks of the absorbent substitution of the passions; but its practical conditions can only be realized in the Serial mechanism, which in providing impartially for all senses and passions the conditions of gratification, gives to the *Papillon*, their Esculapius, the power of preventing excesses by judicious alternations, whilst attaining for us enjoyments not simple but composite.—“Why is Lucullus to day so æsthetic in his tastes?—he has dined, that gourmand—almost on a plate of fruit! Do you not see that he sits by Celia, that little fairy, whose eyes have disfigured the love-god’s quiver!” “But we almost forget the desert while that glorious strain of Haydn’s is sounding from the halls above.” “I breakfasted this morning with Diana in the forest, whence we brought a load of young crab trees and nondescripts for a live hedge. We had the birds for our choristers; and for our Hebe, came a little brooklet gushing from its rocky fountain near,—Down into the valley rushing, so fresh and wondrous clear.”—The flowering trails of the *Diapensia* spread our tables on the turf, and the robins and the thrushes hopped around, and picked up our crumbs.”—“That was charming. But I love as well

this vast Alhambra hall, with its hundred quiet alcoves, and the fountain’s dash and murmur. Our mocking birds build in that Jessamine bower, and their music grows rich with its perfume.—How stupid those civilizes seem with their caged birds, and their flowers all packed off in squares and green houses, where no one can see them without losing half the pleasure by making a business of it.” “Yes, if one were brought here in a sack, he would fancy himself I suppose, in some mythological paradise, and go off in a state of absorption, like the Grand Lama of Thibet—Good, but there sounds the bugle for the 1st Afternoon groups, and Phillis that Bayadère of the vine leaf, is forming my cohort.” “My class in floral analogies will meet me here.—I see Viola tripping towards us with a flower and an essay—Vale, may Bacchus smile upon your labors.”—“To night we meet upon the lake.”

Our souls have been calculated by the arbiter of attraction for a state of continuous, varied and intense happiness, as the natural sphere of beings decreed worthy to coöperate freely with him in working out the destinies of planets. We shall not make it our business to seek for this happiness, no true man ever does that; but it will flow to us incidentally whilst aiming at our highest duty, acting out our attractions as the expressions of God’s will to us. Not to seek recreations, but to relax the intensity of pleasure by descending occasionally from composite to simple enjoyments, will be the only care of the prudent Epicure. All tendencies or attractions are organized in the Serial Industry; and as soon as one flag in its intensity, another, introduced by the *Papillon*, comes to take its place, preventing fatigue or excess. This is the true purgation of the passions,—a recipe somewhat more palatable than starvation and hellebore. Thus in the Unity of the Serial order, the focal passion of the soul tends to harmony through an integral sounding in varied combinations, of the passional key notes; and happiness is the music that flows therefrom. It leads to Duty, through obedience to “attraction the compass of permanent revelation from God to man; which at once reveals and stimulates” to action. That action for its tendency to the highest uses, only presupposes the embodiment of the social mechanism calculated by God as the sphere of attraction.

With this harmony within us, and this perennial music out-flowing; with this constant sense of high duties that bring us into co-action with God; shall not our souls be full of him? and this is for all men. Has not Isaiah told us that the “Earth shall be filled with the knowl-

edge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea,” and has not Christ spoken of the “Kingdom of heaven upon earth.” “He that hath ears to hear let him hear.”—According to our appreciation of the wisdom and beneficence manifested in nature will be our intellectual respect for God; according to the “peace within us that passes all understanding,” a peace which the world of incoherent interests cannot give, will be our heart-felt love for Him. It is out of the fulness of our life and its unity with our fellow creatures, that our hearts go forth to the Divine Source. Unity of Man with God is the pivotal, implying the component Unity of Man with Man through the affections, and Unity of Man with Nature through the Senses.

Man’s unity through all its grades and varieties is internal and external; internal if we consider the relations of the component atoms, tissues, or organs, senses, sentiments, or faculties, of the individual to each other, or the relations of individuals in a society. It is external if we consider the relations of the individual or the society, to other individuals or societies, or to the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms of nature. It is also triple through all its branches.

It is active through relations of utility, and coöperation.

It is passive in regard to Sensation, Sentiment, or other mode of appreciation.

It is typical through identity of principle, as man, created in the image of God, is the archetype of the visible, terrestrial life, in which God is here manifested, and finds his passions and their effects in the characters of the various social periods, painted on the canvass of nature.

We will characterize the different branches of Unity in our next number.

NOTE. Representation is a principle of reciprocal application in nature, from the whole to the parts, and from the parts to the whole. Inferior species, both animal and vegetable, type both actually and sentimentally, and hieroglyphically, those instincts, passions and characters, which are combined in man, their archetype, and in the varied combinations of his societies in different ages of the world.

In the order of creation, the highest manifestations of life to which the rest were to be adapted and subordinated, must have been first conceived. An architect about to build, must first conceive an idea of the whole as if it stood before him. It shall be a palace, a temple, or a cottage. It shall present the Doric, the Ionic, or the Corinthian style. It shall be round, or square, or crucial. He decides upon the method of the whole, forming thus a distinct ideal for attainment. He next comes to calculate the width, height, and thickness of each chamber, column, &c., in reference to the whole, to which they must be adapted and subordinated. This rude figure may assist us in conceiving, so far as is possible to us, of the creation of the universe, or the out-flowing and manifestation of

life from its centre in God. In whatever ideas we can have of the creation, its order presupposes the plan of a symmetrical whole, upon which is based or calculated the special type of each character entering into it as a component, which would then obtain a definite expression in some subordinate form. Commencing from the lowest and simplest, which would thus be the first in the order of actual creation; a progressive series would ascend to the composite, in approaching the first idea; and the visible terrestrial creation would converge in man, as the archetype or epitome combining in a symmetrical whole all parts or special types of character.

Swedenborg's philosophy of nature is based upon the order of God's conception, beginning with the whole or at the centre, and ending in the parts or at the periphery. Comparative Physiology bases itself on the order of the actual creation, commencing with the parts or at the peripheral extremities, and gradually rising to complete the whole, back again to God through the circle of his manifestation. There is no essential opposition. They see the same phenomena from different points of view. The two principles, of adaptation resulting from contrast or difference, and adaptation resulting from resemblance or similitude, here meet.

Each creature, fashioned as the special development of some element of man's nature, has to this part the adaptation of similitude, which renders it a natural hieroglyphic; whilst its difference from other elements of his nature, establishes towards him adaptations of utility, corresponding to those which each part of the same whole bears to other parts, as their complement; — having something which they have not, and therefore want.

Example. — The Dog, whose various species are adapted to man hieroglyphically as the emblems of the different sorts of friendship, is adapted differentially, or in relation of use; — to his enmities, as the blood-hound; to his fears and his weakness, as the mastiff and other guard dogs; to his destructiveness, as the setter and other game dogs; to his acquisitiveness, as the sheep dog; or to his vacancy of heart, as the ladies' muff lap-dog. Most of the present animal and vegetable creation, are like the tiger and the poison oak, types of vicious developments of character, and their adaptations are consequently inverted to the injury instead of to the uses of man. This coincides with the present position among mankind of the characters they picture, which are at war with the general welfare of the individual and the society. So long as conflict of interests and passions obtains within man's bosom, or between man and man, so long must external nature abound in maleficent creations.

God has done nothing by halves. When we embody social combinations converging and harmonizing each man's passions within himself, and towards his neighbor, then we may expect the substitution of a creation as beneficent as the passions whose development it pictures, which will tend as strongly to the ends of justice and general well-being, as now, in the incoherence of individual and social interests, they tend to rapacity and general ill-being.

Isaiah has prophesied of a time when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the calf and the young lion and the fat-

ling together, and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed, their young ones shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. They shall not hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

It is said that Van Amburgh has employed vegetable diet in his menagerie with the effect of rendering his animals mild and tractable. This if true, was of course but a temporary expedient. It very certainly softens the character of the human ferac. Our grand-children may find in the modified tribes of the desert most valuable servants. Ignorant as we are of resources in physiology, of which even the Bee is cognizant, and which enable her to change at pleasure the sex of its young in their pupal state, we can scarcely from our present point of view, form a definite idea of the mode by which changes in the organization of the ferac, adapting them to this new life may be effected. The habit of eating each other in our creation, is the material expression of the great spiritual fact of universal incoherence of interests, incident upon the present inverse development of human destiny in our societies, where the capitalist devours the laborer, and the exchanger the producer. Mr. Graham will have to stop that before he can convert the world.

"OH MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE."

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Oh mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints the morning hills with red;
Thy step — the wild deer's rustling feet,
Within thy woods, are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Aye, let them rail — those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart

Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen.

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the west;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the solemn ocean foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth's down-trodden and oppress,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.

Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.

Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye,
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

Graham's Magazine.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT.*

SEQUEL TO

CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XXXIV.

"Minutely informed by the cares of Marcus of all that occurred at Giant's castle, I no sooner learned the resolution which had been taken to make Albert travel, and the direction he was to follow, than I hastened to place myself in his path. This was at the period of those journeys of which I spoke just now, and in many of which Marcus accompanied me. The tutor and the domestics who had been provided for Albert, had not known me, I therefore did not fear being seen by them. I was so impatient to see my son, that I had much difficulty in abstaining, as I travelled behind him at one hour's distance, and thus reaching Venice where he was to make his first stopping-place. But I was resolved not to show myself to him without a species of mysterious solemnity; for my object was not only the ardent maternal instinct which impelled me to his arms; I had a more important design, a duty still more maternal to fulfil; I wished to free Albert from the narrow superstitions in which his family had attempted to enclose him. It was necessary that I should obtain possession of his imagination, of his confidence, of his mind, of his whole soul. I thought him a fervent Catholic: he was so in appearance. He followed regularly all the external practices of the Roman church. The persons who had informed Marcus of these details were ignorant of the inner heart of Albert. His father and his aunt knew it no better. They could reproach him with nothing but a savage rigorism, a too simple and too ardent manner of interpreting the gospel. They did not understand that in his rigid logic and in his loyal candor, my noble child, obstinate in the practice of true Christianity, was already an impassioned, an incorrigible heretic. I was somewhat frightened by that Jesuit tutor who had been attached to his steps; I feared that I could not approach him 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.

observed and thwarted by a fanatical argus. But I soon knew that the unworthy abbé • • • did not even attend to his health, and that Albert, neglected also by the servants whom he felt a repugnance at commanding, lived almost alone and abandoned to himself in all the cities in which he made any stay. I observed all his motions with anxiety. Lodging in the same hotel with him at Venice, I at last met him alone and pensive on the staircase, in the galleries, on the quays. Oh! you may imagine how my heart beat at the sight of him, how my affections yearned towards him, and what torrents of tears escaped from my dismayed and ravished eyes. He seemed to me so handsome, so noble, so sad, alas! that only object permitted to my love upon the earth! I followed him with precaution. Night approached. He entered the church of Saints-John-and-Paul, an austere basilic filled with tombs, with which you are doubtless well acquainted. Albert knelt in a corner; I glided there with him; I hid myself behind a tomb. The church was deserted; the darkness became every moment more profound. Albert was motionless as a statue. Still he appeared absorbed in revery rather than in prayer. The lamp of the sanctuary feebly illuminated his features. He was so pale! I was terrified at it. His fixed eyes, his half-opened lips, I know not what of despairing in his attitude and physiognomy, broke my heart; I trembled like the vacillating flame of the lamp. It seemed to me that if I should reveal myself at that moment he would fall annihilated. I recalled all that Marcus had told me of his nervous susceptibility and of the danger of sudden emotions upon so impressible an organization. I went out that I might not yield to the impulses of my love. I waited for him under the portico. I had thrown over my garments, which were quite simple and dark, a brown cloak, the hood of which hid my face and gave me the appearance of a woman of the people of that country. When he came out, I involuntarily made a step towards him; he stopped, and, thinking me a beggar, took a piece of gold at random from his pocket and presented it to me. Oh! with what pride and what gratitude I received that alms! Here, Consuelo, it is a sequin of Venice; I have had it bored to pass a chain through it, and I wear it always on my bosom as a precious jewel, as a relic. It has never left me since that day, this pledge which my child had sanctified. I was not mistress of my transport; I seized that dear hand and carried it to my lips. He drew it back with a kind of terror: it was wet with my tears. 'What are you doing, woman!' said he to me in a voice the pure and sonorous tones of which re-

sounded to the middle of my bones. 'Why do you bless me thus for so trifling a gift? Doubtless you are very unhappy and I have given you too little. How much do you require to relieve you from suffering? Speak; I wish to console you; I hope I may be able.' And he took in his hands, without looking at it, all the gold he had about him.

"Thou hast given me enough, good young man," replied I; 'I am satisfied.'

"But why do you weep?" said he, struck by the sobs which choked my voice; 'have you then any sorrow which my riches cannot remedy?'

"No," replied I, 'I weep from emotion and joy.'

"From joy! Are there then tears of joy! and such tears for a piece of gold! O human misery! Woman, take all the rest, I beseech you; but do not weep for joy. Think of your brothers the poor, so numerous, so debased, so miserable, all of whom I cannot comfort!"

"He went away sighing. I dared not follow him for fear of betraying myself. He had left his gold upon the pavement as he handed it to me in a kind of haste to get rid of it. I gathered it up and put it into the box for the poor, in order to satisfy the noble charity of my son. The next day, I watched him again, and saw him enter Saint-Mark's. I had resolved to be stronger and more calm; I was so. We were once more alone in the semi-obscurity of the church. He mused for a long time, and suddenly I heard him murmur as he rose: 'O Christ! they crucify thee all the days of their life!'

"Yes," replied I, half reading his thought, 'the pharisees and the doctors of the law!'

"He shuddered, remained silent for a moment, and said in a low voice, without turning and without endeavoring to see who thus addressed him: 'Again the voice of my mother!'

"Consuelo! I almost fainted on hearing Albert thus invoke my memory and keep in his heart the instinct of this filial divination. But the fear of troubling his reason, already so excited, restrained me still; I went again to wait for him under the porch, and when he passed, satisfied with seeing him, I did not approach him. But he came near to me and recoiled with a movement of horror. 'Signora,' said he to me after a moment's hesitation, 'why do you beg to-day? Is it then indeed a trade, as the pitiless rich say? Have you no family? Can you not be useful to some one, instead of wandering at night like a spectre around the churches? Was not what I gave you yesterday sufficient to provide for to-day? Do you wish then to forestall the part which might fall to your brethren?'

"I do not beg," replied I. 'I have

put thy gold into the box of the poor, except one sequin which I wish to keep for love of thee.'

"Who are you then?" cried he seizing me by the arm; 'your voice agitates me to the very depths of my soul. It seems to me that I know you. Show me your face! But no, I do not wish to see it; you make me afraid.'

"O Albert!" said I, beside myself and forgetting all prudence; 'thou also, hast thou then fear of me?'

"He shuddered from head to foot, and murmured again with an expression of terror, and of religious respect: 'Yea, it is her voice, it is the voice of my mother!'

"I do not know who is thy mother," returned I, frightened by my imprudence. 'I only know thy name because the poor know thee already. Why should I frighten thee? Is thy mother then dead?'

"They say that she is dead," replied he; 'but my mother is not dead to me.'

"Where does she live, then?'

"In my heart, in my thought, continually, eternally. I have dreamed her voice, I have dreamed her features a hundred times, a thousand times.'

"I was terrified as much as charmed by this imperious expansion which thus drew him towards me. I saw in him signs of wandering. I overcame my tenderness to calm him.

"Albert," said I to him, 'I did know your mother; I was her friend. I was charged by her to speak to you of her some day when you should be old enough to understand what I have to say to you. I am not what I appear. I followed you yesterday and to-day in order to have an opportunity to converse with you. Listen to me therefore with calmness, and do not allow yourself to be troubled by vain superstitions. Will you follow me under the arcades of Procurators, which are now deserted, and talk with me? Do you feel yourself quiet enough, concentrated enough for that purpose?'

"You, the friend of my mother!" cried he. 'You, charged by her to speak to me of her! O! yes. Speak, speak! You see well that I was not deceived, that an inward voice gave me warning! I felt that there was something of her in you. No; I am not superstitious, I am not insensate; only I have a heart more alive and more susceptible than many others to certain things which others do not understand and do not feel. You understand that, if you understood my mother. Speak to me then of her; speak to me again with her voice, with her spirit.'

"Having thus succeeded, although imperfectly, in relieving his emotion, I led him under the arcades, and began by

questioning him respecting his childhood, his recollections, the principles which had been communicated to him, and the conception he had formed of the principles and the ideas of his mother. My questions clearly proved to him that I was acquainted with the secrets of his family, and capable of understanding those of his heart. O my daughter! what enthusiastic pride took possession of me when I saw the ardent love which Albert cherished for me, the faith he had in my piety and virtue, the horror with which he was inspired by the superstitious detestation of the Catholics of Riesenbourg for my memory; the purity of his soul, the grandeur of his religious and patriotic sentiment, finally, all those sublime instincts which a Catholic education had not been able to stifle in him. But at the same time, with what a profound sorrow was I affected by the precocious and incurable sadness of that young soul, and the struggles which already crushed it as they attempted to crush my own! Albert believed himself still a Catholic. He dared not revolt openly against the decrees of the church. He needed to believe in a constituted religion. Already more instructed and meditative than belonged to his years, (he was hardly twenty,) he had reflected much upon the long and gloomy history of the heresies, and he could not resolve to condemn certain of our doctrines. Compelled, nevertheless, to mistrust the errors of innovators, so exaggerated and distorted by ecclesiastical historians, he floated on a sea of uncertainties, at one time condemning revolt, at another cursing tyranny, and unable to conclude anything except that men of good had erred in their attempts at reform, and that men of blood had stained the sanctuary in their wish to defend it.

"It was therefore necessary to throw light upon his mind, to exhibit the faults and excesses of both parties, to teach him to embrace courageously the defence of the innovators, even while lamenting their inevitable excesses, to exhort him to abandon the support of craft, of violence and subjection, even while recognizing the excellence of a certain mission in a more distant past. I had no difficulty in enlightening him. He had already foreseen, already divined, already concluded before I had finished the proof. His admirable instincts responded to my inspirations; but when he understood completely, a sorrow more overpowering than that of uncertainty seized upon his dismayed mind. Truth was not then recognized anywhere upon the earth! The law of God was no longer living in any sanctuary! No people, no caste, no school practised the Christian virtue and endeavored to illustrate and develop it.

Both Catholic and Protestant had abandoned the divine path. Every where prevailed the law of the strongest, every where the weak were oppressed, the poor chained and debased; the Christ was crucified every day upon the altars erected by men! The night passed in this bitter and engrossing conversation. The clocks slowly struck the hours without Albert's thinking to count them. I was affrighted at this power of intellectual tension, which made me foresee in him so much inclination for strife and so many facilities for sorrow. I admired the manly pride, the heart-rending expression of my noble and unhappy child; I again found myself entire in him; I thought I read my past life, and recommenced with him the history of the long tortures of my heart and brain; I contemplated, upon his broad brow illumined by the moon, the useless outward and moral beauty of my solitary and uncomprehended youth; I wept over him and over myself at the same time. His lamentations were long and heart-rending. I dared not yet disclose to him the secrets of our conspiracy; I feared that he would not understand them at once, and that, in his grief, he might reject them as useless and dangerous efforts. Anxious at seeing him kept awake and walking for so long a time, I promised to show to him a harbor of safety, if he would consent to wait and to prepare himself for austere confidences. I gently excited his imagination by the hope of a new revelation, and I reconducted him to the hotel in which we both lived, promising another interview, which I put off for several days in order not to abuse the tension of his faculties.

"Only at the moment of leaving me did he think of asking me who I was. 'I cannot tell you,' replied I; 'I bear a false name. I have reasons for concealing myself. Do not speak of me to any one.'

"He never asked me any other questions, and appeared to content himself with my answer; but his delicate reserve was accompanied by another feeling, strange as his character, gloomy as his mental habits. He told me a long while afterwards that he always considered me thenceforth as the soul of his mother appearing to him under a real form and with circumstances explicable to the vulgar, but in fact supernatural. Thus my dear Albert persisted in recognizing me in spite of myself. He preferred to invent a supernatural world rather than to doubt my presence, and I could not succeed in deceiving the victorious instinct of his heart. All my efforts to appease his excitement served only to fix it in a kind of calm and restrained delirium, which had no contradictor nor confidant, not

even myself, who was its object. He submitted religiously to the will of the spirit which forbade him to recognize, to name it, but he persisted in believing himself under the power of a spirit.

"From this frightful tranquillity which Albert preserved thenceforth in the wanderings of his imagination, from that sombre and stoical courage which has made him always meet without paleness the phantoms produced by his brain, there resulted to me for a long time a fatal error. I knew not the strange idea he had formed of my reappearance upon the earth. I thought that he accepted me as a mysterious friend of his deceased mother and of his own childhood. I was amazed, it is true, at the little curiosity which he testified to me, and the little astonishment caused in him by the assiduity of my cares; but this blind respect, this delicate submission, this absence of anxiety with regard to all the realities of life, appeared to me so comfortable with his reserved, pensive and contemplative character, that I did not sufficiently seek to account for them and to fathom their secret causes. While laboring, therefore, to fortify his reasoning powers against the excesses of his enthusiasm, I contributed, without knowing it, to develop in him that kind of delirium at once sublime and deplorable, of which he was so long the sport and victim.

"Little by little, in a succession of interviews which had neither confidants nor witnesses, I developed to him the doctrines of which our order has made itself the depositary and the secret propagator. I initiated him into our project of universal reform. At Rome, in the subterranean reserved to our mysteries, Marcus presented him, and caused him to be admitted to the first grades of masonry, reserving to himself the power of revealing to him, beforehand, the symbols hidden under those vague and strange forms, the many-faced interpretations of which adapts itself so well to the measure of intelligence and courage in the initiated. During seven years I followed my son in all his journeys, always departing from the places he had left a day after him, and reaching those he was to visit the day after his arrival. I was always careful to lodge at a certain distance, and never to show myself either to his tutor or to his servants, whom moreover, according to my advice, he took the precaution to change frequently and to keep always at a distance from his person. I sometimes asked him if he was not surprised to find me every where.

"'O no!' replied he: 'I know very well that you will follow me every where.'

"And when I wished him to express the reason of that confidence:

"My mother has charged you to give me life," replied he, "and you know very well that if you abandoned me now I should die."

"He spoke always in an enthusiastic and as if inspired manner. I accustomed myself to see him so, and became so also, without my knowledge, while conversing with him. Marcus has often reproached me, and I have often reproached myself, for having in this manner fed the internal flame which consumed Albert. Marcus would have wished to enlighten him by more positive lessons and by a colder logic; but at other moments I have been reassured by the thought, that but for the aliments with which I furnished him that flame would have consumed him more quickly and more cruelly. My other children had shown the same disposition to enthusiasm; their souls had been crushed; they had been extinguished like torches the brightness of which is feared. They had sunk before acquiring strength to resist. Without my breath, which incessantly revived the sacred spark in a free and pure air, Albert's soul would perhaps have gone to join his brothers, as, without the breath of Marcus, I should have been extinguished before having lived. I frequently applied myself, moreover, to distract his mind from that eternal aspiration towards ideal things. I advised him, I required of him positive studies; he obeyed me with gentleness with conscientiousness. He studied the natural sciences, the languages of the various countries through which he passed; he read assiduously; he cultivated the arts, and devoted himself, without a master, to music. All this was but a recreation, a rest to his ardent and broad understanding. A stranger to all the excitements of his age, born enemy of the world and its vanities, he lived every where in a deep seclusion, and resisting with obstinacy the advice of his tutor, he did not wish to enter any saloon, to be brought forward in any court. He hardly saw, in two or three of the capitals, his father's oldest and most serious friends. He assumed before them a grave and reserved demeanor which left no room for criticism, and he had expansion and intimacy only with some adepts of our order, to whom Marcus particularly recommended him. However, he requested us not to exact of him that he should busy himself with propagandism before he felt the gift of persuasion developed within him; and he often declared to me with frankness that he had it not, because he had not as yet a faith sufficiently complete in the excellence of our methods. He allowed himself to be carried from grade to grade, like a docile pupil; but whilst examining every thing with a severe logic

and a scrupulous uprightness, he always reserved to himself, he told me, the right of proposing to us reforms and ameliorations whenever he felt himself enlightened enough to dare to yield to his personal inspirations. Until then he wished to remain humble, patient, and submissive to the forms established in our secret society. Buried in study and meditation, he kept his tutor in respect by the seriousness of his character and the coldness of his demeanor. The abbé came therefore to consider him as a sad book-worm, and withdrew from him as much as possible, to busy himself only with the intrigues of his order; he was a Jesuit. Albert even made quite long residences in France and in England without his company; he was often a hundred leagues from him, and was contented with appointing a place of meeting when he wished to see another country; often indeed they did not travel together. At those periods I had the greatest liberty to see my son, and his exclusive tenderness repaid me a hundred fold for the care I bestowed upon him. My health had become reestablished. As it sometimes happens to constitutions greatly changed to become habituated to their sufferings and not to feel them, I hardly perceived mine any longer. Fatigue, watchings, long conversations, painful journeys, instead of overpowering me, sustained me in a state of slow and continued fever, which became and has remained my normal condition. Fragile and trembling as you see me, there are no labors or fatigues which I cannot endure better than you, beautiful flower of the spring. Agitation has become my element, and I repose in continued action, like those couriers by profession, who have learned to sleep as they gallop on their horses.

"This experience of what an energetic soul in a diseased body could bear and accomplish gave me more confidence in Albert's strength. I became accustomed to see him sometimes languishing and broken like myself, animated and feverish like me at other hours. We have suffered together the same physical pains, resulting from the same mental emotions; and never perhaps has our intimacy been more sweet and more tender than in those hours of trial when the same fever burned in our veins, or the same exhaustion mingled our feeble sighs. How many times has it seemed to us that we were the same being! How many times have we broken the silence into which the same reverie plunged us, to address to each mutually the same words! How many times, finally, agitated or exhausted in a contrary manner have we communicated, by clasping our hands, languor or animation each to the other! How much good and how much evil have we known in

common! O my son! O my only passion! O flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone! how many tempests have we passed through, covered by the same celestial ægis! How many ravages have we resisted by drawing towards each other and pronouncing the same formula of salvation: Love, Truth, Justice!

"We were in Poland on the frontiers of Turkey, and Albert, having gone through all the successive initiations of masonry and of the higher grades which form the last link between that preparatory society and our own, was about to direct his steps towards this part of Germany, in order to be admitted to the sacred banquet of the Invisibles, when count Christian de Rudolstadt recalled him to his side. This was a thunderbolt to me. As to my son, in spite of the care I had taken to prevent his forgetting his family, he loved them no longer but as a tender remembrance of the past, he no longer comprehended existence with them. It did not, however, come into our minds to resist that order issued with the cold dignity and the confidence of paternal authority, as understood in the Catholic and patrician families of our country. Albert prepared to leave me without knowing for how long a time we were to be separated, but without imagining that he would not see me again, and strengthen with Marcus the bonds of the association which called upon him. Albert had little notion of time, and still less appreciation of the material eventualities of life. 'Are we leaving each other?' said he, seeing me weep in spite of myself. 'We cannot leave each other. Every time that I have called you in the depths of my heart, you have appeared to me. I shall call you again.' 'Albert! Albert!' cried I, 'I cannot follow you this time where you go.' He became pale and clung to me like a frightened child. The moment had come to reveal to him my secret. 'I am not the soul of thy mother,' said I to him after some preamble; 'I am thy mother herself.'

"'Why do you tell me that?' replied he with a strange smile, 'did I not know it? Do we not resemble each other? Have I not seen your portrait at Riesenbourg. Had I ever forgotten you more-over? Have I not always seen you, always known you?'

"'And thou wert not surprised to see me living, me who am supposed to be buried in the chapel of Giant's castle?'

"'No,' replied he, 'I was not surprised; I was too happy for that; God has the power of miracles, and it is not for man to be astonished at them.'

"That strange child had more difficulty in understanding the frightful realities of my history than the miracle which he

had cherished. He had believed in my resurrection as in that of the Christ; he had received literally my doctrines respecting the transmission of life; he believed in it with excess, that is to say, he was not astonished at my preserving the remembrance and the certainty of my individuality, after having put off my body in order to assume another. I do not even know if I convinced him that my life was uninterrupted by my trance, and that my mortal covering did not remain in the sepulchre. He listened to me with an absent yet excited face, as if he heard from my mouth other words than those which I uttered. There passed in him at that moment something mysterious and inexplicable; one would have said that the destiny which reserved for him a lot similar to my own, denied to him the faculty of foreseeing and understanding it. A terrible bond still kept Albert upon the brink of the abyss. Actual life could not take possession of him before he had undergone that last crisis from which I had miraculously issued, that apparent death which was to be in him the last effort of the notion of eternity struggling against the notion of time. My heart was broken in separating from him; a sorrowful presentiment vaguely warned me that he was about to enter into that phase which might be called climacteric, and which had so violently disturbed my existence; that the hour was not far distant in which Albert would be annihilated or renewed. I had remarked in him a tendency to the cataleptic state. He had had under my eyes fits of sleep so long, so profound, so frightful, his breathing was then so weak, his pulse so little felt that I did not cease saying or writing to Marcus, 'We must never let Albert be buried, or we must not fear to break open his tomb.'

"Unhappily for us, Marcus could no longer present himself at Giant's castle; he could no longer set foot upon the soil of the empire. He had been seriously compromised by an insurrection at Prague, to which, indeed, his influence had not been wanting. He had only escaped by flight from the rigor of the Austrian laws. Consumed by anxiety I returned here. Albert had promised to write to me every day. I promised myself, on my side, that as soon as a letter failed me I would start for Bohemia and present myself at Riesenburg at every risk, in any event.

"The grief occasioned by our separation was at first less cruel to him than to myself. He did not understand what took place; he seemed not to believe it. But when he had entered under that fatal roof the atmosphere of which seems a poison to the ardent bosoms of the descendants of Ziska, he received a terrible shock in his whole being; he ran and

shut himself up in the chamber I had inhabited; he called me, and not seeing me appear, he persuaded himself that I was dead a second time, and that I should not be restored to him in the course of the present life. At least it is thus he has since explained to me what took place in him at that fatal hour when his reason and his faith were shaken for whole years. He looked at my portrait for a long time. A portrait is never more than an imperfect resemblance, and the particular conception which the artist has formed of us is always so much below the feeling conceived and preserved by those who have ardently loved us that no resemblance can satisfy them; it even afflicts them and sometimes excites their indignation. Albert, on comparing that representation of my youth and my past beauty, did not find his dear old mother, her gray hairs which seemed to him most august, and this extreme paleness which spoke to his heart. He withdrew from the portrait with terror, and re-appeared before his relatives, sombre, taciturn and dismayed. He visited my tomb; he was seized there with dizziness and horror. The idea of death appeared monstrous to him; and yet, to console him, his father told him that I was there, that he must prostrate himself and pray for the repose of my soul.

"'Repose!' cried Albert beside himself, 'the repose of the soul! No, the soul of my mother is not made for such an extinction any more than my own. Neither my mother nor I wish to repose in a tomb. Never, never! This Catholic cavern, these sealed sepulchres, this abandonment of life, this divorce between heaven and earth, between the body and the soul, horrors me!'

"It was by such exclamations that Albert began to cast fear into the simple and timid soul of his father. His words were reported to the chaplain that he might endeavor to explain them. That narrow-minded man saw in them only a cry torn from him by the feeling of my eternal damnation. The superstitious fear which took possession of the minds of those around Albert, the efforts of his family to bring him back to Catholic submissiveness soon succeeded in torturing him, and his excitement assumed wholly the diseased character which you saw in him. His ideas became confused; in consequence of seeing and touching the proofs of my death, he forgot that he had known me living, and I seemed to him only a wandering spectre always ready to abandon him. His fantasy invoked that spectre and attributed to it no other than incoherent words, sorrowful cries, ominous threats. When calmness returned to him, his reason remained as if veiled by a cloud. He had lost the memory of

recent events; he persuaded himself that he had had a dream of eight years by my side, or rather those eight years of happiness, of activity, of strength, appeared to him like the dream of an hour.

"Receiving no letter, I was about to fly to him; Marcus restrained me. The post, said he, intercepted our letters, or the family of Rudolstadt suppressed them. He constantly received news from Riesenburg through his faithful correspondent; my son was considered calm, well, happy in his family. You know what care was taken to conceal his situation, and it was with success at first.

"In his journeys Albert had become acquainted with young Trenck; he was attached to him by a warm friendship; Trenck, beloved by the princess of Prussia and persecuted by king Frederick, wrote to my son of his joys and sorrows; he earnestly requested him to come to him at Dresden and give him advice and assistance. Albert made the journey, and hardly had he left the gloomy chateau of Riesenburg when memory, zeal, reason were restored to him. Trenck had met my son in the militia of the *Invisible* neophytes. There they had comprehended each other and sworn a chivalric brotherhood. Informed by Marcus of their intended interview, I hastened to Dresden. I saw Albert again, I followed him to Prussia, where he introduced himself into the king's palace under a disguise, in order to serve the love of Trenck and execute a message of the "Invisibles." Marcus judged that this activity, and the consciousness of a useful and generous part would save Albert from his dangerous melancholy. He was right; Albert recovered life among us; Marcus wished, on his return, to bring him here, and keep him for some time in the society of the venerable chiefs of the order; he was convinced that by breathing this true atmosphere of his superior soul Albert would recover the lucidity of his genius. But an unfortunate circumstance suddenly disturbed the confidence of my son. He had met upon his route the impostor Cagliostro, initiated by the imprudence of the Rosicrucians into some of their mysteries. Albert, long since received Rosicrucian, had passed that grade, and presided at one of their assemblies as grand-master. He then saw near at hand what he had before only guessed. He touched all the various elements which compose the masonic associations; he recognized the error, the infatuation, the vanity, the imposture, the fraud even, which then began to creep into those sanctuaries already invaded by the insanity and the vices of the age. Cagliostro, with his vigilant police of the little secrets of the world which he brought forward as the revelations of a familiar spirit, with his

captious eloquence which parodied great revolutionary inspirations, with his witchcraft which invoked pretended ghosts; Cagliostro, the intriguing and the avaricious, horrified the noble adept. The credulity of the people of the world, the low superstition of a great number of free-masons, the shameful avidity excited by promises of the philosopher's stone and of so many other fooleries of the time in which we live, threw a fatal light upon his soul. In a life of seclusion and of study, he had not sufficiently known mankind; he was not prepared to struggle with so many bad instincts. He could not bear with such vanities. He wished that charlatans and sorcerers should be unmasked and driven with shame from the portals of our temples. He could not allow that the degrading presence of Cagliostro should be suffered because it was too late to get rid of him, because that man, if irritated, could destroy many estimable persons; while, if flattered by their protection and apparent confidence, he could render great services to the cause without really knowing it. Albert was indignant and pronounced upon our work the anathema of a firm and ardent soul; he predicted to us that we should fail in consequence of permitting the alloy to penetrate too deeply into the chain of gold. He left us, saying that he would reflect upon what we endeavored to make him understand of the terrible necessities of the work of conspiracies, and that he would return to ask of us a baptism when his poignant doubts were dissipated. We did not know, alas! what gloomy reflections were his in the solitude of Riesenbourg. He did not tell us of them; perhaps he did not remember them when their bitterness had passed.

"He lived there yet a year in an alternation of calmness and of transport, of exuberant strength and sorrowful depression. He sometimes wrote to us, without informing us of his sufferings and the failure of his health. He bitterly combated our politic measures. He wished us at once to cease laboring in the dark and deceiving men in order to induce them to drink of the cup of regeneration. 'Throw aside your black masks,' said he, 'come out from your caverns. Efface from the pediment of your temple the word *mystery* which you have stolen from the Roman church and which does not benefit the men of the future. Do you not see that you have assumed the methods of the order of the Jesuits? No, I cannot labor with you; it is seeking life in the midst of corpses. Appear at once in the light of day. Lose not the time which is precious to organize your army. Trust to the sympathy of the people, and to the spontaneity of generous instincts.

Besides, an army is corrupted in repose, and the craft which it employs in concealing itself takes from it the power and life necessary for the fight.' Albert was right in principle; but the time had not come for him to be right in practice. That time is perhaps still far off!

"At last you came to Riesenbourg; you surprised him in the greatest distresses of his soul. You know, or rather you do not know what action you had upon him, even to give him a new life, even to give him death.

"When he thought that all was at an end between yourself and him, all his strength forsook him, he allowed himself to pine away. Until then I was ignorant of the true nature and of the degree of intensity of his disease. Marcus's correspondent informed him that Giant's castle was closed more and more to strangers, that Albert no longer left it, that he passed for a monomaniac in the eyes of the world, but that the poor still loved and blessed him, and that some persons of superior sense who had seen him, after having been struck by the eccentricity of his manners, on leaving him did justice to his eloquence, to his wisdom, to the grandeur of his conceptions. But finally, I learnt that Superville had been sent for, and I flew to Riesenbourg, in spite of Marcus, who, seeing me resolved upon every thing, exposed himself to every thing in order to follow me. Disguised as beggars, we reached the walls of the chateau. No one recognized us. It was twenty-seven years since I had been seen there; ten since they had seen Marcus. They gave us alms and ordered us away. But we met a friend, an unexpected savior in the person of poor Zdenko. He treated us as brothers, and conceived an affection for us because he understood how much we were interested for Albert: we knew how to speak to him the language which gratified his enthusiasm and induced him to reveal all the secrets of the mortal sorrows of his friend. Zdenko was no longer the furious man by whom your life had been threatened. Dejected and broken, he came like ourselves to ask humbly at the gate of the chateau for tidings of Albert, and like us he was sent away with vague replies, frightful to our anguish. By a strange coincidence with Albert's visions, Zdenko pretended to have known me. I had appeared to him in his dreams, in his ecstasies, and without accounting for anything, he abandoned his will to an artless attraction. 'Woman,' said he often to me, 'I do not know your name, but you are the good angel of my *Podiebrad*. Very often have I seen him draw your face upon paper, and describe your voice, your look and your step in his good hours, when

Heaven opened before him and he saw appear around his bed those who are no more, as men say.' Far from repelling the effusions of Zdenko, I encouraged them. I flattered his illusions and persuaded him to receive us, Marcus and myself, in the grotto of the Schreckenstein. On seeing that subterranean abode and learning that my son had lived there for weeks and almost for whole months, concealed from every one, I understood the gloomy color of his thoughts. I saw a tomb, to which Zdenko seemed to render a kind of worship, and it was not without difficulty that I learned its destination. It was the greatest secret of Albert and Zdenko, and that respecting which they were most reserved. 'Alas! it is there,' said the insensate to me, 'that we have buried Wanda de Prachaltitz, the mother of my Albert. She did not wish to remain in that chapel, where they had sealed her in the stone. Her bones constantly moved and bounded, and these here,' added he, pointing to the ossuary of the Taborites on the banks of the fountain, 'constantly reproached us for not bringing her to their side. We searched for that sacred tomb, and we have buried her here, and every day we brought flowers and kisses.' Terrified by this circumstance, which might at a future period occasion the discovery of my secret, Marcus questioned Zdenko, and learned that they buried my coffin without opening it. Thus Albert had been so ill, so delirious as not to remember my existence and to persist in the idea of my death. But was not all this a dream of Zdenko's? I could not believe my ears. 'O, my friend,' said I to Marcus in despair, 'if the torch of his reason be so far extinguished and forever, may God grant him the favor of death!'

"Master at last of all Zdenko's secrets, we knew that we could introduce ourselves into Giant's castle by subterranean passages and unknown galleries; we followed him there one night, and waited at the entrance of the cistern while he stole into the interior of the mansion. He returned, laughing and singing, to tell us that Albert was cured, that he slept, that new garments and a crown had been put on him. I felt as if thunderstruck; I understood that Albert was dead; I do not know what happened afterwards; I woke several times in the midst of a fever; I was lying upon bearskins and dried leaves in the subterranean chamber which Albert had inhabited under the Schreckenstein. Zdenko and Marcus watched me by turns. The one said to me with an air of joy and triumph that his *Podiebrad* was cured, that he would soon come to see me; the other, pale and pensive, said to me: 'Perhaps all is not lost. Let us not give up the

hope of the miracle which rescued you from the tomb! I understood no more; I was delirious; I wished to rise, to run, to cry out; I could not; and the desolate Marcus, seeing me in this state, had neither strength nor leisure to attend to me seriously. All his mind, all his thoughts were absorbed by an anxiety far more terrible. At last, one night, I think it was the third of my crisis, I found myself calm and felt my strength return to me. I tried to re-collect my ideas; I succeeded in rising; I was alone in that horrible cavern, dimly lighted by a sepulchral lamp; I wished to go out; I was shut in; where were Marcus, Zdenko, — and especially Albert? My memory returned to me, I uttered a cry, to which the frozen vaults gave back so gloomy an echo that the sweat poured from my forehead cold as the dampness of the sepulchre: I thought myself again buried alive. What had happened? What was now happening? I fell upon my knees, I wrung my hands in a despairing prayer, I called Albert with furious cries. At last I heard dull and uneven steps as of persons approaching laden with a burden. A dog barked and whined, and more quick than they, came several times to scratch at the door. It opened, and I saw Marcus and Zdenko bringing to me Albert, stiff, discolored, dead in fine, according to all appearances. His dog Cynabre leaped about him and licked his down-hanging hands. Zdenko sang as he improvised in a sweet and impressive voice: 'Come and sleep upon the bosom of your mother, poor friend, long deprived of rest; come and sleep until the day; we will wake you to see the sun rise!'

"I threw myself upon my son. 'He is not dead,' cried I. 'O, Marcus, you have saved him, have you not? He is not dead? He will wake again?' 'Madam, do not flatter yourself,' replied Marcus with a horrible firmness. 'I know nothing; I can believe nothing! Be courageous, whatever may happen. Help me; forget yourself.'

"I need not tell you what pains we took to reanimate Albert. Thank Heaven, there was a stove in that cavern! We succeeded in warming his limbs. 'See,' said I to Marcus, 'his hands are warm!'' 'We can give warmth to marble,' replied he in an ominous tone; 'that is not giving life. This heart is motionless as a stone!'

"Horrible hours dragged along in this terror, in this discouragement. Marcus on his knees, with his ear glued against the chest of my son, his face gloomy, sought in vain for a feeble indication of life. Fainting, exhausted, I no longer dared to utter a word or address a question. I interrogated the terrible brow of

Marcus. A moment came when I dared no longer look at him; I thought I read the final sentence.

"Zdenko, seated in a corner, played with Cynabre like a child, and continued to sing; he sometimes interrupted himself to tell us that we were tormenting Albert; that we ought to let him sleep; that he, Zdenko, had seen him thus for whole weeks, and that he would soon awake of himself. Marcus suffered cruelly at the confidence of that *innocent*; he could not share it; but I persisted in giving faith to it, and I was really inspired. Zdenko had the celestial divination, an angelic certainty of the truth. At last I caught an imperceptible motion upon Marcus's brow of brass; it seemed to me that his contracted eyebrows were unbent. I saw his hand tremble, then stiffen again in a new effort of courage; then he sighed deeply, withdrew his ear from the place where my son's heart had perhaps beat, tried to speak, restrained himself, frightened at the perhaps chimerical joy he was about to give me, leaned forward again, listened anew, shuddered, and suddenly rising and throwing himself back, wavered and again fell as if dying.

"'No more hope!' cried I, tearing my hair.

"'Wanda,' replied Marcus with a stifled voice, 'your son lives!'

"And broken by the effort of his attention, of his courage, of his solicitude, my stoical and tender friend staggered and fell exhausted by the side of Zdenko."

To be Continued.

THE TRUE PREACHER OF CHRISTIANITY. The true preacher of Christ, whom we honor with all our hearts, (would to God we were like him,) is a man who will never ask for exemption from any service which he can ask God to bless, and in which his fellow men are called to make sacrifices. He is first and foremost in labors and sufferings for the public good. He sympathizes with humanity in all its sufferings, for he undergoes them himself. He is not a man merely educated for his profession as a means of living. He is a man in whom that topmost faculty of the human soul, veneration, is not enslaved by inferior faculties; bows not to fear; grovels not to self-esteem, but soars aloft towards the infinite. But his God is not a being dwelling afar in state, shut up in himself, to be served by rites, to be propitiated by offerings, to be approached and departed from. He feels his God in his own throbbing heart, working for him, night and day, one life-long miracle, the crown of all wonders, one minute of which is as much a matter for awe and adoration as the reanimation of a mouldering corpse. This God he sees in every animal, the huge and strong, the light and gay, in the waters, on the land, in the air. He sees him in every bud and flower, in every dashing brook, in every

crystal of the mine, no less than in the priceless records of good men's thoughts. This God he not only sees but studies, traces the laws of his infinite well-going universe, as they ramify through countless harmonies. As he studies, he more and more loves and worships, with a worship which is no more or less, outwardly, than acting well his *own little part* in the great plan of God. He comes to feel of God as the old Greek poet, whom Paul so pertinently quoted on Mars' Hill, said, that in Him he lives and moves and has his being. This nearness to God brings him near to every being that God has made. Towards every one of them he enters into God's spirit of kindness and good will. Towards every man, as the image of God, he feels the bonds of brotherhood draw him. If he frowns it is but to bless. Is this not the man to preach? Will he take on airs of superiority? Will he wrap himself up in the cloak of sacredness? Will he prate about God's having set him *apart* to do a holier work than falls to his fellows? Will he insist on a salary, equal to the income of a Muckrake, as a condition of his preaching the Gospel of God manifest in man? Bah! He will take hold of some honest calling *with the poor*. His conduct will honor the Divine law of labor, it will encourage the faint-hearted, it will succor the needy, it will spread every where an atmosphere of present joy. When his voice is heard, it will come forth from a courageous and bright, though it may be a brown, face, and it will reach every heart. He will speak while he has thoughts to encourage, enlighten and bless with. He will not sell his voice, thought or no thought, *so much for so much*. He will think and say little about his own or any body's future salvation, being sure that if he can secure present salvation, God himself will take the best care of the future.

In short, like the Carpenter of Galilee, in whose name all manner of idolatry has been perpetrated, he will care precious little about churches or synagogues to preach in, but will go about doing good, preaching by the way, conversationally or *silently*. Or if he preaches in a modern pulpit systematically and stately, it is in this spirit and doctrine that he will preach. If he does not, like that blessed Elder Brother of his, walk into the sacred enclosure of the modern Scribes and Pharisees and drive out the abominations by which they enrich themselves, he will at least deal very irreverently with their pretensions to special holiness.—*Chronotype*.

ADVERTISING FLOUR. At what is called a 'protracted religious meeting,' held in a neighboring city, brother W—, a staid, respectable man engaged in the flour business, rose to exhort. He said—'Brethren and sisters, it is our duty to attend immediately to the ensuring our salvation, and in order to do this, we must believe in the Scriptures. Brethren, I fully believe in them, as fully as I do that I shall receive for sale to-morrow two hundred barrels Howard Street flour, and very good flour it will be, too.' At this moment the good old parson present rose and said—'tut, tut, brother W—, do not advertise your flour here, if you please.'

MUSICAL REVIEW.

BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The second and third concerts of the season were given on the evenings of the 5th and 26th of December. On the former occasion the warlike Overture of Lindpaintner was repeated, as well as the Symphony (the third) of Mendelssohn. The drums and trumpets of the former evidently found greater favor with the audience than the chaste spiritual beauty of the latter. Yet though the many yawned or found each other's small talk more attractive; in the estimation of good taste, and for the satisfaction of those who know the soul of music, what would the evening have been without the Symphony! The glorious and august Andante from Beethoven's number five was only an aggravation, transcendent as the pleasure was: for it awoke too strong a yearning for the other movements of that Symphony, which were not vouchsafed to us, but for which the mind's ear would keep listening in the dark halls of memory, spite of the best claims which Mr. Keyzer's Solo on the violin could urge on its attention. O lofty, heavenly, soul-liberating Andante! return of a most holy influence, of a most deep experience! Thy answer of earthly wisdom, of heavenly encouragement and most benign authority, was not demanded by the holiday sentiment of those parade overtures and solos; it should have followed the impatient and strong soul-struggle of its own proper Allegro, in C minor, into all of which those ominous three notes are woven, in which "Fate knocks at the door." To be reminded of all this was both too little and too much; all other music it reduced to mere amusement, while this seemed like a visitation of the soul in its most earnest hour. But we do injustice: it was not *all* holiday music. Signor Ribas played a solo on his obœ immediately before the Andante, and he took high ground above the vulgar habit of solo-players, in selecting for his piece the *Elegie* or *Adagio religioso* of Ernst, composed for the violin, throwing the tremolo into the piano part. The good childlike voice of the obœ did not profane the prayer, and we never heard a more finished, chaste, and beautiful performance from this accomplished artist. Good taste will not warrant much more repetition of the Overture to *Alessandro Stradella*, however the groundlings may applaud. It opens with some stateliness, but harps upon a most unmeaning, hop-waltz minimum of an idea through all the latter half of it.

In the third concert, the first part consisted of three overtures, besides a solo on the violin, and one of Mr. Gronevelt's

artistic solos on the clarinet, with quintette accompaniment. This gentleman, whose admirable violoncello is an invaluable element in our orchestras, is equally master of the reed instrument and always gives unalloyed satisfaction by his chaste, refined, yet spirited and well-felt performance. The first overture was by Reissiger, to "*Nero*." It has considerable gloomy grandeur about it. Donizetti's *Fille du Regiment*, with drum and triangle, was repeated for the benefit of children, and patriotic editors and misses. The old favorite, *Zanetta*, closed the first part. We think we never heard it played so badly; it was one blur from beginning to end, and yet the old charm worked to the demanding of a repetition. The orchestra is certainly better than for some years past; and yet that old obstinate swelling, that disproportionate protuberance of brass instruments, is still not sensibly reduced. They cannot know how loud they play; it should be the conductor's part to see to this, and to moderate the too vociferous eloquence of this "extreme left" of the tuneful assembly. The piccolo, too, has a wanton trick of actually drawing the whole tone-picture with its intense yellow in the *tutti* passages.

The great feature of the evening was the new *Sinfonia Passionata*, by Lachner, which composed the Second Part. This came highly recommended. A prize, it seems, was offered by the directors of the "Concerts Spirituelles" at Vienna, that old musical capital of the globe, for the best Symphony; and seven of the most distinguished professors and *kapelmeisters* of Germany were chosen judges. Fifty-seven symphonies were offered; and the *Sinfonia Passionata* gained the prize.

It is a very long and very elaborate composition, as might be expected. It could not be very well appreciated without several hearings; and the orchestra had not as yet *studied themselves into it*, as the Germans say, as they have done in the case of the Symphony in C minor. We have heard much disappointment expressed of it; but to us it was in every sense great and soul-strengthening music. It has not any such decided individuality, as Mendelssohn's; the composer evidently labored with Beethoven in his eye, and has approached more nearly to the sustained grandeur of that master, and his power of weaving the same short threads into an unbroken ever-varied whole, than we could have believed it possible for any body since him. It is in the style and spirit somewhat of the *Sonata Pathetique* of Beethoven. After a grave and earnest introduction in slow time, the allegro sets off with an impetuous burst of all the instruments, which breaks off suddenly, and

after a short pause there comes a most sweet, pleading and entreating voice from the wood instruments, — a single phrase commenced by the flute, and followed by the clarinets and obœs, which all blend at last into a lovely cadence. These are the principal themes, again and again evolved in the course of the movement, which, like the whole symphony, is laid out broad and abounds with solos, of which there is one remarkable one for the mammoth brass instrument, the ophicleid. The Andante opens with tenor and violoncello, in a fugue-like organ style, drawing in the whole orchestra by degrees, and expanding by a clear and uniform progression to its height, like the silent rising of the calm deep tides of religious feeling in the breast. It is religious and sublime, and having committed yourself to its melodious guidance, you find yourself out upon the great waters, with scarcely a consciousness of having been transported there.

The Minuetto was quite in the style of a Handelian chorus, — that same easy marching off of great masses. The Trio following was full of variety and novelty; but while it was a quick movement, in three-four time, the impression which it made upon us for the most part was of a six-eight Andante — and indeed throughout the whole Symphony, we received this strange impression. Full of fire and motion as it was, it had the effect of one prolonged Andante, with occasional accelerations. The motion seemed to be more in the individual parts, while the progression of the whole was heavy, slow and stately. This was owing no doubt in a great measure to the great number of Solos in the course of it; but still it was in the genius of the piece, that constant tendency to fall back into a slow and thoughtful gait. It carries such a weight of thought on with it as almost to cheat the sense of motion. In this respect it differs vastly from Beethoven; he carries on as great a burthen, but he comes upon you with the burthen of the wind, in his allegros and finales, and you are borne aloft with a most conscious sense of moving. He spreads along like rushing, crackling flame; he *lightens* to his mark.

We hope to hear this symphony again; for we would not be too confident in our impressions yet. We thought the orchestra, notwithstanding their short acquaintance with it, really plucked up life and courage, and went through it in better style and with more unanimous consent, than they had evinced in the overtures; and for this good reason: they could feel more interested in it; it was a study and an excitement for them. Playing *good* music is one of the best ways to develop the virtues of an orchestra.

BOSTON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Every musical city of Europe has its "Philharmonic Society," which concentrates the selectest talent, and devotes itself to the production of the strictly classical and pure in music. These excellent nuclei represent the hospitality of their respective cities to any superior artist or virtuoso who may arrive among them, and with the support of their trained orchestra and other arrangements enable him to produce himself in his true element before the public. In New York, the Philharmonic Society fully answers to this character; it is composed of the truest artists, it has the best orchestra, brings out the greatest master-pieces of composition, and that before the most appreciating and exacting audience probably on this side of the water.

The Boston Philharmonic Society began three years ago in quite another spirit. It struck at once for popularity, and had it; and the character of its music was correspondingly low. It selected a place which was the largest and the newest in the city, but of a most glaring, chilling, angular, and levelling aspect, unmusical to the eye and soul, and smothering the vibrations of voice or instrument. What they called an orchestra was only a wind-band, principally of brass instruments, which by turns brayed out noisy overtures, or murdered unmeaning solos. We went to hear poor Vieuxtemps victimized there, who, thinking doubtless of the Philharmonic Societies in Europe, suffered himself to be engaged, and sacrificed his divine solos amid the brayings of a brass band, and before the most unmusical of audiences; some of whom came to glorify the conversion of the "devil's theatre" into God's homely church and concert-room; some full of patriotic zeal for popular music; some from the love of being with the crowd; and some to hear Vieuxtemps. The impression was so sickening to whatever soul of music we had in us, that we have not been able to overcome the associations of the place enough to enter it again, until the late festival of Henri Herz.

But in the meantime the character of their music has been rising; the band has become a veritable orchestra, led at first by Herwig, and at this time by Schmidt. Their excellent accompaniment to Herz enticed us in on Saturday, to listen to their second regular concert. The crowd was enormous; not a seat in that vast hall could be had some time before the hour of commencing. Yet uncomfortable and glaring as the place was, and bad for sound, we experienced a rare pleasure in the orchestral performances. The overtures selected were not great, if we except *Der Freyschutz*, which was

substituted for one omitted. *Alessandro Stradella* was the first, "repeated by" a "request," which reflects not much credit upon anybody's taste. Another by Kuhlau, (known and prized by all who are wont to comfort themselves with flute trios,) had a good deal of originality and beauty. The last, to *Guillaume Tell*, we did not hear. But we were forced to own the superiority of the orchestra. There was more nice shading, more precision and *rappor*t, more successful deliverance in all the little transitions, retardations and accelerations of time, more equipoise of parts and reverential subordination of each instrument to the general effect, and at the same time more spirit, energy, and strong consent, than we have heard from any orchestra in Boston. This was especially evident in their accompaniments to solos—it being the most difficult thing an orchestra has to do, to support and not disturb a singer, or a solo-player. When Madame Abłamowicz sang, every thing conspired with her; every little response and *ritornel* flowed in sweetly and unobtrusively, every thing was subdued to the just measure of effect, and there was nothing lazy or overhurried, or uncouthly introduced. It might inspire any one to sing with such an orchestra.

And with such an accompaniment what a treat was it to hear Herz! He played a new concerto, consisting of an *Andante Religioso*, of exceeding beauty, and of a Rondo upon one of those quaint Russian Airs, of which De Meyer is so fond. Mr. Herz, besides the perfect delicacy and glossy finish and delightful unity and progress of his playing, here displayed a perfect mastery of orchestral effects. In the Rondo the Hand Bell of the Catholic Mass was introduced, on the sombre, mystical background of a long, low, droning note of the French Horn, with strange and pleasing effect. He also gave the brilliant variations on *Le Pre au Cleric*; and when encored, preluded with the most exquisitely delicate rendering of the "Last Rose of Summer," conducting us back with a delicious shock into the lively finale of the Variations.

One word of the orchestra. What was the secret of its fine effects? The members were the same identical persons, with perhaps half a dozen exceptions, as in the orchestra of the Academy, playing the same instruments, and much of the time the same music. Yet in the one case there is uncertainty and blur and noise and disproportion; while in the other there is unity and beauty as of many made one. We see no other way, but to ascribe it to the leader. Mr. Schmidt is somehow gifted with a magnetic control of his orchestral forces; he is felt in every thing; he is both law and impulse to them all; and they seem to love to serve him; and this is the absolute condition of good music. At the head of the Academy's orchestra, there is science, and good taste, and character which all respect; but an absence of that tact, that magnetism, that singular power of inspiring others to co-operation, which nature sometimes bestows in apparently so whimsical and capricious a manner.

POETRY.

FORERUNNERS.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

Long I followed happy guides,
I could never reach their sides;
Their step is forth, and, ere the day,
Breaks up their leaguer, and away.
Keen my sense, my heart was young,
Right good-will my sinews strung,
But no speed of mine avails
To hunt upon their shining trails.
On and away, their hasting feet
Make the morning proud and sweet;
Flowers they strew,—I catch the scent;
Or tone of silver instrument
Leaves on the wind melodious trace;
Yet I could never see their face.
On eastern hills I see their smokes,
Mixed with mist by distant lochs.
I met many travellers
Who the road had surely kept;
They saw not my fine revellers,—
These had crossed them while they slept.
Some had heard their fair report,
In the country or the court.
Fleetest couriers alive
Never yet could once arrive,
As they went or they returned,
At the house where these sojourned.
Sometimes their strong speed they slacken,
Though they are not overtaken;
In sleep their jubilant troop is near,—
I tuneless voices overhear;
It may be in wood or waste,—
At unawares 'tis come and past.
Their near camp my spirit knows
By signs gracious as rainbows.
I thenceforward, and long after,
Listen for their harp-like laughter,
And carry in my heart, for days,
Peace that hallows rudest ways.

GIVE ALL TO LOVE.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

Give all to love;
Obey thy heart;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good-fame,
Plans, credit, and the Muse,—
Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master;
Let it have scope:
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope:
High and more high
It dives into noon,
With wing unspent,
Untold intent;
But it is a god,
Knows its own path,
And the outlets of the sky.

It was not for the mean;
It requireth courage stout,
Souls above doubt,
Valor unbending;
Such 't will reward,—
They shall return
More than they were,
And ever ascending.

Leave all for love;
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart behoved,
One pulse more of firm endeavor,—

Keep thee to-day,
To-morrow, forever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid;
But when the surprise,
First vague shadow of surmise
Flits across her bosom young
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free;
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,
Though her parting dims the day,
Stealing grace from all alive;
Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1847.

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 CONVENTION IN BOSTON.

The American Union of Associationists convened in Boston, on the morning of Thursday, the 31st of December, in the beautiful hall of the Washingtonians, in Bromfield Street. In the absence of the President, PELEG CLARKE, of Rhode Island, took the chair. After the reading of the minutes, Mr. RIPLEY opened the meeting with a brief statement of the present aspect of the Cause. Mr. ALLEN gave an account of the recent lecturing tour in Vermont, by which it appeared that Mr. Orvis and himself had lectured over forty times, in various towns of that State, within the last five weeks, and that very general interest in the subject had been excited wherever they had been. Mr. BRISBANE spoke of the signs of encouragement both in Europe and in this country. Messrs. Ripley, Channing, Brisbane, Dana, and Orvis, were appointed a committee to draught resolutions, to be brought before the meeting at its evening session. Adjourned till two o'clock, P. M.

In the afternoon addresses were made by Messrs. Allen and Brisbane, and by that hearty humorist and cheerful friend of all reforms, Dr. KITTREDGE of Lynn. During all this time the meeting was but thinly attended; yet there was a consciousness of progress and renewed power in the fact that nearly all of these, from being many of them but occasional listeners and inquirers, had now come up to the work with full conviction, prepared to act with us.

In the evening the audience was somewhat increased. This being the regular evening of the weekly meeting of the "Boston Union," and the opportunity being a good one to commend this local organization more fully to the inquiring public of Boston, the officers of the American Union vacated their seats in favor of those of the Boston Union; WILLIAM A. WHITE in the chair, who made a plain statement of the objects and methods of the Boston Union, recommending the plan of the weekly contributions, or rent, and inviting any who wished for more active communion with Associationists, or any who wished to have their doctrines fairly set before the people by lectures and publications, to join this Union, by adding any sum however little to its weekly rent. A number of new names were added.

Owing to the gentle and prolonged vociferations of that monomaniac on the liberty of speech, Mrs. Abigail Folsom, the liberty of the meeting was now for some time suspended, and the business of the evening paused awaiting the pleasure of the fair tyrant. Mr. ALLEN finally obtained the floor, who introduced and spoke to the first resolution, which was as follows:

Resolved, That Association, not Isolation, is the ordinance of Heaven; that single-handed enterprise cannot exist side by side with combined industry and monopolized capital; and that our experiment of a free government must end either in the establishment of a Monied Feudalism, with the degradation and enslavement of the masses, or in the union of Labor and Capital in true, integral Association.

Mr. BRISBANE followed on the second resolution:

Resolved, That War, Slavery, Drunkenness, the oppression of Labor by Capital, degrading Domestic Servitude, anarchical Competition, the conflict between the primal branches of industry and between all interests, and the other multifarious evils which crush under their weight the great body of mankind, are all but branches of the one tree of Social Falseness; and to exterminate them effectually, the axe must be laid at the trunk itself, and a Social Reform must be accomplished, which shall replace the present false order of society by one based upon the principles of Universal Truth and Justice.

The third resolution, advocated by Mr. CHANNING, was as follows:

Resolved, That the present War, in which our nation is engaged,—in the awful waste of men and means, of intellect and character, of energy and time, which it necessitates,—in the perversion of popular conscience which it produces,—in the corrupting struggles of party which it engenders,—and finally in its tendency to divert our whole people from the fulfilment of the destiny to which Providence plainly summons us, is a most manifest proof of the disunity and incoherence with which all modern civilized societies are diseased; and that this inhuman condition of professedly Christian and

civilized nations loudly calls on us to seek and apply such a radical Social Reform as may substitute peaceful co-operation for inhuman discord in all life's relations; as shall enable every nation to use the powers for creative good which it now throws away in violence and destruction, and shall unite all nations, the earth round, in working together for the universal well-being of Humanity.

Mr. RIPLEY spoke to the fourth resolution:

Resolved, That the time has fully come for the Associationists of the United States to engage in systematic and efficient measures for the promulgation of the principles of Social Unity, with a view to the speedy establishment of a Model Phalanx, which shall illustrate to the world the truth, grandeur, and practicability of the doctrines of Association.

The meeting then resolved itself again into the American Union of Associationists and adjourned to 10 o'clock of the next day.

Friday—New-Year's Day, the audience being small, was chiefly spent in free, colloquial discussions of topics connected with our great cause, in committees, arrangements for lectures, and so forth.

In the evening meeting the hall was filled. Mr. Brisbane spoke of the moral basis of Association in the nature of man, of the resistance offered to its true development by the fiction of innate depravity, and of the universality of the law: "Attraction proportional to destiny." Mr. S. C. HEWITT refuted the objection made to Association, that it tends to materialism.

It had been the understanding that Mr. Channing would take this occasion to explain the nature and objects of the religious union, which the Associationists in Boston and the vicinity now propose to form. He commenced with stating that the Associative movement is essentially a religious one; and that the time had come among those engaged in it to give it a religious consecration and expression. That to this we were led not by the wish to meet or in any way to evade the common charge of infidelity, (for he did not hesitate to say it, even in Boston, the city in which he was born and reared, which held his dearest friends, and in which his whole earthly reputation was at stake, that he deemed it in most cases a high compliment to be called infidel, inasmuch as the professing Christians who make the charge are professors *only*;) but by the spontaneous necessity of our own souls; for we have found the great thought of Association, or of Universal Unity, continually deepening into a religious sentiment, the more we have suffered it to possess our souls. We had been originally drawn into this movement by various motives: some by the mere thought of superior social economies;

some by a desire to turn away and rest from the soul-sickening discord of the world; some by a scientific reasoning about the elements of human character and their true destiny; and some by a deep religious aspiration after living unity of man with man and with God. As we have proceeded, the religious aspect has grown more or less upon us all; and we now feel that it is not *our* work, but God's work in which we have been summoned to engage; and we all of us feel deeply our unworthiness for so sublime a mission, and do not believe that it can be accomplished by our own weak wills, without first placing ourselves in harmony with his perfect will of Love. We wish, therefore, to enter into solemn league together and pledge ourselves religiously to this work; we would take each other by the hand, and before God confess our entire obedience to his calling in this matter. And to this end we propose to organize a new religious society in Boston.

Mr. Channing then showed that there could be no ground for considering this in any sense a *sectarian* movement; that on the contrary, it was the only professedly and practically *unitary* movement. Neither is it an exclusive, but eminently an inclusive movement; and he here proceeded to show at some length, how we accept *all* movements which are practically Christian and directed to the good and elevation of man; how we take up and aim to render practicable all reforms, from the dietetic, the political, the educational, up to reforms in the highest spheres of religion; that we reject none of them, but only seek that unitary organization, first of labor, and consequently of all life's relations, which shall ensure the practicability and complete the significance of all these.

He repudiated the idea of any presumptuous or ambitious attempt, as if we could pretend, with our weak hands and faltering faith and clouded wisdom, to build for all Humanity the Church which shall unite all. We simply feel that the divine architecture has been revealed to this age; we would place ourselves humbly and reverently in a position to understand it by degrees; and we only trust that we may, perhaps, dig the cellar of this great temple, *knowing* that the law which guides us in our humble part of it, is the great law of harmony which shall in time complete the whole.

It is impossible, in our hasty sketch, to convey any idea of this address which was heard in deepest silence, with the low breathing of emotion by the whole assembly. Mr. Channing concluded with inviting all those who felt prepared to consecrate themselves to this great cause of Association, regarding it as the

cause of God and Humanity, to meet at a private house on Sunday afternoon, then and there to form the nucleus of a religious union, and with announcing his intention to preach publicly in Phonographic Hall, in the evening of the same day.

After the passage of the resolutions and the announcement of the completion of the arrangements for a course of lectures (see below) in Boston, the convention was adjourned.

LECTURES ON ASSOCIATION IN BOSTON.

The Course will commence on Thursday evening, Jan. 7th, in the Masonic Temple, and will be continued weekly, to the number of seven or eight Lectures. It is to be given under the direction of the Boston Union of Associationists. In order to cover the necessary expenses, and also with the hope of aiding the funds of the general movement, the price of tickets has been fixed as follows: Tickets for the course for one person, \$1; for a lady and gentleman \$1 50; tickets for a single lecture 25 cts.

The following is the

PROGRAMME.

- Lecture I. The Destiny of Man upon the Earth. By W. H. CHANNING.
- II. The Progressive Development of Society. By CHARLES A. DANA.
- III. The Tendencies of Modern Civilization. By HORACE GREELEY.
- IV. Charles Fourier. By PARKE GODWIN.
- V. The Grounds of Association in the Spiritual Nature of Man. By GEORGE RIPLEY.
- VI. The Practical Organization of Association. By ALBERT BRISBANE.
- VII. Integral Education. By JOHN S. DWIGHT.

WISCONSIN PHALANX.

Every account of this vigorous effort for a better social state is of a cheering character. The enterprise, in which our energetic friends at Ceresco are engaged, appears to rest on a substantial basis, and the success which has thus far crowned their exertions is an irresistible argument in favor of Associated life. They began with no very extraordinary advantages, certainly; those who love to shake their heads, in ominous discouragement, at every new attempt for improvement, wisely predicted nothing but failure; and the progress, which has been so happily realized, has been in the face of obstacles, which would have daunted less bold and determined persons. We see by their example the admirable effects of combined industry, even under circumstances by no means favorable to the best results. The picture of Western life, which they present, must be compared with that of the isolated settlers in the forest or prairie. We doubt whether a much greater degree of pecuniary advantage has been realized,

with the same amount of productive capital and labor, even in the most fortunate instances of private enterprise; while in social benefits, freedom from anxiety, moral elevation, and the exercise of friendly relations, an immeasurable superiority is displayed on the side of Association. No doubt the friends in this incipient Phalanx, as in every one of which we have had any knowledge, enjoy a foretaste of social harmony, which inspires them with disgust for the rivalries, frauds, and innumerable abominations of modern society, and would look on a return to the common paths of Civilization as an evil, to which nothing short of absolute necessity could reconcile them. We trust they will continue to go forward with unbroken front, until the full time shall come for the establishment of Association, on the scale of grandeur and power, which the sacred principles of social unity demand. The Annual Report of this Phalanx, which we have just received, will be perused with interest by all our readers.

Annual Statement of the Condition and Progress of the Wisconsin Phalanx, for the Fiscal Year ending Dec. 7, 1846.

The Wisconsin Phalanx was organized as an Industrial Association, at Southport, W. T., in the spring of 1844, and commenced practical operation in the then unoccupied town since called Ceresco, in the county of Fond du Lac, on the 27th day of May in that year; which makes this the third annual settlement or fiscal year.

The moral condition of the Association is what any candid person would expect to find in a society composed of industrious and intelligent members, who never use intoxicating drinks or profane language; who have no law suits, personal or neighborhood quarrels to settle. The study and adoption of the principles of industrial association, have here, as they must do, led all reflecting minds to acknowledge the principles of Christianity, and to seek through those principles the elevation of man to his true condition, — a state of harmony with himself, with nature, and with God. The Society have religious preaching of some kind almost every Sabbath, but not uniformly of that high order of talent which they are prepared to appreciate.

The educational department is not yet regulated as it is designed to be; the society have been too busily engaged in making such improvements as were required to supply the necessities of life, to devote the means and labor necessary to prepare such buildings as are required. Having but one school-house, the male and female children have been taught alternately, most of the time during the past summer; the manual labor part of the system we have not yet been able to adopt to any considerable extent. Music, which is a part of our system of education, we have not yet been able to teach to much extent, more for want of room and system in our arrangements than for want of competent teachers.

The social intercourse between the members, has ever been conducted with a

high-toned moral feeling which repudiates the slanderous suspicions of those enemies of the system, who pretend that the constant social intercourse will corrupt the morals of the members,—the tendency is directly the reverse.

We have not yet established our reading-room and library, more for the want of rooms, than for a lack of materials. The members of the Society take seventy-five copies of periodical publications, which by exchanging, are very generally read among the members.

We have now one hundred and eighty resident members; one hundred and one males, seventy-nine females. Fifty-six males and thirty-seven females over the age of twenty-one years. About eighty have boarded at a public table during the past year, at a cost of fifty cents per week and two and a half hours labor, whole cost sixty-three cents. The others have, most of the time, had their provisions charged to them, and done their own cooking in their respective families, although their apartments are very inconvenient for that purpose. Most of the families choose this mode of living more from previous habits of domestic arrangement and convenience, than from economy. We have resident on the Domain, thirty-six families and thirty single persons; fifteen families and thirty single persons board at the public table; twenty-one families board by themselves, and the remaining five single persons board with them.

We have lost by death the past year, five persons, as follows: one female aged seventeen, by fever; one aged four, by an accident; and two under four years, by bronchitis, and one male under three years, by fever.

Four families have left during the past year, and one returned that had previously left. One left to commence a new Association; one, after a few weeks residence, because the children did not like; and two to seek other business more congenial with their feelings than hard work.

The Society has increased its numbers the past year about twenty, which is not one-fourth of the applicants. The want of rooms has prevented us from admitting more.

There has been 96,297 hours medium class labor performed during the past year, (mostly by males,) which, owing to the extremely low appraisal of property, and the disadvantage of having a new farm to work on, has paid but five cents per hour, and 6 per cent. per annum on capital.

The amount of property in joint stock, as per valuation, is \$30,609 04; whole amount of liabilities, \$1,095 33. The nett product or income for the past year is \$6,341 84, one-fourth of which being credited to capital, makes the six per cent.; and three-fourths to labor, makes the five cents per hour. We have, as yet, no machinery in operation, except a saw-mill, but have a grist-mill nearly ready to commence grinding. Our wheat crop came in very light, which, together with the large amount of labor necessarily expended in temporary sheds and fences which are not estimated of any value, makes our dividend much less than it will be when we can construct more permanent works. We have also many unfinished works, which do not yet afford us either income or convenience.

The Society has advanced to the mem-

bers during the past year \$3,293, mostly in provision and such necessary clothing as could be procured.

The following schedule shows in what the property of the Society consists, and its valuation:—

1,713 acres of land, at \$3.....	\$5,139 00
Agricultural Improvements.....	3,206 00
Agricultural Products.....	4,306 76
Shops, Dwellings, and Out-houses.....	6,963 61
Mills, Mill-race and Dam.....	5,112 90
Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Hogs, &c.....	3,488 15
Farming Tools, &c.....	1,199 36
Mechanical Tools, &c.....	367 26
Other Personal Property.....	715 70

Amount.....\$30,609 04

W. CHASE, *Pres't.*

BRANDON, VT. An Affiliated Society, Auxiliary to the AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS, has been organized in Brandon, Vt., with the following Officers:

L. L. BLAKE, *President and Treasurer.*

STEPHEN B. JUNE, *Vice President.*

G. W. WALKER, *Secretary.*

MOVEMENT IN CINCINNATI.

We insert in another part of our paper, a communication from a correspondent in Cincinnati in regard to a movement in that city, which may well awaken our curiosity and interest, whatever opinion we may form concerning the remarkable claims that are put forth by its leaders. If we are to judge of the tree by its fruits, the movement is certainly entitled to our respect and confidence. Whatever tends to rescue man from the false and degraded social relations, in which he is now sunk, must be looked on with favor by the believer in social progress. If the receivers of a new light in Cincinnati have been enabled to perceive the radical injustice on which modern society is built, and to accept the hope of a truer and nobler form, which shall embrace the whole of Humanity under its beneficent influence, we may welcome them as brothers, though we may not be prepared to acknowledge the source of their inspiration. We rejoice whenever the attention of sincere and earnest men is turned to this subject. The calm, intelligent, unselfish survey of the dire spectacle, which the present antagonistic relations between man and man exhibit, must lead to aspirations after a better state, which by an inevitable law of nature, will sooner or later work out the means of their realization. Nor should we reject, in a spirit of cold-blooded scepticism, any pretensions to superior light, that may be held forth. We are too little acquainted with the resources of Nature and the operations of Providence, to authorize a dogmatic incredulity. No phenomena that may be presented should awaken our surprise, or be set aside as impossible, while the highest attainments of science are confessedly so imperfect. We shall, accordingly, look with interest for further developments

from our friends in Cincinnati, believing that they will conspire to the establishment of an order of society, on the divine principles of truth, justice, freedom, and universal tolerance.

A RELIGIOUS UNION was formed in Boston on Sunday afternoon, at the house of Mr. James T. Fisher, by a devoted circle of Associationists, and others who desired to pledge themselves with them to labor for the coming day of Unity of Man with Man and with God. Solemn and appropriate services were held, and WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING was unanimously elected and consecrated to be the voice and leader in our religious exercises. Mr. Channing preached his first public discourse in the evening, to an overcrowded audience, and produced a very deep impression. He will continue to preach for the present every Sunday evening in Phonographic Hall, No. 339 Washington St. The services commence at 7 o'clock.

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.

TERMS.—FOUR DOLLARS a week for board, washing, fuel, lights, and instruction. Instruction in Instrumental Music and use of the Piano, TWELVE DOLLARS a quarter.

Application may be made by mail to

GEORGE RIPLEY.

Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass.

January 1, 1847.

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Jan. 1, 1847.

N. R. GERRISH,

Agent.

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DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1847.

NUMBER 6.

MISCELLANY.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,*

SEQUEL TO

CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XXXV.

The countess Wanda, shaken by the emotion of such a recollection, resumed her recital after some minutes' silence.

"We passed several days in the cavern, during which strength and health returned to my son with astonishing rapidity. Marcus, surprised to find in him no organic lesion, no deep-seated alteration in the functions of life, was nevertheless frightened at his savage silence, and his apparent or real indifference to our transports and the strangeness of his situation. Albert had completely lost his memory. Buried in a gloomy reverie, he vainly made secret efforts to understand what was passing around him. As to myself, who knew very well that grief was the only cause of his illness and of the catastrophe which had succeeded it, I was not so impatient as Marcus to see him recover the poignant recollections of his love. Marcus himself confessed that this entire extinction of the past in his mind could alone explain the rapid return of his physical strength. His body was reanimated at the expense of his mind, as quickly as it had been broken under the sorrowful efforts of his thought. 'He lives and he will live assuredly,' said Marcus to me; 'but is his reason forever obscured?' 'Let us remove him from this tomb as soon as possible,' replied I; 'the air, the sun and motion will doubtless awaken him from this slumber of the soul.' 'Let us remove him above all from this false and impossible life which has killed him,' returned Marcus. 'Let us withdraw him from this family and this world which thwart all his instincts; let

us conduct him to the side of those sympathizing souls, at whose contact his own will recover its clearness and vigor.'

"Could I hesitate? While wandering with precaution at the decline of day in the environs of the Schreckenstein, where I pretended to ask charity of the few passers by, I had learned that count Christian had fallen into a kind of childhood. He would not have understood the return of his son; and the spectacle of that anticipated death, had Albert understood it in his turn, would have completed the work of crushing him. Was it necessary then to restore and abandon him to the misdirected cares of that old aunt, of that ignorant chaplain and of that stupid uncle, who had caused him to live so poorly and to die so sadly? 'Ah! let us fly with him,' said I at last to Marcus; 'let him not have under his eyes the agony of his father and that frightful spectacle of catholic idolatry with which the beds of the dying are surrounded; my heart is broken at thinking that the husband who did not comprehend me, but whose pure and simple virtues I have always revered, and whom I have respected since my abandonment as religiously as during my union with him, is about to leave the earth without the possibility of our exchanging a mutual forgiveness. But since it must be so, since my appearance and that of my son could only be indifferent or fatal to him, let us depart; let us not restore to that tomb of Riesenburg him whom we have reconquered from death, and to whom life still opens, as I hope, a sublime future. Ah! let us follow the first impulse which made us come here! Let us snatch Albert from the captivity of the false duties created by rank and riches; those duties will always be crimes in his eyes, and if he persists in fulfilling them for the sake of pleasing relatives whom old age and death already dispute with him, he will himself die in the attempt, he will die the first. I know what I suffered in that slavery of the thought, in that mortal and incessant contradiction between the life of the soul

and positive life, between principles, instincts and forced habits. I see clearly that he has passed by the same paths, that he has gathered their poisons. Let us save him then, and if he wishes to return hereafter, contrary to this decision which we are about to take, will he not be free to do so? If the existence of his father is prolonged and his own moral health permits, will it not always be time to come back and console Christian's last days by his presence and his love?' 'With difficulty,' replied Marcus. 'I see terrible obstacles in the future if Albert should wish to return from his divorce with constituted society, with the world and his family. But why should Albert wish it? This family will perhaps be extinct before he has recovered his memory, and I know well what he will think, on the day when he again becomes himself, of that which will remain to be recovered from the world; name, honors and riches. May Heaven grant that day may come! Our most important and most urgent task is to place him in a condition where his cure may be possible.'

"We therefore left the grotto by night as soon as Albert could stand. At a small distance from the Schreckenstein we placed him on a horse, and thus reached the frontier, which is quite near that spot, as you know, and where we found more easy and more rapid means of conveyance. The connection which our order maintains with the numerous associates of the masonic order, assures us, in the whole interior of Germany, the facility of travelling without being known and without being subjected to the investigations of the police. Bohemia was the only country dangerous to us, in consequence of the recent movements at Prague and the jealous surveillance of the Austrian power."

"And what became of Zdenko?" asked the young countess de Rudolstadt.

"Zdenko almost ruined us by his obstinacy in preventing our departure, or at least that of Albert, from whom he did not wish to be separated and whom he

* 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.

did not wish to follow. He persisted in thinking that Albert could not live out of the fatal and gloomy abode of the Schreckenstein. 'It is only there,' said he, 'that my Podiebrad is tranquil: every where else men torment him, prevent him from sleeping, compel him to deny his fathers of Mount Tabor and to lead a life of shame and perjury which exasperates him. Leave him here with me, I will take good care of him, as I have often done. I will not trouble his meditations; when he wishes to remain silent, I will walk without any noise and will hold Cynabre's muzzle whole hours in my hands that he may not go and make him shudder by licking his; when he wishes to be cheerful, I will sing to him the songs he loves, I will compose new ones for him which he will also love, for he loved all my compositions and he alone understood them. Leave my Podiebrad with me, I tell you. I know better than you do what is proper for him, and when you wish to see him again you will find him playing on his violin, or planting beautiful branches of cypress which I will go and cut for him in the forest in order to ornament the tomb of his dearly-loved mother. I will nourish him well, that will I! I know all the cabins in which they never refuse bread, or milk, or fruits to good old Zdenko, and for a long while the poor peasants of the Böhmerwald have been accustomed to feed, without knowing it, their noble master, the rich Podiebrad. Albert does not love the feasts in which they eat the flesh of animals; he prefers the life of innocence and simplicity. He does not need to see the sun, he prefers the rays of the moon through the woods, and when he wants society, I lead him to the glades, to the wild places where encamp, at night, our good friends the Zingari, those children of the Lord, who know neither laws nor riches.'

"I listened attentively to Zdenko, because his artless talk revealed to me the strange life which Albert had led with him in his frequent retreats to the Schreckenstein. 'Do not fear,' added he, 'that I shall ever disclose to his enemies the secret of his abode. They are such liars and such fools that they say now: "Our child is dead, our friend is dead, our master is dead." They could not believe that he was living, even if they saw him. Besides, was I not accustomed to say to them when they asked if I had seen count Albert: "Doubtless he is dead?" And as I laughed when I said this, they pretended that I was mad. But I spoke of death to laugh at them, because they believe or feign to believe in death. And when the people of the chateau wanted to follow me, had I not a thousand good tricks to

mislead them? O! I know all the windings of the hare and the partridge. I know like them how to hide in a thicket, to disappear under the heath, to make a false track, to leap, to clear a rivulet, to stop in a hiding-place in order that my pursuers may pass me, and, like the meteor of the night, to make them lose themselves and sink, to their great danger, in the swamps and quagmires. They call Zdenko *the innocent*. The innocent is more crafty than all of them. There was only one maiden, a holy maiden! who could deceive the prudence of Zdenko. She knew magic words to chain his anger; she had talismans to overcome all snares and all dangers; her name was Consuelo.'

"When Zdenko pronounced your name, Albert shuddered slightly and turned his head, but he immediately let it fall again upon his chest, and his memory was not awakened.

"I tried in vain to come to an agreement with this guardian, so devoted and so blind, by promising to bring Albert back to the Schreckenstein, on condition that he would first follow him to a place whither Albert wished to go. I could not persuade him, and when at last, half by good words, half by force, we had compelled him to let my son leave the cavern, he followed us weeping, murmuring and singing in a lamentable voice, to beyond the mines of Cuttemberg. When he had reached a celebrated place where Ziska had formerly gained one of his great victories over Sigismond, Zdenko quickly recognized the rocks which mark the frontier, for no one has explored all the paths of that country like him in his vagabond journeys. There he stopped and said, striking the ground with his foot: 'Never again will Zdenko leave the soil which covers the skeletons of his fathers! It is not long since, exiled and banished by my Podiebrad for having misunderstood and threatened the holy maiden whom he loves, I passed weeks and months in foreign countries. I thought I should become mad there. I returned a short time since to my dear forests, in order to see Albert sleep, because a voice had sung to me in my slumbers that his anger was dispelled. Now that he no longer curses me, you steal him from me. If it be to conduct him to his Consuelo, I consent. But as to quitting my country again, as to speaking the language of our enemies, as to extending my hand to them, as to leaving the Schreckenstein deserted and abandoned, I will never do it. That is beyond my strength, and besides, the voices of my sleep have forbidden me. Zdenko must live and die upon the ground of the Slaves; he must live and die singing the glory of the Slaves and

their misfortunes, in the tongue of his fathers. Adieu and depart! If Albert had not forbidden me to shed human blood, you would not take him from me thus; but he would curse me again if I should raise my hand on you, and I prefer not to see him more rather than to see him irritated against me. You hear me, O my Podiebrad!' cried he, pressing against his lips the hands of my son, who looked and listened to him without understanding him: 'I obey and I go. When you return you will find your stove kindled, your books arranged, your bed of leaves renewed and the tomb of your mother covered with palms always green. If it be in the season of flowers, there will be flowers upon her and upon the bones of our martyrs on the banks of the fountain. Good-bye, Cynabre.' And saying this, in a voice interrupted by tears, Zdenko rushed down the declivity of the rocks which slope towards Bohemia, and disappeared with the rapidity of a deer at the first light of day.

"I will not relate to you, dear Consuelo, the anxieties of our expectation during the first weeks which Albert passed here with us. Concealed in this pavilion which you now inhabit, he returned by degrees to the mental life which we endeavored to reawaken in him, though with slowness and precaution. The first word which escaped from his lips after two months of absolute silence, was called forth by a musical emotion. Marcus had comprehended that Albert's life was bound to his love for you, and he had resolved not to invoke the recollection of that love until he knew that you were worthy to inspire it, and free to respond to it at some future day. He therefore obtained the most minute information respecting you, and, in a short time, he knew the smallest details of your character, the most trifling particulars of your past and present life. Thanks to the skilful organization of our order, to the connections established with all other secret societies, to a large number of neophytes and adepts whose province it is to examine with the most scrupulous attention those things and persons which interest us, nothing can escape our investigations. There are no secrets for us in the world. We know how to penetrate into the arcana of politics as well as into the intrigues of courts. Your life without stain, your character without evasion, were not therefore very difficult to know and to judge. The baron de Trenck, as soon as he knew that the man by whom you were beloved and whom you had never named to him was no other than his friend Albert, spoke to us of you with enthusiasm. The count de Saint Germain, one of the most absent men in appearance and the

most clear-sighted in reality, that strange visionary, that superior mind, who seems to live only in the past and whom nothing escapes in the present, soon furnished us with the most complete informations respecting you. They were such that I became at once tenderly attached to you and looked upon you as my own daughter.

"When we were sufficiently informed to proceed with certainty, we caused skilful musicians to come under the window at which we are now seated. Albert was there where you are, leaning against that curtain and contemplating the sunset; Marcus held one of his hands and I the other. In the midst of a symphony composed expressly for four instruments, in which had been introduced various motives from the Bohemian airs which Albert plays with so much soul and religious feeling, he was made to hear that canticle to the Virgin with which you formerly charmed him:

"O Consuelo de mi alma."

"At this moment, Albert, who had appeared somewhat agitated at hearing the chants of our old Bohemia, threw himself into my arms and burst into tears, crying: 'O my mother, O my mother!'"

"Marcus stopped the music. He was satisfied with the emotion produced; he did not wish to abuse it the first time. Albert had spoken, he had recognized me, he had recovered strength to love. Many days still passed before his mind was restored to its full liberty. Still he had no attack of delirium. When he appeared fatigued by the exercise of his faculties, he fell into a gloomy silence, but insensibly his face assumed a less melancholy expression, and by degrees we combatted this taciturn disposition with gentleness and precaution. At last we had the happiness to see disappear in him this need of intellectual repose, and there was no longer any suspension in the labor of his thought but during the hours of a regular and peaceful sleep almost like that of other men. Albert recovered the consciousness of his life, of his love for you and for me, of his charity and his enthusiasm for his fellow men and for virtue, of his faith and of the necessity that he should cause it to triumph. He continued to cherish you without bitterness, without mistrust, and without regretting all that he had suffered for you. But, in spite of the care he took to reassure us and to show us his courage and self-denial, we saw clearly that his passion had lost none of its intensity. He had only acquired more moral and physical strength to support it; we did not seek to combat it. Far from this; we united our efforts, Marcus and I, to give him hope, and we resolved to inform you of the existence of that

husband for whom you religiously wore mourning not on your garments but in your soul. But Albert, with a generous resignation and a just sense of his position with regard to you, prevented us from hastening. 'She has never loved me with love,' said he to us; 'she had pity on me in my agony; she would not without terror and perhaps not without despair have bound herself to pass her life with me. She would now return to me from a sense of duty. How unhappy should I be to deprive her of her liberty, of the emotions of her art and perhaps of the joys of a new love! It is quite enough to have been the object of her compassion; do not reduce me to be that of her painful devotedness. Let her live; let her know the pleasures of independence, the intoxications of joy, and even greater happiness, if need be! It is not for myself that I love her, and if it be too true that she is necessary to my happiness, I shall know how to give up being happy if my sacrifice is for her advantage! Besides, was I born for happiness? have I a right to it while every thing in the world suffers and groans? Have I no other duties than that of laboring for my own satisfaction? Can I not find in the exercise of those duties the strength to forget myself and no longer desire anything for myself? I wish at least to attempt it; if I fail, you will have pity on me, you will strive to give me courage; that will be better than to flatter me with vain hopes, and to recall to me without ceasing that my heart is sick and devoured with the selfish desire of being happy. Love me, O my friends; bless me, O my mother, and do not speak to me of that which takes from me all my strength and virtue, when in spite of myself I feel the sting of my torments. I know that the greatest evil I underwent at Riesenburg was that which I inflicted upon others. I should again become mad, I should perhaps die blaspheming, if I saw Consuelo suffer the anguish which I knew not how to spare to the other objects of my affection.'

"His health appeared completely re-established, and other helps than those of my tenderness assisted him to combat his unhappy passion. Marcus and some of the chiefs of our order initiated him with fervor into the mysteries of our enterprise. He found serious and melancholy joys in those vast projects, in those bold hopes, and especially in those philosophical conversations in which, if there was not always an entire similarity of opinions between him and his noble friends, he at least felt his soul unite with theirs in all that related to deep and ardent feeling, to the love of good, to the desire of justice and truth. This aspiration

towards ideal things, long repressed and driven back in him by the narrow terrors of his family, found at last a free space in which to develop itself, and that development, seconded by noble sympathies, even excited by frank and friendly contradictions, was the vital atmosphere in which he could breathe and act although consumed by a secret sorrow. Albert has an exceedingly metaphysical mind. Nothing had ever pleased him in the frivolous life in which selfishness seeks its support. He was born for the contemplation of the most exalted truths and for the practice of the most austere virtues; but at the same time, by a perfection of moral beauty very rare among men, he is endowed with an essentially tender and loving soul. Charity is not sufficient for him, he requires the affections. His love extends to all and yet he needs to concentrate it more particularly upon some. He is fanatical in his devotedness; but there is nothing savage in his virtue. Love intoxicates him, friendship governs him, and his life is fruitfully, inexhaustibly divided between the abstract being which he passionately reveres under the name of humanity and the particular beings whom he cherishes with delight. In fine, his sublime heart is a centre of love; all the noble passions there find place and live without rivalry. If we could represent to ourselves the divinity under the aspect of a finite and perishable being, I would dare to say that the soul of my son is the image of the universal soul whom we call God.

"This is why, a weak human creature, infinite in his aspiration and limited in his means, he could not live with his relatives. If he had not ardently loved them, he might have made in the midst of them a life apart, a strong and calm faith different from theirs and indulgent towards their inoffensive blindness; but this strength would have required a certain coldness which was as impossible for him as it had been for myself. He could not live isolated in mind and heart; with anguish he had invoked their sympathy and called with despair for communion of ideas between himself and those beings so dear to him. This is why, enclosed alone in the brazen wall of their Catholic obstinacy, of their social prejudices and their hatred for the religion of equality, he broke himself against their bosom with groans; he dried up like a plant deprived of dew, calling for the rain of heaven which would have given him a common existence with the objects of his affection. Weary of suffering alone, of loving alone, of believing and praying alone, he thought he had again found life in you, and when you accepted and shared his ideas, he recovered calmness and reason; but you did

not share his feelings, and separation from you necessarily reduced him to a more profound and more insupportable isolation. His faith, incessantly denied and combatted, became a torture beyond human strength. Dizziness seized upon him. Unable to temper the most sublime essence of his life in souls similar to his own, he must needs allow himself to die.

"As soon as he had found these hearts made to comprehend and to second him, we were astonished at his gentleness in discussion, at his tolerance, at his confidence and his modesty. We had feared, from his past life, something too savage, opinions too personal, a bitterness of words respectable in a convinced and enthusiastic mind, but dangerous to his progress and hurtful to an association of the nature of ours. He astonished us by the candor of his character and the charm of his companionship. He, who rendered us better and stronger by his conversation and teaching, persuaded himself that he received all that he gave us. Here he was soon the object of a boundless admiration, and you must not be astonished that so many persons busied themselves in bringing you back to him, when you know that his happiness became the aim of the united efforts, the necessity of all those who approached him, were it but for an instant."

XXXVI.

"But the cruel destiny of our race was not yet accomplished. Albert was still to suffer, his heart was to bleed eternally for that family, innocent of all his ills, but condemned by a strange fatality to crush him while breaking itself against him. We had not hidden from him, as soon as he had strength to bear the tidings, the death of his respectable father, which happened shortly after his own; for I must use this strange expression to characterize so strange an event. Albert had wept for his father with enthusiastic tenderness, with the certainty that he had not quitted this life to enter into the nothingness of the paradise or of the hell of the Catholics, with the kind of solemn joy which was inspired by the hope of a better and more enlarged life here below for that man so pure and so deserving of recompence. He was therefore much more afflicted by the abandonment in which his other relatives, the baron Frederick and the canoness Wenceslawa were left, than by the departure of his father. He reproached himself for enjoying far from them consolations which they did not share, and he had resolved to go and visit them for some time, to let them know the secret of his cure, of his miraculous resurrection, and to establish

them in the most happy manner possible. He was ignorant of the disappearance of his cousin Amelia, which occurred during his illness at Riesenbourg, and which had been carefully concealed from him in order to spare him an additional sorrow. We had not thought it best to inform him; we had been able to withdraw my niece from a deplorable error, and when we were about to seize upon her seducer, the pride of the Saxon Rudolstadt had anticipated us. They had caused Amelia to be secretly arrested in the territories of Prussia, where she had flattered herself she could find a refuge; they had delivered her to the rigors of king Frederick, and that monarch had given them a gracious mark of his protection, by confining an unfortunate young girl in the fortress of Spandaw. She had passed nearly a year there in a horrible captivity, having had no communication with any one, and ought to consider herself fortunate that the secret of her dishonor was closely guarded by the generous protection of the gaoler monarch."

"Oh! madam," interrupted Consuelo with emotion, "is she then still at Spandaw?"

"We have succeeded in procuring her release. Albert and Liverani could not carry her away at the same time with yourself, because she was much more closely watched; her revolts, her impudent attempts to escape, her impatience and her bursts of passion having aggravated the rigors of her slavery. But we have other means than those to which you owed your salvation. Our adepts are every where, and some seek the favor of courts in order to contribute to the success of our designs. We have caused to be obtained for Amelia the protection of the young margravine of Bareith, sister to the king of Prussia, who has asked for and obtained her liberty, on promising to take charge of her and to be answerable for her conduct in future. In a few days the young baroness will be with the princess Sophia Wilhelmina, whose heart is as good as her tongue is wicked, and who will grant to her the same indulgence and the same generosity which she has manifested towards the princess of Culmbach, another unfortunate, dishonored in the eyes of the world like Amelia, and like her a victim of the penitentiary discipline of the royal fortresses.

"Albert was therefore ignorant of the misfortunes of his cousin when he took the resolution of going to see his uncle and his aunt at Giant's castle. He could not have realized the inertia of that baron Frederick, who had animal strength enough to live, to drink, and to hunt, after so many disasters, and the devout impassiveness of that canoness, who feared, lest by taking any measures to discover

her niece, she might give more publicity to the scandal of her adventure. We combatted Albert's project from fear, but he persisted without our knowledge. He departed one night, leaving for us a letter which promised a speedy return. His absence was short in fact; but what sorrows did he bring back!

"Concealed under a disguise, he entered Bohemia and went to surprise the solitary Zdenko in the grotto of the Schreckenstein. Thence he intended writing to his relatives in order to inform them of the truth and to prepare them for the shock of his return. He knew that Amelia was the most courageous as well as the most frivolous, and it was to her that he intended sending his first missive by Zdenko. At the moment of doing so and when Zdenko had gone out upon the mountain, it was at the approach of dawn, he heard the report of a gun and a heart-rending cry. He rushed out, and the first object that met his view was Zdenko bringing back in his arms Cynabre covered with blood. To run towards his poor old dog without thinking to conceal his face, was Albert's first impulse; but as he carried the faithful animal, mortally wounded, towards the place called *the Cave of the Monk*, he saw running towards him, as fast as old age and fat would permit, a hunter earnest to pick up his game. It was baron Frederick who, hunting in the covert with the first glimmer of day, had taken Cynabre's fawn-colored skin in the twilight for the hide of a wild beast. He had aimed through the branches. Alas! his eye was still true and his hand firm; he had touched him, he had put two balls in his side. Suddenly he perceived Albert, and thinking that he saw a spectre, stopped frozen with terror. Having no longer the consciousness of a real danger, he recoiled to the brink of the craggy path he was following, and rolling over the precipice fell broken upon the rocks. He expired on the spot at the fatal place where the cursed tree, the famous oak of the Schreckenstein, called *the Hussite*, formerly witness and accomplice of the most horrible catastrophes, had reared its head for centuries.

"Albert saw his uncle fall, and left Zdenko to run to the edge of the abyss. He then saw the baron's followers who hastened to raise him while they filled the air with their groans, for he gave no sign of life. Albert heard these words ascend even to him: 'He is dead, our poor master! Alas, what will madam the canoness say?' Albert thought no longer of himself; he cried out, he called. As soon as he was perceived, a panic-terror seized upon the credulous servants. They had already abandoned the body of their master and begun to fly, when old

Hanz, the most superstitious and also the most courageous of all, stopped them and said, crossing himself: 'My children, it is not our master Albert who appears to us. It is the spirit of the Schreckenstein that takes his form to make us all perish here if we are cowards. I saw him well; it was he who made M. the baron fall. He wished to carry off his body to devour it; he is a vampire! Come, take heart, my children. They say that the devil is a coward. I will take aim at him; meanwhile, say sir chaplain's prayer of exorcism.' Saying this, Hanz, having again crossed himself several times, raised his gun and fired upon Albert, while the other servants gathered round the corpse of the baron. Happily, Hanz was too much agitated to take good aim. He acted in a kind of delirium. The hall, nevertheless, whistled close to Albert's head, for Hanz was the best shot in the country, and, if he had been cool, would infallibly have killed my son. Albert stopped irresolute. 'Courage, children, courage!' cried Hanz reloading his gun. 'Fire at him, he is afraid! You will not kill him, your balls cannot hit him, but you will drive him back, and we shall have time to carry off our poor master's body.'

"Albert, seeing all the guns pointed at him, retired into the thicket, and descending the slope of the mountain without being seen, soon assured himself of the horrible reality with his own eyes. The broken body of his unfortunate uncle lay upon the bloody stones. His skull was open, and old Hanz cried out with a disconsolate voice these horrible words: 'Gather up his brains and leave none of them upon the rocks, for the vampire's dog would come and lick them.' 'Yes, yes, there was a dog,' replied another servant, 'a dog which I took for Cynabre at first.' 'But Cynabre has disappeared ever since the death of count Albert,' said a third; 'he has not been seen anywhere since; he must have died in some corner, and the Cynabre that we saw up there is a shadow, as this vampire is also a shadow resembling count Albert. Abominable vision! I shall have it always before my eyes. Lord God! have pity upon us and upon the soul of sir baron, dead without the sacraments, from the malice of the spirit.' 'Alas! I told him some misfortune would happen to him,' resumed Hanz in a lamentable tone as he collected the shreds of the baron's garments with hands dyed in his blood; 'he wanted always to come and hunt in this thrice-cursed place! He was convinced that because nobody came here, all the game of the forest found shelter heré; and yet God knows that there never was any other game on this infernal mountain but that which still

hung, in my youth, upon the branches of the oak. Cursed Hussite! tree of perdition! the fire of heaven has devoured it; but so long as there remains a root in the earth, the wicked Hussites will come here to avenge themselves on the Catholics. Come, come, make up the litter quickly and let us go! we are not safe here. Ah! madam the canoness, poor mistress, what will become of her! Who will dare to present himself first before her, and say as on other days: "Sir baron is returning from the hunt." She will say: "have breakfast served up very quickly." Ah! yes, "breakfast." It will be long before any one feels an appetite in the chateau. Well! well! there are too many misfortunes in this family and I know well whence they come, that do I.'

"While they were placing the body on the litter, Hanz, pressed by questions, replied shaking his head: 'In that family every body was pious, and died in a Christian manner up to the day when the countess Wanda, to whom, may God be merciful, died without confession. Since that time all must end in the same way; M. the count Albert did not die in a state of grace, whatever they may have said to him, and his worthy father bore the penalty: he gave up his soul without knowing what he did; here is another who goes without sacraments, and I'll bet that the canoness will finish also without having time to think about it. Happily for that holy woman, she is always in a state of grace.'

"Albert lost none of this deplorable speech, the rude expression of a real sorrow and the terrible reflection of the fanatical horror with which we were both regarded at Riesenbourg. Long struck with stupor, he saw the gloomy train disappear afar in the paths of the ravine, and did not dare to follow it, although he felt that in the natural order of things he should have been the first to carry the sad tidings to his old aunt, that he might comfort her in her mortal sadness. But it is very certain that if he had done so, his apparition would have struck her with death or insanity. He understood this and retired despairing to his cavern, where Zdenko, who had seen nothing of the more serious accident of that fatal morning, was busy bathing Cynabre's wound; but it was too late. Cynabre, on seeing his master return, uttered a groan of distress, crawled to him in spite of his broken loins, and expired at his feet as he received his last caresses. Four days afterwards we saw Albert return, pale and overpowered by these new blows. He remained several days without speaking and without weeping. At last his tears flowed on my bosom. 'I am cursed among men,' said he to me,

'and it seems that God wishes to close against me this world in which I ought not to have loved any one. I can no longer appear in it without occasioning horror, death or madness. The die is cast; I must not again see those who took care of my childhood. Their ideas of the separation of the soul and body are so absolute, so frightful, that they prefer to believe me forever chained in the tomb rather than be exposed to see again my ominous features. Strange and horrible notion of life! The dead become objects of hatred to those who have most cherished them, and if their spectres appear, they are supposed to be vomited by hell instead of being believed to be sent by heaven. O my poor uncle! O my noble father! You were heretics in my eyes as I was in yours; and yet if you should appear to me, if I had the happiness again to see your image destroyed by death, I should receive it on my knees, I should extend my arms to it, I should think it detached from the bosom of God where souls go to be renewed, and where forms are recomposed. I would not say to you your abominable formulas of dismissal and malediction, impious exorcisms of fear and abandonment; on the contrary, I would call to you; I would wish to contemplate you with love and to retain you about me as succoring influences. O my mother, it is determined! I must be dead to them, and they must die through my means, or without me.'

"Albert had not left his country before being assured that the canoness had resisted this last shock of misfortune. That old woman, as diseased and as strongly constituted as myself, also knows how to live from a feeling of duty. Respectable in her convictions and in her misfortunes, she counts with resignation the bitter days which God still imposes upon her. But in her sorrow she preserves a certain stiffness of pride which survives the affections. She lately said to a person who wrote of it to us: 'If we did not endure life from a sense of duty, it would still be necessary to endure it from regard to propriety.' This sentence describes to you all the canoness. Thenceforth Albert no longer thought of leaving us, and his courage seemed to increase with his trials. He even seemed to have overcome his love, and throwing himself into an entirely philosophical life, he no longer appeared interested in anything but religion, moral science and revolutionary actions; he gave himself up to the most serious labors, and his vast intellect thus received a development as serene and magnificent as his sad heart had had an excessive and feverish one when far from us. This strange man, whose delirium had disnayed Catholic

souls, became a torch of wisdom for minds of a superior order. He was initiated into the most private confidences of the Invisibles and took rank among the chiefs and fathers of this new church. He brought to them many lights which they received with love and gratitude. The reforms which he proposed were assented to, and in the exercise of a faith militant he returned to the hope and the serenity of mind which makes heroes and martyrs.

"We thought we had triumphed over his love for you, so much care had he taken to conceal from us his struggles and his sufferings. But one day the correspondence of the adepts, which it was no longer possible to withhold from him, brought to our sanctuary a notice, which was very cruel, in spite of the uncertainty with which it remained surrounded. You were considered in the mind of some persons at Berlin as the mistress of the king of Prussia, and appearances did not contradict this supposition; Albert said nothing, and became pale.

"My well-beloved friend," said he to me, after some moments' silence, 'this time you will let me depart without fear; the duty of my love calls me to Berlin; my place is by the side of her whom I love and who has accepted my protection. I do not arrogate to myself any right over her; if she be intoxicated by the sad honor that is attributed to her, I shall not employ any authority to induce her to renounce it; but if, as I am certain, she is surrounded with snares and dangers, I shall know how to save her from them.'

"Stop, Albert," said I to him, 'and dread the power of that fatal passion which has already wrought you so much suffering; the evil which will come to you from that direction is the only one that is beyond your strength. I see well that you no longer live but by your virtue and your love. If that love perish in you will virtue suffice you?' 'And why should my love perish?' returned Albert with enthusiasm: 'you then think that she may have already ceased to be worthy of it!' 'And if it were so, Albert, what would you do?' He smiled with those pale lips and that brilliant glance, which are given him by his strong and sorrowful enthusiasm. 'If it were so,' replied he, 'I should continue to love her, for the past is not a dream that is effaced in me, and you know that I have often confounded it with the present so far as to be no longer able to distinguish one from the other. Well, I would again do so; I would love in the past that angel face, that poet soul, by which my dark life has been lighted and suddenly inflamed. And I should not perceive that the past is behind me; I should preserve in my bosom its burning trace; the erring

being, the falling angel would still inspire me with so much solicitude and tenderness that my life should be consecrated to the work of consoling her for her fall and removing her from the contempt of cruel men!'

"Albert departed for Berlin with several of our friends, and had for a pretext with the princess Amelia, his protectress, to converse with her about Trenck, then a prisoner at Glatz, and about the masonic operations into which she was initiated. You saw him presiding over a lodge of Rosicrucians, and he did not know at the time that Cagliostro, informed in spite of us respecting his secrets, had made use of that circumstance to bewilder your reason by secretly causing you to see him as a spectre. From this sole fact of having allowed a *profane* person to cast a glance upon the masonic mysteries, the intriguing Cagliostro would have deserved to be forever excluded from them. But it was unknown for a long time, and you must remember the terror he experienced while conducting you to the precincts of the temple. The punishments due to this treachery are rigorously inflicted by the adepts, and the magician, in making the mysteries of his order serve as pretended prodigies of his marvellous art, risked perhaps his life, certainly at least his great reputation as a necromancer, for he would have been unmasked and driven away immediately.

"In the short and mysterious stay which he made in Berlin at that period, Albert was enabled to penetrate your actions and your thoughts sufficiently to be re-assured respecting your position. He watched you closely without your knowledge, and returned tranquil in appearance but more ardently in love than ever. During several months he travelled in foreign countries and served our cause with activity. But having been warned that some intriguers, perhaps spies of the king of Prussia, were endeavoring to frame at Berlin a particular conspiracy, dangerous to the existence of masonry and probably fatal to prince Henry and to his sister the abbess of Quedlimburg, Albert hastened thither, in order to warn those princes of the absurdity of such an attempt, and to put them on their guard against the snare which it seemed to cover. You saw him then; and, though terrified at his apparition, you showed so much courage afterwards, and you expressed to his friends so much devotedness and respect for his memory, that he recovered the hope of being loved by you. It was therefore resolved that you should be informed of the truth of his existence by a succession of mysterious revelations. He was often near you, and even hidden in your apartment during your stormy conferences with the king. In the mean-

while the conspirators became irritated by the obstacles which Albert and his friends presented to their culpable or foolish designs. Frederick II. conceived suspicions. The appearance of the *specter*, that spectre which all conspirators set in motion in the galleries of the palace in order to create disorder and fear, awakened his watchfulness. The creation of a masonic lodge at the head of which prince Henry placed himself, and which was found, at the first, in an opposition of doctrines with that over which the king presides in person, appeared to the latter an act significative of revolt, and perhaps, in fact, that creation of a new lodge was a clumsy mask assumed by certain conspirators, or an attempt to compromise illustrious personages. Happily they saved themselves from it, and the king, apparently furious at finding only obscure criminals, but secretly satisfied at not having to be severe towards his own family, wished at least to make an example. My son, the most innocent of all, was arrested and transferred to Spandaw, almost at the same time with yourself, whose innocence was not less apparent, but you were both guilty of not being willing to save yourselves at the expense of any one, and you paid for all the others. You passed several months in prison not far from Albert's cell, and you must have heard the passionate accents of his violin, as he also heard those of your voice. He had prompt and certain means of escape at his command; but he did not wish to use them before having secured yours. The key of gold is more powerful than all the bolts of the royal prisons: and the Prussian gaolers, for the most part discontented soldiers, or officers in disgrace, are very easily corrupted. Albert escaped at the same time with yourself, but you did not see him; and for reasons which you will know hereafter, Liverani was charged to bring you here. Now you know the rest. Albert loves you more than ever; but he loves you more than he does himself, and he will be a thousand times less unhappy at your happiness with another than he would be at his own, did you not share it. The moral and philosophical laws, the religious authority under which you are both placed henceforth, permit his sacrifice and render your choice free and respectable. Choose then, my daughter; but remember that Albert's mother requests you on her knees not to do injustice to the sublime candor of her son by making for him a sacrifice, the bitterness of which would fall upon his life. Your desertion will make him suffer, but your pity, without your love, will kill him. The hour has come for you to pronounce. I must not know your decision. Pass into your chamber;

you will there find two very different costumes: that which you choose will decide the lot of my son."

"And which of the two must signify my divorce from him?" asked Consuelo trembling.

"I was to have informed you; but I will not. I wish to know if you will divine it."

The countess Wanda, having thus spoken, resumed her mask, pressed Consuelo to her heart and rapidly departed.

To be Continued.

EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

Our own conviction of the moral impossibility of truly educating or morally improving the destitute portion of mankind, until they shall have first been elevated above their present condition of want and misery, need hardly be re-stated. We have presented it in so many forms, and so much to the annoyance of many worthy patrons, who can't imagine what business a political journal has to meddle with such matters, that we will not farther tax their forbearance by reiterating at this time our views. Instead of this we will ask the attention of our readers—those who hope for radical changes in our Social Economy as well as those who dread or detest all mention of them—to the following extract from the leading article (Nov. 27th) of the *London Times*, the ablest, wealthiest, and most powerful journal issued in the English tongue. The Editor is commenting on a communication of more than two columns in the same paper, which points out in a kindred spirit but more in detail, the Social obstacles to the Education of the Poor, and after a brief survey of the ground, goes on to say:

It is, in fact, the whole of the rural *ménage* which constitutes the school. It is folly to fix one's attention on one small building, and call it the school of rural life; on one little man, whose chief scholarship consists in his unfitness for any other employment, and call him the teacher; or on three or four years, ending at the age of eight or nine, and call them the education of the villager. Take the whole sphere, take all its circumstances, all its opportunities and temptations. That is the true school of life. The facts of the case will not adjust themselves to our theory. We can no more provide for the moral training of the plowboy by giving him that stunted technicality which we call a religious education, while we leave the bulk of his youthful time and interests at the mercy of corrupting and degrading influences, than the drunkard can secure himself from the effects of daily excess by an occasional draught of the pure element, or by having gone through a milk-and-water treatment between the ages of five and nine. Discipline comprehends every thing that actually teaches.

What, then, can be done by churches built on the most genuine models, and arranged on the most orthodox plan, or by schools conducted on the most scientific principles, when the whole teaching of the village, which is the laborer's little world, pulls the other way? Excessive penury, precarious employment, the denial of common charity in the hour of visitation, the frequent spectacle of calamity unfriended and crime unre-

proved, habitations that preclude habits of decency and cleanliness, and a system of public relief which confounds all the distinctions of morality, constitute a giant whole, compared with which the Sunday service and the national school are impotent and ridiculous. What can be more painfully true than the following?

"Now follow the child home; in how many of our villages and towns will you find it placed under a force of circumstances, that, unless it be blind and deaf, must force on it a knowledge, by ear and by eye, of evil, destructive of every decency of habit or purity of thought! Not only in the cottage and the lodging is this the case, but go to the national refuges for the indigent—the union houses; and you will find in them a system pursued that the highest pressure of the world's worst contamination could hardly exceed, any where in the world's worst abodes of vice. So herded together are the abandoned in these establishments, that all degrees of vice are soon lost; the woman the victim of the seducer, the mother of one child, is made to keep company with the oldest and worst sinners of the street; girls, as soon as they are too old for the school-room, are placed among just that species of adult company which at their age must most surely contaminate them. Respectable women who have been forced for a time to mingle with this herd, have told me of horrors in word and deed which defy all description. The head of a very large union-house lately told me such things of the female wards in it as would disgrace the worst dens in St. Giles's. Are these things unknown? No, they are forever quoted to prove the shamelessness of the lower orders. Let us go to the villages from which these houses are filled, and let us see how things are there.

"Is it not notorious that, very generally, the cottages in which the poor dwell are so constructed that anything like a separation of the sexes at night is next to impossible? Is it not the fact that in ten thousand cases, father, mother, brothers, and sisters are forced to undress and lie down to rest in one and the same room? So common is this state of things, that I am satisfied it has affected the whole tone of feeling of the upper toward the lower classes: we have got into a way of thinking depravity, like rags and broken windows, to be the regular, if not the natural accompaniment of poverty."

We forbear from following our correspondent into the melancholy incidents with which he illustrates the above, and to which he has added names, places, and other particulars in a private note. The statement is strong enough as it stands, and will approve itself to the experience of every enlightened and generous person acquainted with the dwelling and the habits of the rural poor. It is not too much to say that the condition of the cottages in a large portion of the south of England can hardly be accounted for on any other supposition than a perfect indifference, not to say more, on the part of owners, to the health and morals of the inhabitants. "It is impossible to be decent!" is the common language of the poor, cooped up as they are, male and female, old and young, married and single, innocent and fallen, a dozen in a few cubic yards of physical and moral infection. "It is impossible to be de-

cent!" and the result almost too uniformly shows how true the assertion, or how ready the excuse. What avails it that educational and ecclesiastic commissioners are measuring with the nicest care the quantity of atmospheric space to be assigned to the human unit in the school and the church, when whole families are sleeping, winter and summer, almost in contact and within two and three feet of the slanting roof? If we are to have a new inquiry into the education of the country, in the name of truth and common sense, let it comprehend all that actually constitutes education; otherwise we shall certainly find that we are only pulling down with one hand what we are attempting to hold up with the other.

Might not '*The Times of America*' derive some valuable hints from the above?—*Tribune*.

For the Harbinger.

SOCIETY—AN ASPIRATION—OR THE ACTUAL AND THE POSSIBLE.

(Continued.)

UNITY. (Continued.)

Unity has three Physical branches:

- I. Unity of Man with the Planets and masses of matter, through attraction of Gravity, which he owns in common with them.
- II. Unity with the Particles of matter, through co-ordination of the attraction of Cohesion to the elements of his frame.
- III. Unity with the Atoms of matter, through co-ordination of the attraction of Affinity specific to them.

One Organic branch:—External, with vegetable and animal organisms, through the assimilative attractions specific to each tissue.—Internal, by sympathy of the organs with each other through the ganglionic nerve, in an integral health or disease.

Five Sensitive branches:—Through the attractions of Sight, Hearing, Smell, Taste, and Touch.

1st. Active Unity, or co-operation with external nature related to the soul through its senses—

By regency over the kingdoms of earth, water, and air, and subjection of the elements to man's uses, through development of synthetic science, embracing in its applications to co-operative industry,—the integral culture of the earth; exploration of mineral and vegetable products, and interchange of them between nations; attraction of wild animals, hitherto destructive or untamable, to the friendly neighborhood of man who shall have attained to the dignity of his true life; connections of all countries through spherical lines of travel and communication by roads, navigation, telegraph, carrier birds, &c.; creations of art, in music, painting, sculpture, architecture, perfumery, and culinary branches, whose luxuries will be extended to all through the architectural

arrangements and unitary social life of the Phalanx.

2d. Passive Unity—through universal appreciation and sympathetic enjoyment of luxuries spontaneously offered by nature or produced by art.

3d. Typical Unity. By man's possession, in his integral development, of all the grades and varieties of sensation which inferior creatures now possess: as the sight of the mule and goat adapted to precipices, which the mason now acquires; or the antennal language of the ant and bee, already attained by those delicately organized individuals who understand by simple touch the organic and spiritual state of others, and to whom even a sealed letter, written by a distant stranger, suffices to unlock the most intimate secrets of character.

(It is evident that this faculty has been exclusively calculated for a state of society when truth shall no longer be feared, and when universal confidence, resulting from unity of interests, shall replace the present universal distrust resulting from incoherence of interests.)

Four Affectional branches:—Developed in the interlocking of society by the attractions of Ambition, Friendship, Love, and the Family Sentiment, in the passion harmonies of the serial hierarchy.

Internal Unity, by co-operation of each passion to furnish for the rest the best conditions of development. *Example:* Numa is a modest artisan, whose constructive talents, evinced in the far-sighted combinations of his industrial operations, have gained him the election to the command of an industrial army, ("the tools to him who can use them,") which is proceeding to colonize in the Alleghany valley. This position enables him to employ to advantage a brother's favorite bent for mineral exploration—to collect around him a choice band of friends: the prestige of the affair, and its evolution of noble traits dormant in his character, ensures his success in an arduous courtship, hitherto doubtful. Numa owes these successes to the mechanism of the industrial series, which in its corporate group labor easily distinguishes excellence, and whose interest leads it to employ in the management of its most important business the man thus qualified as a natural chief, and which in the hierarchy of successive advancements from the chiefship of the group to that of the series of the first power, thence to that of the second power, and so on in gradation; elects each chief from among the chiefs of the last series, sifted men, who have served up to it, and who are qualified by their personal and business intercourse to judge of each other, as was the original group of its chief. In the isolated labor of our societies, Numa, being a modest, practical

man, and not an intriguing demagogue, would have stood small chance to become known; never stepping out of his sphere to acquire popularity, he might have passed through life an obscure artisan. In the series, the success of his ambition in industrial merit gains him honors, turns the scale of love in his favor, and draws closer by bonds of interest the ties of family and friendship.

Considered in relation to the different parties concerned, this also illustrates the External Unity of the passions, by their coincident gratification of many by the circumstance favorable to one individual.

It is not pretended that this character is entirely confined to the series, or that it will always to the same extent there exist; but the corporate industry in empassioned groups, and the hierarchy of elections in very numerous departments, afford abundant chances and compensations.

The typical unity of the passions will be shown in this society, in the development of the enthusiasm for social labors, now typed in the ant and bee, in the dog's fidelity, the elephant's honor, the dove's connubial truth, the stork's paternal piety; with higher passion characters possessed by the animals of future harmonic creations, hitherto precluded by the perversity of our race in preferring the arbitrary legislations of kings, priests and moralists with their inherent results of poverty, fraud, oppression, war, vitiation of soils and climates, generation of diseases, circles of error and prejudice, general egotism and social duplicity, to the divine government by attraction, based on the organized unity of interest which inevitably results from any living belief in the unity and universality of God's providence.*

Three Intellectual or Distributive branches of Unity:—Unity, as among the affective attractions, consists in the provision by each faculty for the development of the rest, and of each individual for those of his co-operators, of their harmonic action and the enjoyments thereon consequent. *Example:* The Cabalist Passion, whose province is the creation of

* The industrial relations of the societies of incoherence, whose principle is "every man for himself," correspond to the lowest and most rudimentary form of religion—Fetichism, where man, recognizing no unitary law or providence, makes to himself a private god at war with those of all other men, whose symbol may be indifferently a stone, a block, a clove of Garlic. The symbolism has passed away, but the individualizing spirit of Fetichism has, in the usual course of speculative beliefs, left its organization remaining in our practical life, whilst a unitary religion, embodying the Judeo-Christian doctrine of Universal Love, shines, the torch-bearer of humanity, far in advance of its actual institutions.

discords by discriminative selection, is highly developed in Phæbe, a prominent *figurante* in the series of the more artistic industry, which leads to the useful through the beautiful. It causes her to cabal in the group of the lily to which she is attached, and form a party exclusively devoting themselves to the water-lily. The very act of separating from the main corps, the pride of sustaining brilliantly their taste and independent position, induce them to extraordinary efforts in overcoming the difficulties of an aquatic location, and obtaining their plants from the stream, &c. This may attract and enrol among them certain stout ditchers from the other extreme of the serial ranks among the devotees of the difficult, dirty and useful; a piquant contrast of character which will raise the Composite or Corporate passion, already heightened by the more entire union among themselves, in their specific taste, to enthusiasm by the fusion of these contrasted elements in the labor of the group. The water-lily being one of the sacred emblems in that part of the unitary worship, which recognizes peculiarly the passion of Love, it is natural that the labor it requires should bring together those contrasted temperaments which afford love its specific sphere of attraction. It will also be a fascinating variety to these rough fellows, thus incidentally to find themselves in a new province, perhaps even sometimes officiating in the ceremonies of the temple, of which the fair chief of the group may be priestess. We remark here as a general principle that the selection of a special branch of industry by the cabalist, limits in proportion to the minuteness of the subdivision of labor, the time required by the function, thus perfectly coinciding with the attraction for frequent change. Thus in the series does each distributive passion contribute to unity, the cabalistic preferences of emulous groups to the corporate enthusiasm among the members of each, and to the formation of many series by their successive alternations, whilst at every step some new sphere is created for ambition, or friendship, or love, or the family sentiment, and the product of the labors performed under these combined attractions which empassion every pursuit, create a magnificent luxury or sphere of sensuous harmony in which those, who in the serial order governed directly by the will of God as revealed in attraction, have realized his kingdom upon earth, shall be clothed in all beauty of art and nature, as the natural out-flowing of their inward life.

Typical unity of the Distributive attractions—consists in their correspondence with the principles of discord, accord and variety, which, repeated by na-

ture in all her kingdoms, constitute the principles of our science and art, and in a more special point of view, correspondence with the selecting, combining and alternating instincts of the animal, vegetable and mineral world.

The adaptation of the Distributive principles to the affective and the sensitive or material, in the serial order, constitutes its Typical unity with the mathematical principle of the universe, as co-ordinated to the active forces and the passive matter, and completes the circle of unity in the Pivotal Y, or unity of Man with God. In the attainment of this unity, Man in his integral manifestation through the kingdom of nature, will in the regency of the earth type the omnipotence of God in the universe, whilst the limitations of his consciousness by matter, distance and time ever recede before the faculties of his progressive spiritual development.

It is needless to dwell on the impossibility for any individual to attain this unity during the ages of incoherence. Christ is Humanity's highest ideal of it; but Christianity unembodied in a mechanism of united material interests, has been necessarily hitherto a religion of sacrifice, of opposition between the component principles of our nature; setting man at variance with himself and with his brother, and sometimes sacrificing not only the sensuous attractions, but all private sympathies, in its efforts to attain the highest ends, unity with God. Of the life of Man, embodying the principle of unity in variety, there is one central fact; namely, that it is struggling towards, or departing from unity with its source.

By no atheistical quibbles about the personality of God, nor vague obscurant definitions, can any man escape this issue. Our own nature compels us to recognize this eternal Trinity—

1. A passive principle, Matter.
2. An active principle, Force, (Attraction or Love in its various manifestations.)
3. A mathematical principle, Order, or Wisdom, which regulates the uniform action of these forces under given conditions, and constitutes the foundation of all science.

Sensation, Sentiment, Intelligence, manifest Him every where. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" "If I ascend into heaven thou art there, if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there." "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me." "If I say surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me." "I will praise thee for I am fearfully and wonderfully made, marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right

well." "My substance was not hid from thee when I was made in secret and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth" (unity of mineral with organic life,) "Thine eyes did see my substance being yet imperfect, and in thy books all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them." "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me O God! How great is the sum of them! If I should count them they are more in number than the stars, when I awake I am still with thee."

Quarles compares man's life to an organ, "we touch the keys and act; God blows the bellows. As we thrive in skill, our actions prove like music good or ill."

This blowing of life's bellows is a constant unity with God common to all creatures at all times; but it is for the voluntary coaction which the individual man possesses in a limited degree, and the collective man to an immense extent, though both subject to the same limitations of attraction which circumscribe the orbits of the planets; to bring life into convergence with the higher aims of attraction for universal unity and harmony in the serial order adapted to it. The first spiritual development of the sentiment of unity is a subtle, aspiring, ecstatic consciousness awakened in the soul by any manifestation of force or beauty; by the thunder, the ocean, or the dewy flush of morn, the patriarch oak, or the clustering rose, the loveliness of woman or the majesty of truthful man. Even through the clouds that obscure this sad morning of humanity, we catch glimpses of the blue heaven that shines over all. They show us clear and far the glory and the duty of life, and send us on our path stronger in faith. They pass as the organic tension of our life subsides, or the first careless or unholy action banishes them. There is a more permanent sentiment of unity proceeding from a clean heart and a life which habitually recognizes the promptings of the Divine within us. Then the ecstatic and clear-sighted moments come oftener, and life grows more serene from a self-respect and consciousness of support. This is in the language of the church the state of grace. This tends towards the more and more entire spiritual unity with God, or incarnation of the divine in the human symbolized by the bread and wine of the sacrament as the body and blood of Christ the divine man. As we acquire this spirit all the aims of our life converge towards the ends of universal unity. It is the *faith* of Paul which implies *works*. It not only enfolds in its sphere the passions of Ambition, Friendship, Love and the Family sentiment, but cou-

secrates the air that we breathe, and the food that we eat, and speaks with God through flowers and music, the harmonies of motion, and every avenue of sense. It was the perception of this glorious truth of our future destiny, without the recognition of its incompatibility with the ages of incoherence, which gave birth to that half monstrous, half heroic creed among the Antinomians of Cromwell's day, and still met with among certain organizations, whether intellectually confessed or not, that they are the elect of God who can do no wrong.

It is perhaps a privilege inherent in the soul, that under no possible circumstances of sensual or spiritual privation it can be quite shut out from prophetic visitings of this higher and all-including coincidence of destiny with attraction, a rest and trust in God compatible with the highest action, which descends as the dove of the Holy spirit into the broken heart. "Neither life, nor death, nor powers, nor principalities, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us" wholly from this unity with our life's source. It is a noble error, though not less fatal for its nobleness, which has caused the church, and beautiful spirits of all ages, in their intense appreciation of this divine right, to assert man's independence of "circumstance, that unspiritual God and miscreator" and has prevented them from recognizing that this sentiment of the Heavenly order can only be embodied in our daily life, and made, like God's air and light, free to all, by so organizing society that unity of the lower but more immediate interests of the senses and human affections should conduce to its permanence instead of as now conflicting with it.

Was it not said to the Jews "Go first and be reconciled to thy brother" before they were allowed to bring their sacrifice to God's altar?

All snatches of the soul's true life during the ages of incoherence are given to inspire us with the noble ambition to make all our present life and this terrestrial sphere an act of worship, and a temple where the spirit of God should ever rest as in the Holy of Holies of Israel's temple.

DR. FRANKLIN'S VIEW OF WAR. In what light we are viewed by superior beings, may be gathered from a piece of West India news, which possibly has not reached you. A young angel of distinction, being sent down to this world on some important business, for the first time, had an old courier spirit assigned him for his guide; they arrived over the seas of Martinico in the middle of the long day of obstinate fight between the fleets of Rodney and DeGrasse. When through the clouds of smoke he saw

the fire of the guns, the decks covered with mangled limbs, and bodies dead or dying; the ships sinking, burning, or blown into the air; and the quantity of pain, misery, and destruction the crews yet alive were thus with so much eagerness dealing round to one another, he turned angrily to his guide and said: "You blundering blockhead! you undertook to conduct me to the earth, and you have brought me into hell?" "No, sir," says the guide, "I have made no mistake, this is the earth, and these are men. Devils never treat one another in this cruel manner; they have more sense, and more of what men vainly call humanity."—*Letter to Dr. Priestly.*

MISERY. We happened to be out at an unusual late hour last night (it was near one o'clock,) and while on our way home, we witnessed the following picture. In passing one of the most splendid mansions in the upper part of Broadway, our attention was attracted by a singular looking object, which we thought was attempting to effect an entrance into the house. Curiosity led us to draw near, when we beheld a group of three little girls nestled in the corner of the marble door way. One of them appeared to be about twelve years of age, and the other two had perhaps seen five and nine years. The former was seated in the Turkish fashion on the coarse matting, apparently half asleep, while the heads of the two latter were pillowed on her lap, and both were evidently enjoying a deep dream of peace and comfort. As we remembered the magnificent entertainment in which we had just participated, and thought of the place and picture before us, and of the night and the hour, we could hardly believe our senses, and almost fancied we were in a dream. But the sleet that beat upon our head reminded us that it was real, and that we must make an effort to relieve the vagrant children from their miserable condition, for they were hungry and almost naked,—all of them were bare-footed.

After some difficulty we chanced to find a Police watchman, when we wakened the children and asked them about their home. It was with much reluctance that they told us where their parents resided, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we could induce them to accompany us. We succeeded, however, in taking them home, a filthy room in a comfortless hovel, where we beheld the following picture. On a bed of straw lay the father of these children, in a state of intoxication, and on the floor, in one corner of the room, was the mother moaning with pain, and bleeding from wounds which had been inflicted by her cruel husband. One of the little girls told us that they had not as much as they wanted to eat for more than ten days,—that they had been forced into the street for the purpose of begging, and that the scene before us was an old story to them.

Our happier readers, it is probable, can scarcely believe that such things actually exist in the Christian city of New York; or

believing, can hardly prevent them but by drying up the resources of such crime and misery. Rum is at the bottom of all this, and only the expulsion of rum can prevent it.—*N. Y. Express.*

M. GUIZOT. No one can better illustrate the superiority of moral over physical beauty; M. Guizot is a pigmy in stature, his clothes though neat are ill made, and the tails of his coat are long enough for a giant. Still, at first sight he commands respect, and nothing can be more engaging than the mild, kindly look of his fine eyes. He always carries his head thrown back; his contemplation seems fixed upon the heavens, as if from thence he had descended and there he was to return. But it is when excited that M. Guizot's appearance becomes imposing. When he ascends the tribune, in the Chamber of Deputies, raises his hand, and fixes his eagle glance upon the rebellious spirits in those stormy precincts, every enemy seems to quail, and such silence and observance prevail, that you might hear the buzzing of a fly against the fan light. The impression, however, becomes far more imposing when his sonorous and harmonious voice, and his accent of command, convey to his hearers the dictates of an intellect fraught with practical views, and full of home thrusts, with a command of eloquence full, continuous and irresistible.

ANECDOTE OF DR. NOTT OF UNION COLLEGE. On an evening preceding Thanksgiving, not many years ago, two students left the colleges, with the most *soul* intent of procuring some of the Doctor's fine, fat chickens, that roosted in a tree adjoining his house. When they arrived at the spot, one ascended the tree, while the other stood with the bag, ready to receive the plunder. It so happened that the Doctor himself had just left his house, with the view of securing the same chickens for his Thanksgiving dinner. The rogue under the tree hearing some one approaching, immediately crept away, without notifying his companion among the branches. The Doctor came up silently, and was immediately saluted from above as follows: "Are you ready?" "Yes," responded the Doctor, dissembling his voice as much as possible.

The other immediately laying hands on the old rooster, exclaimed—"Here's old Prex, will you have him?" "Pass him along," was the reply, and he was soon in the Doctor's bag. "Here's marm Prex," said the all unconscious student, grabbing a fine old hen, "will you have her?" "Yes," again responded the Doctor. "Here's son John, will you have him?" "Here's daughter Sal, take her?" and so on until he had gone regularly through with the Dr's. family and chickens. The old man walked off in one direction with the plunder, while the student, well satisfied with his night's work, came down and streaked it for the colleges. Great was his astonishment to learn from his companion that he had not got any chickens, and if he gave them to any one, it must have been to

Dr. Nott. Expulsion, fines, and disgrace, were uppermost in their thoughts until the next forenoon, when both received a polite invitation from their President, requesting the presence of their company to a Thanksgiving dinner. To decline was impossible, so with hearts full of anxiety for the result, they wended their way to the house, where they were pleasantly received by the old gentleman, and with a large party were soon seated around the festive board. After asking a blessing, the Doctor rose from his seat, and taking the carving knife, turned with a smile to the rogues and said: "Young gentlemen, here's Old Prex, and Marm Prex, son John, and daughter Sal," at the same time touching successively the respective chickens; "to which will you be helped?" The mortification of his students may be imagined.—*Springfield Republican.*

For the Harbinger.

PRACTICAL ASSOCIATION.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—My deep interest in the cause of Association induces me to address you again. We have, as it seems to me, every thing to encourage us. The cause is making real progress, and becoming more fully developed as we proceed. The recent religious demonstration gives promise of the best results. Association without religion would be like a body without a soul. It would have no vital principle, and must of very necessity perish and be resolved into its original elements. But let religion be the soul of which Association is the body, and it must succeed. I care not to inquire too particularly what shall be the Theology of this religion, not because I deem Theology unimportant, for I do not. Theology is the form of religion. It embraces all *religious ideas* reduced to a harmonious system, and certainly religion without ideas would be a chimera. Religion, truly considered, is the soul, Theology the rational mind, and Association with its doctrines, is the science and body of a true society. But the reason why I care not to inquire, is simply because I am satisfied there is but *one* System of Theology deserving the name, that will HARMONIZE with the science of Association. Sooner or later therefore, to this Theology, Associationists must come.

It has frequently been said "the Social Science of Fourier, and the Theology of Swedenborg are counterparts of each other." I believe they are so, and that they must be married before either can become prolific and productive of genuine good. I know not whether the receivers of the writings of Swedenborg generally are much interested in Association or not, but of this I am confident, namely, that they cannot long stand aloof from it, for if they do, they will find their spiritual world will have gone from beneath their feet, and they will be without a perma-

ment abiding place. Still it was doubtless necessary that the scriptural truths of the new church about to be established, should be first received to some extent upon earth in order that they might flow down when the time should arrive for forming the body below, giving life to it through its various processes of development. The spirit must first be in the brain, but it cannot remain there, else there will be no body by which it may manifest itself to itself and the world.

But my main object in this communication is to present some suggestions in relation to the Model Phalanx, which as I take it, is about to be established.

And first, as to the amount of capital necessary for the undertaking. This will depend much on the location selected. It should at any rate be ample, so as to avoid all pecuniary embarrassment, and all necessity for contracting debts. It should be sufficient to pay for the domain, to erect suitable and permanent buildings, to obtain the most perfect machinery, and tools, and the best stock, as well as to sustain the Association until it can begin to reap the fruits of its labor. It is manifest that the Model Phalanx will labor under many disadvantages under the most favorable circumstances. The habits and characters of the adult portion are already formed and adapted more or less to a very different state of society. These it will be difficult to change suddenly, so as to adapt them to the new order of things. On this account, it becomes of prime importance that no avoidable difficulties should be superadded. All the material arrangements therefore should be of the most perfect kind, to facilitate labor and render it productive.

Again, while it is desirable that ample capital should be provided, it is also desirable, I take it, that it should not be too equally divided among, or owned by the members. About such a distribution would be desirable at the commencement as would be likely to result from the natural differences in skill and productiveness of different individuals. Any idea of bringing about a *dead level* in society should be discarded. This is contrary to nature and would be destructive of harmony, and every person admitted to the Association should *understand distinctly* the practical principles upon which society is formed.

I have said the amount of capital required for the Model Phalanx would depend much on the location. This will appear from the following considerations, viz: for a Phalanx of about two thousand persons, which would be the most desirable number on many accounts, a domain will be required of sufficient extent to supply all the agricultural products, suited to the climate, which it would con-

sume. This condition cannot be safely dispensed with. From ten to fifteen thousand acres would be necessary for purposes of cultivation, grazing and timber, without allowance for waste land. On a domain of this extent if selected in any densely populated region, the Association would have to purchase with the land at the least calculation three or four hundred dwelling houses and other buildings, mills, factories, &c., some of them of expensive construction, as also many miles of fence, all which would not only be of no use to it but would actually have to be removed with great labor in order to bring the Association into *harmony* with nature. Of course such a domain would be very expensive and a large outlay of capital would be necessary to prepare it for the purposes of an Association. I suppose such a domain could hardly be obtained in any of the Eastern States for less than from one to two hundred thousand dollars. In addition to the cost of land, I suppose suitable buildings, machinery, tools, stock, &c., would require at least half a million of dollars. Thus if the Model Phalanx should be started in the East, some seven hundred thousand dollars capital would be required to make a fair experiment on a grand scale, and no other I am satisfied should now be tried.

But I see no advantage in making the first experiment at the East. On the contrary, the new States in the West present many and very great advantages for an enterprise of this sort. Here in Illinois, for instance, land for a domain may be obtained in one body, embracing suitable portions of prairie and timber within a reasonable distance from navigable water, having upon the very spot which might be selected for the buildings, plenty of clay for bricks, and near at hand, lime stone, sand, and mineral coal. The cost would not be more than from \$125 to \$2 per acre. Some of the dry and very fertile prairies are admirably adapted to the purposes of Association. The land may be cultivated with such ease, and lying as it does, in gentle swells, with such advantages for the application of improved machinery, that the food of the Association may be produced here with less than one quarter of the labor that would be required at the East. Besides this, a large amount would be saved on the interest of additional capital, which would be required at the East. The domain could also be tastefully laid out. The phalanstery could be erected near its centre, upon an elevation which would command a view of the whole. Orchards, and groves, and gardens, could be made in their proper places, of any desired extent and in the best form, there being nothing in the way to interfere

with the exercise of taste. These considerations, it seems to me, are very important. It is important that the domain and buildings should be beautiful. It is important, also, that the industry, especially at first, when few could engage profitably in more than one or two kinds of labor, should be as productive as possible, and that it should, at the same time, be taxed as lightly as possible for the use of capital. I suppose an Association should produce nearly every thing it would consume; hence remoteness from a market would be comparatively of little importance. It would also have within itself the best society, as also the means of mental improvement and enjoyment, wherefore its being surrounded by few neighbors and no large cities, would be no disadvantage. At the same time, it would be in the "very midst of Civilization," and its light would shine no less extensively than if established at the East. Half a million of dollars, I think, would be sufficient capital to start a Model Phalanx in Illinois. This sum, I should think, might be easily raised among the two thousand members who must compose it. But lest I should weary you and your readers, I will bring this communication to a close, with the hope that the next season may not pass over without ground being broken somewhere. Yours truly, A.

ALTON, Ill., Dec. 17, 1846.

REVIEW.

1. *Poems.* By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: James Munroe and Co. pp. 251.
2. *Poems.* By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Second Series. Boston: James Munroe and Co. pp. 160.
3. *Poems.* By WILLIAM W. STORY. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. pp. 249.

Truly a generous yield for this New England Christmas! All this honey of our poets' hiving for these several summers past, now opened at once so temptingly to our eyes,—transparent, liquid, golden, each in its degree;—the concentration for our winter feasts of all the flowery sweets which our fine murmuring songsters have been leisurely and musingly extracting. Nature's saccharine refined and reproduced for us in their spiritual laboratories!—And it comes at the right time, in the dead of winter: for what is all poetry but a little mystic inward warmth amid the drear, dead snows,—not the thrice-driven, but the trodden, dirty snows,—of this false, selfish, and self-glorifying civilized apology for life? All poesy is a Christmas gift; a breath from next Spring's violets which wanders by us in this life-long irksome winter; a thrill of true soul's health

amid the general paralysis or morbid inflammation.

To the tasting of this honey we should come too grateful to be over-critical; albeit with a sense not altogether dull and indiscriminating; for such sweet differences cannot but develop finest shades of sensitive perception. But the thought were shocking, to officiate as public taster here. Not till we had been bathed all over in the pure, primal spring of poesy and truth, and clean delivered from factitious tastes and prepossessions; not till we knew the callous professional palate perfectly restored to native sensibility, would we dare smack our lips oracularly. Before entering upon the task of criticism, therefore, let us confess ourselves and say our creed:

And first, we believe that Poetry is a thing altogether above creeds, an emanation from that region of the mind which never yet has got coined into systems or opinions, or formulized habits, but which underlies all these, unused, unhackneyed, a fresh reservoir of health, or so to speak, our spiritual *corps de reserve*, welling up into clear consciousness from time to time in such unwonted and seemingly miraculous forms of beauty as elude all formulas, and renewing our literature, as God renews our lives, from day to day; and furthermore we believe that so far as anything called poetry is true poetry, we are not to judge it, for it judges us; but we are to approach it with reverence, the main question being whether indeed it is poetry.

Next, we believe that this interior re-creative fund of life and inspiration, is no mere vague, chaotic, lawless element; it is only the stream traced nearer to its source, which is God, or Universal Love; and as this flows forth in definite directions, by its own perfect laws distributing itself through given spheres, through distinct natures and innumerable particulars, in such wise that all differ and yet all harmonize and make one living whole; so the human soul in its integral and fullest action is one love, or passion, or attraction towards Unity and God; and this is also in the human soul a complex love, distributed towards different spheres; as primarily, towards the harmonies of the material, of the social or affective, and of the intellectual or abstract sphere of laws and principles; then again, secondarily towards the harmonies of each special sphere of passion embraced within these three, as the five senses, the four social attractions, and so forth. Now life is all one manifold Attraction; and the end of that attraction is always unity or harmony, to which the soul aspires through all or through some one of these primary passions, which correspond with the distribution of all things in the natu-

ral and the spiritual world, and even with the original divergence of the very rays proceeding from Life's central Sun or God. Now were the social state or mould, into which these heaven-born loves or passions flow, precisely that of which their earliest motion are presentiments, and did they answer to the law of destinies proportioned to attractions, our whole life would be poetry, and art, and worship; no dullness, no exhaustion, and no common-place; no waiting and no discord; but all fresh enthusiasm "renewing itself like the eagles," all golden heart's dreams realized more rapidly than thought. But society is false; the dress fits not; the mould prevents, distorts, imprisons, irritates; and actual life is mean and morbid and absurd in its own eyes. Now poetry is but the aspiration of the soul, or of any of its pure passions, for its true harmonic life; its proper theme is Unity, of which it refreshes its thought especially from two sources, which stand ever open to remind us of what life should be, and which cannot be quite quenched, viz: woman's love, and the love of nature. These are the burden of nearly all poems; if a poet undertake to discourse of high philosophies and abstract principles, he translates his thought into the dialect of these two sentiments. Friendship and Ambition have also entered into poetry, and shall enter into it more; but these sentiments, in our false state, seem to have been shorn of the miraculous, as Love has not been.

We believe then that poetry is at once mystical and natural, exception and organic growth, transcendental and humane. But first of all it must proceed from Passion. There is no poetry in Intellect *merely*, though you suppose its perceptions clear and absolutely right. Mere intelligence never yet spoke except at second hand. Only while the Heart prompts can we utter a fresh, true word; the heart divines, the intellect repeats; the heart can open spheres, the freer if of God's appointing; the intellect is a poor prisoner of its own closed circles.

But *having* Passion, having heart, let the Poet have the eye that looks through all things; detecting hidden harmonies, analogies, and correspondencies; piercing to the innermost of all things, and finding them all kindred and of one essence with the soul's attractions; tracing the lines of God's harmonic order, the outlines of the kingdom of Heaven, under the rude disguise of common and promiscuous facts. Looking *through* the falseness and the discord and the incoherence of the present time, and seeing as it were the statue in the marble, the fair flower in the compost-heap, the poet's thought sees what enables it to prefigure and construct the heart's desires, or rather

absolute demands for divine order and harmony in all things. We believe poetry to be the highest reach of Intellect, eagerly noticing, contriving, publishing all affinities, contrasts, series and alternations, and every "difference discreet" which makes up harmony, and makes the soul at home amid facts and its fellows. But this it should do, not resting in the pastime of a mere intellectual conception or phantasmagoria, but from the heart's desire for these things, seeking earnestly their realization.

Finally, as the Alpha and Omega of poetry, it must have Beauty. Caught from the Soul of beauty which renews our hackneyed lives, the revelation to us untried depths within ourselves; which of makes it *mystical*;—demanded by the heart's undying passions, which *will* know only harmony and beauty, and must sicken, quarrel and belie themselves in this our present social incoherence; which makes it *human*;—seeing with that reconciling eye that traces correspondences and half-concealed designs of Harmony in every thing; which makes it *wise*;—it should reflect all these conditions in its form and wording: it should seem a radiant miracle of beauty, a perfect flower for Art to gaze on with despair; it should come out all redolent of passion and deep earnestness, and thus rhythmical and fluid, for feeling sings and never prosed; it should attest an ordering wisdom in its adaptation of its parts, and the symmetry and unity of the whole; and it should wear that shining, hard enamel, from which the very tooth of Time must elip.

Thus is true Poetry at once the most transcendant and incalculable, the most earnest, the most instructive and calm-seeing, and the most agreeable and musical, of the mind's products; and when this marvellous bird flies into our window, let us not criticize its plumage, but hearken devoutly to its song.

Mr. Emerson's volume, in company with much never before printed, brings together those floating poems of his, which probably have made more impression and planted themselves more strangely in the memory of the lovers of verse, than any others of their reading, notwithstanding all the complaints about their coldness, their unintelligibility, their want of rhythm, and so on. Frequently, we must confess, there are jolting interruptions of rhythm in his bold free style; and occasionally a whole piece put together in defiance of all such conditions, as the very singular ode inscribed to W. H. Channing. This is not done unconsciously: in the piece called "Merlin," which describes the poet's methods, or obedience to a higher method working over him, we have these lines:

"Great is the art,
Great be the manners of the bard.
He shall not his brain encumber
With the coil of rhythm and number;
But, leaving rule and pale forethought,
He shall aye climb
For his rhyme.
'Pass in, pass in,' the angels say,
In to the upper doors,
Nor count compartments of the floors,
But mount to paradise
By the stairway of surprise."

And yet in a second part of the same poem, he celebrates the omnipresence of rhyme, or natural counterpoise, which is quite as much the essential principle of "rhythm and number."

"The rhyme of the poet
Modulates the king's affairs;
Balance-loving Nature
Made all things in pairs.
To every foot its antipode;
Each color with its counter glowed;
To every tone beat answering tone,
Higher or graver;
Flavor gladly blends with flavor;
Leaf answers leaf upon the bough,
And match the paired cotyledons.
Hands to hands, and feet to feet,
Coeval grooms and brides;
Eldcst rite, two married sides
In every mortal meet.

Like the dancers' ordered band,
Thoughts come also hand in hand;
In equal couples mated,
Or else alternated;

Perfect paired as eagle's wings,
Justice is the rhyme of things;
Trade and counting use
The self-same tuneful muse;
And Nemesis,
Who with even matches odd,
Who athwart space redresses
The partial wrong,
Fills the just period,
And finishes the song."

We do not therefore understand Mr. Emerson as with malice prepense setting at naught the rhythmical conditions of poetry, or denying the fact, that words proceeding from a great emotion sympathize with nature's pulse, and fall into a musical cadence; but only as stating the two things in their true order: have the great feeling, and the rhythm comes unsought; "seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added." Indeed he asserts all this in the same poem; and we want no better melody than these words make:

"Thy trivial harp will never please
Or fill my craving ear;
Its chords should ring as blows the breeze,
Free, peremptory, clear.
No jingling serenader's art,
Nor tinkle of piano strings,
Can make the wild blood start
In its mystic springs.
The kingly bard
Must smite the chords rudely and hard,
As with hammer or with mace;

That they may render back
Artful thunder, which conveys
Secrets of the solar track,
Sparks of the supersolar blaze.
Merlin's blows are strokes of fate,
Chiming with the forest tone,
When boughs buffet boughs in the wood;
Chiming with the gasp and moan
Of the ice-imprisoned flood;
With the pulse of manly hearts;
With the voice of orators;
With the din of city arts;
With the cannonade of wars;
With the marches of the brave;
And prayers of might from martyrs' cave."

The prose writings of Emerson are distinguished for the grandest rhythm; this he sometimes sacrifices in the attempt to versify a cold reflection, when warmed to no musical pitch; but it is more by occasional violations of his own rhythm, than by positive want of it that he offends. Nothing could be more rhythmical than the "Problem," and parts of the "Wood-notes." In the following lines, the sound chimes fully with the sense:

"Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake."

It cannot be denied that Mr. Emerson is a consummate artist in expression. He is at least a poet in that sense; and in the sense too of that first article of our creed: what he writes emanates from fresh depths that lie below the surface of life; it is living waters; it has the miraculous charm. Such sudden and bold beauty, yet so serene; such unborrowed majesty of thought; such glossy roundness, and hardness, and purity of form, like sculptured marble; such infallible originality, (as if in each utterance you had indeed the very origin of the thought;) such almost unnatural absence of all common-place, could come only of a true poet, and of no mean man. There is a humorous greatness in his fancies, which is most bewitching; as when he calls eating black-berries "feeding on the Ethiops sweet;" and he continually does, like the simplest thing in the world, just what he demands of his expected bard,

"Who in large thoughts, like fair pearl-seed,
Shall string Monadnoc like a bead."

But now for the *humanity* of these poems; what passion of the soul inspired them? Alas! it is cold beauty; they yield no warmth, although they brace and invigorate you like December air; they shine aloft, serene, august, resplendent like Orion on a frosty night, and like him cold and distant; they counsel loneliness, and call that true life. Once or twice there is the glow and tenderness of real human sympathy, as in the exquisite "Threnody" on the death of a child,

and there are noble complaints of the dwarfed stature and subversive destiny of humanity:

"But man crouches and blushes,
Absconds and conceals;
He creepeth and peepeth,
He palters and steals;
Infirm, melancholy,
Jealous glancing around,
An oaf, an accomplice,
He poisons the ground."

And again in the noble poem called "Monadnoc":

"Happy," I said, "whose home is here!
Fair fortunes to the mountaineer!
Boon Nature to his poorest shed
Has royal pleasure-grounds outspread.
Intent I searched the region round,
And in low hut my monarch found,
He was no eagle, and no earl;
Alas! my foundling was a churl,
With heart of cat and eyes of bug,
Dull victim of his pipe and mug.
Wo is me for my hope's downfall!
Lord! is yon squalid peasant all
That this proud nursery could breed
For God's vicegerency and stead?

I thought to find the patriots
In whom the stock of freedom roots.

Here nature shall condense her powers,
Her music, and her meteors, &c.

And by the moral of his place
Hint summits of heroic grace.
Man in these crags a fastness find
To fight pollution of the mind;
In the wide thaw and ooze of wrong,
Adhere like this foundation strong,
The insanity of towns to stem
With simpleness for stratagem.
But if the brave old mould is broke,
And end in churls the mountain folk,
In tavern cheer and tavern joke,
Sink, O mountain, in the swamp!
Hide in thy skies, O sovereign lamp!
Perish like leaves, the highland breed!
No sire survive, no son succeed!"

And more to the same effect in the "Wood-notes." But in every instance the complaint is brought in only to be reasoned down. Thus after contrasting the meanness and isolation of man with the grandeur and harmony of the world into which he is born:

"Not unrelated, unaffied,
But to each thought and thing allied,
Is perfect Nature's every part,
Rooted in the mighty Heart.
But thou, poor child! unbound, unrhymed,
Whence camest thou, misplaced, mistimed?

And Nature has miscarried wholly
Into failure, into folly:"

he instantly imagines nature, or the "pine-tree," to rebuke the complaint:

"Alas! thine is the bankruptcy,
Blessed Nature so to see."

Leave friends, leave business, leave charities, and so forth, renounce every object of individual life,

"And leave thy peacock's w't behind;
Enough for thee the prima! in'nd
 That flows in streams, that breathes in wind,
 Leave all thy pedant lore apart;
God hid the whole world in thy heart.
 Love shuns the sage, the child it crowns,
And gives them all who all renounce.

Here we find ourselves in the very heart of what is called "Mr. Emerson's philosophy," though philosopher he is not, in the ordinary sense, his claim being to the higher character of Poet. These lines, so far as we have been enabled to decipher it, contain it in a nut shell; here all its shining trails converge, convenient for observation. But we have already expatiated beyond our limits, and while we are but entering upon this discussion, the other poets wait their turn of introduction. It must all wait till the next number.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

SI DESCENDERO IN INFERNUM, ADES.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

O, wandering dim on the extremest edge
 Of God's bright providence, whose spirits sigh
 Drearly in you, like the winter sedge
 That shivers o'er the dead pool stiff and dry,
 A thin, sad voice, when the bold wind roars by
 From the clear North of Duty,—
 Still by cracked arch and broken shaft I trace,
 What here was once a shrine and holy place
 Of the supernal Beauty;
 A child's play-altar reared of stones and moss,
 With wilted flowers for offering laid across,
 Mute recognition of the all-ruling Grace.

How far are ye from the innocent, from those
 Whose hearts are as a little lane serene
 Smooth-heaped from wall to wall with unbroke
 snows,
 Or in the summer blithe with lamb-cropt green,
 Save the one track, where naught more rude
 is seen
 Than the plump wain at even
 Bringing home four months' sunshine bound in
 sheaves;—
 How far are ye from those! yct who believes
 'That ye can shut out Heaven?
 Your souls partake its influence, nbt in vain
 Nor all unconscious, as that silent lane
 Its drift of noiseless apple-blooms receives.

Looking within myself, I note how thin
 A plank of station, chance, or prosperous fate,
 Doth fence me from the clutching waves of
 sin;—
 In my own heart I find the worst man's mate,
 And see not dimly the smooth-hinged gate
 That opens to those abysses
 Where ye grope darkly, ye who never knew
 On your young hearts love's consecrating dew,
 Or felt a mother's kisses,
 Or home's restraining tendrils round you curled;
 Ah, side by side with heart's-ease in this world
 The fatal nightshade grows and bitter rue!

One band ye cannot break,—the force that clips
 And grasps your circles to the central light;
 Yours is the prodigal comet's long ellipse,
 Self-exiled to the farthest verge of night;
 Yet strives with you no less that inward might
 No sin hath e'er imbruted;

The god in you the creed-dimmed eye eludes;
 The Law brooks not to have its solitudes
 By bigot feet polluted;—
 Yet they who watch your god-compelled return,
 May see your happy perihelion burn
 Where the calm sun his unfledged planets broods.

For the Harbinger.

DAWN AND DAY.

I.

Star by star, the sisterhood of heaven
 Fading, fading, are sinking all away;
 I mourn no loss, for a better hope is given,
 There cometh the Sun and the blessedness of
 Day.

Sound by sound, the gentle nightly noises
 Dim, half-heard, are silenced one by one;
 But from every leaf and spray now a trilling
 note rejoices,
 The weary gloom is past and the hour of joy
 begun.

Stars that shone in the darkness of my spirit,
 Sounds that stole through the stillness of my
 night,
 I mourn not your loss, in the longing to inherit
 A treasure from the Day-time of music and of
 light.

Tear by tear, from sad eyes with sorrow burning,
 Weeping is past, and a holy peace has come;
 Forth to the work!—and, O Father, in returning
 Let me bear at night some sheaves of harvest
 home!

II.

Morning's golden light is shaded,
 Flowers look faded, low clouds rain,
 Life seems poor and work degraded,—
 Nothing permanent but pain,
 All, save lonely sorrow, vain.

Yet at dawn the birds were chanting
 Joyous, panting melodies,
 And their notes, my dreams still haunting,
 Float among the drooping trees,
 Dying with the dying breeze.

Where I came for harvest-reaping
 All lies sleeping, day by day;
 Still the seed its slumber keeping,
 When will grain be waving gay?
 Bearing me, some brighter morrow,
 Better fruit than empty sorrow.

T. W. H.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1847.

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.

MODEL PHALANX.

In answer to the communication of our friend, in another part of our paper, we would say, that the first Association should not be commenced with two thousand persons. The number is too large: it would require three hundred series to give occupation to so large a population, and an industrial organization of such

magnitude is impossible at present. The elements do not exist, and at any rate they could not be combined without an immense capital, perhaps not at all. Four to five hundred persons would be a number sufficiently large for the first trial.

As regards the location of the first Association, we think that an experiment could be made either in the East or in the West; but quite a difference in the plan of operations might take place in the two sections.

We may lay it down as a rule, that the first Association, to succeed promptly and lead to a rapid imitation, must produce a decided impression upon the influential classes in society.

In the newly settled regions of the West, this class is composed of the emigrants, mostly working men, who do not expect many comforts or much elegance. Besides, the evils of isolated emigration are so great that a very plain and simple form of Association would attract them strongly and lead to imitation. There is so much more pliability of habits and customs in a new country, than in one long settled, that an impression could far more easily be produced and a new direction far more easily given in the one than in the other. An Association which would create but little sensation in the East, might produce an immense effect in the West. For this reason a Model Association, by which we understand an establishment that will lead to imitation, hence superior to civilized arrangements, could be established in the West, with half or third the capital requisite in the East.

In the East the rich, who are accustomed to elegance and refinement, (such as they are in Civilization,) form the influential class. Their wants are far greater than those of settlers of a new country. To produce an impression upon them, an Association quite complete in its organization will be necessary.

Taking these things into consideration, we say that an Association can be commenced in a simpler manner in the West than in the East. In fact, we think that a very simple form of Guarantism would be sufficient for the West to infuse the spirit of Association into the minds of people.

As regards the amount of capital requisite, we will say, to make an approximate estimate, that three hundred thousand dollars will be sufficient for the East, and half that amount for the West. This however is the lowest sum, the minimum capital which we could recommend.

We would advise that the capital itself should not be touched, at least in the East, where a more scientific organization should be attempted, but the income only be employed; by this means the danger

of a failure will be avoided. Besides, it will be much easier to obtain subscribers to a fund if the interest only is to be employed, and the principal itself is to remain intact, and returned at the end of a certain number of years. As interest on their capital, the subscribers would receive stock in the Association. Three hundred thousand dollars could be invested so as to yield an income of twenty thousand dollars, and the sum mentioned for the West ten thousand dollars.

If a man thoroughly acquainted with the Associative science, or a committee of three or four men thus qualified, had a fixed income of twenty thousand dollars to operate with, they could in the course of four or five years organize a Model Association, that is, an Association, which, in comparison with life in civilization, would present great charms; which would be self-sustaining, prove the truth of the principles in practice and lead to imitation. It would however be quite a modest affair in comparison with what we consider complete Association. (We suppose that the Domain is obtained; this would be an additional item of expense, the amount of which cannot be exactly estimated.)

If an intelligent and practical man, well acquainted with the different degrees of Association, had an income of ten thousand dollars, or if he had a capital of fifty or sixty thousand dollars at once, he could establish in the new regions of the West a simple but very effective system of Guarantism, immensely in advance of what now exists.

We recommend that the founders, whether operating in the East or the West, should complete the material organization,—that is, lay out the fields and gardens, plant the fruit orchards, erect the buildings, and fit up the workshops, with the aid of hired labor. Men should be employed under the direction of the founders, who would thus be enabled to apply the science of Association to the practical organization, without obstruction, or the impediment of conflicting opinions. When the material organization is completed, then bring in the families and individuals selected to compose the Association. This is the mode in which nature proceeds; she prepares first the material mechanism or the body, and then introduces the soul or moral element. The garden of Eden was prepared before Adam was placed in it; the body of the child is prepared by the mother before the soul begins to act in it, or perhaps even inhabits it; and the manufacturer knows that the manufactory must be built and the machinery in order, before the operatives are introduced.

We stated that \$300,000 would be sufficient to warrant the undertaking of,

an Association in the East. If three hundred persons could be found in the United States, who would subscribe \$1,000 each, the principal to be returned at the end, say of ten years, the fund would be made up, and operations could be commenced forthwith. We stated that this is the smallest amount of capital with which the enterprise should be undertaken; but if more were requisite, it could easily be obtained, provided operations went on successfully and promised a triumph. We believe that one of the primary objects which the Associationists should have in view, is to secure this fund, and to commence with great judgment and caution, a practical trial,—the only thing which can produce any immediate effect upon the people collectively.

A second object should be to organize a thorough system of propagation,—establish a Press, which by its talent and comprehensive character, would gain a wide circle of readers, and become the exponent of all the liberal and progressive movements of the age, and the interpreter in clear and scientific language, of the great aspiration which is now going up from the heart of Humanity, for a higher destiny, a nobler and a happy future.

As we like to be exact in our statements of plans and estimates, we will say, that if one hundred persons who can be fully relied upon for their subscription, will pledge themselves to pay one dollar per week for a year, a daily and weekly paper of the character above-mentioned, can be organized in one of our large cities, and sustained in any event, however small may be the patronage of the public during the early period of its existence.

The great cause in which we are engaged—the elevation of Humanity to its destiny, the high and brilliant destiny marked out for it by the infinite Being who called it into existence—requires this two-fold mode of action, namely, a voice speaking daily to the people, and a practical trial of its principles, prosecuted without noise and without pretension, until success is certain. If the friends of Association throughout the country would unite, concentrate their force, and establish unity of action in their endeavors, the Paper, with a board of permanent Lecturers, could be established in the Spring, and we venture to assert that with such an efficient system of propagation, three years would not pass over before the larger fund we have spoken of would be obtained, and a Model Association commenced.

¶ The design of the Associative Order is to guarantee health, riches, congenial employment, and the harmonious development of all the human faculties.

SOCIAL RE-ORGANIZATION.—NO. II.

We have said in a former number that the best efforts at musical harmony would fail until a thorough regard were had to the law of music—and that the most accomplished artist, though his theme were writ by Apollo, could bring out no harmony from a discordant instrument. There must be unity and mathematical justice in the composition; and with just conditions of execution every where, must the sanction of law be secured. All spheres are bounded by the inextricable web of necessity; and always do order, beauty and liberty come from doing the needful justice. Thence that wise necessity, which as fools we sometimes dread as if she were a stern step-mother, becomes our firm and earnest and most kindly mother. Necessity is but law; and law is but the mode of justice. Thus in the world of sounds, from its harsh, incoherent, and discordant din, how the stern inflexible voice of law marshals tones into whole troops of fairies who come dancing forth, flinging every where gems and crystals, and wild bright flowers with the profusion of light. Forth at her call the roguish "blind boy" comes to whisper to young hearts the first feeling of love—and angels from their watches come to woo and win man to heaven. And yet where is law so stern, so mathematically rigid, so coldly inexorable as in music? But mark the high, the pure creation which she gives you for obedience to her decrees. There may be pure aspiration, a high ideal, a vision of beauty; but without the stern justice of mathematical order, these our best thoughts and feelings do but sublime into air, and our noblest efforts wind off into vicious circles, repeating life in perpetual forms of error and folly. It is the principles of eternal order which prescribe the addition of works to faith, and which in nature bends beauty into uses, and goodness into common deeds of humanity and love.

In the sphere of music the law of just relations has been better studied and observed than in any other; and precisely because it is there felt that science must be supreme to obtain the simplest harmony. But the law of harmony in this sphere is no more inflexible, than that which presides over harmony in the spheres of the other senses, or that of the social passions. Let but the elements of harmony in each sphere be combined according to their respective laws, and there will result a universal accord.—Without it harmony is impossible in any sphere.

Can it be that while all things in nature crystalize themselves into fixed and definite forms, from a blade of grass which springs up in a day, to the dia-

mond slowly concreting through long ages, there is no law of unity in human relations, and no fixed and precise formula of society, as the expression or body of that law? Can it be that the wisdom which has prescribed laws involving the destinies of all things, from the labor and association of ants, to the growth, movement and functions of planets, has left a hiatus in her works—and subjected humanity to accident, and the torture of Ixion's wheel? Is it possible that law, justice and love reign only in the extremes of the universe, and that the pivot or mean, which is man, is fated to discord and diabolic confusion?

Hence again, the Good proclaims that disunity is the only Fate which worries man, and that Love is the only necessity against which he struggles. Love is the law of Social Harmony. Unity of man with God, with his fellow man and with nature, through unity of interests in the sphere of material industry, is its formula. Is not the reception of good, by dispensing it, the mode which nature universally employs? In giving life and joy every where abroad, comes it not back to us from all things? Is not this the mode of God's existence, who is the Infinite Trunk of Being, and from whom all individual being shoots off, as the branches from a tree? Every influx of the Infinite Soul becomes an influx of life to the minutest member of the true universal life. And as each branch lives by influx from the whole, so does the whole subsist by reflux from each branch, and thus is solved the great mystery of life. All life is conditioned upon this dual movement. How beautifully the functions of the heart illustrate it! How the heart vitalizes itself has always been inexplicable to anatomists. Its function in relation to the body, is well known; but how is the heart itself? Is it not by this principle, of gathering by giving? At every pulsation the heart sends its vital forces to the tiniest tissues; they in their turn gathering up their forces, send them back in their reunited power upon the heart. Thus mutuality becomes recognized as the law of universal relations. When society shall have been organized, so that the good which comes to Humanity will be distributed to each of its members, as the juices of a tree are distributed to the branches, in proportion to their functions and wants, then will the period of harmony have dawned. But let us remember that Society must be co-ordinated to the great law above stated, else social harmony cannot be. That done, Humanity would be delivered from political intrigues, from the emptiness of economical empiricism, from the selfishness, incoherence, duplicity, and competition which are the scourge of the civilized Order. Instead

of political demagogues, prating about the law of Liberty, we should have a race of men, rejoicing in the liberty of Law,—and in the knowledge that all true freedom comes from obedience to the great law of Unity which bounds all spheres.

We then are sure, there exist positive laws on which social harmony is to be based; and its formula or harmonic scale, is the passional series. We believe the primary attractions of the soul are the elements out of which will be wrought the sublime theme of Social Unity: and that a true society will be the grand organ, through which the choral anthem of "Many made One," will pour itself forth to the listening stars.

What we have essayed thus far is to show that the law of Unity is Love, and that by deference to it in spirit and in form, we may enjoy the full accord of Social Harmony.

LECTURES ON ASSOCIATION IN BOSTON.

The Introductory Lecture to the Course announced by the Boston Union of Associationists, was delivered on the 7th inst., according to appointment, in the Masonic Temple, by WILLIAM H. CHANNING. The evening was one of the most tempestuous of the season, but in spite of the inclemency of the weather, a good audience was assembled, which listened to the Lecture with the deepest interest. The subject treated by Mr. Channing was "The Destiny of Man," which he discussed with great philosophic clearness and power. This Lecture was a calm, methodical, and convincing exposition of the grounds on which Associationists believe in a better order of society on earth. No one could have heard it, without feeling how imperfect are the attainments which man has yet realized in his social capacity, and what a glorious career may be opened before him, if faithful to the constitution of his nature, and the evident design of his Creator.

ASSOCIATIONISTS. We take the following candid notice of the proceedings of the Boston Union from a recent number of the Christian World.

"Much attention has been drawn of late to the subject of Association by the animated discussion now going on between two of the leading New York papers. We watch with interest the proceedings of this earnest band of reformers, who have sprung up as it were simultaneously over all the country, and who are seeking the fulfilment of their great hopes with a quiet enthusiasm and a resolute confidence in the character of their work, that must sooner or later attract the attention of all who feel any interest in the great movements of our times. We are glad to learn that we are soon to have an opportunity of judging for ourselves of the value of this so called Sci-

ence of Social Life. We understand that the Associationists of this city have founded a Society, who meet weekly for discussion and conversation; and a public meeting was held on Thursday and Friday of this week, at the new Washington Hall, in Broomfield Street. It is also contemplated by them to have a course of public lectures delivered, (to commence immediately,) by Messrs. Greeley, Godwin, Dana, Channing, Ripley, and others, who will give, as far as the time will allow, a clear and systematic statement of their principles and plans. They will also hold public religious services on Sunday evenings, under the charge of Rev. WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, at the Phonographic Hall, No. 339 Washington Street.

IF Nature every where warns us of our indispensable need of each other. The divine precept of mutual aid, devotedness and love, is every moment recalled to mind by what our eyes see around us.

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Jan. 1, 1847. Agent.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1847.

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MISCELLANY.

For the Harbinger.

SOCIETY—AN ASPIRATION—OR THE
ACTUAL AND THE POSSIBLE.

(Concluded.)

PRACTICAL SUMMARY.

RESULTS OF SERIAL ASSOCIATION.

—Industrial Attraction Developed—

By Material Charms:

In the convenience and beauty of the workshops and other places of labor which the pride of their sectaries, whose capital is there specially invested, will concur with the general interest of the Phalanx to render as healthy and as brilliant as they are unwholesome and disgusting in our factories or the mechanics' shops of our cities.

The combinations of capital will here gratify the tastes inspired by an integral education, in environing the labors of utility with artistic harmonies—music, flowers, painting, statuary, and architectural grace.

In the field and garden cultures, by judicious alternation of grain, flowers, fruit trees, grasses, vegetables, vines, &c. on the unitary farm, thus connecting the material picturesque with the moral picturesque in the contrasts and harmonies of ages, sexes and tastes, blended on each locality by the approximation of groups occupying harmonic positions to each other in the same or different series, corresponding to those in the musical octave, as explained in relation to the Cabalist Passion, (Vol. iv. No. 2.)

Through Ambition:

By the connection of social rank and the corporate privileges of the groups with industrial attainment, and the successful examination by a jury of peers in the functions of each group, before membership is conceded.

Accords of contrasted fortunes in the meetings of rich and poor in the same group, from sympathy of industrial tastes.

Security to the laborer of the profits of

his labor without spoliation by employers or exchangers, and the sense of ownership in the stock of all his groups particularly, and of the Phalanx in general.

Through Friendship:

By pleasure derived from engaging in common pursuits with those sympathizing in character.

By accords with those who, by following a collateral branch of industry, leave their co-sectaries free to indulge their special and discriminative tastes, without thereby sacrificing any branch necessary to be filled, but less attractive to them.

Through Love:

By intervention of both sexes in different proportions in the various departments, and pleasure derived from engaging directly in mutual interests with the object of affection, or co-operating indirectly to serve her or him.

Through the Family Sentiment:

The charm of whose accords is heightened by the union of members sympathizing in common pursuits, whilst the poison of its discords is avoided by the separation of antipathic characters, whose attractions will lead them to different groups.

By the accords of contrasted ages, as between the patriarch and his grand-child, in the labors of childhood, over which the aged preside.

Through the Cabalist Passion:

By the enthusiasm created by emulations of groups engaged in similar functions.

By classification of labors in minute subdivisions, allowing to every one the opportunity of selecting and discriminating favorite occupations or special branches of a function, capacities for which are developed in childhood through the emulations of progressive ages.

Through the Composite Passion:

By enthusiasm created by corporate or mass movement.

By opportunity of combining kindred branches of many functions in reference to a common end.

By opportunity of combining several

interests in schemes of love, friendship, and ambition, prosecuted during the industrial sessions, which facilitate them all by sympathy in action.

Through the Papillon, or Attraction for Novelty:

By enthusiasm sustained by changes of occupation and associates, and prevention of ennui and monotony.

Y Pivot. Through Unityism:

By the consciousness in each person that he is advancing the general interest, and usefully co-operating to the highest ends, at the same time that he is acting out his own nature freely, and advancing his individual interests.

Production Increased.

1. By accession to productive labor, rendered attractive through the preceding conditions,—

Of the rich and refined classes.

The military, land and marine, no longer needed, when the interests of nations are harmonized in the spherical series.

Artificers now employed in manufacturing engines of war and military accoutrements.

Supernumerary exchangers, merchants, bankers, shop-keepers, &c., who will exist only as factors for the producing groups, in which they are interested as members.

The greater number of those now employed in labors of mere necessity, as cooking, washing, &c., who will be spared by the intervention of machinery and mechanical contrivances, practicable only when such business is conducted on the largest scale.

Matrons and other females now employed exclusively in the nursery and other domestic pursuits, who by co-operating in unitary arrangements will gain at least two-thirds of the time so devoted.

Children above the age of four, who will be taught to intervene profitably in minor branches of group industry, instead of diverting the time and attention of adults to suppress their mischievous energies. Youth of both sexes, through the

whole period of their education, which combines practice with theory, and physical with intellectual and moral development.

Invalids, restored to productive labors by the system of paying physicians in the inverse ratio to the amount of sickness in the Phalanx, and by the development in the social and industrial spheres of those industrial and social attractions whose activity and gratification is essential to health. By the deliverance of the masses from the diseases and premature exhaustion consequent on excessive toil, bad food and unwholesome lodgings; as well as of the exceptional wealthy class from the diseases and premature exhaustion consequent on inaction and sensual excesses provoked by the monotonous routine of their caste,—by the emancipation of women from the narrow sphere of sedentary employments to which fashion now restricts them,—by the diversion of children from gluttony, through attractive corporate occupations, and substitution of practical instruction in the fields and workshops for the hated confinement to abstract studies in the school-room, where the impulsions of their nature are tortured and stifled, where their senses, passions and intelligence are inverted and forced to prey upon themselves in all forms of vice. Finally, by the deliverance of all from passional starvation, by the exclusion or inversion of sympathies in the societies of incoherent interests.

2. By discoveries and combinations of science concentered in the serial industry through conciliation of the interests of capital and labor, and intervention of men of science in the labors of the groups, which, conducted on the large scale, invite the introduction of machinery, not only in mechanic trades where isolated operations do not warrant the expense, and in agriculture where the same evil exists in connection with the parcelling of the soil in small patches where fences and ditches oppose continual obstructions to the rapid course of steam power, but also in the laundry, the kitchen, and other domestic operations, now requiring an immense expenditure of servile labor, which the machinery of grand unitary arrangements will liberate for direct production or creation of the useful or the beautiful.

3. By the greater skill and rapidity of execution resulting from the principle of subdivision carried out in all the departments of industry,—by the stimulus of the direct attraction for the pursuit, squared by the Composite passion in the corporate labor of the groups, cubed by the social ties of ambition, love and friendship, there gratified, and quadrated by the Cabalist

passion, or emulation with contiguous groups: finally, by intensity secured to these in the high tone of health and strength induced by the Papillon passion in the judicious alternations promoting integral development.

4. By greater value in the quality of the product resulting from the above-mentioned conditions, and especially from the specific adaptation of character, capacity, material, and position, to each variety of work; conditions impossible in the isolation of interests. *Example.*—A proprietor, to save the tribute levied by the hordes of exchangers from whom he must purchase on a small scale all that he does not raise himself, will strip the forest from his little farm on a mountain-side, where the interest of the district requires that it should remain to card and soften the blast; and there with immense labor, cultivate some twelve species of grains, vegetables, fruits and vines, of which two or three only are adapted to the soil, perhaps the vine or fruit tree about whose culture he knows and cares least, and which without a wine-cellar and a conservatory can yield him small profit. He may clearly foresee that in a few years the summer's sun and winter's frost will loosen the superficial stratum of soil, and the rains wash it down to the valley below, leaving as the reward of his toils, bare rock and shifting gravel-beds,—but what remedy? he must live *now*, he and his family. This mountain-side has fallen to his share in the parcelling off of the earth kingdom by our Lord anti-Christ, Self; he has no money to purchase elsewhere, or even to invest in live stock; he cannot sell but at great sacrifice; and as in all his calculations he is confined to isolated individual effort; wisdom and folly, hope and despair, meet on that rock where he must climb and delve and wear himself out, with the prospect, as advancing years sap his strength and double his toils, and the rheumatism has doubled his body, of claiming a pittance at the parish almshouse. He may console the pains and slights that rain upon his evening years, where ease and honor, troops of friends and sportive children should have clustered round and embowered him, by the reflection that he has done his share in laying waste his fertile mother earth; and that where fair trees waved, and the deer browsed, and the bird and squirrel sported, now the blast only howls their requiem with his own, and that nature must recommence the circle of her life with the moss and the lichen, toiling back for centuries toward the point she had gained when he found her. Is this an European picture? or must we seek the desolated fields of Virginia? Ask of the dismal wastes that sadden the eye around every city of our

great new country, the results of isolated culture.

Economics.

1. Of Labor. By sparing for productive industry the classes cited under head of Increased Production, including those now employed in destruction, in adulteration of products, in unnecessary and parasitical branches of exchange, in minute labors spared by unitary combinations; by the introduction of machinery in new departments; and the saving of thought, invention, &c., employed on what has been already elaborated or discovered, from defect of unitary scientific combinations.

2. Of Material. *Internally*, or within the Phalanx. Substitution of an unitary edifice with sleeping-rooms, halls, workshops, &c., in their respective wings, enclosed within one shell of wall, in place of some four hundred separate dwellings, with their eight to twelve hundred out-houses, none of them comparing either in convenience, luxury, or even in advantages for family or individual retirement with those possible in Phalansterian combination; and most of them, when we consider the life of the people, pestilent hovels; yet all with their four hundred outer walls, four to eight hundred stairways, six to twelve hundred fire-places, kitchens and cooking utensils, laundry fixtures, &c. &c., built and kept up at a far greater expense than the Phalanstery. This will be located in the midst of its farm domain, and will enclose by its wings, gardens and green-houses. A covered street gallery, adorned perhaps with works of art, encircles and permeates the building; bringing into communication the rooms and halls, domestic or industrial, warmed without the expense, trouble and danger of separate fires, by a unitary ventilation from the vast kitchen range and fires of the laundry and steam-engines, which may at the same time by arrangements of gas works recently discovered and devoid of stench, illuminate the whole.

With these comforts are connected the constant presence of architectural and other artistic beauty, whose sphere the poorest man would enjoy upon leaving his private apartment; and the delicious freshness of a field and garden growth on either side, instead of the compound of pestiferous nuisances which in the European and larger American cities arise from those quarters in which are packed the masses, the *people*, who cannot make expensive arrangements, like the rich, in their wide streets and court-yards, whose care occupies a whole army of servants; but content themselves with removing nuisances as well as they can from within their houses, without regard to alti-

mate considerations, discomfort being their habitual element.

At the Table we have a pivot combining the four interests, Production, Conservation, Preparation, and Consumption, thus affording the best guaranty that all shall be the best of its kind and provided at the cheapest rate consistent with that excellence. Dishes of three or more degrees of costliness may be provided for different rates of expenditure; and families or other groups, or individuals may make any arrangements with the kitchen department which shall best suit them in respect to dishes, hours, and places where they will be served.

These orders being all included in a general summary, the chief of the commissary department will be enabled to balance with a very close approximation the supply to the demand; and when the relations of the kitchen to the stable, poultry yard and other unitary interests are considered, it is clear that amid the most splendid luxury, not so much as an apple-paring need be wasted, and that man will thus embody in his societies that divine economy which through all the kingdoms of nature, in their perpetual changes, suffers not an atom to perish. A system of drains, leading from the various sections of the Phalanstery, and from the stables, will unite in a great reservoir, contiguous to the poudrette factory or other agricultural arrangement for employing such material; thus at once saving the whole department of scavenger labor, and preventing the escape of the volatile ammonia, by the chemical action of the gypsum, or other bed prepared for its reception.

In reference to machinery we may observe the facility of adapting the same power to many contiguous workshops, or other mechanical labors.

An immense source of economies will be opened by the interlocking of interest between the producing classes of the various mechanic trades, and the consumers.

It is not the mere superficial appearance of a pair of boots or a piece of cloth which will prevail with the Sartorian censors, or those of the order of St. Crispin, in the allotment of dividends; but their strength and durability will be rigidly scrutinized. It may be the true wisdom in civilization to manufacture for the trade, — for sale, and not for use; but Association will consider these matters in rather a different light, and a disgraceful loss to the group producing such articles would inevitably result, because the Serial censorship is composed of representatives from the different groups in cabalistic emulation with each other, in which, if one individual should be leniently disposed towards the product of his constituents, the rest will be only the

more keenly alive to its imperfections; and the general exhibitions, which are frequent in each Phalanx, will accustom all to a criticism, from whose judgment there can be no appeal. The same principles would prevent adulteration in the groceries, wines, drugs, &c., supposing that under the high intellectual and moral culture which all receive in the integral education of the Phalanx, such abominations were possible.

In conservation, it is hardly possible to calculate the diminution of waste, and refinement of quality, consequent on the unitary deposit buildings of the Phalanx or the District, scientifically adapted to the various products of the field or garden, wine press, or loom, where the great value at stake will direct consideration to the minutest particulars, and to whose care groups will especially devote themselves.

We have already noticed by criticisms of the inverse arrangement, the adaptation of soils and locations to their various specific cultures; and as within the Phalanstery we observe the economy of building material, so on the farm we find it repeated, in the sparing of the toil and expense of interfencing, interditching, and interwalling.

External economies will arise from the unitary coöperation of Phalanxes, Districts, States, &c., in the construction of railroad or other lines of communication, and institutions subserving general interests, avoiding the ruinous competition now existing between private companies; while the same resources concentrated, will secure a luxury and safety impossible with the present means.

Corollaries from Attractiveness of Industry and from the general Wealth resulting from increased Production, and vast Economies.

Guarantee from Society to each individual, of a minimum dividend, including the physical, and social or moral prerequisites of a healthy and happy existence.

Universal Peace, with harmony of interests, by exchanges conducted on the principle of continuous consignment, between Phalanxes, Districts, States, &c. — by social intercourse universalized by the spherical facilities of travel, and by dominance of the sentiment of unity.

Universal Temperance, combined with permanent and natural intoxication, by substitution of Spiritual for Spirituous stimulants, or the attainment of a wine and coffee point as an habitual state of high health through our integral development both physical and moral, by varied and attractive pursuits, and the genial influence of sympathetic associations, in place of the artificial and transient anuci-

pations of this state, now procured by exciting drugs at the expense of a corresponding subsequent depression.

Abolition of domestic servitude and all other forms of compulsory serfdom, and substitution of attractive or affectional servitude; resulting from the honorable and attractive character conferred upon all labors promoting the serial Unity: from the recognition of the dignity of man; and from the kindly social relations in which all members of the society will be brought through the harmony of their interests.

Gradual emancipation of chattel slaves with full consent of their masters, who by the introduction of the serial mechanism in the industry of joint stock plantations, employing from four to sixteen hundred slaves, distributed according to attraction in various departments of agriculture and manufactures, under judicious superintendence, will double their incomes, while educating the slave for freedom, by the development of his character and talents in the industrial groups, and the social pleasures connected with them. The deficiency of direct industrial attraction, from indolence of temperament and partial constraint, would be supplied by indirect means, such as these:

1. The pleasing novelty of a humanitarian sympathy on the part of their masters, to whose approbation and encouragement they are keenly sensitive.

2. The organization of musical choirs, developing a harmonic germ already existing among them, cheering the labors of their groups and exerting an influence to which they are passionately alive. (A well managed fiddle on a plantation is worth fifty cowskins to the product, even as a simple reward of isolated labor, in festive evenings.)

3. The ambition to obtain their liberty, fixed at a stated ransom in divisions of sixths or twelfths, so that a day or a half day in the week may be purchased separately and successively. The natural contentment of the negro, and the delight he already experiences in the new disposition of things, will make him careless on the subject of his ransom, so that in place of the present precautions against escape, it will be necessary for the masters desiring the emancipation of their slaves, to stimulate their ambition by a special intellectual education. The progress of emancipation must, in order to consist with the best interests of both slave and master, require several generations, though the virtual liberty guaranteed by substitution of attraction for compulsion may be realized at a very early period.

Conversion to the ranks of Spherical Unity, of barbarous and savage nations disdaining civilization and constituting

its natural enemies; who have so often baffled the hope of humanity by their chaotic irruptions, destroying the results of ancient civilization at that crystal period when the developments of arts and industry had superseded the martial character, and the soil was prepared for the germ of the true society. They will easily be attracted to the serial order, because it will guarantee the composite exercise of those natural rights already possessed by the savage, and lost without adequate compensation by the mass of civilized nations. Such are the industrial rights, of gathering the products of the soil, culture, pasturage, hunting and fishing,—the social rights of free association according to sympathies of character, unrestrained by artificial castes,—and the pivotal right of simple liberty, neither invaded on the one side by special appropriation of the goods spontaneously yielded by nature; nor extended on the other, by the elaborations of art, science and social mathematics. In exchange for this simple liberty, association will offer to them a composite liberty, in which the above privileges will be refined and multiplied by art, science, and the mathematics of the series. The Indian on being shown the wealth and power of civilization, points to the degraded drudges of our labor, to the hewers of wood and drawers of water; he cannot be brought to see the wisdom of enslaving and sacrificing producers, that capitalists may wallow in bloated and diseased luxury; at least he thinks such propositions would not secure him the most grateful reception among his native tribe.

Association, in securing with even-handed justice the interests of capital or funded labor, and of actual labor, and inseparably linking them together, will not only extend to all what civilization can give only to the exceptional few, but will multiply and intensify those blessings in proportion to the numbers partaking of them, through industrial and passionate sympathies, precluded by incoherent arrangements, and specific to the serial order.

Immensely development of art, or of industry tending to the beautiful, through the unitary intervention of machinery for human labor in the coarser mechanical departments of the useful, and extension to the people of artistic education.

Corollaries from System of Integral Co-operation among Phalanxes, Districts, States, &c.

1. Spherical Nervous System. First, Mechanical: by roads, packets, carrier-birds, &c., which correspond to the external relations of the earth, air and water; and second, Electrical: magnetic telegraphs and sympathetic clairvoyance,

which correspond to the magnetic currents which traverse the globe and connect its parts as a unitary whole.

2. Integral Exploration: appreciation and possession of the earth's animal, vegetable and mineral treasures. The fractional knowledge of these confined to individuals in the societies of incoherence frequently dies with them: thus the Indians refuse to discover the gold and silver mines known by them in Mexico to the rapacious whites.

There is a class of natural physicians gifted to discover the virtues of plants; but these instincts are suppressed by our false education, which everywhere stifles observation, substitutes for evolution, or true education, the arbitrary hammering in of facts and systems through the memory. Thus the class of recognized physicians rely exclusively on certain orthodox compendia for their facts, and disdain as heretical the bastard or spontaneous growth of science, which only with great difficulty and by slow degrees gains adoption, and not then until so complicated with the errors of some purblind system as to neutralize their use. See the history of medicine every where. Of what one remedy is the absolute and precise specific range yet generally known? or how can it be, while it remains the interest of physicians to vilify and discredit one another?

The interchange of the beautiful presents of Flora among the nations were a fruitful theme for the poet, and will keep their guardian sylphs or favorite insects actively on the wing through the next century; for Love still binds around the brow of use the bridal circlet of Beauty.

In regard to the animal kingdom, our harmonic relations extend to the smallest fraction of them.

The loathsome, venomous or destructive characters of a large proportion render them essentially unfit for association with man, and constitute them types of the vicious inversions of human character in the societies of incoherence, whose disappearance they will speedily follow and give place to harmonic creations. Others, as the Zebra and Ostrich, may become gentle and most familiar friends under a regime of attraction, which substitutes for the lash the flute, and the still more inusual accent of love. "When man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook or the rustle of the corn."

3. Synthesis of the Sciences: systematic co-operation in all departments of scientific labor. However advanced above the brute incoherence that reigns over the lower departments of industry, men of science still spend the best portion of their lives in combating each other and refuting errors: if their advances

notwithstanding the paucity of their numbers have already been so grand within the last century, what have we to expect when all the sources of waste shall be prevented by a unitary distribution of functions according to positions and capacities!

4. Unitary Spherical Language, scientifically deduced from the principles of passionate expression.

4. Unitary Spherical Church, based upon the love of God and the neighbor, and combining unity of creed and sentiment with variety of form and expression.

The second branch of this Summary, concerning the healthy developments of the affective or social attractions, has been essentially included in the foregoing, and we shall only reiterate the principle that they are all composite and not simple in their nature, having each a material and a spiritual tendency, thus:

AMBITION...	{ Glory. Interest.
FRIENDSHIP...	{ Sympathy of Character. Sympathy of Pursuit, or Industrial Taste.
LOVE.....	{ Bond of the Heart. Bond of the Sense.
FAMILISM...	{ Sympathy of Consanguinity, or tie of Blood. Connection of Interest, or tie of Household.

The slightest experience proves to us that of the four cardinal affections, Familism alone now succeeds in any great number of cases in obtaining for itself a composite development. Exceptional among the passions, as being a relation arbitrarily determined by birth, and not by the free choice of the individual, it is naturally the least unadapted to societies of human legislation, which are essentially arbitrary and compulsory. Affording to civilization almost its only harmonic character, it is prized most dearly, and it is very natural that Association should be most bitterly opposed by those ignorant and near-sighted persons who have confounded it with its opposite,—anarchical community, and do not see that Familism as well as all other passions, must receive a truer, higher, and more beautiful development, in an order which harmonizes interests, than in one which opposes them. Only amid the thousand-fold branches of serial industry can these passions obtain either favorable conditions of development, or the material basis which gives them permanence or constancy. Love, which deals in contrasts, may seem to require these less directly—but it is not so. Love demands a sphere of beauty, internal and external. It withers in rudeness and poverty, and loses its glow and its charm with the premature fading of the civilized matron, who becomes old and haggard, where the Harmonian will only

be approaching her climax of power and splendor.

The difference is already half the season of bloom between the American and the English lady, so much truer to the laws of composite health are the habits of the wealthy in Great Britain. If the Series, by the numerous points of sympathy in interest and pursuit which they afford, give to our affections a composite development; *a fortiori* they will give them the direct, in place of the inverse, occasioned by their present suppression, where ambition enviously bites the heels of its successful competitor, or Friendship, Love and Familism ring the changes on hatred, bitterness and misanthropy.

The soil on which these weeds flourish is incoherence, and the root of them all is poverty; poverty of substance, poverty of health, poverty of affection, poverty of intelligence. There is but one essential fact in the universe. — Life, and all its free and full manifestations are good; only in its suppression or distortion appear the loathsome forms of evil, hideous dreams and phantoms which shall pass with the night, and leave no trace, for they are not.

On some future occasion we shall endeavor to illustrate by example the play of the affections through a day in the series, as well as that of the selecting, combining and alternating passions.

Y The Series satisfy the Attraction for Unity in its three branches.

I. UNITY OF MAN WITH NATURE.

Active: Through integral and scientific culture of the Earth, regency over its organic life, and subjection of the elements to his uses.

Passive: Through appreciation and enjoyment of harmonies of nature, secured to all mankind, by attainment of wealth and of health.

Typical: Through representation by the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, in their hieroglyphic life, of harmonic characters and their social effects.

II. UNITY OF MAN WITH MAN.

Active: Through co-operative industry organizing the basis of Social Unity. Commercial Unity, by system of continuous consignments from Phalanx to Phalanx. Political Unity, by extension of the representative system, from the nucleus of the industrial group, through the successive grades of the series, to the Unitary administration of the Phalanx, of the District, the State, the World; combining internal independence with external league for common interests. Religious Unity, through universal obedience to the will of God, expressed in the permanent revelation of attraction, whose branches are coördinated to integral harmony by the mathematics of the Series.

Passive: Through sympathetic enjoyment of Social, Political, and Religious harmonics.

Typical: By representation or repetition in each society, and country, of the same sensitive and passion springs which move every other, and of the same serial mechanism adapted to those passions.

III. UNITY OF MAN WITH GOD.

Active: By coöperation in the creation of harmonies in the material world of nature, and the spiritual world of the passions.

Passive: By sentiment of Deity, as manifested in his wise and beneficent adaptations and harmonics.

Typical: By unity of the distributive or intellectual principle with the affective, and the sensitive or material; through the serial mechanism, which types the unity of the mathematics or order of creation, with the active forces or modes of attraction, and the passive principle, matter.

M. EDGEWORTH LAZARUS, M. D.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT.*

SEQUEL TO

CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XXXVII.

The two costumes which the neophyte found displayed in her chamber were a brilliant bride's dress and a mourning garment with all the distinctive signs of widowhood. She hesitated some moments. Her resolution as to the choice of husband was taken, but which of these two costumes would externally testify her intention! After a little reflection she put on the white robe, the veil, the flowers and the pearls of a bride. This attire was pure in taste and extremely elegant. Consuelo was soon ready; but on looking at herself in the mirror framed with threatening sentences, she had no longer an inclination to smile as on the first occasion. A mortal paleness was on her features, and terror in her heart. Whichever course she had resolved to take, she felt that there would remain to her a regret or a remorse; that a soul would be broken by her desertion; and her own experienced a horrible anguish in anticipation. On seeing her cheek and her lips as white as her veil and her orange flowers, she feared, for Albert and for Liverani equally, the effect of so violent an emotion, and she was tempted to put on rouge, but she renounced the thought at once. "If my face lies," thought she, "can my heart lie?" She knelt by 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.

side of her bed, and hiding her face in the drapery, she remained absorbed in sorrowful meditation until the moment when the clock struck midnight. She rose immediately, and saw an Invisible with a black mask standing behind her. I know not what instinct made her presume this to be Marcus. She was not deceived, and yet he did not make himself known, but only said to her in a gentle and sad voice: "Madam, all is ready. Please to cover yourself with this cloak and to follow me."

"Ah!" said Consuelo as she wrapped herself in the black cloak that was presented to her, "this is Cagliostro's hood!"

"There is no Cagliostro here," replied Marcus, "and our mysteries are not treacheries nor impostures; do not bring the hood over your head, it is not yet time."

Consuelo followed the Invisible to the extremity of the garden, to the place where the stream lost itself under the verdant arcade of the park. There she found an uncovered gondola, entirely black, similar in every respect to the gondolas of Venice, and in the gigantic rower at the prow she recognized Karl, who crossed himself on seeing her. "Am I permitted to speak to him?" asked Consuelo of her guide. "You may" replied the latter, "say a few words to him aloud."

"Well! my dear Karl, my liberator and my friend," said she, agitated at again seeing a familiar face after so long a seclusion among mysterious beings, "can I hope that nothing disturbs the pleasure you feel at finding me again?"

"Nothing! signora," replied Karl in an assured voice, "nothing, unless it be the remembrance of *her* who is no longer in this world, and whom I always think I see by the side of you. Courage and contentment, my good mistress, my good sister! We are now as we were on the night when we escaped from Spandaw!"

"This is also a day of deliverance, brother!" said Marcus. "Come, row with the skill and the vigor with which you are gifted, and which are now equalled by the prudence of your tongue and the strength of your soul. This indeed resembles a flight, madam," added he, addressing Consuelo; "but the principal deliverer is no longer the same." As he uttered these last words, Marcus presented his hand to assist her to a seat upon a bench covered with cushions. He felt her tremble slightly at the remembrance of Liverani, and requested her to cover her face for a few moments only. Consuelo obeyed, and the gondola, impelled by the stout arm of the desserter, glided rapidly over the dark and silent waters.

After a passage, the duration of which

could by no means be appreciated by the pensive Consuelo, she heard the sound of voices and instruments at a little distance; the bark diminished its speed, and received, without entirely stopping, the slight shocks of the border. The hood fell softly, and the neophyte thought she passed from one dream to another on contemplating the fairy-like spectacle presented to her eyes. The bark glided along, grazing a level bank covered with flowers and fresh grass. The water of the stream, widened and motionless in a vast basin, was as if on fire, and reflected colonnades of light which intertwined in fiery serpents or were broken in showers of sparkles under the slow and measured motion of the gondola. Admirable music filled the echoing air, and seemed to hover over the thickets of roses and balmy jessamines. When Consuelo's eyes became accustomed to this sudden brightness, she could fix them upon the illuminated facade of the palace which rose at a very small distance, and was depicted in the mirror of the basin with a magic splendor. That elegant edifice delineated upon the starry sky, those harmonious voices, that concert of excellent instruments, those open windows, before which, between the purple curtains enkindled by the light, Consuelo saw slowly moving men and women richly dressed, glittering with embroidery, diamonds, gold and pearls, with powdered heads, which gave to the general aspect of the assemblies of that age a reflection of brightness, a something I know not what of effeminate and fantastic; all that princely fête, combined with the beauty of a warm and serene night, which wafted perfume and freshness even into the splendid halls, filled Consuelo with a vivid emotion, and caused in her a kind of intoxication. She, a daughter of the people, the queen of patrician fêtes, could not see a spectacle of this kind after so many days of captivity, of solitude and dark reveries, without experiencing a sort of transport, a necessity for singing, a peculiar thrill at the approach of a public. She therefore rose erect in the bark, which approached the palace nearer and nearer, and suddenly excited by Handel's chorus:

"Chantons le gloire
De Juda vainqueur!"

she forgot every thing to mingle her voice in that song of majestic enthusiasm.

But a new shock of the bark, which while grazing the bank of the lake sometimes encountered a branch or a tuft of trees, made her totter. Compelled to seize the first hand that presented itself for her support, she only then perceived that there was a fourth person in the bark, a masked Invisible, who certainly was not there when she entered it.

An immense dark grey cloak with long folds, a broad-brimmed hat worn in a peculiar manner, I know not what in the features of that mask through which the human face seemed to speak; but, more than all the rest, the pressure of that trembling hand, which did not wish to withdraw from hers, caused Consuelo to recognize the man whom she loved, the chevalier Liverani, as he had first shown himself to her on the lake of Spandaw. Then the music, the illumination, the enchanted palace, the intoxicating fête and even the approach of that solemn moment which was to determine her destiny, all that was not the present emotion was effaced from Consuelo's memory. Agitated, and as if overcome by a superhuman force, she again fell palpitating upon the cushions of the bark, by the side of Liverani. The other unknown, Marcus, was standing at the prow, with his back turned towards them. Her fasting, the countess Wanda's recital, the expectation of a terrible denouement, the unexpectedness of this fête seen in passing, had broken all Consuelo's strength. She felt nothing but Liverani's hand clasping his own, his arm grazing her waist, ready to prevent her withdrawing from him, and that divine agitation which the presence of a beloved object diffuses even in the air we breathe. Consuelo remained some minutes thus, not seeing the glittering palace any more than if it had sunk into the deep night, sensible of nothing but the burning breath of her lover by her side and the beatings of her own heart.

"Madam," said Marcus, suddenly turning towards her, "do you not know that air, and would you not be pleased to stop and hear that magnificent tenor?"

"Whatever be the air and the voice," replied Consuelo, absently, "let us stop or go on; do as you please."

The bark almost touched the walls of the chateau. They could distinguish the figures standing in the embrasures of the windows and even those who passed in the depths of the apartments. These were no longer spectres floating as in a dream, but real personages, lords, great ladies, learned men, artists, several of whom were not unknown to Consuelo. But she made no effort of memory to distinguish their names, nor the theatres or palaces in which she had before seen them. The world had suddenly become to her a magic lantern, without significance and without interest. The only being who appeared living to her in the universe, was that one whose hand was secretly burning hers under the folds of their cloaks.

"Do you not know that fine voice which is singing a Venetian air?" asked Marcus anew, surprised at Consuelo's

immobility and apparent indifference. And as she did not appear to hear either the voice which spake to her nor that which sang, he approached a little nearer and seated himself on the bench opposite her in order to renew his question.

"A thousand pardons, sir," replied Consuelo, after having made an effort to listen; "I was not paying attention. I do know that voice, in fact, and that air; it was I who composed it a long while ago. It is very bad, and very badly sung."

"What then," returned Marens, "is the name of that singer with respect to whom you seem so severe? I consider him admirable myself."

"Ah! you have not lost it," said Consuelo, in a low voice to Liverani, who had just made her feel in the hollow of her hand the little cross of filagree with which she had parted for the first time in her life when she confided it to him on her journey from Spandaw to * * *.

"You do not remember the name of that singer?" obstinately resumed Marcus, attentively examining Consuelo's features.

"Excuse me, sir," replied she, with a little impatience, "his name is Anzoletto. Ah! the bad *re!* he has lost that note."

"Would you not like to see his face? You are mistaken, perhaps. From here you could distinguish him perfectly, for I see him very well. He is a very handsome young man."

"What good would it do to look at him?" returned Consuelo a little vexed; "I am very sure he is still the same."

Marcus gently took Consuelo's hand, and Liverani seconded him to assist her to rise and look through the window which was wide open. Consuelo, who would perhaps have resisted the one, yielded to the other, cast a glance upon the singer, upon that handsome Venetian who was at that moment the central point of attraction for a hundred feminine glances. "He has grown very fat!" said Consuelo, reseating herself and secretly resisting the fingers of Liverani, who wished to recover the little cross and did so in fact.

"Is that all the remembrance you grant to an old friend?" returned Marcus, who still fastened a lynx-eyed glance upon her through his mask.

"He is only a comrade," replied Consuelo, "and among comrades in our profession, we are not always friends."

"But would you have no pleasure in speaking to him? What if we should enter the palace and you were requested to sing with him?"

"If this be a trial," said Consuelo with a little malice, for she began to notice Marcus' persistence, "as I must obey you in all things, I will readily undergo

it. But if it be for my pleasure that you make me this offer, I like as well to be excused."

"Must I stop here, brother?" asked Karl, making a military gesture with his oar.

"Pass, brother, and push off!" replied Marcus. Karl obeyed, and in a few moments the bark, having crossed the basin, was enclosed by dense thickets. The darkness became profound; the little lantern suspended from the gondola alone threw bluish rays upon the surrounding foliage. From time to time, through the vistas of dark verdure, they still saw the lights of the palace glitter faintly from afar. The sounds of the orchestra slowly died away. The bark, as it grazed the bank, touched the flowering branches and Consuelo's black cloak was covered with their balmy petals. She began to return to herself and to combat that indefinable emotion of love and might. She had withdrawn her hand from Liverani, and her heart was oppressed in proportion as the veil of intoxication fell before the lights of reason and of will. "Listen, madam," said Marcus. "Do you not hear, even from this distance, the applauses of the audience? Yes, truly! there are clappings of hands and acclamations. They are delighted with what they have just heard. That Anzoleto has a great success at the palace."

"They are not good judges!" said Consuelo, hurriedly seizing a magnolia which Liverani had gathered in passing and stealthily thrown upon her lap. She convulsively pressed the flower in her hands and hid it in her bosom, as the last relic of an unconquered love which the fatal trial was about to sanctify or to break forever.

XXXVIII.

The bark grounded definitively at the termination of the gardens and the woods, in a picturesque spot, where the stream buried itself among aged rocks, and ceased to be navigable. Consuelo had a little time to contemplate the austere landscape lighted by the moon. They were still in the vast enclosure of the residence; but art had been applied in this place only to preserve the primitive beauty of nature: the ancient trees scattered at random over stretches of dark turf, the happy accidents of soil, the hills with precipitous sides, the irregular cascades, the herds of bounding and timid deer.

A new personage was there to attract Consuelo's attention: it was Gottlieb, seated negligently upon the pole of a sedan-chair, in the attitude of a calm and dreamy expectation. He started on recognizing his friend of the prison; but

on a sign from Marcus, he refrained from speaking to her.

"Do you then forbid this poor child to clasp my hand?" said Consuelo in a low voice to her guide.

"After your initiation you will be free here in all your actions," replied he in the same manner. "Be contented now with seeing that Gottlieb's health is ameliorated and that his physical strength is restored to him."

"Can I not learn, at least," returned the neophyte, "if he suffered any persecution on my account, after my flight from Spandaw? Forgive my impatience. That thought troubled me incessantly until the day when I saw him passing near the enclosure of the pavilion."

"He did suffer, in fact," replied Marcus, "but only for a short time. As soon as he knew that you were delivered, he boasted with an artless enthusiasm of having contributed thereto, and his involuntary revelations during his sleep were near becoming fatal to some among us. They wished to shut him up in an insane hospital, as much to punish him as to prevent his helping other prisoners. Then he fled, and as we had an eye upon his movements, we caused him to be conducted here, where we have bestowed upon him the cares required by his body and his soul. We shall restore him to his family and his country as soon as we have given him the strength and prudence necessary to labor usefully in our work, which has become his, for he is one of our most pure and most fervent adepts. But the chair is ready, madam; please to enter it. I shall not leave you, though I confide you to the faithful and sure arms of Karl and Gottlieb."

Consuelo seated herself submissively in a sedan-chair closed on all sides, and receiving air only by some openings made in that part which looked towards the sky. She therefore saw nothing more of what passed about her. Sometimes she saw the stars shine, and thus judged that she was still in the open air; at others she saw this transparency intercepted without knowing if it were so by buildings or by the thick shade of trees. The bearers walked rapidly and in the most profound silence; she tried for some time to distinguish, by the steps which creaked now and then upon the sand, if four persons or only three accompanied her. Several times she thought she perceived the step of Liverani on the right of the chair; but this might be an illusion, and moreover, she ought to try not to think of him.

When the chair stopped and was opened, Consuelo could not avoid a feeling of terror at seeing herself under the portcullis, still standing and gloomy, of an old feudal manor-house. The moon shed

her broad light upon the court-yard surrounded by buildings in ruins and filled with persons dressed in white, who came and went, some alone, others in groups, like capricious spirits. The black and massive arcade of the entrance made the depth of the picture appear more blue, more transparent and more fantastic. Those wandering shades, silent or speaking to each other in a low voice, their motions without sound upon the long grass of the court, the aspect of the ruins, which Consuelo recognized as those into which she had once penetrated and where she had again seen Albert, so impressed her that she had a feeling of superstitious terror. She instinctively looked for Liverani at her side. He was in fact there with Marcus, but the darkness of the vault did not allow her to distinguish which of the two offered her his hand; and this time, her heart, chilled by a sudden sadness and an indefinable fear, did not inform her.

They arranged the cloak over her garments and the hood upon her head in such a manner that she could see all without being recognized by any one. Some person told her in a low voice not to let a single word, a single exclamation, escape her lips, whatever she might see; and she was led thus to the extremity of the court, where a strange spectacle indeed was presented to her eyes.

A bell of low and funereal tone called the shadows at this moment towards the ruined chapel in which Consuelo had formerly, by the glare of the lightning, sought a refuge from the storm. That Chapel was now illuminated by tapers disposed in a systematic order. The altar seemed to have been recently erected: it was covered with a funeral pall and adorned with strange insignia, in which the emblems of Christianity were mingled with those of Judaism, with Egyptian hieroglyphics and with various cabalistic signs. In the middle of the choir, the enclosure of which had been renewed with symbolical balustrades and columns, was seen a bier surrounded by tapers, covered with bones in the form of crosses and surmounted by a death's-head in which burned a flame of the color of blood. A young man, whose features Consuelo could not see, was led towards this cenotaph; a broad bandage covered half of his face; it was a candidate who appeared exhausted with fatigue or emotion. He had one arm and one leg bare, his hands were fastened behind his back, and his white robe was spotted with blood. A ligature on his arm seemed to show that he had in fact been recently bled. The shadows waved about him torches of burning pitch and scattered upon his face and chest clouds of smoke and showers of sparks. Then com-

menced, between him and those who presided over the ceremony, and who wore distinguishing marks of their various dignities, a strange dialogue which recalled to Consuelo that which Cagliostro had caused her to hear at Berlin, between Albert and certain unknown persons. Then some spectres armed with swords, whom she heard called the *Terrible Brothers*, laid the candidate prostrate upon the tiles and rested the points of their weapons upon his chest, while several others, with a great clattering of swords, began a violent combat, one party pretending to prevent the admission of the new brother, calling him perverse, unworthy and traitorous, while the other said they fought for him in the name of truth and an acquired right. This strange scene agitated Consuelo like a painful dream. The strife, the threats, the magic ceremony, the sobs uttered by several youths around the bier, were so well feigned that a spectator uninitiated beforehand would have been really frightened. When the *god-fathers* of the candidate had conquered in the dispute and in the combat against their opposers, he was raised, a poniard was put into his hand and he was ordered to march forward and strike whomsoever should oppose his entrance into the temple.

Consuelo saw nothing further. At the moment when the new initiate directed his steps, with his arm lifted, and in a kind of delirium, towards a low door whither he was impelled, her two guides, who had constantly held Consuelo's arm, led her rapidly away, as if to withdraw her from the sight of a horrible spectacle, and closing the hood over her face, conducted her by numerous windings, and among ruins over which she stumbled more than once, into a place in which the most profound silence prevailed. There the light was restored to her, and she saw herself in the great octagonal hall in which she had before overheard the conversation between Albert and Trenck. All the openings were now closed and veiled with care; the walls and the ceiling were covered with black; tapers burned in this place also in a peculiar order, different from that in the chapel. An altar in the form of a Calvary and surmounted by three crosses, masked the great chimney. A tomb, upon which were deposited a hammer, some nails, a lance and a crown of thorns, rose in the middle of the hall. Some persons dressed in black and masked were kneeling or seated around, on carpets embroidered with tears of silver; they neither wept nor groaned; their attitude was that of an austere meditation or of a mute and profound sorrow.

Consuelo's guides caused her to approach the bier, and the men who guard-

ed it having retired to the other extremity, one of them addressed her thus:

"Consuelo, you have just seen the ceremony of a masonic reception. You have seen, there as here, an unknown worship, mysterious signs, funereal images, initiating pontiffs, a bier. What have you understood by that feigned scene, by those trials terrifying to the candidate, by the words which were addressed to him and by the manifestations of respect, of love and of sorrow around an illustrious tomb?"

"I know not if I have understood aright," replied Consuelo. "That scene troubled me; that ceremony seemed to me barbarous. I pitied the candidate whose courage and virtue were subjected to trials entirely material, as if physical courage were sufficient to initiate him to the work of moral courage. I blame what I saw, and I deplore those cruel plays of a gloomy fanaticism or those childish experiences of a faith entirely exterior and idolatrous. I heard obscure enigmas proposed, and the explanations given by the candidate appeared to me dictated by a distrustful or gross catechism. Still, that bleeding tomb, that immolated victim, that ancient myth of Hiram, a divine architect assassinated by jealous and avaricious workmen, that holy word lost for centuries and promised to the initiate as the magic key that is to open to him the temple, all this did not appear to me a symbol devoid of grandeur and of interest; but why is the fable so badly woven or of so captious an interpretation?"

"What do you mean by that? Did you listen attentively to the recital which you treat as a fable?"

"This is what I heard and what I had before learned from the books I was ordered to meditate upon during my retreat: Hiram, superintendent of the works of Solomon's temple, had divided the workmen by categories. They had different salaries, unequal rights. Three ambitious men of the lowest category had resolved to share in the salary apportioned to the rival class and to force from Hiram the word of order, the secret formula which enabled him to distinguish the journeymen from the masters at the solemn hour of distribution. They lay in wait for him in the temple, where he had remained alone after that ceremony, and posting themselves at each of the three exits from the holy place, they prevented his departure, threatened him, beat him cruelly and assassinated him, without having been able to tear from him his secret; the fatal word which was to make them equal to him and his privileged fellows. Then they carried away his body and buried it under the rubbish; and since that day the faithful adepts of

the temple, the friends of Hiram, search for his sacred word and pay almost divine honors to his memory."

"And now, how do you explain this myth?"

"I have meditated upon it before coming here, and this is the manner in which I understand it. Hiram is the cold intelligence and governmental skill of ancient societies. They rest upon the inequality of conditions, upon the system of castes. This Egyptian fable was fitted to the mysterious despotism of the hierophants. The three ambitious men are indignation, revolt and vengeance; they are perhaps the three castes inferior to the sacerdotal, who endeavor to recover their rights by violence. Hiram assassinated, is despotism which has lost its prestige and its strength, and which has descended into the tomb carrying with it the secret of governing men by blindness and superstition."

"Is it thus, truly, that you would interpret this myth?"

"I have read in your books that it was brought from the East by the templars and that they used it in their initiations. They must therefore have interpreted it nearly thus; but in baptizing *Hiram*, the theocracy, and the *assassins*, impiety, anarchy and ferocity, the templars, who wished to subject society to a kind of monastic despotism, lamented their impotence personified by the extinction of Hiram. The word of their empire, lost and again found, was that of association or of craft, something like the ancient *cite* or the temple of Osiris. This is why I am astonished at seeing this fable still used in your initiations to the work of universal deliverance. I should wish to believe that it is proposed to your adepts only as a trial of their intelligence and their courage."

"Well, we who did not invent those forms of masonry and who do in fact use them only as moral trials, we who are more than journeymen and masters in this science, since after having passed through all the masonic grades, we have reached a point where we are no longer masons, according to the understanding of the common ranks of that order; we adjure you to explain to us this myth of Hiram as you understand it, in order that we may pronounce upon your zeal, your intelligence and your faith the judgment which will stop you here at the gate of the temple, or will open to you the entrance of the sanctuary."

"You ask of me the word of Hiram, the *lost word*. It is not that which will open to me the gates of the temple; for that word is tyranny and falsehood. But I know the true words, the names of the three gates of the divine edifice by which the destroyers of Hiram entered to com-

pel that chief to bury himself under the ruins of his work; they are *liberty, fraternity, equality*."

"Consuelo, your interpretation, exact or not, reveals to us the depths of your heart. Be therefore excused from ever kneeling at the tomb of Hiram. Neither will you pass through the grade in which the neophyte prostrates himself before the image of the remains of Jacob Molay, the grand master and the grand victim of the Temple, of the soldier monks and of the prelate-knights of the middle age. You would issue victorious from the second trial as from the first. You would discern the lying traces of a barbarous fanaticism, still necessary at this day as formulas of precaution against minds imbued with the principle of inequality. Remember well, therefore, that the free-masons of the lower grades, for the most part, aspire only to construct a profane temple, a mysterious shelter for an association elevated to the rank of caste. You understand otherwise, and you will march directly to the universal temple which must receive all men mingled in one same worship, in one same love. Still you must make here a last station and prostrate yourself before this tomb. You must adore the Christ and recognize in him the only true God."

"You say that to try me yet further," replied Consuelo with firmness: "but you have deigned to open my eyes to exalted truths, by teaching me to read your secret books. The Christ is a divine man whom we revere as the greatest philosopher and the greatest saint of ancient times. We adore him as much as it is permitted us to adore the best and the greatest of masters and of martyrs. We may well call him the Savior of men in the sense that he taught those of his time truths of which they before had only glimpses, and which were to cause humanity to enter into a new phase of light and of holiness. We may well kneel beside his tomb in order to thank God for having raised up for us such a prophet, such an example, such a friend; but we adore God in him, and we do not commit the sin of idolatry. We distinguish between the divinity of the revelation and that of the revealer. I consent therefore, to render to these emblems of a forever illustrious and sublime suffering, the homage of a pious gratitude and of a filial enthusiasm; but I do not believe that the last word of the revelation was understood and proclaimed by the men of the time of Jesus, for it has not yet been authoritatively so upon the earth. I expect from the wisdom and the faith of his disciples, from the continuation of his work during eighteen centuries, a more practical truth, a more complete application of the sacred word, and of the doc-

trine of brotherhood. I expect the development of the gospel; I expect something more than equality before God; I expect and I invoke it among men."

"Your words are bold and your doctrines full of dangers. Have you thought carefully upon them in solitude? Have you foreseen the misfortunes which your new faith heaps up beforehand on your head? Do you know the world and your own strength? Do you know that we are one against a hundred-thousand in the most civilized countries of the globe? Do you know that in the time in which we live, between those who render to the sublime revealer Jesus an injurious and gross worship, and those, almost as numerous now, who deny his mission and even his existence, between the idolaters and the atheists, there is no place for us in the light of the sun but in the midst of the persecutions, of the mockeries, of the hatred and contempt of the human race? Do you know that in France, at this hour, Rousseau and Voltaire, the religious philosopher and the incredulous philosopher are almost equally proscribed? Do you know, a thing more fearful and more unheard of still! that, from the depths of their exile, they mutually proscribe each other? Do you know that you are about to return to a world in which all will conspire to shake your faith and to corrupt your ideas? Do you know, in fine, that you must exercise your apostolate through dangers, doubts, deceptions and sufferings?"

"I am resolved to do so," replied Consuelo casting down her eyes and placing her hand upon her heart: "May God support me!"

"Well, my daughter," said Marcus, who still held Consuelo by the hand, you are about to be subjected by us to some moral sufferings not to try your faith, which we cannot now doubt, but to strengthen it. It is not in the calmness of repose, nor in the pleasures of the world, it is in sorrow and in tears that faith is increased and exalted. Do you feel courage enough to brave painful emotions and perhaps violent terrors?"

"If necessary and if my soul will be profited thereby, I submit myself to your will," replied Consuelo, slightly oppressed.

Immediately the Invisibles began to remove the carpets and the torches which surrounded the bier. The bier itself was rolled into one of the deep embrasures of the windows, and several adepts, having provided themselves with bars of iron, hastened to raise a round stone which occupied the middle of the hall. Then Consuelo saw a circular opening large enough to admit one person, the granite curb-stone of which, blackened and worn by time, was incontestably as

ancient as the other details of the architecture of the tower. A long ladder was brought and lowered into the dark void of the opening. Then Marcus, leading Consuelo to the entrance, asked her three times in a solemn voice, if she felt strength enough to descend alone into the subterranean of the great feudal tower.

"Listen, my fathers, or my brothers, for I know not how I ought to call you," replied Consuelo.

"Call them your brothers," returned Marcus, "you are here among the 'Invisibles,' your equals in grade, if you persevere but one hour longer. You will say farewell to them here in order to meet them again in the presence of the council of the supreme chiefs, of those whose voices are never heard, whose faces are never seen. Those you will call your fathers. They are the sovereign pontiffs, the spiritual and temporal chiefs of our temple. We shall appear before them and before you with uncovered faces, if you are well determined to come and join us at the gate of the sanctuary by this road so gloomy and strown with horrors, which opens here beneath your feet, and in which you must walk alone and without other ægis than that of your courage and your perseverance."

"I will walk in it if necessary," replied the neophyte trembling; "but this trial which you announce to me as so austere, is it then inevitable? O, my brothers, you do not wish, doubtless, to trifle with the reason, already quite enough tried, of a woman without affectation and without false vanity! You have condemned me to day to a long fast, and though emotion silences hunger, yet for several hours I feel myself physically weakened; I know not if I shall faint under the labors you impose upon me. I care little, I swear it to you, if my body suffer and fail, but will you not consider as a moral cowardice, that which will only be a failing of matter? Tell me that you will forgive me if I have the nerves of a woman, provided that, when restored to myself, I have still the heart of a man."

"Poor child," replied Marcus, "I prefer to hear you confess your weakness rather than that you should seek to dazzle us by a foolish boldness. We will consent, if you desire, to give you a guide, only one, to assist and succor you in your pilgrimage in case of need. Brother," added he, addressing the chevalier Liverani, who, during all this dialogue, had remained near the door with his eyes fixed upon Consuelo, "take the hand of your sister, and conduct her through the subterranean passage to the place of general rendezvous."

"And you, my brother," said Consue-

lo, bewildered, "will you not accompany me also?"

"That is impossible. You can have but one guide, and he whom I designate is the only one I am permitted to give you."

"I will have courage," replied Consuelo, wrapping her cloak around her; "I will go alone."

"You refuse the arm of a brother and a friend?"

"I refuse neither his sympathy nor his interest; but I will go alone."

"Go, then, noble daughter, and fear nothing. She who descended alone into the *Cistern of tears* at Riesenbourg, she who braved so many dangers to find the hidden grotto of the Schreckenstein, will easily pass through the bowels of our pyramid. Go then, like the young heroes of antiquity, search for initiation through the trials of the sacred mysteries. Brothers, present to her the cup, that precious relic which a descendant of Ziska has brought among us, and in which we consecrate the august sacrament of fraternal communion."

Liverani took from the altar a roughly-worked wooden chalice, and having filled it, he presented it to Consuelo with a piece of bread.

"My sister," resumed Marcus, "it is not only pleasant and generous wine and bread of pure wheat that we offer to you to restore your physical strength, it is the body and the blood of the divine man, as he himself understood it, that is to say, the sign at once celestial and material of fraternal equality. Our fathers, the martyrs of the Taborite church, thought that the intervention of impious and sacrilegious priests was not of equal value with the pure hands of a woman or of a child for the consecration of the august sacrament. Commune then with us here, while waiting until you seat yourself at the banquet of the temple, where the great mystery of the supper will be more explicitly revealed to you. Take this cup, and drink first. If you have faith in that act, a few drops of this beverage will be for you a sovereign fortifier, and your fervent soul will bear your whole being onwards upon wings of flame."

Consuelo, having first drank, extended the cup to Liverani, who had presented it to her; and when the latter had drank in his turn, he passed it to all the brothers. Marcus, having drained the last drops, blessed Consuelo and requested the assembly to concentrate their thoughts and to pray for her; then he presented to the neophyte a little lamp of silver, and assisted her to place her feet upon the first steps of the ladder.

"It is not necessary for me to tell you," added he, "that no danger threatens your life; but fear for your soul; fear

never to reach the gate of the temple, if you have the misfortune to look once behind you as you walk. You will have several stations to make in different places; you must then examine every thing that is presented to your eyes; but as soon as a door is opened before you, pass it and do not return. This you know is the rigid prescription of the ancient initiations. You must also, according to the ancient rites, carefully preserve the flame of your lamp, the emblem of your faith and of your zeal. Go, my daughter, and let this thought give you superhuman courage: what you are now condemned to suffer is necessary for the development of your mind and your heart in virtue and the true faith."

Consuelo descended the steps with precaution, and as soon as she had reached the bottom, the ladder was withdrawn, and she heard the heavy stone again fall and close the entrance of the subterranean above her head.

To be Continued.

REVIEW.

1. *Poems.* By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: James Munroe and Co. pp. 251.
2. *Poems.* By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Second Series. Boston: James Munroe and Co. pp. 160.
3. *Poems.* By WILLIAM W. STORY. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. pp. 249.

(Concluded from our last.)

We have said that true Poetry is at once mystical and natural, exception and organic growth, transcendental and humane. It is mystical and transcendental, in that it is always new, and is drawn from unfamiliar and reserved depths of our being, showing that there is always something deeper than aught actual, a principle to fall back upon, though all we know should be suddenly slipped from under our feet; in other words because it will not allow us to suppose that the whole sum of *existences*, even though that sum be infinite, can begin to exhaust the *essence*, of which we have knowledge in our own souls. It is natural, because at the same time it accepts with reverence, and attaches an absolute value to the special forms and determinations of the actual universe, through all its grades of animate and inanimate, limited although they be; because it sees the infinite in the finite, the substance in the accident, the cause in the result, the life-germ in each branch, the centre in each radial terminus or point of the circumference, unity in each particular of the universal or variety; and more than this, because it regards the parts as absolutely essential to the whole, and not as mere chance atoms, which reflect its light and

cast its shadow. And therefore we have said again that Poetry is at once exception and organic growth. It is exception, because while noting particulars, and catching the impress of every thing natural, actual, human, it at the same time celebrates the Possible, the Spirit, the Over-Soul, which these do not exhaust, and delights in flinging life away to find life again in this vast recreative abyss: in this sense it is always excepting; it is always saying of friend, scene, statue, music: "this is well, but this is not *all*, this is not quite the thing, the soul rests not here, the soul is a strange coquette among *things*, it seeks them and then will not have them, it wants always more, more." What is that in us, that restless aspiration, which, drawn to every thing, still glances off, and loves too well to own the whole, if but in fantasy and seeking, to bury itself in the possession of any part? This is that perpetual exception, that renovating, restless principle in life, whose glorious fever glows in the face and rhythm of the bard, and wanting which all poetry were prose.

This is one side of our statement; now for the balancing half. Poetry is exception; but it is also organic growth. It is not only the luminous gas perpetually *escaping* from the facts of life; it is that, but it is that as an evidence of the same heavenly fire latent and at home in the centre of every fact. It does not merely drop the shells it picks up on the shore of time, to chase the wave that left them. It regards facts, periods, persons as interesting only in proportion as it sees the one soul shining through them; but then it does not instantly exaggerate this truth, and look on facts as merely *leavings* of the living soul of unity and progress. It is too true to its first instinct, to the first instinct of the human mind, to the great reconciling thought of Universal Unity, the thought which reconciles the restless escaping flame of aspiration on the one hand, with all natural repose in facts and particulars on the other. This great thought teaches us that all things are organic, harmonious, mutually implied constituents of the complete whole—and whoso lives in any part, if that part be in harmony, is placed in living, thrilling contact with the whole of God and rides upon the wave which our one-sided transcendentalist is doomed to chase.

The figure which we just used came up as if providentially, and gives us the type, the expression in one word, which we had almost despaired of finding, of Mr. Emerson and all his poems. It is the retreating wave. That is their uniform expression; they always represent life as a retreating wave; God and poetry and life and soul and beauty, whatever is essentially, are a retreating wave; and facts

are but the shells and pebbles left behind. Every poem sings you this: "I leave you something, which you may pick up if you care to, hut you touch not *me*; retreating, retreating—such is my very essence." And it would seem to intimate that God's great poem, or the Universe, was always teaching it this strain. There is just truth enough and life enough in this music to make it interesting. But it is only a negative and half truth; it is true in so far as it recognizes that facts are nothing in themselves, isolated and cut off from the pervading spirit. But it is false when it seeks the spirit out of the fact, when it drops the shell to chase the wave. This is a vague, abstract, unsatisfying conception of Deity; instead of the great Positive Mind, it worships only the infinite Exception. It is a true, but still only a negative statement of God. God is not the retreating wave which leaves the organic facts behind to die; any more than the vital fluids traversing this body leave its myriad ducts and organs dead. God is the vital fluid of the universe, and the universe is the body of God, and he flows through all and quickens every part, and every part so quickened, being in harmony with the rest, thrills with the general consciousness and lives *beyond* by living *in* itself. We thank Mr. Emerson now and always for his strengthening salutation to the living part of us, too apt to be enslaved by circumstances; his writings always rouse the sluggish soul to feel its independence, and to claim its high relationship with more than circumstance, or form, or person; to renounce the partial and pursue the whole. It is one great part of the ministry of poetry to save the soul from the thralldom of its own desires, from the futile possession of things we fancy to be the containers of what will not be contained; from our childish trick of seizing the bright angel by the skirts of his robe at the very moment that he flings it off. No one has sung so musical a warning of this experience. Take for instance the "Ode to Beauty."

"Thou gliding through the sea of form,
Like the lightning through the storm,
Somewhat not to be possessed,
Somewhat not to be caressed,
No feet so fleet could ever find,
No perfect form could ever bind.
Thou eternal fugitive,
Hovering over all that live,
Quick and skilful to inspire
Sweet, extravagant desire,
Starry place and lily-bell
Filling with thy roseate smell,
Wilt not give the lips to taste
Of the nectar that thou hast.

"All that's good and great with thee
Works in close conspiracy;
Thou hast bribed the dark and lonely
To report thy features only,

And the cold and purple morning
Itself with thoughts of thee adorning;
The leafy dell, the city mart,
Equal trophies of thine art;
E'en the flowing azure air
Thou hast touched for my despair;
And, if I languish into dreams,
Again I meet the ardent beams.
Queen of things! I dare not die
In Being's deeps past ear and eye;
Lest there I find the same deceiver,
And be the sport of Fate forever.
Dread Power, but dear! if God thou be,
Unmake me quite, or give thyself to me!"

But because Beauty is this "eternal fugitive," are we to loathe all we have as her mere leavings; are we to renounce all definite end or aim in life, and simply keep renouncing and forsaking and refusing, lest the life pass by us while we stop to realize? Is our life to be one everlasting non-committal? Or shall we not rather beware the extreme but logical result of all this, as in the case of the ultra-spiritualist who blamed God for deserting his sublime abstraction to indulge in a creation, and who could find it in his heart to call the plastic symmetry of nature the dregs and excrement of Deity?

We thank Mr. Emerson for always referring us beyond the mere form to the life, and for inspiring us with the desire to *live*. We are tantalized however by his negative assertion of this need: by his showing us how this and that are not life, whereas the Sphinx has rather put to us the riddle, how to *find* life in this and that, and how to dwell in each without renouncing all. When he says: "Enough for thee the primal mind," &c., he states the truth of the essential unity of all souls with God; and that individual suffering or failure should be accounted as nought, since the Whole is safe; the primal mind suffices, whatever may become of us and our affairs. Here is the great principle of Unity recognized; but it is a unity which is exclusive and not inclusive; a unity which does not need us: whereas the real unity which it is our soul's first instinct to believe and to desire is one which *does* need us, and of which each single individual is an indispensable, constituent and organic part. And how are we to realize this one-ness? "God hid the whole world in thy heart." Here too is another extreme statement, or a half truth set up as a whole one. In our own heart we find the want, the evidence of unity; nay, and the key to it, unlocking every correspondence, if we would but analyze that heart's attractions. But by communing with his own heart alone, by absolute subjective consciousness, by isolated self-reliance, no man ever came near realizing that unity of which the heart whispers. No man ever brought himself into harmony with the whole in this way. With this gospel of self-re-

liance must be coupled that other of general mutual affiance, each to each; of a unity of system and organic solidarity, wherein no one can rely upon himself, or be himself, without the aid of all, completing the related character of all the faculties and tendencies which properly *are* himself.

These poems are more mystical than natural; in the intense light of the Absolute they see all relative and individual facts and beings swallowed up. They are more transcendental than humane. They seem rather to sympathize with every thought that transcends facts, than to seek to make them transcendent. They seem almost to slight and turn away from man because he is not God. They cherish so exclusively the mystical, the exceptional, the transcendental side of the great truth; they so chase the wave and fling away the waif, that they have a constant tendency to treat all individual facts and persons, and all that is historical and relative, as unreal and phenomenal and unimportant. Human Progress is no theme of theirs; their chiefest hope and prophecy is that "*a Man*" will come, with thought so great, or soul so open to the only real, to the Universal Mind, that before him nature *shall* be fluid and phenomenal. Hear what he makes the mountain say:

"Monadnoc is a mountain strong,
Tall and good my kind among;
But well I know no mountain can
Measure with a perfect man.
For it is on temples writ,
Adamant is soft to wit:
And when the greater comes again
With my secret in his brain,
I shall pass, as glides my shadow
Daily over hill and meadow.

* * * * *
Comes that cheerful troubadour,
This mound shall throb his face before,
As when, with inward fires and pain,
It rose a bubble from the plain."

All this is well; we might accept it in itself, and take it for the mountain's prophecy of a higher development of Humanity upon the earth. But there is a certain tendency throughout to look for some great man or man of genius, and make of no account all other men as if they were mere shadows. The "Over-Soul," it is our humble belief, will not be so satisfied; the primal mind, the all-creating Love, would manifest itself in a whole human race made one with one another and with God. Nor is the human Heart, the primal source of poetry, contented with this mere subjective quest of the most High. One cannot live, except in others. One cannot open his private soul to the in-streaming Deity, except he connect himself in living bonds of unity with his race. Humanity must be inspired before the individual. For

we are members one of another, and as branches of an organic whole we need only wait the natural growth of that whole through its infantile periods of incoherence to the full flower of Unity and Harmony, to be receivers of the perfect Light and Love and Joy, each in his individual place and character and function, as much as if he absorbed into his single self the whole World-Soul.

We love the mystical, we love the transcendental in Poetry; there is no true poetry or art without it. But we also demand that it should be human: it is nothing to be uplifted by a grand thought, if it do not bring us into more active coöperation with our race. This is the poetry of Intellect, and not the poetry of Passion: and until we heed and reverence the voice of Passion, we are still ignorant of our human Destiny, we turn away from the sole compass which can point us to it.

These are mere hints and sketches of what we would say. We must abruptly leave this poet, not without thanks, if without entire assent to all he sings, to say a few words of the other volumes named at the head of this article.

These are of kindred spirit, in their degrees; neither of them so bold, so original, so electrifying by a thought, a word; but both more human, claiming love as well as admiration. Mr. CHANNING'S volume closes with a challenge to the critics, apropos to Keats' case. We like it, except his estimate of Keats; it has the true tone of manliness and modesty; he makes no apology for his verses, since he has striven to put his earnest soul into them.

"Who writes by Fate the critics shall not kill,
Nor all the assassins in the great review;
Who writes by luck his blood some Hack shall spill,
Some Ghost whom a Mosquito might run through.

* * * * *

I ope my arms to them, — the world beside, —
O awful God! who over verse doth sway.
Thine eye doth scan me, — in thy flowing tide,
I, like a leaf, am eddying whirled away.

Could but the faintest echo from my lyre
Within Thy ear awake one choral thought,
I then had gained my earnest Heart's desire,
This battle then securely I had fought."

Struggling through a good deal of difficulty in rhythm, and in the distribution of words in sentences, we discern here a true poet's fire, rendering the materials continually more plastic. The charm of this book is its love of nature. The poet does not write from books; he gives you nature at first hand; his wild flowers are still fresh with dew, and smell of their native mould, which still cleaves about their roots.

His idealism is balanced by a pretty

strong realism. There is a clear locality to all his songs. They are even patriotic for a spiritualist. New England and her bleak hills, and all her habits of economy and use, are celebrated by the grateful son, who has found even this plain mother liberal and genial to his soul's need of beauty and of central thoughts. There is also a kindly interest in men and their affairs, and a certain swimming sense of beauty in all this, as when a musician sweeps every thing around him into his prelude. And if we may be permitted to regard these poems only as a prelude, we shall peruse them fondly and find no fault.

We like their humanity, we like their heroism, their sturdy planting of both feet on the common earth, on common Concord or Wachusett, and declaring: "let there be poetry 'here, for here is God, and hither hath he led my soul, that it may see and learn and love and sing." But this is thus far only the poet's own discipline; these are his exercises, well and worthily conceived, and adhered to with conscience and with courage. We have read them over in detail; we have remembered them in general; we have thought over the whole symphony in order to detect its key-note; and we should say, the *tone* of the whole book is the idea of spiritual manliness. The poet is disciplining himself to stand where he is, to accept his lot, his times, to feel the evil and sympathize with the heart's tragedies of his race, but still to trust in God and not complain or run away, hiding the ostrich head in any Utopian sands. He means to face it, and to prove that, let the times be barren as they may, a poet ought to find good picking anywhere. So ought he, so say we. But it is not enough that you or I may find poetic nutriment, among boors and money-changers. A true humanity demands that they too should be poets, that every wealth and joy of soul should freely flow for all. And this requires conditions. Not a vague love and respect for humanity will do it; not a mere recognition of the godlike underneath the vulgar human, with its "heart of cat and eyes of bug." The poet's symphony, which he extracts from all this, will be but the prelude of the grand social symphony in which all men, with characters developed and attuned to unity, will be the notes, if he is really in earnest and humane. This isolated, spiritual gymnastics of his, healthy and inspiring as it looks, will then forget itself in the grand chorus of Humanity, which shall make good the meaning of its own single, but related voice. In times of incoherence, falseness and weakness, it is good that any should be strong, and plant themselves erect; but for the reason only that they may gain a power to unite all.

We had intended to copy some of Mr. Channing's beautiful pieces, but have now no room.

Among Mr. STORY'S poems our readers will recognize some old acquaintances, some of them improved, too, since they first adorned our columns. In point of rhythm he is far superior to either of the others. His is the true soul of rhythm; every thing is steeped in the free and never faltering melody of feeling. Open the volume any where and read two lines; like a leaf dropped on a river, you sail down the page by an unconscious attraction, caught and possessed by something that commands you like good music, whether there be thoughts which you carry away or not. So too in respect to every thing pertaining to artistic mould and finish. You feel that the ingredients have been perfectly fused, and rendered plastic to an over-ruling and habitual sense of beauty. This is the charm of Goethe. Here is a middle region between speech and music, which poetry, — the poetry of feeling, rather than of thought, — most fitly occupies. What could be more perfect than this:

"Hours long have I sat silently,
And watched the twilight fade, —
While one by one the clouds grew grey,
In slowly deepening shade,

Until the moon, uprisen high,
Falls over earth and sea, —
And still I dream, as I have dreamed,
Of thee, and only thee.

Thy childhood — like the rosy cloud
That floated sweet afar;
Thy maidenhood — the silver pride
Of the clear evening star;

Thy womanhood — whose perfect love
Shines gladly o'er my life,
And, like the moon, makes beautiful
Earth's harshness and earth's strife."

And are not these two little songs true pearl secretions?

"NO MORE!"

Flow on, sad stream, unto the sea!
Thou flowest on as ever,
But the heart most dear no more is here,
Forever and forever.

No more! I hear it in the pines,
Through which the night-winds roar,
Those stars shall shine in eyes of thine,
No more, O, never more!

Sigh on! sad autumn wind, sigh on!
She lies in the grass beneath, —
I make my moan by her grave alone,
For the violets have her breath.

O, lonely night! O, wandering moon!
Hast thou no word for me?
O, love and sorrow! O, day and morrow!
Must ye forever be?"

"SONG."

O! heavy, heavy, day!
When wilt thou wear away,
And bring her sweet returning?

O, weary, weary, night!
When wilt thou take thy flight,
And bring another morning?

O! stars that gem the skies!
Ye shine not like her eyes,
Where love is ever beaming!
Pass on, O hateful day—
Yet gentle night, O, stay!
For she is mine while dreaming.

In dreams, she comes to me—
In dreams, her eyes I see—
And bliss divine comes o'er me,—
Then let my spirit creep
To thy pavilion, sleep!
While Love flies on before me."

All these poems move in a more human element, and are more filled with passion, than those we have been considering. They are not as boldly original as Emerson's; nor have they the sharp thought of Channing. They stand nearer to the common mind; they do not salute us like the North wind, challenging and chiding; they steal over us with the warm sympathy of Southern breezes, and make our own heart's hopes and fears and sorrows beautiful to us. Yet they are not poor in thought, but filled with the freshest and best thought of this day, and they are written out of much sincere experience. The "Mistake" is certainly a very remarkable poem; original in its conception, beautiful and simple in its progress, and holding the reader spell-bound, like the wildest imagination of Coleridge, though it has no machinery, nothing of the supernatural, nothing but perfectly natural heart's experience to tell.

The tone of these poems is Aspiration. They are very Schiller-like. "The Ideal and the Real" rhyme in almost every one of them. There is no distinct theory, or constructive vision of man's social destiny, perceptible in them; but there is a most clear faith in unity and recognition of the deep-prayer and demand of this our age. Expressions of this are more and more prominent in his later compositions. In the earlier pieces there is less definiteness, less concentration of aim and hope, and a considerable tendency to diffuseness, as if it were too easy a thing to write. He has turned his face towards the East; he believes in the coming of the great day of humanity, of Heaven upon Earth; and while he so looks and sings, faith will become sight, and aspiration distinct vision, and in the science of universal unity he will find the very Thorough-Bass of Poetry forevermore established.

We will extract some passages which breathe this Humanitary hope. In the "Future" are these lines:

"Thus, by the dreams that Hope was ever weaving,
My soul was nourished, till I seemed to see

Society from off its bosom heaving
Its load of ignorance and poverty."

"When man's whole nature is to love subjected,
All passions shall unite to do its will;
One law through all its forms shall be reflected,
One harmony its myriad notes distil.
Tuned as our souls are unto false relations,
To Fear, and Hate, and Jealousy and Strife,
How may we hope harmonious vibrations
From the discordant, broken strings of life.

The dim and distant Future haunts my being
With a rich music, swelling like a sea.
From myriad voices all in love agreeing,—
The holy anthem of humanity.
Through all of life there is no ugly duty,
Each act in Love's transfiguration stands,
And Order reigns, and never-fading Beauty,
With smile ethereal, evermore commands."

"Prometheus" is a noble poem, a somewhat softened copy of the barbaric Titan of Goethe. This is altogether a vision of the redemption of mankind upon this earth. For instance:

"The unslaved winds, along the mid air soaring,
Bring up the blessings of humanity;
And in the lulling of my agonies,
My soul with lofty visions teems—
Before my inward sight arise
The great processions of long centuries—
The spirits of majestic dreams;
The dark and sullen gates of Time,
That round the human vision close,
Swing open in harmonious chime,
And the great morning of the Future glows;
There Beauty flows like sunlight over all,
There Joy proclaims its endless festival,
There Virtue hath its own, and Knowledge reigns,
And all man's passions, harmonized by Love,
Lift up their anthems to the heavens above,
In one heroic swell of consentaneous strains."

What we have said may serve for notice of these good things. For real criticism we have not room, and have to speak without a long and quiet season of digestion.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JAN. 23, 1847.

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 PRINCIPLES.

We repudiate all agrarianism or leveling of fortunes, not only as impracticable, but as inconsistent with social harmony, which requires differences of fortune as well as of character, as musical harmonies require differences in the tone, volume and pitch of their elementary notes. We regard the true development of the individual as the absolute basis of the true society, and in seeking the social positions most conducive to this end, we consider

the individual ownership of property as essential. As in man the material principle and its development in the senses, demand what is most immediately essential to life, and constitute the basis and foundation of all higher development of intellect and affection, we recognize the organization of the industry which supplies those wants, as the basis of all social progress. Perceiving that humanity is wasting its energies, denying the religion of Love, and forfeiting its happier destiny, in the destructive internal war between nations, classes, and individuals; and deducing from an absolute faith in God and the universality of his Providence, the idea that all characters with all their possible attractions and interests must have been calculated in relation to a predetermined social order and harmony,—Fourier conceived the possibility of discovering this order, which should harmonize all interests, whilst giving to each its highest development; considering individuals and classes as the particular atoms and organs whose integrity is required by the health of the great humanity. By an order substituting unity of interests for the present incoherence and antagonism, he saw that the obstacles to our moral progress would be at once removed, that our power instead of neutralizing itself would be concentrated, and that for every evil now traceable to this incoherence, we should necessarily substitute the opposite good. Such an order appeared to correspond to that of the kingdom of heaven, whose establishment on earth we have been ordered to seek and to pray for. It would at once give free play to all social sympathies, and bring men under the law of Love. By harmonizing the spiritual with the sensuous, and the ultimate with the immediate interest, it would multiply the force of each individual's selfishness by those of the affections which draw him toward his fellow man; multiply the sum of these again by his attraction to duty or sentiment of Deity, and convert the whole power to uses at once individual and humanitarian. This appeal to every interest must cause the true order, from the first moment at which its operation should be seen, to kindle a general enthusiasm, to spread rapidly over the earth, embody Christianity in the details of practical life, and prepare for the millenium of the Scriptures. It was clearly the mission of science—the head of humanity, to discover this order, as it was that of Religion—the heart of humanity, to urge to its research. From this theory of a *passional*, as Columbus from that of a *geographical* unity, Fourier commences his exploration for a new society, as Columbus for a new continent. He proceeds to find a compass by making

the exhaustive analysis of the springs of action and aims of attainment in the human soul. He classes these under the general heads of

Sensitive Attractions, tending to Luxury;
Affective Attractions, tending to Social Groups;
Distributive Attractions, tending to Series.

*Collective Tendency to Unity.**

To the compass afforded by the direction of these impulses, Fourier has given the name of *passional attraction*. Newton, by the fall of an apple, was led to discover the laws of planetary attraction. Fourier was led by a similar trifle to discover the laws of *passional attraction*. It was the privation of a favorite species of apple from its exorbitant price in Paris, which induced him to analyze the mechanism of exchanges, and the oppression of producers and consumers by the intermediary non-producing class, in competitive commerce. In seeking the remedy for this evil in a just and equitable commercial system, which should interlock the three interests of producer, exchanger and consumer, his researches led him from the idea of unity in class interests, to the unity of man with man in the collective race—(source of *passional harmony* in the affective groups of Ambition, Friendship, Love and the Family,) to the unity of man with external nature in its composite adaptation—

1. By difference, the principle of utility or injury.

2. By similitude, in the refraction of himself, the archetype, by the hieroglyphic mirror of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, whose creations are all emblems of his passions and their social effects—the elephant and the viper, the rose and the misletoe.

To the unity of man with God—

First, in the principles of his triune being: as it is said in the Scripture, "God made man in his own image." (Source of universal analogy.)

Second, unity of man with God, as the arbiter of Attraction, the law of human societies, as of all other spheres of movement. But if man's attractions naturally tend to unity in these three branches, it is clear that his destiny is now inverted; for this composite unity, we have a composite incoherence:

1. Antagonism of man, with external nature, abounding with maleficent creations, and producing the useful only as exception, and whose limited blessings are confined to a small exceptional class of the race; while to the seven-eighths now in poverty, the senses become sources of affliction and disappointment,

and prevent the development of the affective and spiritual attractions by their constant craving for the necessities of life and reactive tendencies to excess.

2. Antagonism of man with man, in the collision of interests and passions.

3. Antagonism of man with God, as manifested in nature and in his fellow-man, and by the perversion of conscience, the sentiment of this unity or attraction to duty, into the poison of remorse; by the impossibility of obeying one attraction without sacrificing others, equally the expression of God's will. It was necessary in commencing, "to establish the excellence of attraction, its property of permanent divine interpretation, the necessity to take it for a guide in all social mechanism in which we would follow the paths of God, and arrive at the practice of justice and truth, and at social unity."

Fourier exposes "the seven guaranties which Attraction assures to God and to Man reciprocally; guaranties, not one of which can be obtained by confiding the reins of the social car to human reason, or legislation."

Table of the Septenary Guaranty which Attraction establishes between God and Man.

1. Compass of permanent social revolution; since the needle of attraction excites us continually, and by impulses as invariable in all times and in all places, as the lights of reason are variable and deceitful.

2. Economy of mechanism; by the employment of a resource combining the faculties of interpretation and impulsion, and fitted to reveal and to stimulate at the same time.

3. Affectionate concert of the Creator with the creature; or conciliation of the free will of man obeying from pleasure, with the authority of God commanding pleasure by attractional impulse.

4. Combination of the useful and the agreeable, of profit and charm, by the intervention of attraction in the productive labors to which it would passionately draw us, as to every other will of God, of which it is the interpreter.

5. Sparing of coercitive measures; gibbets, police, tribunals, penitentiary, and other parasitical wheel-work which the civilized and barbarous order causes to intervene for the support of repugnant industry.

6. Collective reward of obedient globes by the charm of the attractive law, and collective punishment of rebellious globes without employment of violence, by the mere sting of desire or martyrdom of attraction, which is the negative chastisement for rebellious globes obstinate in living under human legislation.

7. Conciliation of reason with nature;

by the guaranty of attainment to riches and pleasures, which are the wishes of nature, through the practice of justice and truth, which are required by sound reason, and which can only reign through Association and attractive industry.

X Pivot. Internal Unity, or peace of man with himself, and end of the state of internal war, which the civilized order organizes by every where placing the passion or attraction in opposition to the wisdom and the law, without rendering it possible to satisfy either, even by sacrificing the other to it.

Y External Unity, in the relations of man with God and the universe. The world or universe communicating with God only by the intervention of attraction, every creature from the stars to the insects, attaining harmony only by following the impulses of attraction, there would be duplicity of system if man ought to follow any other road than that of attraction to arrive at the ends of God, Harmony and Unity.

This is the canvass on which Fourier proceeds to demonstrate the excellence of attraction in the social mechanism and the incompetence of human legislation, which in stifling and perverting attraction, gives all results opposite to those of the preceding table, besides the duplicity of action or absence of the spirit of God, whose essential attribute in the government of the universe, is unity of system.

Confirmed by the promise of Christ, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," the sublime thinker has opened to us with this key, the temple of universal science, "Attractions are proportional to Destinies."

Still relying on the universality of Providence and on the principle of unity in variety, we consult the analogies of nature, study the laws of attraction discovered by Newton and Kepler in the planetary movements, and seek the order and relative dispositions in which they follow their attractions without ever clashing in their orbits of movement. We find the planet forming the pivot of a group of satellites, and the planets with their satellites moving round suns, forming *series of groups*. From the infinitely great we proceed to the infinitely small, to the atoms of matter, which range themselves in groups by the attraction of cohesion, and those groups into series by the attraction of affinity. Rising from the arborescent crystal to the organic, vegetable and animal sphere; groups of molecules form tissues under assimilative attraction, and those tissue groups unite in the series of an organ; the series of organs in a functional apparatus, and the series of apparatus in the synthesis of a unitary life, completing the contact of

* This subject is more fully developed in papers commencing at the 22d number of the Harbinger, (Vol. III.)

extremes from the organic molecule, which is also a unitary life. Determining that attraction is every where the motive force, and the permanent revelation of God's will in creation, and that the series is the order of distribution and organization uniformly adapted to it; we proceed to consider how man is to adopt in the movement and organization of society, left by God to his intelligent disposition, the order elsewhere distributing the harmonies of nature. Having recognized luxury, and the organization of industry on which it depends, as the basis, the first step is to determine the conditions of attractive labor in groups and series. (Some exposition of this may be found in the twenty-third number of the Harbinger, third volume, and seventh number fourth volume, as well as in other back numbers.)

In the joint stock partnerships of capital, labor and skill, which we consider as the matrix in which the serial organization is to crystalize; the individual reserves the right to invest in that department in which he is specially interested; and to withdraw at any time after giving due notice. The advantages and economies of combination in partnerships and companies are well known; but the distinctive feature of Phalansterian partnership, is, that instead of associating capital against labor, as in the manufacturing companies; or labor against capital, as in the trades' unions; it associates them together, and from the whole profits realized, assigns a fixed proportion as the interest on capital, or funded labor, and a fixed proportion to active labor and to skill; thus converting to the welfare of all, the reciprocal faculties possessed by each. Machinery, now monopolized by capital, is no longer to establish a commercial feudalism, by creating a few colossal fortunes, and plunging the masses in destitution; but, with all other developments of science concentered in social industry, whilst it renders the rich richer, it will lighten the labor of the poor, and procure for the hard-fisted mechanic, now brutalized by excessive toil, the leisure and the means of intellectual and social culture. We would obviate by this justice the necessity for expensive charities, and the still more expensive apparatus of tribunals, police, and places of punishment for the crimes which grow out of indigence. Our nearest approach to agrarianism is this, that in connection with a highly attractive industry we contemplate absolute guarantees of subsistence to every member of the social body; and to every child the highest education of which he is capable; in science, art, elegant accomplishment, and practical industry; conceiving that the natural inequality of God's appointment

does not require that any should be ignorant and coarse, wretched or diseased, dwarfed or deformed, in the growth either of body or soul. How long by earnest repetition must we labor to clear away the rubbish of prejudice which obscures to so many true hearts and bright intellects the most vital interests of our race?

We have stated a few principles: a century would not suffice to develop the corollaries which must flow from them. Upon us it may rest to accomplish the great transition for which the ages have waited, — the practical embodiment of Christianity on the foundation of united interests. In all movements whose tendency is to organized harmonies, discords, differences, individual types of character must first be developed, and assert themselves in oppositions, before accords can be formed from their ordered combinations. The formation of the crystal must be preceded by the thorough disintegration of the crude mass and resolution into its radical atoms. It is from the divergent root fibres, pushing out in the dark earth, that the plant rises green and lovely in the sunlight of heaven to bear flowers and fruit. The crawling venomous worm must with painful industry weave his silken cocoon before the sylph-like butterfly can soar among the flowers in gold and purple. The discordant scraping and jarring of the instruments, whose notes the musician is attuning to their clearest tension, must precede the orchestra's full burst of harmony. It was from the dark and void of chaos that the spirit of God evoked the light and the teeming life of a beautiful creation. It is thus from the chaos of Humanity, from Savage war, from Barbarous oppression, from Civilized fraud, from all the social evils which have individualized character by the intensest antagonism, that the passion harmonies of society must be born.

The present is the age of synthesis. We appeal to the young, to the favorites of nature and of fortune. It is for you, intelligent atoms, sentient tones of character, to understand your position and the mission of your age. It is the cause of Humanity which calls you, — Humanity which has been travelling through the ages to give you birth, Humanity which has nursed you on her bosom and raised you up to man's estate; whose toiling millions have fed and clothed you, whose earnest thought has distilled through centuries the truths which now expand your minds, and whose poetry, wrung from its own bleeding heart, is filling yours with beauty. Humanity, that bears you on the shoulders of the past, asks of you its future. It would rest, for it is weary with conflict and heavy laden with crime. The blood-fog and the smoke of civil

warfare, wreath not so thick around your quiet homes, and you may see, as from a Pisgah view, roads to the Palestine beyond, which are hidden from the mass below you. Your brothers are weary with journeying through the wilderness of strife, whose sands their bleeding feet have trodden "while century followed century, into the deep eternity." The blood of their parched veins is turned into poison. Love has become a lie; Friendship an apple of Sodom; and over dead and living corpses, stalks Ambition, the Cain brand on his brow. They ask from the Church its cup of healing, and it answers with taunts of total depravity and menaces of eternal hell. The message of love is turned to gall on the lips of the preacher, and this world is cut off from the providence of God as a condemned planet, where his kingdom may not come, nor his will be done. The philosopher mocks its perishing cry with metaphysical subtleties; the man of science stares and turns to his observations on a siderial parallax or the analysis of a new mineral. The political economist vociferates his last parrot lesson of the equilibrium of demand and supply, *laissez faire*, free competition, whilst toil-exhausted generations are perishing in the black holes of industrial competition, or drain off into their sewers, the hospital or the almshouse, and little children crawl harnessed to dog-carts in the coal mine. Plunged in abstractions, or spell bound in a vicious circle of sophistry, there is no hope from these men; their hearts are frozen or turned to stone. It is on your fresh and young spirits that Humanity waits, and claims your lives' devotion in its sore need. Pause, or it may be too late. You will be swallowed yourselves in the vortex of selfish antagonisms. A planet or a race perchance, may like a single man, fail of its life's destiny. Let this science of Fourier, like its parent the religion of Christ, become a philosophical speculation; save it for Sundays and beautiful sermons, — and then is Humanity lost, and its life become wholly a lie. We set this matter before you. Read and examine for yourselves; but when you shall have assured yourselves that this is in very truth the science of human society, the latest revelation of God to the ages, then Act.

THE CAUSE OF ASSOCIATION IN CINCINNATI.

The doctrines of Association have taken deep root in the minds of many intelligent men in this city. We rejoice in the intercourse which has been established between them and the Associationists in the East, and trust that our relation may be distinguished by the exercise

of a friendly rivalry in the promotion of the principles which are destined to realize Universal Unity upon the earth. We look forward to the time, — and we trust it is not far distant, — when Cincinnati will be the grand centre for the propagation of the Associative doctrines in the West, and will give the impulse to the formation of an experimental Phalanx, adapted to the condition and wants of that part of the country. The facts stated in the following extracts from a private letter, which we are permitted to copy, cannot fail to interest our readers; and we should be happy to receive frequent information from the same source.

"I am happy to inform you that the social question is making rapid progress in this city. I do not mean that our rank as a distinct body is swelling in numbers. Quite the contrary. We are losing ground, cannot even get up meetings of a dozen persons, and have for the present abandoned the attempt to hold formal meetings for discussion and lecturing. This is owing, I must frankly confess, to a want of faith in the usefulness of meetings so long as we are without efficient lecturers. The breaking down of the Clermont Phalanx has so dispirited most of those who call themselves Associationists, that they have no heart to make sacrifices of time and money in behalf of the cause.

"We shall, however, make an effort to raise funds in aid of the Union, its lecturing fund, and so forth, beginning with the new year. Though our enthusiasm is at a low ebb, I feel confident we can raise one hundred dollars during the year by monthly contributions, I hope it may reach a much larger sum: but, unless we can have the benefit of some one or more of your New England lecturers I do not expect a great deal to be done in this way. I hope we have not been forgotten by the Union as needing aid here in that way. I do not think there is a more promising field of labor in the United States at this time than this city. I stated above that the social question is making great progress here. Within a few months the National Reformers have organized themselves and continually hold weekly meetings for lecturing and discussion. Their labors are calculated to attract the attention of many to social questions, and diverting the minds of many from the barren and fruitless political party questions. Next we have the "Communitists," or "Enquirers," — Messrs. GILMORE, WATTLES, CORNELL and HINE their active lecturers, — who hold meetings every Sunday afternoon, and whose audiences now number hundreds. They are pretty efficient in condemnation of the present

social and religious state of things, but have as yet no definite ideas of practical reform. They have just commenced a monthly periodical here — "The Herald of Truth," a copy of which I will send you. Mr. Wattles will remind you of the Transcendentalists. He is a noble man, self-sacrificing, and devoted to the cause of Humanity. He bases himself upon the observance of the mental and physical laws as the means of well-being; and though he imagines himself peculiarly enlightened as a Social Reformer, he has not yet discovered that there exists a Social Law, the knowledge and practice of which is essential to social well-being. In addition to which bodies we have the Rev. Mr. BOYNTON, Mr. Blanchard's successor, formerly I believe of Langsingtun, New York, who during some four or five Sunday evening lectures upon the Mosaic polity, contrasted it with our present civilization greatly to the disadvantage of the latter; and taking the ground that our civilization is not Christian and not consistent with Christianity, and he also raises his voice for Reform; but is as yet without any practical method. "The Church," according to his ideas, is to do the work; and though he named our Associationist organization and several of its prominent actors, and did so in respectful terms, he considered their system as one attempting the regeneration of man without the influence of the holy spirit, and hence futile. He is pronounced a disorganizer by some of his wealthy and conservative brethren but goes fearlessly on. He and his church have also seceded from the Presbyterian connection and placed themselves on the congregational basis as a church. I think this gentleman has the seeds of the new spirit germinating in his soul, and he will in the course of one or two years become an enlightened champion of the Great Cause of Universal Unity, 'Peace on earth and Good Will towards men.'

"But I have reserved for the last place in my list of bright and promising dawnings of the new day here, the chief and most important of them all. JAMES H. PERKINS, on last Sunday morning, from the Unitarian pulpit which he at present occupies during the illness of the pastor, came out boldly and fearlessly, in favor of voluntary association of capital and labor, and the just and equitable distribution of their products, as the only means of ameliorating the condition of man, and raising him from the continually increasing evils of our civilization. He noticed and answered the objections to association — that it is impracticable, and that it is disorganizing. The first he answered by saying that all great discoveries and improvements at first hand seemed impracticable — that when it was proposed to light the city of London by means of gas, Sir Humphrey Davy, the then greatest chemist of his age, pronounced it impractical and said they might as well attempt to cut a slice from the moon with which to light the city. And Ocean Steam-navigation when it was first proposed to be attempted, Dr. Lardner demonstrated its impracticability, and the demonstration was scarcely made before the Ocean was navigated by steam.

"The objection that association was disorganizing he answered by saying that all progress and improvement was in the same sense disorganizing; that our Civilization was disorganizing to the Feudal system, and finally that Jesus Christ was the greatest disorganizer that ever appeared on this earth."

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Jan. 1, 1847.

N. R. GERRISH,

Agent.

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MISCELLANY.

From the "Phalange" of November.

Thalysie, or the New Existence. By J. A. GLEIZES. Three Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1840.

Translated for the Harbinger.

..... M. Gleizès starts from the fundamental idea that man is the creation of God *par excellence*, and, as such, essentially good. But this greatness of man carries with it certain duties, without the accomplishment of which he is wanting to his destiny and falls below himself, until, from fall to fall, he realizes in himself, and out of himself, non-existence (*le non-etre*), that is, evil. The first obligation of man, that which embraces all the others, is to exercise over the whole of nature, to which he is superior (*domine*) by his reason, a providential government. This influence, which he is called upon to exercise, constitutes him the representative of God upon the earth, it is his immediate and visible providence; that is, this influence should be, if not creative, in the absolute meaning of the word, at least fruitful, almost as much, though in a less material manner, as in the phenomena of generation. God has placed the whole of his creation under the care of man, and has thus the right to demand of us an account of the humblest as well as of the proudest being. Every time that a living creature raises to him a cry of suffering, he can ask of us: "Cain, what hast thou done with thy brother?" He does speak thus to us, in fact, and his voice resounds in the depths of our conscience, like thunder in an abyss, and the prolonged echo of that voice awakens in us salutary horrors, until those terrors are at last appeased by the breath of his mercy, or our soul, broken by falls without end, has become deaf to the indications of his anger, and retains almost no consciousness of his will!

The field of life is immense for man, he can explore it in its full extent; but, that he may do this, he must be in har-

mony with all of nature which he wishes to explore, as with God whom he wishes to know.

Evil appears in the world in the form of suffering, which directly attests a rupture of harmony. It is man who has introduced it, it is he who invents pain and death. Man did not consult his conscience to interpret worthily his dominion and his superiority. Looking no longer upwards, he turned from God, the thought of whom was made unwelcome by his pride, and saw only nature below him. But man, seizing upon a creation that did not emanate from him, and, in some manner, no longer deriving his word of order from his Supreme Chief, — man, aspiring to live as a God, in order to emancipate himself from God, must, and could be, only a demon! — While the true and only God of nature manifested himself solely by giving life without ceasing and always, because he is the inexhaustible source of it, man, the false God, the usurper, who has not life in himself, and had turned against him who gives it without being impoverished, demanded it of the beings who had but a portion of it, that is to say he gave them death, through torments full of anguish, to increase his life and manifest his power! There God awaited him. He thought to seize upon life, he gave himself death. The essence of the beings whose destiny he destroyed escaped his powerful rage; he seized only their covering, a moment before it was decomposed and already a prey to the destructive elements which must hasten its dissolution. Instead therefore of appropriating to himself the virtues and strength of the beings whose life he destroyed, he inoculated himself with the germs of all diseases which must engender death. Instead of demanding from the spirit of nature its rejuvenating sap, he filled all the channels of his own organization with the impure floods of corruption! ...

M. Gleizès, we must say, has made of what is commonly a mere physiological question, one of a superior order, or,

more properly, the greatest of all questions in which the human mind can be interested. From his point of view, it is, if not solely, at least principally, by its food that a being establishes its relations to external nature. Those relations will therefore be salutary or fatal, conformable or contrary to the harmony of created things, according as that food is itself conformable or contrary to nature, and, as he says, religious or sacrilegious.

M. Gleizès considers vegetation as the true nourishment which nature presents to all beings having consciousness of a distinct life, that is, to animals. The animal absorbing in himself the vegetable, that is its products, — this seems to him not only legitimate, but sublime; it is a real communion of the living being with the nature from which he emanates; it is more than that even; it is a mysterious and sacred elaboration of inferior elements; it is a way opened by Providence to nature to elevate itself incessantly in the regions of life. Those beings who live religiously, that is, those who find their nourishment in vegetables, have a perfect consciousness of their full harmony with the superior and the inferior term, with God and with nature. They alone can consider themselves as microcosms in which are reflected all the beauties of the universe. Their faces are a harmonious reunion of the most beautiful lines of all the forms of creation. Their most vivid delights have never been purchased at the cost of the slightest suffering; they do not feel their bosoms tormented by confused remorse mingled with incessant discomforts, as if life must be only a long agitation or a painful crisis. Calmness, which is the most distinctive characteristic of vegetable nature, has passed into their blood and also into their soul. All their sensations, all their feelings, all their ideas produce a gentle intoxication which exhales in prayers of gratitude and songs of joy!

The animal, on the contrary, who feeds upon the animal, represents no lon-

ger a communion, but a two-fold blasphemy, of him who gives death against him who has given life, and of the victim against his executioner; it is more, it is death which enters into life in order to cast into it the elements of rage and destruction. One would say that from a vengeance of the sacrificed being, his corpse is decomposed in the bosom of a living existence which is infected by it; an impure effervescence ascends even to the seat of thought and disturbs it by the most terrible vertigos and the most gloomy hallucinations. The normal state of the being disappears like a distant remembrance; in its place, a brutal fever, more or less furious, overthrows the sensibility and precipitates it to its disorganization. The whole of nature, to this being in open war against her, is an occasion of irritation and anger, a thirst which he increases in proportion to the efforts he makes to assuage it. His repose is only an exhaustion from which real calmness is banished, it is a sleep of the damned, during which imagination strives to run over the world of chimeras in order to invent new punishments. His physiognomy is bloodshot and crisped; it reflects the tempests of the soul and the convulsions of the body, and from his mouth exhale only curses and howls.

This, according to M. Gleizès, is the general consequence of the two diets for all beings without distinction. As to man, far from being an exception to this rule, he is, on the contrary, its most striking and most melancholy confirmation. Created by God to raise himself more and more towards him, with a consciousness of his merit, through the spheres of justice and happiness; charged with bringing nature as near as possible to its perfection and with seconding all beings in the accomplishment of their destiny; created, in a word, to be the providential intermediary between God and all that is not God, he has exploited his situation in the centre of creation against that very creation. He thought, in his mad pride, that the creation was made exclusively for him and in no manner for itself; and this reasoning, which he applied to nature as a whole, he also applied to every being in particular. This being, so proud of his mind, stupidly thought that the life of animals belonged to him, but still without asking himself upon what strange principle rested the right of such a property!

Nature shuddered with terror and seemed to communicate her fear to all her children; the king of creation was recognized as a vampire, who would spare only those whom he could not reach; *saute qui peut* became the order of the day until the chief should recover his reason, and the right of legitimate

defence was proclaimed in all its extent.

Man who had introduced disorder into the universe could not be inaccessible to it, disorder entered his heart as its natural abode; it had the key. Man had said to himself, for the unjust being cannot be consistent with himself: "I will consider pain and death as always necessary when my well being as I conceive it is brought in question; but at the same time that I profess a deep contempt for the life of all beings, I will proclaim human life inviolable and sacred." This might have been possible had God permitted it by clearly giving proof that he himself regarded, among all his creatures, but one alone, to which he would willingly sacrifice all the others. But who would allow himself to affirm so monstrous an opinion in God? No one, not even those who like to suggest it. It thence resulted that evil, a tree fruitful in its kind, soon bore all its fruits. What is true, in spite of all sophisms, is that man could not give death without making himself cruel, without becoming accustomed to the sight of blood, and that but a small effort was required, but the slightest occasion, to make him use his insensibility against his fellows. The complaints, the cries of anguish of all living beings are very similar, and all affect the heart that is not denaturalized. Blood is of the same color, it is very difficult to distinguish it. Suppose with this a little hatred, a rivalry, an opposition of interests, the least misunderstanding, and the distinction will entirely disappear. How can you avoid showing yourself at least as rigorous, as pitiless with respect to a man who has injured you, as with respect to a poor animal who has done you no harm. That fills up the distance, and instead of extending to nature the love he should bear in his heart towards all humanity, man extends to humanity the habits of murder and cruelty which he exercises towards animals.

M. Gleizès declares that between a carnivorous man and a cannibal there is only the distance of a prejudice.

Without going so far as cannibalism, man frequently causes to recoil upon himself all the rage with which his heart is devoured. Thus nature is abandoned to itself while man gives himself up to the murderous passions which he decorates with the most pompous and the most lying names. Or rather, nature does not cease to receive the influence of man; even should he fall into the extreme blindness and roll to the bottom of the abysses of evil, she is always and necessarily his echo and expression. Man nourishes his soul with wicked thoughts, with destructive feelings, and nature engenders those species of hideous

and mischievous beings who are the symbols, the outward signs of those thoughts and feelings. Then the vicious circle appears; man claims in his turn the right of legitimate defence against these animals in revolt against him; he says that he has indeed the right to kill that which prevents his living, and he starts from this point to legitimize all the barbarities suggested by his depraved imagination; but, according to M. Gleizès' expression, man has much less right to kill the most ferocious or the most hurtful animals than to prevent their birth.

In proportion as we learn better to observe natural facts, we discover certain salutary properties in those animals which man would willingly have considered as emanating from an evil intention in the creating power; we recognize that, with respect to the subversive medium whence they issue and in which they live, they fill certain functions without which that medium would be still more opposed to the conditions of general life. It is, in fact, the beings loaded with all our curses and all our hate, which accomplish the acts most important, most essential to the common safety. Without such a monster, the very name of which inspires fear, the form of which, like Medusa's head, petrifies with horror those who see it for an instant, without all those living abominations with which the earth seems infected, this earth would be no longer habitable, and the corrupted air would, long since, have suffocated our race. Those beings live upon what would have killed us.

Restore the earth to itself, let it become purified and fruitful as God intended it, as he has commanded us to make it,—on the instant the animal kingdom is transfigured, and those beings whose life is entirely relative to the state of subversion of which, by their existence, they diminish the effects, the monsters sink under the arms of Hercules, and reënter into nothingness like apparitions which darkness alone has called forth.

That which distinguishes M. Gleizès from all the moralists, with whom he otherwise seems to have some connection, is, he does not admit that the good actions of which man is capable must be the result of endless efforts. So long as man, to accomplish good, to practise justice, to establish order, in a word, to realize the ideal, shall be required to struggle against himself, against his inclinations, against all the motives which make him act spontaneously, the cause of good, of justice, of order, of the ideal, will not be definitively gained. The good will always be, at least so far as man is concerned, in the state of exception; the good man will be considered as an elect soul, that is, a rarity, almost a

phenomenon. "We become weary of exercising virtue," says father Rapin, "from the opposition it presents to our natural inclinations." This evidently is not the final end proposed by the regenerators. In the most evil days, honorable and glorious exceptions have manifested themselves, but those were none the less the most evil days in the life of humanity. The truly moral question does not consist in demanding good actions from a being who has become evil, and who accomplishes a real *tour de force* every time that he does good, but in regenerating the being, either, according as the history of the fall is admitted or rejected, by restoring him to his point of departure, to his celestial origin, to his primitive state; or by urging him towards the full accomplishment of his destiny by the complete development of all his powers; that is, and it is in fact the same thing, of all the virtues which God has implanted in him. Now, to M. Gleizès, the means of arriving at this normal and moralizing unfolding of the being, is to avoid, as the apple of Eden, that food which can only be obtained by death and suffering, that is murder and cruelty, injustice and sacrilege. His object has a striking analogy with that of all the socialists, who, in fact, far from abolishing morality, as they have been accused, because they war against the illusions of certain philosophers in that respect, elevate it on the contrary to a superior power, by seeking the means of restoring man to himself, to his true nature; that is, of rendering him good. Then good will not be obtained in a factitious manner, almost as when we require from a being what is not in conformity with his nature. No; good will be the natural product of his free activity, because all the movements of his soul and the appetites of his body will direct him towards good.

M. Gleizès expects this result from the means he proposes. Man in a state of grace in his own eyes, who can descend into his conscience without there hearing the echo of a wail, without there finding an avenger; man *disanimalized*, and consequently restored to all the nobleness of his essence, aspiring to the progress promised to him by his desire and his intentions, realizing always more completely the ideal which he fears within himself, and drawing after him in his ascension all the beings of which he has again become the visible God, like those planets which draw all their satellites in the systems of harmony;—this is the happiness which he promises to men when they have returned to their natural law, when they respect God in all that has life and movement.

M. Gleizès has cast a glance into the past, to see if he could not perceive some

precursors of the truth which he proclaims. He was a good man, he would have been pleased to have had a forerunner in the path. What has he found? he has discovered that the moiety, so to speak, of his idea, had been known and put in practise by different nations and different persons, but that those nations had practised it only under the influence of superstition, and those persons under the influence of pride, or at most, as a speculation of the mind. No one had thought of making it a duty and of applying to it the law of justice, which would have led to its discovery. The Hindoos dare not strike an animal, and they carry this fear so far as to deny the right of legitimate defence,—so far as to respect life in its most horrible and most baneful manifestations. But this is only because they see in those animals the fractional parts of anterior humanity, the forms which they are destined to inhabit in their turn. The philosophers of certain schools, among others the Pythagoreans, deny themselves the use of meats; but no principle of justice, no conception of general life governs this denial; they have merely recognized that meat materializes the mind,—that death takes hold upon life, so to speak, and as they adore the understanding, they proscribe all that could hinder its development. Finally, some religious souls take upon themselves to abstain, on certain consecrated days, from the use of meats, but they think they make herein a great sacrifice to God, and mortify themselves in a very meritorious manner. This seems to them so difficult that they cheat in the sacrifice and declare, no doubt in virtue of the axiom that there are compromises with heaven, that fish is not meat,—a very negative definition, since it remains to be known what it is.

Thus then: a gross superstition, a means of over-exciting the mind or of being agreeable to God, this is all that the past has seen of the idea in question: no one has ever imagined that it contained a principle of absolute justice, of rigorous duty; no one has seriously asked from what source man derived his right of life and death over the animals, and what consequences this usurpation must have over all his present life and future destiny.

If M. Gleizès exalts universal life in the animal kingdom, he does not in the least fail to recognize the greatness and relative superiority of the human race. He says:

"Man, who is a last result, and, so to speak, a being apart, cannot be put on the same line with animals, but he is bound to all nature as fruit is to the branches of the tree, and, through them, to the trunk and roots; and these con-

nections, more or less near, impose upon him obligations." "Goodness is the justice of man," he cries. But he adds immediately: "Man is not yet known, he is still to be born." Then, looking upon man in full subversion, he becomes gloomy, and the most desolating inspirations of depression come naturally to his mind. "Every time" says he, "that I have been among men, I have returned less of a man." "The earth watered with blood, can only produce something analogous." "You are a man, you say? If you were one, you would be at your post. Generosity, goodness, gentle pity would find you always ready. How is it that man has not understood that he is held in horror by nature, on seeing all beings fly at his approach? Does not nature herself recoil and withdraw to leave a miscreant alone?" "It is sad to think that there is no man upon the earth, the Hindoo excepted, whose death is not a benefit to nature."

As to the animals, whose official defender he has made himself, he is contented to declare, "that the animals have absolutely the same notions as men; only they have them in different degrees."

If M. Gleizès had wished to sanction his opinion by illustrious examples, he would have found them every where and in all time. Montaigne said, in speaking of men and animals, "It is one and the same nature which rolls on its course." The Jesuit Gaston Pardies said, in his reply to the Cartesians, "that if the beasts were pure machines, he who should make them play before us, would be only the *most skilful of jugglers*."

See what is his idea of life or rather of universal communion, and how the man is here perfectly represented as the priest of that communion: "Man is unhappy, and though it is solely from his fault, all the beings which surround him must share his destiny. Ah! what a vast and fruitful idea! the innocence of man is necessary to the happiness of nature!" And again: "There can be no harmony between man and superior beings when he violates it towards inferior beings. By that fact alone, man is rejected by nature and excluded from the presence of God!"

The vegetable kingdom, and let not this distinction, a fundamental one in M. Gleizès' mind, be forgotten, is created to embellish and support the life of all the beings which live upon the earth, while all that has life and movement is created for itself and not for another than itself. "Why do the fruits," he asks, "give us so much pleasure? Because God has created them for us. And the animals, when they take the place of fruits, why do they give so much pain? Because God has created them for themselves."

"The soul of nature," he says, "is composed of sounds, of perfumes, and of fruits; if we leave this circle, we are no longer sustained by her, and what a guide have we not lost!"

"The sun has his tree, the orange, which gives its fruit at the two solstices. The moon has also hers, the palm, which pushes a new branch at each renewal of that luminary. Ah! the nourishment of man is prepared with infinite care, each star sheds upon it the most salutary influences; this is, that the soul of man may be formed from that of all nature."

The author of "*Thalysie*" employs in turn, to deter man from the use of flesh, the most varied arguments. But he alternates especially from the feeling of our own true interest to the feeling of justice which we have in our conscience, or rather, which is our conscience itself. "Flesh kills what is good, and feeds what is evil; fruits, the contrary." "What! you enclose in your bosom a flesh that has suffered, and you are astonished that its product is pain!" "How can we admit feelings of an elevated nature in connection with the murder of animals?" "Animal food, in the cold countries, produces stupidity, in warm ones, ferocity. The intermediate countries participate in both."

The school of Pythagoras, like M. Gleizès, had indeed recognized that flesh poisons the mind, that is to say over-excites the inferior passions in man to the prejudice of his feelings, and especially of his understanding; but it was not given to that school to see, as to M. Gleizès, that "the further one is removed from animals by moral and spiritual qualities, the more injurious is the use of flesh," which is very logical. Neither had it remarked that: "Men have so much the more contempt for animals, and are so much the more cruel towards them, as they approach them nearer, that is, as they occupy a more inferior rank among beings of their kind," which is the complement of the same observation. Still less had Pythagoras and his disciples thought of admitting as an absolute truth, that all the maladies which afflict the human race have for their sole cause the diet contrary to nature which places death in life. Finally, M. Gleizès goes so far as to affirm that man, by living thus, contrary to the views of nature, ceases to be immortal, by his own fault. "It would be very singular," says he, "that immortality should be the result of a life made of blood and murder."

He elsewhere develops the same thought as follows:

"Man was born to live long length of days, not to leave the earth until he had known and weighed it; and if he does not know it, if he has not attained

the object for which he was there placed, how can he hope to leave it? Would not the least punishment which could result be that he must recommence his journey?"

In view of justice and eternal right, his doctrine is not less grave and severe, it is perhaps even more absolute. He says: "those who endeavor to prove that man, the first of creatures, is made to live by murder, must look at the question twice; for by proving this, they would prove that there is no God, a wicked God cannot be admitted." To this position he adds, as a corollary: "Flesh is atheistic, fruits contain the true religion: it is impossible to raise them to the mouth without thinking of God and his providence." And also this graceful and melancholy thought: "Without plants, the existence of the Divinity would remain uncertain; a simple violet tells us more of this than all the sayings of the moralists. O shame! it is man who inspires a doubt of God!" "The perfumes of plants contain the varying shades of thought, and it would be impossible not to recognize in them something peculiarly connected with human destiny."

"I defy all men who falsely assume the title of philosophers, to give a single good reason to justify the murder of animals; they will be reduced to speak of the great number, of that great number which they despise under all other circumstances."

He proposes to substitute for the proverb, *flesh makes flesh*, which seems to him as false as atrocious, this — *the flesh of beasts makes beasts*, which is entirely Pythagorean.

The phenomenon of decrepitude is thus explained by M. Gleizès: "The body survives the mind in the carnivorous; the mind survives the body in those who live on fruits. This is the perfect image of what takes place after death, or rather its approximation."

"The greater part of men find no difference between these two diets, (carnivorous and herbivorous,) yet there is one which it is impossible not to recognize, that which exists between a garden and a slaughter-house."

Still the supreme crime of the human race does not seem to him always equally execrable. "There are aggravating circumstances," he says; "the man who should kill a fly in winter would assuredly be a wicked man, and the jailor who crushed Pelisson's spider was a monster."

To utter all his thought respecting the mission of man upon the earth, he makes nature speak thus: "Is it I who created the marshes of Surinam, or is this indeed a circumstance foreign to me? and if, abusing the creative faculty which I have spread throughout the universe, corrup-

tion seizes upon it and brings forth hideous spiders, monstrous serpents and myriads of insects, containing each its drop of venom, is it my fault? Is it not rather thine, whom I created to be my auxiliary, to replace me in case of need, and whom I have endowed with all the intelligence necessary for this purpose? I ask you now, why have you not opened ways for the water, and given a free circulation to the air? Was this beyond your power?" "Let the American open his forests to the sun; let him give an exit to his stagnant waters, and all the reptiles, all the venomous insects will flow away with them." "Do you wish to cause to disappear the ferocity of the tiger and the lion? Extinguish the source of infection in the earth and the air, then rage will abandon them."

"I state this rule as certain," says he, "whatever the eye of man sees, his hand can sooner or later attain, without excluding that which his eye does not see."

We could make a book with our quotations. But we have said enough to display the system and also the man who conceived it. The most delicate part of our task remains; that is, to form a conclusion respecting the fundamental idea of *Thalysie*. Our sympathizing analysis must have caused the reader to perceive this, but nevertheless we think it necessary to declare formally that the thought of M. Gleizès appears to us, in principle, *absolutely true*. We believe M. Gleizès has in no way been deceived in the portion of truth given him to discover. Yes, we say, as does the author of *Thalysie*, that man should not be the executioner of nature, and that he has wrongly interpreted the laws of life in turning creation from its natural end in order artificially to increase his individual power. We believe that he has condemned himself to live under the influence of his lowest instincts, by practising life without the conditions of justice and love, and we do not deny that he may have developed in himself the germs of all the subversions by inoculating himself with the vicious infections which are disengaged in the decomposition of bodies; by placing, as M. Gleizès says so well, death in life, by means of sacrilegious food. Nothing of all this seems to us too improbable, and if our mind is not fully convinced, our conscience at least adheres without reservation, and our heart is impassioned for this ideal. But has not the question several aspects under which it can be viewed, and, because we adopt the conclusions of a reasoning, is it necessary to adopt that reasoning in all its extent and such as it is presented? Let us explain. M. Gleizès has not been satisfied with assigning a final object to the human

race, which it would attain under certain conditions; he has gone further, and thus, in our opinion, has doubly erred. First, he has imagined that man, in times more or less fabulous, lived a life entirely *Thalysian*, then, that from mere gaiety of heart he made himself a persecutor of the world and poisoned both his soul and his body in a fanaticism of pride, in an attack of satanic love for pure evil.

Now we are far from denying the fall in the metaphysical history of humanity. Every thing attests it; the vague reminiscences of our souls and its wonderful presentiments, the inward feeling of our greatness and of our weakness, which Pascal has so well expressed. Soon the serious thinker will deny the fall; but we must understand it clearly, and we think that the accounts given by the religious traditions, even those most consecrated, are not sufficient for an absolute explanation.

The religions of the past, even when they have been emancipating, have considered the development of man under the form of expiation; they would not have dared to recognize that the fall itself was providential, so far as it was the natural and absolute condition of the creation of conscience and liberty in man. With regard to the primitive ages of humanity, we can speak of its innocence but not of its virtue, that is, of its merit. There is, between these two expressions, the distance which separates the starting point from the final object. It is therefore very possible, from the point of view which we barely indicate in passing, that man may have been *Thalysian* at some time of his life, at that social sphere described by Fourier under the name of Eden, when nature was in the first development of its splendor and when life in the bosom of that nature was but a confused ecstasy. But when the creation made man, who expected every thing from it, feeling that, on the contrary, it expected every thing from him, then he had in his soul a feeling of deep and sad surprise, his first initiation into a distinct life. Then he divined, he understood, that he had something to do, a mission to fulfil, but without suspecting what it was, what that mission might be. It was first necessary that he should turn inwards to seek and know himself, and this first study required so many ages that their period has not yet passed! Man searches, examines, questions himself still, and, before knowing himself and tracing exactly the limits of his domain, we know what monstrous aberrations have taken possession of his mind and of what errors he is still the victim. He must therefore have ceased to be *Thalysian* as he ceased to be *Harmonian*, he has advanced without knowing the

path he had to go through and the powers which were given him to clear it, thence, all his wanderings, all his weaknesses, and also all his despairs and sufferings! This was inevitable, and it is because we consider the fall as inevitable that we also consider humanitarian life, which is its consequence, as much and more a development than an expiation.

The second error of M. Gleizès flows from the first. To him, goodness in man is the strength and supreme virtue by which he resembles God. This is beautiful and true at the same time; it is also our deep and inward conviction. But the goodness of a being is developed in proportion to the development of his life. If inferior beings are not good, it is not because they prefer wickedness to goodness; this, in them, has no meaning; their manner of being results from their essence and not from a free choice. Now, man tends since his creation, to *disanimalize* himself, and this freeing from the inferior elements of his life has the effect to create in him conscience, that is to render it more delicate and clear-sighted. An act which a man of ancient times looked upon as a light, the modern man views as a disgrace and an infamy. That which an ignorant man does without shame makes a man of any education blush; why this difference? — Because conscience is enlightened, the eye of the spirit acquires strength and sees things before invisible to it. The human soul, that flower of heaven, attains at last its complete expansion; man attains only progressively the possession of his free will.

This is the point which we wished to reach. The reign of man over nature will be the reign of goodness itself, when all his destiny is accomplished; but this successive accomplishment is in a direct ratio with the progress of his development. The proverb, of which so fatal a use is made, *well understood charity begins at home*, may have a profound meaning. It may mean that, in its emancipating mission, humanity can do nothing before being itself emancipated. Its miseries, in fact, paralyze its efforts and consequently its power, and we must ask of it immediately only what it has itself attained. M. Gleizès wished the enfranchisement of animal nature; he proposed in some manner, that every living being should have the right of citizenship, in the measure of God's views respecting him, among all his brothers of creation; this is well, this is the ideal, this the future! who knows if M. Gleizès has himself attained the limits? The animal has awakened all the tenderness of his soul; but is the animal all creation? Are we well acquainted with all the transfigurations of the principle of life?

Do we even know this nature which has been confided to us? Not the least in the world. What is most evident, what floats on the surface, — this is all we know of it, and do we know this well? Still, in these secrets of nature, which are yet mysteries for our inward development, are written the last obligations of our intelligence! The king of creation not only does not know all his attributes and privileges, but he does not even know his nature.

In this state of things, what can man do except measure his enterprises by his knowledge? He must begin at the beginning in the accomplishment of the great work, and here lies M. Gleizès's error: he has taken a branch of the great labor of redemption for redemption itself, and he has wished that, laying aside all other work, humanity should proceed in the manner he pointed out. He died in disappointment. He will have his turn, we doubt not. The man of the future, the man of full harmony will be *Thalysian*. But at this day *Thalysia* is anticipated intuition; providential, doubtless, since it early acquaints us with one of the labors reserved to us, but without immediate practical value, because the instrument of the proposed work itself requires to be remodelled and retempered.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,*

SEQUEL TO

CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XXXIX.

In the first moments, Consuelo, passing from a hall in which shone the brightness of a hundred torches into a place lighted only by the flame of her little lamp, could distinguish nothing but a luminous mist diffused about her, which her sight could not penetrate. But by degrees her eyes became accustomed to the obscurity, and as she saw nothing frightful between herself and the walls of a hall exactly similar in its extent and octagon form to that which she had just left, she was sufficiently reassured to go and examine closely the strange characters which she perceived upon the walls. It was a single long inscription disposed in several circular lines which extended round the hall and was not interrupted by any opening. On making this observation, Consuelo did not ask herself how she was to get out of this dungeon, but what could have been the use of such a construction. Ominous ideas, which she at first rejected, pre-

* 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.

sented themselves to her mind ; but those ideas were soon confirmed by the inscription, which she read walking slowly and holding her lamp on a level with the characters.

"Contemplate the beauty of these walls seated upon the rock, twenty-four feet thick and erected a thousand years since, and which neither the assaults of war, the action of time, nor the efforts of workmen have been able to injure! This master-piece of architectural masonry was raised by the hands of slaves, doubtless to contain the treasures of a magnificent master! Yes! to enclose in the entrails of the rock, in the depths of the earth, treasures of hatred and of vengeance. Here have perished, here have suffered, here have wept, groaned and blasphemed, twenty generations of men, the greater part innocent, some heroic, all victims or martyrs; prisoners of war, serfs who had revolted or who were too much crushed by taxes to pay new ones, religious innovators, sublime heretics, the unfortunate, the conquered, fanatics, saints, wicked men also, men educated to the ferocity of battle-fields, to the law of murder and pillage, subjected in their turn to a horrible retribution. These are the catacombs of feudalism, of military or religious despotism. These are the dwellings which powerful men caused to be constructed for enslaved men, to stifle the cries and hide the bodies of their overpowered and enchained brothers. Here there is no air to breathe, not a ray of daylight, not a stone on which to rest the head, only rings of iron fastened to the wall through which to pass the end of the prisoner's chain, and to prevent his choosing a place for repose on the damp and chilly soil. Here there was air, light, food, only when it pleased the guards posted in the hall above to open the cavern for an instant, and to throw a morsel of bread to hundreds of unfortunates heaped upon each other the day after a battle, wounded or bruised for the most part; and, still more horrible! sometimes to a single one, remaining the last and dying in suffering and despair in the midst of the putrefied corpses of his companions, sometimes eaten by the same worms before being entirely dead, and falling into putrefaction himself before the feeling of life and the horror of reflection were extinguished in his brain. This, O neophyte, is the source of that human greatness which you have perhaps contemplated with admiration and jealousy in the world of the powerful! fleshless skulls, broken and dried human bones, tears, stains of blood, such is the meaning of the emblems on your coat of arms, if your fathers have bequeathed to you the lot of the patriciate; this is what should be represented

on the shields of the princes whom you serve, or whom you aspire to serve, if you have issued from the people. Yes, this is the foundation of the titles of nobility, this the source of the hereditary glory and riches of the world: this the manner in which was raised and maintained a caste which the other castes still fear, flatter and caress. This, this is what men invented to raise themselves from father to son above other men."

Having read this inscription by making the circuit of the goal three times, Consuelo, overpowered by grief and terror, placed her lamp upon the ground, and bent upon her knees to rest. A profound silence reigned in that gloomy palace, and horrible reflections were awakened in crowds. Consuelo's vivid imagination invoked sombre visions about her. She thought she saw livid shadows covered with hideous wounds move around the walls or crawl upon the ground by her side. She thought she heard their lamentable groans, their death rattles, their feeble sighs, the clanking of their chains. She resuscitated in her thought the life of the past, such as it must have been recently in the religious wars. She thought she heard above her, in the hall of the guards, the heavy and ominous step of those iron-shod men, the resounding of their pikes upon the pavement, their brutal laughs, their wassail songs, their threats and their oaths when the complaints of the victims ascended to them and interrupted their horrible slumbers; for they had slept, those gaolers, they must, they could have slept over that infected abyss, whence exhaled the miasmas of the tomb and the bellows of hell. Pale, her eyes fixed and her hair stiffened with horror, Consuelo saw and heard nothing more. When she recovered sensation of her own existence and rose to escape the cold that was stealing over her, she perceived that a stone of the pavement had been raised and thrown over during her painful ecstasy, and that a new path was open before her. She approached and saw a narrow and steep staircase, which she descended with difficulty, and which led her into another cavern, more confined and more flattened than the first. When she touched the ground, which was soft and as if yielding to the foot, Consuelo lowered her lamp to see if she did not sink in the mud. She saw only a grayish dust, finer than the finest sand, and showing here and there, as accidents, like flint stones, the head of a thigh-bone, the remains of a skull, a jaw still furnished with white and solid teeth, testimonials of youth and strength suddenly broken by a violent death. Some skeletons, almost entire, had been taken out of this dust and raised against the walls.

There was one perfectly preserved, erect and chained by the middle of the body, as if he had been condemned to perish there without the power of lying down. His body, instead of bowing and falling forward, bent and dislocated, was stiffened, hardened in the joints, and thrown back in an attitude of superb boldness and implacable disdain. The ligaments of his frame and members were ossified. His head, upturned, seemed to look at the vaulted ceiling, and his teeth, closed by a last contraction of the jaws, appeared to laugh with a terrible laugh, or a transport of sublime fanaticism. Above him, his name and history were written in large red characters upon the wall. He was an obscure martyr of religious persecution, and the last of the victims immolated in that place. At his feet knelt a skeleton, whose head, detached from the vertebrae, lay upon the pavement, but whose stiffened arms still held the knees of the martyr; it was his wife. Among other details, the inscription here:

"N . . . perished here with his wife, his three brothers, and his two children, for not having been willing to abjure the Lutheran faith, and for having persisted, even under tortures, in denying the infallibility of the Pope. He died erect and dried up, in some manner petrified, and without being able to look at his family dying at his feet on the ashes of his friends and his forefathers."

Opposite this inscription was read the following: "Neophyte, the friable soil you tread is twenty feet deep. It is not sand, it is not earth, it is human dust. This place was the ossuary of the chateau. It was here they threw those who had expired in the gaol above, when there was no longer room for new-comers. These are the ashes of twenty generations of victims. Happy and rare the patricians who can count among their ancestors twenty generations of assassins and executioners."

Consuelo was less horrified at the sight of these funeral objects than she had been in the gaol by the suggestions of her own mind. There is something too grave and too solemn in the aspect of death itself to permit the weakness of fear and the heart-rendings of pity to obscure the enthusiasm or the serenity of strong and believing minds. In the presence of these relics, the noble adept of the religion of Albert felt more respect and charity than terror or dismay. She knelt before the remains of the martyr, and feeling her moral strength return, cried as she kissed that fleshless hand:

"O! it is not the august spectacle of destruction that can occasion horror or pity! it is rather the idea of life struggling with the torments of agony. It is

the thought of what must have passed in those desolate souls, which fills with bitterness and with terror the thoughts of the living! But thou, unhappy victim, dying erect, with thy head turned towards heaven, thou art not to be pitied, for thou didst not faint, and thy soul was breathed out in a transport of fervor which fills me with veneration."

Consuelo rose slowly, and with a kind of calmness detached her bridal veil, which had caught upon the bones of the woman kneeling by her side. A narrow and low door had opened before her. She resumed her lamp, and careful not to look back, she entered a narrow and dark passage which descended with a rapid slope. On her right and left she saw the entrances of cells smothered under the mass of an architecture truly sepulchral. Those dungeons were too low for a man to stand erect in, and hardly long enough for one to lie down. They seemed the work of the Cyclops, so strongly were they built and arranged in the masses of masonry, as if to serve as dens for savage and dangerous animals. But Consuelo could not be deceived. She had seen the arenas of Verona; she knew that the tigers and bears formerly kept for the amusement of the circus, for the combats of gladiators, were a thousand times better lodged. Besides, she read upon the iron doors that these impregnable dungeons had been reserved for conquered princes, for valiant captains, for the most important prisoners, the most feared on account of their rank, their intelligence, or their energy. Such formidable precautions against their escape testified the love or the respect with which they had inspired their partisans. This was the place in which had been silenced the roaring of those lions who had made the world shudder at their cry. Their power and their will had been broken against an angle of the wall; their herculean chests had dried up in panting for a little breath of air, by the side of an imperceptible opening cut angling in twenty-four feet of stone. Their eagle eye had been worn out in seeking a feeble light in eternal darkness. It was there were buried alive those men whom their enemies feared to kill in broad day light. Illustrious heads, magnanimous hearts had there expiated the exercise and, doubtless also, the abuse of power.

After having wandered some time in those dark and damp galleries which buried themselves under the rock, Consuelo heard a noise of running water, which recalled to her the fearful torrent of Riesen-burg; but she was too much engrossed by the misfortunes and the crimes of humanity to think long of herself. She was compelled to stop a while in order to make the circuit of a well on a level

with the surface, which was lighted by a torch. Beneath the torch she read upon a post these few words which required no comment:

"There they drowned them!"

Consuelo leaned forward to look inside of the well. The water of the stream, which she had navigated so peacefully an hour before, was engulfed here at a frightful depth, and whirled roaring, as if greedy to seize and drag away a victim. The red light of the pitchy torch gave to those frightful waves the color of blood.

At last Consuelo arrived before a massive door which she tried in vain to move. She asked herself if, as in the initiations of the pyramids of Egypt, she was to be raised in the air by invisible chains while a gulf opened beneath her feet and a sudden and violent gust of wind extinguished her lamp. Another fear agitated her still more seriously: since she entered the gallery she had perceived that she was not alone; some one followed her so lightly that she could not hear the least noise of steps; but she thought she had distinguished the rustling of a garment beside her own, and when she had passed the well, the light of the torch, then behind her, had thrown upon the side of the wall she followed two moving shadows instead of one.

What was then this fearful companion whom she was forbidden to look at, under penalty of losing the fruit of all her labors and of never crossing the threshold of the temple? Was it some frightful spectre, the ugliness of which would chill her courage and disturb her reason? She no longer saw his shadow, but she imagined she heard the noise of his breathing quite near to her; and that fatal door which would not open! The two or three minutes which passed in this expectation appeared to her an age. That mute acolyte frightened her; she feared that he might wish to try her by speaking to her, while he compelled her, by some trick, to look at him. Her heart beat with violence; at last she saw that there was an inscription over the door for her to read:

"Here the last trial awaits thee, and it is the most cruel. If thy courage fail thee, strike two blows upon the left fold of this door; if not, strike three upon the right. Remember that the glory of the initiation will be proportionate to thy efforts."

Consuelo did not hesitate, and knocked thrice on the right. The fold of the door opened as of itself, and she entered a vast hall lighted by numerous torches. There was no person in it, and at first she could not understand the strange objects symmetrically arranged in lines around her. They were machines of wood, of iron and brass, the use of which

was unknown to her; curious weapons, displayed upon tables or suspended from the walls. For an instant she thought herself in a museum of artillery; for there were in fact muskets, cannon, culverines, and a whole apparatus of warlike machines serving as a foundation for other instruments. There were collected all the means of destruction invented by men to immolate each other. But when the neophyte had advanced a few steps through this arsenal she saw other articles of a more refined barbarism, wooden horses, wheels, saws, melting-tubs, pulleys, hooks, a whole museum of instruments of torture; and upon a large inscription raised in the midst and surmounting a trophy formed of masses of pincers, scissors, files, toothed hatchets and all the abominable utensils of the tormentor, she read:

"They are all very precious, all authentic; *they have all been used.*"

Then Consuelo felt a faintness in her whole being. A cold sweat bathed the tresses of her hair. Her heart no longer beat. Incapable of withdrawing from the horror of this spectacle and from the direful visions which assailed her in crowds, she examined what was before her with that stupid and fatal curiosity which seizes upon us in an excess of horror. Instead of closing her eyes, she contemplated a kind of bell of bronze which had a monstrous head and a round casque placed upon a misshapen body, without legs, and cut off at the level of the knees. It resembled a colossal statue of rough workmanship, intended to ornament a tomb. Little by little, Consuelo, issuing from her torpor, understood by an involuntary intuition that the sufferer was placed bent under this bell. The weight was so terrible that by no human effort could he possibly raise it. The interior dimension was so exact that he could not move. Still it was not with the design of smothering him that he was there placed, for the visor of the helmet lowered in the place of the face, and all the parts surrounding the head, were pierced with little holes, in some of which still remained sharpened stiletos. By means of these cruel stings the victim was tormented, in order to force from him an avowal of his real or imaginary crime, the betrayal of his relatives or friends, the confession of his political or religious faith.* Upon the upper part of the helmet, in letters cut in the metal, were these words in the Spanish language:

* Any one may see an instrument of this kind, with a hundred others not less ingenious, in the arsenals of Venice; Consuelo had not seen it there: those horrible instruments of torture, as well as the sight of the cells of the Holy-office and of the Leads of the ducal palace were not opened to the examination of the world until after the entrance of the French into Venice, during the wars of the republic.

"Long live the holy inquisition!"

And below, a prayer which seemed dictated by a ferocious compassion, but which perhaps came from the hand and heart of the poor workman condemned to fabricate this infamous machine:

"Holy mother of God pray for the poor sinner!"

A lock of hair, torn away in the torments and doubtless glued with blood, had remained under this prayer as a frightful and indelible stigma. It issued from one of the holes enlarged by the stiletto. They were white hairs!

Suddenly Consuelo saw no more and ceased to suffer. Without being warned by any feeling of physical pain, for her soul and body existed no longer but in the body and soul of violated and mutilated humanity, she fell straight and stiff upon the pavement, like a statue detached from its pedestal; but at the moment when her head was about to strike the bronze of the infernal machine, she was received in the arms of a man whom she did not see. It was Liverani.

To be Continued.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

[From the French of JEAN JOURNET.]

To pray, oh listen! for I speak the word of God!
Is to enrich and cultivate the sterile earth;
It is to dry the marsh, and from its sickly sod

To call the garden's blooming verdure into birth;

With spreading trees the mountains' rugged heights to dress,

Arrest with solid dykes the waves' destructive might,

With stately aqueducts the thirsting towns to bless,

And for the Laborer win noble Labor's right!

To pray is to unveil God's mysteries sublime,
It is to measure space, and weigh the flaming sun;

To pray is to avoid the errors of our time,
And, loving Justice, strive until her cause be won!

To pray's to look imposture sternly in the face,
Unmask hypocrisy, and banish crime and shame;

To pray's to hear the voice of Nature and to trace

Her wondrous hidden laws, her blessings to proclaim.

Why is it, answer why, an all-wise Providence
Our race with cunning hands laborious hath supplied?

Wherefore from Him have we received Intelligence,

Indomitable mind, and brow of lofty pride?

It is that labor should with plenty fill the earth;
It is that pleasure should the laborer repay;

It is that Reason unto Wisdom should give birth,

That Liberty to Happiness should guide the way!

The above is the concluding part of a hymn by JEAN JOURNET, an apostle of Social Reform, who goes travelling through France, a knapsack on his back, stopping in the city and hamlet to rouse

up his fellow men to the great work of reform which this age has undertaken, and which it has to perform. When he finds no proper hall to lecture in, he addresses the people in the *cafés* so universal in France, prefixing his discourse with some poetic effusion, of which the piece here given is a specimen.

The reading of it has called up in our mind a train of thought which we will jot down for the benefit of those who may be interested in the subject.

We Americans are essentially a praying people: we pray in doors and out of doors, in churches built on the solid earth, and in churches floating on the water; we pray on the highways and byways, on the docks and the steamboats, under the shady grove, on the battle-ground, and on ship board; we pray in the halls of Congress and our State Legislatures; we pray at social gatherings of various kinds, at meal times and bed time; we pray at marriages, and baptisms, and burials, and revivals, and missionary meetings,—in short, we pray so much and in so many ways that we ought to understand thoroughly the "philosophy of prayer," and the true scientific principles upon which it is based. Besides, as the lips and the tongue have to do all the work, we think that some other part of the human frame should take their part and relieve those worthy organs at times of a portion of their labors. This is another reason which induces us to take up this subject, and as we are pioneers, no doubt we shall commit many errors; it is the fate of all those who tread a new path, but as some one must begin, we do so.

What is prayer? What are its modes of exercise? What should it be?

In the opinion of the world, prayer is the offering up of an address by the lips to the Ruler of the Universe on one day of the week, and by a few persons on some other occasion. In this kind of prayer, God is commonly thanked for his favors or praised in the abstract. Thus, as the world goes, there is but one kind of prayer known—that performed by the lips, and emanating from the emotions of the heart, either sincerely or hypocritically expressed.

But is this—the prayer of the heart—the only kind of prayer possible? By no means. Man can and should pray through his whole being, and in all the modes of his action and existence, and thus consecrate himself fully to God in his whole life. If we analyze man's nature for the purpose of ascertaining the different modes of his being, we shall find that it is three-fold—material, moral, and intellectual, or that it is a whole made up of a material element, a moral element and an intellectual element. These three elements are represented in common language by the Hands, the Heart and the Head. The five senses are the life-principle that corresponds to the hands, the social affections to the heart, and the intellectual faculties to the head.

Now Man can pray in a three-fold manner, and through each and all of these three constituent elements. The whole of man's nature is divine when properly developed and rightly directed, (as it is satanic when falsely developed and misdirected), and he can serve God and the neighbor—the whole human family—through all these mediums. He can pray with his hands by the execution

of useful works, which shall beautify the earth, and spread abundance far and wide; he can pray with the heart by developing and cultivating in it all the powers of goodness, justice and benevolence, implanted in it, and by elevating himself in so doing to unity with God: and he can pray with his intellect, by seeking for and discovering God's laws of universal order and harmony, and applying them to the regulation of all things on this earth—to the works of his hands or his industrial life, and to the works of his heart or his social life, and by establishing perfect justice on the earth, making it a reflex of the kingdom of heaven.

Let us look into these modes of prayer a little more closely; and let us say, to strengthen our position, that when Man does the Will of God, he prays; and he does that Will when he fulfils his Destiny, that is, the work assigned him on this earth by the Creator. Man's Destiny can only be fulfilled by the true and full exercise of all the powers given to him,—the powers of the hand the heart and the head,—and this confirms our position, that Man can pray with the hands, the heart and the head.

Man does God's Will, we said, when he fulfils his Destiny on earth, and it is only in fulfilling it that he offers up the all-comprehensive and the full prayer that he owes to God, to Nature, and to himself. And now, to understand this subject better, we are led to ask:—What is the Destiny of Man? and thus, from the simple inquiry, what is Prayer, we are led to an analysis of man's nature and to a study of his Destiny—of the grand Work which Providence has assigned to Mankind collectively on this planet.

Man has a three-fold Destiny to fulfil,—a material or industrial, a moral or social, and an intellectual or scientific,—corresponding to the three great elements of his nature. An analysis of the three classes of faculties with which man is endowed, and which constitute those elements—the sensuous, the moral, and the intellectual—reveal his three-fold Destiny, for they all point to it invariably; as a knowledge of his Destiny, on the other hand, indicates the faculties and moral powers with which he is endowed.

Let us glance briefly at each of these destinies, and see how man fulfils God's will in accomplishing them, and thus truly prays, or, we may say, truly worships, and consecrates his whole life and being, and not the heart alone as at present, or, as is but too often the case, the lips merely, to God's work.

The first branch of human Destiny is to OVERSEE the Earth and the kingdoms of Nature upon it. Man must cultivate and embellish it, and extend fertility, beauty and material harmony over the whole of the noble domain confided to his care—to him the vicegerent of the Creator upon this Globe. He is the *Reason of Nature*, and as such he must establish order amidst all those forces upon it, which are without intelligence; and he must regulate the animal world in its life and development, which has instinct only to guide itself individually and not reason to do so collectively. He is also the mediator between the material world and God, and as such, he must bring that world into harmony with the laws of Divine order, and thus aid, as far as this planet is concerned, in establish-

ing unity between the material universe and its Creator.

This is what we may call the material or industrial Destiny of Man, because it involves a vast material work, which is to be accomplished by his Industry—by the labor of his hands. When Man cultivates and embellishes the earth universally, and offers up a planet full of abundance, beauty and harmony,—first to carry out the designs of the Creator, who must desire this material order and beauty in every part and at every point of his universe, and second to bless mankind by placing them in possession of a magnificent terrestrial abode; when man does this, he does a good and noble work, a sacred work; he prays with his hands; he does God's will.

Mankind now pray not in this way: they pray but with their lips; and the earth from their neglect is all covered with pestilential swamps and marshes, with arid steppes, with burning deserts, with undiked streams, with wild and impenetrable forests, and its soil is blackened with ruins and soaked with human gore. Man is the ravager, the scourger of the earth and the creations upon it ten times more than the benefactor; he is in general either a miserable idler, neglecting his work, or a demon of devastation, destroying what has been done. A few green spots, scattered here and there on its surface, attest what man could do, if he devoted himself and his powers rightly. For this violation of God's will, for this practical infidelity on a gigantic scale if we may call it such, he is cursed by Nature with earthquakes and eruptions, by tornadoes, storms and blighting frosts, by the plague and the cholera, by wasting consumption and a hundred other diseases brought artificially upon himself. These commotions of nature would be pacified, and these maladies extirpated if a perfect cultivation extended over the whole earth, and all nature were brought into a state of order;—and this could be done if man would but pray nobly with his hands, pray with them as he has blasphemed with them in those gigantic and devastating wars, waged uselessly since the birth of philosophy and the sciences, which could and should have put mankind on the track of their true Destiny.

"To labor is to pray," said the good monks of old, and they went to work and reclaimed the waste places, drained the marshes, cleared the forests and transformed them into smiling fields, and set a noble example to the half barbarous, and the warring and brutal population of their times. Was not their work truly prayer! and as valuable as pater-nosters said with never so much sincerity by the lips! Yes, indeed, and Mankind will offer up to God a holy and most acceptable prayer when they shall fulfil truly their Destiny of Overseer of the Globe, and by the labor of their hands, make of the earth a joyful abode for generations to come, teeming with plenty and universal beauty, a platform for the development of a moral life of purity and grandeur, an altar on which will be enacted the one great religious rite, the fulfilment by Humanity of its divine Destiny.—*Chronotype.*

To be Continued.

He who sheds his brother's blood, is cursed on earth, and cursed in heaven.

REVIEW.

Jacques. By GEORGE SAND, Author of "Consuelo," "La Comtesse De Rudolstadt," &c. &c. Translated from the French, by ANNA BLACKWELL. In Two Volumes. pp. 178, 173. New York: J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall. 1847. (Sold by Redding and Co., 8 State Street, Boston.)

We have here a faithful, natural and spirited translation of another remarkable production of an earnest and a gifted woman; of one who has, not always perhaps with the best taste or in the pure beauty of holiness, but yet with real heroism and high purpose, sacrificed reputation to truth, and loved mankind too well to court its transient applause. The works of Madam GEORGE SAND will be read, in spite of their faults, which are by no means the ordinary allowance of dross to so much pure ore, and in spite of the denunciations of a hypocritical and moralistic press, and the commercial Christianity, which cares not how rotten the core, so it may only save the decency of life. They will be read in spite of these things, because they are in earnest, because they look facts in the face, because they descend into the real history of human hearts, and agitate those problems most which really cause the most uneasiness in every human home and every human bosom,—the every-day veiled tragedy of honest, yes, of heaven-implanted passions changed to bosom-friends by the mis-shapen mould of these false social institutions, inherited from times of blood and barbarism. The "new wine" of Christianity is still in the "old bottles;" and consequently every civilized roof grows mouldy over a dull, creeping, life-long tragedy.

Madam Sand has had much to contend with in herself, no doubt: for that, society should have been the more her friend; but instead of that she has had still more to contend with in society. Being an earnest, generous, strong, true woman, as well as one in whom large passions struggle for full sphere with God's approval, she has been fitly raised up to become the voice and advocate of every heart that weakly wears, or bravely, impotently frets against the chains of civilized duplicity and tyranny, which perpetrate their worst and systematic outrage in the sphere of the holiest and privatest of the affections, the sphere of Love and Family—the sphere on whose inviolate sanctity and purity and freedom depends, as on a central heart, the whole health and vitality of the great social body; and without true happiness in which, each isolated soul is robbed of what God meant should be its private and familiar microcosmic type and mirror of the kingdom of Heaven, wherein man is one with

God. This sphere, we say, is outraged, not simply by the depravity of individuals, but far more by the very iron frame-work of our Civilization, in which the holiest of impulses, in the sincerest quest of harmony and heaven, are turned back upon themselves and compelled to act as devils with a fierceness in exact proportion to their native energy of goodness. We need not stop to prove this: all men and all women know it, in proportion as there is anything good and earnest in them to provoke the evil Fate. And we honor the generous-minded woman,—we can pledge to her God's pardon for a thousand peccadillos and errors of the moment, who nobly braves and lovingly sees through the shallow scorn of her mis-educated age, while she proclaims and in every way exposes and drives home to every conscience this great social wrong, which it was the necessity of our age to see, and which it is the mission of our age to right as soon as it shall have learned to understand that radical cure whose secret has already passed into man's keeping:—and depend upon it, the pupil will make rapid progress in a lesson which it sees so intimately concerns its own most vital interests!

In "Jacques," as in most of her novels (Consuelo is in truth the sole exception) there are, as we must think, great faults: but it is also full of beauties, full of truths, full of experience too deep to be buried for anything a conventional and heartless world may say; and it has a power of fastening on the serious mind which no book could have, unless it promised light, or sympathy at least, where these are both most needed. It is not of course a book for every one; but it will find out those who are prepared for it.

Its chief fault as a story, is that it is altogether on a monotone; it rings the changes upon just one passion, within just one circle, and shuts out all the rest of life's doings. It is a perplexed love-history of three and partially of four persons; a most sad tragedy in sooth—sad and full of tantalizing spring flowers and roseate clouds of hope inwoven, like the great book of history;—a morbidly self-conscious life, with mirrors set up round it shutting out all evidence that meanwhile the great world goes on with any counterbalancing, absorbing or restoring forces. It is a story without event, without variety; a mere record of the play of feelings, involving themselves in the inevitable meshes of false relations, and always laying themselves bare, where nature hides, and where art too should hide at the same time that it indicates. The contrivance by which all this is brought out for the reader is most unnatural, and destroys the possibility of any life-like evolution of the story as a true artistic

growth. The three actors have their three confidants, or mirrors. In a series of letters, each confides to a friend his own or her own most intimate and naked life from day to day. This gives the thing a brightness, but a glaring, painful, raw-flesh sort of coloring, from which we like to turn away, except we take in it a surgical interest.

As a work of art, Jacques is not to be mentioned with Consuelo. It has nothing of that calm deep beauty, and composite charm, as a whole; nor has it any character which approaches the sublime spiritual beauty, or the genius of Consuelo. Indeed all the characters here are unreal; they do not seem exactly to be persons; they stand in prominent relief; but far more so than economical nature ever would afford in the case of their real prototypes, provided that such could exist. There is more truth in Sylvia than in the rest; and there is something of a fallen Saturn's, or a Richard III.'s grandeur in the last grief of broken-hearted Jacques. But it is in passages and situations only.

As to the *morale* of the story, we know it means no wrong; that its whole aim is pure. It exposes the inevitable tendency of our social system to *produce* those false relations in the sphere of Love which it condemns as vices; and proves that love cannot be true, and home cannot be virtuous, except by killing life and love, in such a false and selfish system; though it hints not at the remedy. We think there are some violations of delicacy, some things hasty and imprudent in it, and that it was written when indignant impulse, too preoccupied with the assertion of its freedom, had not been tempered and subdued, and as it were arched over by the soft sky of piety and love that trusts in spite of all things, and accepts the Providence in all. But to repeat this charge of immorality would be to identify ourselves with the most unprincipled and unbelieving oracles and organs of the day: for from such especially the charge proceeds. Take, for instance, the ferocious attack upon this book a few days since in the Boston Morning Post; a paper expressly and unblushingly devoted just now to the very worst of immorality; which expends its warmest eloquence, its most artful sophistry, day after day, to persuade a serious, an enlightened, and a would-be Christian people to imbrue its hands in a most guilty War; which is straining every nerve to put back civilization and all peaceful progress and bring back a reign of violence and blood:—and all that desperate selfishness may stand a better chance against the slowly rising barriers of an ever purer and more philanthropic public opinion, and that bad men, who

have great ambition, may get a chance to reign without first becoming good men. While sanctimoniously denouncing what it calls an immoral publication, it pursues no other business at this present but the attempt to involve a whole nation in what is infinitely the most demoralizing of all influences, War. While professing such a squeamish fear for the sanctity of domestic life, it is letting loose the brutal lusts of hireling armies in the homes of those it pleases to call "our enemies," and summoning the young by thousands to a sort of life and training which destroys all honor, purity and delicacy of character:—and what is the "Patriotism" worth that sets itself up in opposition to these? which loves the blood and treasure of its enemies better than the peace and virtue of that "Country" which it dishonors by its foul-mouthed shouts? Is War a friend to virtue and domestic purity? Will War make marriage ties more sacred, youthful impulses more chaste, and stop the sale of the lascivious and corrupting books of which the Post feels such a holy horror, that, let the subject but be broached, it sees lasciviousness where none is meant?—No, it is not George Sand's free speech, it is not any books however shameless, which are at this moment corrupting the core of domestic life. It is the universal Selfishness, which fortifies itself by all the bulwarks of our institutions, both of Church and State. That is what poisons the domestic virtue, aye, and every other virtue of our boasted land; that is what makes good men sick of politics, and papers like the Post, and other accredited political organs, an offence to the nostrils of all who know the scent of aught that is yet lovely, honorable, and worth cherishing. These moralistic papers, these fine guardians of public virtue, are the slaves, the cringing, saucy slaves, sold body and soul, to this all-ruling Selfishness, the panders of the Arch-Demoralizer, and the self-printed satire of a corrupt and hypocritical generation.

We are glad to see that it is the intention of the translator of "Jacques" to issue other works of George Sand, should this be favorably received.

The Herald of Truth: a Monthly Periodical. Vol. I. No. 1. January, 1847. L. A. HINE, Editor. Cincinnati.

We welcome this new publication as an important element in the great work of Social Reform, which it is the mission of the present century to accomplish. It takes its starting point from a clear perception of the evils and abuses which make this boasting age so fruitful of sufferings, and a vital faith that the redemption of Humanity, under the Providence of God, is to be effected by human

determination and effort. It breathes a spirit of tranquil hope in the future, of trust in the universal goodness of the Creator, and of resolute devotion to the cause of human progress by development of the truth. Its freedom from ferocious assaults on the Past, and from bitter denunciations of the Present, its calm reliance on the energy of moral influence to produce the most momentous revolutions, and its firm conviction of the approach of a better era, to be introduced by the expansion of human nature, give it an enviable position among the works devoted to public reform, which are so apt to betray the action of personal restlessness or malignity, quite as much as a genial charity for the evils and errors that they undertake to combat.

We take the following statement of its purposes, from the Prospectus which accompanies the present number.

"It will be devoted to the interests of Religion, Philosophy, Literature, Science, and Art. It will review such of the new publications as are of substantial value, and canvass all questionable doctrines that may be published. Philosophers have demonstrated the infinite Wisdom and boundless Benevolence of God in contemplating His Physical Universe, and it is time the same demonstration were made in relation to the Mental World. In the former, the sublimest Order is manifest, while in the latter, the debasement and miseries that afflict mankind, indicate the deepest confusion and disorder. He is not responsible for the evils of the Mental Universe, for man originated them, and by man they can and will be removed.

"The discussion of the laws of our mental and physical organizations, and the necessity of obedience to them, as the only mode of human regeneration, will constitute a particular feature of the HERALD OF TRUTH.

"It will engage vigorously in all the Reforms of the day which are founded in truth, and as it will 'hope all things' and 'believe all things,' for the final triumph of Humanity over all evil, the only limit to its aspiration will be the entire redemption of the Human Race."

A more explicit statement is given of its views of Social Reform, in an article entitled "The Crisis—Universal Unity," from which we extract the subjoined passage.

"The friends of God and Humanity in this vicinity, are laboring to make a commencement of a Social Reform, one that shall not need to be reformed, by effecting a Unity with each other mentally, and with the great influence of the Universal Mind—and by yielding to the influence of the spirit of Love they hope to be led by the spirit of God, and thus become the sons of God.

"Their views, principles, and general operations will, from time to time, be laid before the readers of the 'Herald of Truth.'

"They aim at concentration and consolidation in harmony with Natural Laws.

"Should they succeed, and demonstrate to the world the practicability of a oneness of interests and unity of feeling, Communities, Groups, and Circles, may be formed all over the earth, and still be in harmony with each other.

For while all are acting in conformity with Natural Laws, or First Principles, they will all be acting in the most perfect harmony with each other. So that whether they be in Europe, Asia, or the isles of the ocean, they will still be one—and joining hands with each other, will encircle the earth with halos and rainbows of Universal Love, and all nations would shout, 'Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.'"

The ground assumed in the above extracts, that a regeneration of spirit is the essential condition of external reform, and that the condition of progress is adherence to nature, we hold to be undeniable. The low, torpid, selfish soul, which has never looked beyond the interests of its own petty individuality; which makes itself the end and centre of universal movement; which has never been kindled into a glow of enthusiasm by the sentiment of Humanity; which has never bowed in reverence before the divine majesty of Eternal Law; which cherishes no aspirations after harmony in the relations of man, has no function to fulfil in the reorganization of society. The aggregate of myriads of such souls could accomplish no useful purpose. They are not the chosen materials of which the Temple of Social Harmony is to be constructed. Their efforts, if they could be induced to combine for so holy an object, would terminate only in a repetition of the confusion of Babel. Their aid is not demanded by the Creator, who always finds fit instruments for the realization of his designs. In the fulness of time, God sends forth his Son. He raises up messengers and prophets, endows them with the spirit of counsel and understanding, and arms them with strength from on high to accomplish their task.

This we believe has been done in the present age. The Divine Voice has spoken to many hearts, which have cheerfully accepted their mission, and which are ready to engage in any labor, to endure any sacrifice, for the promised redemption of Humanity. They have been taken possession of by the Idea and the Hope of Universal Unity, and nothing in life seems to them valuable, compared with its realization. What they need is, not integrity of purpose, not disinterestedness of aim, not piety and spirituality of soul: this they already possess; it is this which has awakened them to their lofty aspirations, which has separated them from the world, made them marked men, exposed them to scorn and contempt, and inspired them with a resolute valor which no outward terror can daunt; but they need a knowledge of the true conditions for accomplishing their wishes. They seek Unity, Peace, Social Justice, Universal Brotherhood. But these can be obtained only by obedience to true Social Laws. These laws then, must be

ascertained. The Divine social code must be investigated and understood. No elevation of sentiment, no individual excellence of character, no glowing aspirations can compensate for the absence of this.

Now it is the faith of the Associative School that the true social code, as ordained by the Creator of the universe, has been announced in the discoveries of Charles Fourier. The two great laws, which lie at the foundation of true society, are expressed in the significant formulas,

Attractions are proportional to Destinies;
The Series distribute the Harmonies.

It is the peculiar merit of Fourier, that he has analyzed the cardinal attractions of the soul, and shown the application of the serial law to the arrangements of society. He has given us the science which reduces the vague aspirations of sentiment to tangible reality; explains the conditions of fulfilling the law of love, and, in short, enables us to construct a material body in accordance with the spirit of Christianity.

If these claims of Fourier be well-founded,—and we demand for them the most scrutinizing examination,—the work of the social reformer is plain and definite. As every thing depends, in the first instance, on the right organization of industry; as labor is the condition not only of spiritual development, but of material existence, the primary, indispensable task is the scientific arrangement of our industrial relations. Without this, the most angelic spirits could not dwell together in harmony. No unity of religious feeling, no ties of affection, no spiritual sympathies will ensure the vitality of a brotherhood, unless their productive industry be organized according to the divine social code, that is revealed in the constitution of human nature. The soul must be provided with a body; the delicate and tender affections of the heart must be protected from outrage on account of material necessities; all outward influences must be made to correspond with the inward attractions which are the voice of God; and thus, placed in a sphere congenial with its nature, it will manifest the image of its Creator, in transcendent beauty and grandeur.

With these views, while we agree with the "Herald of Truth" in the importance it attaches to spiritual harmony, to individual piety and elevation, we should contend more strenuously than appears to be done by its writers, for an immediate application of true principles to the organization of society. We believe that the time has come, that the way is pointed out, that the practical arrangements are discovered, for the adaptation of our social relations to the unchangeable na-

ture of man, and that nothing is now required for a sublime and peaceful revolution,—a revolution, which in blessing multitudes, shall injure no one,—but the co-operation for this end of all the devoted and faithful souls who have faith in the social redemption of the race. Our own deep convictions we of course wish to impress upon others. A fire is now kindled in the hearts of men, which we cannot bear to see in danger of going out. We call for union among those whose eyes have been unsealed to behold the gigantic wrongs of this present evil world, and who look for a new Heaven and a new Earth, in which dwelleth righteousness. We would not taste of death till we witness the glorious brightness of the new era, in whose dawn we have already rejoiced, and if we are true to the light already given, we shall be permitted to exult in the radiant fulness of the morning.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Fourth Concert (Jan. 16th) had for lighter preliminaries the Overtures to *L'Estocq* and *Felsenmühle*; a new solo by Mr. Keyzer, on the theme "Le Desire," with full orchestral accompaniments; and two Italian opera songs by Mlle De La Reintrie. The heart of the matter, which came on after skin-deep dilettantism had satisfied itself with sweets, (although it is not always satisfied to let those rest themselves, who can do so, by a still look out upon the broad ocean after all its ball-room and street glitter), was again the *Sinfonia Passionalata* of Lachner.

The overtures were given with more spirit, promptness and precision, and more true unity of effect, than those of the preceding concert. Every *motive* came out with clear outline, and the colors seemed well blended. The musicians were in earnest and in the true mood of success: was it a providential unanimity, one of the lucky hours which cannot be bespoken by any human foresight? or has a little rivalry on the side of their younger brother of the Philharmonic Society been not without its influence? The best enthusiasm sometimes needs to be thus breathed upon, to keep it burning bright.

Mr. Keyzer, in his violin Solo, gave us an opportunity to enjoy that still miraculous, though universally familiar theme of Beethoven, or of Schubert, (for it has been ascribed to both of them), rendered rich and broad by a full orchestral accompaniment. The variations were singular and fantastical, but generally true to the theme.

The first of Mlle De La Reintrie's

songs did not, as a composition, seem to us to justify the newly risen fame of Verdi, who is said to be the reigning genius of the Italian Opera. We will not judge him by this, but wait till we hear more. It seemed to us monotonous and heavy; a prolonged attempt to express something which would not come out. The self-possessed, complacent, matter-of-fact and merry look and manner of the fair songstress contrasted strangely with the labored pathos of the song. With the second piece, which was a bright and jubilant *Rondo finale* from an opera by Ricci, her voice and style were more in harmony. It was sung with great spirit, and the whole place sparkled with her bright notes. Admirably did her voice climb through those long semi-tones in the upper scale, preserving all its volume and its sweetness; in the lower range it has not much power. A certain hard and glassy polish characterizes most of her tones, which makes one doubt whether he likes them or not. But there is certainty and clearness in all her passages and each point is evidently well-studied.

The *Sinfonia Passionata* grows upon us, justifying all and more than we have said before. If we are in the minority in this judgment, we cannot help it. We own that we are differently constituted from those who can get weary of such music. Like the sky, the ocean, and all other great things, it fills us, rests us, makes us calm and strong, in harmony with ourselves, and conscious of the Rock of Ages under us. The medley and distracting and but superficial intoxications of the merely agreeable yield to the sober, satisfying consciousness of the enduring. The whole soul is addressed, and is called out, with an integral force of feeling, instead of comforting its hidden ennui with a little titillating pleasure of some single sense or faculty, as in the case of music for a-musement, or without the Muse. Alas! when will the whole life of this people be so great and full, that music of the grander order alone will satisfy it? Great music speaks now to our rarer, purer aspirations, and of course demands too much of those whose superficial lives are seldom or never troubled by such heavenly visitors, to enable them to enjoy it otherwise than in very small homeopathic doses, as a waltz or so of Beethoven. But the time must come when what now speaks to the earnest few, when what now nurses our deep aspirations, will become as necessary to the daily life of all, as it is to dance or dress well now. If you are in love, or smit by any deep religious thought, or possessed by an earnest spirit of devotion to humanity, the ball-room and the gay street yield no entertainment, no repose,

like the woods or the calm night with its august companies of stars. And such is the difference between brilliant and fantastic overtures and songs and solos, or what is called popular music, and a great symphony, or oratorio, or organ-fugue.

We do not say this Symphony can strike and electrify like Beethoven. Full of his influence, it is yet very different from him. But nevertheless we call it grand. Every little theme or *motive* introduced, leads *somewhere*; there is nothing vague or arbitrary. The singular Andante-like impression of the whole piece, taking all its movements, fast or slow, together, was again confirmed. It is of an Alexandrine character, and drags its slow length drowsily along, with continual undulation; but it is a great river, and can afford to take the long way to the ocean. For the next time the Academy announce the sublime Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. If we could be permitted to hear this on the same evening with that of Lachner, we might tell how much deeper one goes than the other. The audience of the Academy is not so overwhelming as that of the Philharmonic; but it is always flattering both in point of character and numbers. We pity any one, whom any partial preference for this or the other society could keep from entering any place made sacred by Beethoven's Symphony. Our thanks are due to all who labor to make such things public.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

We noticed the two first Chamber Concerts some time since. The whole course of six is now completed, all of which we heard, except the last. Though they have not given that unalloyed delight, which makes the first course of two winters since remembered; yet they have furnished an invaluable opportunity of hearing some of the selectest compositions of the great masters in company with an unusually appreciating audience. The quartette is the most *intimate* and undisguised style of music, and brings you nearest the composer. The selections have been uniformly good. Could we have consulted the preference of our present mood, we should have asked for a somewhat larger allowance of Mozart. But when we had not him, we had Beethoven or Haydn, and we want length of days, as well as leisure and opportunities, to do justice to either of them. The leading violin was only less offensive in the latter concerts than in the first; it was still morbidly and excessively individual; always in the *forzando* mood, as if lashing on a multitudinous orchestra through some mad overture; but out of keeping with the classic style both of the music

and of the other three modest and artist-like performers. The Grand Trio of Beethoven, collated, so to speak, from his Septette, may be considered the central figure of the series. It was a great task for our young pianist, Mason, and the performance did him credit, though there was a certain flagging of strength, too evident to those who had heard the more practised master, Lange, in the same part.

The Mozart Collection of Sacred Music, containing Melodies, Chorals, Anthems and Chants, harmonized in Four Parts; together with the celebrated "Christus" and "Miserere," by ZINGARELLI, with English Words. To which is prefixed his new method of teaching the Rudiments of Music. By E. IVES, Jr. Second Edition. New York: Paine and Burgess, 60 John St. 1846.

This work has been lying on our table for some weeks; and we have waited thus far in vain for an opportunity to notice it as it deserves. From such cursory examination as we have given it, we think it sustains the high character of Mr. Ives's former publications, and that it really will be found to answer the design, and make good the opinions expressed in the following passage from the Preface.

"The Music of this Collection is intentionally made somewhat lighter, and easier of execution than that of its predecessor, 'THE BEETHOVEN COLLECTION.' More of Rhythm and Melody were sought after, and less of elaborated Harmony. This will account for the peculiar style of many of the *original* tunes. The constant aim has been to make a work adapted to the wants of *all* Choirs throughout the country; therefore considerable music of a high order and of rich harmony has been inserted. The prevalent idea that Choirs cannot sing what is falsely termed difficult music, has gained credence, because of the loose manner in which the science has too generally been taught. Almost any Choir properly instructed for six months according to the method in this or the Beethoven Collection, will find no difficulties worth speaking of in either work. How will singers ever become proficient, if they constantly refuse to forsake old and bad habits, and form new ones; or if they pursue the same style of music year after year, refusing to attempt anything bearing the semblance of difficulty?"

The "Mozart Collection" contains perhaps a greater number of good pieces than any other similar work, short of the "Beethoven Collection." The "*Miserere*" by Zingarelli alone should render it invaluable; for it is one of the most sublime and most severe productions in the whole range of sacred composition. It is full of a grand piety, worthy of the old martyrs. Very simple in its structure, and unornamented, hardly changing the key through its twelve movements, except from Major to Minor, it seems to give out inexhaustible meaning the more it is sung; and it cannot be sung, one

would think, without profound emotion. It is not at all difficult of execution, mechanically considered, though it requires good taste and feeling to ensure its effect. It is the *Miserere* sung at Naples, and is reckoned only second to that of the Pope's Chapel, by Gregorio Allegri.

Among the psalm-tunes in this volume are a goodly number of a classic character taken from Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, &c. The vocal theme from Beethoven's Choral Symphony is introduced among others. We notice also the exquisite air of Rossini's, "*O Matutini Albori*," arranged for four voices; and another from *Semiramide*. The original compositions are many of them superior. It seems to aim rather at a new collection, than a complete one; for it gives but few of the old standard tunes. Two features in the arrangement please us. One is the use of the Tenor Clef, placed constantly upon the third space, making the reading uniform with that of the treble or G Clef, and at the same time indicating that the notes of the Tenor are an octave below those of the Treble. The other is described thus in the Preface:

"In the formation of the score, the advice of some of the best organists and musicians in the country has been followed. Playing the chords with the right hand from a figured base, without regard to the parts, is no longer considered orthodox: the best organists play the four parts as they are written, which generally requires the Soprano and Alto to be played with the right hand, and the Tenore and Basso with the left. For these reasons the score has been arranged as it will be found in this work."

We would recommend to all choirs the practice of the *Miserere* of Zingarelli; it cannot fail to deepen and improve their style of singing, as well as their whole musical sentiment, and let in a ray of true religious sunlight into the church, though the sermon should be dull.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI.

"Wave your bright torches, for I need your aid,
Golden-eyed demons of my ancestry."

ELLERY CHANNING.

From this fierce conflict of an untamed soul,
This wretched yielding to sad vanished dreams,

I turn to you, O band, whose life redeems
My heart to hope, for that ye did control
Sorrows like mine, and, true Prometheus, stole

A light from heaven to bless all human kind:
Was not your suffering gain, a path to find
Up to a life in God's own peace made whole?
O band of Poets! thither let me tread;—

I ask for more, yet more,—come closer down,
Let not the assembly of your spirit-forms
Linger so high above this aching head,—

Let but your truth be once more fully shown,
And I will grasp it, though all clothed in
storms!

T. W. H.

For the Harbinger.

SONNET.

There are great souls among us! In the prime
Of Grecian strength or England's loftiest days
I find no names more meet for reverent praise,
Than theirs who 'mid us now work on sublime;
Teachers whose deep words lead this selfish time
To heaven-wide musings;—patriot orators
Whose Christ-anointed lips are rich with stores
Of burning, fearless Truth;—poets, whose rhyme
Hath never stooped to sound a meaner song
Than love for all God's children;—women pure
Who lend their stainless hands to labors strong,
Deeming their birthright to such duty sure,
Though fools deride. Dear native land, how long
Against such prophets shall thy crimes endure?

T. W. H.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JAN. 30, 1847.

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

DR. CHANNING.

FOURIER'S "THREE DISTRIBUTIVES" THE BASIS OF ALL NATURAL CLASSIFICATION.

Our readers must by this time be familiar with Fourier's analysis of the twelve Passions, in their three branches of the Sensitive, the Affective, and the Mechanizing or Distributive. No one can have found much difficulty in characterizing and verifying for himself those which belong to the two first branches, and in seeing how completely they exhaust our sensitive and social nature. But the justice of his analysis in the third branch, in that which corresponds more especially to what we call our intellectual nature, is not so apparent at first sight. Many, doubtless, find the *Cabalist*, the *Papillon*, and the *Composite*, more mystical than the three Fates or than the holy Trinity. We have a few speculations to offer which will show that in this trine distinction, couched by Fourier in this at first sight uncouth terminology, he has reduced to a complete, clear statement that presiding genius of order and classification throughout all nature, of which the ancients caught some faint glimpse in their notion of three Fates, and which is the great fact at the bottom of all metaphysical as well as theological trinities. In a word, we see in the three Distributive passions or attractions of the soul, the basis of all true classification, the key to unitary science, and in fact, the mind's own natural method. Three tendencies exhaust all our reasoning, all our action, all our art. These are, 1. The tendency to seek

unity, agreement, harmonious combination every where (The Composite); 2. The tendency to discriminate nice shades of difference, to develop a restless emulation, as it were, in the details of each harmonious whole, which may be called the passion for progressive refinement (The Cabalist); and 3. The tendency to alternate and shift from one thing to another, to open new spheres, and modulate, as it were, into new keys.

Fourier has described these passions only in their application to the organization of social and industrial series of groups. He has shown how the corporate enthusiasm begotten by the Composite, the progressive and refining emulation springing from the Cabalist, and the interlacing or interlocking of various spheres and series of occupations into one another by the Alternating or Papillon, will work together under true conditions to reduce a chaotic medley of social elements into a harmonious *Series* of varieties, that make up Unity. He has therefore called them Mechanizing Passions; because, besides the simple and direct attraction towards gratifications of the senses and gratifications of the affections, man also has a tendency to *mechanize* in all these spheres, to seek in them for unity and difference and variety and contrast. Now it is by this very tendency in all his own affairs, in the development and application of his own simple instincts or attractions, that man is placed in correspondence with the great principles of Universal Order, and furnished with a prism which refracts all light into its three primary rays, precisely as the Universal Unity of being commences its descent into the infinitude of Variety, by branching into its three first great departments. In these mechanizing tendencies man has the key to universal science, would he but consult it. Man sustains three general relations: *first*, to Nature or to Matter, through his Senses; *secondly*, to Spirit or to conscious life, through his Affections; and finally to Law or the universal Mathematics of order, through the three Distributive or Mechanizing passions. Fourier has but mentioned this. His illustrations are entirely practical and special, in the sphere of industry and of society alone; and therefore this part of his theory has an arbitrary and somewhat mechanically invented look. In the simple grandeur of his discovery, he forgot to weigh and measure its profundity for others; he did not enter into the metaphysics of it; he saw the principle at once and went to work to use it, to unlock the way at once to man's harmonic destiny upon the earth. Philosophy in the mean time looks astonished; it has found no such thing in the books; it seems to it to be a mechanism,

a device or artifice for practically solving the great social problem, without any theoretic metaphysical ground-work.— But we shall show that there is the most profound metaphysics in Fourier's notion of the three Distributives, and that they exhaust the mind's whole method, all the processes of thought, upon the one hand; while, on the other, they exhaust all the spheres to which that mind, that thought can be directed.

And in the first place, we will reduce the three principles to the most general and abstract expression we can think of; we will call them CENTRALIZATION, DISTRIBUTION, and TRANSITION; corresponding respectively to the Composite or combining, the Cabalist or discriminating, and the Papillon or alternating, principles. Do not these exhaust the laws of Thought? Are they not the whole method of Science?

Science always busies itself in one of three ways; it is always either analyzing what is compound, or putting together parts to make a whole, or collecting observations of new facts with which it may proceed in the same manner. Synthesis, Analysis, and Observation are the whole of it; by these it combines, discriminates and alternates. When it has by patient thought, discriminating, classing, graduating all the differences it perceives, at length found Unity in Variety, it still is not content; it turns away with thirst for recreating novelty, and effects transitions into new spheres, commences a new exploration and general forage after facts, and brings them home that they too may be analyzed and classed.

Unity in Variety, is the general formula of any perfect whole. Unity answers to the centralizing tendency, the Composite; Variety is the escape from Unity, or what we call Transition. To reconcile these two, there needs a third term, without which there can be no unity in variety, namely, Series. The only unity consists in *series of varieties*, as in Music, Color, and so forth, and in social combinations, where properly graduated differences of character save from monotony on the one hand and from discord on the other,—extremes which reproduce each other, without the mediating wisdom of the Series.

Again. To the eye of Science or the mind, all things are said to present themselves either as Substance or as Accident. To converse with Substance is to go back to primal Unity; to converse with Accident is to stay in the outer court and circumference of Variety. But we need a mediating term, the law by which the Substance is related to and still one with Accident; we want the Cabalistic element, to complete the Triad. Let us

adopt the Kantian term, Modality; and now is our analysis upon this plane of thought exhaustive.

Similar and perhaps identical with the above, is this trine distinction: Essence, Manifestation (or Modification), Rule. The first is one, the second many, and promiscuous until the third makes many one. The aspiration of the soul is evermore towards Essence, for that alone is unity. The transcendentalist turns from persons, things, and actual history, from all that is limited, various or phenomenal, to seek the Essence which is one and enduring. Let him rather consider this third term, or Rule; let him study the law of Series, and he shall find the Essence in each manifestation, by seeing each related to the other in harmonic sequence, moments of the perpetual self-evolving All.

Essence, substance, in its nature is an active principle; for all action proceeds from attraction, which is the tendency to unity, to find a centre somewhere. All manifestations, accidents, and special forms of being, are, in so far as we distinguish them from Essence, a Passive principle, resisting the centripetal attraction, and escaping by the random force of their centrifugal individuality. To reconcile the two there is a Neuter principle of pure Law or of Mathematical proportion, which bids the truant individualities revolve in circles round the central One, and thus produces Universal Unity.

If now we regard the Universe of being, we distinguish also three terms: God, the central source or Love; Nature, the multiform and passive variety, which is the transitional or alternating element, through which the Divine Love perpetually pours itself and reproduces itself in an inexhaustible series of new forms; and Law or Order, according to whose model in the mind of God these infinite varieties still radiate from Him in orderly divergence, escape from Him to find themselves in Him, and never lose at-onement with Him.

Here thought reverts to Swedenborg's three Spheres, where we still trace the sublime correspondence: Love, Wisdom, and Use.

The same distinction, translated into a more personal and representative expression, appears again in the theological Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—which mean respectively Essence, manifestation and method;—or God in essence, God manifested, and God working through all things with his pervasive wisdom or spirit of Truth.

If we turn now to the study of man's nature, the very first result of analysis is the popular one, which speaks of man as a being composed of Passion, Sensation, and Reason. Passion or Affection, (Love

is its best term) seeks always unity, always enthusiasm, the joy of being together, and shrinks from separation. Reason or Intellect on the contrary is a cold dissector, a cabalistic, difference-seeking, analyzing foe to any long repose in unity; it is always putting one foot forward, suggesting new refinements and progression, lifting one side of the circle till it becomes a restless and ascending spiral. The Senses, as the opposite to spiritual passion, are always roving, alternating; and when a passion or a thought becomes embodied in a fact, a palpable thing to sense, by this act do the passions and the thought complete their history and pass out, effecting a transition to some new determination.

Thus we see that Fourier's Three Distributives presided in the very first step of his analysis of the Passional Unity or Human Soul into its elements. The Composite required that man should have a heart, or four Affective Social Passions to unite him with his race and God; the *Alternant* bespoke for him five Senses, through which his soul might feel out after variety in the outward world, and have refreshing intercourse with Nature; the *Cabalist* placed in him a mirror of God's order, a three-fold intellectual passion, called Distributive, by which he seeks the *Series* in all things.

The occupations of Man, the spheres of daily life, and provinces of thought and study may be classed in similar manner. We suggest a few such trinities in the table below, which will explain themselves.

In every Art this trine division reigns. Thus in Music: Concord, Discord, and Transition. So too Harmony, Melody, and Modulation; and let no one be surprised that Melody here occupies the same place in the series with Discord, under the patronage as it were of the Cabalist; for Harmony is the blending of sounds in one; but Melody results from the seeking of differences; it graduates the elements of Harmony in a sequential scale and flees from unity and rest; and this scale is constructed only by Melody's interpolating in the consonant intervals of Harmony the nearer shades of tone which are discordant with each other.

We place the result of all this now in the following table of trinities, ranged under the three Distributive passions, with the Composite for the centre. By careful comparison it will be seen that all the first terms correspond with one another; so do all the second terms, and all the third terms. Such a table, doubtless, might be indefinitely extended; and any reader with a turn for classification may continue to discover and add corresponding trinities, and enjoy an ever wider

confirmation of the sublime presence of the same three laws in every sphere of thought.

TABLE.

<i>Alternant.</i>	<i>Composite.</i>	<i>Cabalist.</i>
Transition,	Centralization,	Distribution.
Observation,	Synthesis,	Analysis.
Variety,	Unity,	Series, or Progression.
Accident,	Substance,	Modality.
Manifestation,	Essence,	Rule.
Passive,	Active,	Neuter.
Centrifugal,	Centripetal,	Geometric.
Matter,	God,	Law.
Use,	Love,	Wisdom.
Son,	Father,	Holy Spirit.
Sensation,	Passion,	Reason.
Sensitive,	Affective,	Distributive,
Beauty,	Love,	Truth,
Æsthetics,	Ethics,	Physics and Metaphysics.
Art,	Religion,	Science.
Industry,	Society,	Study.
State,	Church,	University.
Talent,	Genius,	Method.
Transition,	Concord,	Discord.
Modulation,	Harmony,	Melody.
Effect or Quality,	Tone,	Rhythm.

These are but fragmentary hints. The same thought may be followed out indefinitely. We have not traced the analogy beyond the series of the first power, the simplest series of three terms; but who can doubt that it will be found to hold in series of higher powers, in the minuter ramifications as well as in these main branches of the tree of life?

SOCIAL RE-ORGANIZATION.—NO. III.

Having shown that Love or Unity is the law of Social Harmony, we proceed to state the order of a Unitary Society. Associationists propose, in place of the present combinations of capital against labor, of the unequal conflict of larger capitalists against smaller ones, instead of the multitude of isolated possessions, mechanic shops and farms, competition of pursuits and antagonism of interests, to substitute a joint-stock association of labor and capital. In a word, it is their aim to organize townships upon the same principle upon which banking, rail-road and manufacturing companies are formed; so far, at least, as the mode of investing capital is concerned. The only difference would be in the association of Labor with Capital, and in guarantying to it a share in the dividends, according to a method of distribution, which will be hereafter explained. The vast advantage of joint-stock over individual enterprise, is fully illustrated by the success which almost invariably attends the former, as may be seen in large manufacturing, mechanical, and commercial operations. This is owing to their combining and concentrating such an amount of capital and skill as to enable them to defy and distance competition. The power and

success of joint-stock unions is so clearly perceived as to have become a distinctive feature of modern society. They result, however, in the most formidable monopolies of the soil, of labor-saving machinery and of the products of labor, and gravitate irresistibly towards an industrial feudalism.

Look at the East India Company! Through the resistless power which as a corporate body it sways, through the exhaustlessness of its resources, and the variety, force, and activity of talent which it combines, it may fairly be said to sway the destinies of Great Britain. It bends the legislation of the nation to its purpose, plunges it into the bloodiest and most atrocious wars, compels it to raise and marshal troops, to pay and provision them, and to send its proudest officers to conduct their campaigns that this sordid Company may plunder the provinces of Sheiks, and subject the Indian to the system of modern slavery, the slavery of capital. As individual conflict drove savage man into clans and combinations for the protection of personal rights, so now the antagonism, conflict, and fraud in industry and commerce, drive civilized man into joint-stock associations in which capitalists fortify themselves by degrading and enslaving the laborers. As the former resulted in a military feudalism, so the latter will result in a commercial and industrial feudalism, unless labor as well as capital becomes stock and entitled to a fixed proportion of the dividends, instead of being subjected to wages under the present system of monopoly.

The tendency of the times is inevitably to Association, and either we must submit to a *false* combination of capital against labor, or we must establish a true association of capital with labor in co-operative production. The earth is the joint inheritance of Humanity, and monopoly of it is usurpation. Capital is the remnant of past labor, and to distribute to it the larger portion of the fruits of present energy and skill would be extortion.

Association harmonizes these points, first by securing to each person, by certificates of stock, the capital which he may really possess, whether in the form of buildings, improvements upon the soil, machinery, investments of money or labor. Secondly, by giving to each of the three elements of production, Capital, Labor and Skill, a fixed proportion of the nett dividend,—say four-twelfths to capital, five-twelfths to labor, and three-twelfths to skill. This abolishes at once the abominable system of usury, which reduces the small capitalist to bankruptcy and the laborer to hopeless poverty. Labor is no longer obliged to pay to capital its six per cent. whether anything is

made or not. But the risk is mutual. If no dividend accrue, capital gets nothing for its use, and labor gets nothing for its energy. At present, if the capitalist gets a large dividend or his stipulated interest, he is indifferent whether the laborer's larder is full or empty; and the laborer on the other hand, provided he gets his stipend, is equally indifferent whether his employer makes anything or nothing. There is no approach to unity of interest, or of combined, co-operative skill, capital and labor for the good of all parties; but antagonism, indifference for all but self, extravagance, thriftlessness and rankling hatred paralyze the efforts of man. Association unites the interests of capitalist and laborer and stimulates both to the highest vigilance, industry, economy of means and effort, and therefore ensures harmony in feeling and certainty of results. Here then at the outset we have secured an element of harmony and productive wealth which can never be achieved under a regime of free competition and divergent interests, and which is a blending of the interests of capital and labor. How much of human effort, rugged toil, powerful energy, capital and skill are rendered not only fruitless of benefit, but positively baleful, by the selfish relations of society! What perversions of human nature are on all sides exhibited,—generous impulses slinking away into mean and sordid individualism, and the whole influence of society schooling men into vice and crime. Noble aspirations crushed by degrading social spheres, and lofty ambition perverted into petty schemes of personal aggrandizement—fickleness in friendship—inconstancy in love—callousness of the family sentiment—disgusting sensuality—ignorance and mental debasement, are the legitimate fruits of our present selfish and conflicting social relations.

LECTURES IN NEWBURYPORT.

Messrs. CHANNING, BRISBANE, ALLEN, and ORVIS, lecturers of the "American Union of Associationists," gave a series of lectures week before last, to the people of Newburyport. Hitherto, this place has been regarded as cold, and almost morally dead to the spirit and movement of the humane reforms, which are so prophetically stirring the hearts of the people of this age. Indeed, we had heard it said, that the people of Newburyport were so thoroughly crusted over with conservative bigotry, as to cherish a higher reverence for the ashy relics of Whitfield, than for the living impersonation of that spirit of humanity and progress, which he so eminently labored to awaken and develop. And we were made nearly ready to believe it, by the

appearance of a communication in one of the prints of that town, preceding the lectures, warning the people against the infidelity and license of the doctrines of Association, and reprimanding the editor for advertising the lectures of our friends. But our suspicions were dispelled by a sensible reply from "Justice," which appeared in a subsequent paper, and by the perfect coolness and fairness which the editor evinced. The result was that our friends were favored with a very select and highly intelligent audience, and quite cheering in point of numbers. The very clear and eloquent statements of Messrs. Allen and Channing on the first evening, were enough to make that hall a charmed circle to the audience the next evening. And they came bringing others with them. They went away certainly not less interested the second evening, than they were the first. One gentleman of fortune, while listening to Mr. Brisbane's masterly description of a Phalanx Domain, and Attractive Industry, in the enthusiasm of his interest, exclaimed to one who sat by him, "their theory is beautiful, but how can it be realized?" The next morning the lectures were favorably noticed by all the papers. We do not mean to say by this, that they adopted or even approved all that was said. Indeed, one of them stated that it thought there might be a good deal of "humbug" about the theory, but it could not be denied that the lectures were interesting and very ably given.

On the third and last evening, the audience was larger than on the two preceding evenings, and not less select. From the information we have been able to get, we judge that the interest was not only sustained, but deepened in tone and character to the end. The audience in Newburyport seems to have been of a higher and more intelligent class of people than is usually obtained, on the first presentation of so new and unpopular a subject. So much interest was created in behalf of Association, that Mr. Channing has since been invited to lecture upon it, before their Lyceum. The germ of an efficient and vigorous Union has, we trust, been planted in that community. It will only need to be watered, and duly cultured to expand into healthy and fruitful growth. But this is only a faint expression of the general aspiration of society for a better order of things, and the joyful readiness with which it grasps a faith and hope which give unfailing promise of its realization. Let the friends everywhere take courage, and combine to sustain the efforts now making, for a thorough indoctrination of this whole nation in the science and religion of a true unitary life. Form affiliated Unions, send in your requests for lectures, and

aid in securing the necessary funds to sustain a corps of lecturers constantly in the field, and to send the Harbinger, and tracts, like showers of reviving and refreshing rain over the whole land. Friends, our fathers labored nobly, to achieve political freedom for all; shall we not at least work manfully to secure social independence and happiness for all?

LECTURES IN BOSTON.

The second lecture was given by Mr. DANA, and was a clear, complete and eloquent exposition and application of Fourier's profound review of the progressive development of Society, through the several periods of Edenism, Savageism, Patriarchalism, Barbarism, and Civilization; dwelling more particularly on the characteristics of the several phases of Civilization, and pointing out the symptoms already appearing of a transition into the seventh period of universal Guaranties. The meaning of history was never unlocked to any audience, we fancy, by so magical a key. Fourier was the first historian.

The third lecture was by HORACE GREELEY, and the announcement of that noble man drew a most numerous and enlightened audience to the Masonic Temple. He spoke of the tendencies of Modern Civilization; in a simple, earnest way, with facts for arguments, he proved the constant depression of labor with the increase of general wealth, and the rapid, fearful advance of a universal Commercial Feudalism. He then spoke of the rights of the laboring classes, 1. To cultivation of the soil; 2. To education; 3. To an equitable share of the fruits of labor; and proceeded to discuss various measures, of immediate and peremptory importance, which promise in some measure to ensure these rights. The Land Reform, the Legal restriction of the hours of labor, (which he thought could only extend to minors and to fixing the measure of a day's labor which should satisfy a contract): these, and other common-sense suggestions of remedies for present wrongs, he discussed; but showed at the same time how much more will be needed after all this is accomplished, and prepared the ground for Fourier and something more like positive Social Science in the next lecture.

The audience were most deeply impressed by the strong reasoning and sincere fervor of the speaker. Never have we seen an audience so riveted to one who owed so little to the charms of delivery. It was the power of truth and of a true man; and that eloquence is long remembered.

TRUMBULL PHALANX. Several Pittsburghers have joined the above named

Association; and a sufficient amount of money has been contributed to place it upon a solid foundation. It is pecuniarily independent, as we are informed; and the members are full of faith in complete success.

Several letters have been received by persons in this city from resident members of the Phalanx. We should like to have one of them for publication, to show the feelings which pervade those who are working out the problem of social unity.

They write in substance—"The Association is prosperous, and we are all happy."

The Trumbull Phalanx is now in its third or fourth year, and so far has met with but few of the difficulties anticipated by the friends or enemies of the cause. The progress has been slow, it is true, owing to a variety of causes, the principal one of which has been removed, viz: debt. Much sickness existed on the domain during the last season, but no fears are felt for the future as to the general health of the neighborhood.—*Pittsburg Post.*

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January 1, 1847.

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N. R. GERRISH,
Jan. 1, 1847. Agent.

THE HARBINGER

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THE HARBINGER,

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

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VOLUME IV.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1847.

NUMBER 9.

MISCELLANY.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

(Concluded.)

We explained in our previous article the industrial Destiny of Man—the first branch of human destiny—and showed how, by the cultivation and embellishment of the earth's surface, and the kindly supervision and care of all the creations upon it, Man, the Overseer of the Globe, fulfils his duty to Nature, enters into Unity with her and performs the first of the great works assigned to him by Providence. Let us now glance briefly at the social Destiny of Man—the second branch of his three-fold Destiny.

To fulfil his social Destiny, Man must establish on earth a true ORDER OF SOCIETY, which will extend to the whole of mankind, and unite all races, nations, classes, and individuals in bonds of peace, justice and unity, and realize upon it a state of social and moral harmony.

If we view mankind in their present condition, we find them in universal conflict and antagonism, or what we call, *Disunity with themselves*. We see war of continent with continent, and in each continent, war of nation with nation, and in each nation, war and strife of party with party, sect with sect, caste with caste, class with class, and individual with individual in all the spheres and departments of life. We see in society the bond and the free, the lord and the serf, the master and the slave, the capitalist and the laborer, the employer and the servant, with struggles and conflict between them all, and oppression, fraud, and injustice reigning every where under a thousand forms. The great family of Man is torn asunder in all its members, and each in a desperate contest with one or all the others. The Human Race, in its present state of *moral perversion* and deviation from its social Destiny, offers us the image of a madman, who tears his hair with his hands, while he gnaws his arms with his teeth, and beats his breast with his fists.

And if we look at the development of Man's moral nature, we find a perversion and degradation, on a level with the social disorder that reigns around him. We find hatred, envy, calumny, baseness, injustice, malevolence, and misanthropy called out in the place of friendship, love,

trust, charity, dignity, justice, benevolence, and philanthropy, and ruling the world in their satanic concert.

But if the evil is great, the remedy is not so difficult to be found; for the science of human nature teaches us that the former evil passions are but the inverted and perverted developments of the latter good ones, and that Man's nature can be set right again without performing the impossible miracle of creating a new race. The state of society surrounding man, the social atmosphere which he breathes, the whole education he receives under its influence, determine the true or the false development of his nature. This view of things shows us that the great work which man has to perform, is to devise and establish on earth a true system of society, which will educate man practically by all its thousand influences in the love of truth and justice, which will open true spheres of action to the moral forces—to the springs of action implanted within him, and which, in a word, will develop truly and harmoniously the faculties and passions with which he has been endowed; and, in so doing, lead to the establishment on earth of social Unity.—Unity of races and nations, unity of sects and parties, unity of classes and individuals, making Mankind a united whole, linked together in the bonds of peace and co-operation. This great work must proceed from the heart—from love to the neighbor, or from philanthropy. And when men will fill their souls truly with a strong and fervent philanthropy, which shall prompt them to labor earnestly for the establishment of a true Order of Society on earth, and the reign of brotherhood, social equality and justice, then will they pray with their hearts, and pray truly, as God demands of the men of this day and age. To pray with the lips is but a half of the prayer of the heart; acts of high usefulness to mankind must be added thereto, to render this portion even of the collective prayer which man can offer, complete.

It is asserted, and very justly, that the perverted nature of man, the misdirected and misdeveloped springs of action within him, are the causes of all the fraud, oppression, vice and crime which fill the world. That it is man's selfishness, for example, which holds the slave in bondage, or wrests from the destitute and dependent laborer the value of his toil; that it is his misdirected ambition and sometimes the pure sentiment of destruction, which impel him to war.

This view of the case is correct, but it is only one side of the truth; we must look at the other side also, and take a compound and not a one-sided view of this momentous question.

The false institutions, customs, and arrangements of society react with terrible force upon men, and educate the young generations, as they grow up in the world, in their discord and injustice. War, for example, established long ages since, educates the individuals of the present day in its bloody works and excites in the young souls, filled with energy, a thirst for false glory, and entices them to carnage and destruction. Commerce, based essentially upon selfishness, with its tricks, deceits and frauds, which have become a habitual practice, educate the thousands who engage in its pursuits to be scheming and selfish, and to overreach and lie and cheat: (a small exception of upright traders only confirms the general rule.) The Institution of Slavery generates in the slaveholder a domineering spirit, a contempt for man, and a hundred other evils which are well enough known, while, at the same time, it debases the slave. And so we could go through with other institutions and professions, and show how they pervert and degrade man's nature.

Moralists and Divines attempt to regenerate man in present society, leaving all its false institutions and influences as they are. What they should do is to reform society, and base it upon principles of perfect justice, upon those principles of truth and harmony which, they believe, reign in God's government of the Universe, and which can be extended to this earth, unless it be forever an outcast from heaven. Do they not see that the individual, living in society as it now is, surrounded with all its nefarious influences, and forced to act in unison with its general tone, or be outlawed, is swept along on the great current by the force of circumstances. He is not strong enough to resist them, and mere recommendations of morality and virtue in the abstract, poured in upon him from a thousand pulpits, would have but little effect upon him when the whole practical life of society is acting upon to impel him in another direction.

These considerations lead us back again to say, that the really religious work of this age is the establishment of a true ORDER OF SOCIETY. It is the only means of educating and regenerating mankind collectively, and of securing upon earth the reign of justice and happiness. As

the elevation and the happiness of man are the first wish of the Creator, and as they are the boons which man himself most earnestly demands, he who labors for this great end, serves God most truly, and shows most strongly his love to man.

When mankind, living in a true Social State, are fully and truly developed in their moral nature; when all the nobler affections and sympathies are called out and the antagonist forces left in a quiescent state to perform their natural functions; when the sentiments of benevolence, philanthropy, devotion, justice, dignity, glow in the heart and are the rule of conduct; and, when united in these sentiments, they fill the earth with works of goodness, then will they enter into unity with God and with themselves, and the whole of life be made worship. Mankind, in their present moral condition, their nature falsely developed, are dusky and black in soul, and the prayer and worship which go forth from their lips, are but vapors, overhanging marshes and quagmires of crime, oppression, fraud and rapacity.

Let us now point out the third branch of Man's Destiny, the intellectual, or scientific.

As man was endowed with hands and gigantic industrial powers to cultivate and beautify the earth, and bring Nature universally into a state of material harmony; as he was endowed with a heart to love and bless his fellow-men; so he was endowed with a high intelligence to discover universal Truth, to comprehend the mysteries of the universe, to penetrate the designs of God, and thus enter into Unity with Him by a knowledge of His attributes, His laws, and His plan of universal providence or government. The intelligence of Man, now so wasted and prostituted in selfish schemes and low endeavors,—in commercial speculation and overreaching, in quibbles of the law, in party tactics and cabals, in plans of extortion and oppression, in sectarian controversy, and a hundred other ways,—should be directed to the discovery of those eternal laws of order and harmony by which God governs the universe, (manifested in creation around him and easy of penetration), so that he may proceed, under the guidance of this light, to apply them to this world and to all the relations, political, industrial and social, in which confusion, error and hatred now reign.

The animal is guided by instinct, and this suffices for it; but man, in his broad field of action, in his vast works and combinations, must be guided by laws and principles, by an authority higher than himself. He has an independent function to perform in the universe, a function exclusively attributed to him; he is a co-worker with God in carrying out and maintaining a part of His harmonies, and he must work under and in conformity with a divine plan. Hence man must discover the laws of harmony by which the universe is governed, and apply them in the government of this world over which he was set to preside, and of which he was made the vice-gerent and the special providence.

Let the Reason of Man devote itself to its true work, to the discovery of these laws of universal unity and harmony, and the plan of a true social life on earth, and human intelligence will then perform the sacred work, the high act of worship de-

manded of it in its particular sphere. This searching for truth, this prayer of the Thought for divine wisdom, will be as holy, to say the least, as the devising of new dogmas, the making of nice distinctions in points of faith, or the special pleadings for particular creeds.

Such, then, is the three-fold worship which man should offer to God. The worship of the Hands by the embellishment of the noble domain confided to him; the worship of the Heart by a life of high aspiration and exalted sentiment, blessing universally; and the worship of the Head by the discovery of God's laws of harmony, and their application to this earth.

When mankind offer this worship to the supreme Ruler of the Universe, filling the world with beauty and joy, then will their thoughts, their words, their deeds be prayers, and their life a noble consecration.

Chronotype.

A HYMN OF THE DAY THAT IS DAWNING.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

If the promise of the present
Be not a hollow cheat,
If true-hearted men and women
Prove faithful and discreet,
If none filter who are hoping
And contending for the Right,
Then a time is surely coming,
As a day-beam from the night—

When the landless shall have foothold
In fee upon the soil,
And for his wife and little ones
Bend to his willing toil:

When the wanderer, no longer
In sorrow forced to roam,
Shall see around him spring and bloom
The blessed thing of Home:

When the poor and widowed mother
Shall fit recompense obtain,
For her days and nights of toiling,
From the sordid man of gain:

When the brawny limbs of labor,
And the hard and horny hand,
For their strivings, for their doings,
Meet honor shall command:

When suffering hearts, that struggle
In silence, and endure,
Shall receive, unsought, the earnest
Ministrations of the pure:

When the master with his bondmen
For a price shall divide the soil,
And the slave, at last enfranchised,
Shall go singing to his toil:

When the bloody trade of the soldier
Shall lose its olden charm,
And the sickle hand be honored more
Than the sword and the red right arm:

When tolerance and truthfulness
Shall not be under ban,
And the fiercest foe and deadliest
Man knows, shall not be man.

Be firm, and be united,
Ye who war against the wrong!
Though neglected, though deserted,
In your purpose still be strong!
To the faith and hope that move ye
In the things ye dare and do,
Though the world rise up against ye.
Be resolute—be true! *National Era.*

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT.*

SEQUEL TO

CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XI.

When restored to consciousness, Consuelo saw that she was seated upon a purple carpet which covered the white marble steps of an elegant Corinthian peristyle. Two masks, in whom, by the color of their cloaks, she recognized Liverani and him whom she rightly thought must be Marcus, supported her in their arms and reanimated her by their attentions. About forty other persons, cloaked and masked, the same she had seen around the similitude of the bier of Jesus, were ranged in two lines along the steps, and sang in chorus a solemn hymn in an unknown language, while they waved crowns of roses, palms, and branches of flowers. The columns were ornamented with garlands, which crossed each other in festoons like a triumphal arch before the closed door of the temple and above Consuelo. The moon, brilliant, at the zenith, in all her splendor, alone illuminated that white façade; and outside, all about this sanctuary, ancient yews, cypresses and pines formed an impenetrable thicket, similar to a sacred grove, under which murmured a mysterious stream like glancing silver.

"My sister," said Marcus, aiding Consuelo to rise, "you have passed victorious through all your trials. Do not blush at having suffered and failed physically under the weight of sorrow. Your generous heart was broken with indignation and pity before the palpable testimonials of the crimes and woes of humanity. If you had arrived here erect and without assistance, we should have felt less respect for you than when bringing you dying and overcome. You have seen the crypts of a signoral chateau, not of a particular one, celebrated above all for the crimes of which it was the theatre, but similar to all those the ruins of which cover a large portion of Europe, frightful remains of the vast net-work by the help of which, for so many centuries, the feudal power enveloped the civilized world and oppressed men with the crime of its barbarous dominion and with the horror of civil war. Those hideous abodes, those savage fortresses have necessarily served as a den for all the crimes which humanity was obliged to see accomplished before arriving at the notion of the truth, through the wars of religion, through the labor of the emancipating sects, and through the martyr-

* 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.

dom of the elect among men. Travel over Germany, France, Italy, England, Spain, the Slavonic countries; you will not pass through a valley, you will not climb a mountain, without perceiving above you the imposing ruins of some terrible chateau, or at least without discovering at your feet, in the grass, the vestige of some fortification. They are the bloody traces of the right of conquest, exercised by the patrician caste upon the enslaved castes. And if you explore all those ruins, if you turn up the soil which has devoured them and which incessantly labors to make them disappear, you will find, in all, the vestiges of what you have just seen here; a gaol, a cellar for the overplus of dead bodies, narrow and fetid cells for prisoners of importance, a corner in which to assassinate without noise; and at the summit of some tower, or in the depth of some subterranean, a wooden horse for rebellious serfs and refractory soldiers, a gibbet for deserters, seething-kettles for heretics. How many have perished in boiling pitch! How many have disappeared under the waves! How many have been buried alive in mines! Ah! if the walls of the chateau, if the waters of the lakes and rivers, if the caves of the rocks could speak and relate all the iniquity they have witnessed and concealed! The number is too great for history to register the smallest part!

"But it was not the lords alone, it was not the patrician race exclusively, that reddened the earth with so much innocent blood. The kings, the princes and the priests, the thrones and the church, these were the great sources of iniquity, these were the living forces of destruction. An austere care, a gloomy but strong idea has collected in one of the halls of our old manor house a portion of the instruments of torture invented by the hatred of the strong against the weak. A description of them would not be credited, the eye can hardly comprehend them, the thought refuses to admit their possibility. And yet they have been used for centuries, those hideous machines, in royal chateaus as well as in the citadels of little princes, but especially in the dungeons of the holy office; what do I say? they are still used there, though more rarely. The Inquisition still exists, still tortures; and in France, the most civilized of all countries, there are provincial parliaments that still burn pretended sorcerers.

"Moreover, is tyranny yet overthrown? Do kings and princes no longer ravage the earth? Does not war carry desolation into wealthy cities, as well as into the hut of the poor man, at the smallest caprice of the smallest sovereign? Does not servitude still prevail in half of Europe? Are not the troops still sub-

jected almost every where to the discipline of the lash and of the stick? Are not the finest and bravest soldiers in the world, the Prussians, drilled like beasts by blows of rods and of the canes? Are not the negroes more badly treated in America than the dogs and horses? If the fortresses of the old barons are dismantled and converted into inoffensive dwellings, do not those of the kings still stand? Do they not serve as prisons for the innocent more frequently than for the guilty? And you, my sister, you the most gentle and the most noble of women, have you not been a captive at Spandaw?

"We knew you to be generous, we could depend upon your spirit of justice and of charity; but seeing you destined, like a portion of those here, to return into the world, to frequent courts, to approach the persons of sovereigns, to be, you especially, the object of their temptations, it was our duty to put you on your guard against the intoxications of that life of brilliancy and dangers; it was our duty not to spare you even the most terrible teachings. We have spoken to your mind by the solitude to which we condemned you by the books which we placed in your hands; we have spoken to your heart by paternal words and by exhortations alternately severe and tender; we have spoken to your eyes by trials more painful and of a deeper meaning than those of the ancient mysteries. Now, if you persist in receiving the initiation, you can present yourself without fear before those incorruptible but paternal judges whom you already know, and who await you here in order to crown you or to restore to you the freedom of leaving us forever."

Speaking thus, Marcus, raising his arm, designated to Consuelo the door of the temple, above which the three sacramental words, *liberty, equality, fraternity*, had just been enkindled in letters of fire.

Consuelo, physically weakened and broken, no longer lived but in spirit. She had not been able to listen standing to Marcus' discourse. Compelled to seat herself upon the pedestal of a column, she reclined against Liverani, but without seeing him, without thinking of him. Still she had not lost one of the initiator's words. Pale as a spectre, her eyes fixed and her voice extinct, she had not the bewildered look which follows a nervous crisis. A concentrated exaltation filled her chest, the weak breathing of which was no longer perceptible to Liverani. Her black eyes, which fatigue and suffering had somewhat sunk in their sockets, glowed with a dark fire. A slight fold of her brow indicated an unshakable resolution, the first of her life. Her beauty at this moment excited

the fear of those present who had before seen her invariably gentle and benevolent. Liverani trembled like the leaf of the jessamine which the breeze of the night gently waved upon the brow of his beloved. She rose with more strength than he had expected; but immediately her knees failed her, and in ascending the steps she allowed herself to be almost carried by him, while the clasp of those arms which had so much agitated her, the proximity of that heart which had so inflamed her own, did not distract her for a moment from her internal agitation. He placed between his hand and that of Consuelo the cross of silver, that talisman which gave him a right over her and which served him as a mark of recognition. Consuelo did not appear to recognize either the gage or the hand which presented it. Her own was contracted by suffering. It was a mechanical pressure, as when one seizes a branch to hold by on the brink of an abyss; but the blood of the heart did not reach that frozen hand.

"Marcus!" said Liverani in a low voice, as the former passed them to knock at the door of the temple, "do not leave us. The trial has been too severe; I am afraid!"

"She loves you!" replied Marcus.

"Yes, but perhaps she will die!" returned Liverani shuddering. Marcus knocked thrice upon the door, which opened and again closed as soon as he had entered with Consuelo and Liverani. The other two brothers remained under the peristyle, awaiting their admittance to the ceremony of initiation; for between that initiation and the last trials, there was always a secret interview between the invisible chiefs and the candidate.

The interior of the kiosk, in form of a temple, which was used for these initiations at the chateau of * * *, was magnificently ornamented, and decorated between each column with the statues of the greatest friends of humanity. That of Jesus the Christ was there placed in the middle of the amphitheatre, between those of Pythagoras and Plato. Apollonius of Thyana was by the side of Saint John, Abelard beside Saint Bernard, John Huss and Jerome of Prague beside Saint Catherine and Joan of Arc. But Consuelo did not stop to look at external objects. Entirely concentrated within herself, she again saw without emotion those same judges who had probed her heart so deeply. She no longer felt in the least troubled by the presence of these men, whoever they might be, and she awaited their sentence with great apparent calmness.

"Brother initiator," said to Marcus the eighth personage, who, seated below

the judges, always spoke for them, "whom do you bring to us? What is her name?"

"Consuelo Porporino," replied Marcus.

"That is not what was asked of you, my brother," returned Consuelo; "do you not see that I present myself here in a bridal dress and not in widow's weeds? Announce the countess Albert de Rudolstadt."

"My daughter," said the brother orator, "I speak to you in the name of the council. You no longer bear the name that you invoke; your marriage with the count de Rudolstadt is dissolved."

"By what right? and in virtue of what authority?" demanded Consuelo in a quick, strong voice, as if in a fever. "I recognize no theocratic power. You have yourselves taught me to recognize in you no other rights over me than those which I myself have freely given you, and to submit only to a paternal authority. Yours would not be such if it were to dissolve my marriage without my husband's consent and my own. That right neither he nor I have conferred on you."

"You are mistaken, my daughter: Albert has given us the right to dispose of his lot and yours; and you have yourself also given us that right by opening to us your heart and confessing your love for another."

"I have confessed nothing to you," replied Consuelo, "and I deny the avowal which you wish to force from me."

"Introduce the sibyl," said the orator to Marcus.

A woman of tall stature, dressed entirely in white and with her face concealed by her veil, entered and seated herself in the middle of the half circle formed by the judges. By her nervous trembling Consuelo easily recognized Wanda.

"Speak, priestess of truth," said the orator; "speak, interpreter and revealer of the most hidden secrets, of the most delicate impulses of the heart. Is this woman the wife of Albert de Rudolstadt?"

"She is his faithful and respectable wife," replied Wanda; "but, at this moment, it is your duty to pronounce her divorce. You see well by whom she is conducted here; you see well that the one of our children whose hand she holds, is the man whom she loves and to whom she ought to belong, in virtue of the inprescriptible right of love, in marriage."

Consuelo turned with surprise towards Liverani, and looked at her own hand which was numb and as if dead in his. She seemed to be under the influence of a dream and to make an effort to awaken herself. She freed herself at last with energy from that clasp, and looking at

the hollow of her hand, she saw there the impress of her mother's cross.—

"This is then the man whom I have loved!" said she with the melancholy smile of holy ingenuousness. "Well, yes! I have loved him tenderly, madly; but it was a dream! I thought that Albert was no more, and you told me that this one deserved my esteem and my confidence. Then I again saw Albert; I thought I understood from his language that he did not wish to be my husband, and I did not guard myself from loving this unknown, whose letters and attentions intoxicated me with a foolish attraction. But I have been told that Albert loves me still, and that he renounces me from virtue and generosity. But why then is Albert persuaded that I will remain inferior to him in devotedness? What criminal act have I committed hitherto, that I should be thought capable of breaking his heart by accepting a selfish happiness? No, I will never stain myself with such a crime. If Albert considers me unworthy of him because I have another love than his in my heart; if he feels a scruple about destroying that love, and does not desire to inspire me with a greater, I will submit to his decision; I will accept the sentence of that divorce, against which nevertheless my heart and my conscience revolt; but I will be neither the wife nor the lover of the other. Farewell, Liverani! or whoever you may be, to whom I entrusted my mother's cross in a day of effusion for which I feel neither shame nor remorse; restore to me that pledge, in order that there may no longer be between us anything else than the remembrance of a reciprocal esteem and the feeling of a duty accomplished without bitterness and without effort!"

"We recognize no such morality, as you know," returned the sibyl; "we do not accept such sacrifices; we wish to inaugurate and to sanctify love, lost and profaned in the world, the holy and voluntary union of two beings equally attached. We have over our children the right of correcting the conscience, of remitting faults, of assorting sympathies; of breaking the bonds of ancient society. You therefore have not that of disposing of your being in sacrifice; you cannot stifle love in your bosom and deny the truth of your confession unless we give you permission so to do."

"Why do you speak to me of liberty, why do you speak to me of love and of happiness?" cried Consuelo making a step towards the judges with a burst of enthusiasm and the radiance of a sublime expression. Have you not made me pass through trials which ought to leave an eternal paleness on my brow, and an invincible austerity in my soul. How

insensible and cowardly you must consider me, if you judge me still capable of dreaming and seeking for personal satisfaction after what I have seen, after what I have comprehended, after what I know henceforth respecting the history of men, and my duties in this world? No! no! no more love, no more marriage, no more liberty, no more happiness, no more glory, no more art, nothing more for me, if I must cause suffering to the least among my kind! And is it not proved that every joy in the world of this day is purchased at the cost of the joy of some other? Is there not something better to be done than to satisfy one's self? Does not Albert think thus; and have not I the right to think like him? Does he not hope to find in his very sacrifice the strength to labor for humanity with more ardor and intelligence than ever! Let me be as great as Albert. Let me fly from the deceitful and criminal illusion of happiness. Give me work, fatigue, sorrow, enthusiasm! I can no longer conceive of joy but in suffering: I have the thirst of martyrdom since you have imprudently shown to me the trophies of execution. O! shame to those who have understood duty and who care still to share happiness or rest upon the earth! Of what consequence are we, of what consequence am I! O Liverani, if you love me with love after having gone through the trials which have led me here, you are insensate, you are only a child, unworthy of the name of man, unworthy assuredly that I should sacrifice to you Albert's heroic affection. And you, Albert, if you are here, if you listen to me, you ought not to refuse to call me your sister, to extend to me your hand and assist me to walk in the rough path which leads you to God."

Consuelo's enthusiasm was carried to its highest pitch; words were not sufficient to express it. A sort of dizziness seized upon her, and as it happened to the pythonesses in the paroxysm of their divine crises, that they gave themselves up to cries and strange furies, so she was led to manifest the emotion with which she overflowed, by the expression that was most natural to her. She began to sing in a brilliant voice and with a transport at least equal to that she had experienced when singing the same air at Venice, in public for the first time of her life, and in presence of Marcello and Porpora,

I cieli immensi narrano
Del grande Iddio la gloria!

This song came to her lips, because it is perhaps the most artless and the most striking expression that music has ever given to religious enthusiasm. But Consuelo had not the calmness necessary to restrain and to direct her voice; after

these two lines, the intonation became a sob in her chest, she burst into tears and fell upon her knees.

The Invisibles, electrified by her fervor, had risen simultaneously, as if to hear standing, in the attitude of respect, that song of the inspired one. But seeing her sinking under her emotion, they all descended from the enclosure and approached her, while Wanda, seizing her in her arms, and throwing her into those of Liverani, cried to her, "Well! look at him then, and know that God grants to you the power of reconciling love and virtue, happiness and duty!"

Consuelo, deaf for an instant, and as if entranced in another world, at last looked at Liverani, whose mask Marcus had just torn off. She uttered a piercing cry and almost expired on his bosom as she recognized Albert. Albert and Liverani were the same man.

To be Continued.

APPALLING DISTRESS. We entreat our readers' attention to the following shocking description of the state of Skibbereen, and the surrounding district of West Carbery, in the county of Cork, premising, that it is only an aggravated epitome of the sufferings of the poor starving peasantry in other districts. It is by Mr. Cummins, a county magistrate, who thus writes to the Duke of Wellington:

"I went, on the 15th inst., to Skibbereen, and to give the instance of one townland district which I visited, as an example of the state of the entire coast district, I shall state simply what I there saw. It is situate on the eastern side of Castlehaven harbor, and is named South Reen, in the parish of Myross. Being aware that I should have to witness frightful hunger, I provided myself with as much bread as five men could carry, and on reaching the spot I was surprised to find the wretched hamlet apparently deserted. I entered some of the hovels to ascertain the cause, and the scenes that presented themselves were such as no tongue or pen can convey the slightest idea of. In the first, six famished and ghastly skeletons, to all appearance dead, were huddled in a corner on some filthy straw, their sole covering what seemed a ragged horse cloth, their wretched legs hanging about, naked above the knees. I approached in horror, and found, by a low moaning, they were alive—they were in fever, four children, a woman, and what had once been a man. It is impossible to go through the detail; suffice it to say, that, in a few minutes, I was surrounded by at least two hundred of such phantoms; such frightful spectres no words can describe. By far the greater number were delicious, either from famine or from fever. Their demoniac yells are still ringing in my ears, and their horrible images are fixed upon my brain. My heart sickens at the recital, but I must go on.

"In another case, decency would forbid what follows, but it must be told. My clothes were nearly torn off in my endeavor to escape from the throng of

pestilence around, when my neckcloth was seized from behind by a grip which compelled me to turn. I found myself grasped by a woman with an infant apparently just born in arms, and the remains of a filthy sack across her loins, the sole covering of herself and babe. The same morning the police opened a house on the adjoining lands, which was observed shut for many days, and two frozen corpses were found, lying on the mud floor, half devoured by rats!"

"A mother, herself in fever, was seen the same day to drag out the corpse of her child, a girl about twelve, perfectly naked, and leave it half covered with stones. In another house, within five hundred yards of the cavalry station at Skibbereen, the Dispensary Doctor found seven wretches lying unable to move, under the same cloak. One had been dead many hours, but the others were unable to move either themselves or the corpses."

Equally disheartening is what follows from the *Monaghan Standard*:

The state of destitution in this neighborhood is absolutely frightful. In every street, at every corner, lean and cadaverous beings meet your eye, famine in the face, want in the hollow glance, emaciation in the wasted frame, and yet they do not die. Strange how much suffering the body accustomed to want can bear before the spirit wings its flight! It has not yet been ascertained how little a man can live on; men who fed moderately in other years are surprised how they are alive, they get so very little now. The able-bodied laborer is no longer so; he is haggard and famine-worn. There is no charity amongst those who gave ninety per cent. of the alms of the country, the farmers; they are buying themselves oats; flour is 1s. 6d. per stone, and is sold to buy meal; the horses are starved, and the family, like a vessel in a calm, is on half allowance. The poor-houses are filling with frightful rapidity.

TRINITY CHURCH, N. Y. The New York correspondent of the Woodstock (R. I.) Patriot gives the following description of this magnificent building: "Conspicuously at the head of Wall street, stands Trinity Church—its dark brown tower looming gloriously up in the blue vault of heaven. It is really a stupendous structure, and is unsurpassed in magnificence, by any church on the Western Continent. And its chime of bells are the sweetest melodists that ever startled the dull ear of a great city. Whenever I hear their merry music, I know they carry a thrill of joy to thousands of poor jaded hearts, beside my own. They are as an angel's whisper, vibrating amid the ceaseless tramp and thunder of a city carnival. But Trinity Church with all its architectural beauty, its tall Gothic spire, its graceful turrets, its stained windows, its monstrous organ, its gorgeously decorated altar and gilded architrave, is nevertheless but a splendid monument of religious mockery and monopoly! How, sir, in the nineteenth century—in a land whose fabric of government is a Republic—whose national characteristic is simplicity, and whose religion should be Christian equality, seemeth this temple of oriental splendor! Are those destitute thousands, the ca-

naile, permitted to worship at its altar! Have those dilapidated hovels of want, and those flesh-shambles of debauchery in its contiguous neighborhood, any conduits leading from its evangelical reservoir! And are the dark alleys of the city, and still darker by-ways in men's hearts illuminated by yon cross of Episcopal gorgeousness! Resurrectionize those sixty thousand skeletons in Trinity church-yard—shake the dust from their feet—direct their bewildered optics to that vast pile, and they will tell you it is the sanctuary of Mammon, where the monopolists of the earth congregate—where a few rents for a thousand dollars—where the price of salvation is affluence, and where poor sinners 'can't come in.'"

LIFE AND MANNERS IN CONGRESS.

[From the National Era.]

Perhaps no people have a keener sense of the ridiculous than Americans. It is perilous for a speaker in the House of Representatives to venture upon the pathetic. A member of ample dimensions, bluff, merry-looking face, and without a particle of *pathos* in his manner, while engaged the other day in a very earnest discussion of the slavery question, which he handled with spirit and ability, was so unlucky at one time as to attempt a climax, on the apostasy of the times. He managed very well till he came to put on the top-stone, but there he fell flat. "When," said he, "I see" so and so, proceeding to enumerate some monstrous evils, "it makes me feel melancholy." So unexpected was this ending, and so oddly did it contrast with his broad, good-humored face, that the whole House broke out in a roar of laughter, some of them crying, "O, sad!"

Such little passages do good, especially when exciting questions are up. Men will never do much mischief so long as they are in the laughing mood. Hearty laughter has a most mellowing influence.

Mr. PETTIT, a few days since, contributed his share, unintentionally, to the amusement of the House. A spectacled gentleman, past the middle period of life, rather venerable in appearance, of a style of speech indicating much force and shrewdness—no one would suspect him of dallying with the sentimental. But, the best of men will sometimes yield to temptation. While making his speech on the question of slavery, he undertook to run a contrast between Virginia and New York, and first examined the physical features of the former. All at once, he began to think of babbling brooks. "Where, in what land," he asked, "do the zephyrs blow more softly, the rills flow more musically, the birds sing more merrily?" This, from a hard politician and a gray-headed gentleman, and right in the middle of an exciting debate, completely upset the gravity of the House; and their uproarious mirth affected the orator himself, who speedily took his flight from the region of rills and zephyrs.

The House, it is said, behaves better during this session than it has hitherto done. If not, it has certainly been caricatured. So far, there has been as much order as could be expected in so large a body. A good speaker, who has something to say, can always command quiet and respectful attention. A poor

speaker, with nothing to say, has no right to complain if the House grow restive and rather talkative.

The hall was built for ornament, and nothing else. If the architect had tried, he could not have built one worse for both spectators and listeners, and less adapted to deliberative purposes. A member must possess a remarkably clear voice, distinct enunciation, and, withal, be very deliberate, to be heard by all, even within the bar. If a speaker pitch his voice on a high key, or become vehement and rapid, perhaps not one-half of his hearers will understand him. It is this evil, we are sure, that often aggravates the disorder of the House.

A few years ago, we are told, it was customary for members to sit within the bar with their hats on—an evidence, we suppose, of their sturdy republicanism. They have degenerated so much that the hats are now laid aside. Occasionally, however, a member walks proudly down an aisle, with his hat on, keeping it there till he takes his seat, when he pulls it off with the utmost deliberation, as if reluctant to conform to so aristocratic a custom.

One thing will be remarked by every stranger, looking down for the first time upon this exhibition of legislative wisdom—and that is, the wonderful fluency of every speaker. No one hesitates, halts, or stammers—young or old, whether he has anything to say or not—and it makes no difference what may be the topic. Words are said to be the representatives of ideas—but that proposition finds numerous exceptions in Congress.

The hour rule may have done good as a restraint upon this incontinence of speech; but it has its evils, too, one of which is, that some members, though ten minutes would suffice for the complete exhibition of their wisdom, feel now a kind of religious obligation to fill up the hour. The diffusiveness of these short-idea gentlemen is intolerable. You will sometimes hear a speaker of this kind dealing all through his speech in such superfluities as, "I beg leave to say, sir;" "Will you permit me to add, Mr. Chairman;" "Allow me, sir," &c., &c., just as if his privilege to "say" and "add" what he pleased were really called in question.

The gesticulation of speakers is generally indicative of more *muscle* than *taste*. It is astonishing how they sweat sometimes. Not unfrequently they find it necessary to relieve themselves of their stocks, so that the wind-pipe may have freer play; but, unfortunately, the more loudly they speak, the less they are understood. Echoes innumerable ramble and sport through the hall in inimitable confusion. We know of no gainers by these violent gesticulations, except the tailors. Broadcloth and the best of stitches cannot stand every thing.

A favorite custom among members speaking is, to slap and thump without mercy the desks before them; and it is especially desirable that the blow should be given at the very moment the emphatic word is pronounced, so as to prevent all possibility of its being heard. It is an admirable art; and since these *striking* appeals seem absolutely necessary, it might be well for every member to be supplied with a little hammer, and, for the sake of giving listeners a chance to understand him, occupy the first ten or

fifteen minutes of his hour in hammering, the rest, in speaking.

Every member of the House, *ex officio* is an oracle and a prophet. True, the people never dreamed that the candidates whom they were supporting were gifted in this way; but there is inspiration we suppose, in the ample dome and grand-looking pillars that witness their deliberations. It is wonderful to see how soon the most youthful member learns to enact a Jeremiad. The oracle of Delphos used to be visited by certain preliminary symptoms indicating the coming on of the paroxysmal affluus. So, an attentive observer can always tell when the prophetic fit is about supervening in a member of Congress. All at once his countenance assumes an ominous aspect—the eye glares—he falls back a few steps, and shakes his long black locks if he have any; then, suddenly lifting himself on tiptoe, he springs forward six feet, raises his arm, shakes his fore-finger, which evidently trembles with emotion, and in his most guttural tones, cries out, "I tell gentlemen—I warn them, Mr. Speaker—they stand upon a volcano, and nothing but a thin crust is between them and a heaving lake of fiery lava!"

If gentlemen are not frightened, it is because they, too, are prophets. Some speeches, like the prophet's scroll, with-in and without, are full of woes and lamentation.

Perhaps we may hereafter speak more at large of legislative power.

EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

—"It may be useful to inquire, what have been the doings of the emancipated negroes in the West Indies? In connection with a return lately furnished to the British Government, as to the number of emancipated negroes who have become freeholders, &c., in British Guiana, is appended a list of estates which they have purchased either in partnership or association. From this list we extract the following instances:—

Perseverance Estate.—470 acres, purchased by sixty-three laborers in association for \$5,000; and 250 acres, purchased by one hundred and nine laborers, for \$1,700, in the same manner.

Littlefield Estate.—500 acres, purchased by twelve laborers in partnership, for \$9,000.

Lovely Lass Estate.—520 acres, bought for \$1,715, by fourteen laborers in association.

North Brook Estate.—500 acres, purchased by eighty-four laborers in partnership, for \$10,000.

"These are only examples from a list extending over five large foolscap sheets of paper. From the fact gathered from them, we see no cause to doubt the wisdom of these enfranchised blacks. They have even set an example to the working classes of the whites. In a country where little labor is required for the sustenance of life, they appear determined to discontinue the oppressive system of overworked hired labor. This they effect by becoming freeholders through co-operation, in association, in partnership. In all this there is no lack of wisdom. In all this the image of God in ivory might take a lesson from the image of God in ebony. In all this there is no reason to fear an emancipation of the American slave population, from what has taken place after negro enfranchisement in the West Indies."

"SPIRIT OF THE AGE" IN CINCINNATI.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Of all the varied forms in which the unquiet spirit of humanity is presenting itself at the present day, perhaps none are more remarkable than that which is now developing itself among us in Cincinnati. The spirit of change which is revolutionizing the arts and sciences, and which is giving new forms to religion, social philosophy, politics, medicine, and even the mechanic arts, seems to be the predominant spirit of the present times,—every thing in a transition state.

Among the boldest adventures of this peculiar era, we find here a few who are privately nursing plans and views of a most Utopian and uncommon character. Their movements have been quiet and unobtrusive, but of late we perceive they are holding public meetings and making known to the public their position and objects. Every Sunday afternoon meetings are held at the Melodeon at three o'clock, and moral or philosophical lectures are delivered in reference to the various subjects of physiology, theology, philosophy, and so forth.

We have been present on several occasions, and have been struck with the boldness of the speculations and the candid sincerity of the inquiries in which they are engaged. In these they appear neither as destructive radicals nor as inert conservatives. They aim at virtue, purity and happiness, but they are aiming at a higher standard than is commonly made the goal of philosophers and theologians. Whether they should class with the former or with the latter, we are inclined to regard them as uniting the characteristics of both. They would elevate philosophy into the atmosphere of religion, and introduce into religion the simplicity and certainty of philosophy.

The scope and spirit of their researches may be expressed by the word THEOSOPHY, or Divine Wisdom. They believe in the all-pervading influence and power of the Divine Spirit operating upon the souls of men, and leading them to a higher and nobler existence, in proportion as they feel its influence. Hence, their religion is of a sublime and practical character. They believe that "the ways of God to man" are governed by just, eternal and inflexible laws, and that however much humanity may have become estranged from God, from Divine Love and from happiness, a proper obedience to these laws will bring us into nearer relations to the Divine Power, and produce on earth a holiness of life, an elevation of character, and a general sympathy among men, which will establish universal brotherhood and unity.

Their goal is the entire emancipation of humanity from the thralldom of crime and evil passions, and the realization on earth of the highest ideal of human character. The moral perfection of Jesus Christ is their model, the mediate and the immediate influence of the Divine Spirit they recognize as their guide.

Whatever may be the result of their movement, it is but just to present it as they regard it themselves, and are endeavoring to carry it out. As sincere and humble Theosophers, they are endeavoring to elevate and purify their individual characters, to attain a higher standard of virtue and enlightenment, and to unite the pure and true-hearted in the great object of elevating man to the

holiness, happiness and high enlightenment, which we know is possible to humanity, although in our present disorganized and selfish condition of society few indeed can approximate their own ideal.

Nor is it merely with individual results that they are contented. The regeneration of all humanity is their aim; a brighter era of science and of social existence is their most confident hope. They are not alone. The minds of men have been gradually approaching from various quarters toward the ground which they occupy. Men of ability, who stand in the front ranks of thought in the world of science, literature and morals, are looking on with silent approbation, and ere long it is probable that a powerful phalanx of mind will be embarked in this great scheme of social and spiritual REGENERATION.—PSYCHE.

Cincinnati Gazette.

THE GREAT REFORMER.

A "Christmas Carol."

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

From the work-bench of the carver, where in honest toil He bent;
From the peasant's low-caved cottage, rich with virtue and content;
From the forest where with Nature He held converse deep and high;
From the mountain where His spirit rose to grandeur like the sky;
From the desert of temptation, where he spurned the kingly name,
Saying "Get thee from me, Satan!" to the gold and ease, and fame;
With a calm and steadfast courage He went out into the storm,
To a life of humble goodness, to a Mission of Reform!
His garb of homely russet did veil, but not conceal,
A form whereon Perfection had set its living seal;
That form of perfect beauty around a spirit shone
Pure as the Summer dew-drop, yet brilliant as the sun;
The universe of wisdom all mirrored was therein,
As clouds and stars and mountains shine through the Ocean's brim;
And all its mighty pulses with Love were overflowed
Love boundless as Creation and infinite as God!
His words like living light-beams went forth with arrowy aim,
Kindling Man's dormant powers to a strong, volcanic flame;
Spreading a golden sunrise o'er the dark, chaotic Night;
Rousing the weak and chain-worn to a conflict for the Right;
Shaking the throne and prison as the earthquake rocks a wall,
Whelming the priestly altars in the ruin of their fall;
Waking great Human Nature, as the storms the Ocean move,
To redeem its glorious birthright of Unity and Love.
His deeds, that like His spirit were mercifully strong,
Were a protest against Evil and a conflict with the Wrong.

He clasped the lonely outcast, with a pitying love divine,
While He tore from him the fetters and the leper-rags of crime;
He braved the hydra Falsehood, whose poisoning folds and dart
Had crushed and wrung and maddened the God-like human heart;
Retreating not though tortured, each pore of being bled,
Till with one grand endeavor He bruised its mitred head.
Death 'mid the iron hail-storm that sweeps along the van
Is his who leads with dauntless breast the forlorn hope of Man:
Death by the axe or gallows, the rock or flame, to him
Who wars with demon Priesthoods, or with the blood-robed King.
O, strong-souled Champion of the Right! this was Thy glorious fate:
The false Church nailed Thee on the Cross raised for Thee by the State.
Yet has Thy Cross become a Throne; Judah and Rome are hurled
In shame beneath Thy mighty reign, Reformer of the World!
The Hero Spirit never dies, the Martyr Soul lives on;
Here reignest Thou, O Brother! yet, till the good fight is won.
Thou whisperest in the true man's heart, and mightily is borne
From land to land, out-bursting grand, the chorus of Reform.
We see not now Thy fleshly form, yet is Thy spirit near,
Filling the true man's breast with Love that overcometh Fear;
Revealed to all who in the paths of Truth and Duty run,
Like the great angel seen by John, throned in the rising sun.
In no Despotie State art Thou, where rulers forge the chain
That binds the desolate and poor to Penury and Pain;
In no Sectarian Church art Thou, where knaves and bigots meet,
And broken hearts splash bloody-red beneath their iron-shod feet.
Thy home is where the Hero dwells who toils to overthrow
That *Social Anarchy* that dooms the world to guilt and wo;
Where hearts beat warm with faith and love, as throbs the storm-swept sea,
Thou rulest as a brother rules the strong souls of the Free.
Thy voice is heard where Nations rise from blindness and from sleep,
And call for Brotherhood and Love, as deep responds to deep.
Thy strength is felt where strong men toil, with willing lives and true,
To overthrow the useless Old and build the glorious New;
That *Social Union* that shall join in one our Human Race,
And hide with flowers of joy and peace the battle-whirlwind's trace;
The CHURCH OF LOVE, the STATE OF LOVE, immortal and divine,
Where God and Man shall blend in one to dwell through endless time!

RUSSIAN CUSTOMS. In this desolate region, I saw men old with gray hair and ruddy faces, who had lived through sixty dark winters and as many shadeless summers, and seemed contented, if not happy. But utter forgetfulness seems to be their highest pleasure. When the Russian peasant has earned enough to afford the luxury, he goes to town when all the church bells are ringing, to hail some saint's day; he solemnly attends the ceremony of worship, and goes through all the required forms of kneeling, prostrations, and making signs of the cross. This done, he hastens to the brandy shop, (and sometimes the priest goes with him.) There he wastes no time, but pulls out his money and buys as much brandy as he can afford. He does not toy with his liquor, but swallows it at once, and in a few minutes falls senseless upon the floor. The tavern keeper takes his satisfied customer by the heels, and draws him out into the street, there to lie until the next morning. Frequently, as we entered a town after the celebration of some festival, we saw a score of the brandy drinkers lying by the side of the road.

Even love in this country seems to have caught some frost from the climate. We continued on as far as Ustjug-Weliki, and here we found an amusing instance of national taste. In the market-place stood a long row of stout, honest-looking, ruddy-cheeked peasant girls, each with a basket upon her arm. They had come up the river to sell themselves! It was a market for wives, with their dowries in their baskets! The young men of Ustjug-Weliki walked along the tempting line of faces in a very apathetic way, and seemed to be quite as earnest in peeping into the baskets as looking on the faces of these willing girls. I and my companion made an appraisal of the charms thus freely exhibited, and I think we noticed two or three that might have served us as excellent wives, had our circumstances allowed of such a speculation. Positively, there was a something to me quite charming in this plain, business-like arrangement of matrimony, as contrasted with the same thing done in our fashionable circles, in such an indirect, roundabout, and hypocritical style. — *Work of a late Traveller.*

PHRENOLOGY. Although the talkers and those who get up the *effervescences* on the surface of public opinion, may have found other matters to busy themselves about, yet the science of Phrenology is every year receiving more and more attention and enlarging the sphere of its usefulness — especially on the subject of Education. We learn that the *Phrenological Journal*, published by Messrs. Fowlers and Wells in New York, has attained a circulation of over twelve thousand copies. Some other interesting facts in the history and present growth of Phrenology, are contained in the following from the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*:

"Notwithstanding an almost universal apathy in this country upon a subject that

within a few years occupied the thoughts of all the philosophers, and multitudes who thought themselves such, it seems to be germinating in new regions where it may grow and flourish with more vigor than it ever did in places where it was planted personally by GALL and SPURZHEIM. At Buenos Ayres there is represented to be a Phrenological Professorship in the College of that city, connected with which is a fine collection of Phrenological specimens. Mr. GEORGE COMBE, the only living European apostle of distinguished attainments in Phrenology, who lectured in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, &c., has translated most of his works into German and French, and is now putting them into the Spanish and Italian languages, says Mr. FOWLER's Journal. The sale of the Phrenological Almanac for 1846—a popular mode of disseminating the elements of the subject, a sort of sandwich for creating a reading appetite—exceeded 90,000, and it is presumed that 150,000 will be required to meet the demand in 1847. Mr. FOWLER has entered upon the ninth volume of his 'Americau Phrenological Journal,' which is one of the most spirited original periodicals in America."

QUITE A MISTAKE. The daily newspapers have lately reported several instances of men and women found frozen or starved to death,—one in particular of a woman and her two children, who had all died together in a frozen cellar without floor, fire, or straw to lie on. These cases are always headed, "Sad Affair," "Melancholy Catastrophe," or something in this vein. Gracious Heaven! do not the ninnies see that death was the dearest blessing to these creatures? Life was to them the only sadness.—*Yankee Doodle.*

AWAKING THE SLEEPERS. It was the custom in Massachusetts in the early times, as we learn from Lewis's History of Lynn, for a person to go about the meeting-houses during divine service, and wake the sleepers. "He bore a long wand, on one end of which was a ball, and on the other a fox tail. When he observed the men asleep, he rapped them on the head with the knob; and roused the slumbering sensibility of the ladies by drawing the brush lightly across their faces."

One Mr. Patrick F. was annoyed exceedingly by a strange dog,—as Coleridge says, a "harmless dog," who invaded his domicil, made abstractions from his cellar, and was very much in the way of Mrs. Patrick F. in the kitchen. On a cold winter night, the wind cutting like a knife, and the snow frozen so as to burn like carbonic acid gas frozen, after the dog had been turned out of doors no less than three times, and the last time requested to go to a warmer place unmentionable, Patrick was awakened from a warm and comfortable sleep by the noise of a rather expensive fracture of glass. The dog was in the house again. Patrick waited upon him out, and both were absent some fifteen minutes; so that Mrs. Patrick F., be-

coming surprised if not alarmed at such a prolonged absence, arose also and went to the window.

From her point of observation she saw, in the clear moonlight, her lord standing "in naturalibus," barring the shirt, and the wind making free with that, as of course it would, at the north-east corner of the house. The dog seemed to be *sustained* on his "last legs," his fore legs forming two sides of an acute triangle.

"What can you be doing there, Patrick?"

There was such a chattering of teeth that the answer for some time was somewhat unintelligible. At last it came:

"I'm t-t-try-trying to fraze the devilish baste to d-d-death!"

The death of M. MICHELET, announced lately in most of the papers, was not that of the historian, but of his father.

The misery existing in Flanders is immense. Not fewer than 13,000 persons emigrated last year for America from that province, and in the ensuing year the number will be still greater.

They have created a new Bishopric of Manchester, England. The Bishop's annual income is to be £1,500! What is he going to do to earn it?

The Government Mills at Plymouth are employed night and day in grinding Indian corn for the relief of the destitute poor in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland.

LYELL, the Geologist, asserts that there is more coal in the single State of Illinois than in all Europe.

The pianist, LISZT, has recently married at Prague, the daughter of a wealthy jeweller, who is said to have brought her husband a dowry of three millions of francs.

A French philosopher has stated to the Academy of Sciences that gun-cotton may be eaten, and is suitable for the feeding of dogs. These must be the dogs of war we have heard so much about.—*Jerrold's Newspaper.*

DRIVEN TO THE SLAUGHTER. A few days since our attention was drawn to a company of volunteers paraded at the Battery, for the purpose of being incarcerated on Governor's Island, until they should be transported to the slaughter grounds in the interior of Mexico. We made an ante-mortem examination upon this forlorn body of landless wretches, and give the facts as they were elicited. They were *volunteers* only in name, having, as themselves averred, been *driven to enlist* by being out of employ, and necessitated by hopeless destitution and gnawing starvation. Many of these men were mechanics, and others, with no avocation, except that of compulsive idleness. They had been enrolled in the manufacturing towns, Pittsburg and Pittsfield, Pennsylvania. They looked woe-begone, dejected, and unhappy; presenting any other appearance than that of being the bulwarks of a Republican nation's liberty. It occurred to us that if President Polk could

have been an eye witness to this scene of harrowing wretchedness, if he could have looked upon these heart-broken men, compelled by starvation and want to alienate themselves from poverty-stricken homes and forlorn and neglected families, to be cruelly butchered on the battle fields of Mexico, or die from fevers and exposure among damp marshes and wild fens, *for his glory*, he could not but have repented in gall and bitterness the heinous and wicked war policy which is sewing broadcast over the land, murder, wretchedness, famine and an immense national debt.—*Young America.*

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Bland as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play;
And, through its hase, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear:
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The bluebird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, oh Mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free,
"Our winter voices prophecy
Of summer days to thee!"

So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers!

The Night is Mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring.
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the star-light lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His Hope with all!

National Era.

A SHREWD REPLY. James II., when Duke of York, made a visit to Milton out of curiosity. In the course of their conversation, the Duke said to the Poet, that he thought his blindness was a judgment of Heaven on him, because he had written against Charles I., his (the Duke's) father, when the immortal poet replied: "If your Highness thinks that misfortunes are indexes of the wrath of Heaven, what must you think of my father's tragical end? I have only lost my eyes, but he lost his head!"

BAD WRITING. "His letters put me in mind of tumult and anarchy; there is sedition in every sentence; syllable has no longer any confidence in syllable, but dissolves its connection as preferring an alliance with the succeeding word. A page of his epistle looks like the floor of a garden-house, covered with old, crooked nails, which have just been released from a century's durance in a

brick wall. I cannot cast my eyes on his character without being religious. This is the only good effect I have derived from his writings; he brings into my mind the resurrection, and paints the tumultuous resurrection of awakened men with a pencil of masterly confusion. I am fully convinced of one thing, either that he or his pen is intoxicated when he writes to me, for his letters seem to have borrowed the reel of wine, and stagger from one corner of the sheet to the other. They remind me of Lord Chatham's administration, lying together heads and points in one truckle-bed." — *Dr. Parr.*

REVIEW.

A Sermon on Merchants: preached at the Melodeon, on Sunday, November 22d, 1846. By THEODORE PARKER, Minister of the Twenty Eighth Congregational Church in Boston. Published by Request. Boston: Jordan and Wiley. 1848. pp. 48.

We remember hearing an anecdote of a certain Theological Professor, who, after some unhappy aspirant to the honors of pulpit eloquence had just completed his maiden effort in preaching, and stood pale and quivering before the Jove-like critic, addressed him in these cheering terms, "Mr. So and So! your discourse has every fault of which a discourse is susceptible." We are half tempted to apply the criticism to the performance before us. It is, at least, entirely destitute of all the attributes which are essential in a modern sermon.

In the first place, it has no text, or as good as none. The motto placed at the head, "As a nail sticketh fast between the joinings of the stones, so doth sin stick close between buying and selling," though very striking and appropriate, is not from the Scripture, but from the Apocrypha. This will never do. The church is not safe, if men are indulged with taking texts from any place but the regular canonical writings. It violates tradition, authority, hallowed associations, and still worse, "congregational usage."

Then, this sermon is on a profane subject. Not that merchants are more profane than other men, but who ever thought them sacred enough to form the subject of a sermon! Is it right thus to drag them, by might and main, from the counting-room to the pulpit! Mr. Parker shows himself well acquainted with the secrets of trade, is aware of all its refinements (we must not call them tricks,) and talks of the commerce of the world with the familiarity of a man who has passed half his life on 'Change. Such knowledge in a minister is of a "bad and dangerous tendency."

There is, moreover, a vein of keen, quiet humor running through this ser-

mon. The preacher is as genial and hilarious as if he were a merchant himself, and made good speculations every day. This might be allowed to old Latimer, or Fuller, or South, but it is unpardonable for a Unitarian minister in Boston thus to disturb the dulness of the pulpit. It is no wonder that Mr. Parker is a marked man. If he should be tolerated, it might upset the spectral gravity of the church.

This sermon, also, comes out strong against existing sins. It is good democratic English, without mincing, and always calls "a cat, a cat." Such a tempest of rebuke we never heard in a church; we should think it would give offence to many a sinner: this is indiscreet. It does not take refuge in generalities, hits off no "organic sins," but comes directly down to common every day practice; such a discourse delivered in a "regular" Church would have caused the minister to be waited on by the Parish Committee the next morning.

Still worse, it has quite a decided political aspect. It criticizes government, legislation, public measures, and mighty, immaculate, godlike politicians. Is the pulpit thus to invade the precincts of the press? Are men whose function is with the other world, to have such decided opinions on the interests of this?

The truth is, as we hinted on a former occasion, Mr. Parker is no theologian, for he repudiates the Trinity, the Devil, and Original Sin, and does not decidedly accept the plenary inspiration of the Bible. This sermon, as he improperly calls it, leads us to think he is no Preacher. So far we agree with the authentic ecclesiastical assertion in this matter.

What then is Mr. Parker? We say, one of the bravest, noblest, most sincere, and most effectual speakers that now hold the public ear, in the pulpit or out of it. He was never able to write anything that has the air of a sermon, any more that he could find a place in his brain or heart for the dusty dogmas of the church; but he deals in words that are like polished steel, which charm and dazzle while they cut to the bone. His surpassing eloquence is founded on his massive common sense, kindled by the fire of noble passion which always burns in his heart. He is one of the great practical teachers of the day; his earnestness will always attract earnest men; his knowledge of the world gives him access to the shrewdest heads; he looks directly into the centre of the subject which he handles; and at his potent touch the cobwebs which have been accumulating for ages disappear. He has no taste for fictions, common places, or awful sounds without sense; his sharp, lancet-like wit is a terror to all pretension; and

the evident strength of his own convictions arms his words with an authority that cannot lightly be resisted.

We quote the following description of a bad and good merchant.

"The wicked Baron, bad of heart and bloody of hand has passed off with the age which gave birth to such a brood,—but the Bad Merchant still lives. He cheats in his trade; sometimes against the law, commonly with it. His truth is never wholly true, nor his lie wholly false. He overreaches the ignorant; makes hard bargains with men in their trouble, for he knows that a falling man will catch at red hot iron. He takes the pound of flesh, though that bring away all the life-blood with it. He loves private contracts—digging through walls in secret. No interest is illegal, if he can get it. He cheats the nation with false invoices, and swears lies at the custom-house; will not pay his taxes, but moves out of town on the last of April. He oppresses the men who sail his ships, forcing them to be temperate only that he may consume the value of their drink. He provides for them unsuitable bread and meat. He would not engage in the African Slave Trade, for he might lose his ships and perhaps more. He is always ready to engage in the American Slave Trade, and calls you a "fanatic" if you tell him it is the worse of the two. He cares not whether he carries cotton or the man who wears it, if he only gets the money: Cotton or Negro 't's the same to him. He would not keep a drink-hole in Ann Street—only own and rent it: He will bring or make whole cargoes of the poison that deals damnation round the land. He thinks it vulgar to carry Rum about in a Jug, respectable in a Ship. He makes paupers and leaves others to support them. Tell not him of the misery of the Poor—he knows better; nor of our paltry way of dealing with public Crime—he wants more jails and a speedier gallows. You see him in letting his houses—his houses for the Poor. He is a stone in the lame man's shoe. He is the poor man's Devil. The Hebrew Devil that so worried Job is gone; so is the brutal Devil that awed our fathers. Nobody fears them; they vanish before cockcrow. But this Devil of the nineteenth century is still extant. He has gone into trade, and advertises in the papers; his name is "good" in the street. He "makes money;" the world is poorer by his wealth. He spends it as he made it—like a devil; on himself, his family alone, or worse yet, for show. He can build a church out of his gains—to have his Morality, his Christianity preached in it, and call that the GOSPEL, as Aaron called a Calf—GOD. He sends Rum and Missionaries to the same barbarians—the one to damn, the other to "save," both for his own advantage, for his Patron-Saint is Judas, the first Saint who made money out of Christ. Ask not him to do a good deed in private—men would not know it, and the example would be lost: so he never lets a dollar slip out between his thumb and finger without leaving his mark on both sides of it. He is not forecasting to discern effects in causes, nor skilful to create new wealth—only spry in the scramble for what others have made. It is easy to make a bargain with him—hard to settle. In Politics he wants a Government that will ensure his dividends; so asks what is good for him, but ill for the rest. He knows no Right, only Power; no man but self; no God but his Calf of Gold.

"What effect has he on young men? They

had better touch poison; if he takes you to his heart, he takes you in. What influence on Society? to taint and corrupt it all round. He contaminates Trade, corrupts Politics making abusive laws, not asking for Justice but only dividends. To the church he is the Anti-Christ. Yes, the very Devil, and frightens the poor minister into shameful silence, or more shameless yet, into an apology for crime! Let us look on that monster—look and pass by, not without prayer.

"The Good Merchant tells the Truth and thrives by that; is upright and downright; his word good as his Bible-oath. He pays for all he takes; though never so rich he owns no wicked dollar, all is openly, honestly, manfully earned and a full equivalent paid for it. He owns money and is worth a man. He is just in business with the strong; charitable in dealing with the weak. His Counting Room or his Shop is the sanctuary of fairness, justice, a school of uprightness as well as thrift. Industry and Honor go hand in hand with him. He gets rich by industry and forecast, not by slight of hand and shuffling his cards to another's loss. No man becomes the poorer because he is rich. He would sooner hurt himself than wrong another, for he is a man not a fox. He entraps no man with lies, active or passive. His Honesty is better capital than a Sharper's Cunning. Yet he makes no more talk about Justice and Honesty than the Sun talk of light and heat; they do their own talking. His profession of Religion is all practice. He knows that a good man is just as near Heaven in his shop, as in his church; at work as at prayer; so he makes all work sacramental; he communes with God and Man in buying and selling—communion in both kinds. He consecrates his week day and his work. Christianity appears more divine in this man's deeds than in the holiest words of Apostle or Saint. He treats every man as he wishes all to treat him, and thinks no more of that than of carrying one for every ten. It is the rule of his arithmetic. You know this man is a Saint, not by his creed, but by the letting of his houses, his treatment of all that depend on him. He is a Father to defend the weak, not a Pirate to rob them. He looks out for the welfare of all that he employs; if they are his help he is theirs, and as he is the strongest so the greater help. His private prayer appears in his public work, for in his devotion he does not apologize for his sin, but asking to outgrow that, challenges himself to new Worship and Piety. He sets on foot new enterprises which develop the nation's wealth and help others while they help him. He wants laws that take care of Man's Rights, knowing that then he can take care of himself and of his own but hurt no man by so doing. He asks laws for the weak; not against them. He would not take vengeance on the wicked, but correct them. His Justice tastes of Charity. He tries to remove the causes of Poverty, Licentiousness, of all crime, and thinks that is alike the duty of Church and State. Ask not him to make a States-man a Party-man, or the churches an apology for his lowness, he knows better; he calls that Infidelity. He helps the weak help themselves. He is a moral educator, a church of Christ gone into business, a Saint in trade. The Catholic Saint who stood on a pillar's top, or shut himself into a den and fed on grass, is gone to his place—that Christian Nebuchadnezzar. He got fame in his day. No man honors him now; nobody even imitates him. But the Saint of the nineteenth century

is the Good Merchant; he is wisdom for the foolish, strength for the weak, warning to the wicked, and a blessing to all. Build him a shrine in Bank and Church, in the Market and the Exchange, or build it not: no Saint stands higher than this Saint of Trade. There are such men, rich and poor, young and old; such men in Boston. I have known more than one such, and far greater and better than I have told of, for I purposely under-color this poor sketch. They need no word of mine for encouragement or sympathy. Have they not Christ and God to aid and bless them? Would that some word of mine might stir the heart of others to be such—of you young men. They stand there clean amid the dust of commerce and the mechanic's busy life, they stand there like great square Pyramids in the desert amongst the shifting tents of the Arabs. Look at them ye young men and be healed of your folly. Think it is not the calling which corrupts the men, but the men the calling. The most experienced will tell you so. I know it demands manliness to make a man, but it is that work God sent you here to do."

Outlines of Botany: For the use of Schools and Private Learners. By C. List. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. and Carey & Hart. 1846. 18mo. 162.

This little work is "prepared on the basis of the sixth London Edition of the treatise published under the direction of the Committee of general literature and education, appointed by the society for promoting Christian knowledge." It seems to us to be admirably adapted to its purpose. The principal portion of it is occupied with a clear and progressive description of the structure of a plant, in a series of chapters commencing with the Root and ascending to the Flower and Fruit. Each chapter is followed by questions, by which the student may the better secure what knowledge he has gained at each successive step in the vegetable hierarchy. There are wood-cuts also, illustrating the various parts. To these are added chapters on the internal structure of plants, on the history of Botany, on the Linnæan and the Natural Systems, on Floras, and a convenient Glossary. We should think it just the book for young learners; and whatsoever facilitates or invites to the study of this beautiful science, opens a field of purifying and inspiring occupations to the mind, and makes one rich with nature's analogies for all the experiences and laws of our own spiritual and social growth. The study of nature tends to harmonize; for nature is a mirror of the true Man.

☞ In every science the reign of the false precedes the reign of the true. Before experimental chemistry, the alchemists occupied the stage; before exact astronomy, judicial astrology; before the birth of the true social economy, or Association, we have seen prevail now for a century, this anti-social "Political Economy," or theory of isolated interests and competition, encouraging the little producers, who are little vandals in industry.—*Fourier.*

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MUSIC IN GERMANY.

We take pleasure in introducing under this head some extracts from a journal, written by an enthusiastic amateur, a Dane by birth, residing in the heart of musical Germany. They have been kindly placed at our disposal by the friend in this country to whom the journal was addressed. They are in truth a timely contribution; we have reported quite industriously of concerts and other musical doings in our own cities; but more and more we feel that the idea of a true musical life, of the highest conception of music realized, not only in itself intrinsically as composition, but also in its audiences, can never be gathered from anything that America yet affords. We must look for that to Germany. We have had prodigies and virtuosos, without number: but the real, deepest artists stay at home. Only the foam upon the surface is blown over to our shores; the clear, deep wine that lies silently beneath, has not yet come to us. Not till we have heard MENDELSSOHN and SPOHR, shall we have known the truly great in Art: these stay at home, and do not leave the musical atmosphere, where they can find "*fit* audience" at least. When shall we have any experience here like that contained below, in the account of the two Mendelssohns and their appreciating audience? How unlike the rude unmusical behavior of our audiences, who yawn and talk during the best passages, and spoil every delicate effect by the interruption of their gross and untimely applause! An artist needs no noisy signs to tell him when his audience are in sympathy with him; such things are felt more sensibly in silence.

"LEIRSIG, ———.

"The first concert was on the first of October. It was in the beautiful concert hall of the Gewand House, with its glorious motto in letters of gold over the orchestra, "*Res severa est verum gaudium*;" the hall was so crowded that not another person could have entered. Such a quiet was in the room that you could have heard a pin fall. All knew that a season of true enjoyment was to begin, and with a kind of pious awe,—I cannot find a better word,—awaited the treat their hearts were sure of receiving. At half past six MENDELSSOHN stepped forward and seizing his wand gave the signal to begin; he was hailed with thundering applause, being the greatest favorite of the public. The orchestra is composed of more than sixty musicians, every one of whom is a master on his instrument, and who having formed

an unchanged orchestra for many years, execute the greatest and most difficult works with a harmony that has ever been unrivalled in any part of the world; you often fancy that one single man is performing; the creation of tones will appear as if moulded in one single form, and broken out of it by the hand of one eminent master. This must be understood before we can proceed with the account of the performances, for this peculiarity of our orchestra is the real charm of our concerts. In all the great concerts of Europe you hear the great things performed from which ours are selected, and yet no one ever dared to say that any concerts can rival those of Leipzig. The concert began with the Overture to the Water Carrier by Cherubini, and took the hearer through all the impressions of ardent love, compelled by circumstances to resort to all sorts of artifice to reach its aim. The scene where the Water Carrier takes the lover in his cask to the garden of the beloved one, thus avoiding the old Argus of a tutor, might be traced in the tones; and the glorious strain of mirth at their successful shrewdness, interwoven with deep thanksgiving of the two lovers, which concludes the Overture, is so wonderful that every endeavor to describe it falls too far behind to sanction the attempt; a little imagination must help you.

"Then came a recitative and air from Mozart's *Figaro*, sung by Miss Tutzick of Berlin. A bride waiting in a grove of myrtles and roses for her bridegroom to come and enjoy the beautiful scene, the bubbling rivulet, the mild zephyr, the smiling flowers and fresh herbs, 'O come, that I may crown thy forehead with the purple rose and the sweet white myrtle peeping through its dark green leaves.' Miss Tutzick sang sweetly and with great feeling; her intonation was clear, and the whole performance betrayed the diligent student rather than an eminent genius; but she succeeded in bewitching the audience, and that means a great deal in Leipzig. Mrs. Dulken, the sister of David, and pianiste to the queen of England, now on a visit here, consented to play in the concert. She had chosen Mendelssohn's great Concerto for the piano and orchestra, and played *well*, that is to say, without a mistake, with great technical skill and without any of the modern juggling. The Concerto is beautiful, consisting of an Allegretto, an Adagio and a Rondo, of a sweet lyrical character; performed with some correctness it will never fail to please. So it was in this case, for as I said, Mrs. Dulken played well. But she did not play like Mendelssohn or Mrs. Schuman, or Thalberg, or many others who had played previously. She lacked the breath of divine glory to

which our audience is accustomed, and therefore when she left the piano the applause she received meant 'beautiful music, *well executed*, but not so poetical as we could wish.' This may give you an idea of the audience. Mrs. Dulken is a greater artist than Miss Tutzick, but the latter sang with a divine inspiration, while the former only played like a master in the technical sense of the word. Miss Tutzick now sang an old Italian air by Persiani, classical and difficult, but ungraceful; therefore Mendelssohn asked her to crown the evening by singing a few songs not mentioned in the programme, as songs are her greatest forte. She chose two of Mendelssohn's; and he returning the compliment sat down to the piano and accompanied them himself. By a wonderful prelude, distinguished by the airy touch of his master hand, he gradually created the right spirit in the audience, and then softening his tones modestly, allowed the sweet voice of the pretty singer to fall upon the enchanted ear, in the wild poetical tones of Southern romance. Finally she sang a sweet little love-song, and I thought the walls of the saloon would burst with applause as she concluded, and Mendelssohn thanked her for the true poetry she had breathed into his music. Then Mrs. Dulken again played a brilliant Fantasia of Thalberg's, which being more in her style than Mendelssohn's serious poetry, made a far more favorable impression than her first performance.

"The first part concluded by a masterly Concert Overture by Spohr, the knight of ecclesiastical music. But it was ill chosen after all we had heard, and in spite of all the merits of the orchestra passed away quite unnoticed. After a pause of a quarter of an hour the second part began, which invariably consists of one grand work, a Symphony or an Oratorio. This time it was Beethoven's *Sinfonia Pastorale*, which, in three parts, forms the most beautiful rural picture."

"LEIPZIG, November, 1846.

"On Sunday last, Leipzig had an opportunity to be carried on the wings of music to the empire of Truth and Beauty. There was a concert given by the great Concert Society for the widow of one of the members of the orchestra. You have heard me speak of the Leipzig orchestra, I will not therefore tire you by dwelling too long on the Overture by Marschner, or the Symphony, 'The Battle of Vittoria,' by Beethoven; for though the execution was perfect to such a degree that you fancied you heard human voices sing instead of instruments, yet this was not more than you might have heard in the grand opera at Paris, London or Berlin, if you had the luck to

choose a good evening. But I must say something more of a Sonata by Beethoven for the piano and violin, executed by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, and the concert master David Mendelssohn; the former known to you by his "*Lieder ohne Worte*." Felix Mendelssohn is the greatest musical artist in the world, combining knowledge with power of execution, and David is the first violin of Germany for concerted pieces, especially of a serious character. The Sonata has three parts, Allegro, Adagio, and Rondo. Deep silence was in the saloon when the two heroes took their places. Full, free, felt and understood, perfect and without pretension, the tones of the great composer found their way from the skilful fingers of the artist to the very hearts of the audience. When the Allegro was done, finishing with a beautiful allusion to the coming Adagio, there was no applause; composer and artist were above that; but there was a holy sigh throughout the mass: 'O how Godlike! O that is music!' and all was again breathless to listen to the coming Adagio. No words would describe the beauty of this Adagio; every expression of language fails to tell the merits of the music; every applause would be too dull for the feeling of thankfulness pervading the society; but the tear, the sparkling, unwithheld tear glittering in every eye—this was a return worthy of the composer and the artists, who expressed their thanks for it when they rose and bowed to the public though not a hand had applauded. They resumed their task, and interweaving the gaiety of the Allegro with the poetical sadness of the Adagio, they painted the Rondo with such lively colors as to create an enthusiasm for music in the hearts most remote from understanding it.—When the last tones had died away, having found their echo in every breast, then, and not before, a world of applause thundered down upon the artists. This was indeed the highest proof of good taste in the public, and the whole Sonata, comprising the composer, artists and public, was the most brilliant star in the sky of my musical recollection. I thought of the words you used when we listened to Ole Bull: 'this day for the first time I have heard music.' You would have more reason to say so here than on that day, though I will not deny that Ole Bull surpasses all you have heard before or since. I say on this occasion that in the whole world there cannot be found two men who would *approach* the execution of this Sonata by Felix and David Mendelssohn, far less surpass it; it was *perfection*.

"You never saw an *artist*; yet had you seen the Mendelssohns on Sunday morning during the performance, you

would have perceived in the expression of their eyes at different periods the pious worship of their souls to the God of Love and Beauty, who bestowed upon them the gifts of awakening the feeling of beauty in the hearts of hundreds and thousands. These *are* artists! all the rest, the stars of the day with their neck-breaking performances of brilliant humbug, who leave the heart cold and unsatisfied, are like the poisonous flower, fascinating by the brilliancy of its colors, but bringing death to the unfortunate who is beguiled by them: for worship of the jugglers of modern art is *certain death to true musical taste*; that is the reason why I was always combating the admirers of Ole Bull, Leopold de Meyer and others. It is my opinion that America never will know the value of music until the understanding of harmony, vocal or instrumental, is developed by energetic artists who have perseverance enough to continue with such performances of really valuable things, in spite of the empty saloons in which they will perform at first, till by degrees they will be filled with a good audience. My ideas of a good audience are widely different from those of —. A good audience consists of a quiet, well educated society, filled with respect for the loftiness of art, and the desire of progressing in the understanding of it. Such a one was that of the concert on Sunday. The nobility and gentry being mostly at their country seats, the saloon was crowded by young enthusiasts for art, poor students of music, male and female, and dilettanti and admirers of beauty in every form. I saw many a hand without a glove, but not an eye without a tear. But they knew what joy they might expect when the programme was presented, and gave their dollar to the poor widow of the musician, depriving themselves perhaps of a dinner for several days; at the same time learning to understand a chef d'œuvre of Beethoven, through the execution of two artists like those."

LEIPSIQ, — —.

"Felicien David is the distinguished composer of '*Le Desert*,' and some beautiful songs, of which I think '*Les Hirondelles*' the prettiest; he is a very talented young man, whose acquaintance I made some years ago when he brought the '*Desert*' to be performed in our Gewand House Concerts. He is a Parisian composer who spent three years in the Arabian and Egyptian deserts, and has brought the impressions of that residence into the most lovely picture of tones called '*Le Desert*,' which proves him to be a man of high talent, who may become eminent some time hence. But at the side of Mendelssohn he is entirely

eclipsed. Mendelssohn's music is of a glorious, intrinsically beautiful simplicity, and betokens a composer in the prime of mastership. His music to the Midsummer Night's Dream is sweet as a fairy tale, and his Songs without Words altogether bewitching. It would take me long to give you an idea of his works even if I could remember them all. David Mendelssohn is a very skilful composer too, with remarkable easiness of arrangement and decoration, but I don't think that he is known at all in America. He has only composed for two violins, viola, and violoncello."

LEIPSIQ, — —.

"Do you want more concerts? Last night my friend and countryman, the distinguished Mr. GADE, was the leader of the concert. It is a shame to Denmark that he had to earn his laurels in Germany. He had written the best Concerto that has been composed since the death of Beethoven, and proposed it to the directory of the concerts in Copenhagen, to be performed in their saloon. Now these people know as little of a good Symphony as the New Yorkers do, and rejected his work as a juvenile one. He then came to Leipzig, and not only saw his Symphony gain triumph after triumph, but was appointed teacher of composition in the conservatory here, and leader of the Gewand House Concerts, twenty of which are to be given during the winter. C. M. V. Weber's Overture to *Preciosa*, opened the evening. First you are at a gipsy feast, where their primitive instruments resound from the arch of the gigantic trees under which they are encamped; then a stir and bustle, an attack and defence. Finally, an entirely lyrical strain, indicating the mourning of parents, for years deprived of the joy of their life, an only child. Now they again find their daughter who had been stolen by the gipsies in her infancy and become a blooming girl, grown up at the breast of Nature and now in the midst of this romantic company. The music needs no praise, with V. Weber's name at its head. You would understand him better by listening to the wonderful voice of Miss WAGNER of the royal opera of Dresden, who now sings the beautiful scene and air from *Der Freischutz*, where Agathé waits for Max late in the moonlight. Come he must, but still he lingers. O how could she sleep until she had seen him! O why is love always accompanied by grief! 'Lovely silver face of night, smile upon his path; gently, gently my song ascend to the glittering stars: lift me on the wings of prayer to the God beyond. To Thee, Lord, who hast no beginning, no beginning, no end, I raise my eyes in

prayer,—send thy angels to protect us from danger! All is sleeping,—why does Max linger? I strain my ear with listening, but only the sounds of the forest come to me, only the nightingale enjoys the lovely night. But ah! there are steps yonder, from the midst of the pine grove some one approaches. 'Tis he—'tis he! O hope—O renewed life! Heaven, receive thou the tears of gratitude for hope that fills my breast!' Miss Wagner's song was the offspring of divine genius. She is yet very young and has just returned from Paris, where she has studied in the school of Garcia. She is not altogether mistress of the technical difficulties of her art, but, assisted by such heavenly inspiration as breathes in her every note, she will before long be an excellent artist. As it was, she was received by the audience with the liveliest tokens of esteem. She had never before been heard here, and her triumph was complete. Later in the evening she sang a nice little air from the '*Barber of Seville*,' in which the air breathes so much merry roguery that it steals itself into the good opinion of the audience. But the music is by far inferior to that of Weber, and evidently not so highly esteemed by Miss Wagner; but she sang it well, and left the stage a declared favorite.

"Between these two airs, the young JOACHIM played a great and beautiful Concerto by Beethoven, for the violin and full orchestra. He is only sixteen, but I heard him play the same Concerto two years ago, and then, after he had finished David said to me, 'It is true he is my pupil, but now I could learn from him; I should not be able to play this difficult piece better than he, and in several technical things he surpasses me by far.' Just think what praise from a David! I was curious to see if there would be any perceptible difference, but there was none except perhaps a little more practical firmness, in consequence of maturer judgment. You know how I love the violin; I only wish you could have heard Joachim's. I thought a great deal of Burko and Ole Bull, and was satisfied that you would not think it the same instrument after hearing him.

"The second part of the Concert was the glorious Symphony (in C dur) by Franz Schubert, a work of heroic lyrical character, consisting of an Allegro, Adagio, Scherzo, and Rondo, being four masterly verses of one great poem.

"Such was the Concert of last night. Tho next will be Thursday week, and after that every succeeding Thursday. If you like to hear of them, I shall have great pleasure in giving you sketches of all the beautiful things they contain."

[We trust that we shall hear further from this correspondent. — EDS.]

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

ASPIRATION.

Were we what we might be,
We'd not look back with sadness;
But the past as brightly
Would shine as present gladness.

Were we what we could be,
We'd not look forward fearing;
But the future would be
As sunlight warm and cheering.

E. Y. T.

For the Harbinger.

THE LOST, FOUND.

Bewail not time that thou hast lost,
Or days gone by and wasted:
'Tis losing time to be thus tost
By memories bitter-tasted.

But work the grateful present so,
That some of what thou'st planted,
To bounteous strength and fruitage grow
And thanks, by brothers chanted.

'Tis thus thou'lt find those last sad days,
Bereft, too, of their sorrows;
Our past bad debts there's nought that pays
But gold of rich to-morrows.

E. Y. T.

And is there care in heaven, and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is,—else much more wretched were
the case

Of men than beasts. But, oh! th' exceeding
grace

Of highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro
To serve to wicked men, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succor us, that succor want!

How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!

They for us fight, they watch, and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us
plant,

And all for love, and nothing for reward:
Oh! why should heavenly God to man have
such regard!

Spenser.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, FEB. 6, 1847.

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.

A GOOD MOVEMENT.

We are certain that no man who has received the great doctrines of Association, can rest easy while it is in his power to do anything for their universal diffusion. They are too profound and beautiful in themselves; they are too intimately connected with the happiness and ele-

vation of the race; they touch too deeply the private hopes of every noble heart, to allow of anything like apathy or irresolution. A great work is laid upon the Associationists of the United States. They are in possession of a body of truth, based on exact demonstrations of science, confirmed by all the analogies of nature, and illustrated by the deepest experiences of life, which is destined to change the whole face of society, to supplant every false institution that now exists, to produce unity between external nature and the human soul, and thus to aid man in the fulfilment of his exalted destiny. This truth must not be hid under a bushel. It must not be held as a personal, private indulgence. It is of too vast importance to the welfare of Humanity, to be kept in retirement. Every wise method, that can give it a broad circulation, must be adapted. We know that this is the feeling of our friends every where. We daily receive expressions of their convictions and their hopes which show us what deep earnestness has been aroused. Let the spirit be kindled into a wider and stronger flame. Let every man do something, do all that he can, do all the cause demands of him, and in a very short time, the principles of social unity would receive a triumphant illustration.

We are happy to learn that our beloved friends in Cincinnati continue to feel their responsibility to the cause, and with a truly liberal spirit are devising new methods for its promotion. Our last accounts from that city, bring us the gratifying intelligence, that they propose to publish in good style, a Series of Tracts on Social Reform, the Organization of Labor, the Tendencies of Modern Civilization, and which will be sold at a very low rate, in fact, less than cost. The first Tract, entitled "What is Association," is admirably adapted for general circulation. It is written in a clear, simple, popular style, touches on the most important practical points of the subject, and can hardly fail to make a favorable impression on every truth-loving, truth-seeking mind. It is, moreover, got up in a style of great neatness, and as a specimen of fair typography, is really quite attractive. We hope our friends of the Cincinnati Union have some among their number whose tastes lead them to be active in pushing into notice such excellent little "heralds of truth" as this; and that they will take care to scatter them in the Steamboats, Hotels, and public resorts and thorough fares, so that "they who run may read." A tract of this character, is the right kind of "bread" which the Scripture speaks of, that "should be cast upon the waters," and in not many days it will return in the form

of good wishes, strong convictions, and devoted efforts. We hope soon to get the next Tract of this Series. As members of the Parent Union we do not fear the rivalry of our stalwart sons in the West, and trust that a generous emulation will long exist between us, as to who shall do the best and the wisest for the glorious cause which we have equally at heart.

We give an extract from this publication, which may not indeed present anything new to our readers,—we surely hope it will not,—but which nevertheless they may like to see repeated.

"The Association will provide the best schools, which will be open to all the children, without exception, so that *equal opportunities* of education, or of moral and physical development and of cultivation and improvement will be extended to all; the education which children would receive in these schools would be thorough and complete, and fit them for the practical and scientific pursuits of life and varied social intercourse. Unity in manners, in habits, in language, and general refinement, would be among the important results of the educational system of Association, and would be the means of promoting a free and friendly intercourse between all the members, and of removing the difference that now exists between castes and classes.

"The education which children now receive, does not deserve the name of education. Those of the poor grow up in ignorance, to become the drudges of labor, the hirelings of the favored few who possess fortune, or business talent, or tact; while the children of the rich, without any complete moral and intellectual development, without a love and a knowledge of the pursuits of Art and Science, and the higher aims of life, frequently give themselves up to gambling, drinking, and other pernicious or trivial occupations to satisfy that intellectual activity which is inherent in every human mind, and which must be gratified in some way or other. A majority of them turn out mere blanks, and many gamblers, drunkards, outcasts and criminals—blighting the hopes and anticipations of those who gave them birth, and a curse to themselves and to society. Look around you, and see if this is not true!

"If, then, the advantages which we have here briefly enumerated, will be gained by living in Association, would it not be more natural for 300 families to unite their means and form an Association, than to live separately and isolatedly as they now do? Would it not be better for them to cultivate one large and beautiful Domain, with its perfect distribution and tasteful and economical arrangements, than 300 irregular little farms? Would it not be better to have the advantage of labor-saving machinery upon a large scale which could be introduced into an Association, than to be reduced to the mere labor of the hands, with limited and imperfect implements of Industry? Would it not be better to have a great variety and choice of pursuits in Industry and Art and Science, prosecuted with friends and agreeable companions, than to labor constantly and alone at one occupation, or with companions with

whom there are no sympathies of affection nor ties of interest? Would it not be better to possess the vast economies of Association—economies secured in every department of life—than to be subjected to the constant waste and useless expenditure of single households? Would it not be better to live in an elegant, commodious and healthy Edifice, replete with everything convenient, useful and agreeable, among friends of congenial tastes and feelings, and with the free choice and enjoyment of varied social relations, than to live isolatedly in separate houses, in which for the most part there are neither healthy nor comfortable arrangements, and often solitude, idleness and discord? Would it not be better to be surrounded with the works of Art and Science, with every opportunity for cultivation and refinement, than to be confined to the dull monotony, and to the imperfect means of education of the isolated household? Would not this association, this union of interests and pursuits, this concert of action and efforts for mutual welfare and happiness, entered into by 300 families, be more wise and judicious, more natural and neighborly, more Christian and social, than the present disassociation and separation of interests, the conflict of action and efforts, and the opposition and antagonism, which now so universally exist, and which are so ruinous to human happiness and welfare? We think so; and if people can associate for the purpose of building railroads or canals, establishing banks and other joint-stock companies, can they not apply the principle of Association to society, or to their social, domestic and industrial relations and interests? Can they not unite and prosecute industry, commerce and the arts and sciences on an extensive scale, and establish order and harmony in all these departments, and just and equitable relations among themselves?

"There is nothing impracticable or impossible, it strikes us, in all this—nothing opposed to reason or nature. On the contrary, it is an easy and a simple thing, a safe and practicable thing, advantageous alike to all classes in society, and requires only to be examined by candid, unprejudiced and intelligent minds—minds animated by sentiments of justice and benevolence towards their fellow-man, to be declared a true, a wise and just reform, WHICH SHOULD AND MUST BE REALIZED IN PRACTICE UPON EARTH."

ANOTHER GOOD MOVEMENT.

We have lately received from a noble old Virginian, now residing in Louisiana, a man, to whose munificence the cause of Association has already been greatly indebted,—another proof of his practical devotion to the movement, in which we are laboring. Are there one hundred men in the United States ready to follow the example before them? Can there not be the sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars appropriated to a permanent fund for the propagation of the Associative doctrines, with a view to the establishment of a Model Phalanx, as speedily as possible? Our generous friend has made a beginning worthy of all praise; who is

prepared to add his name to the list of subscribers? We know many zealous individuals in different parts of the country, who are ready to unite with a sufficient number to raise the proposed fund, as soon as they know that their efforts will be available. Let us hear from them, without further delay; for life is too short, and the cause too sacred, for time to be wasted in procrastination.

Here is the communication of our Louisiana friend.

"Owing to circumstances over which I had no control, my pecuniary affairs were so deranged that I could not assist the cause of Association, to which I am more and more devoted, without neglecting to pay my just debts, which my morals would not permit me to do. Rejoice with me that this year I am enabled to subscribe ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, payable in four instalments, commencing the first day of April next, the principal or interest of which, is to be expended either in propagating the theory or the practice of Association, as the committee may think proper. I ask no return of the thousand dollars at the end of ten years. I give it to the good of the cause, success or not success. If a church of humanity can be organized either in Boston or elsewhere, I will subscribe fifty dollars a year to the first natural priest of humanity who may preach in said church. I would give my preference to W. H. Channing.

"When by comparison we can prove man's wisdom in accordance with God's wisdom, and man's laws in agreement with God's natural laws, then the will of God can be done on earth as in heaven, because, we should then be as Christ, both human and divine, and the true objects of God in the proven nature of man, ascertained in practice in Association to which we are progressively tending, and I shall continue to labor. If Fourier's Philosophy were printed in English, and lectures delivered in the South, a subscription of one hundred thousand dollars could be in a short time obtained, to prove the Associative theory in practice, until which, success must be doubtful among the unphilosophic or mass.

"I am your brother both by nature and sentiment. ———."

As a pendant to the above letter, we give the following from a friend in Chicago.

"I have of late had considerable conversation with Associationists, or at least with those who sympathize with the cause, and I find that there is a growing conviction of the necessity of a thorough reform in our social relations.

"There has been talk of forming an

affiliated society in this place, to act in concert with the parent society, but the number of those who are prepared and willing to act is small; however I think the effort will be made.

"There are many persons I find, who are waiting to see a practical demonstration of Association, and some of whom would contribute liberally towards forming a model Association, and it seems to me that this should be the immediate object in view by the friends of Association. Let us see how many persons there are who will contribute one thousand dollars each, upon the condition that one hundred thousand dollars cash capital, can be obtained to start upon. For my part I should be in favor of locating somewhere on the prairies of the west, where land is of a good quality and cheap, and I hereby for one agree to contribute ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, and will hold myself in readiness to pay it in for such an object, and think I can procure two thousand more.

"In this country this sum as cash capital to start with, would be abundant. With this amount of capital, the land might be paid for, the domain somewhat improved, good buildings erected, so as to make associated life attractive from the commencement.

"It seems to me that this sum can be raised, it certainly can if we can have the assurance of the personal union in it of the old and true friends of the cause, let us at least make the effort."

SOCIAL RE-ORGANIZATION.—NO. IV.

In our last number, we hinted at the advantages and elements of success, in joint-stock companies over individual capital and skill. But these companies do not now embody one half the means of wealth, general prosperity and well being which would be combined in the Associated Township, inasmuch as they embrace only one sphere of industry, either mechanical, manufacturing or commercial; whereas, the re-organized township would include all these, and also the whole circle of social and material interests,—Domestic Industry, Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Manufactures, Commerce, Arts, Sciences, and Religion,—constituting what we denominate Integral Association. Thus, what is now but a simplistic and selfish convenience, would become a universal and composite good. It is not in the genius of civilization, to plan a system of universal co-operation in industry, with mutual guaranties, compound economies, and equitable distribution of profits. This would secure the elevation and happiness of the masses; a thing which civilizees regard as existing among the happy inhabitants of Utopia, but not realizable upon any portion of the known world. In the re-organized township,

the means of creating wealth would be certain and constant; now they are wholly uncertain and contingent. There is no mistress more fickle and coquettish than Fortune.

Suppose that under a high tariff a manufacturing company is making wealth rapidly, and is thereby induced to extend its operations, making large additions of buildings, machinery, and so forth. At this crisis, a free-trade party comes into power,—away it sweeps the tariff, and with it goes the business of the manufacturer. What shall the manufacturers do? Pursue their business at the risk of utter failure, or at best, only so as to save themselves from positive loss for three or four years, until the tariff party regains the ascendancy, or until all private manufacturers and smaller corporations fail in the strife of unequal competition with larger ones at home and with free-trade importations from abroad? Or shall the capital be withdrawn and applied to some other business which will pay a fair dividend? The latter course would be fatal. There would be an utter loss of capital invested in the buildings and machinery, which could not be devoted to other purposes than those for which they were designed. Again, it would be impossible for individual members to withdraw their capital without the consent of the corporation which would not be given except at a ruinous discount, and probably not at all. The stock might be sold if a buyer could be found. The corporation as such could not invest its capital in another branch of business, for by so doing it would forfeit its charter, and thus the company would be dissolved.

Should the former course be pursued, the results would inevitably be what we have sketched; namely, the overthrow of all the weaker corporations engaged in manufactures, the universal prostration of private enterprise in that direction, the complete monopoly of that entire interest by a few powerful companies, the general depression of wages among the operatives, and an increase of the hours of toil. Thus the masses would, aye, *do* suffer under civilized joint-stock companies, and the few are benefited by them only in their simplest form and to a limited extent.

We speak now without any party feeling, for we have none. But this is the actual condition of our manufactures. Mr. Stewart (we think that was his name,) was surprised on a late tour to Lowell to learn that the repeal of the late tariff had not affected the manufacturing interest of that city. He asked the reason, and was told by the stockholders themselves, that the distress fell upon the small manufacturers in the country, compelling them to suspend business,

thus leaving the whole market free to the Lowell barons. There is no alternative, in civilized mechanism against one form or another of these evils. Whirl on we must in the vortex of free-competition, party corruption, and the tweedle-dum philosophy of our Sancho Panzas.

The foregoing statements are not only true of civilized joint-stock companies, but are doubly so of its isolated interests, not only of manufacturing, but of all other pursuits. In case of a depression in the price of cotton and woolen manufactures, there will be a consequent decline in the price of cotton and wool, and then the planter and wool-grower will experience in turn the same embarrassment which beset the manufacturer. What now must the planters and farmers do? Turn their attention to something else. But the capital of the former is largely invested in cotton-growing, and that of the latter in sheep; and cotton and sugar-cane, and sheep and calves, are hardly convertible terms. Notwithstanding this, suppose the planter goes to cultivating sugar-cane, and the farmer to raising cattle, how long will it be before this now profitable business will be entered by thousands, a surplus of these several commodities ensue, the prices fall and business stagnate? Another change must be made, with loss in the transition, and so on forever, with an endless train of immitigable miseries.

But in the associated township all these evils would be forestalled by a constant and regular income from a variety of sources, and bankruptcy and failure would be morally impossible.

In the existing order of society a man's capital is usually invested in one branch of business, and when that becomes dull he experiences what is called "hard times." But in the associated township, all branches of industry could be prosecuted to much greater advantage than in the present disintegrated townships. Several of these would always be productive and lucrative, thus ensuring a constant return to labor and capital. Suppose that last year there was a large surplus of wheat, short and broad cloth, and a lack of rice, linen and calico; this year the Association would turn its attention towards making up the deficiency in these articles. The surplus of the former commodities having been consumed, the equilibrium of demand and supply would be restored, and next year they would command an average price. Thus, the transition which is now always attended with loss would then become both easy and profitable. Capital and labor would be sure of a return. In case of loss, however, it would not fall specially upon any one person or class, but upon the Association: so that the largest loss

which could result in the re-organized township would not be so great as the quantum of expense for the poorest town in the nation toward one despicable Mexican war. We have not only two strings to our bow, but a dozen, and can draw the one which will send the arrow with most certainty and effect to the mark. Behold then, the road to wealth and abundance open to all, the universal harmony of interests among all classes, the happy faces of the toiling millions no longer crushed by an unjust system of wages, but surrounded by a profusion of riches, the fruits of their own honest and honored work. Behold the ingenuousness of purpose expressed in the countenance of the once monied monarch, no longer the grim monopolist, or the haughty feudal baron, but the humane patron of honest effort, the cherisher of true earnest endeavor by whomsoever made; behold the intelligence, purity and virtue of all classes made happy by mutual interests, by a common purpose, and by united labors.

HOPEDALE FRATERNAL COMMUNITY.

We have always taken a deep interest in this institution, both on account of our unalloyed esteem for the character and purposes of its founders, and of the pure and exalted aims to which it is devoted. It consists, as our readers are probably aware, of a collection of religious men and women, so deeply imbued with the spirit of Christianity as to care little for the technics of theology, and who believe that the most acceptable service to God is a life of clarity and usefulness to men. They are decided protesters against the prevailing abuses of Church and State, repudiate the worship of the golden calf, pay no respect to absurd customs and fashions, however popular or venerable, and cherish sufficient self respect to be persuaded that they can arrange their own social relations, on the principles of Christian brotherhood, far better than others can do it for them on the system of selfishness and antagonism. They make no pretention to the possession of social science, disclaim allegiance to Fourier or any other human teacher, and trust to the exercise of a Christian spirit for social prosperity. Of course, with our convictions of the importance of a scientific organization, in accordance with the essential wants of human nature, we cannot think that such a movement is adapted to become universal, or to produce a radical revolution in the existing order of society. Still it is an immense advance on the prevailing system of competition, violence, and fraud; it will greatly bless those who are attached to it in good faith, and singleness of heart; and will operate as a permanent reproof to the greedy, grasp-

ing, worldly, vulgar spirit, which abounds in the high places and the low places of Civilization. As a model of a Christian Church,—if our poor opinion is worth anything on this subject,—the Hopedale Community is entitled to a conspicuous rank. It carries into effect the great purposes for which the Church was established. In the midst of aristocratic pride and presumption, it maintains the equality of the Gospel, and surrounded with the bloated splendor of avaricious, belligerent, and worldly-minded religionists, it trusts to the chaste ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit.

We regret to learn from the Address of the President, ADIN BALLOU, delivered at the Annual Meeting on the 13th ult. that it has recently been visited with a prevailing sickness, by which the regular course of its industry has been impeded, and a considerable pecuniary loss incurred. Mr. Ballou opens his Address with the following statement:

"It is not without a tinge of melancholy and disappointment that I offer you the present official communication. The severe sickness which has been permitted to afflict our little Community during the past year places us in circumstances somewhat different from those under which I delivered my last annual address. Death was then a stranger to our Domain. No grave had opened to receive the relics of mortality within our confines. Pestilence had been hurried by the fresh winds of heaven through our homely dale, with scarce a permission to touch its favored inhabitants. Prosperity was strengthening our stakes, and we were fondly hoping for enlarged success in all departments of our associated interest. But we have experienced a reverse. We have been wasted by disease, bereaved by the destroyer, care-worn by anxious vigils over our emaciated friends, enfeebled in our industry, impoverished in our financial resources, and chastened in our ambition by a complicated adversity. Instead of being able to congratulate you, this day, on the results of an unusually fortunate year's operations, and the declaration of moderate dividends on labor, I am obliged to announce that we have actually made a loss on our capital."

The account of the present condition of Hopedale is certainly encouraging, in spite of the disasters which it has been called to suffer.

"We have a joint stock capital of over fourteen thousand dollars, soon to be augmented several thousand more by absorbing into it the credits due to individual members. Besides this we have an aggregate private capital, in dwelling houses and other property on or about our general premises, exceeding ten thousand dollars, equally available for all practical Community purposes as the Joint Stock property itself. We have recently erected three new dwelling houses, a valuable shop for machinists and blacksmiths, with a wash-house appended, and a saw-mill just ready for operation. Our village now numbers fifteen dwelling houses, besides a chapel-school

house, shops, mills, barns and other out-houses. This is in striking contrast with the appearance of things here less than five years ago, when we commenced. We have successfully established several branches of industry, and obtained a favorable run of custom from the surrounding neighborhood. In the diligent pursuit of honest avocations, with the aid of our labor-saving machinery, it would be strange indeed if we could not sustain ourselves beyond the dread of absolute poverty. We can and will do this, besides bearing the extraordinary expenses of our school the year round, while the town uses our entire school-tax exclusively to educate its other children and youth in the several school districts. Meantime our credit is deservedly sound and satisfactory in this whole region; and we are living on terms of friendly intercourse with its extensive and growing population."

The causes for congratulation enumerated in the following statement are well founded, and afford a fruitful subject of reflection.

"I contemplate with great satisfaction, the knowledge which we are acquiring in all the details of industry and domestic economy, as well as in the other affairs of life, and have increasing confidence in your disposition and ability to turn it all to a good and practical account. When we consider how blindly the upper and lower classes of the old order of society rush through life—some feasting and some starving to death—some grasping by force or fraud without producing, and some laboring to desperation without retaining enough to make themselves and families comfortable—some squandering lavishly faster than they earn, and others pinching themselves of the necessities of life to leave a large fortune to thankless heirs—and the great majority completely ignorant of the causes of their own wretchedness—I can but rejoice that we are training up a population to understand the necessities, the proprieties, and the advantages of a social order more conformable to natural laws and Christian principles."

IF A new religious Society has been formed in Boston, styled "The Church of Humanity." The eloquent William H. Channing is to preside over it. We know not to what denomination or order of religionists, the members of this society most assimilate; but one feature we like, and that is their name. We hope it may prove an index of their conduct. There is a great lack of real genuine Humanity in most religious bodies; and, at the same time, a great surplus of Bigotry. Give us more that is Human, and less pertaining to Creed.—Woonsocket Patriot.

LATEST PAPAL NEWS. The accounts from Italy received by the Paris press are not regarded as satisfactory. The Pope, it would seem, had been progressing more rapidly in his liberal course than was agreeable to the absolute power. Hence, it is feared that the advice of King Louis Philippe, conveyed to his

Holiness through E. Rossi (the French Minister at the Court of Rome,) to proceed with caution, may have arrived too late; but in the present state of the public mind in Europe, Pius IX. has little to fear from the disappointment of Austria.

A letter from Vienna, of the 23d November, in the German Universal Gazette, says:—"It has been pretended that Austria favored absolutism to the Papal States, and this assertion has excited great uneasiness in the liberal party; it is, however, utterly unfounded. The Austrian Government, after having advised the Pope to reform abuses, will not take a different course."

The Post-Ampt Gazette, of Frankfort, of the 28th November, states from Rome that the Pope intends to abolish the salt-tax, and some other taxes, which press particularly on the industrious classes, and to supply the deficit which this abolition will cause by a tax upon real property.

ERRATA. The following mistakes occurred in the first article of our last paper. Page 113, column 1, line 2, for "creation" read "creature;" column 2, line 36, for "powerful" read "powerless;" page 115, column 1, line 57, for "fears" read "feels;" page 117, column 1, line 17, for "the" read "no."

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THE HARBINGER,

DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

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MISCELLANY.

For the Harbinger.

LETTER FROM ROME.

ROME, November 22, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

Italy is no fable, and the wonderful depth of purity in the air and blue in the sky, constantly makes real all the hopes of our American imagination. Sometimes the sky is an intensely blue and distant arch, and sometimes it melts in the sunlight and lies pale and rare and delicate upon the eye, so that one feels that he is breathing the sky and moving in it. The memory of a week is full of pictures of this atmospheric beauty.

I looked from a lofty balcony at the Vatican upon broad gardens lustrously green with evergreens and box and orange trees, in whose dusk gleamed the large planets of golden fruit. Palms, and the rich, rounding tuft of Italian Pines, and the solemn shafts of Cypresses stood beside fountains which spouted rainbows into the air, silver clear and transparent, and on which the outline of the landscape was drawn as vividly as a flame against the sky at night. Beside me rose floating into the air, the Dome of St. Peter's, which is not a nucleus of the city, like the Duomo at Florence, but a crown more majestic and imposing, as the spectator is farther removed. I had come to this balcony and its realm of sunny silence through the proper palace of the Apollo and the Laocoon, and Raphael's Transfiguration and Stanze. The Vatican is a wilderness of art and association, and in the allotted three hours, I could only wander through the stately labyrinth and arrange the rooms but not their contents in my mind; but could not escape the Apollo, which stands alone in a small cabinet opening upon a garden and fountain. It was greater to me than the Venus de Medici at Florence, although it has taught me better to appreciate that when I see it again. It is cold and pure and vast, the imagination of a man in the

divine mind, given to marble because flesh was too recreant a material. The air of the statue is proudly commanding, with disdain that is not human and a quiet consciousness of power. It does not resemble any figure we see of a man who has drawn a bow, but the ideal of a man in action. Like the Venus, it shows how entire was the possible abstraction of the old sculptors into a region of pure form, as an expression of what was beyond human passion, with which color seems to correspond. Deities are properly the subject of sculpture, because the cold, colorless purity of marble accords with the divine superiority to human passion, and although the mythology degraded the gods into the sphere and influence of men, to the mind of the artist they would still sit upon unstained thrones.

This was one day. Upon another, I stepped from a lonely road upon the Aventine into an old garden, where at the end of a long, lofty and narrow alley of trimmed evergreens, stood the dome of St. Peters, filling the vista, against an afternoon sky. In these mossy and silent old places, the trees and plants seem to have sucked their vigor from the sun and soil of many long-gone centuries, and to remain ghosts of themselves and hoary reminiscences of their day in the soft splendor of modern light. Italy, itself, is that garden wherein every thing hands you to the Past and stands dim-eyed toward the Future. It is a vast university, endowed by the Past with the choicest treasures of art, to which come crowds from all nations as lovers and dreamers and students, who may be won to live among relics so dear, but who mostly return and stand as interpreters of the beauty they have seen. Therefore, Italy is a theme which cannot grow old, as love and beauty cannot. Every book should be a work of art, and Italy, like the Madonna, should have a fresh beauty in the hands of every new artist. It is no longer interesting statistically, for the names and numbers have been told often

enough, but the impression which it bears upon the mind of men of character and taste is the picture which should be novel and interesting.

But it is the relics of the Summer prime of the Rome of distant scholars and lovers, and the art which shines with an Indian Summer softness in the Autumn of its decay, that rule here yet; for the imperial days have breathed a spirit into the air which broods over the city still. Although it is a modern capital, with noise and dirt and smells and nobility and fashionable drives and walks and shops and the red splendor of lacquied cardinals and the triple-crowned Pope,—in the arches which rise over modern chapels and of which they are built, in the ruined forum and aqueducts and baths and walls are the decayed features of what was once greatest in the world, and which rules it from its grave. My first view of old Rome was in the moonlight. We passed through the silent Forum, not on the level of the ancient city, which recoils from modern footsteps and goes downward toward the dust of those who made it famous, but by the ruined temples and columns, whose rent seams were shaped anew into graceful perfection by the magical light; by the ruined Caesar's palace, until we looked wonderingly into the intricacy of arch and corridor and column of which was built the arch temple of Paganism, the Coliseum. The moonlight silvered the broad spaces of scornful silence, as if Fate mused mournfully upon the work it must needs do. Grass and flowers in their luxuriant prime, waved where the heads of Roman beauties nodded in theirs.—And yet how true to the instincts of their nature were the Romans, who nourished by their recreations the stern will which had won the world for them. And since Literature and Art and Science depend in a certain measure for their development and perfection upon a strong government, the same Roman beauty in dooming to a bloody death before her eyes the man upon whose life depended other and far-

away beauties and loves, may have breathed a sweeter strain into the song of the Poet. The Popes have not refrained from obtruding a cross and shrines upon this defenceless ruin. They would not render unto Cæsar the things which were his, and although they are shocking at first, the magnificence of silence and decay soon swallow them and they appear no more, except as emblems of modern Rome lost in the broad desolation of the imperial city.

One cannot see the present Pope without a hope for Italy. I first saw him at high mass, with the cardinals in the palace chapel. The college of cardinals resembled a political and not a religious body, which, although the council of government, it ought to resemble upon religious occasions. When the Pope entered, they kissed his hand through his mantle. He is a noble looking man, of a dignified and graceful presence, and already very dear to the people for what he has done and what he has promised. I could not look at him without sadness as a man sequestered in splendor and removed from the small sympathies in which lies the mass of human happiness. The service seemed a worship of him, but no homage could recompense a man for what a Pope has lost. I have seen him often since, and his demeanor is always marked by the same air of lofty independence. It is good to see him appear equal to a position so solitary and so commanding, and to indicate the vigor of life and the conscience which would prevent him from making his seclusion a bower for his own ease.

From one of these wonderful days passed in the Villa Borghese, a spacious estate near the city equally charming for its nature and art, I went, a day or two since, to watch by the death bed of a young American. H—— (a young artist, whom I love and whom some of your friends will know) and myself stood by him and closed his eyes. He was without immediate friends, except a connection by marriage who has recently arrived and who was with him to the last. I was glad that I was here to be with him and lay him decently in his coffin. The handful of Americans in Rome followed him last evening, a dark, cloudy twilight, and buried him in the Protestant grave-yard, near the grave of Shelley's ashes and heart. The roses were in full blossom, as Shelley says they used to be in mid winter. It is a green and sequestered spot under the walls of old Rome, where the sunlight lingers long, and where, in the sweet society of roses whose bloom does not wither, Shelley and Keats sleep always a summer sleep. Fate is no less delicate than stern which has here united them

after such lives and deaths. And yet here one feels also the grimness of the Fate which strikes such lips into silence.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT.*

SEQUEL TO

CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XLI.

At this moment the doors of the temple opened, giving forth a metallic sound, and the Invisibles entered in pairs. The magic voice of the Harmonica, then recently invented,† the penetrating vibration of which was a wonder unknown to Consuelo's ears, was heard in the air and seemed to descend from the cupola open to the rays of the moon and the vivifying breezes of the night. A shower of flowers slowly fell upon the happy couple, placed in the centre of that solemn march. Wanda, standing by the side of a golden tripod, whence her right hand caused to burst forth dazzling flames and clouds of perfumes, held in her left the two ends of a chain of flowers and symbolic leaves which she had thrown around the lovers. The Invisible chiefs, their faces covered with long red drapery, and their heads bound with the same leaves of the oak and the acacia consecrated by their rites, were erect with their arms extended to welcome the brothers, who inclined themselves as they passed before them. Those chiefs had the majesty of the ancient druids; but their hands, pure from blood, were opened only to bless, and a religious respect replaced in the adepts the fanatical terror of the religions of the past. As the initiated presented themselves be-

* 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.

† It is well known that the Harmonica produced such a sensation in Germany at its appearance, that poetical imaginations wished to perceive in it the sound of supernatural voices invoked by the consecrators of certain mysteries. This instrument, considered magical before it became common, was for some time exalted by the adepts of German theosophy to the same divine honors as was the lyre among the ancients, and as are many other instruments of music among the primitive inhabitants of Himalaya. They made of it one of the hieroglyphic figures of their mysterious iconography. They represented it under the form of a fantastic chimera. The neophytes of the secret societies, who heard it for the first time after the terrors and the emotions of their severe trials, were so strongly impressed, that many fell into ecstasy. They thought they heard the song of invisible powers, for the performer and the instrument were concealed from them with the greatest care. There are some extremely curious details respecting the extraordinary part played by the Harmonica in the ceremonies of reception among the Illumines.

fore the venerable tribunal, they took off their masks to salute with uncovered faces those august unknown chiefs, who had never manifested themselves to them but by acts of element justice, of paternal love and of exalted wisdom. Faithful, without regret and without mistrust, to the religion they had sworn, they did not seek to read with curious glances beneath those impenetrable veils. Doubtless their adepts, without being conscious of it, knew these magi of a new religion, who, mingling with them in the society and in the very bosom of their assemblies, were the best friends, the most intimate confidants of the greater number among them, of each of them, perhaps, in particular. But in the exercise of their common worship the person of the priest was always veiled, as was the oracle of ancient times.

Happy childhood of artless beliefs, almost fabulous aurora of sacred conspiracies, which the night of mystery develops, in all times, with poetical uncertainties! Although hardly a century divides us from the existence of those Invisibles, it is problematical to the historian; but thirty years later, Illuminism reassumed these forms unknown to the vulgar, and, drawing both from the inventive genius of its chiefs and from the traditions of the secret societies of mystical Germany, terrified the world by the most formidable, the most scientific political and religious conspiracies. For a moment it shook all the dynasties upon their thrones, and sank in its turn, bequeathing to the French revolution, as it were, an electric current of sublime enthusiasm, of ardent faith and terrible fanaticism. Half a century before those days marked by fate, and while the gallant monarchy of Louis XV., the philosophic despotism of Frederick II., the sceptical and mocking royalty of Voltaire, the ambitious diplomacy of Maria Theresa, and the heretical tolerance of Ganganelli seemed to announce as the destiny of the world, only decrepitude, antagonism, chaos and dissolution, the French revolution was fermenting in the dark, and germinating beneath the soil. It brooded in minds ardent even to fanaticism, under the form of a dream of universal revolution; and while debauch, hypocrisy or incredulity reigned openly over the world, a sublime faith, a magnificent revelation of the future, plans of organization as profound and perhaps more scientific than our Fourierism and Saint Simonianism of this day, realized already in some groups of exceptional men the ideal conception of a future society, diametrically opposed to that which covers and still conceals their action in history.

Such a contrast is one of the most striking features of that XVIIIth century, too full of ideas and of intellectual labor

of all kinds for its synthesis to have yet been made with clearness and profit by the philosophical historians of our day. The reason is, that there exists a mass of contradictory documents and of misunderstood facts, incomprehensible at first sight, fountains muddled by the tumult of the age, which it would be necessary to purify patiently in order to reach the solid bottom. Many energetic laborers have remained obscure, carrying with them to their graves the secret of their mission: so many dazzling glories then absorbed the attention of their contemporaries! so many brilliant results at this day seize upon the retroactive examination of critics! But, little by little, light will issue from this chaos; and if our age succeed in recapitulating itself, it will also recapitulate the life of its father, the eighteenth century, that immense logogriphe, that brilliant nebula, in which so much meanness stands opposed to so much grandeur, so much science to so much ignorance, so much barbarism to so much civilization, so much light to so much error, so much seriousness to so much intoxication, so much incredulity to so much faith, so much pedantry to so much frivolous mockery, so much superstition to so much proud reason; that period of a hundred years, which saw the reigns of madam de Maintenon and of madam de Pompadour; Peter the Great, Catherine II., Maria Theresa and the Dubarry; Voltaire and Swedenborg; Kant and Mesmer, Jean Jacques Rousseau and the cardinal Dubois, Schreäpfer and Diderot, Fenelon and Law, Zinzendorf and Leibnitz, Frederick II. and Robespierre, Louis XIV. and Philippe Egalité, Marie Antoinette and Charlotte Corday, Weishaupt, Babeuf and Napoleon,—a frightful laboratory, in which so many heterogeneous forms were thrown into the crucible, that they vomited, in their monstrous ebullition, a torrent of smoke in which we still walk enveloped in darkness and confused images.

Neither Consuelo nor Albert, neither the Invisible chiefs nor their adepts, cast a very clear-sighted glance upon that age, into the bosom of which they burned to rush with the enthusiastic hope of regenerating it by storm. They believed themselves on the eve of an evangelical republic, as the disciples of Jesus had believed themselves on the eve of the kingdom of God upon earth; as the Taborites of Bohemia had believed themselves on the eve of a paradisiacal state; as more recently the French convention believed itself on the eve of a propagandism victorious over the whole face of the globe. But without this insensate confidence, where would be the great acts of devotedness; and without great enthusiasm, where would be great results? Without

the Utopia of the divine seer Jesus, where would be the notion of human brotherhood? Without the infectious visions of Joan of Arc, would we still be Frenchmen? Without the noble chimeras of the eighteenth century, would we have acquired the first elements of equality? That mysterious revolution, which each sect of the past had dreamed of for its own time, and which the mystical conspirators of the last century had vaguely predicted fifty years beforehand, as an era of political and religious renovation, neither Voltaire nor the calm philosophic brains of his times, nor Frederick II. himself, the great realizer of logical and cold force, foresaw either its rough storms or its sudden abortion. The most ardent, as well as the most wise, were far from reading clearly in the future. Jean Jacques Rousseau would have denied his work, if the Mountain had appeared to him in a dream surmounted by the guillotine; Albert de Rudolstadt would suddenly have again become the lethargic madman of the Schreckenstein, if those bloody glories followed by the despotism of Napoleon and the restoration of the old regime, followed by the reign of the vilest material interests, had been revealed to him; to him who thought he was laboring to overthrow, immediately and forever, the scaffold and the prison, the barrack and the convent, the board of the money changer and the citadel!

They dreamed then, those noble children, and they acted upon their dream with all the strength of their soul. They belonged neither more nor less to their age than did skilful politicians and the wise philosophers, their contemporaries. They saw neither more nor less than did these the absolute truth of the future, that great unknown which we each clothe with the attributes of our own power, and which deceives us all, at the same time that it confirms us when it appears to our sons clothed in the thousand colors of which each of us has prepared a shred for its imperial toga. Happily, each century sees it more majestic, because each century produces more laborers for its triumph. As to the men who would wish to rend its purple and cover it with eternal mourning, they can accomplish nothing against it, they do not comprehend it. Slaves of the present reality, they do not know that the immortal has no age, and that whoever does not dream of it as it may be to-morrow, can by no means see it such as it must be to-day.

Albert, in that moment of supreme joy in which Consuelo's eyes at last fixed themselves on his with rapture; Albert, rejuvenated by all the benefits of health and beautified by all the intoxication of happiness, felt himself invested with that almighty faith which could remove moun-

tains, if there were other mountains to bear in such moments than the weight of our own reason shaken by that intoxication. Consuelo was at last before him like the Galatea of the artist beloved by the gods, awakening at the same time to love and to life. Silent and engrossed, her features illumined with a celestial glory, she was completely, incontestably beautiful for the first time in her life, because she existed completely and really for the first time. A sublime serenity shone upon her brow, and her large eyes were moistened by that rapture of the soul of which the intoxication of the senses is but a weakened reflection. She was thus beautiful, only because she was ignorant of what was passing in her heart and upon her face. Albert alone existed for her, or rather she no longer existed except in him, and he alone appeared to her worthy of immense respect and boundless admiration. The fact was that Albert also was transformed and as if surrounded with a supernatural radiance, as he gazed upon her. She again found, indeed, in the depth of his glance, all the solemn grandeur of the noble sorrows he had undergone; but those bitternesses of the past had left no trace of physical suffering upon his features. He had upon his brow the placidity of the resuscitated martyr, who sees the earth reddened with his blood fly from beneath his feet, and the heaven of infinite recompenses open above his head. Never did an inspired artist create a more noble figure of hero or of saint, in the finest days of ancient or of Christian art.

All the Invisibles, struck with admiration in their turn, stopped, after having formed a circle around them, and remained for some moments absorbed in the noble pleasure of contemplating that beautiful couple, so pure before God, so chastely happy before men. Then twenty manly and generous voices sang in chorus, to an air of antique grandeur and simplicity: *O hymen! O hymen!* The music was by Porpora, to whom the words had been sent with a request for an epithalamic song for an illustrious marriage; and he had been nobly recompensed without knowing from whose hands came the benefit. As Mozart, on the eve of expiring, was one day to find his most sublime inspiration for a mysteriously ordered *Requiem*, so old Porpora had recovered all the genius of his youth to write a hymeneal song, the poetical mystery of which had awakened his imagination. From the very first notes, Consuelo recognized the style of her dear old master; and turning with effort from the glance of her lover she searched among the coryphæes for her adopted father; but his spirit only was there. Among those who had shown themselves

his worthy interpreters, Consuelo recognized several friends: Frederick de Trenck, the Porporino, the younger Benda, the count Golowkin, Schubart, the chevalier d'Eon, whom she had known at Berlin, and whose real sex she, as well as the rest of Europe, was ignorant of; the count de Saint Germain, the chancellor Coccei, the Barberini's husband, the librarian Nicolai, Gottlieb, whose fine voice rose superior to all the others; lastly, Marcus, whom Wanda, by an energetic gesture, pointed out to her, and whom a sympathizing instinct had caused her to recognize beforehand in the guide who had presented her, and had performed for her the duties of godfather. All the Invisibles had opened and thrown back upon their shoulders their long black robes of gloomy aspect. A costume of purple and white, elegant and simple, relieved by a chain of gold which bore the insignia of the order, gave to the group the aspect of a fête. The mask was wound around the wrist, ready to be replaced upon the face at the slightest signal of the *watcher* stationed as a sentinel upon the dome of the edifice.

The *orator*, who filled the office of interpreter between the invisible chiefs and their adepts, also unmasked and came to congratulate the happy couple. It was the duke de * * *, that rich prince who had devoted his fortune, his intellect and his enthusiastic zeal to the work of the "Invisibles." He was the host of their assemblages, and his residence had for a long time been the asylum of Wanda and of Albert, hidden therein from all profane eyes. That residence was also the principal head-quarters of the operations of the tribunal of the order, although there existed several others, and their rather numerous meetings were only annual, during some days in the summer, except in extraordinary cases. Initiated into all the secrets of the chiefs, the duke acted for them and with them; but he did not betray their incognito, and, taking upon himself alone all the dangers of the enterprise, he was their interpreter, and their visible medium of communication with the members of the association.

When the young couple had exchanged sweet expressions of joy and affection with their brethren, each resumed his place, and the duke again becoming the brother-orator, spoke thus to the pair crowned with flowers and kneeling before the altar:

"Dear and well-beloved children, in the name of the true God, all power, all love and all intelligence; and, after him, in the name of the three virtues which are a reflection of the Divinity in the human soul: activity, charity and justice, which are translated, in application,

by our formula: *liberty, fraternity, equality*; finally, in the name of the tribunal of the Invisibles which is vowed to the triple duty of zeal, of faith and of study, that is, to the threefold investigation of political, moral and divine truths: Albert Podiebrad, Consuelo Porporina, I pronounce the ratification and confirmation of the marriage already contracted by you before God, in the presence of your relatives, and also in the presence of a priest of the Christian religion, at Giant's castle, the * * * of the year 175*. That marriage, valid in the eyes of men, was not valid in the sight of God. There were wanting thereto three things: 1st. The absolute devotedness of the wife to live with a husband who appeared to be at his last hour. 2d. The sanction of a moral and religious authority recognized and accepted by the husband. 3d. The consent of a person here present, whose name I am not permitted to mention, but who is closely connected with one of the couple by the ties of blood. If these three conditions are now fulfilled and neither of you has any reservation or objection, join your hands, and rise to take Heaven as a witness to the freedom of your act and the holiness of your love."

Wanda, who continued unknown to the brothers of the order, took the hands of her two children. The same impulse of tenderness and enthusiasm caused all three to rise, as if they had been but one.

The formulas of marriage were pronounced, and the simple and touching rites of the new worship were accomplished with concentration and fervor. This engagement of a mutual love was not an isolated act in the midst of indifferent spectators, strangers to the moral bond which was contracted. They were called upon to sanction this religious consecration of two beings united with them in a common faith. They extended their arms over the pair to bless them, then they all took each other by the hands and formed a living enclosure, a chain of fraternal love and religious association around them, while they pronounced the oath to assist them, to protect them, to defend their honor and their life, to support their existence in case of need, to recall them to goodness by every effort if they should falter in the rough career of virtue, to preserve them as much as possible from persecutions and temptations from without, on all occasions, in all encounters; finally, to love them as holily, as cordially, as seriously as if they were bound to them by name and by blood. The handsome Trenck pronounced this formula for all the others in eloquent and simple terms; then he added, addressing the husband:

"Albert, the profane and criminal usages of the old society, from which we

separate in secret in order to bring it to us some day, demand that the husband should impose fidelity upon his wife in the name of a humiliating and despotic authority. If she fall, he must kill his rival; he has even the right to kill his wife: that is called washing away in blood the stain brought upon his honor. Thus, in that blind and corrupt old world, every man is the natural enemy of that happiness and of that honor so savagely guarded. The friend, the brother even, arrogates to himself the right to rob the friend and the brother of the love of his companion; or at least they take a cruel pleasure in exciting his jealousy, in rendering his watchfulness ridiculous, in sowing distrust and trouble between him and the object of his love. Here, as you know, we understand better what are honor, love and the pride of family. We are brothers before God, and he of us who should cast a bold and disloyal glance upon his brother's wife, would already, in our eyes, have committed the crime of incest in his heart."

All the brothers, affected and carried away, drew their swords and swore to turn those blades against themselves rather than break the oath they had pronounced by the mouth of Trenck.

But the sibyl, excited by one of those enthusiastic transports which gave her so much ascendancy over their imaginations, and which often modified the opinion and the decisions of the chiefs themselves, broke the circle by breaking into the midst. Her language, always energetic and burning, enthralled their assemblages; her tall stature, her drapery waving upon her emaciated form, her majestic though unsteady movements, the convulsive trembling of that always veiled head, and with this, moreover, a kind of grace which revealed the past existence of beauty, that charm so powerful in a woman that it exists even after it has disappeared, and still affects the mind when it can no longer move the senses; finally, even her extinguished voice which under the empire of exaltation suddenly acquired a shrill and strange grandeur, all contributed to make of her a mysterious being, almost terrifying at first sight, and soon invested with a persuasive power and an irresistible prestige.

All kept silence to listen to the voice of the inspired one. Consuelo was affected by her attitude as much as they, and more than they perhaps, because she knew the secret of her strange life. Shuddering with involuntary terror, she asked herself if this spectre escaped from the tomb really belonged to this world, and if, after having breathed forth her oracle, she would not fade into air with that flame of the tripod which made her appear so transparent and unearthly.

"Hide from my eyes those glittering weapons!" cried the shuddering Wanda. "Those are impious oaths which take as the object of their invocation instruments of hatred and of murder. I know that the usage of the old world has bound that steel to the side of every man considered free, as a mark of independence and bravery; I know that in the ideas which, in spite of yourselves, you have retained from that old world, the sword is the symbol of honor, and that you believe you assume a holy engagement when you have sworn by its blade, like the citizens of primitive Rome. But here, it is profaning an august oath. Swear rather by the flame of this tripod; the flame is the symbol of life, of light and divine love. But do you then still require emblems and visible signs? Are you still idolaters, and do the figures which adorn this temple represent to you anything else than ideas? Ah! swear rather by your own feelings, by your best instincts, by your own hearts; and if you do not dare to swear by the living God, by the true, eternal and sacred religion, swear by holy humanity, by the glorious bursts of your courage, by the chastity of this young woman, and by the love of her husband. Swear by the genius and the beauty of Consuelo, that your desire and even your thought will never profane this holy arch of marriage, this invisible and mystic altar upon which the hand of angels engraves and enregisters the oath of love—"

"Do you indeed know what love is?" added the sibyl, after having reflected for a moment, and with a voice which became every instant more clear and more penetrating. "Did you know, O venerable chiefs of our order and ministers of our worship! you would never have caused to be pronounced before you that formula of an eternal engagement which God alone can ratify, and which, when consecrated by men, is a kind of profanation of the most divine of all mysteries. What force can you give to an engagement which is in itself a miracle? For every soul is eternally free by virtue of a divine right. And yet, when two souls give and enchain themselves, each to the other, by love, their mutual possession becomes as sacred, as much of divine right as is individual liberty. You see that there is herein indeed a miracle, of which God forever reserves to himself the mystery, as much as he does that of life and death. You are about to ask of this man and of this woman if they wish to belong to each other exclusively in this life; and such is their fervor, that they will answer you: 'Not in this life alone, but in eternity.' God therefore inspires them, by the miracle of love, with much more faith, with much more strength, with much

more virtue than you could, or would dare to ask of them. Away then with sacrilegious oaths and brutal laws! Leave to them the ideal, and do not bind them to reality by the chains of law. Leave to God the care of continuing the miracle. Prepare souls so that the miracle may be accomplished in them, form them to the ideal of love; exhort, instruct them; praise and demonstrate the glory of fidelity, without which there is no strength, no sublime love. But do not intervene, as do the Catholic priests and the magistrates of the old world, in the execution of the oath. For, I tell you once again, men cannot hold themselves vouchers, nor constitute themselves guardians of the perpetuity of a miracle. What do you know of the secrets of the Eternal? Have we already entered into that temple of the future, in which, as we are told, man will converse with God under the sacred shades, as friend with friend? Has the law of indissoluble marriage issued from the mouth of the Lord? Have his intentions in this respect ever been proclaimed upon the earth? And you, O children of men, have you promulgated that law with a unanimous agreement? Have the pontiffs of Rome, who call themselves infallible, never broken the conjugal union? Under pretence of nullity in certain engagements, those pontiffs have consecrated veritable divorces, the scandal of which history has proclaimed in her records. And Christian societies, the reformed sects, the Greek Church, have, after the example of the Moslem and other ancient religions, frankly admitted the law of divorce in our modern world. What becomes, then, of the sanctity and efficacy of an oath, when it is asserted that men can at any day free us from it? Ah! do not touch love by the profanation of marriage: you will only extinguish it in pure hearts. Consecrate the conjugal union by exhortations, by prayers, by a publicity which may render it respectable, by affecting ceremonies; you should do this if you are our priests, that is, our friends, our guides, our counsellors, our consolers, our lights. Prepare souls for the holiness of a sacrament; and as the father of a family seeks to establish his children in conditions of well-being, of dignity and of security, so do you, our spiritual fathers, assiduously endeavour to establish your sons and your daughters in conditions favorable to the development of true love, of virtue, of sublime fidelity. And when you have caused them to undergo religious trials, by means of which you can ascertain that there is in their mutual attachment neither cupidity, nor vanity, nor frivolous intoxication, nor blindness of the senses devoid of ideality; when you shall have become convinced that they understand the greatness of their

feelings, the sacredness of their duties and the freedom of their choice, then permit them to give themselves to each other and mutually to alienate their inalienable liberty. Let their family and their friends and the great family of the faithful intervene, to ratify with you that union which the solemnity of the sacrament must render respectable. But pay strict attention to my words; let this sacrament be a religious permission, a paternal and social authorization, an encouragement and an exhortation to the perpetuity of the engagement. Let it never be a command, an obligation, a law with threats and punishments, an imposed slavery, with scandal, prisons and chains in case of infraction. Otherwise you will never see the miracle accomplished upon the face of the earth in its entirety and duration. Eternally fruitful Providence, God, the indefatigable dispenser of grace, will always bring before you fervent and artless young couples ready to bind themselves in good faith for time and for eternity. But your antireligious law, your antihuman sacrament will always destroy in them the effect of grace. The inequality of conjugal rights according to sex, an impiety consecrated by social laws, the difference of duties in the eye of opinion, the false distinctions of conjugal honor and all the absurd notions created by prejudice, in consequence of bad institutions, will always come to extinguish the faith and chill the enthusiasm of the married couple; and the most sincere, those most disposed to fidelity will be the soonest saddened, the soonest terrified at the duration of the engagement, and the soonest disenchanted with each other. The abjuration of the individual is in fact contrary to the will of nature and to the cry of conscience when men intervene, because they bring to it the yoke of ignorance and of brutality; it is conformable to the desire of noble hearts, and necessary to the religious instinct of strong wills, when it is God who gives us the means of striving against all the snares which men have spread around marriage to make it the grave of love, of happiness and of virtue; to make it a *legalized prostitution*, as said our fathers, the Lollards, whom you know well and whom you often invoke! Render therefore to God the things that are God's, and take from Cæsar the things that are not Cæsar's.

"And you, my sons," said she, returning towards the centre of the group, "you who have just sworn never to attack the conjugal union, you have taken an oath of which you have not perhaps understood the importance. You have obeyed a generous impulse, you have responded with enthusiasm to the appeal of honor; that is worthy of you, disciples

of a victorious faith. But now, know clearly that you have therein accomplished more than an act of private virtue. You have consecrated a principle without which conjugal chastity and fidelity will never be possible. Enter therefore into the spirit of such an oath, and recognize that there will never be true individual virtue so long as the members of society are not solidary with each other in respect to virtue.

"O love! O sublime flame! so powerful and so fragile, so sudden and so fugitive! flash of Heaven, which seems to cross our life and be extinguished in us before its end from the fear of consuming and annihilating us! We feel truly that thou art the vivifying fire emanating from God himself, and that he who could fix thee in his bosom and preserve thee there until his last moment always as pure and as complete, would be the happiest and the greatest among men. Thus the disciples of the ideal will always seek to prepare for thee in their souls sanctuaries in which thou mayst delight, that thou need not hasten to abandon them and reascend to Heaven. But alas! thou of whom we have made a virtue, one of the bases of our human societies, in order that we may honor thee as we desire, thou hast nevertheless not wished to allow thyself to be enchained at the will of our institutions, and thou hast remained free as a bird in the air, capricious as the flame upon the altar. Thou seemest to laugh at our oaths, at our contracts, at our very wills. Thou flyest from us in spite of all we have imagined to fix thee in our customs. Thou dost not dwell in the harom guarded by vigilant sentinels, any more than in the Christian family placed between the threats of the priests, the sentence of the magistrate and the yoke of opinion. Whence then thy inconstancy and gratitude, O mysterious fascination! O love cruelly symbolized under the features of an infant and blind God! With what tenderness and what disdain art thou by turns inspired towards these human souls, all of whom thou enkindlest with thy fires, and almost all of whom thou desertest and leavest to perish in the anguish of regret, of repentance, or of still more horrible disgust. Whence is it that thou art invoked with bended knee over the whole surface of our globe, that thou art exalted and deified, that divine poets sing of thee as the soul of the world, that barbarous nations sacrifice human victims to thee by piling widows upon the funeral pyres of their husbands, that young hearts invoke thee in their sweetest dreams, and the old curse life when thou abandonest them to the horrors of solitude! Whence is that worship, sometimes sublime, sometimes fanatical, which has been decreed to thee

from the golden infancy of humanity even to our iron age, if thou art only a chimera, the dream of a moment's intoxication, an error of the imagination excited by the delirium of the senses! O! it is that thou art not a vulgar instinct, a mere necessity of animal nature! No, thou art the blind child of paganism; thou art a son of the true God and the very element of divinity. But thou hast as yet been revealed to us only through the cloud of our errors, and thou hast not wished to establish thy abode among us because thou hast not been willing to be profaned. Thou wilt return, as in the fabulous times of *Astrea*, as in the visions of the poets, to fix thyself in our terrestrial paradise, when by sublime virtues we shall have deserved the presence of a guest like thee. O! then the abode upon this earth will be sweet to men, and it will be good to have been born here! when we shall all be brothers and sisters, when unions shall be freely consented to and freely maintained by strength derived from thee alone; when, instead of this frightful, this impossible strife which conjugal fidelity is obliged to sustain against the impious attempts of debauchery, of hypocritical seduction, of unbridled violence, of perfidious friendship and skilful depravity, every husband shall find around him only chaste sisters, jealous and delicate guardians of the happiness of the sister whom they have given to him as a companion, while every wife will find in other men so many brothers of her husband, happy and proud in his happiness, born-protectors of his repose and his dignity! Then the faithful wife will no longer be the solitary flower which hides itself to guard the fragile treasure of its purity, the often forsaken victim who consumes herself in retreat and in tears, powerless to revive in the heart of her well-beloved the flame which she has preserved pure in her own. Then the brother will no longer be obliged to avenge his sister, and to kill one whom she loves and whom she regrets, in order to restore to her a semblance of false honor; then the mother will no longer blush for her daughter, then the daughter will no longer blush for her mother; then, above all, the husband will no longer be suspicious nor a despot, and the wife will abjure, on her side, the bitterness of the victim or the rancor of the slave. Atrocious sufferings, abominable injustices will no longer disgrace the calm and smiling sanctuary of the family. Love can then endure; and who knows? perhaps then, the priest and the magistrate, trusting with reason to the permanent miracle of love, may one day consecrate indissoluble unions in the name of God himself with as much wisdom and justice as

they now display, unknowingly, impiety and folly.

"But those days of recompense have not yet arrived. Here, in this mysterious temple in which, according to the words of the Gospel, three or four of us are met together in the name of the Lord, we can only dream of and attempt virtue among ourselves. That external world, which would condemn us to exile, captivity or death, did it penetrate our secrets, cannot be invoked as a sanction of our promises or a guaranty of our institutions. Let us therefore not imitate its ignorance and its tyranny. Let us consecrate the conjugal love of these two children who come to ask of us the blessing of paternal and fraternal love, in the name of the living God, the dispenser of all love. Authorize them to promise to each other an eternal fidelity; but do not inscribe their oath upon the book of death, in order to remind them of it hereafter by terror and constraint. Let God be its guardian; it is for them to invoke him each day of their lives that he may preserve in them the sacred fire which he has caused to descend upon them."

"It is this that I expected, O inspired spirit!" cried Albert, receiving in his arms his mother exhausted by speaking so long with the energy of conviction. "I expected the avowal of this right which you grant me to promise every thing to her whom I love. You acknowledge that it is my dearest and most sacred right. I therefore promise to her, I swear to her to love her entirely and faithfully all the days of my life, and I call God to witness. Tell me, O prophetess of love! that this is not a blasphemy."

"You are under the influence of the miracle," replied Wanda. "God bless your oath, because it is he who inspires you with the faith to pronounce it. *Always* is the most passionate word that can come to the lips of lovers in the ecstasy of their divinest joys. It is an oracle which then escapes from their bosoms. Eternity is the ideal of love, as it is the ideal of faith. Never does the human mind more truly reach the height of its power and of its clearness than in the enthusiasm of a great love. The *always* of lovers is therefore an internal revelation, a divine manifestation which should cast its sovereign brightness and its beneficent warmth over all the moments of their union. Wo to whomsoever profanes this sacred formula! He falls from the state of grace into sin; he extinguishes faith, light, strength and life in his heart."

"And I," said Consuelo, "I accept your oath, O Albert! and I adjure you to accept mine. I feel myself, I also, under the influence of the miracle, and this *always* of our short life seems to me as

nothing in comparison with the eternity for which I wish to promise myself to you."

"Sublime rash one!" said Wanda, with a smile of enthusiasm which seemed to radiate through her veil, "ask of God an eternity with him whom you love, as a recompense for your fidelity towards him in his short life."

"O! yes," cried Albert, raising towards heaven his wife's hand clasped within his own, "that is the aim, the hope, the recompense! To love each other greatly and ardently in this phase of existence in order again to meet and be united in others! O! I feel sure myself that this is not the first day of our union, that we have already possessed each other in anterior life. So much happiness is not an accident of chance. It is the hand of God that brings us together and reunites us as the two halves of a being inseparable in eternity."

After the celebration of the marriage, and although the night was far advanced, they proceeded to the ceremonies of the definite initiation of Consuelo into the order of the Invisibles; and afterwards, the members of the tribunal having disappeared, they wandered under the shade of the sacred wood, but soon returned and seated themselves around the banquet of fraternal communion. The prince (*brother orator*) presided at it, and took upon himself to explain to Consuelo its profound and touching symbols. This repast was served by faithful servants affiliated to a certain grade in the order. Karl presented Matteus to Consuelo, and she at last saw uncovered his honest and pleasant face; but she remarked with admiration that these estimable valets were not treated as inferiors by their brothers of other grades. No distinction prevailed between them and the eminent persons of the order, whatever might be their rank in the world. The *serving-brothers*, as they are called, filled with good will and pleasure the offices of butlers and stewards; they performed the necessary service, as assistants qualified in the art of preparing a festival, which they moreover looked upon as a religious ceremony, as a eucharistic passover. They were therefore no more degraded by this office than were the Levites of the temple by presiding over the details of a sacrifice. Each time they had supplied the table they came and took their seats at it, not in places set apart and isolated from the others, but in intervals reserved for them among the guests. All called them and found a pleasure and a duty in filling their cups and plates. As in the masonic banquets, the cup was never raised to the lips without invoking some noble idea, some generous sentiment or some august patronage. But the ca-

denced sounds, the childish gestures of the free-masons, the mallet, the slang of the toasts and the vocabulary of the utensils were excluded from this festival at once cheerful and grave. The serving-brothers maintained a demeanor respectful without servility, and modest without constraint. During one service, Karl was seated between Albert and Consuelo. The latter remarked with delight, besides his sobriety and good manners, an extraordinary progress in the understanding of this good peasant, who could be educated by the heart and imbued with healthy religious and moral notions by a rapid and admirable education of the feelings.

"O, my friend!" said she to her husband, when the deserter had changed his place and Albert again drew to her side, "that is then the beaten slave of the Prussian militia, the savage wood-cutter of the Boehmer-wald, the assassin of Frederick the Great! Enlightened and charitable teachings have succeeded, in so short a time, in making him a sensible, pious and just man, instead of a bandit, whom the ferocious justice of nations would have driven to murder, and corrected with the assistance of the whip and the gallows."

"Noble sister," said the prince, seated just then on the right of Consuelo, "you had given at Roswald some grand lessons in religion and clemency to that heart distracted with despair, but endowed with the most noble instincts. His after education was rapid and easy; and when we had anything good to teach him, he trusted to it at once, saying: 'That is what the *signora* told me!' Be certain that it would be more easy than is thought to enlighten and render moral the rudest men, if we wished them well. To elevate their condition, and to inoculate them with respect for themselves by beginning with loving and esteeming them, requires only a sincere charity and respect for human dignity. Still you see that these honest people are initiated only into the lower grades: that is because we consult the extent of their understandings and their progress in virtue to admit them more or less into our mysteries. Old Matteus has two grades more than Karl; and if he does not pass that which he now occupies, it will be because his mind and heart have not been able to go any farther. No lowness of extraction, no humbleness of social condition will ever deter us; and you see here Gottlieb, the shoemaker, the son of the gaoler of Spandaw, admitted to a grade equal to your own, although in my house, from taste and from habit, he performs subaltern services. His vivid imagination, his ardor for study, his enthusiasm for virtue, in a word, the incomparable beauty of the

soul which inhabits that ugly body, soon rendered him worthy to be treated as an equal and a brother in the interior of the temple. There was almost nothing to be communicated in ideas and virtues to that noble child. He had too much, on the contrary; it was necessary to calm in him an excess of exaltation, and to treat him for moral and physical maladies which would have led him to madness. The immorality of his environment and the perversity of the official world would have irritated without corrupting him; but we alone, armed with the spirit of Jacob Boehm and the true explanation of his profound symbols, could convince without disenchanting him, and guide aright the wanderings of his mystical poetry without chilling his zeal and his faith. You will remark that the cure of his soul has re-acted upon his body, that his health has been restored as by enchantment, and that his odd face is already transformed."

After the repast, the guests resumed their cloaks and walked upon the gentle declivity of the hill which was shaded by the sacred grove. The ruins of the old chateau reserved for the trials overtopped this beautiful spot, of which Consuelo by degrees recognized the paths she had hastily run through in a stormy night a short time before. The abundant fountain which escaped from a rustic grotto cut in the rock, and formerly consecrated to a superstitious worship, ran murmuring among the thickets towards the bottom of the valley, where it formed the beautiful stream which the captive of the pavilion knew so well. Alleys, covered by nature with a fine sand silvered by the moon, crossed under these beautiful shades, where the wandering groups met, intermingled and exchanged pleasant conversation. High open-work barriers bounded this enclosure, the vast and rich kiosk of which passed as a cabinet of study, the favorite retreat of the prince, forbidden to all idlers and curious persons. The serving-brothers walked also, in groups, but following the barriers and watching in order to give notice to the brethren in case of the approach of any profane person. This danger was not much to be feared. The duke appeared to be occupied only with masonic mysteries, as in fact he was so secondarily; but free-masonry was then tolerated by the laws and protected by the princes who were or thought themselves initiated. No one suspected the importance of the higher grades, which, from degree to degree, terminated in the tribunal of the Invisibles.

Moreover, at this moment, the ostensible fête, which illumined at a distance the facade of the ducal palace, engrossed the numerous guests of the prince too much

for them to think of leaving the brilliant halls and the new gardens for the rocks and ruins of the old park. The young margravine of Bareith, an intimate friend of the duke, did for him the honors of the fête. He had feigned a slight indisposition in order to disappear; and immediately after the banquet of the Invisibles, he went to preside at the supper of his illustrious guests in the palace. On seeing those lights shine in the distance, Consuelo, resting upon Albert's arm, remembered Anzoletto, and naively accused herself, before her husband, who reproached her for it, with an instant of cruelty and of irony towards the beloved companion of her childhood. "Yes, it was a culpable impulse," said she; "but I was very unhappy at that moment. I was resolved to sacrifice myself to count Albert, while the malicious and cruel Invisibles threw me once more into the arms of that dangerous Liverani. I had death in my soul. I again met with delight him from whom I should be obliged to separate with despair, and Marcus wished to distract me from my sufferings by making me admire the handsome Anzoletto! Ah! I should not have believed I could have seen him again with so much indifference! But I thought myself condemned to the trial of singing with him, and I was ready to hate him for thus snatching from me my last instant, my last dream of happiness. Now, my friend, I shall be able to see him again without bitterness and to treat him with indulgence. Happiness renders us so good and so merciful! Perhaps I may some day be useful to him and inspire him with a serious love of art, if not with a taste for virtue!"

"Why despair of it?" said Albert. "Let us await him in a day of misfortune and abandonment. Now, in the midst of his triumphs, he would be deaf to the voice of wisdom. But let him lose his voice and his beauty, and we may perhaps obtain possession of his soul."

"Will you undertake that conversion, Albert?"

"Not without you, my Consuelo."

"Do you not fear, then, the remembrances of the past?"

"No; I am so presumptuous as to fear nothing. I am under the whole influence of the miracle,"

"And I also, Albert, I could not doubt myself! Oh! you have good reason to be tranquil!"

The day began to dawn, and the pure morning air brought forth a thousand exquisite odors. It was one of the most beautiful days of summer. The nightingales sang under the foliage and answered each other from hill to hill. The groups which formed every moment around the

newly-married couple, far from being troublesome to them, added to their pure transports the delights of fraternal friendship, or at least of the most exquisite sympathy. All the Invisibles present at this festival were made known to Consuelo as the members of her new family. They were the elect of the talent, the intelligence and the virtue of the order: some illustrious in the world without, others obscure in that world but illustrious in the temple by their labors and their light. Plebeians and patricians mingled in a tender intimacy. Consuelo was to learn their true names, and the more poetical ones which they bore in the secret of their fraternal relations: there were Vesper, Ellops, Peon, Hylas, Euryalus, Bellerophon. Never had she seen herself surrounded by so numerous a selection of noble souls and interesting characters. The recitals which they made to her of their labors in proselytism, of the dangers they had braved and the results they had obtained, charmed her like so many poems, the reality of which she would not have believed reconcilable with the course of the insolent and corrupt world she had passed through. Those testimonials of friendship and esteem, which partook of tenderness and effusion and which were not stained with the least vulgar gallantry nor the least insinuation of dangerous familiarity, that elevated language, that charming intercourse in which equality and fraternity were realized in their most sublime aspects; that beautiful golden dawn which rose upon life at the same time as in the sky, all this was like a divine dream in the existence of Consuelo and of Albert. With arms intertwined, they did not think of withdrawing from their beloved brothers. A moral rapture, sweet and soft as the morning air, filled their chests and their souls. Love dilated their bosoms too much to cause them to thrill. Trenck related the sufferings of his captivity at Glatz and the dangers of his flight. Like Consuelo and Haydn in the Boheim-wald he had travelled through Poland, but in severe cold weather, covered with rags, with a wounded companion, the amiable Shelles, whom his memoirs afterwards depicted to us as the most gentle of friends. He had played upon the violin to earn his bread, and had served as a minstrel to the peasants, as had Consuelo on the banks of the Danube. Then he spoke to her in a low voice of the princess Amelia, of his love and his hopes. Poor young Trenck! he did not foresee the horrible storm which was gathering over his head any more than did the happy pair, destined to pass from this beautiful dream of a summer's night to a life of combats, of deceptions and sufferings.

The Porporino sang under the cypresses an admirable hymn, composed by Albert to the memory of the martyrs of their cause; young Benda accompanied him on the violin. Albert himself took the instrument and ravished his hearers by a few notes. Consuelo could not sing; she wept with joy and enthusiasm. The count de Saint Germain related the conversations of John Huss and Jerome of Prague with so much warmth, eloquence and probability, that on listening to him it was impossible not to believe he had been present. In such hours of emotion and transport, sad reason does not defend itself against the fascinations of poetry. The chevalier d'Eon depicted, in terms of sharp satire and an enchanting taste, the meannesses and follies of the most illustrious tyrants of Europe; the vices of courts and the weakness of that social scaffolding which it seemed to enthusiasm could so easily be bent under its burning flight. Count Golowkin painted in a delightful manner the great soul and the artless oddities of his friend Jean Jacques Rousseau. That philosophical personage, (he would now be called eccentric,) had a very beautiful daughter whom he educated according to his ideas and who was at once Emile and Sophia; now the handsomest of boys, now the most charming of girls. He was to present her to be initiated and entrust her to the teaching of Consuelo. The illustrious Zinzendorf described the organization and evangelical manners of his colony of Moravian Herrnhutters. He consulted Albert with deference respecting several difficulties, and wisdom seemed to speak by the mouth of Albert. The reason was, that he was inspired by the presence and gentle glance of his friend. He seemed a God to Consuelo. For her he united all fascinations: philosopher and artist, tried martyr, triumphant hero, grave as a sage of the Portico, beautiful as an angel, playful sometimes and artless as a child, as a happy lover, perfect, in fine, as a man whom one loves! Consuelo had thought she should faint with fatigue and emotion when she knocked at the door of the temple. Now she felt strong and animated as at the time when she played upon the shore of the Adriatic, in all the vigor of youth, under a burning sun tempered by the sea-breeze. It seemed that life in all its power, happiness in all its intensity, had taken possession of her in every fibre, and that she drew them in by every pore. She no longer counted the hours; she could have wished that this enchanted night would never end. Why can we not stop the sun beneath the horizon, in certain watchings, when we feel life in all the fulness of our being, and when all the dreams of enthusiasm seem realized or realizable?

At last the sky became tinged with purple and gold; a silvery-toned bell warned the Invisibles that night was withdrawing from them her protecting veil. They sang a last hymn to the rising sun, emblem of the new day of which they dreamed and which they were preparing for the world. Then they bade tender farewells, made appointments for meeting; some at Paris, others at London, others at Madrid, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Dresden, Berlin. All engaged to be found, in a year, at such a day, at the gate of the blessed temple, with new neophytes or with ancient brothers now absent. Then they closed their cloaks in order to hide their elegant costumes, and noiselessly dispersed under the shady avenues of the park.

Albert and Consuelo, guided by Marcus, descended the ravine as far as the stream: Karl received them in his close gondola and conducted them to the pavilion, upon the threshold of which they stopped to contemplate the majesty of the luminary which was ascending the sky. Until then, Consuelo, when replying to Albert's impassioned words, had always given him his real name; but when he roused her from the contemplation in which she seemed to forget herself, she could only say to him, as she rested her burning brow upon his shoulder: "*O Liverani!*"

To be Continued.

RURAL WINTER SKETCH.

BY REV. R. HOYT.

The blessed morn has come again;
The early gray
Taps at the slumberer's window pane,
And seems to say
"Break, break from the enchanter's chain,
Away—away!"

'Tis Winter, yet there is no sound
Along the air,
Of winds upon their battle-ground,
But gently there,
The snow is falling—all around
How fair—how fair!

The jocund fields would masquerade!
Fantastic scene!
Tree, shrub, and lawn, and lovely glade
Have cast their green,
And joined the revel, all arrayed
So white and clean.

E'en the old posts that hold the bars
And the old gate,
Forgetful of their wintry wars
And age sedate,
High capped, and plumed, like white hussars,
Stand there in state.

The drifts are hanging by the sill,
The eaves, the door,
The hay-stack has become a hill;
All covered o'er
The wagon, loaded for the mill
The eve before.

Mary brings the water-pail—
But where's the Well!
Like magic of a fairy tale,
Most strange to tell,
All vanished—curb, and crank, and rail:
How deep it fell!

The wood-pile too is playing hide;
The axe—the log—
The kennel of that friend so tried—
(The old watch-dog.)
The girdstone standing by its side,
All now inecog.

The bustling cock looks out aghast
From his high shed:
No spot to scratch him a repast,
Up curves his head,
Starts the dull hamlet with a blast,
And back to bed.

Old drowsy dobbie, at the call,
Amazed, awakes;
Out from the window of his stall
A view he takes,
While thick and faster seem to fall
The silent flakes.

The barn-yard gentry, musing, chime
Their morning moan;
Like Memnon's music of old time—
That voice of stone!
So marbled they—and so sublime
Their solemn tone.

Good Ruth has called the younger folk
To dress below;
Full welcome was the word she spoke,
Down, down they go,
The cottage quietude is broke—
The snow!—the snow!

Now rises from around the fire
A pleasant strain;
Ye giddy sons of mirth retire!
And ye profane!—
A hymn to the Eternal Sire
Goes up again.

The patriarchal Book divine,
Upon the knee,
Opens where the gems of Judah shine—
(Sweet minstrelsie!)
How soars each heart with each fair line,
O God! to Thee!

Around the altar low they bend,
Devout in prayer;
As snows upon the roof descend,
So angels there
Guard o'er that household, to defend
With gentle care.

Now sings the kettle o'er the blaze;
The buckwheat heaps;
Rare Mocha, worth an Arab's praise,
Sweet Susan steepers;
The old round stand her nod obeys,
And out it leaps.

Unerring presages declare
The banquet near;
Soon, busy appetites are there;
And disappear
The glories of the ample fare,
With thanks sincere.

Now let the busy day begin:—
Out rolls the churn;
Forth hastes the farm-boy, and brings in
The brush to burn;—
Sweep, shovel, scour, sew, knit, and spin,
Till night's return.

To delve his threshing John must lie;
His sturdy shoe
Can all the subtle damp defy;
How wades he through!
While dainty milk-maids, slow and shy,
His track pursue.

Each to the hour's allotted care:
To shell the corn;
The broken harness to repair,
The sleigh to adorn;
So cheerful—tranquil—snowy—fair,
The WINTER MORN.

FEMALE CURIOSITY. A naval officer, who lately came to reside in Edinburgh, having engaged a large mansion on a short lease, dispatched his butler to receive his furniture, and have the house put in order. The butler engaged a young woman, residing in the neighborhood, to clean out the rooms and arrange part of the furniture: and he assisted her himself to carry up a large chest of rather singular appearance. This gigantic box his master had purchased as a curiosity; but, unlike that described in the song of the "Mistletoe Bough," it did not shut, but opened with a spring attached to the lock, which being touched, the lid flew open, and a tall brawny Highlandman, in full costume, stood erect, and struck out his right arm, in which was a wooden sword. The gentleman purchased it as a piece of curious mechanism, and was wont to amuse his children with it. "That's a heavy chest," said the woman, as they placed it on the floor. "Yes," answered the butler, who was a wag of the first water, "there's something heavy in it, certainly; but there's something mysterious about it also, for although the key hangs at the end of it, not one of us is allowed to open it." "Did you ever see the inside of it?" replied she, walking round it. "Never," said he. "It's as much as any of our place is worth even to speak about it." So saying, the knight of the corkscrew looked first at the woman, then at the chest on the floor, and then retired slowly down stairs, whistling, to work, on the ground flat. The girl proceeded to put things to rights in the room; but every time she passed the chest she thought it looked the more odd. "Frailty, thy name is woman!" She rapped on the lid with her knuckles—it had a curious, hollow sound—very! And none of the servants had dared to open it! What on earth could it contain? Well, it was none of her business; so she went diligently to work for five minutes, at the end of which time she saw herself standing, with her arms akimbo, gazing on the chest. "It can do no harm to look into it," thought she; so she quietly took the key from the nail and applied it to the lock. Of course she heard footsteps on the stairs—as every one will do when afraid of detection in the commission of some act they wish to keep secret. Again she regained confidence, and returned to the chest; she stooped, and turned the key. Up flew the lid; and the wooden Highlandman, kilt and philabeg, sprung on his legs with more than human agility, and fetched the petrified girl a sharp whack across the shoulders with the flat of his "Andrea Ferrara." A prolonged shriek, ending in a moan of despair, indicated that the poor woman had sought relief in

a swoon. In the course of a few minutes the woman rose on her elbow, looking wildly round the room, till her eyes caught the Highlandman bending over her. Seeing nothing but destruction awaiting her, two springs took her to the door; down stairs she went, nor did she slacken her pace till she found herself standing in the house of a lady in the neighborhood. The poor woman did not recover from her fright for several days.

For the Harbinger.

SKETCHES OF A DAY IN THE SERIAL ORDER.

[NOTE.—The mark O signifies that the session of the series to which it is affixed, is continuous, though their groups alternate periodically, an arrangement already introduced in certain branches of steam machinery where a loss would result from stoppage. The mark — signifies continuity through the hours of the day; — through the hours of the night, and (through half of the day hour. The letters A, B, &c. stand for persons whom we shall follow through their various groups.]

Suppose a day of May or October, which will be nearest the average climate of the earth, under an integral system of culture, and the application of meteorological science.

MORNING —

4-5 Culinary Series O.*

1st Breakfast Groups.

Series of domestic animals —.

* In compliance with the cabalist attraction, or principle of analysis, this series divides into the several departments engaged in the preparation of grains, vegetables, fruits, confectionary, beverages, and (during the first years of approximate harmony) of animal meats; with the pivotal series of desserts, into which all the other classes of ingredients enter, which in the delicate and composite repasts of Harmony will acquire much more importance than at present, whilst the superior skill required in their composition, gives to their series the highest artistic rank. Each of these series, in its own hall or halls, provides a certain number and variety of dishes, as preconcerted by the Distributive Council, and proportioned to the demand. Tabular statistical registries, showing the relative proportions of material required in the different combinations of the dishes furnished, will enable this proportion, after a little experience, to be accurately adjusted. According to the demand for the dishes they prepare, some groups of these series are single, giving but one session in the day; others multiple, functioning during many hours, in which different sections of the same group alternate their sessions.

The short session, required by the attraction for variety, facilitates the connection of each branch of culinary preparation with its related pursuits in the garden, orchard, vineyard, laboratory, and conservatory; essential to maintain unity, and to interlock interests in the different departments of consumption, preparation, conservation, distribution, and production.

The Composite passion attracts the individuals engaged in each branch, to form a group and act in concert; at once preventing the waste and the collision of incoherent industry, and establishing the social basis of industrial attraction, unattainable by isolated effort. Analogous dispositions prevail in the other series, some of which we may develop in a future No.

A, Early Groups.

(Stable scavenger work, managed by hy-draunts, and other unitary mechanism.)

Series of Florists. — transition Groups in service of Temple, who arrange and adorn, according to the weather, the external or internal Chapel, for the celebration of the Orisons.

Series of Hunt. †

Orisons, as the sun appears.

Series of the Sacerdocy.

Groups of Templar Music.

Groups of Templar Florists.

A B Representation, with appropriate symbols of every branch of industry, which, in its production of the beautiful and the useful, brings man into co-operation with God, through Nature.

51-2 A Breakfast for early Groups.

Series of Waiters, 1st Group.

Readers, Musicians, &c., according to organization of each table.

B Series of Florists. Groups of active culture —.

A Series of Vegetable Gardeners —.

Groups of Gatherers — transition to kitchen, other Groups of various cultures.

Series of Field Labor — 1st Groups.

Series of Mechanic Arts O 1st Groups.

7 B 2d Breakfast Series with their complementary Groups of Waiters, &c. as above.

B Animal Series (Groups of Education, (training to obey signals of a unitary language.)

Series of the Forest — Groups of wood-cutters. Groups of picturesque arrangement.

Domestic Series. — Groups of chamber work.

Series Laundry —.

9 B Session of Medical Council, Board of Health.

A Group of Farriery.

Series Commercial —.

Groups Internal, agents of the store-house of the Phalanx.

A Groups External, importing and transporting.

Interval filled by alternate Groups interlocking the Series described as persistent, and by

A Series Sybilline (Groups studying physiology.

B Practical Psychology, or Neurology. Comparative Psychology, or interpretation of hieroglyphic characters in the universal analogies of the kingdoms of nature.

12-3 Series Dinner.

Successive Groups, variously organized at the scene of their labor in field or shop; in saloons or under shade bowers; at large tables or small; composed of friends or of the members of a single family circle at pleasure; supplied according to order from the unitary kitchen; with their supplementary Groups of Musicians, Readers, Waiters, &c.

A B Session of the Library and Gallery of Fine Arts.

Scientific Exchange — Conference of Chemists, Mathematicians, &c.

Series Sybilline.

† To be explained in the next number.

Group Geological,
Group Mathematical,
B A Group of Natural History with Comparative Psychology.
Sunset. Vespers.

7

Series Sacerdotal.

A B Groups Musical, Floral, and others as mentioned in morning worship.

71-2B

Evening Repast.

A Group of Waiters.

8

B Series of Drama,* including opera, tableaux, recitations.

A

Dancing, and other gymnastic harmonies.

10 BA

Social Exchange, wherein arrangements for next day's industrial or other Groups, may be formed or modified.

10 1-2

Series of Observatory —.

Series of Patrol —.

Steam machinery and other series of persistent character, alternating their groups at periods, as above noticed.

Besides the Sybilline classes here mentioned, there are in every industrial group persons of the most catholic sympathies and powers of expression, who attend to visiting strangers, or to candidates for admission; these are the true schoolmasters who teach as a favor the theoretical science to those already interested in its practice.

Alfred has a strong attraction for animals; this becomes the pivot of his industrial tendencies, preserving a unity in variety. It leads him out among the early risers to the stable of his favorite horses, in whom, through the endearment of kindly intercourse, he has developed traits of superior intelligence and of great psychological as well as practical interest. He tames refractory creatures by the eye charm, and it is through this avenue that he has become interested in neurology, a branch of transcendent science which has proved invaluable by its development of concentrated will, virile majesty, and beneficent impulse. His pursuits of natural history, physiology, and the practice of farriery, have grown out of his pivotal taste, as natural corollaries where free scope and encouragement was afforded. It has also determined his transition into the agricultural series towards the groups of the maize and oat; a little sheaf of the latter he wears as an industrial symbol at the Orisons and Vespers. To the attainment of unity with nature through his industrial tastes, A adds a social charm of friendship and ambition, for in several of his functions he is associated with the little hordes, from whose body he is a graduate, with honorary distinctions, and the prizes allotted to the racers of his rearing have made him a man of no small note. He also holds an office of profit and trust in the commercial series, as factor for the equine series of the district.

* See Note in next number.

The rude and virile character of A's pursuits have developed a certain chivalric and heroic vein, which renders him rather a favorite with the fair. His session in the garden at 5 1-2, affords some very piquant passages de guerre with the young belles of the Moss Rose, an adjoining culture. We may here perhaps discover a clue to his presence at a musical rehearsal about 1 P. M., and of Laura's rich color and her deeper tone as their voices blend in the harmony. It is natural enough to find A musical, not only because the decided tone of his character craves such expression, but because music is an agent of great importance in the harmonic education of animals. Dinner brings him into a pleasant family circle, met by pure preference and attraction. In the early hours of the afternoon, he reads to an admiring group of little brothers and sisters, some favorite work on natural history, with curious commentaries "*qua vidit et quorum pars magna fuit*," and then takes a little pet or two off with him into the field or workshop; for A, like a true knight of the saddle, wears the horse-shoe medal on his industrial uniform. The evening drama, where he enacts some Cossack part, may engage him in a romantic scene with the young lady before mentioned, by whose chair he may have waited at the evening repast; and the social court before retiring, in the tone of free expansion which characterizes the evening hours, raises the charm of the day to a climax. To-morrow, other variations on the same pivot; and so may our young Centaur, not ignobly nor ungracefully, give his mane to the breeze through the gallop of life.

B, is a physician, — for we speculate here on the first years of harmony, before time sufficient has elapsed for the extirpation of the germs of disease, by the true medical science, which shall discover by a well ordered collective experimentation, impossible during the jar of individual competition, those natural medicinal types of all morbidic miasms, which are capable of conveying them transiently into the healthy body, and causing their expulsion from the sick by the same efficient reactions excited against themselves.

Preventive measures, such as a scientific cookery — free and integral ventilation — public baths — the novel stimulus of comfort, a beautiful sphere and honorable position on the frame of Civilization's jaded and brutalized labor hacks — the exchange by the middle classes of their stagnant monotony for a full-toned, racy and varied life — and the rescue of the rich from the thralldom of hollow and heartless frivolity, where their own wealth and state are their worst enemies; by the free development provided by the Series

for every character, taste and pursuit, will indeed obviate the common exciting causes of disease. Those who take cognizance of their life's brightest seasons will understand the powerful influence towards high health of all our noble passions, Ambition, Friendship and Love; these may expect in the Serial order, an almost daily gratification. Still, there will remain a class of chronic predispositions, rooted like fungi in the organism, which will continue to require the physician's care; and during the first generations of Harmony, his office will acquire an importance altogether new, since he may there aim at the radical extirpation of those evils which he can now only palliate or remove for a time, in order to make room for new ones.

In grubbing out old snags he will at least see a possible end to his labors, for the means of prevention are now placed in his hands, and the great humanity which, often under a cold impassive manner, has ever thrown this profession in the vanguard of danger, where horror darkened thickest, wants no higher attraction than the guarantee of a fair field of action, and possible success in its god-like toil.

The name, indeed, of Physician will constantly tend to its first derivation from *phusis*, nature. His duties will comprise positive sanatory provisions; calculations of adaptations required by the different temperaments; medical jurisdiction over the stables, poultry yard and kitchen; extirpation of soda, pearlsh, and other scelerata, accursed ingredients with which our food is now poisoned; fried grease, with flesh of diseased animals and adulterated wines, *et id genus omne*. The physician's province may be now defined as Simple, negative, material, that is — contention with physical evils. In harmony it will rise, 1. To Composite, bastard, positive, — or provision of positive, physical, sanatory conditions, and contention with negative, psychical evils, or diseased souls of the first generations. 2. To composite, positive, integral, or provision of absolute sanatory conditions, both physical and psychical.

We return from our digression. It was necessary to apologize for introducing the name of physician in a glimpse at harmonic life.

B first appears at the orisons wearing as a badge, a sprig of the aconite, chief type of the class of inflammatory diseases and acute neuroses, in whose cure he has attained celebrity. The sprig may be clasped by a symbol or a button, such as an eagle contending with a serpent wound around it.

After worship he repairs to his favorite garden spot planted in baleful beauty, in divergent radii from a central mound,

"Where with weak sense the chaste Mimosa stands,
From each rude touch removes her timid hands,
Oft as light clouds o'er pass the summer glade,
Alarmed she trembles at the moving shade,
And feels alive through all her tender form
The whispered murmurs of the gathering storm;
Shuts her sweet eyelids to approaching night
And hails with freshened charm the rising light."

[We have placed the Mimosa in the centre, because it types that excessive sensibility of the nervous system so characteristic of the present tea and coffee-drinking social epoch, which, suppressing the healthy manifestations of the passions in highly organized persons, to substitute artificial excitement, predisposes to neuralgia and other perversions of nervous energy.]

"All wan and shivering from the leafless glade
The sad Anemone reclines her head,
Grief on her cheeks has paled the roscate hue,
And her sweet eye-lids dropped with pearly dew."

[In a coincidence with this character, the Anemone Pulsatilla in its medicinal virtues causes and cures morbid states, especially of females, and connected with a soft melancholy weeping mood.]

"Sofa'd on silk amid her charm-built towers
Her weed of Aspidrodel and Anaranth bowers,
Where sleep and silence guard the soft abodes
In sullen apathy Papaver* nods;
Faint o'er her couch in scintillating streams
Pass the thin forms of fancy and of dreams:
Froze by enchantment on the velvet ground
Fair youths and beauteous ladies glisten round,
On crystal pedestals they seem to sigh,
Bend the meek knee and lift the imploring eye,
And now the sorceress bares her shrivelled hand
And circles thrice in air her ebon wand.
Flushed with new life descending statues talk,
The pliant marble softening as they walk.
With deeper sobs reviving lovers breathe,
Fair bosoms rise and soft hearts pant beneath,
With warmer lips relenting damsels speak,
And tingling blushes tinge the Parian cheek;
To viewless lutes aerial voices sing,
And hovering loves are heard on rustling wing.
She waves her wand again, — fresh honors seize
Their stiff'ning limbs — their vital currents freeze,
By each cold nymph her marble lover lies
And leaden slumbers seal their glassy eyes."

This garden, if we may judge from the fond solicitude with which the Doctor moves from plant to plant, is as dear as the apple of his eye. No profane foot dares intrude upon its precincts. Many a dainty secret has he wooed from nature in this fragrant shade, while the humming birds winnowed the air around, and sprinkled him with the Mimosa's salmon colored petals. After some silent converse with his plants however, he would sometimes fain unlock the gushing of rich thought to some appreciating ear. What rustling is that in the rose hedge? Chestnut locks glance from their jessamine circlet down a Parian neck, and the orb'd spell of a dark and tender eye meets his, as an arch gesture, "the symbol rose held lightly to her lips, pleads admission for this beautiful silence." A beck, and lightly springing over the boundary line, his favorite niece is clasped in his arms.

* Papaver, the Opium Poppy

She shares that morning's watch with the fresh flowers, and the lessons given thus in love, not only ray their light through many a rose-hued chamber of the soul in its morning flush, but they may flutter with dove-like peace over the pillow of pain; for there are provinces of medicine peculiarly woman's, in which man's presence is an outrage upon delicacy, and in which science is continually baffled by the reserve and even falsehood, which many even very intelligent women will not scruple to practice, even at the risk of life, and under the acutest tortures. B's isolated gardening is not an example of group culture, but an instance of the elastic character of the Series, which allows equally for the individual and the collective industry, and pleasure, and admits of all manner of transitions. B breakfasts at 7 with his niece in the Haydn saloon—a fancy bower where they meet friends from a neighboring Phalanx come to join in the early harvesting. From this time until 9 he is occupied with his patients or with the gazettes, medical and other publications, in the wing of the library set apart for them.

He assists at the medical conference at 9, where cases under treatment are discussed, and the knowledge and sagacity of the whole medical corps, if desirable, brought to bear upon them. Unitary hygienic measures for the Phalanx are also here discussed. The business dispatched is likely to be the more satisfactory, that the dividend of the medical board is paid, not in the direct, but in the inverse ratio to the amount of illness in the Phalanx annually.

Between 10 and his dinner hour at 1, besides his specific duties, B officiates as a teacher in the class of Physiology, where his fair niece is again among his pupils, composed otherwise only of those who have sought him from attraction and preference. It is a little band of enthusiasts, such as Hahnemann formed around him while exploring the *Materia Medica*, and whom he lets slip from time to time, as the game starts, in many a new and laurel clustered field of science. These are his intelligent hands, they are eager to show their gratitude for these unbought, unpurchaseable instructions, and it is to be strongly suspected that certain kind offices are performed about the Doctor's garden which would show, after all its affected isolation, that it was the nucleus of a masked group.

The Dinner to day at one is a Floral feast, given by the series of Florists in their grounds where little round or oblong tables with from five to fifteen seats are clustered about an eminence, on which, commanding a view of the whole, sit the Pivotal group with honorary members. The most beautiful flowers and

choicest fruits crown the table and environ it; the waiters are robed as Flora, Vertumnus, Pomona, Fanna, and other classic figures, and the sweetest, freshest music, from windharps, flutes, musical bells and other instruments of an assorted band concealed in the shrubbery, floats around, overarching the golden hour with tones from ultra mundane life that the flower spirits love. Besides the joyousness inspired by material beauty and luxury, and the tone of frank cordiality, which springs from sympathy of pursuit and interest, there is evident on every side a tone of deeper and livelier feeling, as of the heart's floodgates opening, which may be due to the assistance of a certain mystical corps, very important on these occasions, who develop their cabalistic propensities in the assortment of characters according to sympathetic relationships. We have not appropriated a special hour of session to this Psychological sect. They hate forms, and set meetings and argumentation, and are generally invisible agents, seen only through their effects. This is a use which the Series will discover for characters now very much undervalued, from our Transcendental dissectors, who pick you to pieces to get at your experience, and discuss their friends in a manner altogether shocking to the sensibilities of the vulgar, down to the old fashioned tea table gossip, who enjoy their sandwiches and scandal with a zest which ought long ago to have set the wits of our philosophers to work to discover its true employment.

Fresh from the inspiration of this feast, B repairs at 3, when the Papillon again claims its right, with some visitors in whom his interest has been growing during the last two hours, to the library and gallery of fine arts, whose chiefs d'œuvres the elevation and expansion of feeling now attained lead them to appreciate with a truth and intensity possible only in the full tension of life. In the vegetative existence which most of us now lead, art and nature alike are shrouded, scaled and mute.

From 4 to 7 may be assigned again to B's scientific studies and professional duties, since there exists in the operations of the mind naturally required by these, an element of variety already organized, which precludes that attraction for change of groups and occupations occurring so frequently in the material spheres of industry. His class of Natural History at 5 will be quite as much diversion as a scientific distribution demands. Seven brings us to the evening Vespers, where the principle of the Orisons is preserved, in allotting to each passion and industrial attraction its representation as tending to the divine Unity through some avenue of beauty and use, whilst the tone of the

oral prayer, of the music, and other symbols, may change the spirit of aspiration which characterized the Orisons, for the expression of attainment and rest, of satisfied love, in the vespers.

B enjoys with his family the evening repast. During the evening he is carried off by his wife to the Drama, where Frank and Lucy, who have received a Thespian promotion, are to make their debut, and will be watching for Papa's eye. All the children of the Phalanx are ambitious to intervene in the dramatic performances, and this spirit is encouraged by daily rehearsals in the measured harmonies of music, motion and passion expression, because they contribute in the highest degree to give grace and confidence and refinement, and combined in the hall of the opera hung with rich paintings and flower-festooned, with the harmonies of light, color and fragrance, make this exercise a symbol of divine harmony, interlocking it with the Church.

At 10 B strolls into the social courts, where a knot of his young favorites quickly gather round him, and carry him quite away into their fresh buoyant existence. The relations of the old and young are in the Phalanx of a very piquant nature, since the attractions of interest which bring them together coincide with those of contrasted age, where accords similar to the musical of the 1st, 3d, and 6th, &c., reach a climax in the contact of extremes in the first and the last octave of ages between the patriarch and his grandson or great-grandson.

The serial industry is now finished, and this little world is rounded by another world of sleep, where the voice of the nightingale or mocking-bird singing to the moon within the crescentic area of the Phalanstery garden, some late, love-taught flute, or the billowy serenade, alone, float through the dream-halls like voices of guardian spirits.

To be Continued.

A FEW THINGS TO AVOID. A bottle of wine at a public dinner; a short cut when you are in a hurry; metaphysics at five o'clock in the morning; walking between two umbrellas on a pouring wet day; a man who carries bill-stamps in his pocket book; "just another glass before you go;" taking a pocket telescope or oranges to the Opera, or asking for a bill of the play; sitting next to the orchestra when they are playing one of Halevy's light operas; going into a church without a shilling; being the mediator of a quarrel between a man and his wife; bowing to a lady from the top of an omnibus; and taking a new hat to an evening party.

HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD. The late Mr. Tegg, the well-known publisher, on being asked to what he chiefly owed his success in life, replied, — "To three things:

punctuality as to time, self-reliance, and integrity in word and deed. In addition, however, to these points," said he, "I have derived much advantage and comfort in life from being deaf, as well as blind, to all calumnies and attacks. I have never cared for what any one malignantly or, perhaps, foolishly said of me; neither have I been ready to resent real or imaginary affronts."

MISS MARTINEAU. The celebrated Miss Harriet Martineau, whose arrival was last week mentioned, reached Malta on the 16th ult., by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Ariel*. Miss Martineau during her short stay here, was visited by many persons of distinction anxious to pay their homage at the shrine of talent. — *Malta Paper*.

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S WISHES AND CHARACTER. His Majesty rises in the morning determined to regain at all price the English alliance, in which for the moment he beholds the sole guarantee of peace, and of his dynasty's surety. He passes the morn in calculations, how the fragments of this wrecked alliance can be picked up and put together. He foams at the rancour of Palmerston, and weeps over the evanescent friendship of Queen Victoria, who cannot forgive that innocent pastime of the rape of the Infanta. He summons De Broglie; he communes with Mole; he even sends messages to Thiers. But not one of these saints of the political calendar can help him. He then consults the English themselves, wheels Normanby, pokes the Hon. member for Coventry, who gruffly refuses to get up a French party for his Majesty in London, and, as a last resource, he fees Brougham. The royal mind being piqued at the utter inutility and hopelessness of all meditations and efforts, the noon brings on the cold fit towards England. He cannot win; therefore he must hate. He cannot cajole; therefore he must calumniate. And not even the editor of *La Presse* could pour forth more bitter vituperation of John Bull, or indulge more dread and lengthy demonstrations of his ingratitude, villany, and utter worthlessness, than the King of the French, when his Anglophobic fit is on. — *Daily News*.

WISE LEGISLATION. A law of New Hampshire, which went into operation on the 1st inst, provides that no child under fifteen years of age, shall be employed in any manufacturing establishment, unless such child shall have attended some school under a qualified teacher, for three months in the year preceding; and also shall so attend during every year of its employment until it arrives at that age. And every child under twelve must have attended school six months in the year. A penalty of fifty dollars is imposed on every owner or agent of such manufacturing concern who shall receive a child into his employ without a sworn certificate from some school teacher, that it has attended school as provided for. These pro-

visions apply it would seem, not only to cotton and woolen factories, but to all kinds of mechanical business.

LADS AND LASSES. A Scotch peasant girl said to her brother "she could na see just what it was that made him gang so often and stay so late to see one lassie; for her part she had rather have the company of one lad than twenty lasses."

NOT ABLE TO DO EVERY THING. An Oxford student, joined without invitation, a party dining at an inn. After dining, he boasted so much of his abilities that one of the party said, "You have told us enough of what you can do, tell us something you cannot do." "Faith," said he, "I cannot pay my share of the reckoning."

A DIFFERENCE. COACH VERSUS RAIL. The best distinction we ever heard between railway and coach accidents was that of an old whip. "If," said he, "you gets comfortably capsized into the ditch by the road side, *there you are*; but if you gets blown up by an engine, run into a cutting, or off an embankment, *where are you?*"

☞ Last night was magnificent; such a night as might follow after Nature's own Sabbath. The moonlight fell white and soft as snow, making the hovel of wretchedness beautiful as the palace where wretchedness it may be all the more bitter seeks to cheat itself by luxury and show. From our window, in the fifth story, which like a watch-tower looks out far above roofs and chimnies and rows of masts, the whole City seemed radiant with beauty. All the foul sights of the day had disappeared, and the scene slept as if turbulence and sin never disturbed its peace. And yet, under that silver curtain, the tragedy which we make of life was hurrying thousands of souls to its catastrophe; there the merchant counted the gains for which he had sold his heart; there the gambler watched for his eager and trembling prey; there, in secret cellars, robbery and murder plotted their midnight deeds; there, with breaking hearts, lonely women waited for the husbands whom once they had not learned to doubt, and there in cheerless garrets children of want and misery longed for death to still the pulses that in better days throbbed only with joy and hope! So does man contradict Nature and make a mockery of God's bounty and his own soul! but, Courage! thou brave, hopeful youth, glowing with generous devotion to the good of thy brethren, and to Truth. Not idle is that vision of the better future which comes to thee as it were in dreams. Not in vain the lives and sacrifices, the heroic toils of the great and good, whose names man cherishes as a sacred treasure. Not in vain that Assyrian evening of old when, as now, God's glory filled the sky, and angels cried "Peace on earth, Good Will to men!" Though the evil and sorrow of this great City seem to deny it, that divine prophecy shall be fulfilled. With a magic more true than that by which night transmutates ugliness into beauty, the light of Love shall yet endow the whole earth, humanity and all its abodes, with

a perfection such as ear hath not heard, eye seen, nor the heart of man conceived! — *Tribune*.

HINTS TO LAWYERS. Young lawyers often enter the profession with the idea that a knowledge of the law is all that is requisite for a high standing at the bar. Knowledge is undoubtedly power, but the power necessary to convince a jury is quite different from that which 'comes it over' the Judge. It order to show that black is white, for instance, in a question of law before the court, a sprinkling of such phrases as 'May it please the Court,' 'Your Honors,' 'With great respect to the Court,' 'The confidence of the community in the Court,' 'Learned adversary,' or a reference to the 'Books,' when you are morally certain that no precedent is on record, will go farther towards gaining your point than a perfect knowledge of every fact in the case, or an acquaintance with the law which may have an immediate bearing upon the question at issue. The reason is obvious. Judges do not wish to be troubled with references to authorities, which they must look up and comment upon in their decision. They feel also when no authority is referred to, that a perfect acquaintance with the books on the part of the Court is implied, which is as comfortable to a Judge as a good dinner; or in legal parlance, 'when a lawyer talks turkey to a Judge, he feels his oats!'

In addressing a jury, a quite different policy must be pursued. Always select your man and talk to him. If he smiles, you may venture a broad joke or a good story. It makes no difference whether your wit suits the case or not. Jurors never listen to the application, but incline to favor your side because you tell a good story, and not because you can illustrate a principle thereby. If the facts do not warrant a strong appeal, the character of the opposite party may remind you of such a person in some play or novel, by referring to which you are at liberty to leave the facts of the case, and indulge in half an hour's description of the plot, the portraying of the particular creation of the author's brain, concluding with a slight touch upon virtues in general.

The bar are under great obligations to Shakspeare. Every plaintiff is generally an Iago, but it is unsafe to proceed any farther, so as to call your client Othello. That must be left to the imagination of the jury, as no man wishes to be considered black, which a reference to Othello might imply. Shakspeare is also a great favorite, because he opens a wide field for comment, and the young lawyer may dwell for an hour at least upon the 'Bard of Nature.' The Bible may be quoted, but that is a dangerous practice unless some jurymen wear a white cravat, or is known to be a deacon. Byron is seldom used except in Justice's Courts. Scott may answer if you are hard pushed for a question; but never forget Moore and the days of '98, if your client happens to be a hot headed Irishman. In quoting, however, one thing is of vast importance to be remembered, that is, to introduce the author not by his real name, as 'Shakspeare,' 'Byron,' or 'Moore,' but as the 'Bard of Avon,' 'He who sung,' 'The inspired writer,' 'The Poet,' &c.

After finishing with the poets, you may commence with the testimony, and suggest to the jury the illustration of the

bunch of twigs, each of which may be broken by a child, but bind them together and they defy the strength of a man. In circumstantial evidence this is very strong, as showing how the testimony of many persons is unimpeachable. The chain also, formed of many links, is a familiar illustration. When you have no idea ready to express your emotions, clap your hand on your breast, or walk towards the jury, raise your arms and lower them again. 'Unfortunate' is a title which is always used towards your client, whether he is a swindler or has been swindled.

Various other modes of address may be studied every day at the City Hall, from 11 to 3 o'clock. — *N. Y. Mirror.*

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, FEB. 13, 1847.

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.

WOMAN'S TESTIMONY TO ASSOCIATION.

Some writer in the Newburyport Herald, taking his cue from the magnanimous New York Observer, recently put forth a feeble and puerile statement, attacking Association, on the ground of its moral tendency and influence. This has called forth replies in vindication of the Associative order from two women of that town, whose generous sympathies were aroused by the gross act of injustice, which they had witnessed. The Editor of the Herald in referring to these communications, pithily remarks, "it is rather singular that our correspondent who took up the cudgels against the Fourierists on account of their conduct in relation to women and children, should find enlisted against him two ladies, both of cultivated minds, and warm domestic attachments, and one of them a mother."

Not so very singular, after all. Many of the most intelligent, earnest-minded and refined women in this country are ardent advocates of Association. Wherever the doctrines of Social Unity have been announced, they have found their warmest response in the heart of woman. They have been welcomed by her, with an intelligent enthusiasm, which affords a beautiful testimonial to their character, and a strong presumption of their truth. From the first exposition of Social Science in this country, it has made converts among enlightened and devoted women. To their efforts, their convictions, their example, the cause is greatly indebted, for the rapid advances it has made, and the strong hold it is now taking on the public mind. Nor is this at all surprising. No man ever cherished a greater reverence for the

female nature than Fourier. He saw the degradation of woman by the present false and corrupting relations of society; he was indignant at the meanness, duplicity, and artifice with which she was treated; he had the fullest faith in her capacity for self-government under a system of truth, justice, and freedom; and he looked forward to the complete enfranchisement of woman, the establishment of her integral independence, as one of the most valuable fruits of the Combined Order. Even his conjectures and speculations, that have given so much offence, as to what may be the possible relations of the sexes, in distant ages of harmony, when the earth is peopled with a new order of beings bearing the stamp of honor, purity, elevation of soul, are founded on his lofty conceptions of the dignity of woman, and the position of freedom and independence, which she should hold in a true order of society. These speculations were not set forth by Fourier as an essential part of the theory of social unity. They are not accepted, as such, by the American Associationists. They have again and again declared they take no responsibility in regard to them, and leave them to stand or fall on their own merits, as the judgment of the true, the wise, and the holy, in future ages may decide.

But they do, with one accord, contend for a state of society, in which woman shall not be tempted to barter her affections for the sake of a social position, or to gain a livelihood: in which she shall be left free from all external embarrassments, to enter into the holiest relations of life, as the heart may dictate; where marriage shall be a tie of sentiment between souls, and not of pecuniary necessity; where its spiritual aspects shall predominate over the material; where it shall expand the whole nature, and not wither and crush it; and where, in fine, man shall renounce the usurpation over woman, which he has inherited from Barbarism, and rejoice in her freedom, as designed by the Creator for the perfection of the race. Association, moreover, contemplates a far more complete, thorough, and efficient system of education, for children of both sexes, than is possible, under the incoherent, monotonous, and uncertain arrangements of the isolated household. This education will elevate woman to an equality, a spiritual companionship with man of which the faintest traces only are now visible, but which clearly indicate the design of Nature.

It is no wonder, then, that the principles of Association are so cordially received by many of the noblest women, of whom society can boast. They will be true to its spirit, and prove most effectual advocates of its claims. We heed not the ravings of the fanatic, the denuncia-

tions of the bigot, the solemn whinnings of the bloodless hypocrite; selfish impostors may belie and misrepresent our sublime doctrines, and gain credence with shallow dupes; the plethoric conservative may roll up his fishy eyes in horror of our progress; and the "timid good" may predict the downfall of virtue, from the prospect of material prosperity; but woman, faithful to the instinctive promptings of the soul, with the delicate intuition that is nearer the source of truth, than the iron subtleties of logic, with the prophetic assurance of a glorious future for Humanity, receives with gladness the science, that promises to realize her highest ideals, and throws around it the protection of her feminine nature, which has power to awe and humble the ferocity of savage beasts.

ASSOCIATION AND MEDICAL REFORM.

It is a noticeable fact, although by no means surprising, that many of the most distinguished advocates of progress and reform in medical science, are also intelligent believers in the doctrines of Association. Indeed, as far as our information extends, we believe that a large majority of the seceders from the old school of medicine, are either actual adherents to Fourier's theory of social science, or are favorably inclined to its reception. This is the natural consequence of the mental freedom which has led them to reject the theories of medicine which find their support in tradition rather than in experience. If we once throw off the yoke of authority, as is justly said by those who cling to it as their sole support, we know not when to stop. It is certain, that a genuine emancipation of mind will conduct to the complete liberty of nature and truth. Medical reform opens the avenue to social reform. The errors, duplicity, scientific fraud, and legerdemain of the old system of medicine, lead one to suspect the presence of the same characteristics in the old system of Civilization. Fourier himself had so little confidence in the prevailing medical practice, that although he had several eminent physicians among his friends, he refused to touch their drugs, even to the last extremity. He points out the great improvements, which would result from the application of the unitary theory to the science of medicine, and predicts the time, when specific remedies will be discovered for those awful diseases which now baffle the keenest sagacity of the physician. We have recently seen an account of a new medical work, by PERRUSEL, a French physician, entitled "Truth in Medicine," which contains many striking views concerning the unity of the sciences, and the true laws of life. The following passages which we translate from his work, will show the light

he has obtained from the writings of Fourier, while they present scientific principles which we are sure will interest our readers.

"We do not hesitate to assert, with emphasis, that the same laws should preside every where, and especially should lead Humanity, even by the roughest paths, and the most painful labors, to the accomplishment of its destiny, which is HARMONY; this is a law of ATTRACTION and of LOVE, like that which was discovered by Newton in the material and mechanical world, and which has received the name of ATTRACTION. It is under the irresistible influence of this law, that the Deity has established the creation, that it is perpetuated in the different kingdoms of nature, and that man, in particular, undergoes the successive transformations, which we observe in his physical and moral constitutions. Instinctively, perhaps, he conforms to the tendencies for which he has an attraction; instinctively, perhaps, he obeys the faculties to which he is prompted by love; but, in reality, it is under the dominion of this law, that he is developed, improved, placed in true relations with his fellows, and finally, constituted the central element of all human society.

"All the sciences hitherto known, chemistry, physics, natural history, mathematics, astronomy, and so forth, are undoubtedly worthy of our admiration, and lead us to congratulate ourselves on the superior rank which they enable us to hold in the grand chain of beings; but they are, in fact, only the corollaries of another science, of another truth which governs them, and which it is absolutely necessary should be discovered, before they can be fully comprehended themselves.

"Now this primary science is that of UNIVERSAL UNITY, that is to say, the combination and fusion of all truths in one; a superior, pivotal truth, the discovery of which, sought by philosophy in every age, would give us the law of the varied phenomena of nature.

"Life, which is the object of physiology, is every where diffused, under a thousand different forms, and circulates like a pure and living wave, like a potent sap, throughout the infinite net-work of all orders of creation, distributing itself in a serial, progressive manner, from the most hidden mass, from the most infinitesimal insect, to the most elevated being in the graduated hierarchy of the Universe.

"The student of medical science, then, as well as the legislator, ought to derive the elements of their science from the same source, for they are both summoned by their lofty mission, to direct the same

natures, the same worlds, the same intelligences. It was with great wisdom, that the priestess of Delphi always replied to those, who demanded of her the secret of the future, "KNOW THYSELF."

It was, in truth, in this study, that discovering the general law of direction, the law of life, philosophy must necessarily hit upon the LAW OF UNIVERSAL UNITY or ATTRACTION, which alone can give the rule of direction, both for the lowest orders of beings and for the stars, which must be followed in order to arrive at either health or harmony.

"Restricting our plan to appropriate limits, we shall show, how, by studying and comprehending the organization of man, it is proper to conduct, in case of troubles, excitements, or revolutions, in his physical or moral organization, in order to arrive, with the same deranged elements, but restored to their normal action, at that physiological unity, that calmness, that peace, which is

"HEALTH; for the organic man;

"HARMONY; for the passionnal, that is, the intellectual and moral man;

"UNIVERSAL UNITY; for all beings and all elements of creation."

FOURIER AND THE THEOLOGICAL FACULTY AT LYONS.

The Dean of the Theological Faculty of Lyons, M. l'abbé Vincent, has lately come out in opposition to the doctrines of Association. In a report of the studies pursued in the Theological department of the University, M. Vincent takes occasion to speak of Fourier's Work entitled "The Theory of the Four Movements," and remarks that "it is the climax of all the absurdities of the present age."

The "Future," a liberal newspaper of Lyons, thus replies to the Dean of the Theological Faculty.

"The 'Theory of the Four Movements' was published in 1808. The science, of which this work explains the fundamental principles, is of vast compass, and of peculiar difficulty. It remained for a long time, without attracting any share of the public attention. At length, a few individuals began to study it; their number gradually increased; and, at this moment, it reckons numerous adherents, in every rank of society. It has converted distinguished scholars, profound philosophers, eminent practical men, and intelligent artisans, agriculturists, and laborers. Journals are devoted to its propagation in every part of the world: a variety of publications bring it within the reach of all degrees of intellectual culture; it has its apostles, its public instruction, its treasury, and reut-roll. Already it has given

birth to many important and valuable institutions. It may claim the first conception of the public asylums for children, and of agricultural colonies. In a moral point of view, the effects which it has produced, are no less remarkable. It has exerted a strong influence on the different political parties; it has spread doubts on the highest points of public policy, and raised questions hitherto unknown. It has awakened new demands. It has put in circulation the words, *Solidarity*, *Association*, *Organization of Labor*, *Emancipation of the Poorer Classes*; and these words are now even in the mouths of kings. It is the subject of controversy every day, and many, besides the Theological faculty of Lyons, deem themselves bound to refute it. Can it be imagined, with any reason, that a doctrine which has obtained such a position and development is only 'the climax of all the absurdities of the age?'"

THE MOVEMENT IN BOSTON.

There never was greater interest in the subject of Association in Boston, than at this moment. The question of the true organization of labor has long occupied the attention of practical and philanthropic men; and the principles of social science are beginning to attract the notice of intelligent and cultivated minds.

The Lectures before the Boston Union continue to be attended by a select and very attentive audience, on which a deep impression is obviously made by the presentation of truths, which to many of the hearers are now stated in a systematic form, for the first time. We notice among the audience, scholars, artists; professors, clergymen, lawyers, and doctors, as well as others, which shows that here as well as in France, the question awakens an interest among intellectual men, who at least manifest a liberal curiosity in regard to its character and claims. We know that in many minds a spirit of inquiry has been aroused, which will not be satisfied, without a thorough investigation of the causes and remedies of our present social evils. A more profound view is taken of the reform contemplated by Associationists; its magnitude and comprehensiveness are better understood; its rigid scientific character is more fully appreciated; and the earnestness and devotion of its advocates create a prepossession in its favor. We rejoice that several leading minds among the young men of Boston are deeply impressed with the truth and grandeur of the Associative doctrines; and the time is not far off, according to all the rules of logical sequence, when they will be found among the most strenuous and enthusiastic advocates of the cause.

The Lecture, week before last, by

Mr. RIPLEY, presented a comprehensive sketch of the principal incidents in the life of Fourier, with a brief analysis of the most important principles of social science. It gave a full and emphatic testimony to the intellectual greatness of Fourier, his rare originality and independence of thought, his wonderful penetration into the most recondite laws of nature, and the reverent, religious spirit, with which he consecrated his life to the discovery and illustration of the social code, ordained by the Deity for the Harmony of our race. The Lecture was adapted to inspire a deep respect for Fourier as a man, and a thinker, and it is to be hoped may tend to awaken attention to his discoveries, among those who have hitherto treated them with neglect.

After the Lectures, social meetings are held by the Boston Union, at the houses of some of the members. These, as may be supposed, are of a very interesting character. They bring together the friends of Association, make them better known to each other, give occasion to much useful conversation and discussion, and serve to enkindle new hope in the accomplishment of the arduous mission to which they are appointed. We trust no one will absent himself from these reunions who is able to attend them. Every friend of the cause is heartily welcome, and the presence of each is cheering to the hearts of all.

The "Religious Union of Associationists" continue their meetings in the Hall in Bromfield Street, under the direction of Mr. CHANNING. We need not say, how profound and true an interest is taken in these services. They give fresh life to our movement, open the deepest sources of inspiration, and bind together the hearts of the hearers, as with an electric chain. No doubt many are present at these meetings, who have no special interest in Association; many who are almost strangers to the subject; who are attracted by the spiritual fervor and eloquence of the speaker; whose experience responds to the sentiments which he utters; and who find the living springs of their soul touched and swayed by his words. Of course there can be no objection to this. We are glad that such should receive what good they may, while others will be led to connect the discussions of unitary science, with their holiest convictions of the Providence of God and the destiny of the race.

On the whole, we have great reason for congratulation in the present aspects of the cause in Boston. We know the disinclination of men to look into new truths, which are at war with their favorite habits of thought, the length of time required to remove misapprehension and soften prejudice, the patience with which

the Creator of the Universe waits for the accomplishment of his plans, and the like patience, which is demanded of his earthly servants, in their warfare with evil; and hence, we cannot but cherish a modest joy that so much has been already accomplished in our own immediate vicinity, not without hope, that the way is preparing for a more vast and beneficent social revolution, than we now hardly dare to dream of.

PITTSFORD, VERMONT.

The following letter from Pittsford, Vt., is very gratifying, as it shows the good fruits of the lectures, established by the American Union, and the zeal and intelligence with which the cause is taken up by our friends on the spot. The idea of local meetings, conventions, and so forth, is good. We hope the example will be followed. Free, familiar discussion in the school-districts of New England, on the reigning evils of society, would produce a great effect, and prepare the way for the remedies that are presented by Association.

"Though surrounded with difficulties and discouragements, our little Union has thought best to make a vigorous attempt to propagate the doctrines of Association. For this purpose, we have determined to hold a series of meetings in the different school-districts of the town. We commenced these last week, and so far have had very good success. The school-houses have been well filled with attentive and apparently highly interested little audiences, and we are determined, if possible, not to let the interest flag. We expect by means of these meetings to get the subject of Association before the minds of most of the inhabitants of the town, and hope to remove much of the prejudice which exists upon the subject, as well as to bring some into the field, to aid in the Herculean labor of cleansing this vast Augean stable.

"We are not without positive proof that our efforts are taking effect. The Rev. Mr. —, our Congregational minister, came out yesterday with a sermon from Mark xiii. 21 and 22, in which he took occasion to animadvert upon many of the causes which are now disturbing "the established order of things." Mormonism, with its ignorant leader, Jo Smith, received the first notice, and as he appeared to think, ought to be studied as giving a key to other disturbing movements. Perfectionism came next. Professor Bush took his turn, in connection with whom, Swedenborgianism and Mesmerism received some hard blows. But, there was another subject which deserved notice in this connection; and that was Fourierism. Fourier was an infidel;

and so were most of the leaders of the cause, in this country at least. Some, however, pretended to believe the Bible; but all of them expected to make men happy here in time, and happy in eternity by means of merely material relations. In regard to these relations we were told, that the followers of Fourier differed somewhat. Some were for a community of property, others were for holding property in joint stock; but both aimed at the same result, — to make men happy in time and eternity, by means of material relations. After much in the same strain, he closed his book, and looking round upon his audience, finished his sermon by repeating slowly and firmly: 'Take heed lest you fall.' He forgot to make another quotation, and in his case a very needful one: 'Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good.' That we are taken notice of thus in high places, is proof to us that our prospects are flattering.

"We are to have a convention of Associationists in CLARENDON, on the third Tuesday of February. In addition to the business, and so forth, of an ordinary convention, we intend making it a social gathering. If Your notice of the fact, will enable those north of us to join us upon that occasion.

"After we have held all our meetings in this town, attended the convention, and so forth, you shall hear from us again. And then, too, I hope to give you some more proof that we are willing to sacrifice of our substance to the cause."

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MISCELLANY.

For the Harbinger.

SKETCHES OF A DAY IN THE SERIAL ORDER.

(Concluded.)

SERIES OF HUNT.

The Hunt of Harmony must not be confounded with that of Savage, Barbarous, Civilized, and other societies of incoherence, which aim simply at the carcass of the game, and are full of cruelty in their means of attaining it.

They attain a bicomposite subversion, by combining physical with moral torture for the animal hunted, and lesion of productive industry with outrage of the sentiment of Unity in the animal hunting.

The Hunt is an exercise in the gamut of Ambition. It has been called mimic war. It is in fact simply war between man and his humbler fellow creatures, whose residence he invades to destroy them with his resources of strength, skill, and stratagem, just as in his unbalanced rapacity and conflict of interests with his fellow man he invades and ravages the territory of a neighboring nation, slaying, scalping, torturing, enslaving, levying tribute, as the case may be, according to the fashion of the time. The chase and war, such as we have hitherto known them, belong equally and essentially to the reign of the Beast or of Incoherence.

Ambition, where interests are unharmonized, aims to gratify itself at the expense of another, and proceeds either by the simple method of brute force, or by simple fraud, or by the composite method of force combined with fraud, and creates a discord of the first, second, third, or fourth degree, according to the number of intermediate classes engaged in the service of the stronger oppressing the weaker.

This subversive hierarchy is now formed in territorial ownership, by the relations of landed proprietor, agent or midleman, bailiff, tenant, and horse or ox.

In War, by the relations of financiers and stock-jobbers, and speculators, mercantile or political, who being the prime though secret movers and only persons whose interests are advanced, occupy, like the landed proprietor or the hunter, the first rank. 2d. Kings, ministers, and parliamentary or other representative machinery, tools of the first class, as the land agent or the forest keeper is of the lauded proprietor. 3d. Officers, naval and military, corresponding to the dog-trainers of the hunt; and 4th. Common soldiers — cannon fodder, who correspond to the bailiffs in the civil warfare or mammoth hunt, and to the hounds in the hunt of other animals by man.

The Savage goes out to battle, pursues and kills his enemy and sometimes proceeds to cook and eat him precisely as other game.

This is the extreme of incoherence in the series of human societies, and which, in accordance with the law of the contact of extremes, and identity of the first and eighth notes of the octave, should present a diffraction of the highest expression of unity in the brotherhood of the race. What can indeed be more complete than the coincidence of the cannibal rites, in which the Savage conceives that as he eats, the virtues of the slain pass with his flesh and blood into his own body; and the most sublime expression of unity in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, where Christ, the amphiundane pivot, whose hierarchy combines this world of human spirits with that of those who have passed the portals of death, says when giving to his disciples bread and wine: "This is my flesh and my blood; eat and drink in remembrance of me," thus typing the incarnation of the divine in the human, and confessing the bond of humanity in the most sacred brotherhood.

In Barbarism, War and the Hunt, losing the simplicity of incoherence, acquire a composite character, by aiming at the living prey as well as the carcass; as they no longer indiscriminately kill all

classes of their human or other fellow creatures, but reserve the young alive for slavery, as is also the custom of certain tribes of ants. This is a composite development of Ambition, because it acts alike on the bodies and souls, requiring not only corporal possession, but submission of the will of the inferior to the superior. It is subversive because it degrades the slave, destroying the unity of his being by the invasion of a foreign will, and because it embrates by the habit of tyranny, and palsies by the temptation to idleness, the master, who loses the unity of his being, by outraging in himself the principle of justice. Thus have many barbarous nations become emasculated, cruel and treacherous.

By the employment of janissaries, &c. in war, — trainers, dogs, and hawks, in the chase. Ambition receives other developments of a mixed character; the ends remaining the same, but the means becoming composite by the leagues of interest between the parties fighting or hunting; partly through the harmonic principle of attraction, partly through the subversive one of compulsion.

Harmony, which operates by the unitary principle of Attraction, whilst substituting in the allied parties hunting, for these mixed motives, composite sympathies of character and industrial taste; must also operate by attraction on the game hunted, on the human or animal objects of the war or chase. It must substitute for violence and treachery, shot and snares, a magnetic or moral charm combined with material interest or bait. The Harmonians will not desire the flesh of the dead animal, because they will abhor all forms of cannibalism, as much as we do that which some Savages practice on each other. They will shudder at the idea of making walking graveyards of themselves. The killing and eating of our fellow creatures must cease with the state of moral incoherence of which it is the expression, and with the perversion of our organic life which now craves

the peculiar stimulus of animal flesh as a compensation for the co-operative influence which it should receive from the nervous centres of our affectional life, in the free play of those sympathies which connect us in vital solidarity with our fellow creatures.

The appetite being simply the expression of organic attraction, must of course share in its health or its perversion; and the taste which now demands flesh, will give place to a more exquisite appreciation of savors in the present and future varieties of grains, vegetables and fruits, in their varied preparations and artistic combinations, and in refined animal products, such as milk, with its delicate cream, rich butter, curds, cheeses, blanchmanges, &c. &c. may enable us to conceive of.

Man will develop those frugivorous habits which are common to his anatomical structure with that of all the other natural family of the cheirotheria, but which it was necessary that he, as the archetype not only of the cheirotheria, but of the whole animal kingdom, should partly relinquish during the periods of incoherence.

The exalted sensibility of our organs, external and internal, sensuous and sentimental, connected with the habitual use of a pure diet, has been observed by many, and pre-eminently in the case of Caspar Hauser, who is said to have recognized by the smell Homœopathic drugs of the thirtieth attenuation. The vile smells about our houses and even fields where poisonous plants grew, distressed him extremely, and he escaped this annoyance by embruting his senses to the standard of civilization, when in compliance with the urgency of his friends, he forced himself to eat flesh.

When the co-operative industry of Association shall surround us with the natural and artistic harmonies of affection, a delicate impressibility will be as conducive to our enjoyment as it may now be the reverse in the conditions in which the mass of the race live.

When every sense and every sentiment shall find as many adaptations to charm as they have now to disgust and revolt, it will be desirable that they should attain the most acute sensibility. By a subversive adaptation, this material grossness, the expression of the spiritual darkness and conflict of incoherence, eaves us from much of the torture which we should suffer from those outrages on our moral and physical senses, which characterize the habitations of man in that period. Animal food, which stimulates the combative and destructive tendencies in the human as in the lower grades of the fœre, corresponds perfectly to the wants of incoherent societies where the aim and

interest of each individual is to act on others as much as possible, and be acted on himself as little as possible. In Harmony, where universal confidence flows from unity of interest, it will be desirable that the life of the affections and intelligence should be uncalculating, spontaneous and reciprocal in the highest degree; a continual influx and reflux, a losing of ourselves in all the consciousness of our individual being to find ourselves again refreshed and glorified in the being of others. These social conditions require a pure and bloodless diet.

The Hunt of Harmony will then not desire the death nor the carcass of its prey. Rising to the composite in its character, it will seek both the body and the soul or will of the creature, and as it must be the harmonic composite it must gain both by charm. It may be asked, what the Harmonians, whose drudgery is performed by machinery, will want with the animal kingdom. The answer involves a deep psychological principle.

We want to have as little as possible to do with most species of the present animal creation. Is not this equally true of every individual in relation to the greater number of characters around him? Is not the range of individual sympathies generally a narrow one? Certainly, because the state of incoherence organizes these discords, — places men so constantly in positions which oppose their interests to one another, that as habit in the parent passes into structure in the child, men are born full of antipathies; and we find in society the sheep and the wolf, the skunk and the chicken, of which the inferior types are the reflections in the great mirror of nature. But the transformation and regeneration which the Divine law of love brings into the individual soul of man and the collective soul of humanity in organizing all the relations of practical life according to its spirit, is to be integral in its application, is to bring man into unity with nature and with his fellow man as well as with God, and under its influence the animal and vegetable kingdoms which now, in correspondence with the vicious perversions of our own passions and societies, yield seven-eighths of creatures which are useless or hurtful to man, for one-eighth which are useful or agreeable to him, must yield harmonic creations which shall give seven-eighths of the latter class to one-eighth of the former. But God is composite and not simple in his method of action; the change must be effected not only in the relative numbers of the different characters, but in the nature of those which remain, exalting the useful and harmonic characters, and modifying beneficially the remaining exceptional eighth. There are some species now

existing, as the Zebra and the Ostrich, whose profitable relations may be readily understood. Harmony of interests in the animal kingdom is finally required by the attributes of the Deity.

By the universality of his Providence, which would be limited were the kingdoms of nature excluded from internal harmony among themselves, and with their pivot, man.

By his distributive justice, which requires compensation by harmonic development and relations during the ages of unity, for the subversive development and relations during the ages of incoherence.

By his economy of means, which, in providing for the various attractions or instincts with which he has endowed his creatures, requires a social sphere in which the greatest happiness may be attained by interlocking their interests and multiplying the passionial life of each creature in its harmonic accords with that of other beings, and especially with man, the pivotal type and complement of all lower natures.

By his unity of system, since otherwise there would be a law of harmony for human societies and a law of discord for inferior creatures.

These considerations are farther supported —

By history and tradition which refer us to a period of peace and harmony in Eden, the Paradise of innocence and ignorance. In the first chapter of Genesis it is said:

"And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

"And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so."

No flesh meats either for man or beast; and the omission to mention it here is both technically and rationally equivalent to a disapprobation or even prohibition of them in the primitive ages of which this chapter treats.

By prophecy and aspiration, which in the purest and most highly developed souls, such as Zoroaster, Pythagoras and Shelley, and in the more specific prophecy of Isaiah and others, point to such an epoch in the future harmonies of innocence and wisdom, whose law has been brought to our sentiment by Christ and to our intellect by Fourier.

By the law of the contact of extremes, binding prophecy with history, which requires identity of character in the first and last points of a series. Thus the series formed by the successive periods of incoherence, in their modulations through

Savageism, Barbarism, Patriarchalism and Civilization, required a last term different from these to correspond to the first term, Edenism.

They are farther supported by the law of progression, since Palæology reveals to us a period of animal development on this planet whose incoherence was more ferocious and gigantic in its character than that which now exists, the age of the megatherium and the Saurians,—crocodiles of ninety feet long,—since which time consequently the harmonic adaptations with the animal kingdom must have greatly increased, corresponding to the improvements which human society has made, and which point to future forms in which these harmonic relations shall be still farther substituted for those of incoherence. They are supported by anatomy, which shows us in the progressive developments of the Fœtal brain those temporary characters which are found permanently organized in the fish, the bird and the mammal, and which by their development into the co-operation of a unitary life in the full grown child foretype their natural tendency to harmonize in the progressive types of the animal creations corresponding to them, and especially to harmonize with man, since they represent the different parts and progressions of his nature, and he types the whole of which they are developed fragments.

The hunt of the ages of unity requires coincidence of interest between the hunter and the animal hunted, which we can understand when man instead of being the tyrant and natural enemy of other creatures, creates around him a sphere of beauty and delight in which the simpler races of animals will share, but which their own intelligence could not have effected.

Fourier has calculated the character of war in Harmony, where the industrial armies will go forth on the great campaigns of spherical interest, co-operating in benefiting their fellow creatures; in carrying the reign of Love and Harmony among Barbarous and Savage tribes, and converting the earth to a garden of beauty. The hunt then which, between man and animals, corresponds to war between man and man, must undergo analogous changes, and in either case, as we have observed, the object must be effected by charm or attraction, the universal law in which the serial order is organized. In the methods pursued, which before caused a league of oppressors, we have now a league of benevolence among the hunters. Besides the human accords of Ambition, Friendship, and Love, between the parties and sexes which share it, we have the mixed accords between the hunters and dogs, falcons, &c., or their harmonic antitypes

employed in the hunt, and the material charm of bait must be rendered composite by the moral charm of characteristic affinity on the two principles of similitude and contrast. In the first species of charm lure creatures, of the same species tamed, may be employed, as we now use decoy ducks and decoy elephants. The charm by contrast may operate by the harmonic relation between the antitypes of the dog, falcon, and others, and the creatures they pursue, a relation precisely the reverse of the antipathies existing during the ages of incoherence.

For the fire-arm, which intimidates, wounds or destroys, may perhaps be substituted among other things, musical calls corresponding to the nature and sympathies of the creature. We already observe the specific affinity between certain individuals and animals. The following circumstance may give some idea of the mysterious sympathy by which animals may be charmed into submission.

In 1830, a skilful Veterinary Surgeon, residing in Hudson, New York, had under his care a stallion so unruly and vicious that he could be approached only by securing his halter over intervening bars. A boy three years old, was seen one day, playing with him, pulling his tail and trying to climb up his legs, the animal remaining perfectly quiet. The Surgeon took up the child and placed him in the manger, when the animal put his nostrils to his face, and kept smelling and snorting, with evident signs of delight. He was then led out of the stable with the boy on his back, and instead of leaping and throwing up his heels as usual, he remained perfectly still, refusing to move out of a walk so long as the boy was on him, and permitting himself to be led by the halter by his charmer. This singular intimacy lasted two months, ceasing only when the horse was taken away by his owner. A strange gentleness seemed to have entered his nature.

SERIES OF DRAMA.

We must not confound the Drama of Harmony with the Drama of Civilization. In the analysis of the latter we find:

1st. In regard to the subjects represented, tragedy, the high drama, picturing the internal discord of man whose passions destroy him in their conflicts and excesses, the fatal effects of rivalry and hatred, disappointed love and foiled or mistaken ambition. In the lower degrees we have a tableau of follies, the stupidities and the frauds of the civilizee dissected and exhibited to the crowd who laugh with the knave and laugh at the fool. As to real manhood or womanhood, they are conceptions which seem not to have penetrated the thought of our stage

writers, or to have been considered by them altogether too visionary for the practical taste of the public; yet this is not so entirely, for if you seek well you shall find more true humanity in the city or country in a day than on the stage which ought to sublimate and concentrate it in a month.

Particular pieces are too far below criticism to be mentioned, we find an utter want of dignity and spirituality on the stage of our day.

The Drama exhibiting the mimic play of the passions and their social effects, such is its legitimate character during the periods in which man's nature is cramped and perverted to all manner of vice and meanness; and the more truthful the drama becomes to the littleness of the common life, the more depraving is its effect, the more loathsome it appears to our finer tastes, and the more severely it draws upon itself the reprobation of the church, which from its high spiritual ideal justly condemns this life as one of utter depravity, only making the serio-ludicrous mistake of confounding the civilizee with the man.

In the serial order adapted to our nature, in which the true and beautiful developments of our passions, and the social harmony created by them can only be understood by their contrast with those of the present world turned upside down, the drama, in correspondence, must exhibit the noblest and most lovely types of character, whose passions, instead of betraying them to their ruin and building for them a splendid funeral pyre, will become the wings of a spiral ascension through developments of character now inconceivably grand, to the loftiest destinies.

2d. The actors are now a class confining themselves to that business, being merely actors, so that excluded from those political and social positions in which the highest life is felt and acted, they lack that sort of experience which could enable them to give an adequate expression to great dramatic positions and sentiments, and rant away a pitiful burlesque of life, mere paint, paste-board and galvanic distortions. The lower castes, they act only too well for the morals and manners of the public, and have thus brought upon themselves the condemnation of the church and of refined taste.

The actors of unity will be the same on the stage and in real life, and their imitative faculties will thus have received the education of experience in the cases they embody. This talent is widely distributed and very cultivable. Each will find dramatic characters specifically related to his own, and it will be equally desirable for the individual and the public that this sort of development should be obtained by all who shall obtain the ap-

proval of the Thespian censorship or distributive council. Children will be received into this as into other series, after preliminary tuition, upon suitable evidence of capacity, and there will be a great number capable of filling some part with characteristic excellence.

Any one who has witnessed or participated in private theatricals, well knows how much the charm is multiplied by recognition of our friends and acquaintance in the characters, and the personal interest we feel in their success.

The delicious emotions experienced by the family of a lady, now the brightest star of the American stage, on witnessing her brilliant debut may be shared by half the families of the Phalanx, since now scarcely one genius in twenty gets itself developed. A polite and practical education, combining with the confidence inspired by a sphere of friendly relations of interest and character, will naturally give birth to another species of acting far more piquant than the present; improvisation, in which actors will show their penetration into character by the positions they create for each other, and their power of meeting circumstances by sudden and varied combinations, pliant to the humor of the movement, and affording boundless scope for sublimity, pathos, humor, feats of grace and strength, and delicate personal allusions. We could have little of all this now, because we are too self-conscious for inspiration and improvisation; the passional poverty of our lives inverting the mind to prey upon itself.

3d. The sphere of exhibition. In accordance with the moral perversions which are to be displayed, we have the lights and foot-lights as they are called, placed beneath the actors instead of shining from above like the sun, moon and stars. They are so disposed here and in other parts of the house as to dazzle and distress the greater part of the audience, civilization requiring that discomfort should always be the rule and luxury the exception.

In connection with this disposition of the lights, is the danger of fires, in which many persons are burned to death. It is by the narrowest escape, every night, that the dancer or singer, advancing to the very front of the stage almost in contact with the foot lamps, whose flame often rises above the glass shades, do not get the gauzy fabric of their dresses wrapped in flames. As if at once to provide for the greatest frequency of accident and the most serious consequences from it, our theatres have generally but one, or at most two doors of egress for the public, instead of having all the lower wall composed of folding doors which would render it unnecessary to lose from fifteen to

thirty minutes in squeezing through the crowd every evening after the performance, and in the case of fire, which spreads so rapidly among the combustible apparatus of these places, would confine the damage to property. This of course is entirely incompatible with civilized policy. The problem for the manager of a theatre states itself simply thus: 'How to get the greatest number of people into the smallest space, with the least expense of providing for their accommodation, and the greatest certainty that all of them pay at the door.' It is no more his interest to provide for the safety of their lives than to protect their eyes from the glare; to secure a pure, respirable air, or a pleasant temperature by ventilation; or to select representations whose moral influence shall be elevating and not depraving. All these points are indeed highly important to the manager as a man and a Christian, but those relations he settles at his church on Sunday; their mention is highly impertinent on any other day, and they become perfectly absurd in connection with trade and business matters.

The civilizees, having no other chance of development for the composite passion, are drawn together in masses by its imperious impulse, even in conditions of the greatest discomfort and even danger, and which demand the entire sacrifice of that individual sphere about which they make the more fuss in proportion as the conditions of their lives preclude its enjoyment, judging of its value by their want of it. Thus our few places of public amusement are filled very easily, and cheapness of arrangement becomes with the manager the absolute consideration. At the burning of the theatre Royal in Quebec, when it was announced that the house was on fire, all of course rushed at once towards the door; any order of proceeding by successive detachments, leaving spaces between them which should admit the free and rapid motion of a run, instead of the slow, shuffling press of a crowd, although it would have allowed them to escape in one-twentieth part of the time, was incompatible with the genius of civilization, since it would have required the habit of concerted action instead of the *laissez aller*, "every man for himself, take care of number one" principle. In the press which took place, several were thrown down in the doorway, others stumbled over them, and before they could rise, still more, until the whole doorway was packed and wedged tight with human bodies, which, by way of variety, got crushed and smothered to death, while others within got burned.

So things go. That is no worse than happens every day in some other manner and some other place. Grievous dispen-

sations of an inscrutable Providence,—long faces, Ohs and Ahs, citizens wear crape on their arms for thirty days, monument engraved to the lamented dead, theatre rebuilt on similar plan, and other dispensations occur in their due time.

People are jammed together without the slightest respect to the principle of individuality or privacy, and except the more fortunate eighth who can take a box to themselves, are subject to all manner of disgusts from proximity, bad breaths, &c. &c. The stage boxes are in fact the only situations in the house where one can enjoy the composite luxury of seeing and hearing well and having plenty of room, pleasant seats and privacy at pleasure by drawing a curtain. Some European theatres have improved in this respect.

There is scarcely ever a free ventilation, but the air is so close and stifling that the pain and injury of breathing it is worth more to a delicate person than the pleasure of the best performance, a pleasure indeed which it very much diminishes. Provisions seem also to be made for generating in the shortest space of time the greatest number of catarrhs, by the change from this close, hot and reeking air to the chill and the inclemencies of the weather without.

The musical ear now comes in for its share of torture, for four and twenty cats with crackers on their tails, would make a very respectable substitute for the alternation of scraping and catawauling by the orchestra, and stamping, shouting and squeaking by the audiences of four out of five of our theatres.

Now it is not to be concluded from all this that we go to the theatre because we believe, like the Hindoos or ascetics, that self-torture is pleasing in the sight of God, and that we shall purchase several shillings' worth of spiritual salvation,—nor is it to be hastily considered that the lungs of a civilizee are so far perverted in their function that carbonic acid gas and hot vapor are more congenial to them than pure air; that he likes to be squeezed; that his nose is entirely adapted to foul odors or his ears to false music, any more than that a higher character of drama would meet no response in his soul. No, the very misery of man in civilization is that he cannot change his nature and adapt himself to all these abominations, that he has aspirations which he cannot gratify because they require such collective co-operation as his intelligence has been too small and his sentiment too brute to effect. We go to the theatres and other crowded places full of discomforts, because our private lives are so poor that we are glad on any terms to escape from them, and because here we have, however unsatisfactorily,

the only gratification of the composite passion which civilization allows.

The drama is the natural pivot of the arts, combining architecture, sculpture, painting, music, the dance and other forms of harmonic motion, with the mimic life of the passions which give birth to them all. In accordance with this principle, the drama of Unity must assemble the most exquisite expression of all these arts as the natural sphere in which passion shall move.

It is here that the artistic strength of the Phalanx will concentrate. A composite feature which has been introduced in Paris and other cities, connecting the hall of exhibition with gardens, where the spectators may promenade, between the scenes, will be easily developed, since the groves and flower beds enclosed in the area of the Phalanstery offer a beautiful resource. In the summer months the boxes for spectators may be well arranged in the free air, the partitions being made by rose trees and such shrubbery, and the tiers by platforms constructed amid the boughs of the trees, where fancy dresses, waving locks and bright eyes glancing and retreating through the half concealing foliage, divert the interlude with faery sports, while the wind-harp swaying in the breeze above answers to the orchestra below.

Illumination to any desirable extent can be effected by a Bude or other light, reflected down from above, or forwards from behind the scenes. In winter the ventilation may be conducted in the mode now adapted in the British house of Parliament, which provides a constant circulation through all parts of the building of a fresh and perfumed air of any given temperature.

All these, and many other provisions, the series by its combination of means, distribution of functions, unitary economies, and integral development of capacities, necessarily includes. These are adaptations which we at once feel that our attractions require, and in the true social order of united interests calculated upon these attractions, it would be just as absurd to conceive of their disappointment or restriction, as it would be in the false societies based on incoherence of interest, to expect their gratification.

EDGEWORTH.

BURNS AND "BONNIE JEAN." The first introduction was somewhat curious. The poet had attended a dance in Mauchline, accompanied by his dog in place of a fair partner, and in reply to some remark, he said, "he wished he could get any of the lasses to like him as weel as his collie did." A few days afterwards, when the poet was strolling down the banks of a burn which runs through a village, a lass, who was en-

gaged in the bleaching green inquired "if he had got a more loving sweetheart than his dog yet." This was Jean Armour, and this the first time of meeting betwixt the future husband and wife. — *Dumfries Courier*.

WAIT A LITTLE LONGER. Marriageable ladies are now called "waiting maids."

CLOSE ANALOGY. When the butcher-bird has secured a victim, it fixes the creature to a thorn and then tears it to pieces with its bill. What a picture of attorney and client! — *Punch*.

POESY.

BY GEORGE WITHER.

Written while imprisoned in the Tower.

She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow,
Makes the desolate place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight;
By the murmur of a spring;
Or the least bough's rustling;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to-bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help, I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness,
In the very gall of sadness;
The dull loneliness, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves,
Beating these hollow caves,
This black den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss,
The rude portals, that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect,
Walled about with disrespect,—
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might,
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, then, best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this;
Poesy, thou sweet'st content,
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent,
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to naught but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee;
Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of gladness,
If I love not thy mad'st fits,
Above all their greatest wits;
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy rapture, folly,
Thou dost teach me to condemn
What makes knaves and fools of them.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT.*

SEQUEL TO

CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

EPILOGUE.

If we could have procured, respecting the existence of Albert and Consuelo after their marriage, as faithful and minute documents as have guided us hitherto, doubtless we could still have finished a long career by relating to you their journeys and adventures. But, O persevering reader, we cannot satisfy you; and you, wearied reader, we ask of you only a moment's patience. Do not consider this, either of you, a reason for blame or praise as regards us. The truth is that the materials, by the aid of which we could, as until now, have united and arranged the events of this history, disappear, in a great measure, for us, from the romantic night which saw the union of our two heroes blest and consecrated by the Invisibles. Either the engagements entered into in the temple prevented their unbosoming themselves to friendship in their letters, or their friends, themselves initiated into the mysteries, have, in times of persecution, judged it best to destroy their correspondence; so that we no longer perceive them but through a cloud, under the veil of the temple or under the mask of adents. If we should trust without examination to the rare traces of their existence which appear in the manuscripts in our possession, we should often go astray in following them; for contradictory proofs show them both to us upon several geographical points at once, or following certain different directions at the same time. But we can easily understand that they voluntarily gave occasion to these mistakes, being at one time devoted to some secret enterprise directed by the "Invisibles," and at another compelled to withdraw themselves, through a thousand dangers, from the inquisitorial police of governments. What we can affirm respecting the existence of that soul in two persons which was called Consuelo and Albert is, that their love kept its promises, but that fate cruelly belied those it had seemed to make to them during those hours of rapture which they called their *midsummer night's dream*. Still they were not ungrateful towards Providence, which had given them that quick-passing happiness in all its plenitude, and which, in the midst of their reverses, continued in them the miracle of love announced by Wanda. Under all their misery, suffering and perse-

* 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.

cution, they constantly recurred to that secret recollection which marked in their life as it were a celestial vision, a pledge made with the Divinity for the enjoyment of a better life, after a phase of labors, trials and sacrifices.

Every thing becomes, moreover, so mysterious to us in this history, that we have not even been able to discover in what part of Germany was situated that enchanted residence in which, protected by the tumult of huntings and fêtes, a prince, anonymous in our documents, served as a point of rallying and as a principal mover to the social and philosophical conspiracy of the "Invisibles." That prince received from them a symbolical name which, after a thousand attempts to divine the cipher used by the adepts, we presume to have been that of Christophorus, *Christ-bearer*, or perhaps also Chrysostomus, *golden-mouth*. The temple in which Consuelo was married and initiated they poetically called the *Saint Graal*, and the chiefs of the tribunal, the *templars*; romantic emblems renewed from the ancient legends of the golden age of chivalry. It is well known that, according to those delightful fictions, the Saint Graal was concealed in a mysterious sanctuary, at the bottom of a grotto unknown to mortals. It was there that the templars, illustrious saints of primitive Christianity, devoted, in this

precious cup which Jesus had used to consecrate the miracle of the Eucharist when he celebrated the passover with his disciples. That cup doubtless contained the celestial grace, symbolized sometimes by the blood, sometimes by the tears of the Christ, a divine liquid, in fine, a eucharistic substance, respecting the mystical nature of which there was no explanation, but which it was enough to see in order to be morally and physically transformed, to be forever protected from death and sin. The pious paladins who, after formidable vows, terrible macerations and exploits which made the earth tremble, devoted themselves to the ascetic life of *knights-errant*, had for their ideal the discovery of the Saint Graal at the end of their peregrinations. They sought it under the ices of the north, upon the shores of Armorica, in the depths of the forests of Germany. It was necessary, in order to realize this sublime conquest, to brave perils analogous to those of the garden of the Hesperides, to overcome monsters, elements, barbarous nations, hunger, thirst, even death. Some few of these Christian argonauts discovered, it is said, the sanctuary, and were regenerated by the divine cup; but they never betrayed the terrible secret. Their triumph was known by the strength of their arm, by

the holiness of their life, by their invincible weapons, by the transfiguration of their whole being; but they survived only a short time, among us, so glorious an initiation: they disappeared from among men, as did Jesus after his resurrection, and passed from earth to heaven without undergoing the bitter transition of death.

Such was the magic symbol which in reality was very well adapted to the work of the Invisibles. During several years, the new templars retained the hope of rendering their Saint Graal accessible to all men. Albert labored efficaciously, without doubt, to propagate the fundamental ideas of the doctrine. He attained to the highest degrees of the order; for we have seen in some place the list of his titles which would prove that he had time enough to reach them. It is well known that eighty-one months are necessary to rise only to the thirty-first degree of masonry, and we are certain that a much longer time was required to pass afterwards the unlimited number of the mysterious degrees of the Saint Graal. The names of the masonic grades are no longer a mystery to any one; but it would not perhaps be unsatisfactory here to recall some of them, for they depict quite well the enthusiastic genius and the fertile imagination which presided over their successive creation:

Apprentice, journeyman and master mason, secret master and perfect master, secretary, provost and judge. English master and Irish master, master in Israel, elect master of the nine and the fifteen, elect of the unknown, sublime elect knight, grand master architect, royal arch, grand Scotchman of the sacred lodge or sublime mason, knight of the sword, knight of the east, prince of Jerusalem, knight of the east, the west, rose-cross of France, of Hèrèdom and of Kilwinning, grand pontiff or sublime Scotchman, architect of the sacred vault, pontiff of the celestial Jerusalem, sovereign prince of masonry or master *ad vitam*, naachite, prince of Lebanon, chief of the tabernacle, knight of the brazen serpent, trinitary Scotchman or prince of mercy, grand commander of the temple, knight of the sun, patriarch of the crusades, grand master of the light, knight Kadosh, knight of the white and black eagle, knight of the phoenix, knight of the iris, knight of the Argonauts, knight of the golden fleece, grand-inspector-inquisitor-commander, sublime prince of the royal secret, sublime master of the luminous ring, &c. &c.*

* Several of these grades are of different creations and different rites. Some are perhaps posterior to the epoch of which we write. We refer the correction to learned *tylers*. There have been, I believe, more than a hundred grades in certain rites.

With these titles, or at least the greater portion of them, we find others, less known, attached to the name of Albert Podiebrad, in a cypher less readable than that of the free-masons, such as knight of Saint John, sublime Joannite, master of the new Apocalypse, doctor of the eternal gospel, elect of the Holy Ghost, templar, areopagite, magus, man-people, man-pontiff, man-king, new-man, &c. We were surprised at seeing here some titles which appear to have been borrowed in anticipation from the illuminism of Weishaupt; but this peculiarity was explained to us afterwards and will require no comment for our readers at the conclusion of this history.

Through the labyrinth of obscure but profound facts which relate to the labors, to the success, to the dispersion and apparent extinction of the Invisibles, we have had much difficulty in following at a distance the adventurous star of our young couple. Still, by supplying with a prudent commentary what is wanting, the following is nearly an historical abridgment of the principal events of their life. The reader's imagination will assist the recital; and for ourselves, we do not doubt that the best denouements will be those which the reader will be pleased to construct for himself, in place of the narrator.*

It is probable that it was on leaving the *Saint Graal* that Consuelo went to the little court of Bareith, where the margravine, Frederick's sister, had palaces, gardens, kiosks and cascades, in the style of those of count Hoditz at Roswald, though less sumptuous and less expensive; for that witty princess had been married without dowry to a very poor prince; and it was not long since she had had dresses the train of which was reasonable, and pages whose doublets did not always display embroidery. Her gardens, or rather her garden, to speak without metaphor, was situated in an admirable country, and she there allowed herself the pleasure of an Italian opera in an antique temple, somewhat of the Pompadour style. The margravine was quite philosophical, that is to say, Voltairian. The young hereditary margrave, her husband, was the zealous chief of a masonic lodge. I do not know if Albert had any relation with him, and if his incognito was protected by the secret of the *brothers*, or if indeed he remained away

* For this reason the history of John Kreisler appears to us Hoffman's most wonderful romance. Death having surprised the author before the termination of his work, the poem ends to different imaginations in a thousand different forms, each more fantastic than the other. It is thus that a beautiful river ramifies towards its mouth, and is lost in a thousand capricious streams among the golden sands of the sea-shore.

from the court in order to rejoin his wife somewhat later. Doubtless Consuelo had there some secret mission. Perhaps also to avoid drawing upon her husband the attention which was every where fixed upon herself, she did not live openly with him in the earlier days of their union. Their love had then doubtless all the attraction of mystery; and if the publicity of their union, consecrated by the fraternal sanction of the templars, had appeared to them sweet and vivifying, the secrecy with which they were surrounded in a hypocritical and licentious world was to them, in the beginning, a necessary *égis* and a sort of mute protestation, from which they derived enthusiasm and strength.

Many Italian singers at that period charmed the little court of Bareith. Corilla and Anzoleto appeared there, and the inconsistent prima-donna burned with fresh fires for the traitor whom she had formerly devoted to all the furies of hell. But Anzoleto, while he cajoled the tigers, endeavored, prudently and with a mysterious reserve, to find grace in the eyes of Consuelo, whose talent, increased by so many secret and profound revelations, eclipsed all rivalry. Ambition had become the dominant passion of the young tenor; love had been stifled by disdain, even pleasure by satiety. He therefore loved neither the chaste Consuelo nor the fiery Corilla; but he kept fair with both, quite ready to attach himself outwardly to that one of the two who would take him in her suite and assist him to make himself known advantageously. Consuelo testified for him a peaceful friendship, and did not spare good advice and conscientious lessons which might give an impulse to his talent. But she no longer felt any trouble by his side, and the gentleness of her forgiveness revealed to her the absolute confirmation of her freedom. Anzoleto did not deceive himself in that respect. After having listened with profit to the teachings of the artist, and appeared to hear with emotion the advice of the friend, he lost patience in losing hope, and his deep rancor, his bitter spite displayed themselves, unintentionally, in his behavior and his words.

In the meanwhile, it appears that the young baroness Amelia de Rudolstadt arrived at the court of Bareith with the princess de Culmbach, daughter of the countess Hoditz. If we are to believe some indiscreet or exaggerating witnesses, very strange little dramas then took place between these four persons, Consuelo, Amelia, Corilla and Anzoleto. On seeing the handsome tenor appear unexpectedly upon the stage of the opera at Bareith, the young baroness fainted. No one thought of remarking the coin-

cidence; but Corilla's lynx-eye had caught upon the brow of the tenor a peculiar expression of satisfied vanity. He had failed in his passage of *effect*; the court, absorbed by the indisposition of the young baroness, had not encouraged the singer; and instead of cursing between his teeth, as he always did in such cases, he had upon his lips a smile of triumph which was by no means equivocal.

"Here," said Corilla in a stifled voice to Consuelo, as she re-entered the wing, "it is neither you nor me whom he loves; it is that little fool who has just made a scene for him. Do you know her? Who is she?"

"I do not know," replied Consuelo, who had remarked nothing; "but I can assure you that he thinks neither of her, nor of you, nor of me."

"Of whom then, in that case?"

"Himself, *al solito*!" replied Consuelo, with a smile.

The chronicle adds that the next morning Consuelo was called into a retired grove of the residence to converse with the baroness Amelia, pretty much as follows: "I know all!" said the latter with an irritated air, before allowing Consuelo to open her mouth; "it is you whom he loves! it is you, unhappy scourge of my life, who have deprived me of Albert's heart and of his!"

"His, madam? I do not know —"

"Do not dissemble, Anzoleto loves you; you are his mistress, you were so at Venice, you are so still."

"It is an infamous calumny, or a supposition unworthy of you, madam."

"It is the truth, I tell you. He confessed it to me last night."

"Last night! O! madam, what do you tell me?" cried Consuelo, blushing with shame and sorrow. Amelia burst into tears, and when the good Consuelo had succeeded in calming her jealousy, she became in spite of herself the confidant of that unhappy passion. Amelia had seen Anzoleto sing upon the stage at Prague; she had been intoxicated by his beauty and his success. Understanding nothing of music, she had unhesitatingly taken him for the first singer in the world, especially as he had a remarkable success at Prague. She had sent for him as a master of singing, and while her poor father, old baron Frederick, paralyzed by inaction, slept in his arm-chair, dreaming of hounds in fury and wild boars at bay, she had fallen a victim to seduction. Ennui and vanity had impelled her to her ruin. Anzoleto, flattered by this illustrious conquest, and wishing to make himself notorious by a scandal, had persuaded her that she had the material to become the greatest cantatrice of the age, that an artist's life was paradise

upon earth, and that she could do nothing better than run away with him in order to make her debut at Haymarket, in Handel's operas. Amelia had at first rejected with horror the idea of abandoning her old father; but at the moment when Anzoleto left Prague, pretending a despair which he did not experience, she had yielded to a kind of vertigo, she had fled with him.

Her intoxication had not been of long duration; Anzoleto's insolence and the brutality of his manners, when he no longer played the character of seducer, had restored her to herself. It was therefore with a kind of joy that, three months after her flight, she had been arrested at Hamburg and reconducted to Prussia, where, at the request of the Rudolstadt of Saxony, she had been mysteriously incarcerated at Spandaw; but the penance had been too long and too severe. Amelia had become disgusted with repentance as speedily as with passion. She had sighed for liberty, the comforts of life, and the consideration of her rank, of which she had been so suddenly and so cruelly deprived. In the midst of her personal sufferings, she had hardly felt sorrow at the loss of her father. On learning that she was free, she had at last comprehended all the misfortunes which had befallen her family; but not daring to return to the canoness, and fearing the bitter ennui of a life of reprimands and lectures, she had implored the protection of the margravine of Bareith; and the princess de Culmbach, then at Dresden, had undertaken to conduct her to her relative. In that philosophical and frivolous court she found the amiable *tolerance* which fashionable vices then made the only virtue of the future. But on again seeing Anzoleto, she at once experienced the diabolical ascendancy which he knew how to exercise upon women, and against which the chaste Consuelo herself had so many struggles to sustain. Fear and sorrow had at first struck her to the heart; but after her fainting fit, having gone alone by night into the gardens to take the air, she had met him, emboldened by her emotion, and his imagination excited by the obstacles which had arisen between them. Now she again loved him, she blushed at it, she was terrified at it, and she confessed her faults to her former music-mistress with a mixture of feminine modesty and of philosophical cynicism.

It appears certain that Consuelo knew how to find the road to her heart by fervent exhortation, and that she induced her to return to Giant's castle, in order there in retreat to extinguish her dangerous passion, and to watch over the declining days of her aged aunt.

After this adventure, Bareith was no

longer an endurable abode for Consuelo. The stormy jealousy of Corilla, who, always foolish and always good at heart, accused her with grossness and threw herself at her feet a moment afterwards, singularly wearied her. On his side Anzoleto, who had imagined he could avenge himself for her disdain by feigning passion for Amelia, did not forgive her for having withdrawn the young baroness from danger. He played her a thousand bad turns, such as to make her miss all her entrances upon the stage, to take means in the midst of a duo to confuse her, and by his own *aplomb* to cause an ignorant public to believe that it was she who was in fault. If she had a scene to play with him, he went to the right instead of going to the left, tried to make her fall, or compelled her to entangle herself among the supernumeraries. These wicked tricks failed before Consuelo's calmness and presence of mind; but she was less stoical when she perceived that he spread the most unworthy calumnies respecting her, and that he was listened to by those idle great lords in whose eyes a virtuous actress was a phenomenon the existence of which they could not admit, or which it was at least too fatiguing to respect. She saw liberties of every age and every rank become bold with her, and refusing to believe in the sincerity of her resistance, unite with Anzoleto in defaming and dishonoring her from a feeling of cowardly vengeance and ferocious spite.

These cruel and miserable persecutions were but the beginning of a long martyrdom which the unfortunate prima donna heroically endured throughout her whole theatrical career. Every time she met Anzoleto, he occasioned her a thousand troubles, and it is sad to say that she met more than one Anzoleto in her life.—Other Corillas tormented her with their envy and their malevolence, more or less perfidions or brutal; and of all these rivals, the first was still the least wicked and the most capable of a good impulse of the heart. But whatever may be said of the wickedness and the jealous vanity of the theatre, it was Consuelo's experience that when their vices entered the heart of a man they degraded him still more and rendered him more unworthy of his part in humanity. Arrogant and debauched lords, the managers of theatres and news-writers, also depraved by contact with so much pollution; fine ladies, curious and fanciful protectresses, quick to intrude, but soon irritated at finding in a girl of *that class* more virtue than they had or wished to have; finally, the public, often ignorant, almost always ungrateful or partial, these were so many enemies against whom Liverani's austere wife had to contend in unceasing sorrows.

Persevering and faithful in art as in love, she was never rebuffed, and pursued her career, always growing in the science of music as in the practice of virtue; failing often in the thorny pursuit of success, rising often also by justly deserved triumphs, remaining, in spite of all, the priestess of art, better than Porpora himself understood it, and deriving constantly new strength from her religious faith, immense consolations from the ardent and devoted love of her husband.

The life of that husband, though parallel with hers, for he accompanied her in all her journeys, is enveloped in thicker clouds. It may be presumed that he did not make himself the slave of his wife's fortune, and that he did not give himself up to the part of book-keeper of the receipts and expenses of her profession. Consuelo's profession was moreover but little lucrative to her. The public did not then recompense artists with the prodigious munificence which distinguishes our times. Artists were enriched principally by the gifts of princes and the great, and those women who knew *how to take advantage of their position* even then accumulated treasures; but chastity and disinterestedness are the greatest enemies of the fortune of a woman of the stage. Consuelo had many triumphs of esteem, some of enthusiasm, when by chance the perversity of those immediately about her did not interfere too much between her and the true public; but she had no triumph of gallantry, and infamy did not crown her with diamonds and with millions. Her laurels remained without a stain and were not thrown to her upon the stage by interested hands. After ten years of labor and journeys, she was not more rich than at the time of her departure; she had not known how to speculate, and moreover, she had not wished to,—two conditions without which riches do not overtake, in spite of themselves, laborers of any class. Besides, she had not hoarded the often contested product of her labors, she had constantly employed it in good works; and in a life secretly devoted to a constant propagandism, her resources had not even been always sufficient; the central government of the "Invisibles" had sometimes supplied the deficiency.

What was the real success of the ardent and indefatigable pilgrimage which Albert and Consuelo pursued through France, Spain, England and Italy? There was nothing manifest to the world, and I think we must refer to twenty years later in order to find, by induction, the action of the secret societies in the history of the eighteenth century. Did those societies produce more effect in France than in the bosom of Gormany

which originated them! The French revolution replies with energy in the affirmative. Still the European conspiracy of Illuminism and the gigantic conceptions of Weishaupt also show that the divine dream of the Saint Graal had not ceased to agitate German minds thirty years later, in spite of the dispersion or the defection of the first adepts.

We are informed by some old newspapers that the Porporina sang with great éclat at Paris in the operas of Pergolese; at London in the oratorios and operas of Handel; at Madrid with Farinelli; at Dresden with the Faustina and the Mingotti; at Venice, at Rome and at Naples, in the operas and church-music of Porpora and other great masters.

All Albert's proceedings are unknown to us. Some billets of Consuelo to Trenck or to Wanda display to us that mysterious personage full of faith, of confidence, of activity, and enjoying, more than any other man, great clearness in his thoughts, up to an epoch at which authenticated documents entirely fail us. This is what has been related, in a certain group of persons nearly all dead at this day, of Consuelo's last appearance upon the stage.

It was at Vienna, toward 1760. The cantatrice might be about thirty; she was, they say, more beautiful than in her early youth. A pure life, habits of moral calmness and physical sobriety had preserved her in all the power of her grace and of her talent. Some beautiful children accompanied her; but her husband was not known, though fame published that she had one and that she had been unchangeably faithful to him. Porpora, after having made several journeys into Italy, had returned to Vienna and produced a new opera at the imperial theatre. The twenty last years of this master are so unknown that we have not been able to find the name of this last work in any of his biographies. We only know that the Porporina filled the principal part in it with an undisputed success, and drew tears from the whole court. The empress deigned to be satisfied. But during the night a check followed this triumph; the Porporina received from some invisible messenger tidings which filled her with horror and consternation. At seven in the morning, that is at the moment when the empress was to be notified by the faithful valet who was called her majesty's floor-scrubber, (inasmuch as his duty was to open the blinds, kindle the fire and dust the chamber while her majesty woke by degrees,) the Porporina, having gained all the keepers of the sacred passages by the power of gold and the force of eloquence, presented herself at the very door of the august sleeping chamber.

"My friend," said she to the scrubber, "it is necessary that I should throw myself at the feet of the empress. The life of an honest man is in danger, the honor of a family is compromised. A great crime will perhaps be committed in a few days, if I do not see her majesty this very instant. I know that you are incorruptible, but I know also that you are a generous and magnanimous man. Every one says so; you have obtained favors which the proudest courtiers did not dare to solicit."

"Goodness of Heaven! is it you whom I at last see once more, O my dear mistress!" cried the scrubber clasping his hands and letting fall his feather-broom.

"Karl!" cried Consuelo in her turn; "thanks, O my God! I am saved. Albert has a good angel even in this palace."

"Albert! Albert!" returned Karl, "is it he who is in danger? In that case, enter quickly, signora, even though I should be dismissed, and God knows that I should regret my place, for I can do some good in it, and I serve our holy cause better than I have yet been able to do elsewhere. But Albert! The empress is a good woman when she does not govern," added he in a low voice. "Enter, you will be supposed to have preceded me. Let the blame fall upon those scamps of valets who are not worthy to serve a queen, for they tell her nothing but lies."

Consuelo entered, and the empress, on opening her heavy eyes, saw her kneeling as if prostrate at the foot of her bed.

"Who is that?" cried Maria-Theresa, draping the bed-covering over her shoulders with an accustomed majesty which had in it nothing affected, and rising, as proud, as formidable in her night-cap and upon her pillow, as if she had been seated on the throne, with the crown on her head and the sword by her side.

"Madam," replied Consuelo, "it is a humble subject, an unfortunate mother, a despairing wife, who, on her knees asks of you the life and liberty of her husband."

At this moment Karl entered, feigning a great surprise.

"Unhappy!" cried he, pretending horror and fury, "who has allowed you to enter?"

"I compliment you, Karl," said the empress, "on your vigilance and fidelity. Never before did such a thing happen in my life, as to be awakened with a start by such insolence."

"Let your majesty but say the word," returned Karl boldly, "and I kill this woman before your eyes."

Karl knew the empress well; he knew that she liked to perform deeds of mercy

before witnesses, and that she could be a great queen and a great woman even to her valet de chambre.

"That is too much zeal!" replied she, with a smile that was at once majestic and maternal. "Retire and allow this poor weeping woman to speak. I am not in danger from any of my subjects. What do you wish, madam? But it is you, my beautiful Porporina! You will ruin your voice if you sob in that manner."

"Madam," replied Consuelo, "I was married before the Catholic church ten years since. I have not a single fault against honor with which to reproach myself. I have legitimate children whom I educate in virtue, I dare therefore—"

"In virtue, I know," said the empress, "but not in religion. You are chaste I have been told, but you never go to church. Still, speak. What misfortune has befallen you?"

"My husband, from whom I have never been separated," resumed the suppliant, "is now at Prague, and, I know not by what infernal machination, has been arrested, thrown into a dungeon, accused of wishing to take a name and title which do not belong to him; of wishing to despoil an inheritance; of being in fine an intriguer, a spy; arrested on this ground of high treason, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment, to death perhaps at this moment."

"At Prague! an impostor?" said the empress calmly. "I have a story like that in the reports of my secret police. What is your husband's name? for you cantatrices do not bear the names of your husbands."

"His name is Liverani."

"That is it. Well, my child, I am grieved to know that you are married to such a wretch. That Liverani is in fact a chevalier d'industrie, or a crazy man, who, owing to a perfect resemblance, wishes to pass for a count de Rudolstadt who died ten years since, as has been ascertained. He presented himself as such to an old canoness de Rudolstadt, whose nephew he dares to call himself, and whose inheritance he would certainly have obtained, if, at the moment of making her will in his favor, the poor lady, who had fallen into second childhood, had not been delivered from his arts by well-intentioned persons devoted to the family. He was arrested, which was right. I can conceive your sorrow, but cannot remedy it. The trial must proceed. If it be decided that this man, as I wish to believe, is insane, he will be placed in a hospital, where you can see him and nurse him. But if he be only a swindler, as I fear, it will be necessary to restrain him a little more severely, in order to prevent his disturbing the pos-

sessions of the true heiress of Rudolstadt, a baroness Amelia, who, after some youthful errors, is on the point of being married to one of my officers. I like to persuade myself, *mademoiselle*, that you are ignorant of your husband's conduct, and that you are under an illusion respecting his character: otherwise, I should consider your importunities as very much misplaced. But I pity you too much to wish to humiliate you; you can retire."

Consuelo saw that she had nothing to hope, and that by endeavoring to establish the identity of Liverani with Albert de Rudolstadt, she would render his cause more and more unfavorable. She rose and walked towards the door, pale, and ready to faint. Maria Theresa, who followed her with a scrutinizing eye, had pity on her, and recalling her: "You are much to be pitied," said she to her, in a more sympathizing voice. "All this is not your fault, I am convinced. Be calm, and take care of yourself. The matter shall be conscientiously examined; and, if your husband does not wish to destroy himself, I will so arrange that he shall be adjudged insane. If you can communicate with him, give him so to understand. That is my advice."

"I will follow it, and I bless your majesty. But without your protection I can do nothing. My husband is imprisoned at Prague, and I am engaged at the Imperial theatre of Vienna. If your majesty does not deign to grant me a *congé*, and to give me an order that I may communicate with my husband, who is *au secret*—"

"You ask a great deal! I do not know if M. de Kaunitz will be willing to grant you that *congé*, and if it will be possible to fill your place at the theatre. We will see about it in a few days."

"In a few days!" cried Consuelo, recovering her courage. "But in a few days it will be too late! I must depart on the very instant!"

"That is enough," said the empress. "Your persistence will be injurious to you, if you display it before judges less indulgent than I am. Go, *mademoiselle*."

Consuelo ran to the canon *** and entrusted her children to his care, informing him that she was going away, and did not know the duration of her absence. "If you leave us for a long while, so much the worse!" replied the good old man. "As to the children I am not sorry. They shall be thoroughly educated, and will be company for Angela, who gets rather tired with me."

"Listen!" replied Consuelo, who could not restrain her tears, after having clasped her children for the last time to her heart; "do not tell them that my ab-

sence will be long, but know that it may be eternal. I am, perhaps, about to undergo sorrows from which I may not recover, unless God performs a miracle in my favor; pray to him for me, and teach my children to pray."

The good canon did not try to draw her secret from her; but as his peaceful and nonchalant mind did not easily admit the idea of a misfortune without remedy, he tried to console her. Seeing that he did not succeed in restoring hope to her, he wished at least to put her mind at rest respecting the lot of her children. "*My dear Bertoni,*" said he to her with an accent from the heart, and striving to assume a cheerful air through his tears, "if you do not return, your children belong to me, remember that! I undertake their education. I will have your daughter married, which will make her more industrious. As to the boys, I warn you that I shall make musicians of them."

"Joseph Haydn will share that burden," replied Consuelo, kissing the canon's hand, "and old Porpora will still give them some lessons. My poor children are docile, and promise to be intelligent; I am not anxious about their physical existence. They will be able, some day, to earn their livelihood honestly. But my love and my advice—you alone can fill my place with them."

"And I promise it to you," cried the canon. "I hope to live long enough to see them all established. I am not yet too fat, and my leg is still strong. I am not more than sixty, though formerly that wretch of a Bridget wished to make me old in order to induce me to draw my will. Come, my daughter, courage and health. The good God is with honest people."

Consuelo, without troubling herself about her congé, caused post-horses to be harnessed to her carriage. But at the moment of entering it, she was delayed by Porpora, whom she had not wished to see, anticipating a storm, and who was frightened at seeing her depart. He feared, in spite of the promises she made to him with a constrained and absent air, that she would not return in time for the opera of the next day. "Who thinks of going into the country in the depth of winter!" said he, with a nervous trembling, half the effect of age, half of anger and fear. "If you get cold, my success is compromised; and every thing was going on well! I don't understand you! We triumphed yesterday, and you travel to-day!"

This discussion made Consuelo lose a quarter of an hour, and gave time to the managers of the theatre, who were already informed, to send notice to the authorities. A picquet of hulans came and ordered the horses to be taken out. Consuelo was requested to re-enter, and a

guard was placed about her house to prevent her escaping. She was attacked by fever. She did not perceive it, and continued walking to and fro in her apartment, in prey to a kind of distraction, and answering only by gloomy and fixed looks to the irritating questions of Porpora and the manager. She did not go to bed, and passed the night in prayer. The next morning she appeared calm, and went to the rehearsal *by order*. Her voice had never been more beautiful, but she had absences of mind which terrified Porpora. "O cursed marriage! O infernal madness of love!" murmured he in the orchestra, banging upon his harpsichord as if he would have broken it. Old Porpora was still the same; he would willingly have said: "Perish all the lovers and all the husbands in the world rather than my opera!"

In the evening, Consuelo made her toilet as usual, and presented herself upon the stage. She took her place, and her lips articulated a word—but not a sound issued from her chest: she had lost her voice.

The stupified public rose *en masse*. The courtiers, who began to know something vaguely of her attempt at flight, declared that it was an intolerable caprice. There were cries, shouts, applause, at each fresh effort of the cantatrice. She tried to speak and could not make a single word heard. Still she remained standing and sad, not thinking of the loss of her voice, not feeling humiliated by the indignation of her tyrants, but resigned and proud as an innocent victim condemned to an unjust punishment, and thanking God for having sent this sudden infirmity, which would permit her to leave the stage and rejoin Albert.

It was proposed to the empress to put the refractory artist in prison in order to make her recover her voice and willingness. Her majesty had been angry for a moment and the courtiers thought to gratify her by overwhelming the accused. But Maria Theresa, who sometimes permitted crimes by which she profited, did not like to make people suffer unnecessarily. "Kaunitz," said she to her prime minister, "let a permit for departure be given to that poor creature without further question. If her extinction of voice be *a russé de guerre*, it is at least an act of virtue. Few actresses would sacrifice an hour of triumph to a life of conjugal love."

Consuelo, provided with all necessary powers, at last departed, ill as before, but without perceiving it. Here we again lose the thread of events. Albert's trial might have been celebrated; it was made secret. It is probable that it was similar, in its fundamental points, to the suit which, about the same epoch, Frederick

de Trenck undertook, maintained and lost, after many years of struggle. Who would now know in France the details of that iniquitous affair, if Trenck himself had not taken pains to publish them and repeat his earnest complaints during thirty years of his life! But Albert left no writings. We shall therefore be compelled to refer to the history of the baron de Trenck, since he also is one of our heroes, and his embarrassments will perhaps throw some light upon the misfortunes of Albert and Consuelo.

Hardly a month after the assemblage of the Saint Graal, a circumstance respecting which Trenck has kept the most profound secrecy in his memoirs, he was recaptured and confined at Magdeburg, where he consumed the ten finest years of his life in a horrible dungeon, seated upon a stone which bore his anticipated epitaph: *Here lies Trenck*; and loaded with eighty pounds of fetters. Every one knows the history of that celebrated imprisonment, the odious circumstances which accompanied it. Such as the anguish of hunger which he was made to undergo for eighteen months, and the care taken to build a prison for him at the expense of his sister, in order to punish the latter by ruining her, for having given him an asylum; his miraculous attempts at escape; the incredible energy which never abandoned him and which his chivalric imprudences rendered of no avail; his labors of art in the prison, the marvellous chisellings which he succeeded in making with the point of a nail upon pewter goblets, and of which the allegories and poetical devices are so profound and so touching; * finally, his secret relation, in spite of all, with the princess Amelia of Prussia; the despair by which the latter was consumed, the pains she took to render herself ugly by a corrosive liquid which almost destroyed her sight; the deplorable condition to which she voluntarily reduced her own health in order to avoid the necessity of marriage; the frightful revolution in her character; in fine, those ten years of desolation which made of Trenck a martyr, and of his illustrious mistress an old woman, ugly and wicked, instead of an angel of gentleness and beauty, which she had been and might have continued to be in a state of happiness. † All this is historical, but is not sufficiently remembered in tracing the portrait of Frederick the Great. This crime, accompanied with gratuitous and refined cruelties, is an ineffaceable stain upon the memory of that philosophic despot.

* There are some still remaining in private museums of Germany.

† Look in Thiebault for the portrait of the abess of Quedlimburg and the curious revelations appended to it.

At last, Trenck was set at liberty, as is known, thanks to the intervention of Maria Theresa, who claimed him as her subject; and this tardy protection was finally obtained for him by the cares of *her majesty's chamber-scrubber*, the same with our Karl. There are some very curious and interesting pages in the memoirs of the day respecting the ingenious intrigues of that magnanimous plebeian to influence the mind of his sovereign.

During the first years of Trenck's captivity, his cousin, the famous pandour, the victim of accusations more deserved but not less hateful and cruel, had died of poison at Spielberg. Hardly free, Trenck the Prussian came to Vienna to claim the immense property of Trenck the Austrian. But Maria Theresa was not in the least inclined to surrender it to him. She had profitted by the exploits of the pandour, she had punished him for his violences, she wished to profit by his rapine, and she did profit in fact. Like Frederick II., like all great crowned intellects, while the power of her character dazzled the masses, she did not consider as faults those secret iniquities of which God and men will demand an account at the day of judgment, and which will weigh as much in one scale of the balance as official virtues in the other. Conquerors and sovereigns, in vain do you employ your treasures in the building of temples; you are not the less impious, when a single piece of that gold is the price of blood and of suffering! In vain do you subdue whole races by the splendor of your arms; the men most blinded by the prestige of your glory will reproach you for one single man, for one single blade of grass coldly broken! The muse of history, still blind and uncertain, almost allows that there have been in the past necessary and justifiable great crimes; but the inviolable conscience of humanity protests against its own error by reproving at least those crimes which were useless to the success of great causes.

The covetous designs of the empress were wonderfully seconded by her proxies, the ignoble agents whom she had named curators of the pandour's property, and by the prevaricating magistrates who decided upon the rights of the heir. Each had his share of the quarry. Maria Theresa thought she had secured that of the lion; but it was in vain that, some years later, she sent to prison and to the galleys the unfaithful accomplices of this great plunder; she could not obtain the complete fulfilment of her wishes. Trenck was ruined and never obtained justice. Nothing gives us a better knowledge of Maria Theresa's character than that part of Trenck's memoirs in which he describes his interviews with her on this subject.

Without departing from his respect towards royalty, which was then an official religion with patricians, he causes us to perceive the dryness, the hypocrisy and the cupidity of that great woman, a union of contrasts, a sublime and mean character, artless and crafty, like all fine souls subjected to the corruption of absolute power, that anti-human cause of all evil, that inevitable reef against which all noble instincts are fatally dashed and broken. Resolved to dismiss the plaintiff, the sovereign often deigned to console him, to give him hope, to promise him protection against the infamous judges who despoiled him; and at the end, pretending to have failed in the pursuit of truth and to understand nothing in the labyrinth of this interminable suit, she offered to him, as a compensation, the poor rank of major, and the hand of an ugly old woman, devout and gallant. Upon Trenck's refusal, the *matrimonio-maniac* empress declared to him that he was a presumptuous fool, that she knew no means of satisfying his ambition, and turned away to think no more of him. The reasons which were given for the confiscation of the pandour's property had varied according to persons and circumstances. One tribunal had decided that the pandour, having died under the operation of an ignominious sentence, was not capable of making a will; another, that if the will was valid, the rights of the heir, as a Prussian subject, were not so; another, finally, that the debts of the deceased absorbed more than the inheritance, &c. Objection was raised after objection; justice was sold a thousand times to the claimant, and was never granted to him.*

To despoil and proscribe Albert there was no need of all these artifices, and the spoliation was doubtless effected without so much ceremony. It was enough to consider him dead and to forbid him the right of resuscitating mal-a-propos, Albert certainly had claimed nothing. We only know that at the time of his arrest, the canoness Wenceslawa had just died

* We will here recall to the reader, not to recur to it again, the remainder of Trenck's history. He grew old in poverty, employed his energy in the publication of an opposition journal of quite an advanced character for the times; and, married to a woman of his choice, the father of numerous children, persecuted for his opinions, for his writings, and, doubtless also, for his connection with secret societies, he took refuge in France at quite an advanced old age. He was there welcomed with the enthusiasm and confidence of the earlier days of the revolution. But, destined to be the victim of the most fatal mistakes, he was arrested as a foreign agent during the reign of terror, and conducted to the scaffold. He went thither with great firmness. He had before seen himself flattered and represented upon the stage in a melodrama which retraced the history of his

at Prague, whither she had gone to be treated for an acute ophthalmia. Albert, learning that she was in extremity, could not resist the voice of his heart, which cried to him to go and close the eyes of his dear relative. He left Conauelo on the frontiers of Austria and hastened to Prague. It was the first that he had re-entered Germany since the year of his marriage. He flattered himself that an absence of ten years and certain precautions of dress would prevent his being recognized, and he approached his aunt without much mystery. He wished to obtain her blessing, and to make amends by a last testimonial of love and sorrow for the abandonment in which he had been compelled to leave her. The canoness, almost blind, was struck by the simple sound of his voice. She did not account for what she experienced, but gave herself up to the impulse of tenderness which had survived in her both memory and the activity of her reasoning powers; she pressed him in her failing arms, calling him her well-beloved Albert, her forever blessed son. Old Hanz was dead, but the baroness Amelia, and a woman of the Böhmer-wald who served the canoness and had formerly been sick-nurse to Albert himself, were astonished and terrified by the resemblance of this pretended physician to the young count. Still it does not appear that Amelia positively recognized him; we do not wish to believe her an accomplice in the persecutions which were so bitter against him. We only know that some circumstances attracted the attention of that cloud of agents, half magistrates, half spies, by the help of whom the court of Vienna governs subject nations. What is certain is, that hardly had the canoness breathed forth her last sigh in the arms of her nephew, when the latter was arrested, and questioned respecting his employment and the motives which had brought him to the bedside of the deceased. They wished to see his physician's diploma; he had one in due form; but they disputed his name of Liverani, and certain

captivity and deliverance. He had saluted with transport the liberty of France. Upon the fatal cart he said smiling: "This also is a comedy."

He had seen the princess Amelia only once for more than sixty years. On learning the death of Frederick the Great, he hastened to Berlin. The two lovers, at first terrified by the aspect of each other, burst into tears and swore a new affection. The abbess ordered him to bring his wife, took charge of their fortune and wished to retain one of the girls with her as a reader or governess; but she could not keep her promises: in a week she was dead! Trenck's memoirs, written with the passion of a young man and the prolixity of an old one, are nevertheless one of the most noble and interesting monuments of the history of the last century.

persons remembered having met him elsewhere under that of Trismegistus. He was accused of having exercised the profession of quack and magician. It was impossible to prove that he had ever received money for his cures. He was confronted with the baroness Amelia and this caused his ruin. Irritated and driven to extremity by the investigations to which he was subjected, tired of concealing and disguising himself, he suddenly announced to his cousin, in an observed tête-à-tête, that he was Albert de Rudolstadt. Amelia doubtless recognized him at this moment; but she fainted, terrified at so strange an occurrence. Thenceforth, the affair took another turn.

The magistrates wished to consider Albert as an impostor; but in order to give rise to one of those interminable suits which ruin both parties, employés of the same class as those who had despoiled Trenck succeeded in compromising the accused by making him say and maintain that he was Albert de Rudolstadt. A long inquest followed. They produced the testimony of Superville, who, perhaps in good faith, refused to doubt that he had seen him die at Riesenbourg. The disinterment of the body was ordered. There was found in the tomb a skeleton, which it had not been difficult to place there the day before. They persuaded his cousin that it was her duty to contend with an adventurer determined to rob her. ~~Doublets as interview was~~ again permitted. The complaints of the captive and the earnest appeals of his wife were smothered under the locks and tortures of a prison. Perhaps they were ill and dying in separate cells. When the affair was once commenced, Albert could only secure his honor and liberty by proclaiming the truth. It did no good for him to renounce the inheritance and wish to bequeath it on the moment to his cousin; they determined to prolong and embarrass the suit; they succeeded without difficulty, either because the empress was deceived, or because she was given to understand that the confiscation of this fortune was not to be despised any more than that of the pandour. In order to succeed, a quarrel was sought with Amelia herself; the scandal of her former flight was brought up, her want of devotion was remarked, and she was threatened with confinement in a convent if she did not surrender her rights to a litigated inheritance. She was obliged to do so and to be contented with her father's estate, which was much reduced by the enormous costs she was compelled to pay in a suit to which she had been constrained. At last the chateau and domain of Riesenbourg were confiscated to the profit of the state, when the advocates, the attorneys, the judges and the

reporters had obtained upon this plunder mortgages amounting to two-thirds of its value.

Such is our commentary upon this mysterious suit which lasted five or six years, and at the termination of which Albert was driven from the Austrian states as a dangerous madman, by the special grace of the empress. From this epoch, it is certain that an obscure and more and more poor life was the lot of our couple. They recalled their youngest children. Haydn and the canon tenderly refused to give up the two oldest, who were educated under the eyes and at the expense of those faithful friends. Consuelo had irrevocably lost her voice. It appears too certain that captivity, inaction, and sorrow at the sufferings experienced by his companion had again shaken Albert's reason. Still it does not appear that their love had become less tender, their souls less proud, or their conduct less pure. The Invisibles had disappeared under persecution. The work had been ruined, especially by the charlatans who had speculated upon the enthusiasm of new ideas and the love of the marvellous. Persecuted anew as a free-mason in the countries of intolerance and despotism, Albert must have taken refuge in France or England. Perhaps he there continued his propagandism; but it must have been among the people, and his labors, if they bore their fruit, made no display.

Here there is a great gap, which our imagination cannot supply. But a last authentic and very detailed document has enabled us to find, towards the year 1774, the couple wandering in the forest of Bohemia. We will transcribe this document as it has come to us. It will be for us the last word respecting Albert and Consuelo; for afterwards, of their life and of their death we know absolutely nothing.

To be Continued.

DESOLATION. The perilous position in which we stand at this moment is one of awful and solemn importance. In whatever direction we turn our eyes — upwards, to the government and the landed proprietors of the soil — downwards to the starving millions who perish — around us, to the uncultivated fields and the lands untouched by the productive plough, scarcely a hope glimmers — nothing meets our gaze, but the desolation of a country stricken to the heart's core. — *Cork Examiner.*

BREAD. Men with vacant gaze, a sure indication that they have given up all hopes of succour, may be seen wandering along the public thoroughfares, (Ballina) and women with livid lips and wan countenances may be heard supplicating, in piteous accents, the charity of the passengers in behalf, not

of themselves, but of the famished and dying children by whom they are surrounded, whose cries for bread must pierce the hardest heart that ever beat in the breast of the most insensible spectator of human woe. — *Tyrawley Herald.*

THE CORONERS TOO FEW. Death strides on; the coroners in Mayo begin to be too few to hold the inquests. "Death by starvation," "death from utter destitution," are verdicts that have grown fearfully frequent. — *Nation.*

CHRIST BETRAYED.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

Eighteen hundred years ago
Was that deed of darkness done;
Was that sacred, thorn-crowned head
To a shameful death betrayed,
And Iscariot's traitor name
Blazoned in eternal shame.

Thou, disciple of our time,
Follower of the faith sublime,
Who with high and holy scorn
Of that traitorous deed dost burn,
Though the years may never more
To our earth that form restore,
The Christ-Spirit ever lives,
Ever in thy heart He strives.
When pale Misery mutely calls,
When thy tempted brother falls,
When thy gentle words may chain
Hate, and Anger, and Disdain;
Or thy loving smile impart
Courage to some sinking heart;
When within thy troubled breast
Good and evil thoughts contest,
Though unconscious thou may'st be,
The Christ-Spirit strives with thee.

When He trod the Holy Land
With His small Disciple band,
And the fated hour had come
For that august martyrdom;
When the man, the human love,
And the God within Him strove,
As in Gethsemane He wept,
They, the faithless watchers, slept;
While for them He wept and prayed,
One denied and one betrayed.

If to-day thou turn'st aside
In thy luxury and pride,
Wrapped within thyself and blind
To the sorrows of thy kind,
Thou a faithless watch dost keep,
Thou art one of those who sleep.
Or, if waking, thou dost see
Nothing of Divinity
In our fallen, struggling race;
If in them thou seest no trace
Of a glory dimmed, not gone,
Of a Future to be won,
Of a Future, hopeful, high, —
Thou, like Peter, dost deny.
But if, seeing, thou believest,
And the Evangel thou receivest;
Yet if thou art bound to Sin,
False to the Ideal within,
Slave of Ease, or slave of Gold, —
Thou the Son of God hast sold.

Tribune.

A TRUE PRIEST. Last Sunday, a Perth minister, during his discourse to his flock, made an attack on our national poet Burns,

by saying "that he did not hesitate to name him, and assert that he had sent more souls to hell during his life than all the ministers have been able to send to heaven since his death." This statement gave offence to many of the more liberal and intelligent of his congregation — one of whom, on arriving at home, took Burn's Poems, and read to his wife and family, "The Cottars' Saturday Night."—*Edinburg Express*.

HEAR THE HERALD.

The *New York Herald*, next after the *Express*, has been most vehement and sweeping in its denunciations of every attempt to revise the structure or organization of Society, proclaiming that which exists the perfection of human wisdom, immediate dictate of Divine beneficence, and stigmatizing as "Infidel," "Agrarian," and so forth, the advocates of Social Reform. Yet in the last issue of this same Herald what was our astonishment in stumbling upon the following passage in a letter from its London correspondent?

"The dreadful situation of Ireland, as also of the Highlands of Scotland, and of Belgium, (which latter country is said to be suffering from famine as badly, if not even worse, than Ireland,) is a terrific demonstration that there is something radically wrong in the European system of society and civilization. The suffering of Ireland is not properly from famine; in all these cases the use of the term is a misnomer. Because there has been, and even there is, an abundance of food in Ireland; it continues to be exported, as it does also from Belgium; almost every packet and steamer bringing daily loads of fat cattle from the latter place. But the people, the mass of them, have no means of procuring or purchasing this abundant food, and thus they starve in the midst of plenty. Alas! what a terrible state of society, what hideous civilization, if it can be called civilization, where the earth and its products, and the means of exchanging them, are gathered up and agglomerated in the hands and power of comparatively few people, while the large mass, whose labor produces all that is valuable and valuable, have nothing, when they are willing to give up their strength and labor, which is all the capital and all the stock they have, in exchange for a small pittance of the food their toil has reared; and their natural property and capital (their labor) is so depreciated in value, nay, is so worthless and so despised, that they cannot get even half a daily meal in exchange for it. Is it not frightful to contemplate? And this is a Christian country, among people who call themselves Christians, who thus, by years of oppression and covetousness, have succeeded in gathering all up for themselves, till there is nothing left for the multitude. Has not the capital of labor some rights, as well as the capital of gold and silver? Suppose a man with a thousand dollars in his pocket could not purchase with his capital a piece of bread, what an outcry would be raised at this depreciation of value! But when men, say, tens of thousands of men with all their capital, namely, labor, cannot purchase bread with this their capital, it is

taken to be quite a natural thing, as if it was quite right, and very little notice is taken of it, except to say that "trade is very bad." But there is something quite wrong in this, something quite unnatural, some hidden rottenness in the State where such things are. It is certain that all the negro slaves in any part of the world where they may be, are in a better condition, and actually receive more for their labor than the suffering masses of Europe do. With all their great boasting, the moderns seem to come far behind the ancients; for among the ancient people of Rome, Greece, Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, and so forth, such a thing as pauperism (that is labor, willing to labor and starving for want of employ) was not known or heard of; nor does it proceed from excess of population with the moderns, for the population was proportionately greater with some of those ancient nations. Also in China, where the population infinitely exceeds European countries, pauperism does not exist. This is remarkable. It is only in Christian countries where the Christian looks on and sees his brother starve, and only Christian English philosophers who, complaining of the increase of men in a not half filled world, have proposed to prevent their production by preventing the poor from marrying! There is something radically wrong here, in Europe, in the Christian distribution of property. The true system of political economy, according to which every individual in society who is willing to contribute his portion of work and labor, shall have full justice done to himself and family, is certainly not yet known or discovered."

Yes, Sir; it has been discovered; it is known; but Avarice, Selfishness, Craft, Indolence and Heartlessness prevent its consideration and acceptance by the wealthy and the powerful. Such is the real state of the case. But "there's a good time coming."—*Tribune*.

A DEMOCRATIC BANK. Vault — Mother earth. Exchange — The transplanting of the nursery and garden. Deposits — The seed sown by the farmer. Discounts — Happiness, sobriety, and manly independence. Assets — Smiling fields waving with a golden harvest. Liabilities — Indebted to God alone who sends the sunshine and the rain. Dividends — Health, wealth, and honest patriotic hearts.—*Young America*.

CHINESE DINNER. An officer of the United States squadron in the Chinese seas gives the following bill of fare at a large Chinese dinner, to which he, with numerous other foreigners, had been invited:— 1. Bird's nest soup. 2. Pork fat, fried with potatoes. 3. Hogs' hoofs. 4. Mushrooms, stewed. 5. Bird's nest salad. 6. Gibleet soup. 7. Kitten hash. 8. Fried Irish potatoes. 9. Rat hash. 10. Tea. 11. Sharks' fins. 12. Fried ducks. 13. Dog stew. 14. Stewed chickens. 15. Ham stew. 16. Pork stew. 17. Fried cucumbers. 18. Pate of raw. 19. Feline of ragout. 20. Ham stewed with pork. 21. Sucking pig. 22. Snail pate. 23. Snail soup. I tasted the first dish, and became so disgusted that I

could not proceed. They were brought on, one dish at a time, in exquisitely beautiful China bowls.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, FEB. 20, 1847.

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.

UNION OF INTERESTS.

The world is ripening for a war between the different classes of society. Nothing can prevent this, but the introduction of a social order, which shall establish a general unity of interests. The question for Civilization is between reform and ruin, organization and destruction.

Both in this country and in Europe, the suffering classes are awaking to a consciousness of their inalienable rights. The Right to Live, the Right to the Soil, the Right to Labor, are seen to be the most sacred, the most imprescriptible rights,—rights, without which, all others are only a delusion, a fraud, or a pretence.

A conception altogether original, that of Social Right, has been called forth in the consciousness of Humanity. The Right to Live, the Right to Labor, the Right to the Soil, which are only three different expressions of the first of Social Rights, are taking their place by the side of the Right of Property.

The Right of Property alone has hitherto been recognized in society. Property has been elevated to the rank of a sacred right by the rich, who in all ages have made the laws. As to the Right to Live, it has been recognized, guaranteed and organized by no government whatever. The poor, the masses, the legions of the laboring classes, have thus far possessed but one incontestible Right, the Right to die in misery. At this moment, property is safe in Ireland, while thousands are perishing from starvation.

The capitalists, by whom the laws have been made, have brought all the resources of society to guard the institution of property. They have created for its defence, tribunals without number, myriads of prisons, hosts of judges, advocates, attorneys, jailers, sheriffs, constables; and have even placed standing armies at its service, in almost every civilized country.

Every thing has been done for the interests of Property; nothing for the guaranty of Labor.

Now, the people can be deceived no

longer, they cannot be made to believe in the justice of a social system, in which the laws have created an immense edifice to secure the enjoyment of property, while they have done nothing, absolutely nothing to guaranty to the toiling masses, *the means of existing by labor.*

If the Right of Property be sacred, as we believe it is, the Right to live by Labor is assuredly still more sacred. The people are beginning to open their eyes to this pregnant truth, both in Europe and America.

This truth is of a formidable character. It contains the elements of tremendous power. It would assume the most terrific aspect, and overthrow society from top to bottom, if it should burst forth in a revolutionary explosion.

All the revolutions of the past, the political revolutions, the wars of conquest or of religion, would be revolutions and wars of rose-water, compared with the wars and revolutions of which the principle of property should be the cause.

The Right to Live, the Right to Labor has risen, and demands to be fully recognized, abundantly guarantied and organized. Justice and Humanity insist that its claims should be heard and satisfied.

If property does not respect this claim, the struggle will commence that will bring woe to the world. The vital problem of modern times lies then in the establishment of HARMONY between the Right of Property and the Right to Labor.

Is this Harmony impracticable? By no means. Let us look at the subject.

The creation of social wealth requires the twofold concurrence of Property or Capital, and of Labor.

Production cannot take place without land or raw material, cash advances, machinery, interests of labor, every thing, in short, included in the term Capital.

But capital remains unproductive until it is fructified by the action of man, by Labor. Capital and Labor, being the two elements of Production, have each their rights, in the wealth created by their concurrence.

In the present social system, these two elements are generally separate and hostile. Capital commands its own position; it gives law to Labor, uses it for its own purposes, and allows it for wages, only the smallest possible proportion of the product. Labor, on the other hand, having no interest in production, performs its functions in a careless manner, and renders as little as possible to Capital. The laborer does not trouble himself for the profits of the owner.

The great work-shop of social labor, the fields, industry in general, are moreover, in a state of entire incoherence;

there is no order, no organization, business is a general combat, a war of universal competition; the different forces cross each other's path, mutually derange and destroy each other, rival enterprises interfere, and are both ruined.

If industry were organized, all the forces of production well combined, the amount of production would be enormously increased.

What then is to be done? The answer is easy. We must substitute the principle of order, of organization, of harmony, for the principle of incoherence, of disorder, of competition, of war; we must combine the interests of Labor and Capital; we must ASSOCIATE them in agricultural and industrial production; in a word, we must solve the problem of the ORGANIZATION OF LABOR by ASSOCIATION; we must substitute the Combined order for the Isolated order.

But how is the Associative system to be applied to a whole country? A country, whatever its magnitude, is only a collection of Townships. In order to transform a country, we must then transform the Townships. Hence, the problem consists in determining the organization of the ASSOCIATIVE TOWNSHIP.

The Associative system being far more productive than the Incoherent system, the establishment of an Associative Township would bring to our hands the innumerable advantages of the Associative system. Capitalists would obtain from it large dividends; the laborer, sharing in the profits, would be filled with ardor, and labor, facilitated by machinery, would be rendered attractive by a multitude of ingenious combinations. Closely connected by a common interest, Capital and Labor would henceforth proceed in harmony. The first Associative township would be every where imitated like the first steam-boat and rail-road. Agricultural and industrial Associations would be formed with a rapidity in proportion to the advantages of the new system; and thus the problem of Associative organization of labor and of industry, resolved for the township, would soon be resolved for the county, the state, the country, and ultimately for the whole world.

In this way, the great problem of modern times, that of UNITY OF INTERESTS, would have received its solution, without combat, without shedding a drop of blood, without overthrowing society.

Now, the Associative Township, is nothing but the PHALANSTERY of the Combined order. All, therefore, who wish for order, justice, peace, the right to labor, general wealth, the happiness of their country and of humanity, as well as their own, ought to devote themselves to the strength and support of the Associative cause.

SOCIAL RE-ORGANIZATION.—NO. V.

One of the most striking and important features in the creation of wealth in the associated township, is the union of vast economies in means, with the greatest variety of pursuits. Indeed, it is only in Association that economy can be secured—and this may be urged, on the grounds of philosophy alone, as evidence enough in itself, that it is the divinely appointed order of human society. Stupendous economy is one of the most impressive characteristics of the divine order, as is exemplified every where in nature. Nothing is suffered to run to waste. The smallest fragments of matter and the feeblest energies of sensation, affection and intelligence, are all gathered up and distributed to some function in the great mechanism of universal life. From the simplest elements and efforts, are elaborated the grandest and most sublime creations, the august pomp and circumstance of life, the mysterious inspiration and charm of beauty and the universal and varied flush of joy and virgin love which drapes the form of Universal Being. God is a stupendous and rigid economist, and nature attests the wisdom of His arrangements. We do not witness here, that mean, drivelling and parsimonious economy, which draws the purse-strings with a spasmodic tension, pinches the pattern for a coat, and turns all colors to a drab,—which casts a house, or the temple of domestic worship, in the same mould with the miser's soul,—distributes comfort by the struck measure, and knowledge by the ounce,—an economy which saves by the kernel, drop and grain through stinginess in expenditure, whilst it squanders by the bushel, barrel, and ton, through an ignorant, wasteful, incoherent, selfish, and unscientific mode of production. No; Nature's economy begins with the means and methods of creating good, and by a right employment of these, secures the amplest abundance of blessings in all her mighty provinces, and is munificent and godlike in the distribution of them. Her method is unity. Though her functions are infinite in variety, they are nevertheless all co-ordinated to one central law, to one unitary purpose. There is no incoherence, no loss of effort or of means. These various functions are but parts of one mighty plan; each one is assisted by all the others. The excrescence even of one becomes the pabulum of life to another. Look into nature and mark this beautiful and universal economy! There, the very losses, wastes, and decay of one kingdom, become the conditions of development, perfection, and beauty to another. And in the same kingdom, that which would be a waste

and loss, were nature's functions simple and without variety, is turned to the highest account by the very variety and association of functions.

Every process and phenomenon in nature, whether it be the disintegration of matter, concretion or crystalization, or the growth and decay of vegetable or animal substance, disengages and sets free certain elements, gases or imponderable fluids which are not necessary to the process itself, and which would be lost were not the system of nature so economically arranged, as to associate immediately with that process, others that take up and employ these waste agencies, and without which they could not go forward. Nature is not so extravagant as to establish a special and separate laboratory for every process of creation, disintegration and reformation, which she carries on; but she associates all facts and phenomena by the law of universal and integral unity, securing the greatest and most composite results, with the simplest means, and thus demonstrating that she is not only a relentless economist, but also that in every individual end, she ordains co-operation to one universal or social end.

Wherever and whenever we study nature, we perceive that the great principles of order which distribute the harmonies and economies of the material universe, foretype Association or Unity, as the harmonic form of human society. As in the former all things conspire to one central purpose, as one common destiny summons the universal energies of matter to complete the sidereal mission of the globe; so if there is any truth in analogy, any general destiny in the infinite mind to which all things gravitate; if the aspirations, attractions or passions of the human soul are the fore-feelings, the harbingers of the coming fact; if love, co-operation, and that divine economy which gleams up all the wasting and cast-off elements of being, and commission them to uses of beauty and comfort, then is Unity the destiny of Humanity, and Association the only mode of reaching it.

We shall now proceed to state in plain dry detail perhaps, how Association secures the same system of general economies which reigns in nature. We shall show how the low considerations of economies (if it be not profanation to call any eternal, divine fact, low) can only be realized in the combined order, and contrast its methods with the wastefulness and extravagance of the present order.

I. Instead of the present numbers of small isolated farms, Association would offer one ample and scientifically distributed domain. Each domain would constitute a township. Instead of the present accidental division, by which one farm is

limited to perhaps a single kind of soil, and from which must be grown the several varieties of grains, grasses, and vegetables, despite the most miserable want of adaptation, some farms consisting of vast patches of rocks and mountains, or of morasses and bogs, whilst others, are almost entirely of a rich alluvial soil, thus destroying all equality or justice of proprietorship, — the domain of an Association will lie in an unbroken province, with each variety of soil and locality, beautifully and scientifically distributed to the production of whatever it is best adapted to, so that while it secures the greatest returns in its harvest, this unitary mode of cultivation and intermingling of a variety of cultures, such as grains, grasses, vegetables, orchards, vineyards and arbors, will immensely enhance the beauty and scenic effect of the landscape. The civilized mode of planting all kinds of soils, with all kinds of produce indiscriminately, indicates a stupidity, an extravagance and waste which cannot be found any where but in the incoherence of civilized society. Nature in her wildest freaks, would blush at the intractableness and folly of her human children. Civilizees are so saturated with the mean spirit of inverse economy, namely, that of parsimony in expenditures, that this true economy in the methods of production has scarcely disturbed the muddy calm into which their ideas have settled.

But let us specify some of the economies of the unitary domain which would be apparent, almost at first sight.

1. It would save nearly all the material, time and labor, which are now expended in making and repairing division fences. Nearly every farmer spends several weeks yearly in the making and mending of fences, which answer no other purpose than that of lines of selfishness drawn between him and his neighbor. The unitary domain could be fenced with durable walls, hedges, and so forth, which would require little or no repairs for generations, with less expense, aye, with half the expense that the fences of an equal extent of territory are now attended. The only fences necessary then, would be those required between the grazing and other lands. The labor and capital thus saved, devoted to some really wealth-creating purpose, would greatly augment the riches of a community. Again, the beauty of the landscape would be greatly heightened by the removal of so many ugly limits, which constantly oppress one with the feeling of confinement and restraint.

2. It would supersede the necessity and expense of keeping so many laboring animals, as we are obliged to do now. Not more than one-tenth as many would be

required. Every farmer is now obliged to keep his own teams, horses and oxen, whether he has business to employ them half the time or not. He must be able to have the use of a horse when he needs one, and the only way to be sure of that, is to own one himself. If he has but ten pounds of butter, cheese, or poultry to sell, why he must have his horse and wagon, for he may be ten miles from market. Now an Association would do its marketing by the tons, cargo, and so forth, and a man and a horse could as well convey a ton of butter as ten pounds. The isolated farmer is a slave to his animals, and a profound thinker, in view of it, has said of the New England farmer, that he is but little more than the "groom of horses, and the cook and chamber-maid of cows and oxen." This may not be a very polished, or strictly etymological expression, but the idea is very near the fact. It will appear more and more as we proceed, how wasteful our selfish and isolated interests are, and that by the simple economies which the combined order proposes, riches will become universal.

TRUMBULL PHALANX.

We are happy to present the following "Report of the Productions and Improvements of the Trumbull Phalanx for 1846," which we have received from the Secretary of that Association. It will be perceived that our friends bear their testimony to the pleasure and advantage of the Associative life, even in the rude and imperfect forms which are all that at present can be realized. We have never pretended that the little attempts at Association, now in progress, are able to illustrate the character and effects of the Combined Order: they are little more than spontaneous gatherings of friends, inspired with a sincere zeal for an improved order of society, full of faith in God, in Humanity, and in the Future, but generally without adequate science, without capital, without the material facilities, which are essential to a complete realization of a true Social Order. But in the humblest degree of Associated life of which we have had any experience, there is an interest, a charm, a consciousness of approaching at least, the true way, which cannot be felt in the proudest abodes of Civilization. The moral tone, the sincere, elevated affections, the freedom from the clutch-all system, which prevails in common society, bind the heart to life in Association; and hence we rejoice in all the evidence of prosperity which we receive from time to time, in the infant Associations that are now struggling for existence, while we wait in hope for the day when a

Model Phalanx shall combine the strength of friends that is now scattered, and exhibit to the world a splendid demonstration of the truth of our principles.

Report of the Productions and Improvements of the Trumbull Phalanx, for 1846.

Power Looms,.....	\$75 00
Repairs on Factory and Upper Works,.....	132 00
Production of Upper Saw Mill,.....	360 00
do. Lower " ".....	627 00
do. Grist Mill,.....	441 80
do. Tannery and Shoe Shop,.....	1,236 08
do. Clothing Works,.....	150 00
do. Carding ".....	360 00
do. Blacksmith Shop,.....	49 00
do. Hat Shop,.....	112 00
do. Wagon Shop,.....	116 00
do. Bowl Machine,.....	33 00
Money received for school teaching of	
Members,.....	63 00
90 tons of Hay,.....	360 00
20 do. Corn Fodder,.....	80 00
400 bushels of Wheat,.....	250 00
300 do. Oats,.....	54 00
100 do. Rye,.....	37 00
100 do. Buckwheat,.....	33 33
2800 do. Corn,.....	933 00
200 do. Potatoes,.....	50 00
200 do. English Turnips,.....	25 00
625 do. Ruta Baga,.....	78 13
250 do. Beans,.....	187 00
137 do. Onions,.....	85 63
50 cords of Tan Bark,.....	100 00
2 acres of Broom Corn,.....	25 00
6 barrels of Vinegar,.....	18 00
54 do. Cider,.....	54 00
300 grafted Apple Trees,.....	75 00
250 Peach Trees,.....	87 50
Erecting buildings, putting up fences, cutting cord-wood, putting in crops, gain on cattle, hogs, &c., and general improvement of the Domain,.....	2,240 00
	\$9,119 63

— CONTRA —

Loss by use of Wagons and Harnesses,.....	48 00
do. do. Farming Tools,.....	12 00
do. do. Saw Mills,.....	25 00
do. do. in going to law and hunting thieves,.....	45 00
Interest on Stock at six per cent.,.....	1,192 49
do. Debt,.....	515 09
Taxes,.....	82 05
Incidental Expenses,.....	601 14
	\$2,520 77

Leaving \$6,698 86 to be divided among those who have produced this amount. The time wrought by each having been kept, a dividend of seventy-seven cents is declared for ten hours' labor.

B. ROBBINS, *Pres't.*

The Election having been held agreeably to the requirements of the act of Incorporation, on the last Monday in December, the following Officers were chosen.

MOSES SACKETT, *President.*
 BENJ. ROBBINS, *Vice Pres't and Treas'r.*
 P. BOYNTON, *Auditor.*
 WM. F. MADDEN, *Secretary.*
 N. C. MEEKER, *Cor. Sec'y.*
Industrial Council.
 WILLIAM M. COX, P. BOYNTON,
 E. M. EGGLESTON, A. CHURCH,
 JOHN MADDEN, B. ROBBINS,
 WILLIAM WEAKY.

Other Officers, not named, were also elected.

It is proper to state that having tried the combined Household system, or General Boarding House, we have abandoned it entirely, and retreated to the separate Household. This we are forced to do for want of sufficient means to give variety and attraction to the common table, and there is now universal satisfaction with the present arrangement. Without doubt the time will come when the Com-

bined system will be found preferable in economy, ease and attraction; but we have been taught by dear experience, that without sufficient wealth, edifices, machinery and knowledge of such establishments, it were far, far better not to attempt anything of the kind, but to take every thing in its own order, the simple and easy first, and not endeavor to secure what can only be the result of years. A Boarding House, however, is continued by a suitable family for the accommodation of the young men. It was found, last year, to have cost forty-seven cents per week, for men, for women and children less.

The above report for the year gives an idea of what we have been doing, and what materials we are accumulating for our future operations, and we can but say in addition that we are harmoniously united, living plain, common-sense lives, and are persuaded that our continued prosperity, that is, on the whole, is a cheering indication that we have nothing to fear in the future but our own unfaithfulness.

N. C. MEEKER, *Cor. Sec'y.*

TRUMBULL PHALANX,
 Braceville, Ohio, Dec. 26, 1846. }

NEW BEDFORD, MASS. An interesting course of lectures has just been delivered in this town by the Lecturers of the "American Union," Messrs. ALLEN, BRISBANE, ORVIS and RIPLEY. The lectures commenced on Saturday evening, January 30th, and were continued at intervals during the week, until they were closed on Sunday evening, February 7th. The claims of Association were fully presented in different points of view, and judging from the profound attention and interest, with which the lectures were listened to, we cannot doubt that a spirit of inquiry has been awakened, which will lead to important results. We found many excellent friends in New Bedford, deeply interested in the progress of society, and keenly alive to the present social evils; and with their freedom of mind and zeal for improvement, we are sure that they will embrace the principles of Association, and find in them the remedy for the miseries, under which the actual social order is gasping for life.

We never visited a place for the purpose of lecturing on Association, without being more and more impressed with the importance of the movement for propagation that has been commenced. The people are waiting for truth on the science of society. They are ready to receive the doctrines of Associative Unity, when presented in their true light.—These doctrines must be spread throughout the land. Let the friends of Association lose no time in organizing themselves for giving efficient aid to the work of propagation. They are sufficiently numerous, sufficiently powerful, to cause the seeds of social truth to be scattered from Canada to California. Let them be up and doing.

VICE AND POVERTY IN LONDON. I am sorry to remark that the vice of drinking is carried to great excess. The government gives every encouragement to it. It is true that all the houses are licensed, but such a traffic is there, particularly in beer and gin, and so profitable to the publican, that every third or fourth house in business or crowded streets, courts, alleys and by-ways, appears to be an establishment for the sale of "spirits." Some of these places are very showy, particularly at night, aided by the glare of gas lights. The old and young, both male and female, are their constant customers from morning to night. With surprise I have seen on several occasions young girls toss off one or two glasses of raw gin, which, from constant habit, appears to have no momentary effect upon their nervous system, although it must ultimately abridge their lives of a quarter at least.

It is said there are no beggars here, as the law forbids it; but the objects of charity, through one device or other, are innumerable. In every street, at every corner, almost at every door, a bunch or two of "lucifers" defies the law. I have seen decently dressed men, who have known better days, stand beyond the curb, with a bunch of matches in one hand and their hat in the other, with their heads bowed down, without uttering a word, telling a sad tale of their utter destitution.—*Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.*

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N. R. GERRISH,
 Feb. 1, 1847. *Agent.*

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1847.

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MISCELLANY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

This letter, extracted from the private correspondence of an Israelite who has joined in our work, may be interesting to our readers, as showing how the light which the Serial Science throws over dark and disputed questions, reconciles the religious creeds of the earth by giving to each that integral development which enables it to meet, as on the summit of a hill, those which, amid the irregularities of the ascent, had appeared to tend in opposite directions.

FEBRUARY, 1847.

For not having sooner replied to your letter, I can only plead the preoccupation of my best hours; for I have a conscience about letter writing, which forbids me to force anything when my mind does not spontaneously seek outward to speak with the object of affection. I will not sacrifice you to-night for anything; indeed if I lived as I know how to in all things, and shall for the sake of the great cause, I should find time and life for all things. "Ask, and ye shall receive." To work for the redemption of Humanity! Why is it not a thought and a passion to kindle every fibre of one's being, and to place us in such direct communion with the Divine Source of Love, now striving to incarnate itself in our race, that our sympathies should be instant, penetrating and universal for every brother and sister, every object of nature? This love, this grand idea, is thrilling through my life, and revealing to me a new being in myself, whose wings shall not be always folded.

The day of the Redemption, prophesied by Moses and Isaiah, is no longer distant. The principle of its accomplishment lies in these simple words, "Love ye one another;" and this principle, working age after age in the growth of humanity, has at last found the law of its embodiment in all the practice of life, conciliating all interests, spiritualizing each sense, and incarnating each sentiment. That Divine Love which solves the mysteries

of the universe; which first penetrating matter formed the spheres and taught the ordered movements of their orbits; which clasped atom with atom; germed in the beautiful series of the crystal and the tree as it rose in each affinity, from the simple to the composite; which binds man to nature through sensation, to his kindred races through affection, and to the laws of universal order, the divine mathematics, through his intelligence; that Love whose ceaseless energy through long ages has attuned in industry, art, science, society, the passionate notes of this world-orchestra, is now combining them for its serial harmonies. Combination, co-operation, this is the key-note of our age. Individual life is felt to consist in its relations, its attractions through which it may be manifested; and that we may be true to ourselves, these relations must have their true order of harmonized interests. It is not to a small class of elevated minds that this consciousness, these aspirations, are confined. Blindly or wittingly, the age moves towards this end. Even where the reign of incoherence, the kingdom of the Beast is most desolating; as in Great Britain, where now, as the European Times informs us, "The cabins of the Irish laborers are little better than charnel houses; where the dead, uncared for, unburied, lie festering by the side of the dying; where starvation stalks through the length and breadth of its provinces, where the efforts of government and of private benevolence are alike unequal to meet the emergency, and millions of people know not how or where to brave the awful misery which haunts them;"—even in such places and such times, when the war of classes, of capital and labor, producer and exchanger, is carried to the point of absolute extermination; more awful in its methods and effects than any other mode of war that the earth has known, and thousands starve that one may riot in excess;—even here, and pervading the most material relations of interest, do we find the principle of combination, *preparing*, in these

partial movements of masses and classes, for a universal movement and combination which shall interlock all interests. It is in fact, the very feature of combination, borrowed from a more advanced social epoch by incoherent civilization to which it is unsuited, that causes most of this evil. The combinations of capital crush the masses by the substitution of machinery, diminution of the wages of labor and monopoly of the soil. The combinations of labor, irregular and abortive to gain their ends, only exasperate by opposition the classes in whom a sentiment of humanity arising, might have softened the rigors of their fate; or if by some rare combination of chances, they succeed, still farther retard social organization by superficial changes in the ownership of property, which leave untouched the radical vice—*incoherence of interests*. It is then the very evils of our time which are most full of promise, since they at once are caused by the partial embodiment of the principle of combination, and urge most powerfully to its complete embodiment in our industry, our science, our social life.

Let our nation arise, let our people take the foremost part which becomes their deep religious sentiment and their penetrating intellect, in this great work of universal redemption. They have said truly that the simple spiritual kingdom insisted on by the churches, was not the kingdom, not the redemption which had been promised to them; that it was in fact an absurdity, pretending to separate the interests of the two lives, on this side and beyond the grave. This was not the doctrine of Jesus. He prayed and worked for a kingdom of heaven upon earth. The redemption of which he became the chief mediator to his race, was to be accomplished in the fulfilment by Humanity of that law of love which he taught in his life and sealed by his death; and if he consecrated the trial and suffering through which his disciples must struggle, it was only in relation to their end and object, the establishment of a univer-

sal order of harmony and happiness on the earth, incarnating love in all our practical relations, and not as teaching that suffering and privation were in themselves pleasing to God. This is the grand mistake of the ascetics of all ages and religions.

Man finds himself in a world full of evils; where the desolating effects of his own unharmonized passions are mirrored back to him by nature in the parching heat of summer and the deadly chill of winter's blast, by the tornado and the simoom; the blighting frost that destroys the cherished hopes of the year, or the fell miasma that blights life with disease, dashing from the lips the cup of fruition; where the wolf and hyena, the venomous serpent and the pest of insect myriads, constitute around us within human societies, a state of universal war! It is most natural that man, not yet comprehending his own mission—his place as regent of the planet, his power of redeeming the whole earth, of evolving harmonies from all these discords by unitary co-operation which shall substitute the principle of love for that of brute incoherent force in the social sphere, on which all others pivot and depend,—should see in these evil dispensations, this war, famine, pestilence, and universal cannibalism, the four great principles of equilibrium during the ages of incoherence, the action of Providence, and the will of God. They are so, but only relatively to a stage of immaturity, imperfect development, transition by man from the state of crude instinct, from the infantile harmony of Edeo or the Isles of the Pacific, to the full exercise of his reason under the impulse of love, and the grand passionate harmonies of the future, where the industry, art and science of a combined order, shall realize for our senses, our affections, and our intelligence, a destiny proportioned to their attractions. With Moses, the temporal and spiritual redemption are linked in their true connection as body and soul; and Christ who came "not to destroy, but to fulfil," aimed to direct mankind in the path of its accomplishment, by inspiring them with the religion of love, the sentiment of brotherhood.

"The primal harmonies of Eden had been lost by a Fall; physical and moral evil had spread over the earth; pain and poverty had subdued man. Whilst teaching to our nation the origin of evil, Moses had announced its end; he had predicted the return to grace, the term of the curse and of the wrath of God; he had announced the ultimate blessing of all the nations, the Redemption. Moses established the unity of the Social with the Religious law; he did not separate the temporal from the spiritual kingdom to deliver the first to the principle of Evil.

Jesus, aiming at the epoch of harmony, the union of men among themselves and with God, implied in the attainment of this splendid aim which should universalize happiness over the earth, the absolute negation of the oriental doctrine, the permanent fatality of evil here below; but it is only the term foreseen, promised and always expected by the Israelite, of the temporary curse with which the earth had been struck after the transgression of Adam." To the nation of Israel, to Moses and Isaiah, the promise had especially been made. Jesus, another of our nation, comes to revive in men's hearts the condition of the Redemption, in showing to those who were feeding upon husks and forgetting the spirit of their law in rabbinical formulas, that it was now as ever a glorious and a tremendous reality; that the destiny of the whole earth for weal or for woe, was bound in their obedience or rebellion to that principle in which all the law lay contained,—'Love ye one another.' "Certainly that was as sensible and as true as it was sublime, and we must say that it was a *divine* word which taught to men plunged in grossness and corruption, bigotry and selfishness, that the redemption of the world and the happiness of humanity depended absolutely on the union of men, on their loving one another. There is no obscurity, no mystery in this doctrine of Redemption. You shall be ransomed from evil, and the blessing of God shall descend upon the earth when you shall have established upon the earth the kingdom of God and his justice. Here is no sacrifice of reason to faith; no narrow and mystical doctrine of a Redemption purely individual through the sufferings of Jesus Christ. Jesus had not said that he came to ransom the individual by his sufferings, but to emancipate the world by his teachings. He had not given as the condition of Redemption, that the world should load itself with one crime the more in slaying him, but that humanity, in all its members, should fulfil the great commandment of Love."

The Atonement of Christ was not, as is stupidly considered, the sacrifice of his life either for humanity or for certain elect individuals, nor the appeasing by his merits or sufferings of the vengeance of an angry God; but it consisted in his living in such unity with nature, with his fellow man, and with the divine principles of Love and Justice, as was possible for an individual; and the Atonement, or properly speaking, At-one-ment for humanity, was to be accomplished in like manner, when their intelligence, developed by the same divine love of which Jesus was a mediator to his race, as each of us may be in his or her degree, should organize social and industrial rela-

tions in conformity with that spirit over all the earth.

Towards this end, religion is the sentiment, the aspiration; but every religion requires a science and a practice; we must have the trinity of the heart, the head and the hands. A science is necessary, whose formulas, adapted to love in all its modes of development, shall enable us to embody it in the practical workings of our industry, science and social life, by the conciliation of all interests. This science Fourier has discovered and developed. Its formula is the arborescent series and the application to the passions of the principles of musical harmony, as is elsewhere explained. A practice is necessary, and for that we look to the establishment of a Model Phalanx, whose success will be the guarantee of a rapid and universal extension, owing to that property which is specific to the series,—demonstrated in all the kingdoms of nature, from the stars to the insects,—of reconciling all interests and to obtain the integral unity of the whole through the infinite variety of the parts, of making of every discord a germ of harmony, as occurs in those of the contiguous notes in music. Its arborescent type enables it to vary like its prototypes in the forest growth, in conformity to the indications of climate, soil, external sphere, or internal character, national or personal, without ever losing the type of the series, adapted to attractions and distributing the harmonies. We now only wait the Messiah who shall lead our nation and humanity in the grand career of Harmony which opens before us. Who he shall be, as yet we know not; but this is certain, that the individual man is the product and expression of his age and its wants; that no age which history records has obtained the development or felt the need of a grand comprehensive reform as this age does; and finally, that to this age has been revealed in its details the science of a society, which by effecting in its relations the absolute and permanent conciliation of all interests, however various, without requiring first any change in man's essential nature, but taking him as he is and sacrificing nothing, has discovered to us the basis of Universal Unity or At-one-ment.

What we have to do seems very clear. Help ourselves and God will help us. Work with all our heart and strength in the paths which are open to us. Spread the glad tidings, lighten the hearts of all within our reach, and the truer we are to our mission, the more will come within our reach. Substitute for the old dogma of evil and the curse, the message of love, of hope, of joy. Support the publications, the lecturers, the teachers of the new doctrine. Establish every where

Affiliated Societies to the American Union of Associationists. Such we have in Boston, New York, Cincinnati, Newburyport and many other places within the last few months. In Boston, we have every week two meetings, religious, social and scientific, which collect subscriptions, prepare conventions, courses of lectures, and other means of promoting the cause. All that we want is an intelligent hearing. For one who understands our principles and aims, opposition becomes morally impossible, since they are not on any point, partial, exclusive or sectarian, but in all, universal, inclusive, and humanitarian. Soon we shall be prepared by our numbers, our science, our character, our means, to construct, to organize attraction in the serial body of the Phalanx, and to incarnate love in all human relations. From the Phalanx it will spread through the district, from the district through the state, from the state through the world and humanity; or rather, like the growth of the human fetus, its foretype in analogy, it will proceed at once from many points to meet in a central unitary life, and all in the full glow of animation; when the heart throbs, and the veins fill, and the brain with its double system of sensitive and motor telegraphs is ready for its lord the soul; then the Messiah, the Lord of Humanity will appear and lead us to the high destinies of the future. The future is open to our inspired thought and will. Let us now thank God that our life may be consecrated to this work; that we are not doomed to trifle it away in the poverty of a frivolous egotism; that time and the life of earth have acquired for us a new significance, an ineffable dignity. Before five years have passed, not a village from Maine to Mexico must be without its Union of Associationists. Already, with all the false reports and prejudice which obstruct our beginnings, and when only three or four lecturers are out, we hear, week after week, of some Union of forty or fifty active members where a few days before the deepest ignorance and obscurantism reigned. Lecturers are sent for from the distant South, and lyceums secured for their reception. A ferment is commenced such as has never before been witnessed by man, and which will never cease until humanity entire stands transformed, regenerate and saved, in the true image of its God. I have not time or space at present to develop the doctrine of the *solidarity of the race*, upon which all our hope and science pivots. That will be for a future occasion if you are interested in this. We have all a natural instinct of it, which the teachings of Moses, whose promises and threats are all made to the nation and not to such or such individuals, has confirmed to us.

I have now a more living and intelligent faith and interest in every part of the Jewish religion, its principles, its history and its forms, than I ever before possessed; since what seemed doubtful and obscure because it was partial and fragmentary, has in the full sunlight of Fourier's mind become clear and providential to me, as I see its relations with the whole development of man's destiny.

DEATH BLOW TO FOURIERISM.

"The *Herald* has dealt a vital blow to Fourierism by coming out in its favor. Now let the *Evening Mirror* say a good word for it, and poor Association will kick the bucket."—*Yankee Doodle*.

Not so, dear grandpapa Yankee Doodle! Here is a bit from the *Mirror*, which is "Fourieristic" to the marrow, and yet Association has no idea of "turning pale" at present.

"There are certain philanthropic fanatics in the world, who are trying to reorganize society, and so arrange human affairs, that no man shall suffer for the means of living, who may consider life worth preserving. Such a proposition is hooted at by the rich and well-to-do, who denounce it as atheistical and anti-christian; in proof of which they quote the saying of Christ, 'The poor ye have with you always;' arguing therefrom that an attempt to banish poverty from the world would be flying in the face of Scripture. I do not remember to have seen any better reason than this, for denouncing the fanatics who claim that those to whom God has given life has a right to live; and that the constitution guaranties to every one living under it equal privileges. A man who has never known what it is to want; who has never been placed in the midst of a populous and wealthy city, without a penny in his pocket, and with heaps of money and stores of luxuries all around him, can never fully conceive the real meaning of poverty. In the forest, on the ocean, or by the sea-side, one cannot experience that feeling of destitution which want produces in the midst of a city, because there is no one to forbid the taking of whatever may be caught: there are nuts in the forest, though they may be but acorns; there are shell fish on the seashore, and there are waifs on the ocean, which may be enjoyed without danger of a prison. But the city affords nothing to the stranger in want; every thing there has an owner: a straw cannot be picked up in the street without peril; whatever you may have, you will be allowed to keep, but you must not touch anything you see, let your necessities be what they may. In a large city it must often happen that some unlucky victim of circumstances will be destitute of the means of sustaining life. His wants are immediate and pressing. He goes into the streets and wanders through a maze of superfluous wealth, yet cannot touch even a grain of corn. If he were drowning, a thousand men would jump to rescue him, but if he is starving, not a hand will be extended to aid him; his rags excite no sympathy, his hungry looks bring him no bread. Society which has monopolized

all the wealth, makes no provision for him; the law does not recognize a man in need. If he were dead, he would be an object worth caring for; society would provide him a shroud and a grave; but living, she does not recognize him. The law being framed by men who have never known want themselves, they have made no provision for such a phenomenon. There are no convent gates to which he may apply for relief; the churches only supply spiritual food, and the injunction of the Master, 'Feed my lambs,' is interpreted 'preach to them.' You may have a Bible for the asking, and tracts without demanding them, but you can apply no where for bread. All the philanthropy of the age, all the protestantism, all the missionaries and Bibles, all the reforms, and battles with might for right, end at last in this: that a human being without money, if placed in the midst of a large city, has but two alternatives before him—either to starve or to steal. A few starve, but a good many steal, and a tenth part of the cost of putting the thieves into prison, and the dead into graves, would supply an asylum which would have kept these wretches alive and honest."

SAINT VALENTINE. Yesterday being Sunday, we presume to-day will serve instead as the legitimate anniversary of this rosy and unprejudiced old Saint. As the morning sun gilds the windows, and the Tribune is left at the doors, fifty thousand unharmed little souls will be twittering and flickering like swallows, in palpitation for the fun of the day. Lucky Saint, to be celebrated by all this high, sparkling nonsense, this mimic carnival of hearts and darts! Long days the note of preparation has been sounding; the boys and girls have extaticised and doggerelized their brains, or what serves them in that capacity, and every spare shilling has gone for pieces of gilt and painted paper to put the results into. To-day comes the grand discharge, the first offshoot of a *feu de joie* that a month won't see the end of.

There was a time when Valentine's Day meant something. Then it was a business of real lovers, and there was earnestness under its delicate, shy disguise. Good gracious! that's gone long ago. Now nobody makes more than a joke of it; we know a dozen young people of both sexes, who think nothing of sending a flaming Valentine a-piece to as many persons as there are days in the week, and we take it that's the general habit. A pretty commentary on the constancy of lovers now-a-days! We know married people, too, who ought to be ashamed of it, that get Valentines, and that not from their own wives or husbands, full of sentimentality and delicate distresses. We hate this modern degeneracy, this miscellaneous and business fashion. Send a Valentine by the penny-post, too! Bah! Give us the sweet old days when there was a mystery about it, when sly fate had a hand in the matter, when lovers stole at dawn to be first at the well-known window, and trembling maidens waited for the familiar step; ah, that was an age to live in! To be the Valentine of that blushing truth and tenderness a man might bless his stars, but to share the office with half a score of copartners and never know who your Valentine is after all, or to find out that

it's Tom Smith or Job Jones instead of the blue-eyed or black-eyed girl you had hoped, isn't worth a copper cent, to our thinking. But, however, we won't be out of the mode, so here goes for a Valentine to the whole feminine portion of the human species.

Woman! these are earnest times,
Folly's obsolete for Woman,
Holidays and sportive rhymes
Cannot now forget the Human.

Least of all should'st thou forget,
Radiant though thou art with gladness,
How the whole wide earth is wet
With the tears of hopeless sadness,
With slaves' and toilers' bloody sweat
In suffering grown desperate,—
And how with soul poisoned to madness
Man is against his fellow set,
Daring God's Truth and Right to hold
As valueless compared with gold!

On thee, Woman! is it laid,
On thy heart, O Sister, Mother,
That this weary we be staid,
And man wrong no more his brother.

Thine it is the germs to tend
Of the good that now is springing,
And thine inmost soul to lend
To the victory Time is bringing.

And as thou beside the tomb
Whence the blessed Lord has risen,
Wert the first in morning's gloom
To greet the Conqueror from the prison,

To this other grave anear
Whence awaking Man is starting,
Shalt thou stand with holy cheer,
Impulse, hope and power imparting.

Take the office, it is thine!
Speak thy noblest aspirations,
Girt with loveliness divine,
Guiding angel of the nations!

N. Y. Tribune of Feb. 15th.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,*

SEQUEL TO

CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

A LETTER FROM PHILON,†

TO

IGNATIUS JOSEPH MARTINOWIEZ,
Professor of Physics at the University
of Lemberg.

Carried in his train like the satellites of a royal star, we followed *Spartacus*† through the precipitous paths and under the most silent shadows of the Böhmer-Wald. O my friend! why were you not there! You would have forgotten to gather pebbles in the silvery bed 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.

† Probably the celebrated baron de Knigge, known under the name of Philon in the order of the Illuminists.

‡ It is known that this was Adam Weishaupt's *nom de guerre*. Can it be really he who is here referred to? every circumstance leads us to believe it.

torrents, to question by turns the veins and the bones of our mysterious progenitor, *terra parens*. The burning words of our master gave us wings; we passed ravines and peaks without counting our steps, without looking at the abysses which lay at our feet, without seeking in the horizon the distant resting-place in which we were to find repose at evening. Never had *Spartacus* appeared to us more great or imbued with all-powerful truth. The beauties of nature acted upon his imagination like those of a great poem; and through the lightnings of his enthusiasm never does his spirit of wise analysis and ingenious combination abandon him. He explains heaven and the stars, the earth and the seas, with the same clearness, the same order which presides over his dissertations upon law and the dry matters of this world. But how great does his soul become when, alone and free with his chosen disciples under the azure of the constellated heavens, or in face of the dawn reddened by the fires, precursors of the sun, he clears time and space to embrace at one glance the human race in its aggregate and details, to penetrate the fragile destiny of empires and the imposing future of the nations! You have heard in his chair this young man of clear speech; why have you not seen and heard upon the mountain this man whose wisdom surpasses his years, and who seems to have lived among men since the infancy of the world!

Arrived at the frontier, we saluted the soil which had seen the exploits of the great Ziska, and we inclined ourselves still lower before the gulfs which had served as tombs to the martyrs of ancient national liberty. There we resolved to separate, in order to direct our researches and inquiries upon all points at once. *Cato** took the road towards the north-east, *Celsus*,† towards the south-east, *Ajax*,‡ followed the transversal direction from east to west, and the general rendezvous was at Pilsen.

Spartacus kept me with him and resolved to trust to chance, depending, as he said, upon fortune, upon a certain secret inspiration which would guide us. I was somewhat astonished at this abandonment of calculation and reasoning; it seemed to me contrary to his methodical habits. "Philon," said he to me when we were alone, "I do indeed believe that men like ourselves are the ministers of Providence here below, but do

* Doubtless Xavier Zwack, who was an aulic counsellor and was exiled for having been one of the principal chiefs of Illuminism.

† Bader, who was physician to the electress dowager, Illumine.

‡ Massenhausen, counsellor at Munich, Illumine.

you think I believe that maternal Providence by which we feel, will and act, to be inert and disdainful? I have remarked that you are more favored by it than I am; your designs almost always succeed. Forward then; I follow you, and have faith in your second sight, that mysterious clearness which our ancestors in Illuminism, the pious fanatics of the past, so artlessly invoked."

It really seemed as if the master had prophesied. Before the close of the second day we found the object of our search, and this was the manner in which I was the instrument of destiny.

We had reached the border of the forest, and the road forked before us. One branch was lost as it ran towards the low grounds, the other followed the gentle slope of the mountain.

"Which shall we take?" said *Spartacus* to me, seating himself upon a rocky fragment. "I see on this side cultivated fields, mean cabins. We were told that he is poor, he must live with the poor. Let us go and inquire respecting him of the herdsmen of the valley."

"No, master," replied I, pointing to the side-hill path: "I see on my right craggy eminences and the crumbling walls of an ancient manor-house. We were told that he is a poet, and he must love ruins and solitude."

"Also," replied *Spartacus* smiling, "I see Vesper rising, white as a pearl, in the rose-colored sky, above the ruins of the old domain. We are the shepherds who seek a prophet and the miraculous star goes before us."

We soon reached the ruins. They were the remains of an imposing edifice, built at different epochs; but the vestiges of the time of the emperor Charles lay beside those of the feudal ages. It was not centuries, it was the hand of man that had recently presided over this devastation. It was still broad daylight when we climbed the bank of a dried ditch and penetrated beneath a rusty and motionless portcullis. The first object we encountered, seated upon the ruins at the entrance of the courtyard, was an old man covered with strange rags, and more like a man of times past than a contemporary. His beard, of the color of yellow ivory, fell upon his chest, and his bald head shone like the surface of a lake in the last rays of the sun. *Spartacus* felt a thrill, and hastily approaching him asked of him the name of the chateau. The old man appeared not to hear us; he stared at us with glassy eyes which seemed not to see. We asked his name; he did not answer; his physiognomy betokened a dreamy indifference. Still his Socratic features did not announce the brutishness of idiotism; he had in his ugliness that certain beauty which proceeds from a

pure and serene soul. Spartacus placed a piece of money in his hand; he carried it close to his eyes and let it fall without appearing to understand its use.

"Is it possible," said I to the master, "that an old man totally deprived of the use of his senses and of his reason can be thus abandoned far from any habitation, in the depths of the mountains, without a dog to lead him and to beg in his stead?"

"Let us carry him away and conduct him to some resting place," replied Spartacus. But when we undertook to raise him in order to see if he could not support himself on his legs, he made a sign to us not to trouble him, by placing a finger on his lips and pointing with his other hand to the extremity of the court. Our eyes were directed to that side; we saw no one there, but immediately our ears were saluted by the sounds of a violin of extraordinary power and justness. Never have I heard any master give to his bow so penetrating and so broad a vibration, and bring into so intimate a connection the chords of the soul and of the instrument. The music was simple and sublime. It resembled nothing I have heard in our concerts and theatres. It carried to the heart an emotion which was at once pious and warlike. We fell, the master and myself, into a kind of transport, and said to each other by our looks that here was something grand and mysterious. Those of the old man had assumed a sort of vague brilliancy which resembled that of ecstasy. A smile of beatitude half opened his pale lips and showed clearly that he was neither deaf nor insensible.

All was silence after a short and admirable melody, and soon we saw issue from the chapel opposite to us, a man of mature years, whose exterior filled us with emotion and respect. The beauty of his austere visage and the noble proportions of his form contrasted with the deformed limbs and the savage features of the old man, whom Spartacus compared to a *converted and baptized faun*. The violin player walked straight towards us, his instrument under his arm and his bow passed through his leather girdle. Broad pantaloons of coarse cloth, sandals which resembled ancient buskins, and a frock of sheepskin like that worn by our peasants of the Danube, gave him the appearance of a herdsman or a laborer. But his white and fine hands did not indicate a man devoted to the labors of the soil. They were the hands of an artist, while the neatness of his dress and the stateliness of his demeanor seemed to protest against his poverty, and to be unwilling to submit to its hideous and degrading consequences. The master was struck by the aspect of this man.

He clasped my hand, and I felt his own tremble. "It is he!" said he to me. "I did not know that he was a musician; but I recognize his face because I have seen it in my dreams."

The violin player advanced towards us without testifying either embarrassment or surprise. He returned with a benevolent dignity the salutations we addressed to him, and approaching the old man: "Come, Zdenko," said he to him, "I am going; support yourself upon your friend." The old man made an effort; the musician raised him in his arms, and bending under him as if to serve him for a staff, he guided his tottering steps, accommodating his own walk to his. There was, in this filial care, in this patience of a noble and handsome man, still agile and vigorous, who drew himself along under the weight of an old man in rags, something more touching, if possible, than the solicitude of a young mother measuring her walk by the first uncertain steps of her child. I saw the master's eyes fill with tears, and I also was agitated, contemplating by turns our Spartacus, that man of genius and of the future, and this unknown in whom I felt the same greatness buried in the shadows of the past.

Resolved to follow and to question him, but not wishing to distract him from the pious care he had assumed, we walked at a short distance behind him. He directed his steps towards the chapel whence he had issued; and when he had entered, he stopped and appeared to contemplate the ruined tombs which the briars and moss had invaded. The old man knelt down, and when he rose, his friend kissed one of the tombs and began to depart with him.

It was then only that he perceived us near him, and he appeared to experience some surprise; but no distrust was depicted in his glance, at once brilliant and placid like that of a child. This man appeared nevertheless to have counted more than half a century, and his thick grey hair waving around his face increased the brilliancy of his large black eyes. His mouth had an indefinable expression of strength and simplicity. You would have said that he had two souls; one all of enthusiasm for celestial things, one all of benevolence for men here below.

We were seeking for a pretext to address him, when, placing himself at once in association of ideas with us, with a naiveté of extraordinary expansion: "You have seen me kiss this marble," said he to us, "and this old man has prostrated himself upon these tombs. Do not consider these as acts of idolatry. We kiss the garment of a saint, as we carry on our bosom the pledge of love and of friendship. The remains of the dead are only a worn-out garment. We can-

not tread it under our feet with indifference; we guard it with respect and we separate ourselves from it with regret. O my father! O my well beloved relatives! I know well that you are not here and that these inscriptions lie when they say: *Here rest the Rudolstadts!* The Rudolstadts are all erect, all living and acting in the world according to the will of God. Under these marbles there are only bones, forms in which life was manifested and which it has abandoned to assume other forms. Blessed be the ashes of our forefathers! Blessed be the grass and ivy which crown them! Blessed be the soil and stones which protect them! But blessed, above all, be the living God who says to the dead: Rise and reënter my fruitful bosom in which nothing dies, in which all is renewed and is purified!"

"Liverani, Ziska or Trismegistus, is it you whom I find here upon the tombs of your ancestors?" cried Spartacus enlightened by a celestial certainty.

"Neither Liverani, nor Trismegistus, nor even Jean Ziska," replied the unknown. "Phantoms disturbed my ignorant youth; but the divine light has absorbed them and the name of my forefathers is effaced from my memory. My name is *man*, and I am nothing more than any other man."

"Your words are profound, but they indicate distrust," returned the master. "Trust to this sign; do you not recognize it?"

At the same time, Spartacus made to him the masonic signs of the high grades.

"I have forgotten that language," replied the unknown, "I do not despise it, but it has become useless to me. Brother, do not insult me by supposing that I distrust you. Your name, yours also, is it not *man*? Men have never done me any evil, or, if they have, I know it no longer. It was therefore a very limited evil in comparison with the infinite good they can do to each other and for which I feel obliged to them in anticipation."

"Is it possible, O man of good," cried Spartacus, "that you count time as nothing in your notion and in your sentiment of life?"

"Time does not exist; and if men meditated more upon the divine essence, they would count centuries and years no more than I do. What is to him who partakes the nature of God so far as to be eternal, so far that he has always lived and will never cease to live, a little more or less of sand at the bottom of the clepsydra? The hand which turns the glass may hasten or become stiff; that which supplies the sand will never stop!"

"You mean to say that man may forget to count and measure time, but that life always flows abundant and fruitful

from the bosom of God? Is that your thought?"

"You have understood me, young man. But I have a still finer demonstration of the great mysteries."

"The mysteries? Yes, I have come from very far to question and learn of you."

"Listen then!" said the unknown, obliging the old man, who obeyed him with the confidence of a little child, to seat himself upon a stone. "This place inspires me peculiarly, and it is here, by the last fires of the sun and the first white rays of the moon, that I wish to raise your soul to the knowledge of the most sublime truths."

We palpitated with joy at the idea of having at last found, after two years of searchings and inquiries, this magnus of our religion, this philosopher at once metaphysician and organizer, who was to confide to us the thread of Ariadne and enable us to find the issue of past ideas and things. But the unknown, seizing his violin, began to play with energy. His powerful bow made the plants quiver like the evening wind, and the ruins to resound like the human voice. His music had a peculiar character of religious enthusiasm, of ancient simplicity and attractive fervor. The themes were of a majestic amplitude in their energetic brevity. Nothing, in that unknown music, announced languor and revery. It was like warlike hymns, and caused to pass before our eyes triumphant armies, bearing banners, palms, and the mysterious signs of a new religion. I saw the immensity of the nations united under one standard; no tumult in their ranks, a fever without delirium, an impetuous transport without anger, human activity in all its splendor, victor in all its clemency, and faith in all its sublime expansion.

"That is magnificent," cried I, when he had played with fervor five or six of those admirable themes. "It is the *Te Deum* of Humanity rejuvenated and reconciled, returning thanks to the God of all religions, to the light of all men."

"You have understood me, my son!" said the musician, wiping away the sweat and the tears which bathed his face; "and you see that time has but one voice to proclaim the truth. Look at that old man, he has understood as well as you, and has become thirty years younger."

We looked at the old man whom we had forgotten. He was erect, he walked with ease and beat the ground in time with his foot, as if he wished to leap and bound like a youth. The music had worked a miracle upon him; he descended the hill with us without wishing to support himself on any one. When his walk became slower, the musician said to him:

"Zdenko, do you wish me to play again for you the march of *Procope the Great*, or the benediction of the banner of the Orebites?" But the old man made a sign that he still had strength, as if he feared to abuse the celestial remedy and wear out the inspiration of his friend.

We directed our steps towards the hamlet we had left on the right, at the bottom of the valley, when we took the road to our ruins. As we went on, Spartacus interrogated the unknown. "You have caused us to hear incomparable melodies," said he to him, "and I have understood that, by this brilliant prelude, you wished to dispose our senses to the enthusiasm which fills you to overflowing, you wished to exalt yourself, like the pythonesses and the prophets of old, in order that you might pronounce your oracles, armed with all the power of inspiration, and filled with the spirit of the Lord. Speak now then. The air is calm, the path is easy, the moon lights our steps. All nature seems plunged in concentration to listen to you, and our hearts call for your revelations. Our vain science, our proud reason will be humbled before your burning words. Speak, the moment has come."

But the unknown refused to explain himself.

"What could I say to you that I have not just said, in a more beautiful language? Is it my fault if you have not understood me? You think that I wished to speak to your senses, and it was my soul that spoke to you. What do I say? It was the soul of the whole of humanity that spoke to you through mine. I was truly inspired then. Now I am no longer so. I have need of rest. You would experience the same need had you received all that I wished to make pass from my being into yours."

It was impossible for Spartacus to obtain anything else that evening. When we had reached the first huts: "Friends," said the unknown to us, "do not follow me any longer, but come and see me again to-morrow. You may knock at the first door. You will be well received every where here, if you understand the language of the country."

It was not necessary for us to display the little money with which we were provided. The hospitality of the Bohemian peasant is worthy of ancient times. We were received with a calm obligingness, and soon with an affectionate cordiality, when we were heard to speak the Slave language without difficulty; the people here still distrust every one who approaches them with German words in his mouth.

We soon learned that we were at the foot of the mountain and of the castle of the Giants, and from the name, might

have believed ourselves transported by enchantment into the great northern chain of the Carpathians. But we were informed that one of the ancestors of the Podiebrads had thus baptized his domain, in consequence of a vow he had made in the *Riesenburg*. They also related to us how the descendants of Podiebrad had changed their own name, after the disasters of the thirty years' war, to that of Rudolstadt. Persecution went so far in those days as even to Germanize the names of cities, estates, families and individuals. All these traditions are still living in the heart of the Bohemian peasant. Thus, the mysterious Trismegistus, whom we sought, is very certainly the same Albert Podiebrad who was buried alive, twenty-five years ago, and who, rescued from the tomb, it was never known by what miracle, disappeared for a long time, and was persecuted and imprisoned, ten or fifteen years later, as a cheat, impostor, and especially as a freemason and rosicrucian; he is indeed that famous count de Rudolstadt whose strange trial was concealed with so much care, and whose identity could never be determined. Friend, have confidence, then, in the inspirations of the master! You trembled to see us, from vague and incomplete revelations, run in search of a man, who might be, like so many of the Illuminés of the preceding formation, an impudent chevalier d'industrie, or a ridiculous adventurer. The master had divined rightly. From some scattered memoranda, from some mysterious writings of this strange personage, he had perceived a man of intelligence and of truth, a precious guardian of the sacred fire and of the healthful traditions of anterior Illuminism, an adept of the ancient secret, a doctor of the new interpretation. We have found him, and we know more now of the history of masonry, of the famous Invisibles, whose labors and even whose existence we doubted, of the ancient and modern mysteries, than we have ever learned by seeking to decipher lost hieroglyphics, or by consulting ancient adepts, worn by persecution and debased by fear. We have at last found a man, and we return to you with that sacred fire, which formerly made of a statue of clay an intelligent being, a new god, the rival of the savage and stupid gods of ancient times. Our master is the Prometheus. Trismegistus had the flame in his heart, and we have derived enough of it from him to initiate you all into a new life.

The recitals of our good hosts kept us long awake around the rustic hearth. They had not cared for the sentences and legal attestations which declared Albert de Rudolstadt to have forfeited, by an attack of catalepsy, his name and his

rights. The love they bore his memory, their hatred of the foreigners, those Austrian spoilers who, after having procured the condemnation of the true heir, came to divide his estate and his chateau; the shameful plunder of that great fortune, of which Albert would have made so noble a use, and especially, the hammer of the demolisher destroying that ancient signoral abode, in order to sell the materials at a low price, as certain animals, destructive and profaning by nature, must needs pollute and injure the prey they cannot carry away: this was quite enough to cause the peasants of the Boëmer-Wald to prefer a poetically miraculous truth to the reasonable and odious assertions of the conquerors. Twenty-five years have passed since the disappearance of Albert Podiebrad, and no one here has been willing to believe in his death, although the German gazettes have published it in confirmation of an unjust sentence, although the whole aristocracy of the court of Vienna has laughed with contempt and pity at hearing the story of a madman who considered himself, in good faith, a resuscitated dead man. And now Albert de Rudolstadt has been a week in these mountains, and goes to pray and to sing, every evening, under the ruins of the chateau of his fathers. And now, also, during this week, all the men old enough to have seen him when young recognize him under his grey hairs, and prostrate themselves before him, as before their true master and their former friend. There is something admirable in this recollection and in the love which these people bear to him; nothing in our corrupted world can give an idea of the pure morals and the noble sentiments we have met with here. — Spartacus is penetrated with respect, and he is the more struck with them, because a little persecution we experienced from these peasants confirmed our opinion of their fidelity to misfortune and gratitude.

To be Continued.

GEORGE SAND.

The following discriminating notice of the writings of GEORGE SAND is from a recent number of one of the leading critical journals of England, the *London Spectator*. After the crude and flippant judgments which we are compelled to hear pronounced daily on this great analyst of the human heart, it is an agreeable surprise to find such a broad and liberal view in a quarter from which we have been accustomed to look for so much dogmatism and prejudice. If the "virtuous republican" of the *Morning Post*, who has displayed such a pious zeal in protecting the morals of young men and maidens in Boston from the contamination of George Sand, "ever sees a number" of the *Spectator*, we commend the article to his especial attention.

About ten years ago, such a speculation as publishing an English version of

George Sand's works would have been impossible, so virulent was the prejudice against them in this country. An article appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, on French novels in general, in which, while the whole were held up to execration for "immorality," special execration was invoked for the writings of the lady who chooses the pseudonym of George Sand. Her repute in England, at that time, might be called infamous. There was no bound to the expression of hatred; which, unsatisfied with facts, sought a complement to its satisfaction in fables. The events of her remarkable but imperfectly known life were eked out with inventions; her eccentricities of conduct suggested the idea of a monster, morally and physically. These romances were bandied about as a warrant to seal the fatal judgment universally pronounced on her works. Not that they were universally read: most of those who condemned would have resented as an affront the imputation of being one of her readers; and among some of the loudest, we know, were those who took their opinion at second-hand. But, by a fiction similar to that which assumes every body to be familiar with the laws of England, every body presumed himself competent to join in the outcry against the unknown author, through a kind of instinctive knowledge as to the drift of her doctrines. Since that time there has been a great reaction. Signor Mazzini wrote a counter-statement in a monthly publication that has been discontinued; more precise accounts of the author appeared in the *Westminster Review*, and more recently again in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, by a writer whose disposition in her favor did not prevent him from taking an English view on the point of morals, and who was enabled, by familiar acquaintance with the text, and by discriminating tact, to put the English reader in possession of a key to the truth. To the bitter prejudice succeeded doubt, then curiosity; and evidences of the altered feeling multiply. Allusions to the writings of George Sand, based upon more correct knowledge, occur with increasing frequency in English periodicals; the sale of her works in London is extensive; and the list of her habitual English readers would exhibit several names known to literature of the discreetest kind. There is at once a growing desire to know what is this creature George Sand, and a corresponding desire to make her known to the English public. Some months back, *Frazer's Magazine*, a periodical whose licences are seldom of a kind at which conventional authority refuses to wink, published an abridged version of a tale by the tabooed author; we know that a beneficed clergyman of the Established Church has been engaged in translating one of her most pleasing fictions; and finally, there is tangible proof of the double disposition in the enterprise before us.

What, then, is this writer, who is about to be introduced to the English public? We will put the reply in as plain and compact a shape as we can.

We cannot meddle with George Sand's private life, further than to say, that being the victim of a "marriage de convenance," she was not of a nature to suffer injustice with repining acquiescence, but left her husband, and became a powerful writer against matches of interest. Some of the stories current about her subse-

quent life are "founded upon fact," but they are mixed up with the most extravagant inventions. We know enough to be conscious that we are ignorant of many things essential to a true judgment upon her as a woman.

It is not difficult to account for the extreme misrepresentation to which her works have been subjected in England. With different standards, we in England deem French works of fiction in general to be immoral: no writer in France avows his real opinions with more frankness than George Sand, sets them forth with equal power, or owns less servility towards conventional authority; hence, among free writers, she is the most free; and, by an easy confusion of terms, we assume that among the licentious she is the most licentious.

That, however, is a false conclusion in more than one important respect. Writing not for English but for French readers, living in a French atmosphere, her works necessarily partake of French manners. But, like the productions of all great artists, they rise above mere nationality. Raphael's models were Italian, but the creations of his pencil belong rather to human nature at large than to Italy in particular; and so it is with Sand. In many ways, the severest English moralist would confess that her writings are strikingly distinguished from those of her countrymen, by their appeal to the highest feelings of human nature against conventional immoralities in France. In the first place, she is eminently serious and earnest; she does not make light of crime or injustice, or even of bad taste, but never ceases to contend for refinement and self-control. She assails "marriages de convenance" on account of their immoral tendencies. It is a mistake to suppose that she attacks the institution of marriage, or advocates absence of law in such matter: she attacks not the institution but abuses of it; and she is the missionary of no theory on that subject. In fact, he who sought any positive doctrines in her works would be disappointed. The English reader would rather complain of the absence of positive doctrine. It is one of our national peculiarities, connected with our boasted "practical sense," but in itself not always very sensible, that we are impatient of the writer who exposes abuses without having a system, cut and dry, by way of substitute for that which he condemns. It is, indeed, a very serious weakness in our character, which makes us shrink effeminately from the exposure of a danger unless we have the remedy at hand. George Sand is a militant writer; she does denounce abuses, or rather she illustrates their working; she does not propound doctrinal or theoretical systems: we may, in judging her by an English standard, blame her for the omission; but there is neither scuse nor justice, while we do so, in falsely assuming that she advocates St. Simonian doctrines, or some such extravagancies, when in fact she enunciates nothing of a scheme-making sort.

As Sand's writings are principally fictions, in which, as we say, her views are rather illustrated than expounded didactically — set forth in action and dialogue rather than preached by the author — it is not easy to extract from the mass a definite formula which may be presented to the reader as the key to the whole.

But it is not impossible to deduce some clue from works by one who never writes without a purpose, guided by broad and much-considered opinions. We set aside for the moment all question as to the soundness of those opinions, but will endeavor to collect for the reader what it is that George Sand inculcates.

She finds a vast deal of misery in society, arising from two sources,—first, the unsettled state of opinion on moral points, involving the existence of conflicting and incompatible laws; and secondly, a sacrifice of high natural aspirations on a Procrustean bed of baser artificial requirements. Thus, in "mariages de convenance," all the happiness of life arising from the culture and satisfaction of the affections is sacrificed to artificial and comparatively sterile arrangements for the combination of estates or the accumulation of wealth. Marriage is therefore a prominent, but not the sole object of Sand's strictures. Although she is a worshiper of all refinements, and therefore of those refinements which attend high breeding, she finds that artificial distinctions of rank defeat those purposes of social refinement, by disregarding natural elevation of character and intellectual refinement. She paints true dignity as being found among such of the uneducated as trust in full faith to the promptings of nature and the innate sense of what is noble and good; also among the tribe of "artists"—using the word in its broadest sense, to signify all cultivators of liberal arts—because it is their vocation to develop the natural aspirations and capacities of human nature by a combined exercise of intellect and feeling. The *Compagnon du Tour de France* furnishes an instance and a striking trait of Sand's generous earnestness: hearing of Agricole Perdiguer's effort to reform the system of compagnonnage, (a sort of free-mason tradesunion among the French working classes,) she helped him with pecuniary aid, and wrote a novel to show how coöperation and the artistic feeling ennoble the working man. All endeavor must be frustrated which has not motives that are true; and therefore she demands as an essential to all real goodness, undiluted truth,—meaning by "truth," not that unattainable abstraction absolute truth, but that which is true to conviction. To that there should be thorough devotion at any price. Hence, in *Jeanne*, she exalts the devotion of a simple country girl who dies the devotee to an idle local superstition, but is ennobled by virtuous simplicity and self-denial. Goodness lacks the power of development without strength: in *Andre* you see a well-intentioned young man who becomes the instrument of dealing unhappiness around, because his weakness of character makes him yield to paternal authority and other imposing influences, even for evil; and in *Simon* you see energy of character asserting and protecting what is good. Her whole works inculcate that you must accept life as you find it, mingling trials with happiness; must unswervingly do what seems to you, on profound and sincere conviction, right, and whatever most conduces to evoke good; must pursue that purpose at all hazard, and against all obstruction—even, it is to be inferred, against conventional authority, where that dictates what is bad; but that you neither need nor ought ever to sacrifice kindness. Truth, justice, and love,

are the ruling objects and powers of her ethics.

So much for doctrine, such as we have drawn it by inference from the events and characters of her books. These are worked out with wonderful potency of pen. Her description of persons, of scenery, of action, is as vivid, as distinct, as individualized, as Titian: the persons take their place in the memory, like Scott's, with real characters. It is not, however to be supposed that her manner is like that of Scott: she cannot in the same way recall a history or a pageant; but she paints with equal force, and more delicacy, when pure nature, human or inanimate, is the subject. Her style is musical, plain, direct, and powerful. Addressing, be it ever remembered, a French and not an English public, she takes licences in the narration of incidents and love-passages which in England we hold it better to imagine than to describe: but in that respect she uses far more restraint than her native contemporaries, or than authors in our own country in the last generation; and, as we have said, is never, like our own writers even at this day, betrayed into levity, or the theatrical exaltation of that which she knows to be worthless. Perhaps some part of the misconception on this head is derived from the fact that she paints with such surpassing power, and especially so paints emotion, that she seems to have gone beyond other writers. But her "immortality" must be sought in her doctrine rather than in her narrative—in the drift of the events rather than in the description.

Many of George Sand's books are so discreet, so freed from doctrinal or controversial points even by implication, and are so simply directed to illustrate the power of goodness and kindness in elevating the soul and diffusing happiness, that they might be placed in the hands of all. Such are the *Mare au Diable*, the *Pêche de Monsieur Antoine*, (one of her latest,) and several others. Some of her books tend, and most powerfully, to unsettle opinion on subjects for which in England we admit no dispute: all make you think, all make a strong impression—make you detest what is base, and love what is sincere, generous, and kind. We have heard as much said by persons fully imbued with English Conservatism, on those grounds; and we believe that the last sentence expresses pretty closely the judgment to which the greater number of her English readers would agree.

THE MARRIAGE OF LISTZ. A correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* gives a romantic account of the marriage of the great pianiste, which is a very good story, although it seems a little too romantic to be strictly true. It is very briefly this: Last autumn Listz was at Prague, where, the day after his arrival, a stranger called upon him, and represented himself as a brother artist in distress, having expended all his means in an unsuccessful law suit, and solicited aid to enable him to return to Nuremberg, his place of residence. Listz gave him a hearty reception, and opened his desk to get some money, but found he possessed only three ducats.

"You see," said the generous artist, "that I am as poor as yourself. However, I have

credit, and I can coin more money with my piano. I have here a miniature given me by the Emperor of Austria; the painting is of little value, but the diamonds are fine; take it, sell the diamonds, and keep the money."

The stranger refused the rich gift, but Listz compelled him to take it, and he carried it to a jeweller, who, suspecting from his miserable appearance, that he had stolen it, had him arrested and thrown into prison. The stranger sent for his generous benefactor, who immediately called upon the jeweller and told him that the man was innocent, that he had given him the diamonds.

"But who are you?" said the jeweller.

"My name is Listz."

"I know of no financier of that name."

"Very possible."

"But do you know that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins?"

"So much the better for him to whom I gave them."

"But you must be very rich to make such presents?"

"My sole fortune consists of three ducats!"

"Then you are a fool."

"No. I have only to move the ends of my fingers to get as much money as I want."

"Then you are a sorcerer?"

"I will show you the kind of sorcery that I employ."

Seeing a piano in the back parlor of the jeweller's shop, the eccentric *artiste* sat down to it and began to improvise a ravishing air. A beautiful young lady made her appearance, and at the close of the performance exclaimed:

"Bravo! Listz!"

"You know him, then?" said the jeweller to his daughter.

"I have never seen him before," she said, "but there is no one in the world but Listz who can draw such sounds from the piano."

The jeweller was satisfied, the stranger was released and relieved. The report of Listz being in the city flew, and he was waited upon and feted by the nobles, who besought him to give a concert in their city. The jeweller, seeing the homage that was paid to the man of genius, was ambitious of forming an alliance with him, and said to him:

"How do you find my daughter?"

"Adorable!"

"What do you think of marriage?"

"Well enough to try it."

"What do you say to a dowry of three millions of francs?"

"I will accept it, and thank you too."

"Well, my daughter likes you, and you like her—the dowry is ready. Will you be my son-in-law?"

"Gladly."

And the marriage was celebrated the week following.

A NEW THOUGHT ABOUT EXPLOSIVE COTTON. We see by the *Democratique Pacifique* of Paris, that the European governments are in no small trepidation about the discovery of the new explosive Cotton. It puts a terrible power in the hands of the

people, which can be manufactured very easily, and concealed in spite of police researches. The French government wished to suppress it, but it found that it would have to suppress many materials — all kinds of acids, cotton, hemp, paper, &c., that it would be impossible. Revolution will no doubt be greatly facilitated by this invention, and it comes at a time when reform ideas agitate the masses more deeply than ever before. The fact is that the kings and rulers of the world will have to undertake the work of elevating peacefully the oppressed and miserable masses, or take consequences far more serious than have heretofore fallen upon them for the neglect of their duty. — *Newark Advertiser*.

GOOD. A great wag, on being introduced to James, the novelist, exclaimed, "What! do I behold the real G. P. R. James, the author of that prolific novel which has appeared under so many names?"

NON-COMMITTAL. An old lady being asked her opinion of a neighbor, replied: "Why, I don't like to say anything about my neighbors, but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think — and then again I don't know — but, after all, I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of a man as I take him to be."

MUSICAL REVIEW.

BOSTON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

This Society held the third of its festivals, or musical "mass meetings," on Saturday evening, January 30th. Into the inconvenient, music-deadening, and soul-stifling, although spacious hall of the Tremont Temple, every thing that had ears was packed, as if under the deck of some vast ship; and hundreds too, no doubt, were there for the simple end of seeing and of being seen, of being where the world was. Where it is known that one thousand people will be, another thousand finds itself drawn to them by simple social gravitation. Music, dancing, churches, lectures, plays, each attracts its crowds; but the greatest of all attractions is a crowd. The Philharmonic Society, having this to offer, can do almost anything. — No; not every thing. They cannot give such music as they would; they cannot play a Symphony of Beethoven, without dismembering it and introducing little songs between its several movements; they cannot consult good taste rather than the crowd. This is a misfortune, although the character of their music has been gradually rising, and it is really encouraging to know that so much that is good gets brought before so large a number, even by the questionable art of mingling it with much that is simply popular and bad. In such a crowd, and in such a place, the best of

music is heard under great disadvantage. We have said thus much of the audience, because that in these concerts is the principal feature, the very Hamlet of the play.

The announcement of Beethoven's Symphony in C minor was certainly a sign of progress. But its bringing out this time, however excellent so far as the orchestral labors were concerned, was accompanied by two great sins against the author and against true musical feeling. The first we have already alluded to. The various movements were not given consecutively, but at two long intervals, one of which was filled with songs and other pieces. This may have abridged the tedium of hearing a whole long Symphony at once to those who feel no meaning in it, and who consequently are not anxious to trace its thought through, or to continue its mood and receive of it a total impression; but to those who do appreciate a Symphony, to those for whom alone such music ought to be attempted, it was very tantalizing. Worse than that; it was very much like seeing the head, the body, and the feet of a statue at three separate times; it was breaking up the grandest current of sentiment and thought and mixing it with things ordinary, and common-place, as in our feverish and fragmentary dreams. We beg the Society to have a little more faith in their great audience, either that they will tolerate and feel this noble music as a whole, or that they will at least have respect enough for those who do feel it (and they are many) to listen most devoutly and not interrupt a high hour, though it be to them no more than the great organ or the sermon to a child in church.

The other sin was found upon the back of the Programme, where it was gravely stated as a matter of fact, which the listener must bear in mind to guide him, that this Symphony is "expressive of the anxious search after Truth, and the doubts of the Sceptic." This is merely the conjecture of some one; and whether plausible or not it does not matter. To state the thing thus literally was to lead the audience to suppose that Beethoven wrote the Symphony with that special end in view, — a thing which no one is entitled to assert. Various interpretations, so called, have been suggested of this Fifth Symphony; and they all agree in one thing, that throughout the first movement of the music, there is felt an earnest, powerful yearning and striving, as of the soul with some power that obstructs its life; and in the Andante a most religious state of clearness and of reconciliation; and in the triumphal march of the Finale, a mighty certainty and gathering up of inward strength for

great humanitarian, heaven-sanctioned action. It is not wonderful that this should have suggested to some listener his own struggles in the search for truth, and a new assurance that a glorious reward awaits his sincere and persevering aspiration. But depend upon it, there is no *scepticism* in this music; it is all a most believing aspiration; the emotion from the first is deep and full of faith. Scepticism, unbelief is not a thing which music can express. The emotions, which seek utterance in music, seek it there because they are so positive, and because words, the language of the doubting intellect, no longer serve their purpose. Beethoven once said, speaking of those three short notes which open the first movement: "*So knocks Fate at the door.*" If any design is to be indicated to an audience before they listen to this Symphony, it should be after this text. In harmony with this idea we once recorded, in an early number of the Harbinger, our impressions of this music. They were our sincere impressions, so much so that reading them over serves to recall the music to us; and many others with us felt the thoughts to be rather an aid than an interference in the hearing of the Symphony. But we should think it very wrong to publish such suggestions, necessarily somewhat fanciful and somewhat individual, upon the programme of a performance, so as to anticipate the genuine and direct impression of the music itself upon each hearer's own unsophisticated mind.

What with these draw-backs, and what with the difficulty of fairly hearing and receiving into us a great piece of music amid the deadening influence of that great hall and crowd, where the full swelling chords were choked and seemed to come up, as it were, from under the water, and where five hundred ladies' fans were fluttering most restlessly throughout the whole of that sublime Andante, which ought to have arrested and held fast, as if by magnetism, every hand and every eye behind which there was any soul of feeling; we were hardly in a state to judge well of the performance. It seemed to us, however, that very little was wanting on the part of the orchestra; at least, compared with similar performances in Boston. We were persuaded that it was a good performance; only its effect was drowned by these unmusical circumstances. Frequently we listened for some point but could not hear it at all; and yet by the motions of the musicians we could see that it was executed. The Allegro was taken, as we thought, too fast; — the common fault of all our orchestras. Beethoven was constantly lecturing his leaders on this matter. It is true that the whole rate and

standard of time has accelerated lately, in perfect keeping with the restless character of the age; we live fast. And it is true that time is rather relative than positive, and that the most rapid prestissimo seems to glide on without hurry when the tempo of our own nerves and feelings and whole system corresponds. Thus familiarity with any piece will make what once was very fast, seem very moderate. But to this effect it is essential that the thing be done with perfect spirit, freedom and precision, that there be certainty and calmness in its haste. Hence the rule naturally suggested is this: that whereas a very perfect orchestra of moderate size may take a piece in very quick time; yet it should be slower in the case of a large orchestra, or of one which cannot play fast without giving the sense of hurrying and scrambling in the individual parts to keep up with one another. Moreover let no orchestra attempt to play very fast, which is obliged to be merely mechanical in its playing; in which there is not a pervading feeling of the composition which dictates to every instrument, by a simultaneous instinct, when to retard a little, and when to accelerate. No strict time-keeping by Maelzel's metronome can possibly produce a piece of music as it existed in the composer's mind, or fail to sacrifice its life and glow and meaning; and consequently that swift rail-road speed, which does not yield to all the varying impulsions of a controlling feeling, will express as little as a rapid locomotive with a long train of dirt cars after it.

We trust the Society will produce this Symphony again, continuous and whole, if only for the sake of the knowing newspaper critic who thought so well of the three "Symphonies" that were performed that evening. We trust the orchestra will go on and nurture its own excellent beginnings, till they shall be thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of some of these great tone-creations and know how to give them out with feeling. As to the audience and the fans, they of course will have their own way, till they are converted and made musical.

The next most important item in the list of performances was a Concerto of Hummel's, for piano forte and orchestra, executed by the distinguished American pianist, Mr. E. L. WALKER. The orchestra commenced alarmingly out of tune with the piano; but as they warmed up and got on towards the obligato parts, harmony was somehow restored, and the Concerto went on swimmingly, full of delicacy and grace and power. It was a true classic composition, such as we seldom get from virtuosos; and Mr. Walker played it with true feeling, governing his

almost unlimited powers of execution. The clear, pure tones of his admirable instrument came out satisfactorily in spite of the difficulty of the place. His second piece, which was without orchestra, the variations on "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," we could not stay to hear, having already got sufficiently exhausted by the crowd, and distracted by the first half of the medley of little hackneyed songs, which were scattered all along the concert as a "sop to Cerberus" by the Seguin company. We were not even spared the everlasting "Marble halls;" it had, however, the novelty of some pretty orchestral effects. Mr. Frazer in the brigand's song from *Fra Diavolo*, sang distressingly flat. The voices of Mr. and Mrs. Seguin had all their usual charm, and the Trio which we heard was very sweetly sung by the whole party.

BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony on Saturday, February 6th, was the best performance of a Beethoven Symphony to which we have ever listened in Boston. Certainly the orchestra of the Academy have acquired new life and energy. We have never felt the general audience so fully with us, in the breathless interest with which we heard one movement after the other, to its close. The thing for once seemed fairly brought out in its grandeur, and its beauty, and its power, and really to take possession of all souls who were within hearing. This time we settled the matter for ourselves, that this is by far the greatest of those nine unrivalled Symphonies. It strikes a deeper chord in the human soul than even the Fifth. That was aspiration, followed by clear vision, glorious resolve, and an ideal triumph. This is realization, the offering up of a life in solemn cheerfulness to the pure service of the Whole. Renounce and realize, seems to be the hurthen of its harmonies; or life in unity with all things. A sublime renunciation reigns continually in the very treatment of its musical themes; especially in the *Allegretto quasi Andante*, where several times in the full tide of perfect utterance and beauty the theme is suddenly cut short by a few decisive chords, and yet no loss of wealth or strength, or even unity in what comes after. The same thing too was observable throughout the vigorous Finale, which was made clear and life-like in the performance as we never have heard it before; all those little nervous accents in the commencement of the short threads of melody, which save it from becoming a homely common-place melody and from remind-

ing one too much of the "Downfall of Paris," were given as they should be; and the whole thing moved forward like a glorious creature in full symmetry of life. That wonderful episode which twice occurs in the midst of the playful Scherzo, where the key changes from F into D major, and the violins hold out on A with a sort of trumpet tone, is perhaps the sublimest thing in the whole range of instrumental music. Never was such an effect produced by such exceedingly simple means; it is as if the whole heavens suddenly opened, and the light of a new world was poured in over all things. It is the moment of highest religious ecstasy, fusing all hearts, in the midst of the pure festivities of joy. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy;" and so too in after life, it streams in upon us, transfiguring all about us, as often as joy, fully shared, reaches the self-forgetting point and makes us children once again.

We have not time to analyze this Symphony, and translate it into thought. And we have let too many newer and less worthy matters occupy us since, to find ourselves now able to do justice to the glorious impression which it made upon us at the time. It was a strengthening infusion into our soul of souls. It rested us,—it swallowed up the ennui and distracting, superficial fancies raised in us by all the minor medley of music which preceded, by talking crowd, and glaring lamps, and the whole day's common-place. It roused the soul to consciousness of those depths wherein alone it knows repose. It put a stop to all our foolish comparisons of lesser pieces, (unnatural necessity of critics!) to discussions whether this or that were good or not, by presenting something which leaves not an unoccupied corner in the mind for such an idle question; something that drowns criticism out of sight, and simply moves us and makes our whole life greater, truer, deeper for the time.

Thus, for instance, we were wondering whether we did really like the new Overture of Auber, to "*Le Duc D'Orlone*," before the Symphony began. But when the Symphony possessed us, then we owned again the perfectly impassable gulf which separates the most ingenious and brilliant successes of talent from the great works of genius. Auber never could possess us. Our life has not acquired a new weight by the addition of his music. Yet his inventive fancy does seem inexhaustible. Each new Overture seems wholly new; turns up one happy fancy after another, as readily as one of Eugene Sue's long novels. We can hear them, once or twice each, and find very exquisite amusement; that is all. Our first acquaintance among them, the

Overture to *Massaniello*, still seems to us the best of them, although we love the fairy revelry of *Zanetta*. The *Duc D'Orléans* is of a bolder and more stirring character, and has a smart power of its own.

The Concert opened with *Der Freyschutz*. That again was great; and very well performed. This overture has more color than any that we know. The character of every instrument is brought out with masterly discrimination. The low, earthy, smothered sounds of violoncellos and bassoons and the clarinet's low octave in the first part; the golden flood of distant light poured in by the four French horns; the exquisite solo of the clarinet, which streams on gently like a sweet little winding river through a wild and woody country, frowning with gigantic rocks and pines, and reflects on its limpid surface the roseate clouds of spring; the groaning trombones, fitfully echoing the closes of the upper melody; and the muffled, swarming diablerie that like a smoke ascends occasionally amid the clearer sounds; all is like a colored picture. Then there is a supernatural element in all of it, at the same time that it seems the natural music of the loving, tried, but trusting human heart. *Der Freyschutz* was a pure gift of genius; and Weber is becoming continually greater in our comparative estimate of modern composers. That opera alone is worth all that the new Italian school has produced. In the performance of this overture, every point was satisfactory, if we except some want of clearness in the syncopated passage with which the quick movement sets out directly after the first tremolo; we seldom hear this given well. And here we may as well say that the orchestra in general, throughout the evening, seemed well blended and proportioned, with the single exception of that unmitigated drum. We cannot imagine why it should make itself so prominent, unless it has grown insolent with the revival of the war-spirit in our Christian country.

So much for the orchestra. Several songs and solos lent their variety to the entertainment. The first, a Flute Concerto, (pardon us, Signor Rametti!) was a most remarkable, and most laughable production, after the very pattern of "C Sharp's advice to his friend Phunniwistl," which we published more than a year since. Such a composition! Why it was an elaborate, and tedious *de-composition* of the smallest minimum of a melody, through a series of mechanical variations, made on the principle of having each contain more notes to the measure than the one which went before. It was skilfully played, but with a deal of fuss, and introducing that "sky-rockety sort

of a rush" so often as to destroy all its point. The second Solo, or rather Duett, was for Piano Forte and Violin, from Herz and Lafont, performed by Messrs. Keyzer and Mason. The gravity of the former was ill matched with the youthful elasticity of the latter. Besides, the violin was flatter than the piano, and even obstinately so upon sustained notes. Mr. Mason played with spirit, precision, and apparent ease, although with a lame arm. The celebrated French horn player, Herr Dorn, performed a sort of Concerto, with orchestral accompaniment, by Lindpaintner, consisting of an Adagio, and Tema with variations and echo. He drew most exquisite tones from his instrument, mellow, clear and true. His sustained notes, and his *crescendo* and *diminuendo* were most artistically done. The Adagio and the Echo parts were highly interesting and in the true genius of his instrument. The variations, although what no other man perhaps could do as well, only proved that it was a thing not to be done upon the horn, and not worth doing if it could be. Our former suspicion that the horn was never meant to be a solo instrument; that useful as its slow good-nature is in the orchestral commonwealth, it has no vocation to be principal spokesman, was now made certainty, by hearing this first horn-player, as it is said, in the world.

Miss Rosa Garcia's two songs, from Bellini and Donizetti, were marked by exquisite finish and good taste. With but a moderate quantity of voice, she is the most refined and artist-like of all our singers.

MR. EDWARD L. WALKER.

A complimentary Concert was given to this gentleman, in Boston, at the Melodeon, on the 13th of this month. Previous to his performance before the Philharmonic Society, above referred to, he had given a Concert, which from want of proper advertisement, was but very poorly attended; and though his playing was in truth exquisitely beautiful of its kind, the chill of an empty house proved too much for it. We should be glad if we could attribute the absence of any number of persons to the fact that one of his pieces, a very spirited and beautiful March in itself, bore upon the programme the title of "Grand triumphal March of Monterey." It surely seemed a desecration of high art, to make it minister to this popular madness, this fighting pseudo-patriotism, this great shame of our nation. Music should not prostitute her heavenly voice to such an end. But Mr. Walker, with the thoughtless, willing manner of a musician and a child, had yielded to the first person who suggested a title, and it chanced to be in a portion

of the country a little farther south and nearer to the barbarous States, where the war spirit is more rife. We know that he has altogether too sacred a regard for the art, in which he is so distinguished, to lend its sanction deliberately to such a cause as never could inspire other music than the grating sounds of hell.

But enough of this. His friends, impressed with his truly artist-like powers and character during his visit a year since, resolved that he should have an opportunity to appear more truly himself, and before an audience proportioned to his merits. And the result was satisfactory. As large an audience as is ever drawn out in Boston by a piano forte Concert, were assembled.

Mr. Walker played four pieces: his "Fantasia on the Mermaid's Song, from Oberon;" his "Rondo des Hirondelles;" his Variations on "Believe me, &c.," and an "Impromptu on Irish Melodies;" besides the "Dream" of Wallace, when he was encored. Wonderful delicacy, finish, spirit, rapidity and ease of execution reigned through all his playing. We do not wonder that his style has been compared with that of Herz. But Mr. Walker has far more enthusiasm and true warmth. Herz is an impassible, accomplished man of the world, whom nothing longer can excite. Sensitive, excitable, and delicately organized, Mr. Walker throws a great deal of genuine feeling into his performance, even when the composition is meagre in respect of thought; and so he carries his audience with him. A simple, child-like, cheerful love of nature, very much like Haydn's, seems to be his inspiration. This appears in his compositions, which otherwise have no great strength of passion or depth of thought. The "*Rondo des Hirondelles*" is by far the best of them; and this he has retouched and deepened since he played it here a year ago. We cannot think his forte lies in composition. Compose he will and must, no doubt; his temperament and organization lead to it; but he has more of true musical sensibility, more of the power to feel, appreciate and express beauty, than he has of creative genius. Mr. Walker has the purest taste in music; there are very few men in this country whose musical opinions and judgments are so discriminating and well-founded. He appreciates the classic masters, and he studies them. If he could command a select and fitting audience in some of our principal cities another winter, and give a series of classical soirees, in which the sonatas of Beethoven, Mozart, and Hummel, as well as the best works of Thalberg, Mendelssohn, and Chopin, should be a prominent feature, we cannot doubt that he would essentially serve the cause of music in this

country, as well as his own fame. Let him only do the best thing that he can do, and every American must be proud of him.

We should not omit to speak of his most admirable instrument, made by Chickering, under the artist's own superintendence, and which he has taken the greatest pains to perfect in every part. There is perfect evenness throughout its whole scale of tones, and they are of a clear, limpid, *piquant* quality throughout. The "Harmonic Attachment" was very effective where any transition into a new sphere, or dream-world, was intended to be expressed. With all its delicacy, and sweetness, it also gave out a wealth of tone that filled the room.

Mr. Walker was assisted by Mr. Dorn, the hornist, and by Mr. Lehman, who accompanied the former skilfully upon the flute. Mrs. Watson, from Philadelphia, was the cantatrice. She is endowed with a voice of great richness, sweetness and power. Her accentuation is remarkably perfect; her style free, finished, chaste, but without much feeling, as it seemed to us. Her "*Una voce poco fa*," was admirably done; and so was "John Anderson." But it seemed hardly necessary to send so far for one who should only sing these little hackneyed songs; especially do we protest against such mawkish caricatures of sentiment, as Dempster's ditty upon Tennyson's "May Queen;" and yet the audience encored it.

Another atrocity occurred at the opening of the Concert. The overture to *Der Freyschutz* (heaven save the mark!) upon the organ! Without color, without sharp outline, without gradation of loud and soft, without any one true feature of that glorious composition. St. Cecilia must be grieved in heaven to see this sublime instrument dragged into our light medley concerts, and made to play such antics, as it often is, as if it were a mere fiddle or hand-organ. No, let it be sacred to its own great style, the massive choral and the lofty fugue,

"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

THE LOVED DEPARTED.

Solemn as their voices dying,
Silent as the graves they lie in,
Tender as a mother's yearnings,
Secret as a wife's heart-burnings,
Sweet as tears of the kind-hearted,
Are thoughts of the loved departed.

Now their aspects greet us cheerful,
Now with something sad or tearful;
Still and mystic come their faces,
Hallowed by unearthly graces.
Welcome aye, whenever darted,
Visions of the dear departed.

When least looked for, come before us
These pure visions, to restore us;
When a sordid passion's scheming,
When with anger eyes are gleaming,
Blessed be whatever started
Memories of the loved departed. E. Y. T.

THE ARTISTS.

FROM SCHILLER'S ODE.

From clay and stone the first Art humbly rose;
With still advances conquering it goes
The soul's unmeasured empire through;
And what discoverers have sought
And won within the land of Thought,
They have discovered, won it all for you.
The treasures, which the thinker has amassed,
First in your arms shall warm his heart,
When his cold Science, ripened into Beauty,
shall at last

Become ennobled to a work of Art,—
When he upon a hill with you shall go,
And to his eye, in the mild evening-glow,
The valley-picture paint itself below.
The richer ye his quick look satisfy,

The loftier the spheres, through which ye
tempest his soul,
As by a magic spell, to fly,

And lose itself with rapture in the whole;
The wider every thought and feeling
Opens to the softly stealing
Melodies, in mingling play,
And beauty streaming in like Day—
The clearer order will he see

In forms no longer strewed promiscuously,
But blending in a world's harmonious plan,
That answers sweetly to the soul of man;

The lovelier secrets will he draw from night;
The richer grow the world, with which he grows;
The broader stream the sea, with which he flows;
The weaker seem old Destiny's blind might;
The higher strive his yearning heart above;
The smaller he become, while greater grows
his love.

So lead him imperceptibly,
Through ever purer tones, and purer forms,
Through ever higher heights, and fairer charms,
Up the steep blossom-path of Poesy—
Till, on time's ripest elevation,
Yet one more happy inspiration,
One poet-flight of the last Era's youth,
And—he will glide into the arms of Truth.

* * * * *
The dignity of Man
Into your hands is given;
O, keep it well!
With you it sinks, or lifts itself to heaven!
The poet's holy spell
But serves a world's well-ordered plan;
Soft may it lead unto the sea
Of the great Harmony!

Let earnest Truth, if her own age reject her,
Seek rest in song;—the Muses shall protect her:
Then shall she meet the unbelieving sneer
With glance, whence guilty spirits quail,
More terrible in Beauty's veil;
Then shall she stand up in the might of Song,
And with avenging trumpet, shout her wrong
Into her persecutor's coward ear.

The freest Mother's free-born sons,
Wing yourselves upward, with undazzled gaze,
To highest Beauty's throne of rays!
Ye need not woo for other crowns;
The Sisters, who escape you here, have ever
dwelt
Around the Mother's lap, and there shall wel-
come you.

What gentle souls as Beautiful have felt,
That must be Excellent and Perfect too.

On bold wing seek a loftier sphere
Above your narrow time-career,
That on your mirror clear may dawn
From far the coming century's morn.
O'er all the thousand winding ways
Of rich Variety
Meet ye at last with glad embrace
Round the high throne of Unity!
As into seven softer hues
Shivers the silvery beam of light;
As all the seven rainbow hues
Run back into the dazzling white;
So round the swimming eyes of youth
With all your glancing witcheries play;
So flow into one bond of Truth,
Into one stream of perfect Day.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, FEB. 27, 1847.

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.

NATIONAL ERA—CHRIST AND ASSO- CIATION—DESTINY OF MAN.

The NATIONAL ERA, the new abolition organ at Washington contains in its last number a very courteous and kind notice of a sermon preached by Mr. CHANNING in Boston. It is from the Boston correspondent of that paper. After a few introductory remarks he says:

"The speaker at Washingtonian Hall was William H. Channing, who has long been known as a zealous advocate of human liberty. After reading a portion of Scripture, he spoke for an hour or more earnestly and eloquently. He dwelt upon the special opportunities which the world, at different periods, had enjoyed of realizing the ideal of Christianity—the seasons of refreshing, of revelation, and outpouring of the Divine Spirit, which it had suffered to pass, without permanent benefit. The present time he regarded as more full of hope and promise than any which had ever gladdened the heart of humanity. The light of a long prophesied millenium was kindling the world's horizon. The age begetting a faith without love, as well as that of cold philosophy and earthward-looking skepticism, had passed away, and the brotherhood of man, the paternal relations of God, and the beautiful humanities of the Gospel of Christ, were beginning to be recognized as the foundation of a true faith and a holy practice. The world's heart had been touched and softened. The literature of the age was no longer scoffing and skeptical; it was becoming reverent and devout, and at the same time deeply imbued with the benign element of charity and good will to man. The Holy Spirit was moving once more upon the waters; a miracle was vouchsafed to us in this latter day. He closed with an earnest exhortation to his hearers to be "mindful of the heavenly vision,"

to put in practice their faith in Providence and Grace, and *live* the commandments of the Beloved Son of God, who taught his disciples to love one another, even as he loved them.

"I was struck by the speaker's eulogium upon a class of men who have been heretofore everywhere spoken against—the poor Anabaptists of the Reformation. He claimed for them the merit of having seen clearly the truth which Luther and Calvin did not always practically admit—that Christianity was intended to bless this world as well as the next; that it discountenanced alike the spiritual despotism of the Pope and the temporal tyranny of Protestant nobles."

He closes with the following, upon which we have a few comments to make:

"William H. Channing is well known as a disciple of Charles Fourier, and a strenuous and sincere advocate of social reorganization. His influence over his friends and associates cannot but be of a salutary kind. He clearly perceives that the only hope of the world's redemption from its sin and sorrow, its public and social evils, is in the Gospel of Christ—the good tidings foretold by prophets and announced by angels. There was a deep significance in the remark of the excellent Leigh Richmond, when he visited the establishment of the philanthropic Owen, at New Lanark. Admitting the benevolent intentions of its projector, he expressed his belief that the scheme would fail, for *'there was no Christ in it.'*"

We are very much pleased with the general appearance of the National Era, with the variety and ability of its editorial matter; but we regret to find in it what we are obliged to call a kind of cant, and what appears to us like the faded and tattered remnants of a strong and rigid old fanaticism, which was very well in its day, and also in its way, because it was no half way thing. We regret this tone as it comes from noble souls.

The last remark, relative to Leigh Richmond and Mr. Owen's establishment, is of this character. The great name of Christ is thrust in every where, and things of the simplest practical character must be judged by the standard of Christianity. Let us show the error of this, and the mistakes which people commit by thus mingling spheres. Mr. Owen's establishment at New Lanark was a cotton manufactory and nothing more; it was conducted by Mr. Dale, Mr. Owen, and we believe, another gentleman. Mr. Dale was a very practical and money making man, who made a fortune out of the enterprise. Mr. Owen, imbued with a strong philanthropic sentiment, introduced some humane improvements into the establishment. He founded a school for the children, did away with all corporal punishments and lessened the hours of labor. New Lanark was merely a cotton mill with some humane and benevolent arrangements. Now if it failed

because there was "no Christ in it," which is the reason gravely put forth by Leigh Richmond and endorsed by the correspondent of the Era, then we are led to presume, inasmuch as Christ is to be found in cotton mills, that as to others which did succeed, the Christ was in them. In the Lowell manufactories, for example, which flourish so well, and have enriched our capitalists, where our young women, our sisters in Christ and in Humanity toil *thirteen hours per day* in a confined room, amidst the din of machinery, and in an atmosphere loaded with cotton filaments, and sleep six in a room in their boarding houses; in these factories, we suppose "Christ" is to be found, and in all his fulness, for the success is great and the *dividends are large*.

We have no doubt that the New Lanark factory was one of the most humane that was ever founded. If it failed, it did so probably through its benevolent arrangements. We all know that it requires great business shrewdness, often cunning, rapacity, selfishness and extortion, to succeed well in commercial and industrial enterprises in present society. The rights of our fellow men, the "love of the neighbor" have to be disregarded; and the less there is of the Christ in them, the better they succeed. How can it be otherwise? The whole system of modern Industrialism is to get the most you possibly can from your fellow man, and give him the least return. This is the exact inversion of the law of Christ.

In the same number of the National Era there is an article under the editorial head, which is still more strongly imbued with the same feeling. It is in answer to Young America upon the Land question. After expressing a general sympathy with the aims of those advocating the right of Man to the Soil, and the freedom of the public lands, the Editor observes:

"But, to what extent can these evils be remedied? While our faith in the progress of humanity is immovable, we do not look for a millennium in the present order of things. So long as man shall be born of woman, there will be suffering, physical and moral, social and personal, because there will be *ignorance and crime*, accidents and vicissitudes of circumstances and seasons. And there will always be inequalities of wealth, intelligence, and influence, because minds will always differ in habits and power. This earth is the school, not the home, of man. *He is a probationer*, not a permanent dweller. *The adverse circumstances about him*, if he view and use them aright, will serve to develop and discipline his nature for a higher sphere. Faith, patience, self-denial, power of endurance, energy of will—what were man without these ennobling attributes? *But how are these to be acquired where there are no perils, temptations, privations, misfortunes, to be battled with?* Virtue,

where it costs nothing, loses half its divinity. It is the fire that purifies from dross."

The remarks we have italicised are those which we object to. The old doctrine is here brought up fully again that the earth is a mere place of suffering, an abode of wretchedness, a valley of tears, in which man lives merely as a temporary dweller; that he should clothe himself in robes of mourning, go through his trials, temptations, suffering, which form his probation, with firmness and success, and keep his eye on the other world, working exclusively for his own salvation, with very little regard to the great interests of mankind. This doctrine may do very well in times of complete social, political and scientific darkness, when the sentiment of progress and the hope of a better future had not dawned upon the human mind. It inspired the soul with patience and resignation, and probably without some aid of the kind, it would not have gone through the gloomy past, the sad period of the political and industrial apprenticeship of Humanity and its initiation into its destiny.

But this doctrine at the present day, in which the glorious hope of a high and noble future for mankind on earth has been born, and in which the sentiment of progress has arrived at a state of self-consciousness, is a dead clog upon men in their labors for its attainment, turns their feelings from the universal interests of their race, and begets "another-worldly selfishness" which according to the law of the contact of extremes, meets the lowest and most extensive worldly selfishness of this earth, and narrows like it the heart to the interest of the great whole around us.

If the Editor will prove to us that man is merely a probationer here upon earth, we will prove to him that slavery is the state of probation for the negro, and that his efforts to free him are a thwarting of the plans of God, who, if the Editor's doctrine be true, has placed humanity on our globe, not to fulfil some great destiny of use to creation and securing happiness to itself, but to battle with perils, temptations and misfortunes, to be ignorant and criminal, to suffer physically, morally, socially and personally, and in so doing, run the gauntlet of a frightful and hazardous probation in which nine-tenths, according to the assurance of our divines, fail under their trials, and sink into everlasting perdition, the reward of a miserable existence on this earth.

This is a poor kind of philosophy for reformers, and for generous men like those who write for the Era. We would advise them to make a careful study of *the Destiny of Man on Earth*. They would soon discover, if they studied

rightly, that God has assigned to man the noblest function on the earth, the highest trust. They would learn that He has made him the overseer, the supervisor of the globe and the kingdoms of nature upon it; His vice-gerent, His providence in this mundane sphere. They would see that man is the *Reason of Nature*, the crowning Intelligence, which is to maintain (when Humanity has discovered and enters upon its destinies) perfect order, harmony and unity in her kingdoms and in all her forces;—that he is to make of the globe a beautiful terrestrial abode by his industry and his science, cultivating and embellishing it universally, (which he could do with the same efforts that he squanders in wars and other pernicious pursuits); and that upon this foundation of material beauty and harmony, the embellished earth for his platform, he is to establish a free and just order of society, which shall give rise to a sublime serial and social harmony, flowing from his moral nature fairly developed, cultivated and rightly directed, from the full equilibrated and harmonious play of those beautiful and noble faculties, affections and sympathies, which being derived from God, must be in his image, and which when perfected and developed fully and rightly by man, and permitted in a social order adapted to them, to bloom in their purity, will make the earth a reflex of heaven, and the social life of humanity sacred and divine.

SOCIAL RE-ORGANIZATION.—NO. VI.

3. Another great economy of Association would be found in the small number and superior style of its out-buildings, barns, store-houses, stables, &c. compared with those of the incoherent township. Three-quarters of the present number could be dispensed with, and those which were really necessary, would have the advantages of suitable location, convenience, durability and neatness. What could be more stupid and prodigal, than to environ every farmer's house, and private residence of the rich, with a platoon of barns, stables, pig-styes, and hen-houses, distributed in wretched confusion, inconvenient, shabbily constructed, and carelessly managed. One would imagine that they were made for the sole purpose of creating that aereal quagmire which always surrounds them. In place of all this waste of material, and labor, in the construction and care of these miserable appurtenances of rural life, the dirt and foul odors which they engender, with one-quarter of their actual cost, the Associated township would build a few large and commodious out-houses, with the means of easy cleansing and ventilation, which would at once impart an air of wealth to

the domain, preserve the health and comfort of the animals, and secure neatness and purity in all the environments of home. This generation deserves the scourges of poverty and squalor, which are consuming its peace, as a punishment for its intense selfishness. Think of all the materials and labor thus saved, applied to useful business, throughout every town in a nation! Would the inhabitants of Scotland, Ireland, and Belgium, be dying of starvation? Would the poor, in every civilized country on the globe, be compelled to live in mud hovels, to burrow in huts, not as good as the holes where the rabbits of England's aristocracy burrow! The horses and dogs of many a rich man in this country, enjoy more luxury and more comfort, than the poor human dog, (as society regards him) who grooms them and feeds them.

4. The economies which have been shown above to be practicable in Association relative to out-houses, &c. will hold equally of mechanic shops. The expense thus saved in shops, applied to the purchase and fitting of various kinds of machinery, would lessen the labor of the mechanic one-half, while it would enable him to accomplish four times as much. Why do mechanics who attempt business on their own means, use so few labor-saving machines? The world is full of them, and the registers of patent offices are yearly crowded with descriptions of new ones. First, because the spirit of intense selfishness in modern society impels every inventor, either to sell his invention to some one who gets it patented, or he patents it himself. Second, this gives them so high a price, that none but large capitalists and corporations can afford to use them. Third, this monopoly of the invention, and through it the absorption of profits by capitalists, renders it impossible for mechanics to employ labor-saving machinery to any great extent. The blacksmith must forge his iron with the hand, instead of the tilt-hammer; the carpenter must use the fore plane, and smoothing plane, instead of the planing machine; the joiner must hew out his timber with the broad axe, instead of sawing it out, in the power-mill; he must use the chisel and mallet in place of the mortising machine,—the printer must pick up type with his fingers, instead of using the type-setter, unless he prefers being journeyman to one of these automata; because they have not the means of purchasing these methods of labor. But in the re-organized township, with its immense capital, economies, and concert of action, all these prodigious powers could be employed to the mutual benefit of all. But alas! in the present social state, every labor-saving machine is a curse to the laborer; and thus the bequests of the

world's genius become a legacy of woe to the people. The poor cannot buy them, the rich can and will monopolize them. Thus the right to labor is taken from the masses, and by consequence the right to live. Will a capitalist, or a corporation hire four hundred women to spin wool, when they can buy, at one-tenth the annual expense, two self-acting jennies, with four or five hundred spindles each, and which one little girl twelve years old can tend, and spin more than a thousand women on the hand wheel? What will our shoe-makers do, when that French boot-making invention becomes common, and is monopolized by capital, which will enable its proprietor to make boots at six cents a pair? They must fall under it—be thrown out of the business to which they were bred,—and crowd other occupations now full to repletion, deepening the strife of competition for labor, and depressing wages to the point of starvation. The only hope of social salvation for mechanics is Association. There machinery will be a blessing to all, and there only can mechanical genius fulfil the mission which God has appointed to it. The capital of an Association, with its various artisans, will enable it to construct and employ every species of machinery, which poverty forbids to the isolated mechanic. It would be applied to all kinds of labor, and man, through his powers of invention, would make the elements his servants, and the ministers to his pleasure.

The distress which the invention and monopoly of machinery already produces among all classes of mechanics, will ere long be felt by agriculturists. The same obstacles which forbid the use of labor-saving machinery to any considerable extent, by isolated mechanics, prevent farmers also from employing it. There are as many and important agricultural inventions already brought out, as would render easy and agreeable all the severer labors of farming, had farmers the means of purchasing them. But they are costly and therefore beyond the reach of most. The Re-organized Township could make any improvement available, however expensive. But in the march of *laissez faire*, free competition or monopoly, the larger number of farmers are destined to become mere serfs, or tenants upon the soil which they now call their own. Probably the last form of corporate monopoly, and the one which is about to ensue, is that of joint stock agricultural companies. Suppose companies of this kind with immense capital should establish themselves on the rich prairies of the West, they could monopolize all agricultural labor-saving machinery, could control the market of the world, monopolize the soil of the continent, and subject the

mass of agriculturalists to complete serfdom, and thus establish a composite feudalism of spoliation upon labor, by commerce, — and the deprivation of the right to labor through monopoly. Again, we repeat, Association would forestall all these evils; and through economy of effort on the one hand, by employing machinery instead of mere manual strength, and on the other by uniting the interests of labor and capital, through just modes of distribution, wealth and general happiness would be indefinitely multiplied.

WOMAN IN THE ISOLATED HOUSEHOLD.

The following letter comes from a woman of strong convictions and earnest desire for the success of the cause. We welcome all such manifestations with the greatest interest. To the aid of woman, — as wife, sister, mother, do we owe much of what we have been enabled to perform for the Associative cause. Deep and holy souls have we in our ranks among the women, — women who await with patience, but with all eagerness, every avenue of egress from their fettered position, which shall enable them to act efficiently and from their freed woman's nature. That the electric touch will come which shall unite all such, we have no doubt, and all appeals, all practical efforts to that end, we consider as our surest sign of progress.

SISTERS OF AMERICA: — I am told that your greatest objection to the domestic and industrial Associative principles is the abandonment of the Isolated Household. Were it not that this objection meets me from many quarters it would seem incredible to me. My life has been spent equally between France, England, and America. I have lived as a daughter, sister, wife and mother, in the guarded or genteel circles of society, as well as sharing in the most humble life of the backwoods of Ohio. *Imperfection* is the only feature which I have recognized in this life of the Isolated Household. Nothing so enervates the human family and stops more its progress towards its noble destiny; nothing from which woman and her little children suffer more; nothing which cries louder for Reform.

Let me then, dear sisters, call your attention to a few of its inconveniences for women, without regarding its effects on the mind and physical character of all the individuals whom it brings into contact and absolute dependency on each other.

First, the Isolated Household takes it for granted that the wife shall never be sick, for her daily wants, as well as those of her husband, depend entirely on her hourly exertion. And although from her delicacy of nature she is inevitably

doomed to it, yet, if her place cannot be supplied, from want of means or by friends, as is often the case in our backwoods, how long will not the poor sick wife suffer? How much will she not endure before she gives up the task, before interrupting the pursuits of her husband, to take her place and take care of her. What does she not suffer, when prostrate on her bed she hears her bewildered husband among her little crying children. And yet this is one of the most common features of the Isolated Household.

Secondly, the Isolated Household takes it for granted that the wife and mother shall never want to enjoy the Sabbath. On the Sabbath, she not only has as usual her every day duties to accomplish, but to attend on the extra wants of every member of her family, created by the occasion, thus making the centre or pivot of a family which all should conspire to free, the slave and drudge of the inferior members. If the Reverend Clergy who preach to Christian congregations in our backwoods, take the trouble to look at their hearers, they will see hardly any among the females but bright, blooming, smiling, young girls. Very few pale, hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, care-worn mothers are to be seen there. And yet to whom should they more earnestly preach than to these same care-worn mothers. Indeed, I could say of those few who do attend, they would have done better not to have come at all; for if they knew the flutter, wrangling, irritation, bad feelings which are the consequences of it, they would think as I do, that the Sabbath day is very little sanctified by it.

Thirdly, the Isolated Household takes it for granted, that the wife and mother will never want any relaxation or change of scene; no wish to cultivate her mind, no thirst for knowledge; for every moment of her life is in request for the wants of those around her. If she takes a book, if she enjoys the conversation of a friend, something tells her that she will have to suffer for it. In fact, the moment she enters the Isolated Household, every thing around her whispers to her that she has something else to do than to gratify herself.

If a comparatively few of our sisters escape this eternal drudgery, it is because some other poor, needy sisters submit themselves to it in their place. But still there are taunts in the Isolated Household for the rich and intellectual wife, as well as drudgeries for the poor one.

Is it possible that my sister-women should prefer this hard, do-little, enslaving life, to the noble association of physical, moral and intellectual powers centered as it were in one point, in one

home, which will achieve the most wonderful amelioration in our race and happiness. As well tell me that they prefer Pandemonium to Paradise. If any of our sisters can make such choice, I must indeed pity them.

But we, sister Associationists, whose eyes are opened, let us come forward and assist with all our might those noble philanthropists who are doing our work! Yes, our own work! It is to woman that God has more especially confided the Reproduction, Development and Improvement of the Human Race. Mothers of Mankind! are we doing our duty, when we are lukewarm (as if it were no concern of ours) on questions of paramount importance to the welfare of our race? What, not one mother, wife or sister, aiding the champions of Association, when they are exerting all their faculties to bring around an order of society which will restore man to his moral character, woman to her intellectual dignity, and the whole human race to plenty, comfort, security, harmony, and happiness! — Away with that cowardice of woman who screens herself whilst she leaves man alone exposed to all the brunts of society. Come out, sisters; if you approve, say so; if you disapprove, tell us why. The human race is growing out of its infancy. It is time for its *Mother* to cease to be a child with leading strings. She must have a mind of her own. She must express it and have a will to carry it out. Remember that the union of woman's moral and intellectual powers with man's for the organization of a just, equitable, and truly harmonic society, is as necessary as her physical powers in the organization of her offspring. To the want of this union you may attribute all the discordance, incoherence and confusion of the present societies, — they are a kind of monstrosity having but one parent.

ANGELIQUE LE PETIT MARTIN.

ERROR CORRECTED. A foolish story has been copied into several Boston papers in regard to an Association in the West of New York, the failure of which experiment is taken as proof positive that the principles of Social Unity are a delusion. Although the story is entirely unworthy of notice, we perceive that a correspondent of the Transcript has set the matter right in that paper, and we shall see whether the other Editors who have been eager to circulate the calumny, will be equally ready to publish its refutation. The following is the article we alluded to in the Transcript.

"To the Editor of the Transcript.

"I remarked in your paper a few days since an article copied in part from the New York Globe, headed a "Fourierite

Association," in which a little industrial establishment in Clarkson, N. Y., is represented as being organized upon the principles of Fourier, and its failure set forth as a practical demonstration of the error of those principles. I am well acquainted with the establishment in question, and I assure you that *not one of the principles* laid down by Fourier as necessary to the success of Association, was carried out there. It certainly is unjust to the memory of the dead, and particularly of the dead who, while living, devoted themselves to the noble task of discovering the means of improving the condition of their race, to couple their names with undertakings, which did not fulfil in the least degree the scientific laws laid down by them.

"An industrial Association, uniting agriculture, manufactures, household labor, such as Fourier proposed, cannot be established without *ample capital*, and without a thorough knowledge of the *science* of Association. At Clarkson, they had neither capital nor science. I do not think they had \$2,000, cash capital, whereas, to secure success, a company of men, thoroughly initiated into the Associative science, ought to possess a cash capital of \$400,000. You might as well condemn the steamboat as visionary, because some of our red brethren on the Western prairies, untutored and unacquainted with mechanics, had attempted to build one with some scraps of old iron and brass, and a few plank, and had failed. Yours, A. B."

BOSTON LECTURES. The Lecture on the 11th inst., by JOHN S. DWIGHT, was an elaborate and scientific exposition of the grounds of Association in the spiritual nature of man. It gave a full and clear illustration of the subject, and must have impressed every intelligent mind with the profound principles which are at the basis of the Associative movement, and awakened a curiosity, to say the least, to see still further developments of the system.

The Lecture on the 18th inst. was by ALBERT BRISBANE, on the practical organization of the Phalanx. In the course of the Lecture, two large paintings were exhibited, representing the Domain and Edifice of an Association. These paintings were received with the liveliest demonstrations of pleasure on the part of the audience. We are glad that they have been prepared, as they are adapted to reach many persons, who would scarcely be influenced by abstract reasoning or philanthropic appeals. The spectacle of the Material Harmonies of the Combined Order, as exhibited in these pictures, irresistibly suggests the Moral and Passional Harmonies which will be realized in a true organization of society, and awakens the believers in Social Unity to fresh enthusiasm for the diffusion of their great doctrines.

WEEKLY RENT. This is the name given to the stated contributions from the

members of the Affiliated Societies and others to the funds of the American Union. We cannot press the importance of this Rent too strongly on the minds of our friends. Let every Associationist in the country do his duty and we shall be able to spread our doctrines throughout the land. We shall soon give an account of the organization of the Rent in France, — showing that our brethren of the Associative School there, are as remarkable for their practical wisdom, as for their deep philosophy. We shall also present some more definite details with regard to a system for propagation in this country. Meantime, friends, come up to the mark, and remember that in these days of the worship of a Money Trinity, your gold, your silver, and your copper, are indispensable proofs of your devotion to the cause.

LECTURES IN NEW YORK. We rejoice to learn that the course of Lectures delivered in Boston, is to be repeated in New York, with additional Lectures from H. H. VAN AMRINGE and PARKE GODWIN. Every Associationist in New York will, of course, make a point of attending these Lectures, and we can predict that those who are attracted to them by a liberal curiosity, will not in any respect be disappointed.

[Correspondence of the Harbinger.]

ALBANY, Feb. 14, 1847.

I have the gratifying intelligence to announce to you of our having fairly organized a Society in this place, called the "Albany Group of Associationists," auxiliary to the American Union. We have not as yet elected all our Officers. When this is done, we shall notify the Union of our progress. Our present Officers are as follows:

CYRUS LANCASTER, *President*.
BRICE SHEPHERD, *Vice President*.
TAPPAN TOWNSEND, *Secretary*.

We intend to hold weekly meetings for lectures, and reading of the works on Association. We have introduced some features of Guarantism into our Constitution, whereby each member becomes entitled to sick and funeral benefits, and to the purchase of goods at wholesale prices from the Society store, the capital of which will be obtained by the appropriation of three-fourths of the initiation fees.

Mr. Tanner, the Editor of the "Mechanic's Advocate," has generously offered us the gratuitous use of two columns of his paper each week, for the insertion of such articles on the science of Association as the Group may deem best.

There is every indication of our soon becoming quite a numerous Society, and

I think we may be able to disseminate a knowledge of the theory of Association among a large number.

We should like to be informed, if possible, when the Union will be able to send some of its lecturers to us, and we will make preparations to receive them. Our Society expects quite an impulse from these anticipated lecturers.

Trusting that the Empire State may soon be able to point with a *true appreciation* to her glorious motto, EXCELSIOR,

I remain, yours, &c.

☞ The Treasurer of the "American Union of Associationists" acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars by the hand of Mr. W. B. Minot, being the amount subscribed for the month of January by the Associationists of Albany, in aid of the Lecturing Fund.

Feb. 18, 1847.

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February 1, 1847.

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Feb. 1, 1847.

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VOLUME IV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1847.

NUMBER 13.

MISCELLANY.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE REDEMPTION, AND THE RETURN TO THE CHRIS- TIANITY OF JESUS CHRIST.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CONSIDERANT.
Translated for the Harbinger.

In examining the fatal dogma which condemns the earth, and excludes it from universal harmony, we would arouse the attention of thinkers to a feature of development now manifested even in the bosom of the Christian churches, in relation to this dogma. Expressed with more or less of force, we find it at the root of all philosophical and religious conceptions which have been unfolded on the earth, and particularly in the old oriental world. The fall of man, the anger of God, and the curse of the earth, more or less grossly understood, have been the basis of every theory on the origin of evil. Moses deeply modified this ancient theory in his promulgation of it to the Jews.

Jesus, in the institution of a new law, always adopted towards the first the method of absorption, rather than that of destruction. The creed which Moses had given to the Jews, admitted a development incompatible with the original doctrine of the East. In truth, the aspiration of Jesus for a time of Harmony, of the union of men with each other, and with God, bears in its magnificent realization, an absolute negation to the oriental dogma of the *permanent* fatality of evil here below; but it is only the foreseen term promised and always expected by the Israelite, of the *temporary* curse with which the God of Genesis had stricken the earth after the transgression of Adam.

The ministry of Christ, his command of charity and love, revealed to Humanity the aim of its being; but they sufficed not unaided, to induce immediately the reign of charity, of love, of harmony upon the earth, and *they have not effected it*. Jesus was not ignorant of this, he has not spoken as if in illusion on this point. He

well knew that his kingdom was not yet of this world, that his time was not yet come. The work of his word was to signalize the aim of our attainment, and to prepare the time which was to come; a time characterized by the interchange of love, an epoch of unity and social happiness. He trusted to the fructification of his word, to the logical power of his principle, to the impulse of his thought towards its end, in substituting hope and love, for the old doctrine of the curse. Thus, he busied himself not with cosmogony, nor with theology, but exclusively with religious morality.

"Love ye one another, love each other as brethren, practice truth, justice and love; thus shall ye do the will of your Heavenly Father, and deserve his blessing." Such is the chief substance of Christ's teaching.

But those who came after Jesus, and whose efforts gradually constructed the Christianity of History, understood not in its purity the word and the thought of their master. Their inferiority to Jesus showed itself peculiarly, when from teaching the religious morality, which he had entrusted to them, they would pass to theology, to cosmogony, and to dogma. They understood not indeed that to this new morality, a new theology and a new dogma must correspond; that if the ancient law, the stern law, the cruel and bloody law, had been transformed by Jesus into a law of charity, service and love, the transformation in the law required a similar change in the dogma; and that for the dogma of rigor, and terror, for the dogma of the curse, for the dogma of an angry God, armed against man, must be substituted the dogma of hope and of love, the dogma of the blessing, of the harmony, and of the happiness of creatures; of an all-good and powerful God, who would realize by charm and attraction, his concert with his creatures.

If this conception lay too far from the old one, it must at least be announced in conformity with the idea of Jesus, that the times of the primitive curse were

nearly completed, and that the earth should return to grace through the fulfilment of the law.

It is not surprising that the logical necessity for this transformation of the dogma should not have been then understood, since there were difficulties historical, social, and religious, certainly very great, and whose causes are easily determinable, when we have intelligently studied the formative epochs of Christianity. We here restrict ourselves to indicating, among the concurrent causes of the fatal irrationality which we signalize, a political reason whose influence is easily appreciable. This reason is found in the position of the new doctrine towards the power of the society in which Christianity was to be developed.

Christianity, from the fact of being constituted as a Church, was naturally inclined at first to avoid as much as possible too unequal a struggle with the powers that were, and, by distinguishing between the kingdom of this power, and the kingdom of the faith, to turn the edge of opposition.

The kingdom of the powers that were, being this world in its existing state, and civil society; there was left to the new doctrine only the spiritual kingdom and the other world. Thus to gain the condition of internal development, the new doctrine consented to reduce, to limit its area of action. To remove the rational fears of Cæsar, they established a great irrationalism; they stated as a principle, that his power was not to be encroached upon, that the divine doctrine would not overrule his kingdom.

But if the divine doctrine was the absolute truth, it must embrace all; if the new doctrine was the law of God, it is trifling, to say to the law of God, for the sake of complying with some political, human and transitory adaptation, "Law of God, this is thy allotted domain; Law of God, this is thy boundary. Thus far, and no farther shalt thou reach." This limitation is incompatible with the nature of God, for the Sovereign Master of all

things would cease to be so the moment that anything should cease to be submitted to his law or will, which is absolute and unitary in its essence. This political reason, combined with others still deeper in their influence, then determined the doctrinal separation of the temporal from the spiritual. From this time, and as a necessary consequence, the world, which remained out of the law of God, and out of the church of God, must have been, and really was considered as the kingdom of Satan. Satan remained a reality in the doctrine, he even became a more important reality than he had been in the previous cosmogony, for the kingdom of the earth was conceded to him in perpetuity, and as a legitimate possession by Christianity. Let us remark clearly, that it had not been thus in the doctrine of Moses. This doctrine established the unity of the social law with the religious law, and did not separate the temporal kingdom from the spiritual kingdom, to deliver the temporal to the principle of evil.

Thus the disciples of Christ, far from effecting upon the ancient dogma a transformation parallel to the new moral law, as a consequence of the teachings of Jesus, and announcing to the people the approach of a return to grace, retrograded on the contrary to the dogmas of strange religions. Instead of standing with Jesus in advance of Moses, they drew farther back even than Moses. Moses in fact had given to the world the first degree of initiation. The old religions taught the people the existence of two principles, the principle of Good, and the principle of Evil, whose action on the world was to be permanent. Moses subordinated the Evil principle, he taught that it had only a temporary and relative existence, for he taught that the good had ruled on the earth at a primal, paradisaical, happy epoch; that the first harmonies had been disturbed, but that they would one day revive. Thus in giving to his people the history of the origin of evil upon the earth, Moses had announced its end; he had predicted the return to grace, the termination of the curse and of the wrath of Heaven; he had announced the ultimate blessing of all nations: in short the Redemption.

The earth has never been considered by the Jewish people, as excluded from the benefit of this Redemption, though a narrow interpretation had confined the idea to its own triumph and dominion over all the nations of the world.

If the dogmatists, the metaphysicians, the theologians who came after Christ, had followed in its purity the direction of their master's thought, they would have continued that transformation of the old dogma commenced by Moses, by softening the forms of the Mosaic dogma, by

mingling with them more kindness, more hope and love; by announcing the cessation of the wrath of Heaven in the exact measure that the nations of the earth should embody the spirit of the new law; by teaching that the promised Redemption should not be simply understood of the material rule of the Jewish people over other nations, but of the establishment of peace in the world, and the fusion of nations in the union of the great human family. No rupture was to be made with Genesis. Moses had unlocked the doors of the future by the promise of the Redemption. Tradition and the successive revelations of Moses and Jesus, required them to enter this magnificent path instead of subtilizing on the doctrine of the Redemption, and miserably perverting it. The aim and aspiration which Jesus expressed, was that men should live united amongst themselves and with God by love; the ultimate epoch at which this aim should be realized, was the time invoked by Jesus; and the human society of this time, *his kingdom*. It is clear that the Redemption of man, his return to grace, the return of good, of harmony to the earth, and the termination of the curse of God, could and should be understood only of the time when the law of Jesus, the union of men among themselves and with God, should be realized by Humanity. In giving to men as the law of God, that they should love each other as brothers, Jesus surely did not understand that men would be ransomed from evil, that the Redemption should be accomplished simply in the fact of his having spoken thus to men, and having sealed his word with his life. That would have been absurd. Jesus understood that the Redemption would be effected, that man would be reconciled with God when man (Humanity, and not such or such an individual,) should practice the law of God which he, Jesus, was come to announce; and we repeat, that he was not ignorant that the realization would not immediately follow his word. He knew that ages must elapse before his kingdom could be of this world, before men should universalize love among themselves, before they could organize the Unity of the human family, and as a consequence, Peace, Harmony and Happiness upon the earth. Jesus announced to the world the law of God,—evidently the Redemption of the world could only result from the accomplishment of this law by the world. It could in no manner result from the simple proclamation of the law, it could only be an *ultimate* consequence of the coming of Jesus Christ, an effect of his doctrine.

The doctors of Christianity, neither understanding the words of their master, nor the sense of his mission, instead of

teaching that the Redemption of the world would be the consequence of the accomplishment of the new law, the consequence of the reign of Justice and of Love; taught that the act of the coming of Jesus, and his sacrifice, had commenced, terminated, accomplished the Redemption. Jesus had consecrated with his life the great desire of Charity, Justice and Love, whose universal realization was ultimately to effect the Redemption of the world. The disciples, instead of attaching themselves to the doctrine, to the word, to the spirit, to the aim, to the law; absorbed in the *Personality* of the Redeemer, and not understanding that the Redemption, according to the word and the thought of Jesus, would result from the *fulfilment of the law by men*, would have it result from the *fulfilment of the sacrifice by Jesus*.

It is easy to understand how and by what causes these errors introduced themselves among the disciples of Jesus when they had no longer their master to conduct them, but it is not less true that these capital errors germed early, that the doctrine of Christ was soon changed by them, and that the mysticism and the subtilty of continuers too soon replaced the simple and elevated reason, the divine good sense which characterized the word of the Founder. What could be more wise and more beautiful than the doctrine of the Redemption, such as it flowed from the teaching of Jesus?

The primeval harmonies had been lost by a Fall; from this epoch, physical evil and moral evil had spread over the earth, and pain had subdued man. But a great promise had been made to man and to the earth, the lost harmonies were one day to revive. Man and the earth were to be delivered from evil; Jesus had come to teach men the condition of the Redemption, in teaching them that the annihilation of evil and the establishment of good were linked with the general practice of this great command "Love ye one another."

Surely, this was as wise and as true as it was sublime; and we must say that it was a divine word which taught to men plunged in barbarism or in corruption, involved in the paths of selfishness, that the Redemption of the world and the happiness of humanity depended absolutely upon their union, on their love for one another. There is here no obscurity, there is no mystery in the doctrine of Redemption. "You shall be ransomed from evil, and the blessing of God shall descend upon the earth, *when you shall have established upon the earth the kingdom of God and his justice*. You hate each other, you despoil each other by cunning and violence. You war with each other, individuals, classes, nations. You seek by oppression and injustice, the posses-

sion of wealth and enjoyments. And I come to announce to you that in doing thus, you perpetuate the reign of evil on the earth; for the earth will never be freed from evil, and will not return into grace with God, until you shall cause to reign on it the law of God, by loving each other." How sublime an admonition, how luminous a revelation to the gross and barbarous, or selfish and corrupted people who covered the globe! It was saying to human energy, hitherto engrossed in war and oppression, that it was time to enter on a new course, by turning to the side of charity and of justice; and that the safety of humanity, the happiness of individuals and of nations, and the blessing of God, would never be obtained by violence, but by love, by the union of the members of the human family. Jesus, in announcing the law of God, and the condition of the Redemption and of the happiness of the world, then presented to human intelligence, hitherto absorbed in war, a new aim, and this aim was and is still the true aim. His mission consisted in this. He gave the impulse to the thought and to the heart of man, he introduced man into the path of Redemption, and he said to the Genius of Humanity, in speaking of his kingdom, a kingdom to whose conquest he urged by the manifestation of high powers, "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

Glory to thee, O Christ! Not only because thou hast been the highest type, the purest manifestation, the most complete incarnation of love; but also because thou hast shown the way, pointed the aim; because thou hast willed to make known to the nations, the holy and unitary conditions of the world's Redemption, at an epoch when the only people who hoped it, interpreted it in the narrow sense of the subjugation of other nations by itself. Thus in bringing a new law to the world, in pouring out upon this world of corrupted conquerors and debased and suffering slaves, the pure light of love, the sentiment of the unity of the human family and of the future realization of justice and union, Jesus, far from breaking the religious tradition, proceeded to the realization of the promise, and opened the path to its accomplishment. He did not wish to break the ancient unity between the religious and the social law. He wished, on the contrary, to prepare the social transformation required by the development of that law. This clearly results from the essence of his doctrine, when we distinguish in the preaching of Christ, the *relative* precepts, precepts of *immediate* application, *transient* consolation of *transient* sufferings, from the *absolute* precept and aim of the future.

NOTE. It is important to appreciate this reflection, on which I beg the reader to pause. Before the doctrine of union, love and peace promulgated by Jesus had received its further developments, found its form, its ways and means of realization; before it had passed from *potential* and *spiritual* into *actual* and *social* existence; before it had been universally practised; before it had been incarnated in humanity, which is not yet accomplished, the earth could not cease to be the desolated valley of tears and pain; that is certain. In bequeathing his thought to his disciples, in investing them with the sacred but difficult mission of effecting its development, in sending them to preach this thought through the bloody world, which it must purify and one day transform, Jesus must arm them against the great obstacles which they would meet in the paths of the world; he must guard their feet against the stones and the briars, their souls against afflictions; must teach them to support inevitable evils with courage, with resignation, with that calm and holy power which germs in every heart, that devotes itself to the welfare of its brothers, and walks in the ways of God; he must exalt the merit which should piously bear the tribulations encountered in the path of the law and the doctrine, consecrate those sufferings, and lastly, proclaim fortunate and elect of God, those who prefer to suffer from devotion to humanity rather than shelter themselves in the low pleasures of a cowardly and degrading selfishness. *Happy he who shall suffer in bearing my law.* And truly, are they not the fortunate and the elect of the Lord, who, with deep resignation, either natural or conquered by the will, amid all the tribulations which come upon them, devote themselves entirely to the service of humanity and the development of God's law? Could the happy and the elect of God possibly be those creatures with human faces, who like gross brutes, have for the only object of their affection, the only aim of their acts, their own person, and their private interest?

Jesus must then foresee and predict afflictions, consecrate resignation, consecrate the sufferings of those who should walk in his law. But this consecration of suffering, incidental to the fulfilment of the law, to the tedious and difficult periods preliminary to its realization on our earth, could it mean as we have had the singular folly to believe, that Jesus commanded to love suffering for its own sake and as being in itself agreeable to God? This consecration of pain, was it not *relative*? Was it not consecrated by its *object*, the establishment on earth of the law of God and the well being of humanity, and is it not supremely absurd to have mistaken the *relative* for the *absolute*, the *transition* for the *term*; to have substituted the *accessory* for the *principal*; finally, to have changed the doctrine of Jesus, who conceived as his distinct aim, the general establishment of good, of justice, of union, of harmony on the earth, for a doctrine which should attempt to universalize upon this earth the love of pain and tribulation, and which should make the perpetual duration of evil here below to be considered as willed by God and desirable to his saints? Would Jesus have assembled men to realize the law of God and have prescribed the universal happiness which

must result from this realization? Far from being a sublime view, a high revelation, such a doctrine would not even have had common sense. Thus it is when we do not distinguish in the teachings of Jesus the relative from the absolute, we distort his idea, and attribute to him a doctrine unreasonable and inconsistent even to absurdity.

To be Continued.

[From the True Tocsin.]

THE ASSOCIATION MOVEMENT. Several years have now passed away since the first impulse was given to the Association Movement in the United States; and to those who take an interest in the progression of humanity, they have been years of the deepest interest. When Albert Brisbane stood up in the midst of the 'Great Plague Spot' of our country, and in defiance of the world announced the divine scheme of CHARLES FOURIER for the practice of Christian principles; no one could have anticipated the rapid succession of Associative efforts that so soon followed. At the first public meeting held in New York, for the purpose of adopting measures for the better dissemination of the principles of Social Reform, at which a few assembled, no one could have predicted that so soon the whole country would be agitated, and multitudes would assemble to consider the propriety of entering upon a new social state. At first Brisbane and Greeley withstood the odium and ridicule attached to the unpopular school of Fourier, (and nobly did they maintain the right against fearful odds, without hope of gain or reward,) nor did they hope to see a host of Friends immediately flocking around the standard of reform they had raised over the shattered vessel of society. Scarcely more could they have expected than to nail that flag to the mast—perish in defending it, and leaving it for another generation to shout victory over the selfish of the world, and usher in that reign of peace and equality. But in this they are disappointed. Soon more converts to the doctrine were made than could find room for action in mere theorizing. And, though the leading spirits of reform earnestly remonstrating against the premature attempts to reduce the principles of Association to practice, several imperfect Associations were organized, and attempted to go into operation. Here was committed a great mistake, seen and lamented at the time, by those best acquainted with the science of the system. As was predicted, these organizations generally fell through, and with their failure many lost their faith in the practicability of the scheme, and the people generally have settled down again under the oppressive yoke of the present state of social discord, either preferring to suffer an old evil than to endure the toil of a transition to another state, which after all, they fear will have its trials and sorrows. But the spirit of reform may not slumber. It has been too effectually stirred, to sleep at any bidding whatever. And although there may seem to be an indifference in regard to this or that reform, it is because some other form of development has occurred. All the partial reforms of the day—all the efforts made to diffuse Christian principles, tend to and hasten that period when society shall be based upon the eternal principles of truth, justice and equality, and maintained by love

and good will. Let every Associationist bear this in mind, and labor, wherever situated, for the advancement of those holy principles and actions that lead to this glorious result — ever watching the progress of events, that when the time comes for the full realization of the golden age, there may be one united, efficient, successful effort made for the permanent supremacy of the divine in man. J. S.

LABOR.

BY T. B. READ.

'Labor, labor!' sounds the anvil,
'Labor, labor, until death!'
And the file, with voice discordant,
'Labor, endless labor!' saith.
While the bellows to the embers,
Speaks of labor in each breath.
'Labor, labor!' in the harvest,
Saith the wheeling of the scythe,
And the mill-wheel tells of labor
Under waters falling blithe;
'Labor, labor!' groan the millstones,
To the bands that whirl and writhe!

And the woodman tells of labor,
In his echo-waking blows;
In the forest, in the cabin,
'Tis the dearest word he knows!
'Labor, labor!' saith the spirit,
And with labor comes repose.

'Labor!' saith the loaded wagon,
Moving towards the distant mart.
'Labor!' groans the heavy steamer,
As she cleaves the waves apart.
Beating like that iron engine,
'Labor, labor!' cries the heart!

Yes, the heart of man cries 'labor!'
While it labors in the breast.
Hear the Ancient and Eternal,
In the Word which He hath blest,
Saying, 'Six days thou shalt labor,
On the seventh thou shalt rest!'

Then how beautiful at evening,
When the toilsome week is done,
To behold the blacksmith's embers
Fade together with the sun,
And to think the doors of labor
Are all closing up like one!

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,*

SEQUEL TO

CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

This is what happened: When, at break of day, we wished to leave the hut, in order to inquire for the violin-player, we found a picquet of improvised infantry guarding all the exits from our resting-place. "Forgive us," said the head of the family to me, calmly, "for having called all our relatives and friends, with their staves and their sickles, to keep you here against your will. You shall be free this evening." And we expressed surprise at this violence: "If you are

honest people," resumed our host, with a grave air, "if you comprehend friendship and devotedness, you will not be angry with us. If, on the contrary, you are cheats and spies sent here to persecute and carry off our Podiebrad, we will not suffer it, and we will not permit you to go out, until he shall be very far out of reach of your attempts."

We understood that distrust had come, in the night, to these honest people, at first so expansive with us, and we could not but admire their solicitude. But the master was in despair at losing sight of the hierophant, whom we had come to seek with so much trouble and so few chances of success. He wrote to Trismegistus in the masonic cipher, telling him his name, his position, informing him of our intentions, and invoking his loyalty in order to free us from the distrust of the peasants. A few moments after this letter had been carried to the neighboring hut, we saw coming a woman, before whom the peasants opened with respect their phalanx bristling with rustic arms. We heard them murmur: "*The Zingara! the Zingara of consolation!*" And soon that woman entered the hut with us by the signs and formulas of the Scotch masonry, with a scrupulous severity. We were much surprised at seeing a woman initiated into those mysteries, which no other has ever possessed, so far as I know; and the imposing manner, the scrutinizing look of this one inspired us with a certain respect, in spite of the very evidently Zingara costume which she wore with the ease given by habit. Her striped petticoat, her broad cloak of reddish brown cloth, thrown over her shoulder like antique drapery, her tresses black as night, parted on her brow, and fastened back with a blue woolen band, her large eyes full of fire, her teeth white as ivory, her tanned but fine skin, her little feet and her delicate hands, and, to complete the portrait, a very handsome guitar slung under her cloak, every thing in her person and costume indicated, at first sight, the profession of a Zingara. As she was very neat, and her manners were full of calmness and dignity, we thought her the queen of her camp. But when she informed us that she was the wife of Trismegistus, we looked at her with more interest and attention. She is no longer young, and yet one could not say if she were a person of forty worn by fatigue, or one of fifty remarkably preserved. She is still handsome, and her elegant and light form has such noble attitudes, so pure a grace, that on seeing her walk you would take her for a young girl. When the first severity of her features was softened, we were penetrated by degrees with the charm that is in her. Her

look is angelic, and the sound of her voice moves your heart like a celestial melody. Whoever this woman may be, the legitimate wife of a philosopher, or a generous adventuress, attached to his steps in consequence of an ardent passion, it is impossible, on looking at her and hearing her speak, to think that any vice, any degrading instincts have ever soiled a being so calm, so frank and so good. We were at first frightened at finding our sage debased by vulgar ties. It required but a short time for us to discover that, in the ranks of true nobility, that of the heart and understanding, he had met a poetic lover, a soul sister of his own, to pass with him through the storms of life.

"Forgive my fears and my mistrust," said she when we had replied to her questions. "We have been persecuted, we have suffered much. Thanks to Heaven, my friend has lost the recollection of his misfortunes; nothing can now trouble him or make him suffer more. But I, whom God has placed by his side to preserve him, I must be anxious for him and watch over him. Your countenances and the accent of your voices reassure me still more than those signs and words which we have just exchanged; for the mysteries have been strangely abused, and there have been as many false brothers as false doctors. We should be authorized by human prudence never again to believe in anything or anybody; but may God preserve us from that extreme of selfishness and impiety! The family of the faithful is dispersed, it is true; there is no longer any temple in which to commune in spirit and in truth. The adepts have lost the meaning of the mysteries; the letter has killed the spirit. The divine art is misunderstood and profaned among men; but what matters it, if faith persists in some few! What matters it, if the word of life remains in deposit in some sanctuary! It will yet come forth, it will yet spread abroad through the world, and the temple will perhaps be rebuilt by the faith of the Canaanitish women and the widow's mite."

"We come expressly to seek for that word of life," replied the master. "It is pronounced in all the sanctuaries; and it is true that it is no longer understood. We have commented upon it with ardor, we have borne it in us with perseverance; and, after years of labor and meditation, we have thought we had found the true interpretation. This is why we have come to ask of your husband the sanction of our faith or the rectification of our error. Let us speak with him. Obtain for us that he listen to and answer us."

"That will not depend upon me," re-

* 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.

plied the Zingara, "and upon himself still less. Trismegistus is not always inspired, although he lives entirely under the charm of poetical illusions. Music is his habitual manifestation. His metaphysical ideas are rarely lucid enough to abstract themselves from the emotions of exalted feeling. At this moment, he could tell you nothing satisfactory. His words are always clear to me, but would be obscure to you who are not accustomed to them. I must needs give you a warning. According to men blinded by their cold reason, Trismegistus is insane; and while the poetic people humbly offer the gifts of hospitality to the sublime virtuoso who has affected and transported them, the vulgar world throws the alms of pity to the vagabond rhapsodist who carries his inspiration through the cities. But I have taught our children that they must not pick up those alms, or that they must do so only for the infirm beggar who passes beside us and to whom Heaven has not granted genius to move and to persuade men. As for ourselves, we have no need of the money of the rich; we do not beg; alms debase him who receives and hardens him who gives. All that is not exchange must disappear from the society of the future. In the meanwhile God permits us, my husband and myself, to practice this life of exchange and thus to enter into the ideal. We carry art and enthusiasm to souls susceptible of feeling the one and inhaling the other. We receive the religious hospitality of the poor man, we share his modest abode, his frugal repast, and when we have need of a coarse garment, we earn it by remaining some weeks and giving lessons in music to the family. When we pass before the proud dwelling of the chatelain, as he is our brother as well as the herdsman, the laborer and the artisan, we sing under his window and depart without expecting any pay; we consider him an unfortunate who can make no exchange with us, and it is we then who give alms to him. In fine we have realized the artist's life as we understand it; for God has made us artists and it is our duty to employ his gifts. Every where we have friends and brothers in the lowest ranks of that society which would think itself degraded by asking of us our secret to be honest and free. Each day we make new disciples of the art; and when our strength shall be exhausted, when we shall no longer be able to feed and carry our children, they will carry us in their turn, and we shall be fed and consoled by them. If our children should fail us, be drawn far away from us by different vocations, we should do like old Zdenko whom you saw yesterday, and who, after having charmed all the peasants of the country

for forty years, with his legends and his songs, is received and nursed by them in his last days as a friend and a venerable master. With simple tastes and frugal habits, the love of travel, the health which is given by a life conformable to nature, with the enthusiasm of poetry, the absence of bad passions, and especially with faith in the future destiny of the world, think you that one can be crazy to live as we do! Still Trismegistus may perhaps appear to you deranged by enthusiasm, as he formerly appeared to me deranged by sorrow. But, by following him a little, you will perhaps recognize that it is the insanity of men and the error of institutions, which make men of genius and originality appear insane. Now, come with us and journey as we do the whole day, if necessary. There will perhaps be an hour in which Trismegistus will be in the mood to speak of something besides music. You must not press him; it will come of itself at a given moment. Chance may awaken his old ideas. We depart in an hour. Our presence here may bring new dangers upon the head of my husband. Any where else we should not risk being recognized after so many years of exile. We are going to Vienna by the chain of the Böhmer-Wald and the course of the Danube. It is a journey which I formerly made and which I shall recommence with pleasure. We are going to see two of our children, the eldest, whom some friends in easy circumstances have wished to keep for the purpose of instructing; for all are not born to be artists, and each should walk in life by the path which Providence has marked out for him."

Such are the explanations which this strange woman, urged by our questions and often interrupted by our objections, gave to us of the kind of life she had adopted in conformity with the tastes and ideas of her husband. We accepted with joy the offer she made, and followed her; when we left the hut with her, the civic guard, which had been formed to stop us, opened its ranks to let us pass. "Come, my children," cried the Zingara to them in her full and harmonious voice, "your friend awaits you under the lindens.— This is the most beautiful moment of the day, and we will have the morning prayer in music. Trust in these two friends," added she, designating us by the beautiful and naturally theatrical gesture; "they are ours, and wish us only good." The peasants rushed forward after us shouting and singing. As we walked, the Zingara informed us that she and her family intended to leave the hamlet that morning. "It must not be mentioned," added she; "such a separation would occasion too many tears, for we have many

friends here. But we are not safe in this place. Some old enemy might pass, and recognize Albert de Rudolstadt under the Bohemian costume."

We reached the square of the hamlet, a green lawn, surrounded by enormous lindens which permitted to appear, between their ancient trunks, humble cottages and capricious paths, traced and worn by the feet of flocks. This place seemed to us enchanted, seen by the earliest rays of the oblique sun, which caused the emerald carpet of the fields to glisten, while the silvery vapors of the morning folded themselves upon the sides of the neighboring mountains. The shady places seemed to have retained some of the bluish clearness of the night, while the tops of the trees were tinged with gold and purple. Every thing was pure and distinct, every thing appeared to us fresh and young, even the ancient lindens, the roofs covered with moss, and the old men with white beards who came smiling out of their huts. In the midst of the open space, where a small thread of crystal water flowed, dividing itself and crossing under the feet, we saw Trismegistus surrounded by his children, two charming little girls, and a boy of fifteen, handsome as the Endymion of the sculptors and the poets. "This is Wanda," said the Zingara to us, as she presented to us the elder of her daughters, "and the younger is called Wenceslawa. As to our son, he has received the beloved name of his father's best friend, he is called Zdenko. Old Zdenko has a marked preference for him. You see that he holds my Wenceslawa between his legs and the other on his knees. But he does not think of them; his eyes are fixed on my son, as if he could not be satisfied with the sight of him."

We looked at the old man. Two streams of tears flowed down his cheeks, and his bony face, furrowed with wrinkles, had an expression of beatitude and ecstasy, as he contemplated the young man, this last shoot of the Rudolstadt, who bore his slave's name with joy, and who stood erect beside him, one hand in his. I could have wished to paint this group and Trismegistus near them, gazing at them by turns with an affectionate air, while he tuned his violin and tried his bow. "It is you, friends," said he, replying cordially to our respectful salutations. "My wife then has been to seek you? She has done well. I have some good things to say to-day, and I shall be happy to have you hear them."

He then played the violin with even more breadth and majesty than the evening before. At least such was our impression, become stronger and more delicious by our contact with that rustic assembly, which thrilled with pleasure

and enthusiasm at hearing the ancient ballads of the father-land and the sacred hymns of former liberty. Emotion displayed itself differently upon those manly faces. Some, like Zdenko, transported into the vision of the past, held in their breath, and seemed impregnated with poetry, like the thirsty plant which greedily drinks in the drops of a beneficent rain. Others, carried away by a holy fury at thought of the evils of the present, clenched their fists, and, threatening invisible enemies, seemed to call Heaven to witness their degraded dignity, their insulted virtue. There were sobs and groans, frenzied applauses and cries of delirium.

"Friends," said Albert to us as he concluded, "look at those simple men! They have perfectly understood what I wished to say to them; they do not ask of me, as you did yesterday, the meaning of my prophecies."

"Still, you have spoken to them only of the past," said Spartacus, greedy of his words.

"The past, the future, the present! What vain subtleties!" returned Trismegistus, smiling. "Does not man carry all three of them in his heart, and is not his existence entire within that triple medium? But, since you absolutely require words to depict ideas, listen to my son; he will sing to you a canticle, of which his mother has made the music, and myself the verses."

The beautiful youth advanced, with a calm and modest air, into the midst of the circle. You could see that his mother, without thinking that she flattered a weakness, had said to herself that, by right and perhaps also from duty, it was necessary to respect and acknowledge the beauty of the artist. She dresses him with a certain elegance; his superb locks are combed with care, and the stuffs of his rustic suit are of a brighter color and a lighter web than those of the rest of the family. He took off his cap, saluted his audience with a kiss sent collectively from the tips of his fingers, to which a hundred kisses, sent in the same manner, replied with fervor; and after his mother had preluded on her guitar with a peculiar genius, derived from southern climes, he began to sing, accompanied by her, the following words, which I translate for you from the Slave, and the admirable music of which they were also willing I should note down.

THE GOOD GODDESS OF POVERTY.

A BALLAD.

"Paths sanded with gold, verdant heaths, ravines loved by the chamois, great mountains crowned with stars, wandering torrents, impenetrable forests,

let pass, let pass the good goddess, the goddess of poverty!

"Since the world exists, since men were created, she traverses the world, she dwells among men, she travels singing, or she sings working—the goddess, the good goddess of poverty!

"Some men assembled to curse her. They found her too beautiful and too gay, too nimble and too strong. 'Let us tear away her wings,' said they; 'let us load her with chains, let us bruise her with blows, that she may suffer, that she may perish—the goddess of poverty!'

"They have chained the good goddess, they have beaten and persecuted her; but they could not debase her. She has taken refuge in the soul of poets, in the soul of peasants, in the soul of artists, in the soul of martyrs, in the soul of saints—the good goddess, the goddess of poverty!

"She has walked more than the wandering Jew; she has travelled more than the swallow; she is older than the cathedral of Prague, and younger than the egg of the wren; she has multiplied more upon the earth than the strawberries in the Böhmer-Wald—the goddess, the good goddess of poverty!

"She has had many children, and she has taught them the secret of God; she spoke to the heart of Jesus upon the mountain; to the eyes of queen Libussa when she became enamored of a laborer; to the spirit of John and Jerome upon the funeral pyre of Constance; she knows more of it than all the doctors and all the bishops—the good goddess of poverty!

"She always makes the grandest and most beautiful things that are seen upon the earth; it is she who cultivates the fields and prunes the trees; it is she who leads the flocks, singing the most beautiful airs; it is she who sees the day dawn, and who receives the first smile of the sun—the good goddess of poverty!

"It is she who builds with green boughs the cabin of the wood-cutter, and who gives to the poacher the sight of the eagle; it is she who raises the most beautiful children, and who makes the plough and the spade light in the hands of the old man—the good goddess of poverty!

"It is she who inspires the poet, and who renders the violin, the guitar and the flute eloquent under the fingers of the wondering artist; it is she who carries him on her light wing from the source of the Moldaw to that of the Danube; it is she who crowns his hair with pearls of dew, and who makes the stars shine for him more large and more clear—the goddess, the good goddess of poverty!

"It is she who instructs the ingenious

artizan, and who teaches him to cut stone, to carve marble, to fashion gold and silver, copper and iron; it is she who makes the flax supple and fine as hair under the fingers of the old mother and the young girl—the good goddess of poverty!

"It is she who holds up the hovel shaken by the storm; it is she who husbands the rosin of the torch and the oil of the lamp; it is she who kneads the bread of the family and who weaves garments for winter and for summer; it is she who feeds and nourishes the world—the good goddess of poverty!

"It is she who has built the great chateaus and the old cathedrals; it is she who carries the sabre and the musket; it is she who makes war and conquests; it is she who collects the dead, who nurses the wounded, and who hides the vanquished—the good goddess of poverty!

"Thou art all gentleness, all patience, all strength and all mercy, O good goddess! It is thou who unitest all thy children in a holy love, and who givest to them charity, faith, hope, O goddess of poverty!

"Thy children will one day cease to bear the world upon their shoulders; they will be rewarded for their sufferings and their labors. The time approaches when there will no longer be either rich or poor, when all men will consume the fruits of the earth, and enjoy equally the gifts of God; but thou wilt not be forgotten in their hymns, O good goddess of poverty!

"They will remember that thou wast their fruitful mother, their robust nurse and their church militant. They will pour balm upon thy wounds, and they will make for thee of the rejuvenated and perfumed earth a bed on which thou canst at last repose, O good goddess of poverty!

"While awaiting the day of the Lord, torrents and forests, mountains and valleys, heaths swarming with little flowers and little birds, roads sanded with gold which have no master, let pass, let pass the goddess, the good goddess of poverty!"

Imagine to yourself this ballad, given in beautiful verses, in a sweet and simple language, which seems to have been made for the lips of youth, adapted to a melody which moves the heart and draws from it the purest tears, a seraphic voice which sings with an exquisite purity, an incomparable musical accent; and all this in the mouth of the son of Trismegistus, the pupil of the Zingara, of the most beautiful, the most candid and the best endowed of the children of earth! If you can represent to yourself, as a frame, a vast group of manly, ingenious

and picturesque figures, in the midst of one of Ruydaël's landscapes, and the torrent which was not seen, but which sent, from the bottom of the ravine, as it were, a fresh melody mingled with the far-off tinkling bells of the goats on the mountain, you will conceive our emotion and the ineffable poetic delight in which we remained for a long time plunged.

To be Continued.

For the Harbinger.

CANNIBALISM.

INCOHERENCE OF MAN WITH THE ANIMAL
CREATION THROUGH PERVERSION OF HIS
ORGANIC LIFE AND SENSE OF TASTE,
UNDER THE LAW OF SELFISHNESS.

Messrs. EDITORS:—Allow me through your columns to appeal to the taste and conscience of our friends on a subject which, though not new, has, I think, not yet been presented from the true point of view. It does not act so powerfully on our sympathies as the great questions of Legal Homicide, of Peace and War, of Slavery, of the Freedom of our Soil from speculating monopoly, of the Rights of the Poor, or of Co-operative Industry, which embrace all classes and all interests. But although the evil of which I would speak seems to lie nearer the surface, than those which the divine spirit of those grand reforms is laboring to absorb and to transform into their opposite goods, in transforming their causative principle, the universal incoherence of interests, into the universal unity of interests of a human and a Christian brotherhood; it is one which is as deeply rooted as any of those evils in the chaos of ignorance and selfishness, the crude and early epochs of social growth, not yet penetrated by that Divine Love which seeks to introduce itself as the transforming and regenerating principle of that civil society which must clothe and embody it.

Cannibalism! Yes, the Cannibalism of the United States, and the city of Boston, in the nineteenth century. I speak of that feature of the permanent internal war, organized in our present relations, by which man, leaving the natural position of a frugiverous creature, assigned to him by his anatomical structure, and by his place in the families of the animal kingdom, among the cheirotheria, (creatures with grasping extremities like hands,) which are none of them carnivorous by nature, has joined the army of "*the Beast*," and given to the state of moral incoherence an expression as graphic as it is horrible, in the habit of killing and eating his humbler fellow creatures.

Every prevalent sentiment, doctrine and custom, corresponds to certain periods of

humanitary growth, and is out of place and untrue in others either too early or too late. We must not seek in the dunghill for the sweet and fragrant flower, nor expect to find the aroma of the ripe peach in the green and sour knob. This custom, so universal, is the natural and inevitable expression of the antagonism of interest which characterizes those social relations in which the capitalist devours the laborer, the exchanger the producer, and every nation, class and individual, must struggle against the rest, to preserve its own existence.

But, a new light has now risen upon the world; a law of Harmony has been revealed; the intelligence of our age is marching to organize that unity of which Christ's life and teachings kindled the aspiration; thousands among us are far advanced in spirit beyond the actual customs, sects, and institutions of strife:—Man, transformed, is to become the archetype of a new creation, where the tiger, the viper, the rat, and the bug,—every form in which nature has mirrored the perversions of human character and passion and their social effects, is to give place to antitypes as beautiful and beneficent as the passions and social results of a aereal order which conciliates all interests whilst providing for each its highest development; spiritualizing each sense, and incarnating each sentiment.

It belongs to the advent of this era of redemption, and the aspiration for its fulfilment now so strong in many hearts, that though not all men, yet a large class and number, should afford in their lives some foretype of the dawning harmonies of the future, by purifying themselves from that bloody expression of man's incoherence with nature, in the devouring of his fellow creatures. The heart exults as it feels itself borne on the mighty wave of humanitarian impulse, as the sea of love flowing in from the spiritual world presses on to a higher tide-mark on the sands of time than any previous age has felt. There are thousands whose lives open themselves to receive this tide in every fibre of their being, and these must join in giving to our social and organic life, our markets and our tables, a more harmonic and a less brutal expression; must disdain any longer to make charnel-houses of their kitchens, grave-yards of their stomachs, or to carry about like walking tombstones, the brutal countenance of the slain impressed upon their features.

I had at first intended to confine myself to one abominable thing, the immense consumption of pork,—a practice for which no plea of habit or constitutional necessity can be sustained, since it is the grossest, the least digestible, and the

most frequently diseased of all meats; is known in the East as a source of leprosy and other forms of scrofula, and exerts, for all that we know to the contrary, the same baneful influence here on those forms of scrofula peculiar to our own climate, where consumption decimates human life. The flesh of the hog has been accounted unclean by the five great religious dispensations within the range of our history, the Jewish, the Magian, the Hindoo, the Mahommedan, and the Christian. Christ gave to it his general disapprobation, as a violation of that Mosaic law which he came "not to destroy, but to fulfil," and his special reprobation, by the casting out of the devils into the bodies of the swine; an act which speaks stronger than language. Let those then who are not ready for an entire change, at least cease to pollute themselves with pork, as an abominable food which fills their bodies with disease, re-incarnating these wandering demons, and obstructing the soul's growth and action through its material organization.

It is no privation, no asceticism that we plead for. If the more exquisite appreciation of the savors of grains, vegetables and fruits in their varied preparations and artistic combinations cannot fully compensate to the palate and the stomach, we have still left numerous resources in the preparations from milk and eggs, cheeses, curds, puddings, &c., which, with or without wine, in the hands of a skilful cook, can supply to us any degree of stimulus short of fever point.

To some of the clergy who advocated capital punishment, it was once proposed that they should officiate as executioners of the rite of hanging, as they deemed it holy and pleasing in the sight of God, and it was justly urged, that if they refused that office for themselves with horror and disgust, they had no right to require or to tempt by pecuniary motives, a brother man to contaminate himself with it. Let every man and woman who reads this, take it home to themselves in its application to animals. If they do not feel that the killing and eating of their fellow creatures is repugnant to their purest moral consciousness, let them once be butchers for themselves; and if they shrink from crushing the head of a living ox or driving a knife into the neck of a sheep, slaying and dressing them, let them not require those brutalizing actions of their brothers and sisters.

It may be asked, if we do not eat these creatures, will they not multiply until we or they must starve; and are we not supplying that natural provision against this emergency, which God originally made in the creation of the wolf and the lion, which have fled before us?

Is not this also a beneficent provision,

since while preserving always an amount of life correspondent to the fertility of the planet, it selects that life from the youth and health of the animal kingdom, from the season of pleasure, and spares it a painful old age, embittered by neglect, decrepitude and disease?

The characteristic of these questions, whose objection will to many appear at first sight unanswerable, is that they refer to a *subversive equilibrium*, which combats one evil by another.

This is the character of compensation during the epochs of incoherence, of antagonism and conflict; in the natural world, in the social world, in the spiritual world; — ages, over which reigns an inverse Providence, establishing hostile relations of man with nature, whose life he devastates and perverts by his mismanagement of the earth entrusted to his rule; of man with his fellow man, by the external warfare of nations, and the internal warfare of classes, castes, and individual interests; and of man with God, through his manifestation in nature and in his fellow man, and by rebellion in substituting the arbitrary legislation of his own reason, of which the results have in all ages been the vicious circle of Poverty, Fraud, Oppression, War, Derangement of Climates and Deterioration of Soils, Generation of Diseases, General Ignorance, Error and Prejudice, Universal Incoherence and Duplicity of Action; for the divine government by Attraction, whose permanent revelation and stimulus has in all ages continually acted upon man as upon the planets, the atoms of matter, and the lower animals and social insects, and which only awaits the organization of the kingdom of heaven in the same serial hierarchy which distributes the harmonies of their movements, to create the *passional harmonies* of our society in the triune sphere of sensation, affection, and intelligence; and from a basis of united interests in co-operative industry, to evolve results opposite to those which flow from the incoherence of human legislation, namely: Graduated Riches, Practical Truth in all Relations, Efficient Mutual Guaranties, Equilibrium of Climates and Integral Culture of the Earth, Integral Health, Experimental and Inductive Science and Education, General and Collective Philanthropy, Unity of Action.

The equilibrium and compensation in this latter period, the law of whose organization has been discovered and developed in its practical details and stands ready for embodiment, is the balance between different sorts of good, as that of the first was the balance between different sorts of evil.

During the ages of incoherence, in which evil and suffering predominate, the inverse Providence adapted to them,

shortens the lives of men and animals to less than one-third of their natural period, by means of war, famine, pestilence and cannibalism.

The reproduction of the species maintains an inverse ratio to the perfection of the individual, a law equally ascertained and recognized in vegetable and in animal life, in its application to the rose-bush, the horse, or to man.

The wild flowers grow abundantly from the seed, but the gardener often fails to procure seed from his highly developed and composite flowers. The horse-breeder sometimes gets his mares into such high condition that he must stint their food, work them down and positively ill use them, before they will conceive. Salacity and the dominance of the generative functions are always found in connection with either a low grade of human life, or a comparatively lower state of the muscular force or the spiritual life in the individual. The lion, the horse, the elephant, and other noble creatures breed slowly, and bring forth at most twins; but the hog, the rabbit and all those which are low and rudimental in the scale of development are proportionally prolific. The whole class of *aves* are more so than the *mammalia*, the *amphibia* than the *aves*, and the *pisces* than the *amphibia*.

Individual development being stunted and fragmentary during the periods of incoherence, there results a constant tendency to excessive pullulation: amongst the human race this is greatest precisely among the classes to whom it is most pernicious, the laboring poor, whose hard fate precludes the varied resources of *passional* life open to the rich, and prevents an equally integral development. Malthus, seeing no issue from civilization, was, from his point of view, perfectly right in chanting the praises of war, famine and pestilence, as the agents for preserving equilibrium between population and subsistence during this subversive epoch. The devouring of animals by each other, which answers the same purposes in another sphere, is then equally legitimate.

In the harmonic epochs, on the contrary, which we can immediately enter by organizing industrial partnerships embracing all classes, and retributing by dividend the three faculties of capital, labor, and skill; distributing functions in minute subdivisions according to capacity and attractions; operating in groups of spontaneous formation, and interlocking those groups by short sessions, which shall alternate the occupations and social combinations of the individual, and connect his interest with many others whilst attaining for him the most integral development: — in the harmonic epochs, this de-

velopment, extended to all classes of the animal kingdoms through their connection with man, constantly tends to bring the number of births into equilibrium with the number of deaths, and it is hardly asking an undue confidence in the correctness of God's mathematics, to presuppose that at the highest point of development this equilibrium will be attained.

The second objection, in reference to the superior quality of the life limited to the youth and vigor of the creature, is not sound, since the majority both of men and animals are now cut off, not at the point between maturity and decrepitude, but in the very bud of youth. Besides, in a true social order integrally adapted to the nature of man, the decline of years will be free from pain and decrepitude; will be so clasped with love and veneration in the long established and strong rooted ties of social solidarity to the heart of its large home, that its green old age will be not the least pleasant period of life to the individual, nor, like the richly laden fruit tree of autumn bending under the wealth of ripe and golden experience, the least useful to society. We shall not then hasten to bury our fathers, *nor will the faithful creatures with whom we have lived in the interchange of friendly offices be less welcome to their life and its enjoyments.*

To be Continued.

TO POETS.

A LETTER FROM CARLYLE.

We are indebted to a Scottish friend for an original private letter (now lying before us) from THOMAS CARLYLE to a young relative, a weaver lad (now of this city) who, being addicted to verse-writing, had sent some of his effusions to his eminent cousin for critical inspection. Carlyle responded in the following letter, so wise, so truthful, manly, wholesome, that he cannot censure our improvement of the fortune which now gives it to the public through the columns of *The Tribune*. Should he be disposed to object, we beg him to consider that our country, even more than his own, has many thousands of sanguine youth, who need precisely the counsel given in this letter, and who will hear and heed it from him sooner than from any other. Here is the letter: Read and profit! — *Tribune*.

CHELSEA, Feb. 21, 1844.

Dear Cousin Alexander:

I have looked over your verses, and am glad to observe that you possess an intelligent mind, an open, affectionate heart, and are heartily disposed to do what you can for instructing and unfolding yourself. My very sincere wish is that these good qualities may be turned to account, and help to make you a useful man and effectual "doer of your work" in this world.

There can be no harm in amusing your leisure with verses, if you find it an amusement; but certainly I would by no means recommend you to prosecute it in any way as an employment, for in that sense I think it can turn to nothing but

an obstruction and a disappointment. Verse-writing, notwithstanding all the talk you hear about it, is in almost all cases a totally idle affair: a man was *not* sent into this world to write verses — no! If he finds himself called to speak, let him *speak*, manfully, some “words of truth and soberness;” and, in general, leave the *singing* and verse-making part of it, till the very last extremity, of some inward or outward call, drive him irresistibly thither. Nay, in these times, I observe there is less and less attention paid to things in verse; and serious persons every where find themselves disposed to hear what a man has to say, *the shortest way and the directest* — that is to say, disencumbered of rhyme. I for my share am well content with *this* tendency of the world.

If you will prosecute the cultivation of your speculative faculties, which surely is highly laudable in all men, then I should think it would be a much likelier method that you addicted yourself to acquiring real information about the things that exist around you in this world, and that have existed here: this, surely, must be the basis of all good results in the way of thought, speech or speculation for a man. In a word I would have you employ your leisure in reading instructive books, conversing with intelligent men, anxiously seeking out such, anxiously endeavoring to render yourself worthy of such. In Harwich there must be some public library, perhaps there are several. I would have you struggle to get admittance to one of these; perhaps that is not impossible for you. To read even a few good books, above all to read them *well*; this is the clear way toward spiritual advancement; a way that will become always the clearer, too, the farther one steadfastly perseveres in it.

But on the whole it should always be kept in mind that a man's faculty is not given him in the long run for *speculation*; that no man's faculty is so given him. The *harmony of soul* which would fain utter itself from you in rhymed verses, how much nobler to make it utter itself in rhymed conduct! In excellent, manifold endeavor to subdue the ruggedness of your life under your feet, and every where make *order* reign around you of what is disorder! This is a task all men are born to, and all other tasks are either nothing, or else branches of this.

Whether these hurried words will have any light for you at present I know not, but, if my wishes could avail, you should not want for guidance.

Tell your good little sister to be very careful of the Spring winds: Summer will help her. Give my kind regards to your father: — and, persisting with the best insight you have, prosper well.

Yours, very truly, T. CARLYLE.

THEORY AND PRACTICE. While talking to Reidel the other day, on his approaching death by sentence of the law, a Clergyman, whose devotion to his master's will had led him to visit the unfortunate prisoner, was decanting on the duties of charity. Reidel heard him patiently for some time, but at length observed: “You say if you had two coat, gif one away to de neighbor. Now you haf a coat and a cloak. I haf only 'tis tam ole jacket; gif me te cloak.” We did not hear how the worthy clergyman

relished this practical application of his preaching. — *Pittsburgh Journal.*

☞ A certain celebrated M. P., making inquiry concerning the origin of the word “Parliament,” was gravely informed that it was derived from two French verbs, namely, “Parler,” to speak, “Mentir,” to lie.

☞ The following characteristic petition was presented to the State Legislature recently, by Mr. Latham, of Williamstown:

“*To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled:*

“The petition of John Tatlock, professor of mathematics in Williams College. Your petitioner is a subject of the Government of Great Britain. He has taken up his abode in this goodly Commonwealth, and has taken to himself one of the daughters of the land, to be his wife. The climate not being adapted to the dwelling in tents, he needs a house, and, being foud of husbandry, he wants a spot of land where he may plant trees, pleasant to the eye and good for food, and where he may gladden his eyes and soften his heart with the sight of the beautiful flowers to which he was accustomed in the land of his fathers' sepulchres. Your petitioner therefore prays that your honorable body would grant him the right to hold real estate to the value of five thousand dollars; and your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

“God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. JOHN TATLOCK.

“*Williams College, Jan. 30, 1847.*”

LANDLORDS AND RENTS. Of all the curses with which this city is infested, that of high rents is probably the most frightful. Thousands of hard-working people are driven up town to get a place for their wives and families to reside in, three or four miles from their places of work, in order to avoid the frightfully extravagant rents that have to be paid by people down town; and even at the distance of three miles from the City Hall, the rents are so high that a laboring man can only afford to engage the part of a house. The fact is, that the cramming into one house of three or four families, is the cause of more vice and misery, more suffering in every way, sickness, debauchery, seduction, assaults, and even murder, than all other causes put together. Male and female children of from ten to eighteen years of age, are frequently placed in the same bed-room to sleep, without distinction, or a miserable curtain at the most is drawn across part of the room. Parents are compelled to sleep in the same room with grown-up daughters, and the delicate feelings of female modesty are broken down and destroyed. Quarrels occur between women about the most trifling things. A broom is left on the stairs, the back door is left open, or the front door is shut and locked when one of the husbands is out late at night. A row and fight begins in consequence of this. The clothes line are cut; the water in the cistern is used up,

or ashes are left on the back stoop and trod into the hall carpet. In short, there is no end of these annoyances. We hope and trust that our fellow citizens will not in their struggles to get houses, encourage landlords in their universal game of robbery. And if there is any heart left amongst landlords, we ask them, for God's sake, not to raise rents any higher. — *Subterranean.*

THE PEOPLE'S SUNDAY MEETING.

339 WASHINGTON STREET.

On Sunday last, a Lecture was delivered by ALBERT BRISBANE, Esq., on the subject of “Association,” or the new Social System of Society as discovered and taught by the celebrated French philosopher, CHARLES FOURIER. Mr. Brisbane commenced by giving a description of society as it now exists. He drew a vivid picture of the frauds of trade, the tyranny of capital, the tricks of the professions, the degradation of labor, and the increasing poverty of the working classes. Upon these various points he dwelt at considerable length, and exhibited a knowledge respecting them — their causes and effects — which could only have been derived from a long and careful study and observation. From this synopsis, he passed to the consideration of the proposed remedy for all these glaring evils. This remedy, he contended, would be found in the system or science of Association, as developed by Fourier. The Social System which that great genius discovered, is founded in all its parts, said the Lecturer, in strict accordance with the laws of man's nature. It educates and develops thoroughly all his faculties — social, mechanical, intellectual, scientific, moral and religious, making him, in all respects, as perfect and happy as his nature will allow. In place of social or domestic discord, it substitutes harmony; banishes ignorance by presenting knowledge in such a charming light as to make study delightful; improves the morals by mending the heart; and institutes the only correct religion or true love of God, that is, love to mankind. It does all this, and much more, from the legitimate workings of a mighty principle which Fourier alone is entitled to the high honor of discovering. This principle consists in the solution of the hitherto unknown problem of so organizing labor of all kinds as to make it attractive.

ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY, therefore, is the grand secret of Fourierism — the “open sesame” which discloses all the charms of Association — the pivot on which every thing turns in this new social system. Under its magic influence, labor becomes pleasure; the dark, dingy, and unhealthy work-shop is transformed to a light, airy, and elegant palace, festooned and frescoed with all the embellishments of art and genius; the workmen are no longer subject to the dictation of tyrannical masters nor the despotism of capital, because they own the machines with which they work, and the profits of their labor are divided among themselves; children are all well educated; women cease to be the slaves of the kitchen, because cooking is done upon an improved plan, and as the whole Association composes but one family, the saving in cooking in regard to time and money,

will release women from the long and toilsome drudgery to which they are now subjected; there will also be the choicest fruits and vegetables growing in the gardens and the fields, with which to regale the palate, the finest music, painting, and statuary, to please the ear and the eye, the most learned dissertations on science to gratify the intellect, the best moral lessons to improve the heart, and the inculcation of the truest religious sentiment for the expanding and uplifting of the soul—in short, a true Association will give to man, woman, and child, everything good and desirable. As the warm imagination of the ingenious and enthusiastic Lecturer revelled in these bright scenes, we unconsciously forgot ourselves for a little while, and thought we were in Heaven, only that he placed it on earth, where heaven ought to be. However, this to our mind was no objection, since as this world is our "*summun bonum*," we cannot but respect the man who labors to improve it. Whether the system of Association, take it all in all, will produce the reform in society, which is so much needed, is perhaps questionable, from the fact that it is probably impracticable. But let every one judge of that for himself. It is an important subject, and is engaging the deepest attention of some of the purest minds and best hearts in the country, foremost among whom is ALBERT BRISBANE. We are not able, as yet, to resist the conviction, that in some things he was quite visionary, but we must say, however, that in many things he was sound and practical, and that his lecture, as a whole, was one of the most able and interesting addresses on society and its evils we have ever heard. — *Boston Investigator*.

REVIEW.

Unity and Peace. A Sermon, preached before the Church of the Unity, Worcester, Jan. 10, 1847. By JOHN WEISS. Preacher of the First Congregational Church, Watertown. Published by Request. Worcester: Elihu Burritt & Co. pp. 19.

Long live the church in which such words as these are heard and taken to heart! Unity and Peace would not be far off, if the pulpit every where rang out with tones as true and well-timed. Could all the pulpits be brought up to the mark, to one simultaneous volley, some day, after this sort, it would change commerce, it would change politics, it would compel professing followers of the Prince of Peace really to discover the conditions by which unity and peace are possible, and to seek unity even in those obstinate material interests which thus far resist the unity of spirit. But the pulpits, we know, will not do this, except in here and there a solitary noble instance, like the present; because the church, as well as the state, is the convenient and pliant servitor of commerce, one of its organized instrumentalities for the preservation of property and for securing the respect that is due to it; and those who pay dictate to those who pray.

Mr. Weiss, in a style of remarkable vigor, elegance, and poetic warmth as well as wealth of imagery, unfolds the great Christian conception of the Unity of man upon this globe. He first reflects that the varieties of nations, individual character and position, are the indispensable prerequisites of harmony.

"If we study the history of the different races of men that have appeared, or still exist, upon the earth's surface, we shall find that, by being distinct, they are able to repair each other's deficiencies: and that their separate traits, instead of provoking to conflict and dissension, might be made to effect a harmony: as a chord in music is the result of notes that differ. Rightly understood, all nature's difference would make all nature's peace. It hardly belongs to our present province to show, by example, how those combinations might be effected; interesting as the research would be. Suffice it to say, that each race preponderates in some respect, and has something in excess which another race has in deficiency. You will perceive, then, that under a less artificial and more Christian social system than the present, they would be brought so near as to lend to each other—that is to say, in practice, and for mutual growth and the purposes of life. And to some extent they would actually blend, and catch each other's traits: as we see every day, in our own circle of observation, the most obstinate and refractory natures coming together and modifying each other, according to the laws of spiritual contact. *In such a system, there would be the truest division of labor*, each people doing, thinking, inventing that which it found most congenial and appropriate. But it is evident that such a condition of things must depend upon co-operation and peace, whereas now we see jealousy, exclusiveness and strife. The different races seem to be in irretrievable opposition; even cultivated nations stand upon their peculiarities, and look coldly at each other over their frontier-lines of river, sea, or mountain, and trust with difficulty to the general points of union. Thus there is a weighty class of facts which seem to oppose the scheme of universal harmony: and yet, all the while, in the midst of the conflict and confusion, many significant facts support the idea, and lend a sanguine hope to the Christian thinker. The Bible prophecies still sound in his heart and haunt his imagination, and he believes that he may still expect 'the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.'"

He then proceeds to indicate how easily differences of religious creed, of languages, and of old national feelings, will accommodate themselves to the reforming law of Love, which seeks no other unity but unity of essence, with variety of form.

What is this bond of unity? He answers:

"It will result from a simple faith in moral principles. A general harmony and co-operation must needs be based upon something which the human heart, in all circumstances and diversities, acknowledges to be universal, and forever necessary. This cannot be anything which is the product of the intellect, more or less enlightened: whether it be creeds and theologies—laws and institutions—customs and policies. These melt with last year's snows on the Andes,

the granite peak which sustained them being left bare and eternal. They pass away with the generations which conceived them for their brief convenience. They reflect the mood of the moment; they only serve to indicate how high the tide of growth has risen. The intellect of men will forever preserve this diversity of action, just as their faces will preserve their separate tones and features. But the great scheme of the Beatitudes, the ever-green example of Jesus Christ, the simple moral elements of his mighty life, will build the platform of that future unity, which no man ever dreamed with a hope so glowing, or prophesied in words so burning, as he who gave to humanity the means for its fulfilment. There is nothing which the human soul will ever find eternal, nothing in which capricious mortals ever will agree, except the principles of a moral life. Give to all men and races a pure *moral* conception of that life of Christ, introduce its elements through the intellect into the heart of humanity, teach them that only kind of truth which sanctifies—and they will rush together like kindred atoms. Teach them that this common goodness is the secret of common harmony, and all their diversities will blend into a single form of moral life; and the struggle and the intrigue and the great ambition will be, who shall plant the standard of God's kingdom farthest in the van—who shall bring up the most refractory races upon the Christian platform, and into the generous current of Christian culture—who shall demolish most distinctions—who shall soonest efface their noxious peculiarities. A clear conception of the Beatitudes alone, their vast capacity, their exhaustive meaning, equal with the soul itself, will surmount the barriers of all the centuries, and fill up every creek and inlet with the fertilizing tide. The State will be the world—the Nation will be all mankind—the Church of God will be builded out of human hearts, which are made of one color, and are full of one blood, and whose pulses beat with equal motion beneath the shadow of the iceberg and the palm."

This is all true. The inward spiritual Law of unity is here fully stated; or rather, its first principle, not its law of application. The source whence unity proceeds and which is unity, is stated; but not the law which regulates the distribution of all things proceeding thence, and harmonizes infinite variety. This moral principle of unity, this omnipotence of Love, as summed up in the Beatitudes, has oftentimes been felt, and been the burthen of much Christian teaching; but why have the Beatitudes not passed into the life and business of nations? why do they fail to ultimate themselves in practice? Because the old spirit of Anti-Christ, the old law of Force and Selfishness, has given to society its outward mould, and all the business by which men live, all that pertains to individual or social economy, is still conducted on that principle, separating men in spite of all that conscience or the heart may plead, and condemning every life, however stirred with Christian aspirations, to the poor practice of its daily circulation in these false and narrow forms. Rivals for bread, rivals for the mere privilege of

living, cannot put in practice a great deal of the law of Love; and competition will drive out the Beatitudes until such time as they shall exclude competition, by the introduction of God's order into the now chaotic and disorganized sphere of industry and of material interests. This is what they now demand, in order that they may not always pass for impracticable dreams, in order that their meaning may not be always postponed to another world: as if the harmony of another world could ever compensate for the discord of this world! But this demand the sermon does not make. It simply urges faith in moral principles. No doubt they are strong enough to save the world; but a real faith in them, if it existed, would be already taking the next step, and asking how can society be organized so as to admit the free play of these principles. Truth and Love cannot prepare the kingdom of heaven upon earth, without the application of some method; between the cause and its legitimate result, a middle term is needed, an ordering wisdom and arranging science. Moral principle prophesies the unity of all mankind; its first work should be to seek the science, and to determine the outward form of that social unity. Else the men, whose moral instincts are most true, will continually keep lapsing from their faith, inasmuch as the actual is more powerful than the ideal. The pulpit is always warning men to be good, to have faith, and rely on principle; but it never hints at the removal of organic social falsehoods, which make it a fatality that this moral triumph shall find itself limited to the church and the hour of service.

This is criticism on the pulpit generally; and we can admire this sermon for what it is, without finding fault with it for what it is not.

Mr. Weiss next proceeds to what is evidently the principal and immediate object of his discourse, and applies the lesson to our own times, refuting in a noble and convincing manner the miserable maxim which is now rife among our rulers and so many of their clamorous pseudo-patriotic followers, the maxim of our "country, right or wrong;" and that latest *ex post facto* justification of the war with Mexico, set forth by politicians and demagogues, who seem to be wonderfully familiar with the designs of Providence,—that it is the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race, forsooth, to overrun this continent, and that all good patriots must volunteer, therefore, to help Providence, even though it be by blood and robbery. Let those who vapor so much about national honor, read this noble paragraph:

"I am perfectly aware that all this is likely to be called anti-national. God grant it—it is

so—but why? Is it not, my friends, because it is not anti-Christian? God forbid that the pulpit should ever meanly stoop to be national, at the expense of the Christ who is its chief corner-stone. God grant, my friends, that we, at least, may have a sense of Christian honor nice enough to preserve us from such infamy, and to keep us worthy of the religion we profess. For there is such a thing as honor, dear to the heart of a Christian, dearer than his life. It was the impulse of honor known to the unresisting martyr, in those times when the snap of the fagot was more thrilling and eloquent than the roar of cannon—when the column of smoke resting upon the saintly head was the proudest banner ever unfurled in the name of Right. There is a Christian honor, and it is as far above the honor of our self-styled patriot, as Christ is above Mars. The thought of it makes the very soul pulse with emotion—as much sweeter and more thrilling to the divinity within us, as the peace-anthem of the angels was sweeter than the recruiting drum in our streets. This honor is based upon holy love and renunciation; it neither strives nor cries, it is not the voice of a demagogue in the street. It comes to our hearts, inspiring us with love of truth and eternal justice, nerving us to all sacrifice; and its salute cannot be rolled from the hollow, blood-thirsty drum,—rather with the quick, solemn beats of the laboring heart, and the rapid dropping of the overflowing eyes. This is Gospel honor; these are the heroics of Christ and his Apostles. It needs not the smallest crime to establish its right, not one drop of blood to moisten its roots. It is famous by no battlefield except that of the spirit, and hangs up no trophies except in the heart. It is common to all nations, uniting them 'like kindred drops,' not tearing them asunder in hatred and defiance. This is the honor which endureth all things rather than the judgments of God; too honorable to break the least of his commandments, though the eyes of four hemispheres flash with scorn; too truly great and noble to sacrifice a single leaf of its Bible for the balance of power, or the adjustment of claims, or for the sake of any popular cant of its time. Choose ye this day between the false and the true honor; ye cannot serve two masters. Be on the side of God and virtue, for the very sake of the country which has so proud and so pure a destiny to accomplish. Represent the Gospel, proclaim the Gospel, live the Gospel; for what shall it profit our country, if it gain the whole world at the expense of its soul?"

The Literary World. A Gazette for Authors, Readers and Publishers.

This is the title of a new journal published in New York by Osgood and Co., 136 Nassau St., and under the editorial charge of Mr. EVERT A. DUYKINCK, the accomplished caterer for the popular press of Messrs. Wiley & Putnam. It is elegantly printed in imitation of the London Athenæum, and seems sure of a continued existence; being supported by the great publishing establishments of New York and Philadelphia. Its main purpose is criticism, principally of books, though it also takes notice of the fine arts, not excluding music and the drama. In each of these departments the editor has assistants competent to discuss the most

opposite topics, and throw light on all questions, from the highest problems of art or philosophy to the best method of shoeing a horse. The three numbers which have reached us bear the marks of industry, talent, and very respectable scholarship. The articles are written in a creditable style and with an apparent aim to do justice to all parties. We believe the paper may be taken as a sincere expression of the opinions of its writers, and not, as has been supposed in some quarters, for the mere voice of the publishers who advertise in its columns.

Should any one however, look into it for original or vigorous thought, he will be badly disappointed. Its power never rises out of the respectable, and sometimes sinks into the insipid. We confess that we are surprised at its want of force and substance. It has less character than we thought we had a right to expect from the name of its editor. It seems all the while as though it would fain be something real, but had to yield to influences not altogether congenial, and be what it is. Desiring at heart to look forward, it is compelled to look only sideways and backwards, and so its eyes, like all eyes askew, do not see very clearly. It is conservative without any depth of philosophy to give it weight. It reminds us of an elegant gentleman of good blood and breeding and handsome clothes, but without a back-bone. It gives you many good things, pleasing articles, but it cannot take hold of you, never compels your attention or leaves any special recollection in your mind. It is a sort of handsome hybrid between the Past and the Present, without having the distinctive qualities of either in any marked degree.

The special object of dislike to our new cotemporary, seems to be a certain indefinite something called Transcendentalism, which from some indications, we should think, was brought over from a very foggy country, known as Germany, by one Thomas Carlyle, and let loose in England to the particular damage of a Mr. Festus Bailey, an unfortunate gentleman who must be in a sad way indeed. At other times, the critic speaks as if it were a giant living in a cave, probably in one of the hills on which Boston is built, and sallying out from time to time to eat young people, especially poets, who are perhaps greener and tenderer than others. However, as the *World* misses no chance of giving it a shrewd cut, and as Mr. Shakspeare Hudson appears to have enlisted his original and successful powers in the same cause, the creature will no doubt soon be done for and put out of the way, though there is reason to fear that the Carlyle above spoken of, as well as

a notorious character called Emerson, on this side of the water, may die rather hard and protract the struggle.

Besides Transcendentalism, the critics of the *World* have also heard of "Fourierism," and of a set of misguided people who are deluded by it, and whose name is "Fourierites." This does not however, seem to be so dangerous as the other, for while Transcendentalism has been gravely reprimanded on several occasions, Fourierism gets the benefit only of a vulgar sort of fling in the first number, probably because it is not worth much, and is nothing more than a cheap and easy subject to be smart upon.

But joking aside, we find nothing in this new paper to cause very high expectations of its future usefulness. It may do something towards correcting bad rhetoric, and even contribute to foster a genteel taste in the fine arts. But this is not meat for these times or this country. Book-making was a good trade sometime ago, but its day is past; the letter of Thomas Carlyle (O the Transcendentalist!) in another column, presents a good homily on that head. We want something manlier, more in earnest, and more comprehensive. Superficialities, no matter how fine, are not going to satisfy this nation at present, and above all, superficialities of books,—the skins of skins. There may be a class of persons to whom such a journal as the *World* is welcome; since we saw a person taking notes of a stupid sermon as it fell from the lips of a stupid preacher, we have always consoled ourselves with the reflection that no class of minds need lack for appropriate food, and so we have no doubt that an audience is ready for the work in question; but as for its making a mark upon the times it will require the infusion of a new life and spirit into it,—a fact which we shall always be rejoiced to witness and recognize.

The Supernaturalism of New England.
By J. G. WHITTIER. New York and London: Wiley and Putnam. 1847. pp. 71. (Boston, sold by Redding and Company, 8 State St.)

This little book, forming the twenty-seventh number of the "Library of American Books," is an expansion of a Magazine article written by Mr. Whittier several years ago. It is a lively, gossiping account of some of the commonest forms of the old popular persuasion in New England, of supernatural agencies, both good and bad, but generally bad. Stories of ghosts, of magic, and of witchcraft, are told in a rambling order, with that power and beauty of language, and with that humane and generous spirit which are always characteristic of the author. It seems to have been written

from no other motive but a poet's mere love of the romantic and the marvellous, in whatsoever form; and the author himself speaks of it as a pastime, an unbending of his powers from sterner use. It does not enter into the philosophy of those popular forms of supernaturalism; nor has it the completeness of a historical essay. It is like a prolonged winter evening's chat about old superstitions, which draw a sort of ghostly spell even about the rationalists and realists of this common-sense generation, when they get to talking about such things.

The author, however, narrates these things not at all as a believer in them; and consequently his ghost-stories, interesting and poetical as they are, cannot have that life-like reality and earnestness, that terrible simplicity which belongs to ballads and supernatural tales in their own proper age. The book is certainly interesting and curious; and the narrative is interspersed with many choice bits of poetry, partly of his own, and partly from others, founded on the same traditions. One of these, "The New Wife and the Old," is a masterly ballad for these times, and makes one think of "Christabel." His comments on what he relates are mainly to the effect that there is a deep vein of faith in a supernatural world running through the history of the human mind in all ages, and that practical New England is by no means an exception; on the contrary, he produces some traditions, having their "local habitation" in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, that are strongly in the genius of Goethe's "Erl-King," Burger's "Lenore," and many of the wildest and most deeply poetic of the German superstitions. Mr. Whittier writes, though not as an avowed and literal believer in ghosts and charms, yet from a deep faith in the supernatural; and to him, as to every soul of any depth, the tendency of the human imagination to create these marvels is as interesting and significant a fact as the literal ghosts themselves could be. Especially happy are his remarks upon the retributive power of the imagination in this form, where crimes have been committed.

The most beautiful thing in the volume is the following

"DEDICATION."

Dear Sister! while the wise and sage
Turn coldly from my playful page,
And count it strange that ripened age
Should stoop to boyhood's folly;
I know that thou wilt judge aright,
Of all which makes the heart more light,
Or lends one star-gleam to the night
Of clouded Melancholy.

Away with weary cares and themes! —
Swing wide the moon-lit gates of dreams!
Leave free once more the land which teems
With wonders and romances!

Where thou with clear-discerning eyes,
Shalt rightly read the truth which lies
Beneath the quaintly masking guise
Of wild and wizard fancies.

Lo! once again our feet we set
On still green wood-paths, twilight wet,
By lonely brooks, whose waters fret
The roots of spectral beeches;
Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er
Home's white-washed wall and painted floor,
And young eyes widening to the lore
Of faery folks and witches.

Dear heart! — the legend is not vain
Which lights that holy hearth again,
And, calling back from care and pain,
And Death's funereal sadness,
Draws round its old familiar blaze,
The clustering groups of happier days,
And lends to sober manhood's gaze
A glimpse of childish gladness.

And knowing how my life hath been
A weary work of tongue and pen,
A long, harsh strife, with strong-willed men,
Thou wilt not hide my turning,
To con, at times, an idle rhyme,
To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,
Or listen at Life's noon-day chime
For the sweet bells of Morning!"

American Progress: A Lecture delivered before the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati, December 8, 1846. By GAMALIEL BAILEY, Jr. Cincinnati: Edwin Shepard. 1846. pp. 24.

This pamphlet contains an excellent account of the physical advancement of this country, not omitting its growth in other respects. It is written in a clear style, and is animated by an earnest general belief in Human Progress. We could wish for a more distinct understanding of the philosophy of the subject, but any expression of faith in the fact is too dear to us not to be gladly received for what it is. There are many fields to be reaped, and true workers must rejoice when service is done in any one of them.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

THE FATE OF WOMAN!

To bloom in loveliness,
Wearing new grace each day,
And in that roseate hour of life's excess,
Its richest gifts to sway —

To bind the myrtle-wreath
In triumph round her brow,
Muttering sweet spells with her sweet lips
beneath,
To make it firmer grow.

And then to see it fade,
Its white buds turned to stone,
Or, like that ancient torture-garland, made
A piercing, poisoned crown.

With faint and trembling skill
Then trying to revive
Those flowers celestial that, once drooped,
ne'er will
By mortal culture thrive.

So, from the hopeless task
Shrinking in sorrow mute,
And learning from all lookers-on to mask
Her deep grief's bitter root.

O, starlight, clear and stern!
O, moonlight, soft and tender!
Have ye no courage, as ye burn,
No sympathy to lend her?

No let her fade and die,
And on her pale, cold brow,
Receive more kisses than her smiles could
buy
In those past years of wo.

Then in her young grave lain,
The mild spring morning weeps,
And drops o'er her his softest pitying rain
Where calm she sleeps!

What time her Loved of earth,
With soon rekindling eye,
Is welcoming some new Love in its birth—
So passeth Woman by!

X.

For the Harbinger.

THE FROZEN CASCADE:

OR

THE BRIDE OF THE ROCK.

In beauty perfected, with lavish grace,
She casts herself about his rugged form,
With all her vesture on of snowy white,
Nor left one pendant out, one dropping pearl.
Could she be fairer? Through her silver veins
The warm sun searches us for some weak spot,
But, with a pride refined, she smileth back—
"I gave myself in beauty to this Rock;
Ancient he is, and reverend, and strong;
And I will fringe him with my snowy arms,
And lay my white cheek on his dark gray brow,
Nor ever melt for all thy beaming eyes!"

X.

For the Harbinger.

WHY ARE POETS SAD?

Saw'st thou e'er the clean proportions,
Schemed in fullness of thy soul,
Marred to look more like distortions
Than the beauty of a whole?
Heard'st thou e'er poetic passion,
Music-wrought to thrill the heart,
Tamed by some insipid fashion,
Or by playing with false art?
Hast thou ever, with the feeling
That the ill might have been stayed,
Watched a loved one, while was stealing
Death upon her like a shade?
Who thwartings such as these has had,
May know why Poets oft are sad.

Poets' lives are daily thwartings;
In their souls they bear such needs,
That to them are ceaseless smartings,
What the world calls highest needs.
Music sings in their heart-stirrings,
That can find no earthly voice;
Life's best actual forms are blurrings
To the beauty of their choice.
Man's great sorrows, with heart-feeling,
Daily they in secret moan;
From their eyes are often stealing,
For man's woes, warm tears unknown.
No Poet's he who can be glad,
With so much round to make him sad.

E. Y. T.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1847.

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.

ORGANIZATION IN FRANCE—CONSTANT PROGRESS—VICTOR CONSIDERANT—IMPORTANCE OF SYSTEM—PERIODICAL RENT.

The progress of the Associative School in France presents an interesting and instructive subject of contemplation. Rarely has an attempt at political or social reform been conducted with the order, intelligence, compactness, and systematic, practical efficiency, which characterize the proceedings of the disciples of Fourier, in the country which has the honor of giving birth to his grand discoveries in Social Science. Aware of the dignity and responsibility of their position, conscious of the hidden elements of power which they hold in their hands, fully impressed with a sense of the truth and grandeur of the principles of Universal Harmony which they have received, they devote themselves to the accomplishment of their mission with a wise, effective energy, an enlightened enthusiasm, an adamant firmness, and a spirit of generous self-devotion, which could only be called forth by a cause in which the noblest interests of Humanity are so deeply involved.

Relying on the certain, though it may be, distant victory of truth over error, of harmony over discord, they betray no impatience, no feverish anxiety, for the progress of their doctrines. They show no disposition to force the nature of the human mind. They calculate on prejudice, misunderstandings, misrepresentations, obloquy, and antagonism, upon the first announcement of unknown truth. They are not daunted or made irritable or unhappy by opposition in any form. The established laws of human nature lead them to expect this. They do not anticipate taking the world by storm, although they have confidence in the triumphant progress of their principles.

The leader of the Associative movement in France, is M. VICTOR CONSIDERANT, one of the earliest and most intelligent converts to the doctrines of Social Harmony. He is a man of rare intellectual endowments, possessing singular depth of penetration, great logical acuteness, a power of clear, nervous expression, and wielding with equal facility, the resources of precise, rigorous argument, and of

bold and glowing eloquence. His position and education as an officer in the French army, have given him a familiarity with the details of business and affairs, a comprehensive knowledge of society and the world, and an extraordinary practical energy; while the suavity and friendliness of his disposition, combined with an inflexible vigor of will, admirably qualify him for a post in which so many complicated and delicate interests are at all times to be consulted. We certainly, do not know the man, who seems to be more clearly pointed out by natural gifts for any specific duty, than does Victor Considerant to take the lead in propagating the doctrines of Social Unity, which are destined at no distant day, peacefully to revolutionize the world.

In connection with Considerant, we may mention the names of Cantagrel, Laverdant, Blanc, Bourdon, Daly, Bureau, Franchot, and Hennequin, who are devoted to the interests of the Associative cause, and who in various spheres, take an active and leading part in the propagation of its doctrines. Nor should we here forget the two earliest friends of Fourier and his system, M. Just Muiron, and Madame Clarisse Vigoreux, who by the weight of their character and influence, gave a profound impulse to the movement while yet in its infancy, and who now, with unabated zeal, with ever fresh enthusiasm and hope, at an advanced period of life, are consecrated to the establishment of Social Order and Harmony in the world.

The progress of the movement in France has been such as to justify the most sanguine hopes. Commencing with but two or three devoted converts,—indeed, for many years, confined to the calm, piercing, gigantic intellect of its illustrious founder,—it is now organized with a strength and compactness that nothing can shake,—commands the means of influence over public opinion, that have already made a wide and deep impression,—and is going forward with firm and healthy step to the accomplishment of its vast designs for the benefit of the race.

The ultimate object of the Associative School, as stated by its disciples in France, is the advent of Harmony on earth, by the introduction of the Serial Law into human relations, that is to say, by the free, natural, and attractive organization of labor, and of human activity,—an organization, founded on the voluntary association of individuals, natives and races, and the distribution of social advantages in proportion to the share of each in their creation.

The immediate, temporary object of the School is to produce a conviction of

the necessity of a social transformation, and of the scientific value of the theory of Fourier, in a sufficient number of generous minds, of men capable of realizing, by their intervention, the first model of Harmonic Society.

The means of action possessed by the School are of two kinds, those furnished to the Centre, by the devoted partizans of the Cause; and those made use of by the Centre, and applied to increasing the life of the School and to the expansion of the Theory.

From 1832, five years previous to the decease of Fourier, to 1843, the general expenses of propagation were defrayed by a small number of zealous disciples, among whom a single individual, Madame Clarisse Vigoreux, holds an honorable and conspicuous place.

In 1840, the first systematic attempt for the collection of funds, was made by the establishment of a society in the month of June of that year.

In 1843, a new additional Society was formed with special reference to the publication of the daily newspaper, called "La Democratie Pacifique."

The sale of Associative works amounted in 1843 to \$2,000, in 1844 to \$5,000, and in 1845 to \$9,000, without taking into the account over \$3,000, which were received for subscription to the "Phalange," a Monthly Review, established in 1845.

In 1845, an appeal was made to the friends of the cause, for regular, systematic pecuniary contributions, in aid of the publications of the School, and the general work of propagation. This was the origin of the RENT, which has since been so successful in France, and which has recently been introduced, almost with enthusiastic acclamation, among the advocates of the movement in this country. So rapid was the progress of this plan, that the number of subscribers to the funds of the School, which in 1843 was only seventy-three, before the close of the year 1843 amounted to eleven hundred.

"The establishment of a Rent for the service of an idea," say our friends in France, "presents many incontestable advantages over irregular and uncertain contributions. In the first place, it is far more easy to pay a fixed sum, by monthly or weekly instalments, than to advance the same amount at once; then the principle of a Rent gives an aspect of permanence and determination to the cause, which adopts it; and finally, it strengthens the Centre of action and direction, by enabling it to decide on its regular outlays and expenditures, from the actual amount of collections, that can be relied on."

The gradual increase of the Rent will

be perceived from the following summary.

March 22d, 1816, it amounted to 38,760 francs, divided among 437 subscribers.
May 31st, 1816, it amounted to 97,229 francs, divided among 1,387 subscribers.
June 30th, 1816, it amounted to 98,688 francs, divided among 1,440 subscribers.
July 31st, 1816, it amounted to 99,784 francs, divided among 1,479 subscribers.
Sept. 25th, 1816, it amounted to 101,700 francs, divided among 1,530 subscribers.

The amount aimed at by the French School, to place the work of propagation on a secure footing is 120,000 francs, or \$24,000 annually.

We thus perceive the broad and systematic provision, that is made by the Associationists of France, for the general diffusion of their doctrines. They leave nothing to chance, to mere impulse or enthusiasm, to random effort, but by a judicious concentration of their energies, by firm and comprehensive business arrangements, they are preparing the way for the certain triumph of their cause, and the elevation and advancement of Humanity.

THE VIENNESE CHILDREN.

We cut the article below from the Boston Courier of the 19th ult. It is written by a woman, and contains many plain truths, rarely spoken of, but which demand the deepest attention. We like the general tone and spirit very much, and we feel satisfied that Woman's labors, in the great works of Reform and Progress, are urgently needed. If a few women of intelligence and noble souls would come forward, and speak out for the rights of Woman, for justice, for her education, we feel sure that a deep and wide response would come from all parts of the country.

Woman's nature has been too freely developed in this age to admit, without intense suffering the monstrous degrading circumstances which are forced upon her; among others the selfish and material marriages, which are but a barter and sale of the heart's sympathies for mere material considerations, to find a home, to escape dependence, to be fed, clothed and provided for by the money of a man. The spirit of independence, of self-reliance, which has been cultivated so strongly in the present age, and in woman as in man, revolts in her soul at the degrading dependence in which she is placed. There is no sphere opened to her but marriage, the needle, the kitchen, and when these fail, and desperation overtakes her, prostitution. And many marriages, contracted from sheer necessity and dependence, the soul sickening at a contract, which the wants of the body force upon it, are but a kind of legal

prostitution, notwithstanding a paid priest may sanction the union, and give to what is infamous and immoral in the highest degree, legality and the sanction of public opinion.

Let women of talent and noble sentiments come forward and denounce this whole system of female dependence and degradation; let them show the oppressive burthens under which woman struggles, the load which her delicate nature, more sympathetic and less corrupted than man's in civilized society, has to bear, let them do it earnestly, strongly, and they will awaken a feeling, and call forth a response far more deep and universal than is now suspected, and will start a movement for which the world is ready and waiting — the emancipation of woman from materialism, dependence, and man's usurpation and coarse sovereignty.

To the Editor of the Boston Courier:

I have the highest respect for the Hon. Horace Mann, and I think his Common School Journal is one of the most valuable works published in our community; and if it were taken and read by all fathers and mothers, I believe the next generation would be better for it.

But nevertheless, I must protest against the proscriptive article, in the number for February 1st, on the Viennese dancers. It seems to me, Mr. Mann takes an entirely false view of the matter, and I did expect from a mind capable of such wide views, something greater upon this vexed question; and I cannot help thinking that it betrays a view somewhat one-sided with respect to human culture.

I am not a transcendentalist, as this term is used in our day, (though I hope I am one in the Coleridge sense). I acknowledge a law out of the individual, and binding the whole race to a common good, and which often requires a temporary sacrifice of what is not really unlawful; but, with much of the creed of the Puritans, I do not, like them, feel that Art is to be cursed in any of its branches, not even the art of Terpsichore. I believe that motion has its music, and that this music is a desirable part of the means of human culture. I not only think that every human being is the more perfect for knowing how to dance, but that the ballet, symbolic dance, should be exhibited for the delight and perfection of the general mind. I am not content with saying that dancing carries off exuberant spirits, and prevents grosser bodily activity, but I believe it is a positive advantage to the mind, to see how the human body can become the instrument to express ideas by its motions. I therefore hailed the appearance on our stage of these innocent little dancers, whose youth and position in all respects, it was to be hoped, would preclude reflections, that the questionable character of many dancing women had brought upon their art. Madame Weiss has gathered her little troop from founding hospitals, and the huts of the squalid poor. She has taught them to read and write. She teaches them how to make fancy dresses; and, in their house-keeping, for they always keep house, how to provide themselves food. She gives them an art which is

healthy for body and mind, and thus, in many ways, secures to them the means of an honest livelihood; and though she cannot secure these children to be all good women,—any more than if she brought them up as children are ordinarily brought up,—she gives them a better chance than if she had left them in the squalidity from which she took them. I understand that they love her, and that she is very kind to them. The testimony of the captain of the vessel which brought them over, is very satisfactory on this point, and their own happy, healthy faces tell the same story. At present, they are out of harm's way, which is more than could be said of them if they were still in the suburbs of a large city, running about the streets with vicious boys. If forty-eight children in Broad Street, or in New York streets, could be caught up and secured several years, as these children are, to industrious habits, away from vicious scenes, I, for one, should rejoice. I therefore can answer Mr. Mann's terrible questions with perfect peace of conscience, and feel that I am doing not only an innocent but a kind thing, in encouraging this beautiful display of the genius of Madame Weiss and of the spirit of nations.

For the national dances which these children exhibit to this Western world have an historical interest, while the poetical beauty of Madame Weiss's own inventions touch higher chords. I wish it were a permanent thing, and it seems to me it would be a grand thing, to have such customs and costumes of other nations, as could be represented in the ballet, as well as all the national dances exhibited at the theatre. It might do to correct the rudeness and vulgarity which penetrates with us into all classes, and characterizes the less favored to such a degree, that any tendency to elegance among them is deemed, even by themselves, an *affectation*. Dr. Channing, and others of our best moralists, have lamented the grossness of habits and the want of tasteful amusements, which leaves so many to the excitements of the grog-shop as their only relaxation; but what hope can we have of anything like elegant amusement, if the only organ for its introduction, namely, the theatre, is to be cried down as the gate of hell!

All honor to the Misses Fellowes, and whoever else will befriend the orphan! But who will assure Mr. Mann that all the homes found for children will be happy, and make them good? What is this life all around us, *out of the theatre*, to give it so great a preference? How many children of all classes marry for establishment, without half a heart! How many sink into *various* kinds of vice, (for there are *various* kinds) from want of any means of subsistence but the hardest labor! It is much more respectable, much more righteous, to use one's body to execute the beautiful ideas of genius, making use of colors and their own motions to express them, than to sell one's body to a husband who has never refined himself to the idea of love in any elevated sense, which is done by one half the women that make up what is called respectable society. Let us learn to classify on a higher and deeper principle than we do. Let us cease to damn, first to infamy, and by consequence, too often, to vice, all who are devoted to any branch of the histrionic

art. Let us, by taking a noble view of it, make it an engine of great intellectual, and consequently of moral good to the community, which will have it at all events; which would have it, even in the days of the Puritans, when the English theatre was the grossest. Indeed, it has been one cause of the evil that has connected itself with the theatre in this country, that it has always been banned as *sinful*, and is too apt to be acknowledged *sinful*, even by those who attend it. It is so agreeable that its friends thoughtlessly yield the point that it is *only* agreeable, and this, joined with the popular notion that whatever is very agreeable is wrong, has entirely confused the general mind upon the whole matter.

Better views on the subject of the ballet would alter and elevate the social position of ballet dancers, and this would be a moral safeguard to them, though I do not believe that this class, or any class of theatrical performers, are much worse than other classes of society; but only their exposed situation makes all their evils better known. There are *various* vices; and different situations, perhaps, merely vary their character, while the arid vices go off with the palm of virtue!

A WOMAN.

[Correspondence of the Harbinger.]

NEW YORK LECTURES. The regular Course of Lectures on Association, was opened in New York on Monday, the 22d of February, the birth-day of Washington; may it become a still greater day in our remembrances! The day had been a very stormy one, and a large audience was not expected. But when the evening came, the large room of the Lyceum was found to be well-filled with an intelligent gathering of ladies and gentlemen. Every body seemed surprised to see that so large a number of persons had ventured out after so boisterous an afternoon. Mr. DANA's excellent discourse on the Progressive Development of Humanity was listened to with profound attention, broken only by the enthusiastic applause which broke forth from time to time. It gave great satisfaction, and we must say that we never heard a highly scientific topic handled with more clearness and popular effect. The portrait of the leading traits of civilization was universally recognized to be true, and its demonstration of the necessity of a new order of society told upon every mind present. Mr. Dana will doubtless be called upon to repeat his lecture on another occasion. Next week Mr. VAN AMRINGE, who by the way, is laboring strenuously in the cause of Association, and the kindred subjects of National Reform and Christian Union, will address the people on the Existing Evils of Society. The movement thus begun, will have the best effect, in arousing the spirit of our friends, and in spreading the knowledge of our doctrines. All that is wanted is a vigorous propaga-

tion on the part of the Central Union. The interest in the subject is daily increasing. Ten new members were added to the New York Branch, after Mr. Dana's lecture, and the weekly Rent increased nearly one dollar. And here let us take occasion again to call to the minds of our friends the high importance of the weekly Rent. If anything in the way of popular propagation is to be done, it must be done in this mode. Five, or ten, or fifty cents a week, is a small matter for any individual; but in the aggregate, it will be a great deal. The O'Connell Rent, which often amounts to five hundred dollars per week, is mostly contributed in pennies. Our cause is infinitely greater than O'Connell's, and ought to be prosecuted with more vigor. Let the pennies come forth, then, on every side. Surely fifty dollars a week is not too much for our means! Can we not even raise one hundred, and send our best and most efficient lecturers to every town and city in the United States?

[Correspondence of the Harbinger.]

—, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1846.

I was much gratified to see in a late Harbinger, several offers of \$1,000 each towards the founding of a Model Phalanx. As that is the consummation, of all others, the most devoutly to be wished, at present, I would devote my mite to the same object. I could pledge for that purpose, \$250, to be furnished April 1st, 1848, or even six months sooner, if necessary.

A few weeks ago I finished reading five volumes of Fourier's works, and though I could have wished a smaller proportion of "Introductions" and "Prologomènes," I found in them an inexhaustible mine of thought. Fourier differs from other men chiefly in this, that whereas they float upon the surface of things, he penetrates, with surprising certainty, to their principles,—nothing seems to escape his wonderful analyzing and classifying power. Though he is frequently not understood, because he gives the results of his reasoning rather than the process, there is none of that looseness, that mistiness about him which betokens that he does not himself clearly comprehend that of which he speaks. All my observation and experience go to prove the truth of most of the principles that he has brought to light. I find that many or most of the improvements of the present day, particularly those in school books and educational processes, are so because they are more in accordance (unconsciously, perhaps, to their authors) with those principles than the more imperfect methods which have preceded them.

In reading an account, the other day,

In reading an account, the other day, of the doings of the American Institute in regard to an Agricultural School, I was struck with the unwitting "Fourierism" of some of the ideas broached. In my experience as a teacher, (having to do with fifty or sixty boys,) I see confirmations, every hour, of the truth of the principles of Association, and especially of the opinion that industry may be rendered attractive.

What Fourier says of the "simple" and the "compound," is of more value than the Philosopher's Stone,—it has furnished principles which I have applied to some departments of teaching with surprising success. In the voluntary clubs of the scholars, in the reading parties of the teachers, I see rude manifestations of those *compound attractions* which will produce such astonishing results in the groups of the serial order.

But though I am as well situated as any civilizee, I am pained to see so much wasted effort, to administer so much fruitless, but *apparently* necessary coercion, to witness such trampling under foot of the great passion and attraction laws of God. Thus, conscious that I merely *exist* in this incoherent civilization, I long for the full life of the Phalanx,—that grand centre of all my terrestrial hopes, that focus to which all my calculations tend. Before I knew the social science, I could contemplate no possible phase of life with more than passing approval,—the results of scientific research, the dogmas of sectarians, the theories of moralists, the rhapsodies of patriots, the philanthropic schemes and unreasonable anticipations of simplistic reformers, all gave but a momentary satisfaction, for as soon as I followed them out I found they all led to the same vicious circle, the same dark labyrinth of discord, in which man has been so long involved.—But with that science, my mind was satisfied, for it contained the solution of the great problem of life—it showed how the God-created impulses of man might be acted out, his aspirations realized, his whole nature exercised, developed, perfected, not by warping, crushing or deadening, nor by clashing or warring, but by that serial organization which should make the freest action of all produce the happiness of each, and every want, interest and desire act, not in opposition to, but in co-operation with every other.

I should like to see minute and detailed plans of the manner in which the "Model Phalanx" would be first organized, the buildings constructed, and the various material and other arrangements for commencing the industrial education of the juvenile members.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY. We are glad to learn that this spirited advocate of the Rights of Labor, is placed upon a footing which will secure its continuance at least for one year. It has done a brave work in contending for a better organization of industry, and we trust it will never weary or languish in spreading light before the people. We notice that some of our contemporaries are disposed to read a lesson of good manners to the "Voice," but its sins, if any, are rather offences of taste than of temper, and should be pardoned to the excitement produced by the advocacy of a noble but neglected cause. At any rate, our political organs are not quite immaculate enough in this respect, to authorize them to throw stones at the "Voice."

We take the following from the Prospectus of the "Voice" recently issued, and commend the paper and the cause to the attention of our readers.

"In consequence of a deep felt regard for the present and future well-being of our fellow laborers, and the urgent solicitation of many devoted and strong-hearted friends to Labor Reform, who have pledged their aid and support to the undertaking, the undersigned propose to resume the publication of the 'Voice of Industry' and continue the same at least one year from the issue of the next number.

"The paper is to be conducted upon strictly **INDEPENDENT PRINCIPLES**, opposing all prominent evils, social, political or ecclesiastical, with that spirit which knows no fear or favor, while in the path of duty, and advocating all cardinal truths with perseverance and sincerity of purpose.

"In our labors we ask and expect the coöperation and sympathy of the true friends to the Race—the honest Philosopher and Statesman, the untrammelled and devoted Teacher, the hardy Farmer, the Mechanic and Artizan—and last, but not least, the toiling Operative at the Loom or Spindle; these with many others, who desire a better, and more rational condition for humanity, in which Labor shall receive its just rewards, and the Sons and Daughters of Industry occupy the position to which they are entitled, must put their shoulders to the car-wheel of LABOR REFORM,—for as mind is practically superior to matter, and Man, to wealth and external circumstances,—poverty, ignorance, crime and intemperance will disappear.

"In addition to its leading objects, the 'Voice' will contain a summary of News, Domestic and Foreign, and a comprehensive synopsis of such Miscellaneous and passing events as will be instructive and profitable.

"The large amount of reading which will be furnished weekly through the 'Voice,' and the improvements to be made, require that the hitherto comparative low price should be raised; which plan we hope will meet the approbation of all well-wishers to the prosperity of the paper. All subscribers who have paid in advance, will be furnished out the amount of their payments at the former rates; but hereafter the pecuniary

affairs of the paper will be governed by the following:

TERMS. Single copies, \$1.25 per Annum. Five copies to one address, \$5.00. Strictly in Advance.

W. F. YOUNG.
MEHITABLE EASTMAN.

"Lowell, Feb. 1st, 1847."

☞ "Mrs. Paulina Wright, of Utica, ('The Tribune' editorially and with much eulogism announces,) is about to lecture, at Baltimore, as she has already done at other places, on Anatomy and Physiology. We live in a queer age and a great country!"—*Express*.

If Mrs. Wright had made her appearance before the public as a *dansuse* at the Park or Bowery, or as the agent of a company of patriots in petticoats to present a standard, a sword, or a gold ring to some valiant 'Kurnel' or 'Captng,' the *Express* would have recorded the fact without a sneer—perhaps have extolled her performance as an example of feminine grace and dignity; but that a woman should attempt (in obedience to a deceased husband's dying request) to enlighten her own sex on a subject of the highest importance to their own welfare and that of the race, how vulgar! how shocking! Will not some old granny send the *Express* her smelling-bottle! Quick, before it faints!—*Tribune*.

☞ A Circular from the **NORTH AMERICAN PHALANX**, addressed "To the Friends of Social Re-organization," has been received, and will be published in our next Number.

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February 1, 1847.

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THE HARBINGER,

DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

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VOLUME IV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1847.

NUMBER 14.

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF "LA PHALANGE."

Translated for the Harbinger.

OF PROPERTY, AND THE VARIOUS LEGITIMATE MODES OF ACQUIRING IT.

Attractions are proportional to Destinies.
The Series distribute the Harmonics.

FIRST SECTION.

ATTRACTIONS.

I. Unity, the Fundamental Principle.

The theory of Association is true simply because it is true that *Attractions are proportional to Destinies*. It is upon Attractions that the great Social Architect has framed the edifice of our terrestrial destiny. In other words, the Phalanstery is made in the image of Man.

What constitutes the supreme science of Fourier, is the thorough knowledge of man and of his attractions. What constitutes the discovery of Fourier, is the Series, which is the mode of distribution of functions, adapted to the human soul.

Fourier responded to the precept of the Greek philosopher: KNOW THYSELF; and, man once known, the true social organization was developed to the sublime thinker.

Serial institutions are nothing, under a certain point of view, but images of man raised to different powers. For so the law of universal analogy requires it.

[By *different powers*, the writer means the successive ramifications of the same series into a greater and greater number of elements. Thus we begin with Unity. This unfolds first into Three primary elements, which are a series of the first power. These unfold again into Seven and Twelve, the numbers of the musical octave, which Fourier calls indifferently the series of the second power; these unfold farther into Thirty-two, the series of the third power, and so on. Now man is a series of elements, whether we regard his *passional nature*, the series of motive springs, or impulses, or attractions, in him; or whether we regard him as a combination of physical members, bones, muscles, nerves, &c.; or whether we regard the

internal constitution of each of these. Every thing in nature out of man, and every thing in the contemplated serial order of society called Association, takes therefore a form which is one of the powers of that original series, the type of all others, which exists in the *passional* or *spiritual elements of man*.—TRANSLATOR.]

This proposition of the necessary unity between the motive spring and its mode of action, between the passion and the series, can cause no question in the School. Besides we have not here to demonstrate the truth of Fourier's psychology. No one is a Phalansterian in earnest, if he has not penetrated this science of the soul, and if he does not take it for the basis of his doctrines and of his ideas. We say further: whoever admits the Phalanstery, whoever approves simply the industrial organization of the Phalanx, the same admits, by implication, our psychology, since the Phalanstery is but the mechanism essentially adapted to the soul as it is described by Fourier.

There are those perhaps, who say they take the Phalanstery, but reject the psychology. We will wait until it shall be given, by some special grace, to these indolent intelligences to ascend back from effects to causes.

Others, we are aware, accept the Phalanstery only as an excellent transition. These (we take a pleasure in informing them,) do accept the psychology of Fourier, whether they care about it or not, whether they are conscious of it or not. It is simply another Monsieur Jourdain, who spoke prose without knowing it. Would these provisional Phalansterians, then, admit provisionally our psychology? Then it would remain to know whether a psychology can be transitory; whether the human soul is radically made over by successive substitutions, or whether it is simply transformed through a gradual process of amelioration, according to a uniform plan.

For ourselves, we should not know how to get along with a *provisional* psychology any better than we should with a *French* philosophy. We believe that

the soul is One in its essence and in time. When once this soul is recognized in its essential elements, when once the passions have been analyzed in their double [direct and inverse] action; we shall have the bases of the true philosophy; we shall have the bases of social science, of definitive and settled polity.

It is understood then that we assume as the first principle of all social truth, of all order, the *passional analysis* produced by Fourier. Let us see in general terms what this analysis gives us.

II. Love is very Man.

Man places himself in relation with nature, by his senses; with the laws of universal order, by his intelligence; with his fellows, by his heart. The measured *ensemble* [or blending in true proportions] of these different forces, places man in communion with God. But what is the principal and inmost thing in man, what constitutes the man himself, is the affective force. Man may be defined "a love served by the senses and by an intellect."

In the familiar language of all nations, in the inspired word of poets, even in the imperfect books of the savans, it is said that the region of the heart, that the heart is the focus of desires, of affections.

The organs of the senses are all on the circumference. The limbs part from the trunk and tend to the lower sphere; and, by the feet, which are the passive organs of touch (as the hands are the active organ,) we hold in a permanent manner to the ground. On the contrary, the focus of intelligence, the brain, placed in the upper part, is as it were in contact with the heavens. The heart is in the centre of the human being. The organ of light, the eye, lies close to the intellectual centre; but the vital warmth has for its focus the heart.

The human countenance, at once directed towards the heavens and commanding the earth, sums up the entire man. There the senses come together, there

the forehead rears its symbol of intelligence, there the sentiments shine forth in all their power and their mobility. The seat of the soul is still a subject of investigation; assuredly, whatever may be the post at which it concentrates its interior action, its exterior manifestation is summed up in the face. There again it must be remarked, the predominating feature is the expression of the sentiments; the affections of the heart, hatred and love, sufferings and happiness, radiate especially from the central portions of the face.

Such is man. And it is the object of this hasty picture to establish to the reader's satisfaction, that without going into any consideration of functions, simply looking at external signs, at the way in which his physical organization is distributed, what is central, what is principal in man is the Affective part; it is sentiment, it is Love.

III. Principles of the Cardinal Passions, and their Correspondence with the necessary Functions.

Fourier, as every one knows, distinguishes, in the first degree of analysis, four sorts of love, which he names the four Cardinal Passions.* Let us assure ourselves, by a succinct analysis, of the reasonableness of these distinctions.

If we cast a general glance upon humanity, what do we behold? In the first place a great mass. Do we wish to penetrate farther into this whole? Let us analyze, distinguish, divide; let us seek Variety in Unity.

All the elements of the human family have their reciprocal attachments. These necessary ties we are about to deduce from necessary functions; the nature of these attachments will be revealed to us by the very conveniences and fitnesses of our terrestrial destiny.

Terrestrial destiny has three objects, corresponding to the three spheres of human activity. First, to develop and refine the body, to cultivate and embellish the globe, the domain of man, the body of the planet. Next, to open and strengthen the understanding, to acquire the integral science which shall reveal to the human mind the laws of universal life and the wonders of the worlds. And in the third place, to enlarge the heart, to perfect it by love, to render the soul of Humanity worthy to elevate itself in the scale of existences and to be united with the Divinity. These three objects of Destiny in their religious unity, are admirably expressed by these simple and sublime words of the Catholic catechism: *To serve, to know, and to love God.* Happ-

* "The sacred four, source of nature and model of the Gods."—PYTHAGORAS.

iness is added as a sanction to the accomplishment of this triple destiny, this triple duty.*

Thus: To live,—cultivating and refining the individual and collective body, illuminating the mind, and perfecting the heart,—in order thus to unite ourselves with God.

The first term is undoubtedly the least noble; but the culture of the soil, whence he derives his nourishment, is for man the most powerful of wants, of duties. Moreover, all is so harmoniously connected in the universe, that in interrogating this material act of Destiny, we shall necessarily see the spiritual life spring forth from it.

What are the fundamental material functions of the human race upon the globe? There are two general ones:

1. Production, consisting in the culture and government of the domain.

2. Reproduction of the species, in order that this work of administration may be perpetuated.

Fourier qualifies these two functions as *major creation*, and *minor creation*.

As soon as men want to act, they combine; and this first very general tie which forms between them, takes no account of sex or age. This tie is expressed in language by the words companionship, fellowship, friendship. Among companions, among fellows, among friends, all is on a footing of equality; the union is free and confused.

If man wants to exercise his government with force for greater production, the confused equality of the group of friendship no longer suffices, and he distributes himself in sects and corporations; he organizes power. The human group then takes another essential character. Confused independence is replaced by a hierarchy.

With these two forms, friendly union and hierarchical organization, man can act and govern; but, that his administration may continue, the reproduction of the species is necessary. Then a new tie intervenes; then, in the human mass, free or organized, you distinguish two contrasted terms, the man and the woman. Love comes with its acts of tenderness and blind fanaticism, to unite these two elements; and from their contact springs soon another sentiment, a new attachment, that of the family, which welcomes and adores the infant and prepares him by education for the function of major creation.

Thus then, in correspondence with the general functions of the species, we see

* The principle and rule of Duty reside entirely in the accomplishment of general Destiny. The two terms, Collective Destiny and Duty, are the two poles, objective and subjective, of the same idea.

produced four different modes of ties, or of affections. These are in fact the four passions which attach man to his fellows: Friendship, Ambition, Love, and Familism.

That the government of the domain may reach its maximum of development, that collective Humanity may be fitted for its functions in the world of Humanities, in the universe, just as the individual man performs his functions in his terrestrial sphere; societies must be organized, political Unity must be constituted; men must be all fraternally united with one another till they become as *one*; till they feel the need of union with superior beings and with God, and of perpetuating themselves in an eternal life. This supreme tie, this universal and religious attachment, is UNITY-ISM, the potential accord of the four cardinal passions.

SECOND SECTION.

THE SERIES.

I. The Series proportional to Love.

If Attractions are proportioned to Destinies, it is evident that each of the cardinal passions bears in itself a certain type of order. Since these passions embrace all the mutual relations of men, it follows with rigorous exactness that they themselves determine the law of these relations; and, if among the forces of the soul they hold the rank of cardinals, if they are the focus of the social life, if they are the man himself, then it is incontestible that in their natural requirements we ought first to seek the principal laws, the necessary conditions of essential order. In a word, if Attractions are proportional to Destinies, and if the Series distribute the Harmonies, then these four passions, all and each, contain and imply the forms of the Series, and it is from their profound study that we must demand the revelation of Harmony and of Destiny.

II. Principles of the Four Kingdoms.*

Laws of the Distribution of Elements in Nature.

Fourier did not content himself with the laws revealed by the human functions, with the indications furnished in the analysis of the soul; he also sought for confirmation in the outward phenomena and laws of Nature.

Let us follow the master in his rigorous

* It is known, that shortly after the publication of his work of 1808, Fourier, taking a step beyond established science, gave the *Aromal* a place among the great movements of Life, and disengaged the *Passional* as pivot. Henceforth we can no longer count *three* kingdoms in nature; there are four, besides the pivotal or *Hominal* kingdom, which correspond to the four movements: the material, the aromal, the organic, the instinctual; \propto the passional.

method, and, having analyzed the four passional groups, let us interrogate the four groups of the terrestrial creation. Let us seek in the kingdoms of nature what are the apparent characters, the forms which life affects; in short, what are the laws of variety in these different unities.

The substantial or rudimental state of every kingdom, is a confused aggregation of elements, such as is offered us in the mineral. The elements, similar to each other and similar to the mass, are confounded without any relative superiority resulting from their composition and their arrangement. In the crystals of the same variety, the facets form among themselves constantly the same angles. The mineral masses have not organs; but, on analyzing them, we find them composed of integrant molecules, that is to say of parts distinguished from each other or individualized in an equal manner.

When science shall have penetrated further into the aromal kingdom, when the imponderable fluids shall be better known, we shall see every where displayed, in this domain, the principle of duality. Already the observations which have been collected upon light, heat, electricity, authorize us to lay down the law of polarity as characteristic of the aromal movement. Here the parts individualize themselves, and the mass divides into two organs or foci of attraction, which are married or set opposite to each other in symmetry or in contrast.

See now the vegetable rising from the soil. On a principal stalk there opens laterally a bud, then another on the opposite side; these are the branches balancing each other on a common trunk. Here we have a centre and two wings. Frequently, in the tree, at a distance, the mass of the branches and the foliage seems to efface the trunk; but, on closer observation, you can easily recognize the predominant character, the pivotal property of this hidden trunk. It is this which equilibrates the branches. In the vegetable kingdom, the different parts of the being, individualized, married, contrasted, are balanced upon a pivot.

In the animal unity, not only are the parts individualized, married, opposed in contrast and equilibrated; but they are measured; that is to say, they are assembled and put together in a determinate number, conjugated hierarchically about a centre which stands out in strong relief. The quantities, constant in each species, are easily counted by analysis, even by the eye.

Man sums up in himself all these laws of combination, all these conditions of

variety. In him, the elements assembled, individualized, every where married and contrasted, measured, are sur-compounded, raised by their arrangement to superior powers, and constitute, in their perfect unity, the type of the created order.*

Each one may complete this comparative analysis of the kingdoms for himself. We have been obliged to limit ourselves to some general distinctions useful to our subject.

III. The Serial Types.

Now, we are going to beg the reader to make of all these analyzes a synthesis. Let him sum up in his thought the characters of the four kingdoms, the properties and functions of the four cardinals as they are expounded in the books of Fourier, and especially under the form of analysis which we have chosen; let him demand, moreover, of the mathematical sciences, the properties of the conic sections; and instantly analogy will exhibit to his eyes the successive forms which Variety affects in the great fundamental Unities. He will have before him, taught at once by mathematics, by nature and by the human soul, the general principle of the distribution of forces; in other words, the principle, the bases and the different types of the Series.

Fourier has named several modes of Series:

*Simple, Composite, Mixt;
Free, Measured, Potential.*

But it is difficult to find in his books a methodical analysis and classification of all the forms of the Series. It seems that he was pleased to leave our minds in uncertainty upon this point. Was this a calculation of bad humor on his part, as some have suspected; or was there not some providential reason for this premeditated *lacune*? However this may be, Fourier, who brings all back to psychology, who demonstrates every truth by adapting it analogically to the passional type,—Fourier has not applied ostensibly this process to the demonstration of his nomenclature of series. For the rest, in the thought of the Master, this nomenclature, although left incomplete, has not the less its scientific value. We may detect in it the reasons of func-

* One trait, among external forms, characterizes the supreme unity of human races among themselves. On the plant, on the tree, the branches and the roots are very dissimilar and of indeterminate number; in the feet, the claws, the fins of different animal species, the fingers, the articulations vary in number and very sensibly also in their form. Among the species of the hominal kingdom, the fingers, which, in the unitary plan of the creation, figure the roots and branches, are every where alike in their number, their articular distribution, and their general form.

tions; for it is even easy to refer his *free*, *measured*, and *potential* series, to the two major elements together with the pivot of the passional gamut. The modes which correspond with the minor elements only, are omitted.

This, then, is the way, according to us, in which the table of the serial mechanism must be filled out, and brought into passional correspondences.

Friendship bears in itself the *free* series, of which the dominant principle is equality; where each unity is equivalent to every other, where every individuality is equal to the others in the free and confused mass. It is the circular group of friends; it is the identity and non-arrangement of the integrant molecules in the lump of earth; it is the constant angle in crystals; it is the musical notes without regular connection, the promiscuous sounds of the human voice.

Love bears in itself the series which we shall call *dual* or *contrasted*, of which the dominant principle is duality; where all the parts attach themselves to two foci of attraction, which form a contrast and produce symmetry. It is the ellipse; it is the group of lovers; it is the two poles of the aromal movement; it is the modes in music, the major and the minor, with their accent and their contrasted shades.

Familism bears in itself the series which we term *balanced*. The analogy of the balance, which renders this term clear and picturesque, indicates at the same time that its principle is equilibrium, and its type, two wings upon a pivot. There is no better affective image of this series to be found, than in some *Holy Family* of Raphael where the infant Jesus forms the equilibrium between the tenderly inclined figures of Mary and of Joseph. We shall find its principle also in the form of the plant, the tree; in music, in the perfect chord, where two notes pivot or repose upon a third. The balanced series is a type of mechanism, already very fruitful; so too the perfect chord is a stable accord and the basis of all musical harmony.

Ambition bears in itself the *measured* series, where all the elements, determinate and classed, borrowing their value from their rank, concur to render prominent the pivot; where all obeys freely the principle of a hierarchy. — It is the sect, the corporation, the political group, strongly constituted; it is the precise and powerful organization of the animal, where life, in its two great movements, is concentrated and summed up in those important foci, the heart and the brain; it is moreover the diatonic gamut, with its two tetrachords, the one of three, the other of four tones, and of which the complete scale, in developing itself, brings

out vividly a superior pivot, or the octave.*

Finally, the four cardinals, multiplied in their forces by the three mechanizing passions, give Unity-ism; and Unity-ism bears in itself the *potential* series, of which the principle is Unity, harmonized integrality. — It is the integral chromatic gamut; it is man, the compendium of the world, the image of God; it is the organized phalanx; it is humanity constituted into one vast political family, humanity at peace with itself, governing its globe by love, and communing with Deity.†

The reader will remark how naturally spring from our analysis the sacred numbers: 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 12, which serve as the bases to the different serial types. If we were anything of a mathematician, we might develop here the analogy of these numbers with the geometric types.

Let us sum up these analyses in a table.

Passions.	Kingdoms.	Conic Sections.	Numbers.	Music.	Serial Modes.	Principles.
Friendship.....	Mineral.....	Circle.....	1 (the monad).....	The Note.....	Free.....	Equality.....
Love.....	Aromal.....	Ellipse.....	2 (the dyad).....	The Modes.....	Dual, or con- ...trated.....	Symmetry.....
Familiarity.....	Vegetable.....	Parabola.....	3 (the trinity).....	The perfect ...chord.....	Balanced.....	Equilibrium.....
Ambition.....	Animal.....	Hyperbola.....	3 plus 4.....	Diatonic Gamut.....	Measured.....	Hierarchy.....
Unity-ism.....	Huminal.....	Cone.....	3 times 4.....	Chromatic ...Gamut.....	Potential.....	Unity.....

* M. Vidal, in his book on the *Repartition of Riches*, wishing to demonstrate that all social functions are equal in value and ought to be equally rewarded, says: "It would be as absurd to discuss the utility, the social value of different functions, as to discuss the utility of *La* or *Mi*." The socialist writer, surely, is not a musician, if he thinks to attribute an equal value and importance to all the notes of an indeterminate gamut.

† We might, by doubling the pivot, name here also the series of *favoritism*, where all fixed principle is contradicted, and all rule broken by caprice.

To complete this study, we should show how the series borrow their character also of the intellectual passions. In each of the modes, in fact, the Mechanizing passions appear, to play their capital part. The Cabalist gives to the free series the principle of distinction, of opposition; the Composite, that of accord, of alliance to the dual series; the Papillon represents, in the balanced series, the principle of alternation, of balance, of equilibrium. All three of them intervene concurrently with the four affective springs in the measured series.

The qualities of *simple*, *mixt* and *composite*, often designated by Fourier, apply, as we think, to the whole serial scale. A free series may be composite: thus, a double circle, such as is made in the rounds of children, or in the figure of the Mazurka. The chromatic gamut, doubled by distinguishing the major and minor semi-tones, is a composite contrasted potential series.

IV. Characters of the Potential Series.

Some persons, who have not penetrated far enough into science by study or by sentiment, have sometimes a tendency to think that the Potential Series, the type of order *sui generis*, has nothing to do with the principles of the other series, and that it excludes the inferior forms. From this idea, from this confusion results a double inconvenience. To some, for example, who sympathize to enthusiasm with the principle of equality, the superior type of order, as thus comprehended, seems oppressive. Some unitary fanatics, only moderately enlightened, encourage themselves thus wilfully to go the whole length of individualism and equality. Half-science is always full of injustice and danger. Let us endeavor then to establish more precisely the characteristics of the Potential Series.

The Potential Series is not an order composed of elements entirely new; on the contrary, it only combines in itself the principles of all the others, which it resumes in a superior unity.

In the scale of series, each degree assimilates to itself the inferior degrees. As soon as the molecular principle, in the creation, is produced, — the principle of individualism, of equality, — it becomes a necessary part of all new movement. The principle of duality, which characterizes the aromal movement, manifests itself in the vegetable kingdom under different modes: as trunk and root, absorption and resorption, sexual organs, the waking and sleeping of plants. This progressive assimilation extends to the whole scale.

The essential principles of the series, if they are isolated in the creations of human genius, remain unfruitful, and

sometimes become hurtful. Apply them in parallels, contrast them, interlock them, alternate them, know how to combine them all in a strong unity; in short, employ them serially, and all and each of them will appear to you endowed with a sovereign fecundity. But try to establish a mechanism, a living organism with the sole principle of equality, and you will produce nothing but disorder; and yet what an important part the free series plays in nature!

Never imagine, therefore, that the free serial type disappears in the Potential Series. What are the notes, in the musical gamut of the third degree? What are the hairs, the skin, the tissues, the fleshy parts, the capillary vessels, in the human body? They are nothing but simple unities with relation to pivotal functions, to organs. In the modern theatre, which is quite a Potential Series, do we not find the free series represented and playing a very active part in the gallery and the parterre?

The potential order, then, does not exclude any of the inferior elements; it makes use of them all. It takes, in the first degree, the units and the equality mass; in the second, symmetry and contrast; in the third, equilibrium; in the fourth, precise measure and hierarchy; and it is from the combination of all these powers that it creates in itself the most perfect Unity in the bosom of the most extended Variety. Take away one of these elements, and the Variety is diminished, Liberty is restricted, the Series is less supple, and from that time the Unity, more severe and more oppressive, is more and more threatened with dissolution.

Before closing this chapter, let us make one more remark.

If we observe the human organization, this little world, man, this image of God, we find that the free and confused elements, that the parts which represent the free series are placed particularly on the surface of the body, scattered as it were, at a distance from the ruling organs; and, to all appearance, having but a secondary interest in the great movements of life. From this law of distribution we might infer a veritable inferiority of the free series compared with the others. Nevertheless, a more attentive study reveals the important office of even the most superficial parts in the human economy; let it suffice to mention the functions and the sensibility of the skin. This phenomenon, in the general theory of Fourier, is explained by the law of the *contact of extremes*.

We shall have to take account, then, of this law in all our researches, and in all our works; we must not fear, in any organization whatsoever, to give all its

special importance to the free series; and we must not be astonished if this term of the serial scale offers points of contact with the pivot.

To be Continued.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,*

SEQUEL TO

CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

"Now, my children," said Albert Podébrad to the villagers, "we have prayed, it is time to labor. Go to the fields: as for myself, I go with my family to seek life and inspiration through the forest."

"You will return this evening?" cried all the peasants.

The Zingara made a sign of affection, which they took for a promise. The two little girls, who understood nothing of the course of time, or the chances of their journey, cried out: "Yes, yes!" with an infantile joy, and the peasants dispersed. Old Zdenko seated himself upon the threshold of the hut, when he had seen, with a paternal air, that his godson's bag was provided with the family breakfast. Then the Zingara made us a sign to follow, and we left the village in the suite of our wandering musicians. We had to ascend the slope of the ravine. The master and myself each took one of the little girls in our arms, and this gave us an opportunity to join Trismegistus, who, until then, had not seemed to notice our presence.

"You see me rather absent," said he to me. "I am sorry to deceive the friends whom we leave, and that old man whom I love and who will seek for us to-morrow in all the paths of the forest.—But Consuelo has willed it so," added he, pointing to his wife. "She thinks that there is danger for us in remaining longer here. I cannot imagine that we can henceforth occasion fear or envy to any one. Who would understand our happiness? But she assures me that we draw the same danger upon the heads of our friends, and though I know not how, I yield to this consideration. Moreover, her will has always been my will, as mine has always been hers. We shall not return to the hamlet this evening. If you are our friends, as you appear to be, you will return at night, when you have walked far enough, and will explain this to them. We did not bid them farewell, because we did not wish to afflict them; but you will tell them that we shall return. As to Zdenko, you have only to

say to him, *to-morrow*: his foresight extends no further. Every day, the whole of life, is for him *to-morrow*. He has cast off the error of human notions. He has his eyes opened upon eternity, into the mystery of which he is ready to be absorbed, in order there to resume the youth of life. Zdenko is a wise man, the wisest man I have ever known."

The kind of insanity with which Trismegistus was affected, produced upon his wife and children an effect worthy of remark. Far from blushing at it before us, far from suffering at it for themselves, they listened to each of his words with respect, and seemed to find in his oracles strength to raise themselves above the present life and above themselves. I believe that noble youth, who eagerly caught every thought of his father, would have been much astonished and highly indignant, had he been told that they were the thoughts of a madman. Trismegistus spoke rarely, and we noticed that neither his wife nor children urged him to it without an absolute necessity. They religiously respected the mystery of his reverie; and though the Zingara kept her eyes constantly fixed upon him, she seemed to fear for him rather the inconveniences than the ennui of the isolation in which he was placed. She had studied his eccentricity, and I use this word in order not again to employ that of insanity, which is still more repugnant to me, when referring to such a man and to so respectable and so touching a state of mind. I have understood, from seeing this Trismegistus, the veneration which the peasants, (great theologians and great metaphysicians without knowing it,) and the people of the East bear towards men deprived of what is called the light of reason. They know that, when this abstraction of the understanding is not troubled by vain efforts and cruel mockeries, it may become an exceptional faculty of the most poetically divine character, instead of turning into fury or brutishness. I do not know what would become of Trismegistus, if his family did not interpose as a rampart of love and fidelity between the world and him. But should he in that case sink under his delirium, it would be an additional proof of the respect and care which is due to those diseased in his manner, and to all the diseased of whatever nature.

This family walked with an ease and an agility which would soon have exhausted our strength. The little ones themselves, if they had not been saved from fatigue by being carried, would have devoured space. One would say that they felt born to walk, as the fish to swim. The Zingara does not wish her son to take the little girls in his arms, in spite of his good intentions, so long as he

has not completed his growth and his voice has not undergone the crisis which singers call the change. She raises upon her strong shoulders those supple and confiding creatures, and carries them as lightly as she does her guitar. Physical strength is one of the benefits of this nomadic life, which becomes a passion with the poor artist, as the beggar or the naturalist.

We were much fatigued when, through the roughest paths, we reached a wild and romantic spot called the Schreckensteiu. We remarked, as we approached this spot, that Consuelo looked at her husband with more earnestness, and walked nearer to him, as if she feared some danger or some terrible emotion. Still nothing disturbed the serenity of the artist. He seated himself upon a stone which tops a barren hill. There is something frightful in this place. The rocks are heaped up in disorder, and continually break the trees by their fall. Those trees which have resisted, have their roots above the soil, and seem to hold by those knotty members to the rock which they threaten to drag away. A death-like silence reigns over this chaos. The herdsmen and woodcutters keep at a distance from it with terror, and the soil is dug up by wild boars. The sand bears the foot-marks of the wolf and the chamois, as if the wild animals were sure of there finding a refuge against man. Albert dreamed a long while upon that stone, then he directed his glance to his children, who played at his feet, and to his wife, who, standing before him, tried to read upon his brow. Suddenly he rose, knelt before her, and gathering his children by a gesture: "Prostrate yourselves before your mother" said he to them, with profound emotion, "for she is the consolation sent from heaven to unfortunate men; she is the peace of the Lord promised to men of good-will!" The children knelt around the Zingara, and wept as they covered her with caresses. She wept also as she pressed them to her bosom, and, compelling them to turn, made them render the same homage to their father. Spartacus and myself had prostrated ourselves with them.

When the Zingara had spoken, the master yielded his homage to Trismegistus, and seized the moment to appeal to him with eloquence, to ask light of him, relating all that he had studied, all that he had meditated and suffered to receive it. For myself, I remained enchanted at the feet of the Zingara. I hardly dare tell you what passed in me. This woman might be my mother, without doubt; well, I know not what charm still emanates from her. In spite of the respect I feel for her husband, in spite of the terror with which the sole idea 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.

forgetting him would have transfixed me at that moment, I felt my whole soul rush towards her with an enthusiasm, which neither the splendor of youth nor the fascinations of luxury have ever inspired in me. O! could I find a woman like this Zingara, that I might consecrate my days to her! But I do not hope it, and now that I shall never see her again, there is at the bottom of my heart a kind of despair, as if it had been revealed to me that there is no other woman for me to love on the earth.

The Zingara did not even see me. She listened to Spartacus; she was struck by his ardent and sincere language. Trismegistus also was penetrated by it. He clasped his hand, and making him take a seat beside him on the stone of the Schreckenstein, "Young man," said he to him, "you have awakened in me all the recollections of my life. I thought I heard myself speak at your age, when I ardently asked for the science of virtue from men ripened by years and experience. I had determined to say nothing to you. I mistrusted, not your intelligence and your probity, but the simplicity and the fire of your heart. I did not feel myself capable, moreover, of retranscribing in a language which I formerly spoke, the thoughts I have since been accustomed to manifest by the poetry of art, by feeling. Your faith has conquered; it has produced a miracle; I feel that I ought to speak to you. Yes," added he, after having examined him in silence during an instant which appeared to us an age, for we trembled lest this inspiration should desert him; "yes, I recognize you now! I remember you; I have seen you, I have loved you, I have labored with you in some phase of my anterior life. Your name was great among men, but I have not retained it; I remember only your look, your words, and that soul from which mine separated itself with difficulty. I read better in the future than in the past now, and future ages often appear to me as glittering with light as do the days which remain to me of life under this present form. Now, I tell you, you will be great also in this age, and you will do great things. You will be blamed, accused, calumniated, hated, disgraced, persecuted, exiled. But your idea will survive you under other forms, and you will have agitated present things with a formidable plan, with immense conceptions which the world will not forget, and which will perhaps give the last blows to social and religious despotism. Yes, you have reason to seek for action upon society. You obey your destiny; that is your inspiration. This enlightens me. What I have felt when listening to you, what you have communicated to me of your hope, is a

great proof of the reality of your mission. Forward then, act and labor. Heaven has made you the organizer of destruction: destroy and dissolve, that is your work. Faith is needed to pull down as well as to build up. For myself, I voluntarily withdrew from the paths in which you rush forward: I considered them evil. Doubtless they were only accidentally so. If true servants of the cause feel called to attempt them again, it is because they have again become practicable. I thought there was nothing to be hoped for from actual society, and that no one could reform it by remaining in it. I placed myself outside of it, and despairing to see salvation descend upon the people from the height of that corruption, I have consecrated the last years of my strength to act directly upon the people. I have addressed myself to the poor, to the weak, to the oppressed, and have brought to them my preaching under the forms of art and poetry, which they understand because they love them. It is possible that I have too much distrusted the good instincts which still palpitate in men of science and power. I no longer know them, since, repelled by their impious scepticism and their still more impious superstition, I withdrew from them with disgust to seek the simple in heart. It is probable that they must have changed, have been corrected and taught. What do I say? It is certain that this world has advanced, that it has purified itself, that it has become greater during fifteen years; for every thing human gravitates incessantly towards the light, and all is bound together, the good and the evil, to rush towards the divine ideal. You wish to address yourself to the world of the learned, the patricians and the rich; you wish to level by persuasion; you wish to seduce even kings, princes, and prelates, by the charms of truth. You feel gush up within you that confidence and that strength which surmounts all obstacles and renews the youth of all that is old and worn out. Obey, obey the breath of the Spirit! continue and aggrandize our work; gather our arms scattered on the field of battle where we were vanquished."

Then began a conversation between Spartacus and the divine old man, a conversation which I shall never forget in my life. For a marvellous occurrence took place. This Rudolstadt, who was at first willing to speak with us only by the sounds of music, as formerly did Orpheus; this artist, who told us that he had long since abandoned logic and pure reason for pure feeling; this man, whom infamous judges called insane, and who consented to pass as such, making as it were a sublime effort from charity and

divine love, suddenly became the most reasonable of philosophers, so far as to guide us in the path of the true method and of certainty. Spartacus, on his side, showed all the ardor of his soul. The one was the complete man, all whose faculties are in unison; the other was like a neophyte full of enthusiasm. I called to memory the gospel, in which it is said that Jesus conversed on the mountain with Moses and the prophets.

"Yes," said Spartacus, "I feel that I have a mission. I have approached those who govern the earth, and have been struck by their stupidity, their ignorance and their hardness of heart. O! how beautiful is life, how beautiful is humanity! But what do they do with nature, with life, with humanity? And I wept a long while on seeing both myself, and the men my brothers, and the whole divine work the slaves of such wretches! And when I had groaned a long while like a weak woman, I said to myself: 'What prevents my tearing myself from their chains and living free?' But after a phase of solitary stoicism, I saw that to be free alone is not to be free. Man cannot live alone. Man has man for his object. He cannot live without his necessary object. And I said to myself: 'I am still a slave, let me deliver my brothers.' And I have found noble hearts who have associated themselves with me, and my friends call me Spartacus."

"I had indeed told you that you would only destroy," replied the old man. "Spartacus was a revolted slave. But no matter. Once again, organize to destroy. Let a secret society be formed at your call to destroy the existing form of the great iniquity. But if you wish to be strong, efficacious, powerful, introduce the most you can of living, eternal principles into that society destined to destroy, in order that it may at first destroy, (for, to destroy, it must be; all life is positive,) and that afterwards from the work of destruction may be born that which should be born."

"I understand you: you limit my mission very much. However, small or great, I accept it."

"All that is in the designs of God is great. Know one thing that should be the rule of your soul: *Nothing is lost*. Though your name and the form of your works disappear; though you labor *without a name*, like myself, your work will not be lost. The divine balance is mathematics itself, and in the crucible of the divine chemist, all the atoms are counted at their exact value."

"Since, then, you approve my designs, teach me, open to me the route; what must be done? How must I act upon men? Is it especially upon the

imagination that I must operate! Must I profit by their weakness and their inclination for the marvellous! You have yourself seen that good can be done with the marvellous!"

"Yes, but I have also seen all the evil that can be done. If you are well acquainted with the doctrine, you will know in what epoch of humanity we live, and you will conform your means of action to your time."

"Teach me then the doctrine, teach me the method of acting, show me certainty."

"You ask method and certainty from an artist, from a man whom men have accused of madness, and persecuted under that pretext! It seems that you are in error; ask of the philosophers, of the wise man."

"It is of you that I ask. I know the value of their science."

"Well, since you insist, I will tell you that the method is identical with the doctrine itself, because it is identical with the supreme truth revealed in the doctrine. And, on thinking of it, you will understand that it cannot be otherwise. All is therefore reduced to a knowledge of the doctrine."

Spartacus reflected, and after a moment's silence, said: "I wish to hear from your mouth the sublime formula of the doctrine."

"You will hear it, not from my mouth, but from that of Pythagoras, himself the echo of all the ages: O DIVINE TRADE! That is the formula. It is that which, under all kinds of images, of symbols and emblems, Humanity has proclaimed by the voice of the great religions, when she has not been able to seize it in a purely spiritual manner, without incarnation, without idolatry, such as it has been given to the revealers to reveal it to themselves."

"Speak, speak. And to make yourself understood, recall to me some of those emblems. Afterwards you will use the austere language of the absolute."

"I cannot separate, as you would wish, these two things, religion in itself, in its essence, and manifested religion. It belongs to human nature, in our epoch, to see both together. We judge the past, and, without living in it, we find in it the confirmation of our ideas. But I will make myself understood. Come, let us talk, let us talk first about God. Does the formula apply to God, to the infinite essence. It would be faulty did it not apply to him from whom it flows. Have you reflected upon the nature of God? without doubt; for I feel that you carry Heaven, the true Heaven, in your heart. Well, what is God?"

"He is Being, he is absolute Being.

Sum qui sum, says the great book, the Bible."

"Yes, but do we know nothing more of his nature! Has not God revealed to Humanity something more?"

"The Christians say that God is three persons in one, the Father, the Son, the Spirit."

"And what say the traditions of the ancient societies which you have consulted?"

"They say the same thing."

"Has not this coincidence struck you? Public and triumphant religion, secret and proscribed religion, agree respecting the nature of God. I might speak to you of the worships anterior to Christianity; you would find the same truth hidden in their theology. India, Egypt, Greece, have known the one God in three persons: but we will return to this point. What I wish to make you understand now is the formula in its whole extent, under all its aspects, in order to arrive at what interests you, the method, the organization, the polity. I continue: from God, let us pass to man. What is man?"

"After a difficult question, you ask me another which is not less so. The oracle of Delphos declared that all wisdom consisted in the answer to this question: *Man, know thyself*."

"And the oracle was right. It is from the human nature well-understood that issues all wisdom, as well as all morals, all organization, all true polity. Permit me, therefore, to repeat my question to you. What is man?"

"Man is an emanation from God—"

"Without doubt, as are all the creatures that live, since God alone is Being, absolute Being. But you do not resemble, I hope, the philosophers whom I have seen in England, in France, and also in Germany, at the court of Frederick. You do not resemble that Locke, of whom so much is said now-a-days on the faith of his commentator Voltaire; you do not resemble M. Helvetius, with whom I have often conversed, nor La Mettrie, whose bold materialism so much pleased the court of Berlin. You do not say, like them, that there is nothing peculiar in man to distinguish him from the animals, the trees the stones? God, doubtless, makes all nature live, as he makes man live; but there is order in theodicy. There are distinctions in his thought and consequently in his works, which are his thought realized. Read the great book that is called *Genesis*, that book which the common people rightly look upon as sacred without understanding it; you will there see that it is by divine light establishing the distinction of beings that the eternal creation is made; *fiat lux et facta est lux*. You will there

see also that each being having a name in the divine thought is a species; *creavit cuncta juxta genus suum et secundum speciem suam*. What then is the peculiar formula of man?"

"I understand you. You wish me to give you a formula of man analogous to that of God. The divine trinity must be found in all the works of God; each work of God must reflect the divine nature, but in a special manner; each, in a word, according to its species."

"Certainly. I will tell you the formula of man. It will be a long while before the philosophers, now divided in their manner of seeing, will unite to comprehend it. Still there was one who comprehended it, already many years since. He is greater than the others, although he is infinitely less celebrated among the vulgar. While the school of Descartes loses itself in pure reason, making man a machine of reasoning, of syllogisms, an instrument of logic; while Locke and his school lose themselves in sensation, making man a sensitive plant; while others, such as I could cite in Germany, are absorbed in sentiment, making man a selfishness for two, if referring to love, for three or four and even more, if referring to the family; he, the greatest of all, began to understand that man was all this in one, all this indivisibly. That philosopher was Leibnitz. He understood great things; he did not share the absurd contempt which our age feels for antiquity and Christianity. He dared to say that there were pearls in the dung-hill of the middle ages. Pearls! I think so indeed! Truth is eternal, and all the prophets have received it. I therefore say to you with him, and with an affirmation stronger than his, that man is a trinity, like God. And that this trinity is called in human language, sensation, sentiment, knowledge. And the unity of these three things makes the human tetrad, corresponding to the divine tetrad. Thence comes all history, thence comes all polity; and it is thence that you must draw, as from an always living spring."

"You pass abysses which my mind, less rapid than yours, cannot pass so quickly," replied Spartacus. "How, from the psychological definition you have just given me, does there proceed a method, a rule of certainty? This is what I first ask of you."

"That method easily proceeds from it," returned Rudolstadt. "Human nature being known, the question is to cultivate it according to its essence. If you understood that unrivalled book from which the Gospel itself is derived, if you understood the *Genesis*, attributed to Moses, and which if it really comes from that prophet, was brought by him from

the temples of Memphis, you would know that the human *dissolution*, or that which the Genesis calls the *deluge*, has no other cause than the separation of these three faculties of human nature, departing thus from unity, and therefore from connection with the divine unity, in which Intelligence, Love and Activity remain eternally associated. You will then understand how every organizer must imitate Noah, the *regenerator*; and what the Scripture calls the generations of Noah, with the order in which it places them and the harmony it establishes between them, will serve you as a guide. You would find also, at the same time, in metaphysical truth, a method of certainty to cultivate worthily the human nature in each man, and a light to enlighten you respecting the true organization of societies. But, I tell you once again, I do not think the present time made for organizing: there is too much to destroy. It is especially as method that I recommend you to attach yourself to the doctrine. The time of dissolution approaches, or rather it has already come. Yes, the time has come in which the three faculties of human nature will anew be separated, and in which their separation will occasion death to the social, religious and political body. What will happen? Sensation will produce its false prophets, and they will extol sensation. Sentiment will produce its false prophets, and they will extol sentiment. Knowledge will produce its false prophets, and they will extol intelligence. These last will be the proud who will resemble Satan. The second will be fanatics ready to fall into evil as well as to advance to good, without sure criterion and without rule. The others will be what Homer says the companions of Ulysses became under the wand of Circe. Follow neither of these three routes, which taken separately, lead to abysses; one to materialism, the second to mysticism, the third to atheism. There is but one sure road to truth; it is that which corresponds to complete nature, to human nature developed under all its aspects. Do not leave that road; and for that purpose, meditate unceasingly upon the doctrine and its sublime formula."

"You teach me things which I before had a glimpse of. But to-morrow I shall no longer have you. Who will guide me in the theoretic knowledge of truth, and thence in practice?"

"You will have other sure guides. Above all read the *Genesis*, and endeavor to seize its meaning. Do not take it as a book of history, as a monument of chronology. There is nothing so void of sense as this opinion, which, nevertheless prevails every where with the learned as well as with the scholars, and in all

Christian communions. Read the *Gospel* with reference to the *Genesis*, and understand it by means of the *Genesis* after having received it into your heart. Strange fact! The *Gospel* is, like the *Genesis*, adored and misunderstood. These are great things. But there are still others. Collect piously what remains to us of Pythagoras. Read also the writings presented under the name of the divine theosophist whose name I bore in the temple. Do not believe, my friends, that I would have, of myself, dared to assume that venerated name of Trismegistus: it was the 'Invisibles' who commanded me to bear it. Those writings of Hermes, now-a-days disdained by the pedants, who foolishly believe them to be the invention of some Christian of the second or third century, contain the ancient Egyptian science. A day will come in which, explained and brought to light, they will appear what they are, monuments more precious than those of Plato; for Plato derived his science from them, and it must be added, that he has strangely misconceived and falsified the truth in his *Republic*. Read, therefore, Trismegistus and Plato, and those who since their time have meditated upon the great mystery. Among this number, I recommend to you the noble monk Campanella, who suffered horrible tortures for having dreamed what you dream of, human organization based upon truth and science."

We listened in silence.

"When I speak to you of books," continued Trismegistus, "do not believe that, like the Catholics, I idolatrously incarnate life in the toms. I will say to you of books what I said yesterday of other monuments of the past. Books, monuments, are the remains of life by which life may and should be nourished. But life is always present, and the eternal Trinity is better engraved in us and on the face of the stars than in the books of Plato or Hermes."

Without intending it, I somewhat by chance turned the conversation.

"Master," said I to him, "you have just expressed yourself thus: 'The Trinity is better engraved on the face of the stars.' — 'What do you mean by that? I see indeed, as the Bible says, the glory of God shine out in the brightness of the stars, but I do not see in those stars a proof of the general law of life which you call Trinity.'"

"The reason is," he replied, "that physical sciences are still insufficiently advanced, or rather, that you have not studied them at the point where they now are. Have you heard of the discoveries in electricity? Doubtless; for they have drawn the attention of all educated men. Well, have you not remarked that the

savans who are so incredulous, so contemptuous, when reference is made to the divine Trinity, have come, with regard to those phenomena, to recognize the trinity? for they themselves say that there is no electricity without heat and light, and reciprocally; in a word, they there see *three in one*, which they are not willing to admit in God."

To be Continued.

For the Harbinger.

CANNIBALISM.

PERVERSION OF HUMAN LIFE AND INCOHERENCE OF MAN WITH THE ANIMAL CREATION THROUGH HIS SELFISH APPROPRIATION OF THEIR BODIES.

In the last number we stated the problem, how to effect equilibrium between population, human or animal, and production adapted to the wants of that life. We applied to this problem the law of dual development, inverse and direct. Inverse development is that period or state determined by the principle of analysis, the Cabalist, of the *passional gamut*, which creates discords. The ultimate reason of this principle and the state of temporary incoherence which it determines, seems to be the necessity of the central or collective life —

1st. Of God, then of all the subordinate lives down to that of a planet, to express itself in multitudes of individual lives, and the necessity of each of these fragmentary individualizations of which the human race is one, and each nation, family and person, smaller subdivisions, to assert this individuality eccentrically, to develop its own specific tone as a preliminary to recognizing its relations through communion with other individuals or races to the unitary centre, trunk or source of its life.

Each musical note needs for a moment to insist on its individual sound as distinguished from the rest of the octave. Each octave has its specific range which must be distinctly recognized by the composer before blending its accords with others in the complete scale of the instrument. The term or duration of this preliminary period of incoherent individualization is proportioned to the magnitude and to the inertia of the sphere to be harmonized. For the notes of a musical octave, it may occupy a fraction of a second; for the instruments of an orchestra, half an hour; for the atoms of a crystal, several minutes; for the crystals of a mass, many hours, days or weeks; for the organs of a unitary animal life, several weeks or months of fetal existence; for the individual lives of a race, many centuries; the transformations by death and alternate existences in different physical and moral spheres or conditions, being essential to

develop their mutual affinities, and to determine their natural positions.

The earth has now been nearly six thousand years engaged in preliminary movements, under the analytical principle "Every man for himself," and is only now beginning in small nuclei to obey the law of the Composite. —

2d. Distributive principle, "Ye are all members one of another," by organizing Synthetic combinations or industrial and social series. With us, as with the atoms, it is the same attractions, whose blind impulse caused them to impinge upon each other, which under the Serial law which Fourier has announced to us, will determine the harmonic grouping. Friendship,* among the affections, and music among the sensations, are two levers which belong peculiarly to the Composite attraction and through these it is enlightening the other affections and senses upon the combinations necessary to their true interest and full gratification in direct development.

The ruling principle of the inverse development of the Earth's life is selfishness, and its character, consequently, universal incoherence of interests and organization of conflict on every point in which two races, classes or individuals, share an attraction, friendship and music excepted.

Our present subject is the application of this principle of Selfishness and state of incoherence to the attractions of Taste and of Hunger. They here lead each to appropriate to himself the bodies of other creatures, as applied to other senses they impel him to appropriate the results of their labors.

The logical corollary of a state of conflicting interests, is repression of individual life, which for want of a genial sphere of development is low in degree, partial and fragmentary, few beings even among the rich finding an outflow for their passions and faculties.

We have observed as an absolute principle of nature through all the degrees of her life in different animal and vegetable

racess, as well as among individuals, that the reproduction of the Species holds a constantly inverse ratio to the development of the individual.

Applying this law to the low and fragmentary development of man and other creatures during the state of incoherence, we perceive that excessive pullulation is its characteristic, and the increase must be most rapid precisely amongst those classes who, from the evil conditions which repress their own life, are least capable of providing for their offspring.

The inverse providence of this subversive epoch employs as its agents for effecting an equilibrium between population and production, war, famine, pestilence and cannibalism, the results of man's incoherence with his fellow man by false societies, with the elements of nature by false or insufficient methods of culture, &c., and with the animal creatures, of whom he constitutes himself the tyrant and the foe. The equilibrium thus attained is far from implying an amount of life equal to the possible production of the planet, far even from the actual production; it refers to the present wasteful modes of Distribution. *The absolute principle of equilibrium between births and deaths coincident with integral development*; calculated for the harmonic epochs or normal conditions of the planet, as the subversive equilibrium for the exceptional periods of incoherence presupposes, together with refinement in the *quality* of life, its increase in *quantity* in constant ratio to the increased productiveness of the planet. Integral culture and refinement of the soil and elements, will give the conditions for integral development and refinement of its human and other animal species.

From the same mathematical providence which thus determines the ratio of life to production, we should expect a distribution of the different species of that life in those relative proportions most conducive to mutual well-being and harmonic communion. This statement appears to us to present a comprehensive and integral solution of the difficulties suggested, and to leave no pretext for the resort to violent or fraudulent taking of life by one creature from another. But however sufficient to one who understands the property of the Serial law to harmonize the life of the Earth, and who has consequently integral faith in God, there may be some who sympathize in our aims and tendencies, and who understand how complete an expression of the grossest incoherence and most brutal selfishness is presented by our devouring of animals, who may fear that during the ages and generations preceding the universal establishment of Harmony on the earth, and necessary to the progressive

refinement and full development of its races, their numbers would increase too fast, that it would not be safe *yet to stay the hand of blood*. This is the same class of objectors, who in the face of most conclusive statistics, proving the increase of murders after capital punishments and their brutalizing effect on the public mind, tell you they hold the gallows in abhorrence, but fear its suppression as removing a check to crime. We ask the objectors in either case to look at the results of force and bloodshed as they are now actually carried out, whether in the destruction of men or of animals.

How does the former succeed in preventing crime, or the latter in preventing starvation? Let Ireland answer.

Let us show the fallacy of those political economists who mistake the results of a false and absurd distribution for those of deficient production, and who confound the actual production even from our best cultivated countries with their possible. Hear Malthus: "*A man born in an already occupied world, if his family have not the means to support him, or if society has no need of his labor, has no right to claim food; he is in fact superfluous on the earth; and at the grand banquet of nature there is no room for him. Nature commands this man to begone, and she will not be slow to put this order into execution herself. Let every one in this world be answerable to himself and for himself.*" So much the worse for those who are superfluous on this earth. We should have too much to do were we to give bread to those who are dying of hunger; who knows even that there would remain enough for the rich, *population always having a tendency to exceed the means of subsistence.*"

Ricardo: — "*By the force of privation the number of laborers diminish, and the equilibrium is established.*"

These words, it may be urged are those of fiends, not of men, but we may remember the old man's saying, "Do not be frightened my dear child, you will never see anything worse than yourself." The fiends who have written those words are considered to be sound, practical men, and probably quite as humane as their neighbors. Living in a sphere of utter subversion of all true relations between man and man, through the grasping selfishness to which incoherence compels, they have simply looked at things as they really are, and reduced to formulas the principles expressed in them. For this we should thank them; it is not those who tell the world harsh and wholesome truths of itself, in whatever style, who are its enemies, but those Christian teachers, who wallowing in the fat of the land themselves, deny the Master, in whose name they speak, and betray both

* We might add Love, but with this explanation. Love is a passion which in its essence, as in all its effects, unites opposite or contradictory characters. As it joins the opposite sexes, and contrasted temperaments in its effects, so in its essence it is the union of a material principle the most absolutely exclusive, with a spiritual principle the most expansive and emancipating. Through the one object of Love, we are brought into highest sympathy with the universal life of nature and our race, yet, in epochs ruled by the material principle, Love has been a most fertile source of hostility. Thus is Love shared as an agency between the Composite principle, and the Cabalist, which has hitherto employed it as a chief cause of hostile rivalries, capable of being absorbed only by the mechanism of the Passional Series.

the present and the future interest of their race, by diverting human energy from the aim which Christ had pointed to it,—the embodiment of the law of Love in co-operative relations of industry and social life, and attainment to universal wealth and to happiness, as a consequence of thus founding the kingdom of Heaven and Harmony upon the earth.

These are their race's enemies, who not content with acknowledging the law of selfishness and incoherence as the permanent principle of this world, thus consigned by them to their Devil, seek to carry the same incoherence through all eternity, by holding out to selfishness the bait of a private and individual spiritual salvation disconnected with the fate of the earth or the destiny of their fellow creatures.

By statistics of one of the wealthiest, healthiest, and most humane of old settled countries, Great Britain, we shall see that Malthus and Ricardo are perfectly just in their conclusions, if the present state of things be as they suppose, normal and permanent, instead of being exceptional and transitory. Reports from eight hundred and fifty-six parishes gave as yearly earnings of average laborers employed in day, job, and harvest work, £27 17s 10d, and including earnings of wife and four children, aged 14, 11, 8, and 5, £41 17s 8d. Seventy-one parishes reported this inadequate for subsistence. Colquhoun computes the number of persons who were able to live without daily labor, at only 47,000, or with all the members of their families, 234,000 out of 18,000,000; while the number of paupers, vagrants, and criminals was 1,800,000, and in London and other cities, one-third of the whole population.

In Ireland, for months past, whilst ship loads of provisions were daily leaving her ports, the newspapers have contained regular bulletins of the deaths by starvation, and the pestilence incident upon it, as destructive as the Plague or the Cholera. These things are noticed in Great Britain simply because they have not yet been long enough organized there as normal facts. In India, for centuries it has occurred that a district might be depopulated by famine and the dead be strewn around the walls of the neighboring cities, without occasioning more commotion than the destruction of the last swarm of ants.

If the divine mathematics determine for the ages of selfish incoherence in which creatures prey upon each other, a condition of general poverty, even to the point of starvation for the masses amid immense capacities for production, of which their internal conflict prevents them from availing themselves; and if it is equally

evident that the combinations of Serial Industry will secure to a much greater amount of life, general wealth and abundance, it follows that in the middle terms between the two extremes, the proportion of supply to demand, of destiny to attraction; the cessation of the curse and the beginning of the blessing, will be effected in the precise ratio that men act out Christianity in all their relations among themselves and towards the animal creation, and substitute for the law of force and fraud founded in selfishness, the law of love and justice founded in unity.

To fear that the amount of life upon the earth can ever exceed her capacity of production, is, like all that want of practical faith in God which prevails during the epochs of misery and moral subversion, equally a want of common sense. It is just as sensible as if a hair on our head should fall to pulling up and devouring the hairs around it from an apprehension that more hairs should grow on the head than the head had room for.

The species and races of the earth are the individual expressions of her collective life, refining itself through the various modes of sensation, affection, and intelligence, in the animal kingdom, and through the attraction to unity or sentiment of God, in the human race, connecting itself consciously with the central life of creation. The noxious and subversive life with which our planet now abounds, is at once proof of its strength and its disease; it is like the copious eruption of pustules which cover the psoric body of a stout child: the cure of the disease is not by picking off the pustules or by setting the noxious creatures to eat each other, but by determining a healthy state of the child's blood and nervous system, or of the earth's circulation, of running streams and magnetic currents, through an integral system of culture, regenerating the expressions of life by transforming their sphere.

Having taken a bird's eye view of the actual, let us proceed to calculate the possible.

What number of men can be supplied with the necessities and comforts of life, either by direct production or through exchange, from the area of one square mile?

A square mile contains 640 acres.

A moderate average produce in wheat, whose yield is less than that of most other grains, roots and fruits, is twenty bushels to the acre.

For his subsistence a man requires an average of two pounds of grain a day, which when prepared and cooked will be very much increased. This is equal to thirteen bushels per year.

This we presume will be allowed to be

a fair middle term. The Arab gum gatherer bears the heats of the desert on five ounces of gum; the Canadian boatman will consume fifteen pounds of flesh.

At a yield of twenty bushels of wheat, thirteen-twentieths of an acre will suffice for a man's food; he will want an equal area for forest, another for buildings and courts, and another for meadow. Thirteen-twentieths multiplied by four, equal to two and three-fifths acres, which, as the divisor of 640, gives 246 inhabitants to the square mile.

Deducting one-fourth for unproductive sites, there remains 185 1-2.

At this rate, Europe will support 185 1-2 multiplied by 3,256,659 square miles, area of Europe, giving 604,100,244 inhabitants, allowing to each individual two and three-fifths acres of productive soil or to a family of five persons, a lot of thirteen acres.

But as even under the present very limited advantages and imperfect adaptation of science to culture, wheat is produced at the rate of 70 bushels to the acre, and as the allowance of three-fourths of the soil to forest, meadow, and domestic or manufacturing employments, will secure to the remaining fourth the best conditions of manuring, &c., and the advantage of periodical rest in grass by alternation with the meadow; we may justly calculate on this high yield of 70 bushels of wheat to the acre as capable of being universalized over the three-fourths of good or readily improvable soil of Europe, on which we speculate. This reduces the area necessary for an individual's support to something more than five-sevenths of an acre—70 bushels divided by 20 bushels equal to three and one-half, multiplier of yield, and divisor of two and three-fifths acres, which was the former estimate. Three and one-half equal to thirty-five-tenths, divided by two and three-fifths or twenty-six-tenths, equal to twenty-six thirty-fifths, or something more than five-sevenths of an acre to each individual, or between three and four acres to a family of five persons. At this rate the area of a square mile will support 185 1-2, former proportion to the square mile, multiplied by 3 1-2, equal to 649 1-4, which, multiplied by 3,256,659 square miles in Europe, gives 2,114,385,854 inhabitants of Europe.

We note that this calculation, although taking in, as before, only three-fourths of the surface of Europe, employing the terms 185 1-2 to the square mile, instead of 246, and though still as before allowing only one-fourth of the soil to tillage, retrenches the family lot from 13 acres to little more than 3 acres for each family,—a space quite sufficient for comfort and even luxury, inde-

pendent of associative combinations, but which presupposes the supply of fuel from the coal bed instead of the forest, and reduces the number of domestic animals except under arrangements unknown to civilization and incompatible with incoherence of interests.

But as a large number of domestic animals may be subsisted from fodder or leaf of the grains, the herbaceous stalks of esculent roots and other aliments which are essentially connected with our own table service; as the cornfield is, independently of its tribute to man, one of the most active spheres of nature's life; as the forest remaining on one-fourth of the whole area furnishes a home and sustenance to the wild creatures, and as a rotation of grain and vegetable crops is a substitute for grass, the fourth given up to meadow may be included in tillage.

This will double again the possible population. After this point the proportional space demanded for houses, courts, factories, &c., will have so far increased, that no farther developments of population can be admitted without speculating on domestic association of many families, possible only in the Pessimist Series. This order has indeed been morally implied, all along, since under systems of incoherent interests, we find the old countries deteriorating in soil and climate, and capable of supporting every year a smaller population in comfortable conditions: admitting the establishment of this order, we proceed to determine the physical possibilities of increase. The barren fourth of the whole area, which, during the interval necessary to raise the present population of 170,000,000 to the last term of 4,228,771,708, will have been undergoing a disintegration of its rocks through the action of the elements, and the vegetable growth upon them, and have become covered with a soil which the increased resources in animal manures may raise to any possible degree of fertility, we are now entitled to compute with the rest, and it enables the last term to be doubled, giving a population of 8,457,543,416. Here is still left an entire fourth of the country in forest.

Now, as trees bearing nuts and fruits can be easily substituted for barren trees, to the general advantage of human and other animal interests, we may obtain an additional supply of food, which admits the last term to be again doubled, giving 16,915,086,832. But as corn, which is equally nutritious with wheat, can be produced in much larger amount to the acre, three times or more, and root crops and fruits in still greater proportion, the banana sixteen times, this term may be multiplied again, giving more than fifty billions of population easily subsisted, so far as food

is concerned at least, and still we have not touched the vast resources which now applications of science, already discovered or discoverable, to agriculture, open to the future. The highest amount we have calculated, still leaves Europe more integrally forested, and more ornamentally as well as usefully cultivated than at present, and redeemed from swamp, desert and morbid effluvia, and secures to the laborer abundance of the best quality of food as the basis of the luxury and other harmonies in which he shares.

To be Continued.

THE PSEUDO-SAINTS OF LIVERPOOL. Lord Brougham, whatever may be thought by some people, is still capable of talking sensibly when he pleases. Witness the following observations of his lordship's, delivered by him recently, according to the Times, on the occasion of presenting a petition:—

"He had heard from Liverpool, that about 25,000 paupers were receiving relief there, only 3,000 of whom were natives of that town, the remainder being Irish, whom the famine had driven over from their own shores. He was informed, also, that there were parties in Liverpool who had endeavored to prevent the opening of the soup-kitchens on the Sabbath to relieve the wants of these 25,000 persons: forgetting altogether the example of their Saviour, who, when his disciples were rebuked for plucking ears of corn upon the Sabbath, declared that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. He would venture to say that those misguided zealots who would prevent the opening of the soup-kitchens for the poor on Sunday, every one of them ate a hearty dinner on that day, and that their servants cooked it for them too. (A laugh.)"

Spoken like the late Henry Brougham himself. But these Liverpool sabbatists are not zealots. A zealot is a religious enthusiast. Now, what is the religion of this kind of creatures? It is not Christianity; for that teaches that it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath-day. Their classification, as a sect, rests wholly on certain externals; for the most part very unprepossessing. Their countenance is bilious, and their voice nasal. They rejoice in doggerel psalmody. Their conversation is a species of sanctified slang, interspersed with groans and other uncouth noises. They have an ungainly habit of turning up their eyes, and depressing the angles of their lips. These are the grimaces which they make before men; there are others which they indulge in when alone. In private, they wink the eye; in the solitude of the chamber, they thrust the tongue into the cheek. Their religion, in fact, is a mere mask, and a most ugly one, but very expressive. It has been said that their talk about the observance of the Sabbath is mere cant. It is worse than that. They are ready enough to do evil on Sunday. They scruple to open the doors of Charity on that day; but they do not hesitate to shut them. — *Punch*.

FOR THE ADVOCATES OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT — Sir, in reading the narrative of circumstantial evidences in your paper, I was forcibly reminded of a case which came under my personal notice many years since. A schooner sailed from New York for Charleston, S. C., with some eighteen or twenty passengers. On the voyage some hashed meat was served for dinner, and while eating it, several of the passengers became sick, and it was suspected that poison was the cause. The cook, a black man, was suspected, and after charging him with the deed, which he denied, the Captain asked him to eat of the meat, which he declined. Some one or two of the passengers died. When the vessel arrived at Charleston, the cook was arrested and held for trial.

The mate of the vessel was not to be found, and no one knew him or where he had gone. The cook was brought to trial. A New England lawyer defended him. I was present at the trial, and the only evidence against him was the fact that he refused to eat the poisoned meat. All the eloquence of his young attorney could not save him. He was found guilty and sentenced to be hung. I visited him in prison, and heard him many times assert his innocence. He was allowed a minister of the Gospel to visit him, to whom he asserted his innocence in language so convincing that on the scaffold he stated his firm belief that he was innocent. I saw him hung, and the last words he uttered I shall never forget.

"I die an innocent man," said he, in a solemn and convincing tone, that seemed to carry conviction through the spectators, of his innocence, but nothing could save him. Many years passed, and this scene buried in the thoughts of those who witnessed it; but I could never forget it. We all remember the pirates who were hung in this city some years ago. One of them was Gibbs, who confessed that he was mate of that schooner, put the arsenic in that mince-meat, and fled on the arrival of that vessel at Charleston. This is no fiction, but a melancholy fact, and witnessed by the writer; and this is one of the many instances of legal murder, the result of circumstantial evidence. — *Boston Whig*.

REVIEW.

The Primary Phonotypic Reader: for the use of Schools and Families. Intended as Introductory Exercises in Analyzing, Spelling, and Reading, for Children and Uneducated Adults. By S. P. ANDREWS and A. F. BOYLE. Boston: Gould, Kendall and Lincoln. 1847.

There seems to be a good deal of common sense, if not of a deeper sort of wisdom, in the method of this little book. We have no doubt that a child would master all the monosyllables of our language by it, in a shorter time, and in a way more encouraging and strengthening to his mind, than by any of the spelling-books or primers which we have known. For in addition to the uniform and homo-

geneous mode of spelling and pronouncing, peculiar to Phonotypy, it arranges the contents of our language (at least as far as it goes, that is, through the monosyllables) in such an order that familiarity with one word is so much gained towards the learning of the next, the points of difference between any two successive words being always very few compared with their points of resemblance or identity. We cannot, however, give a better idea of its plan than by copying the principal portion of the Introduction :

"This Reader, and those of this series, which will follow, are intended to lead the child, or other learner, forward, by a strictly inductive pathway, to an acquaintance with a larger and then a still larger circle of words, until he is rendered completely master of that limited vocabulary, in its printed form, with which he is already familiar in speech.

"To effect this, every monosyllable in the language has been examined. From the whole number of those which begin with a vowel or a single consonant,—all which it is thought are in common use among children, both in cities and in the country, at the ordinary age of learning to read, have been selected, and are contained in the columns at the head of the reading lessons in this book.

"These simple and familiar words of the language are then arranged as follows:—

"The first lesson consists of only eleven words, which are the most common words of the language, and which very small number—it has been found by extensive experiments—constitute, by their constant repetition in every sentence, *one-fourth part of all the words that we utter when we speak.*

"The learner has already frequently met with all these words in the 'Beginners' Primer;' but they are introduced here together, in order that he may at once become perfectly familiar with them. He should be taught to know them, so as to call each of them at sight, without stopping to analyze or spell them, and before proceeding to the second lesson. By this simple means, the child will enter upon his tasks, already knowing, as well as his teacher, every fourth word that will meet his eye. This very frequent recurrence of certain words has long been observed, and advantage taken of it, by short-hand writers. Is it not surprising that so important a fact should never have received any systematic application to the business of early education?

"The second lesson contains all the frequent monosyllables which begin with a vowel sound, arranged according to the order of the vowels in the alphabet. The pupil should be well drilled in analyzing these words, which, if well done, forms an extremely pleasing and attractive exercise,—especially in class.

"The third is a reading lesson, formed of the words contained in the preceding lessons. If any other words occur, they are those simple ones with which the pupil has already become somewhat familiar in the 'Primer.'

"The fourth lesson contains the common monosyllables, beginning with *p*, which is the first letter of the phonotypic alphabet. These, again, are arranged according to the alphabetical order of their vowel sounds. The fifth, a reading lesson on the same: the sixth contains the *b's*; the eighth, a reading lesson; and so on, through the whole list of consonants in

their alphabetical order. By means of this arrangement, the child, in passing from one word to another, down a column, has in reality, so long as the same vowel continues to occur, but one new letter (the final consonant) to change, in order to form the new word from that which he has last pronounced. These final consonants follow each other also in the successive order of the alphabet; so that every word is not only easily analyzed and remembered, but may be referred to its precise place in the column, so soon as the pupil knows the order of the alphabet. This order will be learned itself, incidentally, by using the book, and without the objectionable effects which result from teaching a fixed alphabetical order, in the first instance. The alphabet itself, however, has been placed upon the last page, for the use of teachers who are not yet familiar with it, and for the pupil himself, after he has already learned to read."

Ballads and other Poems. By MARY HOWITT. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway. pp. 270. (Sold by Redding and Co., 8 State Street, Boston.)

Many of these ballads have long been popular with children, and with those who sympathize with children; and the praise of those who cannot is not much worth having. Collected in this form, they cannot fail to meet wide welcome. MARY HOWITT'S literary impulse was first caught from the old English ballads; her mind was possessed by them until it became most natural for it to work after the same tone. In her Preface she says:

"I have been all my life a passionate admirer of ballad-poetry. Brought up, as a child, in a picturesque, old-fashioned part of England, remote from books and from the world, and under circumstances of almost conventual seclusion, the echoes of this old, traditional literature found their way to my ear and my heart. Few books, excepting those of a religious and somewhat mystical character, reached me; but an old domestic, with every requisite for a German *Marchen-Frau*, who had a memory stored with ballads, old songs, and legends, inflamed my youthful imagination by her wild chants and recitations, and caused it to take very early flights into the regions of romance.

"When I married, under circumstances the most favorable for a young poetical spirit, the world of literature was at once opened before me; and to mark the still prevailing character of my taste, I may say that the first book I read, when I had my free choice in a large library, was Percy's *Relics of Ancient English Poetry*, of which I had heard, but till then had never seen. The first fifteen years of my married life were devoted to poetry. My husband and I published two joint volumes of poems within the first few years of our marriage; and then, giving vent to my own peculiar fancies, I again took to writing ballads, which were published in various periodicals of the day, and the favorable reception they met with gave the utmost encouragement."

She also speaks of the "love of Christ, of the poor, and of little children," as having always been a ruling sentiment of her soul. No words could better describe the prominent characteristics of her poetry.

It is all steeped in charity, sparkling with innocent cheerfulness, and fragrant of the woods and meadows. All honor to the profound sentiment of pity and respect with which she looks upon the lowliest children of humanity! It is a very true *sentiment*, although it has no method, and is not philosophical. She sees and feels the wrongs; she believes, in obedience to a good heart and a pious faith, that there will come redress; but it does seem time that all poetry should glow with a distincter vision; and that the earnest study of the laws of universal order, applicable to society as well as art and nature, should recognize in Science the very highest kind of poetry, the beauty of perfect freedom found in perfect law. We say this because Mary Howitt is a reformer; and we sympathize so strongly with the glowing, generous aspirations of all reformers, whether expressed in "rhythmical verses or rhythmical actions," that we wish them to have the strength which something positive and constructive in the view of social Destiny alone can give. Much of the purest and most true-hearted humanitarian poetry of this day is at the same time the saddest, because it wings its flight so into the vague, and has not verified and found a pilot for its aspirations in a science of the soul which tells it what to hope. It almost seems to us, while this great problem is challenging us and while a solution of it has been offered, which to say the least is most imposing, that every mind's most deep and most ideal part should be absorbed in its investigation, and that there should be no leisure to write poetry in any of these common forms in which the world has perhaps already done its best.

But it is a great thing to keep on trusting the sentiments, the heart's natural instincts of goodness and charity in an age so false, so governed by selfish interests, and so fearfully relapsing into the old law of "might makes right," as this. Only it is so difficult to preserve this sort of trust; for *most* indeed it is impossible while the system of material interests is such that only by heartless competition can one live at all; and while the brightest visions of democracy, and freedom and equality are constantly returning in the old vicious circle and discouraging the lovers of humanity. Something more is surely needed. We are grateful to William and Mary Howitt, and their generous coadjutors in the "People's Journal" and the "Howitt's Journal," for pleading as they do, so steadfastly the cause of the oppressed. Our only hope is that they will keep on pleading, and enlist thousands more upon the same side; and they must come to feel the need of science, and to see that the study can no longer be postponed of the true

Laws of Social Order, and the true form of Charity.

In these poems there is great freedom and ease of rhythm, a decidedly romantic coloring, and a picturesque inventiveness and power of fancy. We agree however with some of the critics of the day, more fashionable than ourselves, and with whom we have not always the pleasure of agreeing, in the opinion that ballad-writing now is out of date, and that any success in it, beyond that of a mere trial of ingenuity, is really out of the question. The charm of the old ballads is their stern simplicity, and the fact that they were written by those who believed all they wrote, however wild and supernatural, and who did not merely indulge in fanciful suppositions of such things. The ballad is the natural growth of a rude age, which bears all the features of the age, at the same time that it betrays the deep poetic fire that is struck out from those flinty forms of life wherein it is still latent, and which in spite of its own creed of blood and violence and revenge, in spite of all the superstition and ignorance with which it is identified and which it celebrates, gives promise of the beauty that shall be unfolded in better days out of this human nature, which is essentially a poet. A ballad cannot be written now, which does not sound like an imitation, and show more of antiquarian study than of live poetic fire.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1847.

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.

ASSOCIATIVE MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

In the last Harbinger, we gave a brief account of the Associative School in France, and of the means adopted by it for the propagation of the doctrines of Social Harmony. We described the origin and progress of the Rent, and spoke of its importance as the necessary condition of pecuniary firmness in the operations of the movement. In a recent number of the *Democratique Pacifique*, we find an interesting article, which brings up the history of the Rent to the present time, and which we have no doubt our readers will thank us for laying before them.

"At this time, last year, we carried into effect an important measure for the development of our ideas of Association and of Social Organization.

"Whether the partisans of the regenerating doctrine which we defend before the world, were still too few in number to enable the principal organ of this doctrine to live by the aid of its subscription alone, or whether it was impossible for a journal exclusively devoted to the defence of great and beneficent principles, to be sustained amongst enterprises undertaken in the interests of capital and speculation,—it is certain, that it was only by repeated calls upon its friends, that the Associative School succeeded in founding its daily organ in 1843, and in keeping it up till 1845.

"In the midst of the unheard of efforts of Journalism, to attract and retain readers by means more or less foreign to political and social interests, the partisans of the New Idea found it necessary to resolve on new sacrifices. In regard to this point, as well as to the ultimate object of our endeavors, there is and always has been the most perfect unanimity in our ranks. There had long been sufficient proofs of devotedness among us; and it became important to reduce its exercise to method and system. The idea of creating a Rent, which had been previously announced, was brought forward with decision and earnestness.

"We attempted to organize it in the first instance, in Paris. The immediate result corresponding to our hopes, we proposed the measure to our friends in the departments. Our first appeal was dated the 7th of February, 1846. It will be remembered with what enthusiasm our friends sent in their subscriptions. On the 7th of April following, we announced that the annual rent amounted to 101,479 francs, divided among 1,164 subscribers.

"Since that time, the necessary withdrawal of a considerable subscription, reposing on operations that did not prove successful, has diminished this amount by the sum of 10,800 francs; this, however, did not prevent us from announcing on the 31st of August, that the total amount was 100,549 francs, divided among 1,510 subscribers.

"The subscription now (Dec. 27, 1846) amounts to 105,259 francs, divided among 1,691 subscribers. The three last months exhibit, in the increase of the number of adherents, a remarkable progress: already a great number of subscribers have advanced their proportion for 1847, some have doubled the amount of their subscriptions, and the greater part have increased it a quarter, a third, or a half.

"We do not pretend that there is anything miraculous in this result; it can astonish only those who are ignorant of the lofty thoughts, the noble aspirations, in which these sacrifices have their ori-

gin; but no one can refuse to see in them a proof of the intimate union, the vital solidarity, which unites the friends of Association and of the Organization of Labor.

"It was on the 10th of April last, that we inserted in the *Democratique Pacifique*, the last account of the condition of the Rent of the Associative School. Since that time, the subscribers to the Rent have been kept informed of the progressive increase of the different resources which establish our system of propagation on a solid basis, and which, at no very distant day, must bring us to the practical realization. We deem it right, at this time, to acquaint all our readers with the amount to which the Rent has attained; we think they will be obliged to us for the publication; for the tie by which we are bound to them, although less intimate than that which unites us with the subscribers to the Rent, still reposes on a community of principles and wishes which give them a claim to be made acquainted from time to time with the general condition of the affairs of the School.

"It is with the same views, that we shall say a word or two of the operations of the Associative Book-Trade. The most effective means of gaining new convictions to the cause, it is well known, is the reading of Associative Works. The best and surest sign of our progress and our conquests must be looked for in the movement of the Associative Library. We stated, a year ago, that our Library exclusively devoted to the publications of the School, had sold in 1843, books to the amount of 10,000 francs; in 1844, to the amount of 25,000; and in 1845, to the amount of 45,000. This year, the amount of its operations reaches almost 60,000 francs. It must not be forgotten that we have reduced the price of many of our publications, especially that of Fourier's works; nor that in 1846 we have published the greater part of these small works at a low price, in order to spread the knowledge of the Associative System to the widest possible extent. We, accordingly, estimate that the work of propagation, during this year, has received a development at least double that of the last year. This is a statistical fact, by no means discouraging.

"But to what shall we attribute this result? Principally to the subscribers to the Rent. It is they, who by sustaining the daily flag, have given to us the sole efficacious means of bringing our ideas daily before the world, of defending the School against the attacks of its adversaries, of constantly attracting attention to our plans, our purposes, our publications.

"Can it be believed that without a daily organ, every day provoking discussions, and finding echoes in the French and foreign press, so many germs of pro-

pagation would have made their appearance at different points? The *Democratic Pacifique*, that essential basis of all our operations, that voice, without which neither our successes, nor our hopes, would have been sufficiently known to our friends or the world,—has this journal been false to the zeal displayed by Associationists both in France and abroad?

"The subscribers to the Rent are not confined to the support of the *Democratic Pacifique*; they secure the very existence of the School; they develop the work of propagation by aiding the operations of the Library; in short, they hasten the epoch of realization by every day enlarging the circle of our conquests. The subscribers to the Rent therefore, are, in every respect, the living columns of the cause, its real and devoted supporters."

NORTH AMERICAN PHALANX.

We are happy to be the means of giving a wider circulation to the following interesting document from the NORTH AMERICAN PHALANX. We rejoice in the degree of prosperity which has attended the endeavors of that devoted band of Social Reformers, and we trust the day is not far distant, when they will be gratified with the realization of their most sanguine hopes. The advantages of soil, climate, and local position, enjoyed by the North American Phalanx, are very great; the success which has attended their industry, and the elevated tone of society that has been attained by them, speak volumes in favor of their arrangements for the establishment of unity of interests; and we cannot but hope that they will be enabled to obtain every needed facility for the prosecution and completion of their noble experiment.

The views set forth in this Circular, with regard to the "progressive development of a germ, as the true divine growth of the social, as of the individual man," are worthy of attentive consideration. True vitality, however, it should be remembered, is manifested in various forms. Hence, while we wish well to the enterprises that are now on foot, in different parts of the country, for the establishment of Association, on a comparatively small scale, and have been long devoted to such an enterprise ourselves, we cannot resist the conviction that the time has come for an earnest and efficient system of propagation of the Associative doctrines, with a view to a complete experiment of a Model Phalanx. Nor is there any essential antagonism between these two movements. Every successful Association, however limited and imperfect, is a most effectual means of propagation; while on the other hand, the extensive diffusion of Associative doctrines through-

out the country, is a necessary condition of the permanence and enlargement of practical attempts.

The North American Phalanx to the Friends of Social Re-organization.

[CIRCULAR.]

FRIENDS.—This branch of the Reform Movement has been in operation since the Autumn of 1843. It was commenced, and has been continued by a small band of persons from the middle walks of society, who were thoroughly convinced of the necessity of truer, juster relations between man and man, and between society and individuals; and who have made, and are making, earnest efforts to work out their convictions in actual life.

We have, since our organization, avoided public statements, and pursued the business of our enterprise in the quietest manner. We felt that our first work was to solve the problem of true Social Relations; and that if our attempt should prove unsuccessful, the fact would become sufficiently notorious to do injury; if we should succeed according to our intent, this fact would also become sufficiently known. Our locality with its advantages, our people with their experience, would command such attention as they would merit; and the progress of humanitarian doctrines in the public mind, and our consequent duty to ourselves and to the cause in which we are engaged, would be indicated by unmistakable signs.

The first flux of the tide of Social Doctrines swept over the land, producing its legitimate effects. As was natural, a reaction followed; and for a year or two, Social Questions seemed at a low ebb. As is natural again, if there is the attractive force of truth in the ocean of thought on these subjects, a reflux is coming; and this wave is evidently flowing broader, and marking higher in the social circle than the first. What then is required of us who have a measure of experience in practical efforts to live the doctrines we advocate?

We have satisfied ourselves of the possibility of Harmony in Association even with our limited numbers, and under more unfavorable circumstances than will be likely to occur again in any period of subsequent progress; and that these relations are desirable because of many social advantages and privileges, even at the present imperfect stage, that are not attainable in isolation. And we have strong and abiding faith, that with increased numbers and more favorable circumstances, these advantages and privileges may be greatly multiplied; and ultimately a social organization perfected that shall be a fitting embodiment of the spirit of Christianity.

Again, then, what ought we to do?

Friends in whose judgment we repose great confidence, are of the opinion that the time has arrived to take measures for another and decided step of progress, on a more extended scale; and that the progress portion of community should become better acquainted with our circumstances, our aims, and our views. We entertain similar convictions, but it is with great diffidence that we respond to the call, and venture a formal public statement. A conviction that it is required, impels us, and we commence with a general statement of

OUR CIRCUMSTANCES.

First of all, we feel deeply, the weight of the ever-increasing responsibility of our position, the ever-increasing tax upon our ability. Necessarily standing out with a degree of prominence as co-laborers in remodeling the social fabric, correcting hoary abuses, and rectifying errors that are organic, we fear that more will be required of us, than is within our ability to perform.

It is no light thing to undertake the care of all human interests and the adjustment of human relations, public and private, social and individual; and it should not be engaged in without the gravest consideration, and the most deliberate and heartfelt conviction that we have the strength of purpose to devote steadily, unceasingly, unselfishly, our entire energies to the work; for we feel assured that we cannot serve two masters in Association.

Our locality is healthful; our climate is mild; we have a beautiful domain, full of resources, in the heart of a fine fruit district, and within a few hours travel of the great Commercial Metropolis. We have improved our domain with dwellings, shops and mills, fences, fruit trees, marling, &c. We have forty adult members, (twenty-four men and sixteen women) and sixteen children under fifteen years, which, with probationers and hired laborers, make up a resident population of about sixty-five persons, exclusive of some thirty non-resident stockholders.

We have an efficient industrial organization, an excellent school, an agreeable social circle, and a good moral tone; and have arrived at our present condition, through many trials and difficulties incident to the undertaking, and are willing still to labor, and endure much, if need be, for the sake of the right. To make more rapid progress is in all respects desirable; and for this purpose, we need more good members and more means.

OF OUR AIMS,

It is perhaps sufficient to say that we are Associationists, and hence would organize a form of society upon the basis of Associated Effort, Unity of Interests, and Religious Justice; harmonious in all its relations with Divine Law: in which men may join in true Christian brotherhood, and be secure in the enjoyment of their God-given rights; and in which as a consequence, want, ignorance, vice and misery, the clash of individual interests, the warring of classes, and all forms of injustice shall FINALLY CEASE; in which a home with its comforts, and privileges of social intercourse, education and refinement, shall be secure to all its members: in which labor shall receive its just recompense, and all the means of life both material and spiritual shall abound without stint: in which woman shall be secure in the possession of her rights, and elevated to the true dignity of her nature; and humanity be developed, individually and socially, in all its powers, capacities and affections, until it shall attain to the perfect image of its Maker, and yield a glad obedience to the requirements of Divine Law, in all spheres of action.

Are we equal to the work?

We hope to be instrumental in making a suitable commencement. We suppose that many generations will have sufficient employment in perfecting institutions that shall be in harmonious relations with the

Serial Law, which we believe to be the organizing principle in all creations.

OUR VIEWS

Are that true Divine growth of the social, as of the individual man is the Progressive Development of a Germ; and while we would not in the slightest degree oppose a scientific organization upon a large scale, it is our preference to pursue a more progressive mode, to make a more immediately practical and controllable attempt. The call of to-day we understand to be for evidence:—

1st. Of the possibility of Harmony in Association.

2d. That by Associated Effort and the control of machinery, Labor may command the means not only of the comforts and necessities of life, but also of education and refinement.

3d. That the nature of the relations we would establish are essentially those of Religious Justice.

The possibility of true Social Relations, Increased Production, and the embodiment of the Religious Sentiment, are, if we read the signs aright, the points upon which the question of Association now hinges in the public mind.

Because 1st. Man's capacity for these relations is doubted.

Because 2d. Production is an essential and permanent condition of Life and means of Progress.

Because 3d. It is apprehended that the Religious Sentiment is not sufficiently regarded, and provided for in Association. Demonstrate that capacity; prove that men by their own efforts may command all the means of life; show in institutions the truly religious nature of the movement, and of the relations that are to obtain, and the public will be converted fast enough. Attractive social relations, a true religious unity or practical Christianity, and the means of unlimited growth, we regard as fundamental to the upbuilding of a true Social Order—the rock basis, upon which, as means increase, science may exhaust its resources in unfolding relations and perfecting processes, and art expend its treasures in beautifying.

In accordance with these views would we proceed; receiving members as fast, and only as fast, as they can assimilate to the body; investing capital with that prudent care, with such judicious outlay, that while labor may have the necessary facilities to prosecute successfully its industrial enterprises, it shall not be taxed with idle capital in unproductive investments; and providing according to our ability, the means of moral and spiritual culture.

FRIENDS,—for the purpose of learning your sentiments towards our movement after this expression, we subjoin a general estimate of the means that will be requisite for certain purposes; and we solicit your co-operation in the cause of human well-being, promising that to such as take sufficient interest to inquire more particularly concerning our enterprise, the most definite information will be given.

ESTIMATE.

It is supposed that about two thousand dollars a year for several years can be profitably expended in improving our Domain by Manures, Fences, Fruit Trees, Fixtures, and so forth, say an aggregate of.....\$10,000
To enable us to receive additional members to any extent, we require a

new dwelling. Should there be encouragement during the year that means will be subscribed for this purpose, measures will be taken to procure estimates, and a plan and specifications for a suitable edifice, a section or sub-wing of which, capable of accommodating at least three hundred persons, should be commenced during this or the coming year, and would cost say.....10,000
With increased numbers we shall also require additional new Barns and Out-houses costing perhaps.....5,000

Making an aggregate in round numbers of 25,000

to be expended within two or three years. Our shops and mills also require extension as our numbers increase, but circumstances will entirely control outlay in this department. We shall also need the means of more extended facilities of education.

Will you give this matter your serious thoughts? In your judgment has the time arrived to act, to make a more decided demonstration? Address,

The North American Phalanx, (Lordsville P. O.) Monmouth Co., N. J.
DOMAIN, January, 1847.

SUPPLEMENTARY STATEMENT.

Our Domain consists of 673 acres of valuable land, bounded on two sides by streams. There is estimated to be from 4,000 to 5,000 cords of wood upon it, a considerable portion of which is valuable timber and it is worth for fuel standing \$1.50 per cord.

There are upon it in places of easy access inexhaustible beds of rich Marl. The original cost was.....\$14,000

It was purchased under favorable circumstances and is esteemed by good judges to be worth at a moderate valuation, twice the original cost. There have been improvements made upon it by the addition of Dwellings, Shops, and Mills, Out-Houses, Fences, Fruit Trees, Marling, and so forth, to the value of over.....12,000
Which, with Teams, neat Cattle, Tools, Implements, and other Movable Property amounting to—say.....6,000

Make an aggregate of assets of.....\$32,000

There has been paid of the purchase money \$5000, the remaining mortgage is in friendly hands and no trouble from this source is apprehended.....9,000

There is also due to individuals for moneys advanced nearly.....2,500

Making our entire indebtedness.....\$11,500

THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE SAND.

ART. IV. OF THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER FOR MARCH.

We are induced to notice the above Review, both because the most important of the translations to which it refers made their first appearance in the Harbinger, and because Associationists are especially addressed by the Reviewer.

We shall make but few remarks upon the general style in which the Review is conducted, though our objections to its manner and spirit are very decided, and our sense of the injustice done to George Sand is very great. The Reviewer assumes, without knowledge, we believe, the truth of all the vulgar reports respecting George Sand's previous life, and on this basis many of his censures. He denies George Sand's competency to dis-

cuss so high and holy a question as that of marriage, and would have it left to purer and nobler spirits. It may be answered, that spirits of a lower order invariably give place to those of a higher, but, that when the latter do not occupy a great field of labor, they must not expect it to remain untouched. If they deprecate the manner in which any work of reform is carried on, they must themselves adopt a better one, one more efficient. Until then, their objections are futile. George Sand does not pretend to be a teacher, she is but a questioner. She calls upon those who feel themselves competent, who claim to know the secrets of the All-wise, to give true and fitting answer. The Reviewer's slur upon questioners is frivolous, to use no harsher term. The world will question, so long as a large portion of mankind suffer under the burden of false social institutions, and will question to some purpose; the answer will come; God grant the solution may be one which will not require a heavy penalty for the willing ignorance of those on whom the advantages of science have been lavished.

The simplicity with which the Reviewer brings forward his panaceas for the correction of prevailing wrongs in the relation of the sexes, would excite a smile, were it not that individuals too generally shelter their own responsibility under the cover of such truisms. But he shall speak for himself:

"And for the correction of prevailing wrongs,—wrong that we by no means ignore or under-estimate,—practically we need a few simple remedies, not much enlarged upon in the Dudevant philosophy. One is a greater simplicity of life, bringing marriage within the means of a greater number of persons, without wounding pride by the necessity of a meagre establishment. Another is a more responsible and Christian action in the forming of connections by young persons on their own part and on that of their interested friends. A third is such a change of public opinion as will fix on the husband who is guilty of infidelity to his marriage vows the same stigma of disgrace that is the inevitable portion of the adulterous wife. A fourth is a resolute disposition, in both parties, whenever the beginnings of dissatisfaction appear, to extinguish them, and rekindle affection by voluntary acts of self-sacrifice and kindness. And lastly, above all, this faith planted in all hearts, that irregularities and caprices of passion in the married are not the uncontrollable giants that George Sand and her associates represent them to be, but things that can be controlled, and must be, under penalty of social and personal ruin,—things not to be cured by the detestable, mean, debauching doctrine of a 'change of object,' but by a small portion—every strong-minded man and woman knows how little and how attainable—of self-command, by useful occupation, temperate living, and a Christian culture of the thoughts and affections of the upright soul."

According to our Reviewer, then, the only means required, are the putting down of luxury all over the face of the earth, the restoration of mankind to a more simple style of living, and the transformation of all men and women into upright and self-denying Christians. This, though so simple and easy to the Reviewer's mind, we fear George Sand would not look upon as an answer to her questions any more satisfactory than those she may have already received. The failure of eighteen hundred years of earnest will on the part of the truest and purest souls which have been nurtured by the doctrines of Jesus, is a lesson not to be rejected when we endeavor to reform social abuses.

We do not undertake to defend George Sand's life, of which we know no more than the Reviewer, nor her writings, though we believe their general effect to be good, and that they would be invariably so, were they viewed by all as what they are, pictures of abuses which must be known before they can be cured. We are firm believers in the necessity of the manifestation of all errors and evils. These pictures may be revolting, disgusting; but what good surgeon ever turns his head from a patient because his disease is revolting? this should only excite him to more earnest endeavors to find and apply the remedy. Moreover, George Sand writes for the people, and the people know the truth of her pictures. Milton's Treatise, which our Reviewer brings into comparison so disparaging to the works of George Sand, is read but by a few, his prose works are seldom seen and are almost forgotten. George Sand's will never be; they are one of the efficient means now at work to rouse mankind to a sense of the evils which lie at the basis of our social miseries.

In his pleased contemplation of the thousands of happy homes to be found among our New England hills, the Reviewer, though he does not entirely wink out of sight, barely glances at the sinks of corruption, the abysses of misery which are every where under our feet, and which are constantly swallowing up the inmates of those "happy homes." He has not inquired, perhaps, how large a proportion of our population have never known such homes. The results of such an inquiry would more than startle him.

His address to the advocates of Social Reform, before referred to, is as follows:

"Brethren, there are those in our community, thoughtful, working, sympathizing men and women, who are looking, not with a prejudgment of contempt, but with sober solicitude, and with the candor that seeks to be enlightened, upon your noble endeavors. Oppressed with a painful conviction of the wrong tenden-

cies in our civilization; pained by the falsities that cover up injustice and foster vice in the present social condition; knowing well how contradictory many of our institutions and customs have become to the Christianity that is now eighteen centuries old, and was announced by Jesus of Nazareth, bringing deliverance to the captives, healing the broken-hearted, and preaching the Gospel to the poor; perplexed, yet longing to act; with no bigoted subservience to old ways, but distrustful rather, and seeking better methods, with faces towards the East,—these men and women are pondering the thoughts that your voices utter, and are awaiting anxiously the results which your experiments shall unfold. Do not disappoint them and injure truth, by a hairbreadth's departure from the strictest code of morality. Do not make the adoption of your peculiar theory an apology for laxity in the ethical creed, or derelictions in life. Do not fall into a kind of social antinomianism. Do not seize and adopt with avidity authors that favor your scheme, unless they are also elevated to the level of your own purity of aim. Do not weaken the sanctions of stern virtue; nor remove responsibility from individual souls to institutions, customs, or that vague, vicarious agent called society. Do not impair the reverence, which no spiritual mind can ever willingly see abated, for the benign revelation of the Father's love in his Son. Do not compromise the great amelioration you have at heart, by a heartier devotion to party or plan than to the new kingdom itself, which all good efforts shall help to establish, the kingdom of purity and peace, freedom and love, righteousness and faith, the everlasting kingdom of God."

We, who do take upon ourselves that name, and who are humbly and trustingly striving to clothe with a fitting body the spirit of universal brotherhood, as preached by Jesus, are always ready to receive exhortations addressed to us in a friendly and co-operative spirit. But we are inclined to distrust those exhortations which have little or nothing of encouragement in them, but seem rather the objections of self-appointed censors, who show their interest in no other way than by telling us: 'Friends, if you succeed, we will acknowledge the truth of your doctrines; but until then, excuse us; we will stand aloof, look with calmness and self-complacency upon your efforts and your struggles, and hold you responsible for every deviation from the path we think you ought to follow.'

¶ We would invite the particular attention of our readers to the article on "Property," which we commence translating from "*La Phalange*" on our first page. It is written by M. D. LAVERDANT, one of the ablest and most original expounders of the Social Science in France; one too, who gives the best proof of the sufficiency of Fourier's key to universal Science, in the use he puts it to in unlocking new spheres, and solv-

ing new problems. M. Laverdant first distinguished himself in this way in the criticism of the Fine Arts; and now he turns to that most practical and utilitarian theme, of Property, which by the light of his true unitary method, becomes as interesting and beautiful a theme for thought as Poetry or Music. The grounds of Property are here sought in the essential social springs or loves of the human soul; and four modes of acquiring property, corresponding to the four social passions, Friendship, Love, Familism, and the Corporate sentiment, are shown to be legitimate and to demand the recognition of a true society. The introductory portions of the article also contain one of the clearest expositions ever given of the metaphysics of the Associative philosophy.

Constant and exclusive devotion to mere physical necessities degrades man to the rank of an animal.

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.

TERMS.—FOUR DOLLARS a week for board, washing, fuel, lights, and instruction. Instruction in Instrumental Music and use of the Piano, TWELVE DOLLARS a quarter.

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MISCELLANY.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT.*

SEQUEL TO

CONSUELO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

(Concluded.)

He then began to speak to us of nature, and the necessity of referring all its phenomena to one general law. "Life," said he, "is one; there is but one act of life. The sole question is to understand how all particular beings live by the grace and intervention of the universal Being, without, on that account, being absorbed in him."

I should have been delighted, on my own account, to have heard him develop this great subject. But for some time past, Spartacus had appeared to give less attention to his words. It was not that he did not take an interest in them; but the tension of the old man's mind would not last always, and he wished to improve it by bringing him back to his favorite subject.

Rudolstadt perceived this kind of impatience.

"You no longer follow me," said he to him; "does the science of nature appear to you inapproachable in the manner in which I understand it? If you think so, you are mistaken. I place as much value as you do upon the present labors of savans, turned entirely to experiments. But, by continuing in this direction, they will not form science, they will form only nomenclatures. I am not, moreover, the only one who believes this. I knew in France a philosopher whom I loved much, Diderot, who often cried out, respecting the heaping up of scientific materials without a general idea. 'This is at most the work of a stone-cutter, but I see neither edifice nor architect!' Know then that sooner or later, the doctrine

will have to do with the natural sciences; we must build with those stones. And then do you believe that the natural philosophers can now-a-days really understand nature? Despoiled by them of the living God who fills it, can they feel it, know it? For example, they take light for matter, sound for matter, when it is light and sound—"

"Ah!" cried Spartacus interrupting him, "do not think that I repel your intuitions respecting nature. No; I feel that there can be no true science but by the knowledge of the divine unity and of the perfect similitude of all phenomena. But you open to us all the paths and I tremble at the thought that you will soon be silent. I could wish that you would enable me to take some steps forward in one of those paths."

"Which?" asked Rudolstadt.

"It is the future of humanity I think of."

"I understand; you would wish me to give you my utopia," returned the old man smiling.

"That is what I come to ask of you," said Spartacus, "your utopia; the new society which you bear in your brain and in your bosom. We know that the society of the Invisibles sought for and dreamed of its basis. All that labor has ripened in you. Let us profit by it.—Give us your republic; we will attempt it, so far as it appears realizable to us, and the sparks from your altar will begin to move the world."

"Children, you ask of me my dreams," replied the philosopher. "Well, I will try to raise a corner of the veil which so often conceals from me the future. It will perhaps be for the last time, but I ought to attempt it to-day; for I have faith that with you all will not be lost in the golden visions of poetry."

Then Trismegistus entered into a kind of divine transport; his eyes shone like stars, and his voice bowed us like a hurricane. During more than four hours he spoke, and his speech was beautiful and pure as a sacred hymn; from the reli-

gious, political, and artistic work of all the ages, he composed the most magnificent poem that can be conceived. He interpreted all the religions of the past, all the mysteries of the temples, of the poems and of the legislations; all the efforts, all the tendencies, all the labors of anterior humanity. In those things which had always seemed to us dead or condemned, he discovered the elements of life, and, from the darkness of the very fables, he made to shine the lightnings of truth. He explained the ancient myths; he established in his lucid and ingenious demonstration, all the bonds, all the points of contact of the religions among themselves. He showed us the true requirements of humanity, more or less understood by the legislators, more or less realized by the people. He reconstructed before our eyes the unity of life in humanity, the unity of doctrine in religion; and from all the materials scattered in the old and new world, he formed the bases of his future world. At last he caused to disappear the doubts of continuity which had so long stopped us in our studies. He filled up the abysses of history which had so terrified us. He unrolled in a single infinite spiral the myriads of consecrated bandages which enveloped the mummy of science. And when we had received with the quickness of the flash what he showed to us with the rapidity of lightning; when we had seized the aggregate of his vision, and the past, father of the present, stood before us like the luminous man of the Apocalypse, he stopped and said to us with a smile; "Now you comprehend the past and the present; is there any necessity for me to show to you the future? Does not the holy spirit shine before your eyes? Do you not see that all which man has dreamed and desired of sublime is possible and certain in the future, for the simple reason that truth is eternal and absolute, in spite of the weakness of our organs to conceive and possess it? And yet we all possess it by hope and by desire: it lives in us, it ex-

* 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.

ists from all time in humanity in the state of germ awaiting the supreme fecundation. I tell you in truth, we gravitate towards the ideal, and this gravitation is infinite as the ideal itself."

He spoke again; and his poem of the future was as magnificent as that of the past. I will not try to translate it for you here: I should spoil it, and one must be one's self under the influence of inspiration in order to transmit what inspiration has uttered. I shall perhaps require two or three years of meditation to write worthily, what Trismegistus told us in two or three hours. The work of the life of Socrates was the work of the life of Plato, and that of Jesus has been that of seventeen centuries. You see that I, unfortunate and unworthy, must shudder at the idea of my task. Still I do not give it up. The master does not embarrass himself with this transcribing, such as I wish to make it. A man of action, he has already drawn up a code which contains, from his point of view, the whole doctrine of Trismegistus, with as much clearness and precision as if he had himself studied and examined it all his life. He has assimilated, as by an electric contact, all the intelligence, all the soul of the philosopher. He possesses it; he is master of it; he will make use of it as a politician; he will be the living and immediate translation, instead of the tardy and dead letter which I propose. And before I have accomplished my work, he will have transmitted the doctrine to his school. Yes, perhaps before two years, the strange and mysterious words which have been uttered in this mountain will have cast their roots among numerous adepts; and we shall see that vast subterranean world of secret societies, which now moves in darkness, unite under a single doctrine, receive a new legislation and recover its action by being initiated into the word of life. We bring to you this so desired monument, which confirms the foresight of Spartacus, which sanctions the truths already attained by him, and which enlarges his horizon with all the strength of an inspired faith. While Trismegistus spoke, and I listened greedily, fearing to lose a sound of those words which produced on me the effect of a sacred hymn, Spartacus, master of himself in his exaltation, his eye on fire but his hand firm, and his mind still more open than his ear, was rapidly tracing upon his tablets signs and figures, as if the metaphysical conception of this doctrine had been presented to him under the forms of geometry. When, that very evening, he recurred to those strange notes, which had no meaning in my eyes, I was surprised to see him use them to write down and put in order, with incredible precision, the de-

ductions of the poetical logic of the philosopher. All was simplified and summed up, as if by magic, in that mysterious alembic of our master's practical understanding.*

Still he was not yet satisfied. Trismegistus seemed abandoned by his inspiration. His eyes lost their brightness, his body seemed to sink, and the Zingara made a sign to us not to interrogate him any further. Yet, ardent in the pursuit of truth, Spartacus did not listen to her, but pressed the poet with imperious questions.

"You have depicted to me the kingdom of God upon the earth," said he to him shaking his chilled hand; "but Jesus has said: 'My kingdom is not yet of this time;' for seventeen centuries humanity awaits in vain the realization of his promises. I have not been raised to the same height as yourself in the contemplation of eternity. Time presents to you, as to God himself, the spectacle or the idea of a permanent activity, all the phases of which reply at all times to your exalted feeling. As to myself, I live nearer to the earth; I count centuries and years. I wish to read in my own life. Tell me, prophet, what I have to do in this phase in which you see me, what your words have effected in me, and what they will effect in the age which commences. I do not wish to have passed through it in vain."

"What matters it to you that which I know?" replied the poet; "no one lives in vain; nothing is lost. No one of us is useless. Let me turn my eyes from that detail which saddens the heart and contracts the mind. I am overpowered with fatigue at having thought of it a moment."

"Revealer, you have no right to yield to exhaustion," resumed Spartacus with energy, endeavoring to communicate the fire of his glance to the vague and already dreamy eye of the poet. "If you turn away your sight from the spectacle of human misery, you are not the real man, the complete man of whom an ancient said: '*Homo sum, et nihil humani a me alienum puto.*' No; you do not love men. You are not their brother, if you are not interested in the evils which they suffer at every hour of eternity, and if you do not seek the remedy in the speedy application of your ideal. O unhappy artist, who does not feel a devouring fire consume him in this terrible and delightful search!"

"What then do you ask of me?" returned the poet, moved and almost irrita-

* It is known that Weishaupt, eminently an organizer, used material signs to sum up his system, and that he sent to his disciples his whole theory represented by circles and lines on a small square of paper.

ted in his turn. "Have you then the pride to think yourself the sole workman, and do you believe that I attribute to myself the honor of being the only inspirer? I am not a diviner; I despise false prophets, and have for a long time contended against them. My predictions are reasonings; my visions are perceptions elevated to their highest power. The poet is quite other than the sorcerer. He dreams with certainty, while the other invents at random. I believe in your action, because I feel the contact of your power; I believe in the sublimity of my dreams, because I feel myself capable of producing them, and because humanity is great enough and generous enough to realize a hundred-fold and in mass, whatever one of its members has been able to conceive alone."

"Well," said Spartacus, "it is the destiny of that humanity which also stirs in my bosom, and which I bear in me with more anxiety and perhaps more love than yourself. An enchanting dream veils from you its sufferings, and I touch them shuddering at every hour of my life. I thirst to appease them, and, like a physician at the bedside of an expiring friend, I would rather kill him by imprudence than let him die without assistance. You see, I am a dangerous man, a monster perhaps, if you do not make of me a saint. Tremble for the dying man, if you do not put the remedy into the hands of the enthusiast. Humanity dreams, sings and prays in you; in me it suffers, cries and laments. You have opened to me your future; but your future is far off, whatever you may say, and it will cost me much sweat to extract some drops of your dictamen for the wounds which are now bleeding. Whole generations languish and perish without light and without action. I incarnate suffering humanity; I, the cry of distress and the desire of salvation; I wish to know if my action will be fatal or beneficent. You have not so turned your eyes from the evil as not to know that it exists. Whither must we run first? What must be done to-morrow? Is it by gentleness, is it by violence that we must combat the enemies of good? Remember your dear Taborites; they saw a sea of blood and of tears to be crossed before entering the terrestrial paradise. I do not take you for a diviner, but through your symbols I see a powerful logic, and a magnificent clearness: if you can predict with certainty the most distant future, you can more surely pierce the veiled horizon which limits the extent of my sight."

The poet appeared to be the victim of intense suffering. The sweat ran from his brow. He looked at Spartacus by turns with terror and with enthusiasm; a terrible strife oppressed him. His wife,

horrified, encircled him with her arms, and addressed mute reproaches to our master, by looks in which was depicted, nevertheless, a respectful fear. Never have I felt more strongly the power of Spartacus than at this moment, when he overpowered, with all his fanatic will of uprightness and of truth, the tortures of this prophet contending with inspiration, the sorrow of that suppliant woman, the terror of their children and the reproaches of his own heart. I was myself trembling; I considered him cruel. I feared to see the beautiful soul of the poet broken in a last effort, and the tears which shone in Consuelo's eyes fell bitter and burning upon my heart. Suddenly Trismegistus rose, and, repelling both Spartacus and the Zingara, motioning to his children to remove, he appeared to us transfigured. His glance seemed to read in an invisible book, vast as the world, written in characters of light upon the vault of heaven.

He cried:

"Am I not *man*? Why should I not say what human nature demands, and what it will consequently realize? Yes, I am *man*; therefore I can say what *man* wishes, and what he will effect. He who sees the cloud gather can predict the lightning and the hurricane. I know what is in my bosom, and what will issue from it. I am *man*, and am in connection with the *humanity* of my time. I have seen Europe, and I am acquainted with the storms which growl in her bosom. Friends, my dreams are not dreams: I swear it by human nature! Those dreams are dreams only in comparison with the present form of the world. But which has the initiative, spirit or matter? The gospel says: *the Spirit bloweth where it listeth*. The spirit will blow and will change the face of the world. It is said in Genesis that the Spirit blew upon the waters when all was chaos and darkness. Now, creation is eternal. Let us create then; that is to say, let us obey the breath of the Spirit. I see the darkness and the chaos! Why should we remain in darkness? *Veni, Creator Spiritus!*"

He interrupted himself, and resumed thus:

"Is it Louis XV. who can strive against you, Spartacus?—Frederick, the disciple of Voltaire, is not so powerful as his master.—And if I should compare Maria Theresa to my Consuelo. But what blasphemy!"

He interrupted himself again;

"Come, Zdenko! You, my son, you the descendant of the Podiebrads, and who bear the name of a slave, prepare yourself to sustain us. You are the new man: which side will you take? Will you be with your father and mother, or

with the tyrants of the world? In you is the strength, new generation: will you confirm slavery or liberty? Son of Consuelo, son of the gipsy woman, godson of the slave, I hope that you will be with the gipsy woman and with the slave. Otherwise, I, born of kings, I renounce you."

He added:

"He who should dare to say that the divine essence, which is beauty, goodness, power, will not be realized upon the earth, that man is Satan."

He added moreover:

"He who should dare to say that the human essence, created in the image of God, as says the Bible, and which is sensation, sentiment, knowledge, will not be realized upon the earth, that man is Cain."

He remained some time mute, and resumed thus:

"Your strong will, Spartacus, has produced the effect of an incantation. How weak are those kings upon their thrones. They think themselves powerful because all bend before them. They do not see that which threatens. Ah! you have cast down the nobles and their armed men, the bishops and their clergy, and you think yourselves very strong! But that which you have cast down was your strength; it is not your mistresses, your courtiers and your abbés who will defend you, poor monarchs, vain phantoms. Hasten to France, Spartacus; France will soon destroy. She has need of you. Hasten, I tell you, hasten, if you wish to take part in the work. France is the predestined among the nations. Unite yourself, my son, to the elders of the human race. I hear resound in France these words of Isaiah: 'Arise, be enlightened; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Eternal is descended upon thee, and the nations will come to thy light.' The Taborites sang that of Tabor: at this day, Tabor is France."

He was silent for some time. His face had become radiant with happiness.

"I am happy," he cried; "glory to God! glory to God in the heavens, as says the gospel, and peace upon earth to men of good will! It is the angels who sing that; I feel like the angels, and I would sing with them. What then has happened? I am still among you, my friends; I am still with thee, O my Eve, O my Consuelo! these are my children, the souls of my soul. But we are no longer in the mountains of Bohemia, upon the ruins of the chateau of my fathers. It seems to me that I breathe light and that I enjoy eternity. Who then of you said, just now: O how beautiful is life, how beautiful is nature, how

beautiful is humanity! But he added: the tyrants have spoiled all that. Tyrants! there are none any longer. Man is equal to man. Human nature is comprehended, recognized, sanctified. Man is free, equal and brother. There is no longer any other definition of man. No more masters, no more slaves. Do you hear that cry: *Long live the republic!* Do you hear that numberless crowd which proclaims *liberty, fraternity, equality?* Ah! that is the formula which, in our mysteries, was uttered in a low voice, and which only the adepts of the higher grades communicated to each other. Then there is no more room for the secret. The sacraments are for all the world! The cup to all the world! as said our fathers the Hussites."

But suddenly, alas! he began to weep hot tears:

"I knew well that the doctrine was not sufficiently advanced! There were not men enough who carried it in their heart, or comprehended it in their mind! What horror!" continued he. "War every where! and such a war!"

He wept a long while. We knew not what visions pressed before his eyes. It seemed to us that he again saw the war of the Hussites. All his faculties appeared troubled; his soul was like that of the Christ upon Calvary.

I suffered a great deal at seeing him suffer so much; Spartacus was firm as a man who consults oracles.

"Lord! Lord!" cried the prophet, after having long wept and groaned, "have pity upon us! We are in thy hands; do with us according to thy will!"

As he pronounced these last words, Trismegistus extended his hands to seek those of his wife and son, as if he were instantaneously deprived of sight. The little girls came, quite frightened, to press against his heart, and they all remained intertwined in the deepest silence. The features of the Zingara expressed terror, and young Zdenko interrogated with affright the looks of his mother. Spartacus did not see them. Was the vision of the poet still before his eyes? At last he approached the group, and the Zingara made to him a sign not to arouse her husband. His eyes were opened and fixed before him, whether he was sleeping after the manner of the somnambulists, or saw slowly effaced on the horizon the dreams which had agitated him. After a quarter of an hour, he breathed deeply, his eyes became animated, and he drew to his bosom his wife and his son, whom he kept there long embraced. Then he rose and made a sign that he desired to resume his journey.

"The sun is very hot for you at this

hour," said Consuelo to him; "do you not prefer to take the siesta under these trees?"

"The sun is good," replied he, with an ingenuous smile, "and if you do not fear it more than usual, it will do me great good." Each resumed his burden, the father the travelling-bag, the young man the instruments, and the mother the hands of her daughters.

"You have made me suffer," said she to Spartacus; "but I know that we must suffer for the truth."

"Do you not fear that this crisis may have evil consequences?" asked I of her with emotion. "Let me follow you still further, I may be useful to you."

"Be blessed for your charity," returned she, "but do not follow us. I fear nothing for *him* but a little melancholy during a few hours. But there was in this place a danger, a horrible recollection, from which you have preserved him by busying him with other thoughts. He wished to come here, and, thanks to you, he has not even recognized the place. I therefore bless you in every manner, and wish for you the opportunity and the means of serving God with all your power."

I retained the children to caress them, and to prolong the moments which fled; but their mother took them from me and I felt as if abandoned by all when she bade me farewell for the last time.

Trismegistus did not bid us farewell; he seemed to have forgotten us. His wife implored us not to distract him. He descended the hill with a firm step. His face was calm, and with a kind of happy gayety he assisted his beloved daughter to leap over the thickets and the rocks.

The handsome Zdenko walked behind him with his mother and his younger sister. We followed them for a long while with our eyes upon the road *sanded with gold*, the road *without master* of the forest. At last they were lost behind the firs; and at the moment when she was about to disappear the last, we saw the Zingara raise her little Weneeslawa and place her upon her strong shoulder. Then she hastened to rejoin her dear caravan, alert as a true daughter of Bohemia, poetical as the good goddess of poverty.

And we also, we are on the road, we walk forward! Life is a journey which has life for its end, and not death, as is said in a material and gross sense. We consoled as well as we could the inhabitants of the hamlet, and left old Zdenko awaiting his *to-morrow*. We joined our brothers at Pilsen, whence I have written to you this recital, and we are about to depart on other quests. And do you

also, friend, hold yourself ready for the journey without rest, for the action without fainting: we go to triumph or to martyrdom! *

FINIS.

The "Home Journal" publishes a number of Valentines which were read in a literary circle in New York; among them is the following:

TO HORACE GREELEY.

"Enthusiast," "Dreamer,"—such the names
Thine age bestows on thee,
For that great nature, going forth
In world-wide sympathy;
For the vision clear, the spirit brave,
The honest heart and warm,
And the voice which swells the battle-cry
Of Freedom and Reform!

Yet for thy fearless manliness,
When weak time-servers throng—
Thy chivalrous defence of right,
Thy bold rebuke of wrong—
And for the flame of liberty,
Heaven-kindled in thy breast,
Which thou hast fed like sacred fire—
A blessing on thee rest!

They say thy spirit knoweth not
Its time of calm and sleeping.
That ever are its restless thoughts
Like wild waves onward leaping.
Then may its flashing waters
Be tranquil never more,
They are "troubled" by an angel,
Like the sacred pool of yore.

DOUGLAS JERROLD. But Jerrold's "Weekly Paper" is the Leviathan among the fishes floundering in the great sea of modern thought. On the twenty-third of this month, he enlarges it to thirty-two pages folio, one-third beyond the original size, and the utmost limit permitted by the stamp laws. The price remains at sixpence as before, and he makes the addition in consequence of the favor of the public, as his New Year's offering to the people. Let every good man rejoice that Douglas Jerrold has found a public anxious for his thought, and finally devoted himself to them and social reform. Social, because every modified statute, and creed, and custom, is but a step in the social advancement of mankind. Who better than Jerrold to enter the Augean stable, or the Sisyphian field? A man of the people—grown up from humble origin, and sympathizing with all that is beautiful and true in humanity. Heaven shield the "Hugh McNeils" from the plenitude of his mighty ire—the Ecclesiastics who defile their purple and fine linen, from his "Church Mouse"—Corporations and corruptions, from his "Gog and Magog," and all pestilent men and women from "Mr. Nutts in the Barber's Chair!" Jerrold has, to my mind, the most enviable reputation of all the laborers of the London Press. His character is unspotted, his heart big, warm and pure, and his soul eloquent against wrong. No matter how high the quarter, he draws

* Martinowicz, to whom this letter was addressed, a distinguished savant and enthusiastic illumine, was beheaded at Buda in 1795, with several Hungarian lords, his accomplices in a conspiracy.

sudden and bold lines between beauty and the beast; Christ and the Princes of this world. He strips off the tinsel from devils, who by antiquation (permit the phrase) have become saints or idols.

Jerrold is a powerful writer, and a varied one. He does a giant task, and earns his wreath by real sweat of the brow. He is at home with Church, State, and general society alike. Those who have seen him for a moment only, could not believe that in such an *Æsopic* specimen lurked so many brave and beautiful thoughts. With his round shoulders, stooping gait, gray hairs and tremulous pace, he looks fitter for the mendicant than the prince; but when his deep eye twinkles, and his high brow is uncovered, there is no mistaking the man. I said he wrought a giant task—look at the quantity and quality of matter in his "Weekly Paper"—his "Monthly," and his "Shilling Magazine," to say nothing of his labors upon Punch, and in other quarters. With the splendid story of "St. Giles and St. James"—the "Hedgehog Letters"—the "Barber's Chair" Epistles—"Gog and Magog's" dissertations, and those inimitable nibblings of his "Church Mouse," beside some half dozen plays all in progress at once, with a public crammed to satiety almost with wit and novelty, demanding that *these* shall not flag from the high mark he has set—and you will not wonder that his head is grey at forty. Every thing he utters, too, is kind as well as thoughtful.—*Tribune*.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CONSIDERANT

Translated for the Harbinger.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE REDEMPTION, AND THE RETURN TO THE CHRISTIANITY OF JESUS CHRIST.

(Continued from p. 195.)

The doctrine of Jesus, aiming chiefly to establish peace and prosperity amongst men by spreading the ideas of justice, of charity, of devotion to humanity, which alone could conduct the human mind to the ultimate realization of that great thought, founded a *religious faith*, which, far from opposing the genius of humanity, its attractions and its native tendencies, was in the most perfect harmony with them. Far from seeking to debase man to humble his reason, to demand its sacrifice, and thus to break the unity of life in its two highest manifestations, affection and intelligence, the faith of Jesus raised man, purified his heart, exalted his mind, favored the growth of Humanity in all its powers, and married itself to the highest reason of which it was the living word. Yes, reason and faith fully agreed in the doctrine of Christ, in his religion; nothing was more rational than his teaching, nothing required so small a sacrifice of reason to faith. Has it been thus with the different religions doctrines which have been after him constituted in his name, and which have formed and still form the divided branches of Christianity?

Such was, in its purity, its simplicity, and its grandeur, the thought of Christ and his doctrine. It was the faith of the world's redemption, the faith of Humanity's salvation. This thought was too broad for its times and too strong for the intellects which received it; for hardly, alas, had Christ paid with his life for his love to humanity, when the good sense of his doctrine was obscured by ignorance and subtlety, and the high and complete view of the redemption of universal humanity by the universal incarnation of love in Humanity, abandoned for some narrow and mystical doctrine of a redemption purely individual through the sufferings of Jesus Christ. Ah, Jesus Christ had never said that he came to ransom the individual by his sufferings, he had said that he came to ransom the world by his doctrine. He had never given as the condition of redemption that the earth should load itself with one crime more in causing him to die; he had said that this condition lay in the execution, by all the members of Humanity, of the great command "love ye one another," to the sanction of which he sacrificed his life.

We must here forbear to dwell upon the causes of that change which so soon denaturalized true Christianity, that to find it pure in the gospels, we must already consider the state of mind of the writers, and the inferiority of their point of view to that of their master.

The characteristic trait of this inferiority is generally found in the substitution of mysticism for good sense; hallucinations and subtleties for the elevated, calm and simple reason of the primitive doctrine.

It was soon declared that the promise was accomplished, that the redemption had taken place through the sacrifice of Jesus; and since disorder and evil continued still to desolate the earth, this redemption must then be taken in the narrow and mystical sense, of a salvation purely individual and spiritual concerning the other world, to the exclusion of this one whose rule had devolved upon Satan. Matter and Spirit were arrayed in a hostile duality, the oriental dogmas were re-embodied in definite formulas, and the doctrine of the two principles, the Persian mythology and the Platonic theory which was derived from it, infected the doctrine of Christ and darkened its pure and clear waters. Contempt of the world became the foundation of the religious law; suffering was made a virtue, proclaimed as being essentially pleasing to God; and human nature was condemned in the greater number of those attractions which have been given it by God to work out its terrestrial destiny. Thus was the bond of the temporal with the spiritual broken, the social and religious unity, established in the law of Mo-

ses and resulting from the thought of Jesus, destroyed. Thus was the chain of the tradition sundered, and the Doctrine made the enemy of Humanity's development; confounded with strange notions, which were older than Moses, it led to the great heresy and the great inconsistency which have unhappily prevailed among all Christian sects.

All the churches have, in fact, broken the primitive or Mosaic traditions, submitted to the yoke of strange doctrines, and borne contradiction within their sanctuaries; for all have condemned, in the name of God, the idea of happiness on the earth, at the same time that the real thought of Jesus, germinating within them, guided humanity to realize the conditions of its happiness and its terrestrial salvation, (as well as that of ulterior lives,) by realizing and universalizing on the earth, the conditions of justice and of Love. Strange! Christian Priests taught and still teach, 1st. That we must love suffering in itself, and beware of seeking happiness on the Earth, and, 2d. That Christianity is the only religion which can establish and secure peace, prosperity, and the well-being of the nations.

Thus two contrary forces, two divergent thoughts, two incompatible tendencies lay in the Christianity of the past; the real work of Christ, who developed the tradition and urged Humanity into the plain path of its Redemption, and the heretical work of Christian theologians who broke the tradition, condemned human nature, and those relations with the world which are grounded in man's material structure, as the industry, art and science developed by his sensations, and the gratification of his wants through the resources of nature in her various kingdoms. Man was forbidden to march to their conquest.

The history of human progress and the development of human power during these eighteen hundred years, and especially during the three last, is the history of the struggle of Humanity, according with the principle of Jesus, against the obstructions imposed by that dogma which we must call the Christian, since it has been the doctrinal foundation of the Christianity of the Past, though it be the very denial of pure Christianity, of the doctrine of Jesus; a doctrine essentially genial to the development of Humanity. The Christianity of history having submitted to a strange heretical principle which was directly opposed to the genius of Humanity and to the impulses which urge it to the throne of the world, and still being unable to deny Moses and Jesus, not only imposed upon itself a perpetual doctrinal contradiction, but engenders also a monstrous practical contradiction which could not fail to under-

mine the authority of the Church. For how could the people remain always respectful spectators of the contradiction between the acts of the Church, of its temporal invasions, of its luxury, of its riches, of its practical cupidity, and of its words, its theoretical anathemas against the goods of the world? The Church having accepted a principle contrary to human nature, could not avoid, whilst itself served by men, to protest by its acts against its principle. In sound logic, the Bishop, to be legitimately the spiritual chief of his diocese, ought to be the poorest man in it, and the Pope should be scandalized if in all Christendom there be found a man more destitute and humble than himself.* There has then always prevailed in the Church a flagrant discrepancy between acts and principles, to such an extent that the supreme Pontiffs of the religion which condemned the vile goods of this world, have shown themselves so greedy of their acquisition as openly to barter for them the goods of the other world. This contradiction was a permanent scandal which could not fail morally to weaken the Church and to prepare its downfall.†

The religious heresy which we signalize, produced then two great contradictions in the Church and in the doctrine.

* Some months after my first communion, the bishop of our diocese made a tour to administer to his fold the sacrament of confirmation. He came to our town with a train, lacqueys, an equipage. It was a novel spectacle. Next day he officiated and preached us a splendid sermon on the contempt of the goods of the world and the necessity of loving poverty, humility and sufferings, in order to gain heaven. Despite my fervor, the contradiction between the sermon and the train of the prelate, scandalized me, and caused reflections which did not greatly predispose me for receiving the sacred unction. These reflections of a child of ten, are those which the people have made, and they have done more to undermine the authority of the church in the popular mind, than the theoretical discussions of philosophers of which the church has so bitterly complained.

† It is now generally believed that Rome no longer trades in indulgences, or at least that this game is quite broken up in France. It is a great mistake. Lately a person in high place talking familiarly on this subject at the Vatican with a Cardinal of the Court of Rome, said to him, "However, Monseigneur, if you still issue indulgences, this commerce at the present time can be of no great consequence, especially in France." "Undeceive yourself," replied the Cardinal, smiling. "Your France yet gives us more than a million a year for indulgences; and you could not believe," added he, "the number of family revelations and of unknown crimes to which this sum corresponds." I bear witness to this answer, which happily allows us to think that if Rome still raises profits on her indulgences, she at least exacts the confession and repentance of the crimes which she absolves, and no longer grants spiritual impunity for sins and crimes yet to be committed. There has then been progress made.

1st. Fundamental contradiction of the principles with each other.

2d. Scandalous contradiction between acts and words.

And the capital contradiction, of a doctrine at war with human nature, with the tendencies of Humanity and its genius, so that the religion founded upon this heresy closed against man the road of progress which it ought to have opened to him. Our aim is not here to blame what has been done. We must consider the times and circumstances, and we cannot deny that there have been great minds and great hearts among those who have most zealously embroiled human intellect in these errors. But these errors have not the less involved deplorable results. If Christianity had been a pure, logical, broad and comprehensive growth from the doctrine of Jesus, the human mind, descending the majestic course of an imposing tradition whose source remounted to the origin of the world, might, under the combined power of reason and faith have advanced under full sail towards the promised redemption, towards its destiny of glory and of Harmony. But in mixing with itself a contradictory principle, and a dogma opposed to the genius of man and to his development, the doctrine paralyzed instead of awakening human intellect, misled, in place of guiding it, and introduced into its own blood a fatal leaven of corruption. Thus it is easy to see how this fatal principle whose danger the church itself could never see, prepared the success of Protestantism and of the modern Philosophy. In the contradiction between acts and professions, Luther and his partizans found a fair entrance for the lever of Protestantism which crumbled such large stones out of the Church. Protestantism unhappily was a work of revolt, a work without sight of a positive future, and not comprehensive. In its reaction against the worldly pomps and the scandalously illogical luxury of Rome, Protestantism established a naked, cold, colorless worship, founded an abstract fanaticism, and pleased itself in a Puritan straitness and narrowness, which darkened with all its pride and hatred against Rome, the sad, sombre, lugubrious dogma of the world's curse.

Protestantism has doubtless aided reason to free itself from the old authority by a revolt unhappily become necessary : but considered in itself and dogmatically, it is very certain that it has been only a *work of dissolution and of strongly retrograde tendency*. * Philosophy has also

* Inasmuch as it carried out farther that divorce of Spirit from Matter whose at-one-ment was taught by Christ, and gave over more absolutely to evil the kingdom of this world and of the senses, which Christ in his mediation be-

been in its turn a *work of dissolution, but of an ultragrade or progressive tendency*.

Philosophy, without seeing the future clearly, without religiously affirming to man that he is made for a determined destiny, for a pre-established harmony, without bringing him a new doctrine, without giving him full and strong faith that God calls him to take in hand the government of the world in order to universalize there Peace, Order, Attractive Industry and Happiness ; philosophy has raised the condemnation which false Christianity had cast upon the world. It has grown proud upon the conquests of man, it has urged him in the paths of science and of the arts, it has applauded the developments of his power, excited his strength, emancipated his reason, glorified and kindled his genius.

It is clear that the movement of the modern philosophical spirit, as we look down upon it from a higher point, is a reaction of the genius of Humanity, not against the Christianity of Jesus, but against the heretical and anti-human doctrines of his successors. And in truth, with what can the Church reproach this spirit ! for returning eighteen hundred years to find again the pure doctrine of Jesus, or for preserving in Christianity what Jesus had given it, whilst rejecting the impure alloy of fatal or absurd dogmas which for eighteen hundred years have tarnished the lustre of the Master's imperishable thought ! Who in our age have preached against true Christianity, against the principles of Christ, against the doctrine of Peace, Love and Union of the human family which he has brought upon the earth, which he told us was all the law and the prophets, and for which he died upon the cross ! None ! — The doctrine of true essential Christianity, of the excellence of Peace, and of the union of men with each other and with God, is to day spread among all civilized nations, and will one day be recognized by all yet groping in the darkness of Savageism and Barbarism. But what does not exist to-day, what never has existed, and the object for which all religious men must strive, is the application of the idea, the realization of the aim, the establishment of practical Christianity.

In theory, in profession of faith, doubtless our society is Christian, since it recognizes and accepts the excellence of the doctrine of Jesus.

In practice it is far otherwise, the idea of Christ reigns in the world of ideas. It has penetrated minds, and philosophy has contributed to this result ; but this idea of Christ governs no social relations,

between Spirit and Matter came to redeem and consecrate, by incarnating in its practical relations, the principle of Love.

and is not in the slightest degree incarnated in facts : our society honors it but does not obey it. Nothing is less astonishing than that it should be thus, since up to our own times, Christian Catholics, and Christian philosophers themselves, have known no other tendencies to practical Christianity than simple moral exhortations addressed to the individual ; exhortations, whose impotence is proved by the experience of ages, and which should they inundate the world for thousands of years to come, would have no more practical effect than they have had hitherto, so long as the *social form* shall continue to put the *interests and passions of men at war with each other*. It is irrational, it is mere folly, to remain always in the unintelligent routine of this barren moralization of the individual ; to address always and only the individual, as if the social circumstances which pervert the individual, which give a false direction to his passions, and whence the whole evil arises, were absolutely nothing. Is there a stranger chimera, a more unreasonable Utopia, than to expect the good of universalizing individual virtue in social circumstances whose nature is to stifle virtue and to generate crime, where vice has always been the rule and virtue the exception, where virtuous men can scarcely manage to live together and to understand each other ? But, great God, the experience has now lasted a long time ; and they are all absurd enough, these eternal moralizers, to have been pouring copiously their moral waters, for so many centuries, into tubs full of holes, without having been able to understand that the condition remaining the same, they would never be able to fill them. If this manœuvre were only ridiculous we might console ourselves, but we must observe that this futile labor has so long prevailed that it has taken away the very thought of useful labor : all effort being vainly employed to moralize and to remoralize individuals in the hope of bringing them to good, we have not thought of attacking the evil at its origin, that is, in the *social constitution* which *engenders it*, which turns to evil the passions and innate faculties which another order of things would turn to good. Thus faith in the efficiency of the vain words of an impotent moralism, has deceived intelligence and prevented it from attending to its work. To realize the thought of love and of union, we must create social institutions ; we have hitherto created only sermons.

If we seek the cause of this fallacious direction of human intellect, we shall find it still in the fatal influence of the dogma of the contempt of the earth, and of the affairs of this world.

How, in fact, under the action of this

dogma, whose whole energy was employed to detach man from the earth, could he recognize that the arrangement and organization of the things of the earth was the capital question of the reign of Harmony upon the earth, the absolute condition of the establishment of good, of the accomplishment of the law of Jesus? Jesus had indicated the aim, the religious union of the human family,—the task of human intelligence was to discover the social institutions capable of realizing this union, and now the dogma, teaching that we must abandon and despise all that concerns the earth, enclosed in the narrow circle of a vain individual morality this great thought of Christ, which could only bear fruit under the condition of leading intelligence to discover a true organization of the interests of this world!

We have shown how the doctrine of Jesus, which should lead intelligence to state and to solve the problem of social destiny, has been struck barren by the adulteration of strange dogmas, whose influence, deceiving the mind, carried it away from the field of social inquiries, to plunge it in idle, selfish, barren, and mystical contemplations, or to cast it into impotent systems of individual moralization. We have shown how these dogmas were, with all their authority over the mind of the people, opposed to the march of Humanity towards the conquest of its terrestrial destiny,—and how that mind, impelled by the instinct of its development, had little by little disentangled itself from the meshes of these dogmas, by throwing off the authority of the church which imposed them. As the church refused to raise the condemnation which it had cast upon the world, it was inevitable that the world must end by divorcing itself from the church.

This divorce, accomplished in the ideas of modern society, has been registered by philosophy. Every candid and unprejudiced man will attribute this separation to the obstinacy of the church, in continuing the obstruction, the dogmas introduced into Christianity after the time of Jesus; since the modern mind, in freeing itself from the church, has retained the principles promulgated by Jesus, and has propagated them with ardor, though up to our own day, it has not known how to realize the social transformation which could give them life, and incarnate them in humanity.

Let us not fear to say it, this divorce of the church from the world, this revolt against the authority whose vast network and imposing unity governed Europe, has been in itself a great evil; for if such an authority could have understood that its task was not only to withdraw some souls from the grip of the devil,

but to conduct Humanity entire to its glorious destiny; if it had known how to preserve its dominion over the mind of the people, always marching at their head; great evils, deplorable struggles and long delays might have been spared. Our age would not have undergone the tortures of scepticism, the cruel pangs of the combat between faith and reason, authority and intelligence,—the genius of revolutions would not have shaken the nations and laid waste the earth. Doubtless we shall attain unity despite this intestine war of ideas, and these armed schisms of human intelligences; how much happier and more beautiful however would it not have been, that Humanity, warned by the word which has resounded for eighteen centuries, and knowing through this word the aim of its attainment, should have marched directly in close ranks, and rallied under the banner of a single and potent authority for the conquest of its terrestrial destiny,* which is its legitimate and harmonic dominion over the world. But the past is past, and only the future remains to us. On, then, for the future!

To be Continued.

FROM THE FRENCH OF "LA PHALANGE."

Translated for the Harbinger.

OF PROPERTY, AND THE VARIOUS LEGITIMATE MODES OF ACQUIRING IT.

Attractions are proportional to Destinies.
The Series distributes the Harmonies.

THIRD SECTION.

PROPERTY.

I. General Principles.

We shall now apply the principles just explained to the question of Property.

Man is the monarch of creation. To him the earth has been entrusted; the soil and its riches are his property. In this great Unity, we have to seek Vari-

* The Genesis of Moses is all full of this idea, that the terrestrial destiny of man is the government of the earth. It is expressed in the most formal and conspicuous manner in the 1st chapter, where after having furnished the earth with its animal and vegetable creations, God makes man in his own image, and gives him authority over all the created kingdoms. Man, made in the image of the God who reigns in the heavens, and who governs the harmonies of worlds, can only fulfil his destiny in reigning over the earth and presiding over the harmony of the things of this world, whose care is confided to him. Far from its being the will of God that man should neglect the earth and abandon the care of things entrusted to him, the will of God is that man, displaying his intelligent activity, should establish and maintain in the domain of his empire the laws of order and of harmony which God establishes and maintains in the kingdom of the Heavens.

ety. When we consider this general term of property, the earth, it is evident that we shall find nothing like individual appropriation. The entire globe is divided into empires, kingdoms, provinces, communes, which are distributed among races, nations, phalanxes or townships. This first degree of distribution is in some sort the skeleton of property in humanity.

Let us go down into the commune or township; there, we still admit that the immovable soil belongs to the Species represented by the Phalanx, which is a perpetual being.

Upon this domain, cultivated in a unitary manner, it is man's mission to develop life and riches; man incessantly appropriates to himself physical nature. And God has given him an immense attraction for this function of appropriation, which is at once the recompense of labor, the incitement to a new activity and the source of creation: the means of enjoying and the means of producing. Appropriation,—that is the whole industrial man.

Treasures evermore increasing, then, are brought forth by the power and genius of man. It is in this *movable* mass that we have to seek Variety; it is in this element of things produced, of fruits, values and immaterial riches, that we have to seek by what laws the individual acquires, what part returns to him in the general creation.

Property has been defined: "That which is proper to each one, that which belongs to one *to the exclusion of others*." This definition is narrow; we do not accept it. We shall say in terms more general: "Property is what belongs to man." It will instantly appear how important the shade that separates these two definitions.

Every man ought to be, every man is a proprietor. Assuredly this great necessary fact should have its fitting laws, should translate itself into institutions. We limit ourselves here to a discussion on the primitive manners of acquiring, on the principal modes of participation in the social riches.

Since the right belongs to all, these modes must be such that they shall never constitute a privilege for some to the detriment of others; and, on the other hand, they must guarantee an exercise of the right as extensive as the legitimate desire.

What principles shall guide us in determining these modes of participation? Shall we have recourse to the analysis of actual facts in order to conclude that these facts are wrong? Shall we press to shipwreck certain true principles with their vicious application? Shall we set out with an *a priori* of civilized wisdom?

Shall we invoke vague principles, as justice, fraternity, and so forth, principles so poorly understood even by those who have the best intention? Shall we arrange things according to reason? But we have the reason of M. Portalis, the reason of M. Guizot, of M. Passy, of M. Troplong, of M. Laferriere, of M. Dupin, of M. Agniès, of M. Prudhon, of M. Vidal, of M. Pecqueur, of M. Cabet, without counting those of other countries, without counting the dead. Which reason is right? (*Quelle raison aura raison?*)

In truth, in this world of *simplists*, we should be almost sure of wandering from confusions into confusions. Let us address ourselves to a higher quarter. Let us recur to fixed principles, to universal laws. To all the reasons of the reasonable and of the reasoning, in my opinion it is better to prefer the science of man. I leave to those who are more fortunate the sphere of abstract and mathematical proofs, and confine myself to the domain of the active faculties.

Where shall we find a better principle of analysis than in the bottom of the human soul? What surer guide to regulate human relations than the nature of man himself? We have established, as an incontestable axiom, that social institutions can only be the image of man himself, *one* as to the unity of his being, *various* as to his different springs. Just institutions, we have said, are the mechanisms adequate to the soul's forms of activity, and they are necessarily analogous in their principles to the principle of the forces whence they emanate.

We have seen that in the first degree of analysis, Love (the source of all social relations) has four special modes of action; and we have shown how to each of these modes of action there corresponds a species of series, from the free mode to the potential, which combines and synthesizes.

Since property is the industrial man, if there be economy of means and unity in the laws of the living world, the modes of participation in the collective social wealth must correspond to the forces of the soul; in other words, if Attractions are proportional to Destinies, and if the Series distributes the Harmonies, the institutions of property must agree with the cardinal passions, and the modes of appropriation must be based upon the series.

II. Manners of Acquiring, corresponding with the Necessary Functions, with the Wants and Rights of Man.

MAJOR MODES.

We say that there exists a manner of acquiring, a mode of participation, which corresponds to Friendship and which is

based on the free series. The reasons of necessary functions, and the supreme law of fitness, go to confirm this *a priori*.

That man may live and fulfil his destiny, it is necessary that he be placed, from the day of his birth, in the conditions of a full development of his organization and of all his faculties. That is incontestably the will of God.

Let us carry ourselves back to the day of Creation. Tradition, reason, science, all indicate that the first men appeared upon the globe in the fulness of their powers. A true representation of man implies a series of contrasted ages, since in no other manner could each find his own functions. Thus, at the moment when the children of God were left to themselves, they found themselves, for the most part, provided and brought up. This education exceptionally completed, although elementary, was the divine legacy of Adam.

And let it not be said that this great anthropogonic fact contains simply a lesson for fathers, that it offers the type of family duty and nothing more. Assuredly, the just God, in his universal providence, had, with one unitary breath, developed all the forces, all the faculties, all the vocations, of which the germ was deposited in each creature. To this all-powerful inspiration, each note of the human scale, equally impregnated, returned a different sound; but each resounded in all its intensity and in its perfect purity. Each character found itself harmoniously developed at one burst.* How, then, can we suppose that the Creator wished man to expect hereafter his integral development from the divided, contradictory, feeble impulsions of the individual family? No, God does not wish that the aid given to man, in order to be efficacious, should be thus thrown about at random. In committing to man the direction of social movement, God designed his own place to be worthily supplied, and it is not from him that this miserable shiftlessness and monstrous inequality proceed, which now preside over the rearing and education of children. Nevertheless, after so many centuries of errors and of sufferings, society seems at last to be deciphering the sense of the divine mystery; the children of the poor are adopted, (witness the public nurseries (*creches*) and halls of asylum,) the principle of gratuitous unitary education is proclaimed. But how far still from comprehending its mission is the university, which every year has itself solemnly addressed as *alma parens*! How very

* Hugh Doherty says that Adam is nothing but a swarm of colonizers from the upper worlds. This hypothesis, which the laws of analogy render very rational, is equally favorable to our proposition.

moderately Catholic and Christian it is! How little do its cold and narrow lap, its literal lessons, take the place of the paternal and maternal care at once, in which the first human beings were all nourished, of that vivifying breath by which the earth saw Adam spring forth in his power and in his beauty!

Every one then should be able to take freely around him whatever is necessary to this essential want of development which makes him man. Material and spiritual nourishment; an education such that the body may attain its full growth, such that all the sentiments may be expanded, all the faculties developed, all the vocations called out; and finally, the means of interchanging these sentiments, of applying these faculties, of rendering useful these vocations, the instruments of labor: — here is the *minimum* which society owes to all its members, here is the first right of every one. This is the principle of Communism.

It will be seen that we go further than certain communists who, in their embarrassment, not daring to proscribe property, define it: "The right of the individual to the thing exclusively produced by himself." Man, in a harmonic society, appropriates to himself, by right, as we have just shown, every thing that is indispensable to his normal development, without there being any account taken of his part in production, and even before he is able to produce anything. And more than this: even after a man has completed his education, after he has acquired the rank of citizen,* he still finds opportunity to glean at liberty, to appropriate to himself a certain quantity of common things, which society leaves strewn about, as it were, upon its surface. It is the extension of the right to the *minimum*; it is the principle of tolerance written in this verse of the gospel: "And it came to pass that the Lord went through the corn-fields, and his disciples plucked the ears of corn and did eat."

Such is the first degree of participation, the first manner of acquiring, which rests absolutely on the principle of equality, and corresponds to Friendship. Among friends, every thing is common. This is appropriation in the confused mode. Let us see whether this principle of equality, so just and so necessary in its origin, can continue to control exclusively the act of appropriation.

Suppose man, under a unitary integral education, developed according to the designs of God; — what next? The unfolding of the soul is perfect, its exercise

* We need not state that we wish to be understood as speaking here of woman, as well as of man, and that in Harmony, the rights of citizenship, election, government, &c., pertain to both sexes.

is free : it is then the Creator who proceeds to speak. Every where, to our attentive reason, inequality displays itself. Equality was in the first place necessary in order that man might produce himself entire ; and from the bosom of this equality immediately springs hierarchy. Physical beauty, intellectual power, moral grandeur, every thing is different, and every thing distributed on a progressive scale. All these forces, when you come to put them in action, to apply them to the creation of riches and the government of the terrestrial life, produce unequal results ; their works have different values. Thus, in human labor, the co-operation of some is more productive than that of others.

There is in this superiority, no doubt, the sign of a celestial gift, and consequently more responsibility and loftier duties ; but, with the responsibility and duty, should there not also be a greater recompense ? Will any one pretend to quote the authority of seminaries and academies of moral and political sciences, and oppose to us the exclusive doctrines of humility and abnegation, referring men to heaven to seek there a remuneration refused to them on earth ? Certainly, we will not permit these simplistic advocates of equality to refer us to these pitiable errors, under the pretext of a social ideal. Responsibility, then, to the most productive, to the most able ; but so too a proportional recompense : and recompense in the two spheres, material and spiritual, riches and glory ; for so the law of Unity requires.

To what do labors lead, directly and indirectly ? To production, to appropriation. Out of this mass of wealth produced, each will have therefore (besides the *minimum*) a part proportional to what he has contributed, to what he has done ; * and this part will be awarded to him by the judgment of his peers ; his right will be measured and determined practically by election.

Here then is the second right of man in regard to property ; here is the second manner of acquiring, which corresponds to Ambition, to the measured series. This mode is the hyper-major ; this right is the fruit of the capital act of the material administration of the globe, of creation, and it is consecrated by the free election of the series, by justice itself. In the ratio of the superiority of this source, and of this sanction, more extended prerogatives are due to it. So, when the question shall arise for Social

Science to determine the limits in this order of facts, to produce the special treatise upon property, it will perhaps be necessary to remember the principle *uti et abuti*, and to award its recompense to the right of appropriation hyper-major.

MINOR MODES.

We know then now, the natural and just basis of a double right of individual appropriation. It is understood that each individual takes in the first place, freely and equally, what is necessary to his normal development ; and that each, besides this, having a right to a share in the production to which he has contributed, receives from his peers a remuneration proportional to his general share in the productive forces. The *minimum* and the *proportional retribution*, analogous to Friendship and Ambition, are of the major order. Are there not other sources of appropriation ? Let us look, continuing to analyze the wants of man and the rights which correspond to these wants.

If man appropriates anything to himself, evidently it is in order to use it ; if he gains anything, it is to dispose of it. Will he make what he possesses only serve the satisfaction of his physical and intellectual wants, his individual fantasies and pleasures ? Will he not know how to make some use of it outside of himself. Will his right of disposing of it be simple, or will it be composite ? In this world of Harmony, where all is leagued together to realize unity, will there be division, schism between the industrial and the affective man ? In a society whose creed is Love, will the capital act of the appropriation of physical nature be of no profit for the heart ? No, property should be an instrument of collective and of individual accords, material pleasures themselves concurring in the union of souls. Man has a need of giving, of expanding over his fellows the treasure of his riches as well as the treasure of his affections. Man therefore can transmit what belongs to him, can alienate the acquisitions of his right of property. Let us see what will be the natural modes of alienation, of transmission. By this digression we shall come more easily to know what are the two manners of acquiring of the minor order.

In Harmony, the child, exercising in the superior or religious function of Friendship (Little Hordes) abandons all *

* Let us remember that all, in the phraseology of movement, always understands an exception. Here are Fourier's words about the retribution of the Little Hordes : " Although their labor is the most difficult from the want of direct attraction, yet the Little Hordes receive the lowest remuneration of all the Series. They would not accept anything, if such a refusal

that he produces to the community. In this manner of disposing of property, we find the universal character which we have remarked in the appropriation of the *minimum*. These two modes spring from the cardinal passion of Friendship, of which they reflect the properties. We see, it is like an exchange, an advance between childhood and the state. The state makes advances, for which it is remunerated afterwards. Childhood takes and lets who will take ; it satisfies its own wants and consecrates its right of alienating to the support of Unity.

In the group of Ambition, in the series of repartition, where all receive what is proportionally due to them, each one freely gives up one part of his own, which goes to make up the budget of the Regency.

There are two other manners of disposing, and consequently of acquiring, which we shall qualify by the term minor. These belong especially to sentiment, they connect more directly with individualism than with unity-ism. One is *donation*. " To give is to love," said an amiable and sincere philosopher ; " to receive, is to learn to love. In delicate souls, it is loving already, and that deeply." The gift has the spontaneity of Love ; it is a want more of the hyper-minor group than of any other.* A lover would like to have the disposal of the whole world, that he might give it away. It is in like manner the property of the ellipse, that every thing which sets out from one of its foci is referred to the other ; that between the two every thing reflects and divides itself with a vivid impulse. — The other manner of acquiring, which springs from the right of using in a composite mode, is *inheritance*. Just as man transmits his blood, his intelligence, his soul, so it is a want and a happiness to him to bequeath this other part of himself, his property.

But it will be objected, to accept a legacy, a donation in the combined order, is to leave free field to fantasies, and to unjust caprices ; it is to encourage avarice with some, narrow and blind affections with others. There is a larger way than

were admitted in Association. As it is, they take only the smallest part, which does not prevent each of their members from gaining the first lots in other occupations ; but, true to their character of congregation, of unitary philanthropy, they have for a statute the indirect contempt of riches, and devotion to the repugnant functions which they exercise as a point of honor."

* It is a rare thing that one ruins himself for his friends, his corporation, or even for his children : but nothing is more common than a man committing such follies for his mistress, especially than a woman sacrificing every thing to her lover or her husband.

* This is the principle of Fourier : *Proportional Repartition to Capital, to Labor and to Talent*. This principle is found mutilated and perverted in the Saint-Simonian formula : " To each according to his capacity, and to each capacity according to its work."

this of deriving from the spirit of property a profit for the heart. Let every man return all that he possesses to the State : * is not this an exercise of the affective passions? This is giving oneself away, surely, this is expanding oneself over the bosom of the great fraternal family, without the inconvenience of little preferences and unmerited favors. — We reply, if property, once recognized, accrues entirely to the state, we see not where there exists for the individual the free exercise of the right of disposing of it. The individual will have the right to do his duty, the right to be obliged to give to the universal, to transmit himself perforce to all his brothers. — No, no. You cannot mask by empty words the privation of the individual right. It is necessary to me, to myself, that my spontaneity, my whole liberty should be preserved. I wish to be able to dispose of what is mine in favor of all, if it suits me; in favor of some, if it is the desire of my heart; and if it is my pleasure, even enthusiastic impulse and blind fantasy shall be the reason and the measure of my gifts. Since "human nature is good," since "reason was not made to contradict in us the propensities which lead us to form the very legitimate desire of happiness," † by what right can you deny, contradict, repress the pious attractions of familism and of love, the charming attractions of favoritism?

You wish inheritance done away with, ‡ because, in our false state of society, the miser guards to the last day his useless treasure, and would bury it with him in his tomb. True science is that which knows how to turn to good, forces which are perverted or injurious. Avarice transformed, becomes a precious social faculty. There are amongst human characters, in their relation with created riches, two types, both essential. One

* Morelly, whom the communists seem to accept as their master (so far as a communist can recognize any superiority,) Morelly says in a concise way: "There belongs to man of the products of his industry *only the part which he uses*; the rest belongs to humanity." A singular mixture this of materialism, egoism and of universal fraternity!

† Morelly, M. M. Vidal, Villegardelle, and all the communists. The Saint-Simonians also acknowledge these just bases.

‡ We need not say that we do not defend the right of age, the spirit of caste, the privileges of education and other monstrous forms of inheritance, which patriarchalism has handed down to civilization. In view of the actual abuses, M. Eugene Sue has reason to exclaim: "Inheritance, that great iniquity!" But the illustrious socialist writer has too much justice to condemn a principle on account of the abuses which have been derived from it. As well condemn possession itself; as well proscribe the spirit of family from which the whole evil proceeds.

spends, throws away, destroys; the other saves, collects, preserves. In other words, it is the spirit of progress and the spirit of social conservation; it is radiation and absorption. With the first character, impatient to use a thing, incessantly in quest of new things, every thing would be squandered, every object would disappear before exhausting its useful service; there would be no handing down. The other type forms happily the equilibrium to this. The pure conservative does not believe that any one can save things and take care of things as well as himself. In Harmony, these individual characters will extend also to collective unities. There will be Phalanxes celebrated for their spirit of order; there will be others skilful to consume brilliantly, and famous for prodigality; and such a collector or amasser of treasures in the Isle of France, not finding around him an heir worthy of his genius, and mistrusting the spendthrift ardor of the Creoles, his compatriots, will choose for his legatee the illustrious Phalanx of Fourmis, or of Judea.

But shall we stop at the uncertain objections of civilized reason, when the commandments of God are echoed in our hearts? It is a law, a law of universal life, which condemns these tendencies to exclusive equality, to confused unity; it is Attraction. God does not wish that every heart, with equal passions, shall contain an equal love for all; for he has placed in our souls the Cabalist and the Papillon with Favoritism; God wishes the free and flexible fraternity of friendship, the elective ardors of love, the determined affections of the family, the hierarchal ties of ambition, the potential exercises of the successive degrees of Unityism; and not the compound communism of souls, the stifling of life in mere identity. Social institutions, therefore, should permit man's natural preferences to manifest themselves in all things, if these institutions profess to realize social destinies proportional to attractions. The Series, which distributes the harmonies,* commands that we should expand our possessions as well as our soul in varied and hierarchal modes, or in the serial mode.

* Here let us make an important observation. We must not believe that every Series distributes every harmony. When Fourier makes use of the general terms Series and Attraction, in these two sacred propositions: the Series distribute the harmonies; Attractions are proportional to destinies; he means to say integral attraction to destinies; he means to say integral attraction, the series *par excellence*, the series of series. This is evident from the following phrase in his last manuscript published in *La Phalange*: "We come to nothing by studying the *free* series; the whole secret of nature is concealed in the *measured* series; they are the only echoes of the laws of Unity."

Attraction is so far from attaching us to the ideal of Communism or of Saint-Simonianism, in which all things are confounded in the mass, or in power, that when we interrogate the general fact and the sentiment which inspires it, we remark this: that the spirit of disposal or of alienation follows, since it is in the minor order, an inverse progression to that of the principle of Unity, which draws all towards the pivot; that each individual has a particular attraction to rob himself in favor of the beings who are nearest to his feelings. In a general formula, we may distribute the want of disposing by legacy and by testament, according to the following decreasing scale:

DONATION: lovers, children, friends, sect; the State.

TESTAMENT: children, lovers, sect, friends; the State.

Admirable foresight of the Supreme Organizer, who does not permit Unity to absorb the individual, and who derives perfect order from the equilibrium of the two forces, the centripetal and the centrifugal. And so ought Science to encourage the attraction of the heart, instead of oppressing individual liberty.* In the state of social subversion in which humanity has lived thus far, it has required the *compelle intrare*, the law of constraint in all degrees to protect the principle of Unity; in Harmony, on the contrary, the savans will be continually occupied with seeking delicate combinations to balance the universal and enthusiastic action of Unityism by the action of favoritism, to sow the surface of social life with the charms of surprise and of capricious fancy.

PIVOTAL MODE.

We have counted four manners of acquiring and of disposing: two major, more especially determined by reason, by the principle of order; and two minor, particularly inspired by sentiment and by liberty; all together realize justice. — These modes of participation in the social riches: the *minimum*, *donation*, *proportional retribution*, and *inheritance*, correspond to the cardinal passions, Friendship, Love, Ambition, Familism; and to the serial types: the free, the dual, the measured, and the balanced.

It remains to find a manner of acquiring

* Victor Considerant said one day: "If individual appropriation, if inheritance and donation did not exist, it would be necessary to invent them in order to perfect social harmony." This property of a *harmonic bond*, which capital possesses in Association, has been expressed a thousand times in the most formal manner by Fourier. It was altogether gratuitous therefore in M. Vidal to write: "Fourier has not, like the Saint-Simonians and other socialists, broken *openly* with capital and inheritance. He has *circumvented* them, he has *turned them*, rendering them in some sort *useless in the future*."

ing, a mode of participation, having the pivotal character and corresponding to Unity-ism, and to the potential series.

This central source, from which each may draw and appropriate to himself in a unitary mode, is the Associative Treasury. From this focus of public riches descends over all the members of the *Phalanx* the right of property under its pivotal form. The unitary mode of appropriation consists in each one's taking part according to his degree, in the means of enjoyment concentrated in the *Phalanx*.

This unitary participation, by virtue of the law of contact of extremes, offers relations with the *minimum*. The Communists, faithful to their principle of promiscuous equality, so much so that they do not seek to distinguish things from one another, have not failed to confound all things under the name of common goods: houses, streets, theatres, museums, cities, libraries, ball-rooms, horses, equipages, furniture, jewelry, canals, routes, rivers, laboratories, fêtes and solemn galas, &c. To them, all this is identical, and all the members of association share in all these goods *equally and identically*. This is an error, and with a little attention, if we are guided by principles of order and harmony, we shall easily distinguish the things which society abandons promiscuously to common use, the museums, libraries, laboratories, rail-roads, public squares, &c. &c., from things equally accessible to all, but of which the whole society finds it just and useful to *hierarchize* the enjoyment, so to speak. Thus, in Association, lodgings in the *Phalanx*, places at the theatre, and at festivities, horses, equipages, the robes and paraphernalia of honor, the banners, every thing which we now call the furniture and jewels of the Crown,—all these things will be occupied and assigned according to an order of legitimate precedencies, in proportion to each one's recognized rights to functions, grades, social honors and favors.

Thus, then, the public revenue is, for each one, the source of a unitary property. There is established, at the centre, a composite movement, a double harmonic vibration: the Regency receiving from the diverse and always free contributions of the whole a considerable portion of the wealth produced, which in its turn it transforms into means of enjoyment, and places at the disposal of the whole. The Treasury of the *Phalanx*, how is it constituted, of what elements is it formed? from what sources can this appropriation, governed by the Regency, proceed, if it be not from the very same which nourish individual appropriation? The Regency, that is to say the *Phalanx* considered in its collective permanent unity, takes, receives, like an individual,

a proportional part, and enriches itself by donations and by legacies. The minor modes, as we have said, are not the most productive for the State: the Treasury accrues principally from the products of labor freely abandoned by childhood, and from the impost freely voted by all the citizens in the series and general assemblies. These four modes of appropriation which form the public revenue, have, no doubt, at this pivotal degree, their particular character; but they are analogous with the individual manners of acquiring; like them, they correspond with the four cardinal passions; or to state it better, the public revenue in its unity, the Treasury, corresponds to Unity-ism, and, like it, it sums up in itself the four fundamental terms of the Potential Series.

To be Continued.

From the New York Tribune.

THE SUFFERINGS AND WRONGS OF IRELAND.

BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

DUBLIN, Feb. 1, 1847.

It is to the Irishmen and Irishwomen of New York, I would speak in behalf of your bleeding, dying country, where you drew your first breath, and spent your young laughing days. *Hear, hear*, for God's sake—for Christ's sake, and for your brethren's sake, *hear*, I pray. You have heard the sad wail across the Atlantic that her land is laid waste, and that her *long, long* oppression has at length filled up the cup of her miseries. It is *FULL*—it is running over. Hundreds are dying by the highway, in the fields, and in their cabins. Yes, many who have begged for work in vain. Some who have obtained it, have been so exhausted that they have died at their work, because the prudent could not pay them till Saturday—perhaps, till two weeks' work was done. You may know of Cork, Kerry, Galway, Mayo—Connaught, Conomere, and Donegal,—may look across the Atlantic, and see them lying on a pile of straw, the dead and the living together; some lying five days unburied, because they could not procure a coffin and sheet to wrap them in—because the living were in a state of dying, and could not go out—and because no one went in to inquire for them. One poor man took the corpse of his wife on his shoulder, after she had been five days dead, and carried and laid her upon a tomb-stone in the graveyard. A poor neighbor went in, and alone dug her grave, and put her in without coffin or shroud. Surely the dogs of Prince Albert might look out from under their costly monument and yelp at such a burial as this.

I read in the New York Tribune of the meeting at Tammany Hall for the relief of Ireland, and had a portion of this letter previously prepared, and would now say that the hope of shaming the aristocracy of the country, by sending relief to the poor of Ireland, is as vain as to hope the Queen will lay aside her trappings, and visit the cabins of Ireland, and eat, drink and sleep as they do. I *know* the aristocracy of Ireland: they are not capable of *shame*. Could you hear them talk as

I do *now*—yes, even *now*—when the dead are about them, who have "reaped down their fields for nought," and have died because the petty wages they pay them cannot sustain life at the enormous price of food. *Shame* a Government that will give men tennence a day for labor, when Indian meal is 2s 10d a stone, and often 3s English money. *Shame* a nobleman, with a pack of hunting hounds, chasing some timid deer over mountain and glen, while fifty or a hundred starving men are digging his ditches, draining his bogs, and laying out his pleasure grounds for the shameful reward of eight or ten pence at most. *Shame* the surpliced clergyman with a living of some thousands a year, and who pays a trusty servant from four to six guineas a year!

Talk not of shame to any such! You who have lived in Ireland under their despotism, may tell the Americans better.

I would not be understood that the aristocracy and gentry are doing nothing in self-defence. They are blustering a little because now and then some starving group, grown desperate by positive starvation, have rushed upon a bread-cart and carried away its contents; and the delicate, nervous ladies are thrown into spasms to see that American women go into the filthy garrets in Dublin to seek out the suffering. They should not *dare* do such a thing! Yet they will sometimes call at my lodgings and leave a bundle of old musty, cast-off, ragged garments to be given to the destitute.

The Quakers, too, are doing something, and doing it quite efficiently, at least, so far as investigation goes. The Presbyterians in Belfast have, many of them, done nobly, especially the females. But with all that *has* been done, with all that *will* be done, thousands—yes, thousands will be neglected and die. And in conclusion allow me to say, On—up—this moment, and do what you can; wait not for Government; wait not for hard hearts to be softened, but put on the whole armor, muster all your forces, call upon the servants who are getting 15, 20, and £25 a year, to do a little; tell them to take the ribbons from their bonnets, the trimmings from their dresses, if they can do nothing else; tell them here are servants who have worked for two and three pounds a year, now deprived of that, and going from door to door asking bread. One who has a home to visit has walked three miles every other day to get a little stir-about and piece of bread to sustain life, and every time she calls I can see an evident change for the worse. Tell your children that in the country where their fathers lived, the children are crying for bread and cannot get it. And be sure, if you send money, be careful to whom you entrust it; put it into no paid commissioner's hands, give it to none who want pay for their time; money is a tempting article, and the man or woman who would not rejoice at being made the happy almoner of their gifts to the dying, without reward, is not fit to be entrusted with it. Some of you at least, have friends in Ireland whom you well know; to them you might entrust it. Excuse the length, but I ask no excuse for the rest of this. Had I the tongue of an angel I could tell you things that my language cannot express.

I had intended to let you off, but how can I, the constant din of these poor laborers under my window, pining and

starving, is sounding in my ears, and the scenes are so dreadfully appalling in every quarter, you must hear a little more—for to whom shall I speak, for even the abolitionist here has so long breathed this corrupting atmosphere of aristocratic principles that though he blusters much on freedom and equal rights, of "giving to all what is just and equal," he, like the slaveholder, has his salvo at hand. When you talk of higher wages he tells you this is not *his* fault; you must put it upon Queen Elizabeth and Cromwell, who apportioned the lands to the drummers and soldiers as a reward for demolishing the temples of Popery, while he at the same time may keep his carriage with every attendant and every comfort if not luxury about him, and will not, does not pay a servant, comparatively speaking, anything; he skulks behind these plundering marauders as the slaveholder does behind the piratical slavers who first brought the negro from Africa and entailed slavery as a curse upon their fathers. If you go to the religious, wealthy Protestant, who holds the "keys of this bottomless pit," he tells you—ah, it is just what might be expected, their laziness and dirty religion has brought on the curse; and when you go to the poor starving laborer, he uncomplainingly says, "We must be content with what Almighty God gives us—he may send us something to-morrow." In truth I have heard this answer so much from lips that I knew must be soon silent forever, that its Christ-like patience and keen rebuke is scathing to my heart, and should you hear that they have arisen like hungry wolves to seize upon the snugly walled flocks and herds of the rich boasting shepherds, wonder not—call them not blood-thirsty and savage—because this long century-heated boiler has exploded at last.

Whoever has studied the character of the Irish must know that they have quick perception of justice; when that is meted out with kindness, a ready response is given. "Keep them down," says Government, and their own aristocracy echo it. We must "keep them down," or they will deluge the island with blood. So says the slaveholder,—if we give them their rights they will destroy us at once. And pray tell us the time *when* and the place *where* the Irish, as a people, ever had their rights? tell us, who can, what they might be if an equal standing were given them among the nations of the earth and every shackle were broken? But I must not preach—but I will expostulate, I will plead for poor abused Ireland so long as God gives me breath—mock and taunt who may. Yes, did I know my country would scout me back should I ever reach its shores—should they say, Go back to the people you so love, I would say, amen. Yes, I would cheerfully go back, and in some humble mud-cabin sit down and hear the hearty welcome, and the "God love ye kindly," with a cheerful heart. I know what I am saying; I have travelled over every county of that beautiful Island but one; I have travelled in sunshine and storm; by night and by day; with money and without money; in company and alone, and never was an unkind word or even an unkind look manifested by the laboring peasant or poor of any kind, but, "welcome, welcome, lady, to our humble cabin, and sure ye're a stranger." When I said, I am an American stranger, "wel-

come, thrice welcome," was always the response. The poor laborer in Ireland looks to America as his only hope, his *last* hope. When I have spoken to one who might be cracking stones by the way-side, and asked him the price of his toil, he answered tenpence or a shilling, as the case might be, seldom raising his head to answer, but as soon as I used my password "American stranger," his hammer instantly stopped, his head was raised, the welcome given, and the addition of "Ah, America's the place, it is there they give the mate, 'tis there they give the wages," generally accompanied with an apology, "I thought by your tongue you was English." This told the story.

And shall I hold my peace when five millions of such a people are in a state of cruel pauperism—yes, starvation and death, many of them? No! let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, when it shall forget to plead for poor Ireland. I will be more enthusiastic still, and say if there is a people on earth who pre-eminently and justly claim the sympathy, the admiration, and the love of mankind, it is the *Peasantry of Ireland*.

Give me three cheers for *that* across the Atlantic, ye Irishmen who hear me!

Once more shall I add that I can now look into many of those cabins on the sea coast and in the mountains, where they have shared so *heartily* with me the potato, and can see them dying by starvation—yes, *dead*, and lying days without a burial. And now, again, awake and keep awake.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

BURNS.

Quivering with strength, from earth he springs:

Defiant shouts his strange voice rings.
Gazing afar, like some lone tower,
His nostrils panting restless power,
His big eyes darting eager fire,
With rustic hand he strikes his lyre.

From the long sleep, so dreamless slept,
Scotland, like a roused laggard, leapt.
Rolls the clear tide of a new song
Through her heart's channels, void so long,
High swelling now, with lively heat,
To sounds so earnest, stirring, sweet.

With quickened pulse, each bosom hears,
In tones that shift from mirth to tears,
And where, too, clarion notes are pealed,
Its inmost feeling bright revealed.
A nation's face, thus freshly wrought,
Beams with a smile of joyful thought.—

Few years had past, since first was heard
That fiery heart's awakening word;
Its mighty throb, that warm life sent
To million hearts, and with them blent
In rapturous unison, is still;
Tranquil so soon in Death's pale chill.

Wasted; by soul-sprung griefs outworn;
By proud heart-struggles inly torn;
Disconsolate, despairing, crushed;
Before his time, in misery hushed;
Great Burns went early 'mongst the dead,
His eye still gleaming thoughts unsaid.

Could he have had but half his due;
Had half was felt and done been true;
His generous soul had then been soothed,
And timelier his last pillow smoothed.

Traduced, banned, poor, he died heart-broken;
The noblest Scot that e'er has spoken.

He whose large will, if matched with power,
Had rained all gifts in ceaseless shower,
Who did give gifts, but by those given,
Endowed to bless the earth by Heaven,—
Thoughts to enrich all time to come,—
Earned his poor bread by guaging rum.

A noble man, divinely strung
For all the virtues he has sung,
Finds wrenched by lies into divorce
From good, man's pith, his feelings' force;
Is driven to the tavern's stench,
His brotherly yearnings there to quench.

Instead of honors, condescension;
Instead of peace, hot, coarse contention;
'Stead of high work, fit for great souls,
He had the low, slow toil of moles;
A victim of the falsehoods strong,
That make of men a scrambling throng.

Passions in him were lashed to madness,
That might have been a well of gladness;
Sources of joy, turned into sadness;
His very goodness into badness:
A strong man, bound in the world's lies
And multiform hypocrisies. E. Y. T.

For the Harbinger.

FROM GOETHE.

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG.

Thou who dost in Heaven bide,
Every pain and sorrow stillest,
Him whom twofold woes betide,
With a twofold solace fillest,
O! this toasting, let it cease!
What means all this pain, unrest?
Soothing Peace!

Come! O, come into my breast.

SWEETNESS OF SORROW.

Dry not up, dry not up,
Tears of eternal love!
Ah! even to eyes that are but half dried,
How desert, how dead, the world to them seems!
Dry not up, dry not up,
Tears of unfortunate love! E. Y. T.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1847.

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 SEVEN SCOURGES.

The beauties of our Civilization are rapidly unfolding themselves in strong contrast with our Christian professions and ideals, our boasts of educational, industrial, scientific and political improvements, in a way that bids fair to force attention to the Social Problem upon all thinking minds. Famine all over Europe, predicted a year since and yet not prevented, speculated upon by commerce at the same time that it does out something in the way of charity; war with Mexico,

a war of aggression and of conquest, conducted on the avowed principle of Might makes Right, by a young *Republic* which has enthusiastically assumed upon itself the responsibility of the world's hopes for freedom and for social justice and well-being; increase of pauperism every where; increase of crime; party-spirit and the climbing up of profligate selfishness into places of power and honor, which (alas! for the world) retain power long after they have lost honor;—these things, growing worse and worse, in spite of legislation, in spite of education, in spite of theology, morality and philosophy, are fast convincing the sincere well-wishers of humanity, the real friends of progress, that a new examination of the laws and grounds of progress must be entered into; that every thing hitherto attempted by the collective wisdom of man, in the way of institutions, is a failure; and that the evils we contend against continually reproduce each other because we have not touched their causes.

Who that reflects on all these things, can see a way out of them by any of the existing maxims and institutions of society? Who is not ready to exclaim: Society is somehow afflicted with a radical, organic disease; the fault is in the system and not incidental on the surface; we may abate the outward expression of it here and there in spots; we may make the cutaneous eruption disappear and the whole skin look fair; but we only drive the poison in, and there it lurks awaiting the first opportunity to show itself, just as in the physical system of the individual, where the scrofulous eruption apparently cured in the mother, reproduces itself in full malignant vigor in the child.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING has been preaching before the Religious Union of Associationists, in Boston, a series of discourses on the permanent evils inherent in the present system of society, on the basis of what Fourier calls, the *seven permanent scourges*; namely: Poverty, Fraud, Oppression, Carnage, Derangement of Climates, Artificial Diseases, and Vicious Circle. It is the tendency of our whole system of society, of the society called Civilized, the main-spring of whose industry is free competition, and whose law is incoherence of interests, to reproduce all these continually; and it is the tendency of these all to keep reproducing one another. They are the monster broods of civilized duplicity, of the unnatural union between theories of freedom, of justice, and of love, and the material arrangement whereby selfishness and isolated interests become the rule and practical necessity of all men. In vain to crush the seven heads of such a hydra one by one! You cannot extinguish

slavery while war remains; nor poverty while there is competitive fraud; nor can you set the climates right, or rid mankind of those foul pestilences which sweep across whole continents, while woods are stripped and streams dried up, and great morasses and sand deserts are suffered to break out like plague-spots, all over the body of the globe, by the ruinous neglect or worse than neglect of cultivation and improvement which the earth's surface gets amid the conflicting interests of races and of individuals. Were the Christianity of this age practical in man's collective action; were the spiritual aspirations which have found such beautiful expression in literature and in a few lives and circles, ultimated in the business, the politics, the whole material arrangements and forms of society; were production and distribution and consumption only organized, instead of being the theme of barren or time-serving speculations, as they have been with the Political Economists; were there any such thing as unity of material interests as a pledge and basis of that vainly talked of spiritual unity of the Church; then would these seven scourges turn to seven blessings, instead of them we should evermore rejoice amid these angels: Plenty, Justice, Freedom, Peace, Equilibrium of Climates, Wholesome Atmosphere, and Escape from Social Incoherence and Duplicity, in constant progress towards Harmony and Heaven. The seven scourges pivot upon Universal Duplicity and Egoism, or Error and Selfishness: the seven blessings pivot upon Universal Unity and Co-operation.

The inspiring and profound discourses of Mr. Channing have led us to recur to these most fruitful topics, and to feel more forcibly than ever the completeness, the deep-searching satisfactoriness, and the absence of every thing fanciful or arbitrary in Fourier's serial classification of these radical vices of society; his clear and palpable analysis of Civilization's bad blood, and the settled causes of its corruption. We wish it were possible to report those discourses, instead of cursorily grazing these great topics, as we must do now. Each discourse was in itself a compact and exhaustive essay upon one of these evils, piercing and laying aside prevalent sophistries, and going straight to the bottom of the philosophy of the whole matter; clear, humane, and practical throughout; satisfying the heart by its earnestness and eloquence and appreciation of every genuine sentiment on every side; the intellect by its strict logic and exhaustive method; and the plain common sense by its well-arrayed support of facts and applications. With all the abstract discussion, and all the variety of detail and statistics, which such an effort

necessarily involved, there was yet poured over the whole the beauty of holiness. It was all sacred utterance; it lifted the soul in devout feeling without abstracting us from this earth, and it addressed the conscience through the understanding. It is matter of serious regret with all who heard the sermons, that they were not written, or that they were not instantly reported for wider circulation; for, though the audience was numerous and always important in point of character, yet it seemed like expending upon a few what was really meant for the hearing of all the most intelligent and humane persons of Boston, and the whole land. Possibly it may yet be in the power of their author to engross them in a more permanent form; that they may make a book, which would be most important in our means of propagating the associative doctrine; or at least that they may contribute some solid essays to the pages of this journal. For the present we shall content ourselves with barely indicating the ground which the preacher went over, without aiming at completeness, and in fact discussing the matter in our own way after his suggestion, which is all we can do.

First in the series is Poverty, which occupied one entire discourse. After refuting several prevalent sophistries respecting evil generally; as the idea that evil is necessary, and intended by divine Providence for man, upon this earth, that it is indispensable as discipline, and that virtue could not be without it, the preacher defined Poverty to be the privation of the means and conditions of exercising one's faculties and realizing one's own life. It is a moral evil therefore, as well as a physical. For the affections and the mind require certain material conditions, in a word require to be in harmony with the material world through the pure exercise of all the senses, or they quarrel with their sphere, become inverted and turned inward, selfish, morbid, false and foolish in their action. It is the summing up of all misfortunes; to be poor and without the means of food or clothing or shelter, is to be dragged down to earth, body and soul, and made attentive to mere physical necessities, to cease to afford any generous outflowing of kind thoughts and acts, to lose health and strength and cheerfulness, till in fact generations in poverty are born feeble and diseased, with scarcely life enough to sustain itself through a few miserable years. Nature has implanted in man a desire of wealth; every human instinct calls for it; in vain does the pulpit, in vain does philosophy counsel abstinence, and extol poverty as a blessing, so long as every parent is most anxious at the same time to inspire an effec-

tual love of gain, a love that shall be strong enough to set heart and mind and strength in action for this end, in his child. What are the causes of Poverty? The first cause, doubtless, was insufficiency of production. In the earlier ages, the arts and appliances of industry did not keep pace with the increase of population. In the savage state there was collective poverty. As society more organized succeeded to mere savage incoherence, might made right, the stronger used the weaker, and compelled him to produce for him; the few were wealthy and the many poor. Still even in these ages, so long as there was recognized dependence of the many on the few, they were in some measure cared for. For civilization was reserved the spectacle of poverty and misery increasing while there is more than production enough to make the whole population comfortable; and even where there is the greatest amount of political freedom, where industry is free and no man can be forced to labor for another, still competition turns the whole increased activity against the interests of the many, and reduces liberty to the mere liberty of starving. And to aggravate the evil, all this happens while the wants of every human being are greater than ever before, while education and improvement of arts, and so forth, make the standard of living, the terms of admission to social equality and respectability, higher for every one. Consider too, the extent of the evil. By far the greatest portion of the habitable globe is yet uncivilized, yet in the lowest savage degradation, and consequently sunk in poverty. Civilization occupies but a small part of the earth; and even there, in its most advanced nations and cities, where there is the greatest amount of productive skill and total wealth, the mass grow poorer day by day. What a failure, surely, of the real destiny of the human race! So much of life, and faculty killed by this cold frost! so many heaven-quickenened natures, which should be all intelligence and love and beautiful activity and harmonious co-operation, checked in their growth like green and gnarly fruit that never ripens! It is sheer blasphemy to think of this as the design of Providence.

The great source of poverty therefore, is free competition and the incoherence of material interests. While these continue, religion cannot persuade the powerful to be just, any more than it can persuade all men that it is really a good thing to be poor. Government cannot prevent it, for government and legislation are chiefly occupied with the schemes of commerce and of manufacture, and controlled by those who control these avenues of wealth. Education must be very

narrow to fit men to make money; if it be very good, it stands much in the way (so far as outward prosperity is concerned) of him it blesses; and for the toiling millions, education is a nominal privilege, because they have no time for it. Charity, of the public kind, is but a heartless thing, whose best type is the alms-house, a mere device to save society much trouble from the poor; and private charity but gives a little comfort here and there out of the abundance which is heaped up by the system which continually tends to sink the multitude in deeper degradation. Association of interests, then; the right of every one to labor in an attractive sphere; justice to labor, capital and skill, which are the three producers; organization of industry and of all life's relations on a basis of mutual co-operation, according to a divine law of order answering to the very springs of life and action in the human soul:—this is the only problem for philanthropy, this the only effectual cure of poverty.

This is no abstract of the discourse, but a mere statement of its field and principles. We shall not attempt to say even as much of the second, which was an analysis of all the forms of Fraud, engendered in the same way in our false society, which makes it for the interest of each one to deceive when he can do so with impunity. There are frauds political, ecclesiastical, literary, scientific, commercial, and in every sphere of human activity; but more especially in commerce, which rules all.

Oppression formed the next subject. A profound and philosophical analysis of Liberty was the starting-point, and perfect liberty was shown to be one with perfect law. The principle of life is Love. God is Love; and the liberty of God consists in the perfect expression and active transmission of his love through infinite systems and varieties of created beings. The freedom of man consists in living out a life of harmony with himself, with others, and with God. The law of his life is love, and love must be free in order to be love. Man loses his individuality without freedom; and unless each individuality is fully asserted first, they cannot form a living harmony. Freedom therefore, as a condition of love, as a condition of true obedience to the divine laws of harmony. But how has it been in our actual societies? Always by the principle of constraint has it been attempted to secure order. The various forms of Oppression were reviewed; ecclesiastical tyranny; the oppression of woman by man; the oppression of nations by rulers; of the slave by the master; finally, of labor by capital. The strongest type of the whole is slavery, like that in our Southern

States. But how vain to try to do it away, while the whole tendency of our social system, of competition and the unorganized pursuit of wealth and consequently power, is still to reproduce slavery. There can be nothing but nominal freedom, short of free Association in attractive labors, where a sphere is open to every talent, and where the laborer shares the fruits of every enterprise in which he in any way co-operates.

Next came War, the philosophy of which was very profoundly entered into. In the very nature of a finite being resides the property of resistance, of repulsion. By this it proves its individuality, it proves itself a being, a distinct whole. This is the centrifugal force which counterbalances the centripetal in the moral world. But that it may counterbalance it, that there may be peace and harmony and beautiful co-operation between all finite beings, that their decided individualities may not destroy but only heighten and enhance the Unity, there must be a law of distribution among them; the separate and otherwise conflicting notes must be combined according to some deep science of Harmony, and then there will be perfect Variety in perfect Unity. In human history, war and conflict, the incoherent assertion of individualities, has always been the prominent feature. Some, too, consider this a necessity. But what is War? It is the subversion of order, the opposite of Heaven; it is Hell. In war, the highest virtue of a man consists in his complete abandonment to the most ferocious passions; his merit is measured by his destructiveness. And yet it has nourished certain noble virtues; manly endurance, promptness to meet every exigency, sacrifice of ease and safety, and braving every danger, and so forth. The force of character called out in it, the energy combined in its strong organization, if applied to any good end, to production and improvement, instead of to destruction, would work miracles upon the earth. It is for the want of a true science of society, which shall reconcile all interests, and create an equilibrium of all these individualities, that War, in some form, is continually breaking out, and that this veritable Hell has become adopted and provided for among all nations as a permanent institution.

The different kinds of war were then reviewed: religious wars, wars of conquest, &c. &c. And the sermon ended with a very solemn consideration of our own duty in the case of this foul blot upon our national honor, this violation of all our best professions, the war with Mexico, which combines in itself all the worst features of every war. The speaker urged it as our duty to demand of Congress the withdrawal of the troops. And

as to War in general, he said, let us not seek to secure peace by conquest, or by extensive military provisions in time of peace. Rather let us dismantle every fort, and disarm every ship of war, and take the peaceful attitude. But then this non-resistance, to be a virtue and to be effective, must be more than a mere *passive* principle. We must at the same time use the positive means of peace; we must labor for that universal association of interests, for that true organization of industry, and establishment of just relations between labor and capital, without which there is antagonism still in all the minutest ramifications and in the very smallest veins and life-blood of society, since trade and business, as now carried on, are only a more civil form of warfare, the merchant being what the soldier was.

The last discourse, after treating incidentally the evils of Deranged Climate and Artificial Diseases, both resulting in great measure from the want of unitary cultivation of the globe by man, went into a very complete exposition of the Circle of Error in which Civilization is confined, showing how all the above evils reproduce each other, and especially explaining the Vicious Circle of the four sciences, which undertake to guide Man namely, Theology, Philosophy or Metaphysics, Morality, and Politics. Of this we must take another opportunity to speak.

COOKERY.

Will there ever come a time when men will cease to be ashamed of that act of their lives which nothing could induce them to forego? Pseudo-moralists, and would-be-spiritualists, sleek probationers in this world for another, warriors in a hopeless crusade against matter and the flesh, are actually ashamed of eating, of the act by which we sustain life: they think it very material, grovelling and carnal, to expend thought on the satisfaction of the palate; and call it proof enough that Fourier's science is a humbug, that he has applied it with such nice care to the gastronomic wants of man,—a pretty matter for sublime Science to descend to! And yet these "virtuous lovers of philosophy and black broth," do actually make it the great business of life to provide for these same grovelling wants. Respectable piety over its own loaded tables, descants upon abstemiousness and rolls up its eyes in horror at the mention of the "gastrosophic intrigues" of high Harmony; by far the greatest part of all the business occupation of the human race, concerns directly or indirectly the production of food; and in every respectable and virtuous Christian family one or more sisters of the human family

is isolated as a mere kitchen drudge, condemned to ignorance, social degradation and a life of petty worldly details, that this decent moralism may have leisure and good spirits to discourse in this inconsistent wise.

Now it is a sad thing, and it must give the devils pleasure, that all these noble aspirations of the human soul, that all this high sense of the dignity of human nature, should uniformly wear this blush of shame; that our soul's prayer should be so ashamed of our life's duty. There seem to be but two ways of deliverance. Either to give up eating altogether, and live on air: or so to harmonize and dignify the labors and the pleasures which pertain to this vulgar act of feeding, that they shall be as spiritual as speech or sacred chants, or vital acts of piety; that they shall be acts of the soul, using the hands and senses for its instruments and channels of communion with the soul of all things. The first is manifestly impracticable; if there is to be harmony, if the soul is to rid itself of shame in this life, it must be by the latter course.

The question then is: need the senses war against the soul or trouble and obstruct the higher life? In *all* their modes of exercise we know they do not; on the contrary they minister to the soul. By them we are placed in harmony with nature, which is a harmonic revelation of the wisdom and the love of God. The green fields and the blue skies, the song of birds, the fragrance of flowers, are as essential to the support of any good sentiment or thought in us, as bread is to the body. The same sounds, which in Music make a harmony expressive of the soul's best sentiments, produce but jargon unless properly combined. And so with colors. Here are instances of the use and misuse of two senses. Under proper conditions they do minister directly to the soul. God certainly intended that it should be so with all our senses; and more especially so with the sense of Taste, with the passion for food, which is the very earliest instinct that declares itself in the infant, and which exercises more power over early childhood than all other motives: does not nature plainly indicate therefore that in this appetite lies hid a very powerful means and stimulus of the whole education? Are we not to seek to utilize this sense, to make it refined, harmonious, exquisite and select in its perceptions and its choices, so that it may find out correspondences with the whole spiritual and intellectual nature in its food; instead of vainly trying to suppress it and by that means only make ourselves still more its slaves!

Nature is all a hieroglyphic of the moral world. The senses are our means of reading it. The fragrance of migno-

nette or new-mown hay transports one into new spiritual states. So too with flavors; they are correspondences with spiritual facts. The flavors we combine, harmoniously or otherwise, in our daily meals, have much to do with our inward tone of feeling, with the harmony or discord of our minds.

The passion for eating now is entirely unorganized and unrefined; it is gross and promiscuous; as if we were to jumble sounds together without law or selection, in the hope of music. But to the mind of Fourier the law of harmony in this, as in all other spheres, became a worthy end of study. And the law in all spheres is the same. Harmony is always the result of graduated varieties, combined in true accords, so that variety makes up unity. Human characters, and human tastes for food, are distributed in graduated scales of variety, precisely corresponding to similar scales of variety in flavors, odors, colors, and so forth. To refine and spiritualize the act of eating, therefore, there must be more and not less attention given to it; the various shades of taste must be consulted; such variety, both of substances and of modes of preparing them, must be brought within reach, that every taste shall find its own, and every character, and every sentiment find faithful correspondence in this most material and yet most essential exercise. A hint is all that we can throw out.

Again, Fourier converts this appetite, thus refined and harmonized, by a proper serial distribution of the means of gratification, into a vast lever of productive industry. The passionate fondness for certain shades of variety in any plant or vegetable, forms of those who agree in it, a natural group devoted to its culture, and who will emulate the groups that cultivate its rival shades; and thus the whole amount of production is increased, while the quality of each species and variety is continually refined. So too in the cooking and preparation of food; rival methods will prevail; and all this industry, thus parcelled out and connected in every instance with the special tastes of individuals, will become ATTRACTIVE.

This point gained, the other evil now complained of in our civilized apparatus for sustaining animal life, will disappear. That is, the necessity of making kitchen drudges of one half of our sisters. The attractive labors which pertain to the preparation of each variety of food, will draw all more or less into active participation. None will be monotonous slaves to it; each will engage in that special part of the functions which interests him or her; groups of the like-minded, groups of friends by true affinity, will, by the law of correspondence, be brought together in pleasant alternations: thus,

cheerfulness, friendship, intelligence, science, will find sphere in these now falsely despised occupations; all will be workers and all will be sharers of its results; all will serve and all will celebrate the feast.

We hope to pursue these hints more worthily at some future opportunity.

LECTURES ON ASSOCIATION. Our notice of the second lecture of this course has unavoidably been postponed till this morning. It was delivered on Monday evening last, by Mr. H. H. VAN AMRINGE, and was attended by a large and intelligent auditory. The speaker considered his subject, which was "The Evils of Existing Society," under the five following heads: 1st. The degradation of the Laboring Classes. 2d. The hostile relations of Capitalists. 3d. The defective and perverted education resulting from present social relations. 4th. Waste of present society. 5th. Anarchy of our existing societies. Mr. Van Amringe first laid down the proposition that labor is the foundation of all national prosperity, and that in proportion as the laboring class becomes degraded, the safety of free institutions is endangered. He then traced the history of labor for the last two or three centuries, and proved from authentic documents, that notwithstanding the great advance in the means of creating wealth which has taken place, the condition of the laborer has, during this period, been undergoing a steady and alarming deterioration. He showed clearly how the gigantic powers with which science has furnished man, for the purposes of productive industry, have been made to promote the interests of capital to the injury of the laborer, against whom the iron sinews of these giant competitors wage a constant and fearful warfare.

Mr. Van Amringe next proceeded to consider the hostile relations in which capitalists are placed towards each other, by the system of free competition, and showed how this state of things must result in the prostration of the weaker capitalists and in the entire extinction of middling classes, leaving in society only the man of vast wealth and the penniless laboring mass.

The defective education of large numbers follows so inevitably on the degradation of the laboring class, that it is hardly necessary to enlarge upon that point, but he showed clearly that the present organization of society leads to the imperfect education of all classes, even the most fortunate. The all-prevailing hostility of interests stimulates into a morbid activity, in almost all men, some of the lower tendencies of our nature, such as selfishness, avarice, perverted ambition, and so forth, while it weakens the higher sentiments, such as benevolence, love of truth, justice. He illustrated this view by reference to that well-known law of Nature, by which those faculties in common use become strengthened while those which remain inactive are enervated or destroyed.

Mr. Van Amringe then glanced rapidly at the waste entailed upon us by the present system of isolated households, and the monopoly of the soil thence resulting. He next proceeded to consider the general incoherence and anarchy consequent upon the hostile attitude in which indi-

viduals are placed towards each other by the diversity of their interests. He then adverted to the improbability that an all-wise Creator has placed the human family on this globe without sufficient provision for the support of them all, and pointed to Association as the divinely appointed order of society through which man is to attain universal peace, plenty, and happiness.

The lecture was marked by many passages of a high order of eloquence, and Mr. Van Amringe took his seat amid the hearty applause of his hearers. — *Tribune.*

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE

AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS

Will be held during Anniversary Week, in the City of New York; and it is important that the Affiliated Unions should prepare in season to send their Delegates, and that Associationists should make their arrangements to attend.

The occasion is a momentous one. The American Union of Associationists must this Spring mark out distinctly a plan of operations, and determine upon the most expeditious and economical mode of diffusing our doctrines throughout the nation, and of making ready for the practical embodiment of our principles.

For this end, the advice of the most devoted, wise and energetic friends of the movement is needed. This must be in the strongest sense of the words, a *business meeting*; where all important points of policy may be thoroughly discussed, and measures agreed upon, which being the result of the best collective judgment of the American Union, shall be found worthy of the devoted support and earnest aid of every Associationist. The next year should be as active a one, as the means and men at our command can possibly make it; and it is necessary therefore to form a clear and precise estimate, in advance, of all our resources. We have to determine upon the number and character of our publications,—to lay out the most promising fields for our lecturers,—and especially to set in motion efficient instrumentalities by which to secure active co-operation among the Affiliated Unions, so that all Associationists may feel that they are working in concert for definite objects, and that they are living members of One Body.

It is emphatically recommended, therefore:

1st. That each Affiliated Union should at once meet, and consult as to the plans which may seem best for advancing our cause most rapidly, firmly, widely. Let new members be added; let contributions be increased; let zeal and determination be strengthened; let the wants and opportunities of respective neighborhoods be carefully considered. Every Affiliated Union should form an exact estimate of the *Weekly Rent* which it can raise, and be prepared to offer at the Anniversary Meeting a *PLEDGE* of the amount which it will contribute for the year, or for a term of years, to the funds of the American Union. We must secure at least Fifty Dollars a week, and twice that sum if possible; and if each Union will do its part energetically, we cannot fail of the means for a brilliant success. What Association will pledge \$20, \$10, \$5, a week for three years?

2d. It is recommended, that each Associationist should consider what he or she can do to help on the movement,—what sacrifices we are ready to make for it,—what means we will con-

secrate to it,—what time and efforts we resolve to give to advance this cause of peace, unity, and universal good. How many Associationists there are, who could easily pledge \$100, \$50, \$10, a year, for three or five years to the propagation of Associative doctrines. And are they free not to do it? How many Associationists there are, who could subscribe \$1,000, or \$500, or \$100, towards the formation of a *Permanent Fund*, the income of which might be devoted to the diffusion of our views, while the principal should go to form a Capital for some Practical Trial, when the American Union should determine that the time had come, that the place was found, and that means and men authorized the step. Who is ready to promise a yearly or a triennial contribution, or to subscribe to the Permanent Fund? Who is not ready to do something efficient?

Now let this matter be taken in hand promptly and resolutely, with the spirit becoming those engaged in a Universal Reform,—which promises to radically cure the chronic maladies of society, and to make Man whole again,—which seeks to establish upon earth a Heavenly Order,—which offers to the world no vague hope, but definite Science,—and which commends itself to the good-sense of the most practical.

Let each Affiliated Union, let each Associationist, contribute the best counsel and amplest pecuniary supplies, at the coming Anniversary.

Where Delegates cannot be sent, and individuals cannot attend, letters may be addressed to the Union.

By order of the Executive Committee.

W. H. CHANNING,

*Domestic Corresponding Secretary of the
American Union of Associationists.*

March 15, 1847.

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VOLUME IV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1847.

NUMBER 16.

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF "LA PHALANGE."

Translated for the Harbinger.

OF PROPERTY, AND THE VARIOUS LEGITIMATE MODES OF ACQUIRING IT.

Attractions are proportional to Destinies.
The Series distributes the Harmonics.

(Concluded.)

SUMMARY.

Laws are the necessary relations springing from the nature of things.—MONTESQUIEU.

We believe that human nature is good, and that there is unity in the laws of universal order. To find out social institutions of divine origin, therefore, we have examined the nature of man, his destiny, his functions, his wants, his attractions; we have analyzed the springs of his activity, that is to say his passions, their characters and their properties.

From this study of man we have deduced the essential types of order, we have methodically determined the principles and forms of the Series.

To confirm these deductions, we have looked to the kingdoms of nature for the laws of the distribution of forces, and we have found these laws conformed to the characters of human groups and to the properties of the mathematical types.

Then applying this mode of investigation to the question of property, we have sought what modes of appropriation have naturally sprung from necessary functions. These functions, as well as the attractions of the heart, have taught us that in the matter of participation in the social riches, order results from the Series.

And thus does Unity shine out in all things.

In the question of appropriation, Science, supported upon solid bases, upon divine reasons, gives the following conclusions:

The globe belongs to the entire human species. The landed property of the township belongs to the entire Phalanx. The wealth produced is all that can be

appropriated. Appropriation seeks four modes, two major and two minor. Of the two major modes, one is confused, based on the principle of equality, which is the *minimum*; the other is regulated, based on the principle of hierarchy, which is *retribution proportional to capital, to labor, and to talent*. After man has acquired riches, he uses and disposes of them freely, according to the attractions of his heart. From this right of alienating result the two minor modes of acquiring property, *donation* and *inheritance*. Finally, man participates in the public riches by drawing, each according to his degree, from the *associative treasury*, which accumulates in the hands of the Regency, and in conformity with the general will, after the same modes which nourish individual appropriation. In other words, we will say, man acquires:

In the major mode, { that he may have power to act —
in proportion to his wants.
for having acted — in proportion
to what he does.
In the minor mode, { in proportion as he is loved.
in proportion as he loves.

Man acquires: from the commonwealth, which abandons and awards; from the individual, who gives and bequeaths.

Man acquires as a brother, as a member of a group, as an object of love, as a son and heir; and finally as a citizen.

Friendship abandons freely to every one what he wants;

Love gives with tender *entraînement* and blind fanaticism;

Familism bequeathes affectionately, but with deliberation;

Ambition awards with reflection and according to the law of strict justice. Unity-ism distributes according to the divine laws: ECONOMY OF MEANS, DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE, UNIVERSALITY OF PROVIDENCE, UNITY OF SYSTEM. The administration of the public Treasury has for its function to balance the two terms of *acquiring* and *disposing*, and also to balance the individual and the unitary modes of action (the *me* and the *neighbor*), terms and modes of action which it sums up in itself; for the Regency is nothing but a

being which receives and transmits eternally.

Let us here recall the analogical table already presented, only adding the modes of appropriation.

Passions.	Kingdoms.	Conic Sections.	Numbers.	Music.	Serial Modes.	Principles.	Modes of Participation.
Friendship.....	Mineral.....	Circle.....	1 (the monad).	The Note.....	Free.....	Equality.....	Minimum.....
Love.....	Aromal.....	Ellipse.....	2 (the dyad)...	The Modes.....	Dual, or co-symmetry.....	Donation.....	
Familism.....	Vegetable.....	Parabola.....	3 (the trinity).	The perfect Chord.....	Balanced.....	Equilibrium.....	Inheritance.....
Ambition.....	Animal.....	Hyperbola.....	3 plus 4.....	Diatonic Gamut.....	Measured.....	Hierarchy.....	Proportional retribution.....
Unity-ism.....	Hominal.....	Cone.....	3 times 4.....	Chromatic Gamut.....	Potential.....	Unity.....	Associative Treasury.....

Such then is the *ensemble* of our system of appropriation of the social riches. What is wanting in this system? Can you mention a legitimate desire which it does not satisfy? And yet upon this question of property, the Associative School is continually misunderstood and calumniated. By some it is accused of wishing to annihilate all rights; others affirm that it tends to perpetuate all privi-

leges. Which shall we credit? On both sides rash judgment is formed, and the School is condemned without a hearing.

That we should be calumniated, in the name of order, by people who are frightened by every thing new, and who have never opened a book of Fourier, is easily conceived; but that the doctrines should be misunderstood by the enlightened friends of progress and of liberty, is strange and deplorable. The author of *De la Repartition des Richesses* is certainly, of all writers not Phalansterian who have judged the theory, the most kindly disposed, we might say the most sympathizing. M. Vidal has read through from beginning to end the *Treatise on Universal Unity*; M. Vidal lives in old relations of intimacy with several Phalansterians; and yet M. Vidal does not understand the associative theory which he allows himself to judge and to condemn in the most friendly manner in the world. We shall proceed to prove in two words how far this writer is still from having penetrated the theory.

M. Vidal has comprehended so well the formula of *capital, labor and talent*, that he seems to have seen in it the entire basis of participation in the social wealth in Harmony. One must have read very slightly to be ignorant that this is only one of the modes of appropriation, the hyper-major, analogous to Ambition, and that this formula applies only to the repartition *freely voted* in the series, and proportional to the direct productive agency of each citizen. Does not Fourier speak at every page of legacy, of donation, of gratuitous education, of the proportional *minimum*, of unitary enjoyments furnished by the Phalanx! Certainly. Why then keep fighting windmills! Why oppose to us the gratuitous education of children, and free access to theatres, to museums, to libraries, to laboratories, and all these marvellous things of Communism—which many Communists have perceived for the first time—in Fourier? Why write these phrases, which we cannot take seriously!

"THE LABORER (in the Associative system) will have to live upon the generosity of the rich, and submit to the humiliation of receiving alms. And thus we shall see misery, servitude, prostitution; yes, hatreds, crimes, vices and scourges without number. . . . Capital continually detaches from the mass of the collective riches a portion which it will never restore to the community; it creates an hereditary class of idlers who live upon their income; it diminishes by just so much the number of laborers, it charges the support of this unproductive class to the laboring class. . . . I maintain that the most intelligent, the most able, the most capable has not a right to deprive

the feeble or the incapable and to take the lion's part himself; I maintain that the strongest owes his succor to the weakest, the most intelligent to the most inert. Intelligence and capacity, intellectual force, should not give a man the right to exploit his fellow man, any more than corporeal force or the power of gold. . . . *We shall have wars springing up* (says M. Vidal) *between men who lived in peace, as soon as we undertake to divide men into separate categories, to make some first and some last, to judge, to class, to number individuals.* Always there will be crosses of self-love, humiliations, and wounds incurable! . . . If you attempt to create shares, and if the shares are to be in the ratio of capacity, then will each, from self-love, from vanity, lay claim to the largest: one will claim it in the name of his talent; another in the name of force; another perhaps will demand equality, and discord will soon arise. The moment the question of sharing is raised, Association is broken up; there is no longer one simple interest, the interest of all; face to face you have particular interests; there is the *meum* on the one side and the *tuum* on the other, and between them war! . . . So true is it that there are * other relations possible besides those of equality!"

To complete this picture of the profound critic, we should have to cite still twenty passages about the hostility of classes in Harmony; passages in which the laboring classes are opposed to the capitalists; in which it is said that "the Phalanxes have never any excess of production above their own general wants," and that "they have nothing to sell to strangers and no profits to realize," and that "the objects produced or created have no value," and that "it would be absolutely necessary that each should spend his whole dividend in the course of the year," and a thousand other absurdities. Especially should we have to notice the ingenious calculation from which it results that an individual, who should advance ten millions in the year 1850 for the foundation of a Phalanstery, would find himself in the year 2020, merely by the accumulation of compound interest, the proprietor of the sun.

We might ask our distinguished critic if it is rational, if it is sane to apply to Association, calculations which, even in our society of privileges, can be only child's play. What! It is in a family of a thousand ties that you suppose these fantastic accumulations of capital possible! Verily, these are but the *faux pas*

* The misprint which we reproduce from the text is charming. We can imagine it done treacherously and on purpose by some intelligent corrector of the press.

of the equilibrist, this is not serious analysis.

But our quotations will amply suffice to edify the reader. We ask if they can be legitimate judges of the theory, who cannot see in the *minimum*, in proportional repartition, in the Treasury of the Regency, in donation and legacy, any guaranties against the divisions of society into castes, against the exploitation of the laborers by the rich; who have no suspicion of the effects of the organization of labor, of the serial mechanism; who know nothing of the properties of variety and of *engrenage* or interlocking in the functions and in series,—and yet they demand of us what would become of the feeble and the infirm? Have we not the proportional *minimum*, that increasing social dowry, which is extended to the feeble and to the sick who are placed on the same footing with children? Have we not, in the budget of the Phalanx, a chapter especially consecrated to religious wants? Finally, do you not feel, if you have the instinct of love in your heart, that in Harmony it will be the feeble and the infirm especially who will be the objects of pious tenderness, and who will find themselves adopted and loaded with gifts and legacies? Thus, individuals will share with the State the cares and watchful providence of devotion.

But it is objected: if there is room for any preference in retribution, it is to good will that it is due. Do you suppose then that good will is counted for nothing in the Phalanx? Do you think that the most painful labors, other things being equal, will not be paid the highest? Assuredly it is not the product which we talk of recompensing here, but it is in reality devotion. It is true that Fourier, distrustful the power of the material motive, confides to the disinterested ardor of the Little Hordes the most repugnant necessary duties. Fourier often omits the pivot in his analyses. When he says: Retribution to capital, to labor and to talent; that is to say, to the three spheres, passive, active and neuter, the pivotal sphere is necessarily understood. This, doubled, gives two new agents of production, namely, devotion and the charm of favoritism, of which account is always taken in voting the distribution of profits. It may seem strange to the communists that, in the retribution proportional to production, we still leave room for favoritism. He answers with common examples. Have you ever ta-

* In vain will civilization attempt to realize justice in the repartition of wealth, so long as it does not recognize the *minimum*. The minimum is the necessary basis; without it, donation and inheritance are, as we have said, social iniquities.

ken a voyage at sea! Have you observed the group of sailors at the ropes? One of them uses his voice, and his cadenced song, which diminishes somewhat his own effort, helps essentially the effort of the whole. Have you seen, in a group of laborers, some gay companion, some *Pique-Vinagre*, losing his own time and strength in his recitations and his songs, but animating the group whose industrial enthusiasm grows with their gayety? This is the element of favoritism, which they will never fail to turn to good account in Harmony.

These questions of repartition will be a charming study, and they will afford occasion, in the series, in the courts, in the council of the Regency, for very deliberate and very beautiful operations, which will require the especial co-operation of woman in politics. We should like to know what political part the women in Community will find to play in the question of repartition; but doubtless this is an indiscreet question; the communist authors never occupy themselves with women except to offer them the prospect of a year's imprisonment for some infidelity. (M. Vidal, p. 384.) Civilization is less severe; it remembers better the tolerance of Christ.

We should like, in our turn, to discuss the theories which they oppose to ours. But where can we take hold of these intangible bodies! There are as many Communisms as there are Communists. Shall we take that expounded by M. Vidal, and in which he communes with M. M. Villegardelle and Louis Blanc, invoking as their patron saint, Morely? What confusions and contradictions!

The Morellian church speculates about *native kindness*. It thinks that "self-love is the motive which urges us to good," and that "reason ought not to contradict in us the propensities which lead us to happiness." By this it means "to base order upon destiny, which they say is happiness; to give complete satisfaction to all the natural wants, moral and physical, in the individual and in the species." Moreover, the Morellian church proclaims the principles of Unity. "Psychology" it says "and physiology, instead of repelling and excluding each other, are the complement of one another. Between philosophy (the science of moral wants) and social economy, there should be relations and intimate connection. Economy has for its object to render the satisfaction of the moral wants and moral faculties possible. There should be an *a priori* identity between beauty, truth, and justice, and where this identity does not exist the scheme is bad."

Certainly, these are excellent principles; but wait till you have seen the

end. The first care of these Communists is completely to forget their principles. Thus, we see that the laws for the union of persons are not the same as for the association of productive forces. (p. 383, 384) Thus the principle of the hierarchy, judged excellent in the repartition of spiritual goods, is rejected as detestable in regard to material goods. Ambition, in the major mode, (love of glory) is good; ambition, in the minor mode, (love of riches) is bad. (p. 369, 373, 374, 379) In organizing their social ideal, they do not for a single instant consult destiny and the moral and physical necessities of man. So far from that, they only think of contradicting nature, or the will of God revealed by attraction and by liberty. They recognize and proclaim the truth that men are naturally unequal in forces, in faculties, in wants, in works; and yet say they should be equal in acquired rights.

Finally, we seek in vain in their system for unity, for respect to the passions of the soul, for agreement of institutions with our physical and moral wants. In place thereof, we find a plenty of maxims borrowed of Fenelon, of Seneca, of Spinoza, about contempt of riches, *et ad coercendas libidines*: and this truly refreshing little passage about costume: "In these days, all men, from the prime minister to his lowest clerk, are made equal in a saloon by the monotonous uniformity of a black dress; the robe no longer makes the monk. *It will be quite another matter in Association*, when all men brought up together, living side by side with one another, shall know each other perfectly! People will no longer be appreciated according to their dress; rich robes will add nothing to the worth of individuals, and create no illusion for any one. The associates will adopt an elegant and convenient costume; *they will make luxury consist in the extreme of neatness, in conforming to the current taste; ridicule will do justice to the exquisites and incroyables.*" Here is something to edify the artists! What a part must art play in the system of communism!

One must read the third, fourth and sixth chapters of the third part of M. Vidal's book, if he would see to what the ideal which they oppose to us reduces itself. It is nothing less than complete insufficiency. Of any system whatsoever of organization, there is not a word said. Yet it would seem as if the mechanism would need to be perfected by those who retrench one very important motive of activity. They do not even know positively whether labor can or can not be rendered attractive. (p. 367 *et passim.*) To resolve their doubt on this point, they wish to wait for an experiment of the

system of Fourier. Fourier organizes labor and industry; they have not thought of such a thing. Fourier, in this organization, at once learned, delicate and imposing, utilizes all our physical and moral wants; they, in the absence of all mechanism, retrench the motive of personality, of property and the love of riches at one's own disposal. We say: interest, honor, pleasure, duty; they say: duty, honor, fear. We are, as Fourier says in some of his sublime bursts of enthusiasm, *the advocates of the twelve passions*; they reduce the five sensitive passions to a competent allowance, to the modest habit in black, and to the black broth of perfectibility; they diminish the force of Ambition by half, disdain Love and Familiem, shut the door upon the Cabalist and the Papillon, and treat Favoritism as the inspiration of the devil. The model *par excellence* which they would offer us, is the civilized family and the manners of the actual household. (p. 351 and 379: opinions of M. M. Vidal and Louis Blanc.) But as they are very properly aware that family tenderness does not suffice in the social mechanism, they decide to introduce in the gentlest manner possible the *compelle intrare*. And they must necessarily come to this, since they admit the hypothesis that labor may not become attractive. On every page we find this means in reserve, this principle of constraint. "In an emergency, it is said, the associates will be subjected to the recruiting law. They will decree, that every citizen, from eighteen to twenty years, without exception, shall be bound to serve in the corps of public utility." O inflexible logicians! here then we have the bottom of the bag; here the "Committee of Public Safety" shows the tip of its ear, and under your mantle of socialism, we can fancy that we see the sincere but stern figures of Robespierre and Saint-Just.

Meanwhile we cannot refuse our sympathies to the Communists, for they have a true devotion to the poorer classes.* They are men who live almost exclusively in Friendship, and who never feel at home except with the idea of fraternity and the principle of equality. Pure republicans, starting from the same principle, tend, no doubt, to the same result in Communism. Their mistake is, having adopted the sacred motto: *liberty*,

* M. Vidal, whose ill-founded criticisms and narrow doctrines we have animadverted upon, is otherwise a distinguished, erudite, impassioned writer, the most energetic adversary whom the political economists have encountered since Fourier. He knows very well how to combat error when he addresses himself to that. For the rest, he will have rendered a true service to the Associative School, in forcing it to develop ideas which it is not every one that knows how to seize precisely in the books of Fourier.

equality, fraternity, to subordinate every thing to the second term, and to neglect the first, which, philosophically speaking, is the most important. From their point of view, they doubtless are inspired. It is undeniable that the first end to be attained, the *minimum*, corresponds to equality, and Fourier has not forgotten, in his highest order of supreme combinations, that our planet corresponds to friendship. But in the mechanism of the distribution of wealth, to restrict oneself to this, is to dream of an order incomplete, oppressive, and unstable, since it is overlooking the demands of the two minor and the hyper-major passions. You seem to see a universal fellowship, an immense circle where all hands are joined, where the electric spark runs in a living chain, but where the hierarchal relations of ambition, where the preferences and most intimate tendernesses of love, and the embraces of the family are not counted. Since some power is necessary, they have decided to place it in the centre of the fraternal circle, isolated, severe and full of rudeness. Do you not feel how destitute of charm this puritanical world would be, and how irksomeness, ennui, coldness, would penetrate very quickly into this monotonous round, where art and love and fantasy find nothing to do?

If you push the principle of equality a little rigorously, it leads to absurdity; it is what occurs with every simplistic principle, and for this reason it is just to say: Excess is injurious in every thing. But you may push the Series to the end, to the utmost limit, and into the infinite; still it engenders only order; you will never derive from it anything but Unity and Harmony.

In a word, the Communists are simply this: people who are weary of the present evils, and who seek to escape from them by the way which seems to them the shortest and the easiest. M. Prudhon, without insisting otherwise upon the absolute value of his principles, frankly avows that he *wants to make an end of them*; others have not the same frankness, or, making to themselves scientific illusions, they qualify their notion of a social ideal, after taking care to pocket the difficulties of the problem. At bottom, they have meditated so little upon the reasons of things, that they will tell you, for example: "The Communists would willingly accept the Phalanstery, but on the condition of modifying the respective rights of the associates and of distributing the products in some other way;" that is to say, the Phalanstery without the series, without unity. They will tell you moreover: "Ah! if instead of proposing the association of men and of things, the disciples of Fourier had pro-

posed directly the association of individuals, then capital, the supreme element of discord, would not have existed, the series would have distributed the harmonies!" (Same work, pages 453 and 455.) We are truly grateful for this kind advice, but we cannot change the principle of the Series at the will of our own gratitude; we cannot make the Series to be other than it is. Unhappily we are not permitted to return courtesy for courtesy to the Communists, for a peremptory reason: it is because the only thing which positively constitutes their school, the simplistic love of equality, excludes the Series.

Let us sum up in a few words the Communist idea of appropriation. This idea almost entirely absorbs three terms out of the five which constitute the soul in its cardinal character; it only speculates upon friendship and unity-ism, and (what is more) it overlooks the inverse pivot. Does one of the four necessary passions singly produce Unity? Can you make musical harmony with *do*, *Do* (octave,) as well as with *do mi sol si Do*, without counting all the other notes of the gamut, the passional correspondences of which we have not discussed? Thus the Communist idea, in its organization, leaves room only for the free series and for a bastard sort of potential series. The Communists affect us very much like children well-disposed and intelligent, who, playing with the cone, turning it round and round, have remarked indeed that it forms a unity and that it rests upon a circular base, (which is more than their papas, the political economists, had seen,) but, inexpert at analysis, they have not thought to cut the cone and to investigate its interior properties. Their science, altogether juvenile, stops at the surface.

The Associative School does not fear to front the difficulties of problems. It does not evoke the fallacious image of an equality impossible, and oppressive even if it could be for a moment realized. It consults sentiment as well as reason; it satisfies complete liberty as well as perfect order, Individualism as well as Unity-ism. In short it founds its whole theory upon nature and upon the soul.

One final objection remains to be considered. If you accept donation, inheritance, individual appropriation, the privileges of favor, and so forth, what is there that is new in your doctrine?—We shall reply (and let our word be heard by those who cry out that there is nothing new under the sun,) we shall reply: There is nothing new in this world, except it be Integrality, or the free, large, intelligent acceptance of the supreme dogma of Variety in Unity.

Humanity, creating to itself institutions

in proportion to its development, could only find their principle in these essential forces of the soul. The different modes of appropriation, successively engendered in the great historical periods, had then their necessary correspondence with the cardinal passions.

Edenism had its first sketches of Harmony, where no doubt the social institutions gave combined satisfaction to all the passions. In Savageism, society sinks, through want of industry, into an unlimited Communism with regard to territory; but with exclusive appropriation of the fruits harvested and the animals slain. Soon, as society tries to settle down and subdivide its elements, man wishes, before he dies, to perpetuate his force and substance; hence inheritance and legitimacy and the right of age: this is the conservative, traditional principle, which constitutes Patriarchalism. From inheritance and from the right of the first occupant, which appears when human activity takes the land by main force, results the abusive concentration of riches in the sole hands of the Barbarian chieftain, who, alone rich and alone master, gives exclusively to his favorites, according to the attraction of his heart and his own good pleasure. Finally, Civilization attempts to apply the principle of proportional retribution; it organizes a false hierarchy. Each of these periods borrows the institutions before established, modifying them according to its own character; but the harmonic repartition is as yet far from being realized: divisions of men into castes, servitude, slavery, hired labor, such are the consequences of these false, incomplete and oppressive systems. Civilization, in spite of the influences of Christianity, has often only legalized all the anterior abuses, in consecrating them by the pretended reasons of sacred rights. Have we not seen this very year an assemblage of important men, very civilized and very Christian, call in question and take away in part from the poor the right of glean- ing, raking, picking up and appropriating, — those vestiges of the right to the *minimum*, which Barbarism and Patriarchalism had respected?

Seeing this, these brave *little hordes*, as it were, of social science, plunge forward with audacity, protest against abuses and against the principles which cause them, blaspheme against the passions as the first sources of evil. In short, they see no other way of triumphing over the present false system of property, but by overturning property itself, riding roughshod over principles, and mortifying the human soul.

But the genius of Fourier has illuminated the world. The sovereign science tells us: The forces, the springs of the

soul, are essential, and always the same; only the manifestation, only the modes of this activity vary. To misunderstand or repress the passions, the principles of all activity, of every idea and of every form, is madness; the only wise way is to make them useful. The institutions of property which the world has thus far produced, are faulty; they must be transformed so that they shall become harmonic instead of continuing oppressive; but do not reject the principles from which they emanate. They are the natural sources of truth. If you would realize harmony, the kingdom of God, do not forget any one of the fundamental passions, do not suffer any right to sleep. You will have order and happiness, if you know how to apply to your terrestrial government, *universality of providence* and *unity of system*, those essential attributes of the divine power. Would you know the modes of appropriation, seek them in the essential principles of the passions and conform them to the series. The manners of acquiring practised in the forms of society which have existed thus far, are false merely by their exclusiveness and by excess, the necessary consequence of simplism. Bring these different modes together and combine them in an equilibrium and in a hierarchy; and you will have the natural system. Integrity is unity, is harmony itself.

Such is the mission of science: to destroy not principles, but their abuses; to transform, to perfect, to render unitary. This mission is religiously accomplished by Fourier and by his School. The question of participation in the social riches, we resolve, then, by the unitary combination of all these modes: the minimum; retribution proportional to capital, to labor and to talent; donation; inheritance; and the Associative Treasury. In other words, as faithful interpreters of Attraction, seeing man revealed to us in his cardinal passions, Friendship, Love, Familism, Ambition, Unity-ism, we cannot solve the social problem of appropriation otherwise than by the series, which arrives at UNITY only by the harmonic distribution of VARIETY.

D. LAVERDANT.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—NO. I.

BY NOGGS.

HORACE GREELEY.

Who is there that does not know Horace Greeley, either personally or by reputation! and who that ever saw any body that began to be just like him? Many there be that have the same apparent physical confirmation, he being a middle-sized man, decently tall, with the usual complement of limbs and features; yet Horace Greeley is Horace Greeley and nobody else. To see him at his editorial table at work—for he is a great worker, Horace Greeley is—you would be apt

to exclaim, in a tone of surprise, "Is that Horace Greeley that does up things in the Tribune in such style!" Yes, friend, that white-haired, bald-headed, near-sighted, seemingly "little old man" is Horace Greeley, the editor of one of the ablest papers in America. "He looks verdant," does he? Well, my friend, it can't be denied he has a verdant look withal at times, but you can't always tell how far a toad can jump by the looks of his tail. And if you insist upon it, that Horace Greeley is "green" you will, I'm very sure, find that you have been most egregiously taken in. No, no, friend, Horace Greeley is not green, he is not, in fact, what he seems; not that the editor is deceitful; no, no, a plain, blunt, honest man is Horace Greeley; but his looks will lie, at times, not the editor, mind. To see the *real* Horace Greeley in a state of development, you must see him speaking, when deeply interested in some great subject; then it is "he appears," as it were, from behind the curtain, with all the gas let on; and you look vainly for anything green about him as did my uncle Toby to find anything in the widow Wadman's eye. At such times, that baldness, so suggestive, at other times, of senility, becomes all at once a part of one of the most expressive countenances ever attached to a mere human, and the few remaining hairs so redolent, as it were, of the same fact, suddenly become endued, "each particular hair," with wisdom, power and truth; and then those teeth of his,—whiter than the whitest you ever saw, evidently all unknown to the vile Virginian weed,—give a beauty to his expression such as ladies call "altogether lovely."

As a public speaker, Horace Greeley is not so "*comme il faut*" as many who hold the public ear; being near sighted, he holds his notes close to his nose, and makes use of no gestures, or any of the trick of oratory, to captivate the fancy, but goes on in a plain, straight-forward manner, to the point, which, to those to whom manner is every thing, is shocking; but to those who prefer the substance to the shadow of things, he is one of the most interesting of speakers, commanding the serene attention of his audience, even on the driest of subjects. As a writer and an Editor few surpass him. And the influence of his pen on public morals, and so forth, is felt throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Horace Greeley is known as an independent Whig—his paper being devoted to the dissemination of "Whig principles;" but the great substratum of his nature, which underlies all else, and which is constantly welling up in him and spreading forth, fertilizing and improving the hearts of his friends and fellow beings, is the great doctrine of *Association*—which, when rightly understood and practised, will swallow up all mere partyisms, and unite the world in one great family of God-and-man-loving beings, seeking not who shall be greatest, but who shall be kindest.

In short, Horace Greeley, though at times a "wec bit uncouth," especially when walking in the streets encased in that venerable whitish surtout of his, with his trousers half way up his legs—a world too small—shuffling along, as he does, when in deep meditation, with his

body bent to an angle of forty-five degrees, and a "shocking bad hat" on, withal, is a gentleman and a scholar, a friend of his race, a faithful laborer in the vineyard of humanity. Long may he live and remain undaunted by the scoffs and sneers of knaves and fools—the good and the wise will ever appreciate him.—*Chronotype.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CONSIDERANT.

Translated for the Harbinger.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE REDEMPTION, AND THE RETURN TO THE CHRISTIANITY OF JESUS CHRIST.

(Continued from p. 123.)

The result of the war between doctrines and human nature can at this day no longer be doubtful. By deeds, and in real and practical life, society has advanced beyond doctrine. Industry, (Science, Art, &c.,) develop themselves energetically, and he who should now in imitation of the fathers of the Desert or the monks of the middle ages, pass his life in inflicting upon himself macerations, privations and voluntary sufferings in the simple hope of pleasing God and of gaining good notes for the other world; he who should thus seek suffering for the sole merit of suffering and the selfish aim of his individual salvation, would seem to constitute in our society of the nineteenth century a very curious anomaly. Doubtless there are yet persons who think they do a meritorious work by imposing upon themselves at certain epochs certain privations; but these feeble concessions, this vain homage to a doctrine whose sceptre has passed away, serve to show more sensibly its actual weakness, since with some exceptional moments these same persons surround themselves with all the comfort which their tastes crave, and their position admits. I see indeed that you fast at Lent, but I do not see you abandon your interests, give up your property in the things of this world and repulse the advantages of fortune, that is to say the pomps of Satan. Spite of your fasts and your austerities, I see you as sharp after your right to the things of this world as they who do not fast and who wear no sackcloth!

If the real and practical contempt for the goods of this world, if love and the sincere unaffected preference of poverty, humiliation and suffering, constitute an essential command of Christianity, an absolute condition of salvation, it is certain there exists not to day in society, a single man of sound mind, either Catholic or Protestant, who is a Christian, and who acts in such a manner as to avoid Hell. And in truth, the more we are disposed to venerate him who imposes on himself privations with the noble aim of

assisting his brothers, of pleasing God, by the sublime combination of charity with sacrifice, the more we should pity a poor dupe who creates for himself useless sufferings in the idea—(casting on God the odium of a cruel selfishness if it were not madness,) that this useless suffering pleases the Creator and conciliates his favor. You have thundered against the idolators who offered to their gods, thinking thus to merit their favor, the blood of human victims, and unfortunates that you are, you have preserved and refined this detestable principle, by proclaiming that the holocaust of all human miseries was the most agreeable offering to our celestial Father, full of goodness and mercy.

With what aim then do Catholics and Protestants continue to plead a superannuated dogma? Why their obstinacy, so fruitlessly and so awkwardly still to associate with the truths of Christianity, accepted by the modern mind, and propagated by philosophy itself, a cause that is lost, hopelessly lost; principles hostile to the development of society, which society no longer wants and to which it will certainly pay no attention? In the midst of this movement which urges all forces towards industry, (whose essential tendency is to produce, to enrich, to pacify, and which only awaits a suitable organization to place Humanity in possession of all those material, moral and religious goods which it is called to enjoy,) in the temples, where the clergy itself delights to heap all the coquetries of art, all the seductions of luxury; and emanating from those chairs, sculptured, painted, and gorgeously adorned, we hear voices which scold in the name of God, against the goods of this world; which thunder against the enjoyments of industry and prosperity, against the pomps of art and luxury, and anathematize in elegantly cadenced phrases, this world, which they persist now, as in the time of the catacombs, in calling the kingdom of Satan! What then! My expression is not strong enough, if I say that you submit to the yoke of the world; to be true, I should say that you worship the world, that you deck for it the altars in your temples; your temples themselves belong to it, and these temples which you have raised for it, where you keep up with care its magnificent worship, resound with vain maledictions which your empty eloquence pours upon it with a puerile pride. What signify such sermons in such temples, and why do you take pleasure in thus vilifying yourselves, and in compromising by inconsistencies solemnly ridiculous, the teachings which Christ has left to man, and the doctrine of which you ought to be the purest and

most intelligent organs? In their bare and desolate temples, Protestant preachers preserve at least a semblance of logic, since the Protestant temple does not protest like the Catholic temple against the words with which its vaults resound. Mark well that we do not ask you to satisfy logic by transforming your temples and uniting yourselves with the Protestants, but by transforming your doctrine to the practical spirit of your Master.

We are not ignorant that the contempt of the goods of this world, affords many fine texts for sermonizing, and that periods of smoothest flow may be very easily constructed on this reprobation. That is certainly a chief reason why our preachers so delight in it. There are such formidable antitheses, such fine dramatic effects in this matter. These effects are however somewhat stale, they wear the air of collegiate magniloquence, they belong more properly to easy literature, to eloquence manufactured to order. Rhetorical display ought in no case, especially in the pulpit, to pervert reason and good sense. Now there is no *reason* in preaching incessantly to a society, commands which we know that it is perfectly decided not to practice, and which we are perfectly decided ourselves not to obey; and there is no good sense in associating the religion entrusted to our defence with an idea which we well know to be finally lost. In good faith, can our preachers and puritan writers, Catholics or Protestants, suppose that they can be taken in earnest; that at their call society is going to abandon industry, to absorb itself in empty speculations, and stop working to subject itself to discipline? In good faith, do these gentlemen even desire that we should consider them serious; that we should carry out their theories, and do they wish that their eloquence should lead every one to detach himself from the world, and thus to abandon work, production, industry, the arts, and all that is necessary to life, to strength, to riches, and to the progress of society? What society would be possible, if consistently with the absurd doctrine of the contempt of this world and its goods, man should cease all association of his activity and his intellect with this Earth by whose beneficent fecundity we live! Strange! the prescriptions and doctrines of these gentlemen, literally executed, would dissolve, would ruin society. If we were all perfect in their fashion, our generation would perish in fasts, in macerations and in misery, and not content with its painful, slow and pious suicide, it would be careful to produce no generation which should succeed it, for absolute continence, as their doctrines inform us, is more pleasing to God than even

unions legitimated by the marriage sacrament!

Ministers of God! the laws of God about man are written in the nature of man, in the normal attractions of his soul and in the organs of his body. If God willed that we should fulfil laws opposite to the laws of our being of which he is the author, and in view of which he has created our organs and natural attractions; *if he caused us to desire, and gave us organs to accomplish; and if at the same time he did not wish the accomplishment of what he causes us to desire, and punished us for it*, he would be either the most foolish of beings, or the most hateful of tyrants.

Endeavor then, if you wish your brothers to respect your teachings, if you would gain a legitimate influence over them, not to make God fall into despicable contradictions; for by these contradictions we shall not recognize you for true interpreters of the Divine reason. If you remain inferior even to the reason of the age, you who ought to enlighten it and guide it, the reason of the age will pass you with the smile of a just disdain, and your power, which rendered intelligent and propitious to the world, might yet revive glorious and grand, will perish. See you not that in preaching suicide to the Daughter of God on the earth, to Humanity, which has grown and which feels her strength, you destroy yourselves?

It must be said to the Church, as to the State's authority: "you cannot subdue or reduce the world, you can only govern it; but you can govern it only under the condition of recognizing and of understanding its real life, the actual life of society, and of adapting your laws to its material and spiritual development. What if through blindness or obstinacy you retrench yourselves within the worn out, false and impotent forms of a past, past without return? Your temples shall be like empty tombs in the midst of an active and populous city, and new temples, which will be the temples of the living, shall rise beside the tombs of the dead; for religion, that high and imperious instinct of great human nature, cannot perish; and societies, in religion as in politics, conclude by taking satisfaction when satisfaction has been withheld from them. Would it not be better that a transformation, necessary, inevitable, determined by the highest growth of Social Life, should develop itself under the old authority, than, contrary to that authority, or beside it and without its aid? Why then obstinately lessen your influence by persisting to speak to the men of our time, a language which is no longer ours, a language foreign to the reality of things, to the life

of society; or which only recognizes it in thundering anathemas, grotesque from their solemn impotence!"

The society of this day is not a monastery of the twelfth century; yet you speak as if it were or might become such. Thus while you remain in this shadow world of your own ideas, the real world advances, lives, acts, well or ill, but without you, without your concurrence, without your influence, without even listening to your sermons; or if by chance, by caprice, from fashion, or for pastime, it listens to one, it says: this preacher is eloquent, that preacher improvises badly, the other is talented; and after praises or criticisms, it returns to real life, to its business. Surely an effect which scarce required these ghostly offices, "*Ne Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.*" Better no religion than this lifeless and unheeded nummery.

But you reply, "the evil is here, that the age is without religion." Hold! these words in which you accuse the age, condemn yourselves, for they raise a formidable *why* that falls back on you with all its weight, and crushes you.

Why is the age without religion? Will you say that man is born no longer needing religion, without the instinct of God or the faculty of worship? No; for the babe whose eyes open on the light of our own day differs not in its human essence from that which expressed the same life five hundred years, one thousand years, or twenty ages ago. Surely not; for the need of religious satisfaction is such that it now conducts into your temples men who have no faith in you, but who finding not the reality for which they hunger, try to feed upon shadows.

Why is the age without religion? Because you whose office was to sustain, to cultivate, to develop religion in society, you have failed in your duties. You have neglected your task. Strange, above all things, that you should be the accusers who say, "*The age is without religion!*" The sacred fire is extinct! The college of vestals to whose charge it was confided and who have smothered it or let it go out in their hands, appear before the Roman people. Is it with the sad and contrite air of the accused, the guilty and the suppliant, that the vestals present themselves? No, verily, it is with an arched neck and an accusing voice that they challenge the people and condemn it, saying, "*The sacred fire is extinct!*"

Catholic Church!—yes, society is without religion, and it is for this that society calls you to account, for to you it was entrusted to feed the religious sentiment in its bosom. What have you done

with the sacred fire committed to your charge, and why to day is the flame extinct? Had society refused you anything necessary to the fulfilment of your ministry; society, which was delivered without reserve into your power?

You cast the fault upon the spirit of rebellion, on the scepticism and perversity of modern times. Ah! how can you fail to see that you answer by the very fact which accuses and condemns you! Whence has it sprung, this spirit of scepticism and perversity of which you speak? Is it not the child of your works? You have possessed society entire; you have held it entire in your strong grasp for ages. You took the generations on the day of their birth; you marked, *with your sign*, the children of men before they were pressed to the breast of their mother, and under your authority they have gone down to the grave. The grave! Your authority extended mysterious, terrible, omnipotent, beyond the grave itself, and entered Eternity! No act of life, no one escaped you either in this world or in the other; you fashioned to your will the spirit of the shepherd's child and the spirit of the Prince. The meshes of your rule encircled the palace with the cottage, and covered the earth. Catholic Church; you have wielded alone the most formidable power which ever existed, for you alone have realized for your principles, *a system of instruction, unitary and universal*; and still in this day, when the University, which besides, accepts your teaching, gives to a few hundreds of the human race in France its special education, you give yours to thirty two millions of children. And it is after having thus held, ruled, possessed, reared, governed, the whole of society for ages, that you come to complain of the actual results of irreligion, and to recriminate on the world for escaping from you! These results are imputable only to yourself, and if society escapes you, notwithstanding the absolute rule you have held over it, it is because your sway, which should have been propitious, happy, and maternal, had become insufferably heavy, burdensome and hostile. If you had cherished the life and the development of Humanity over which you had all influence, all authority, and whose children were reared by you, why and how could Humanity rebel against you? If, in each epoch, you had represented its highest truth, uses, intelligence, why and how could you have lost your influence? For you were omnipotent, and the spirit of revolt, of insubordination, and of individual pride, with which modern generations are now saturated to the very bone, was not then hatched.

Church! why are your children turned

against you! The philosophers have been your sons and your pupils.

Church! you have chosen not to advance with the march of Humanity; you have chosen not to raise your barbarous dogmas, either by adapting them to progress, or by leaving them to oblivion and passing onward with modern intelligence. You have chosen to barricade the road with your dogmas. You have chosen to hold, to the nations of polished, industrious and learned Europe, advanced in power, refined in sentiment, developed in intellect, no other language than that by which in earlier ages you subdued the gross legions of the Goths, the Huns and the Vandals. You will say neither more nor less, nor in any other style, to the French of to day than to the Franks of Clovis or Merovius.

To this you reply: "Therein is our glory, for truth is essentially, the same in all times and in all places, and cannot vary at the sport of circumstances." The principle is just, but that does not show the justice of your application of it. Truth does not change; the mathematical truths discovered by Pythagoras, Plato, Euclid and Archimedes, are certainly as true to-day as when these Geometricians discovered them. So with the moral law proclaimed by Jesus; but if constancy is one of the characters of truth, it does not follow that an error becomes a truth by the obstinacy of a corporation to sustain it unchanged. Man being made to know and to love truth, when a truth is revealed to him and he has understood and accepted it, he preserves it pure and unchanged in the treasury of his knowledge. The evidence of the truth thus acquired does not lessen for him in the ratio that his intellect develops; on the contrary, this evidence only spreads in the race. *When a thing is true, Humanity cannot cease to understand its truth in becoming more enlightened*; thus the geometrical truths above mentioned, and the moral truth of the principle of Jesus Christ, shine to-day in the freedom of human consciences, with a light as pure, even purer or fuller than at the epoch when they were first acquired. As to the doctrine which made holiness consist in despising the earth and renouncing the world, up to a certain epoch you were able to believe in it, and to cause its acceptance as an act of faith, through the prodigious and legitimate influence of your superiority over crude and ignorant people, and because at that epoch dark clouds totally obscured human destiny. But your obstinacy in still retaining an error which the human mind abandons, and which you think you owe to your past course and to your pretensions of infallibility, to preach as you preached it

ten and fifteen years ago, certainly proves the *fixedness of your pretensions*, but not the *ground of the doctrine in the free conscience of man*. Now it is only the constant assent of free conscience to the idea which can be a real evidence of its truth.

Here is the difference between the *true and the false*. You have confounded with the principle of Jesus, strange and heretical doctrines. For a time you made men accept all together. Afterwards, as the human intellect, that noble child of God, has grown and cast off its shackles; it has understood more thoroughly, it has assimilated with more vigor, the principle of Jesus, because this principle being a truth, was adapted to this intellect, of which truth is the essential aliment. But whilst the principle of Jesus rose, shining with more vivid lustre, in the conscience of man, the false dogmas which had been mixed with it, and which for a time had been illumined by the reflection of its pure light, have paled and darkened. And now behold how the principle of Peace and of Love, which has victoriously freed itself from the chaotic and mystical barbarism of the middle ages, now rejects this impure alloy of former religions, this muddy stream of Platonic metaphysics, Cosmogonies, and Egyptian and Oriental god-nurseries, with which the Fathers and Doctors, distended with them previous to their conversion to Christianity, have deluged the doctrine of Jesus.

The modern mind, while preserving the conception of Jesus, the excellence of peace, of love, of the union of men among themselves and with God; while repelling heretical doctrines, especially that of the eternal and fatal curse of the Earth, of the anger and vengeance of the Creator against his creatures, and the expiation by proxy of their transgressions; advanced visibly towards the conception of a beneficent power who wills the happiness of Humanity, who permits to it the grandest and the most beautiful hope; who calls it to fulfil upon the Earth amid the legitimate enjoyments devolving on its rank, the glorious task which falls to it in the eternal evolution of Harmonies, while gaining in and through this work, a development which conducts it to still grander ulterior destinies.

The modern mind, advancing towards this *new faith*, glowing with the purest light of hope and of love, has proceeded to separate the sound grain of Jesus from the chaff of strange doctrines. It has expelled the national errors which had entered almost as soon as the strong arm of the present Christ no longer resisted their invasion. In obeying these impulses, human intelligence, far from repudiating Jesus, evidently returns to his

very thought, to pure and primitive Christianity. And it returns, not to banish this great thought into abstract, sterile and mystical regions, as did formerly the Greek Philosophers converted to Christianity; not to exclude it from actual and real life; not to send it away from the world in which we are, by confining it to that in which we yet are not; not to ask of it only a simple and fallacious task of moralizing the individual, impotent amid the depraving social conditions in which he is placed; but to organize social conditions adapted to this thought of union and of harmony, capable of realizing it on earth, of incarnating it in Humanity.

Our earth, as all the spheres that people the firmament, is a child of Heaven, and floats in its fires and its light; it is called with its humanity to take part in the paradisaical concert of the eternal harmony of worlds; this is the faith which is about to replace the false, deceptive and fatal dogma of the earth exiled from Heaven and accursed of God.

This new faith: it is the golden chain that will soon reclusp Earth to Heaven, Humanity to the Universe and to God. We have elsewhere proved the logical sequence of the thought of Christ: towards the fundamental principle of his doctrine, it is what the young tree, arrayed in its rich green, and blushing with odorous blossoms prophetic of delicious fruits, is to the seed whence it sprang. Thus, we should gladly recognize and proudly proclaim that absolute and polar truth, which far from any risk of perishing in the conscience of Humanity, as that conscience is expanded, strengthened and enlightened, grows always more potent and more luminous; whilst the errors which have been added to it, this conscience sooner or later expels. Human intelligence is like a winnowing fan and a sieve. The fan and sieve may receive stones and dust with the good grain, but the sieve separates the stones, the fan blows away the dust, and the good grain remains at last without mixture and without loss. These operations are often tedious. The toil of humanity in the troubled anarchy of subversive epochs is not a continuous progress. It is often interrupted to be resumed at long intervals, but at last it breaks to the light through prejudice, difficulties, obstacles of every kind, and the soldiers of the truth should be always of good cheer, for if they prove once unequal to their task, even if they fail again and again, their cause will one day triumph, and that ultimate is for them absolute success.

To be Continued.

INHUMANITY IN AN ENGLISH COURT.—PROPERTY VS. THE RIGHTS OF NATURE. Two little children of the ages of six and

seven, neither of them four feet high, son and daughter of a poor working man, by the name of Lee, living at Chingford, in Essex, having in all ten children to support, were detected in the act of stealing some turnips, having picked up six, over and on which cattle had been feeding for weeks. The stomachs of the beasts had revolted so much at these turnips, from their frozen and rotten state, that the farmer resolved to plough them in his land, and did on the Monday following actually do so. Not one of the six turnips exceeded the size of a goose's egg. The little starving innocents were pounced upon by the foreman of the farmer, first taken to Chingford-green to the lock-up station to look for an officer of police, a distance of one mile; then conveyed by the officer and foreman to Waltham Abbey, a further distance of five miles, to look for a magistrate; but not finding one, were brought back to Mr. Preston, the representative of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, another distance of three miles, before whom the foreman swore the six turnips were worth 3d, and that he detected the children stealing them. Good turnips are selling at 4d per bushel in the parish. The defence set up by the children was, "They were hungry, and had not anything to eat, and the cattle had left them." Upon this evidence, as to the act and value, the representative of sovereignty fined the children, with debt and costs, £1 10s 6d, or in default, fourteen days' imprisonment in Ilford Jail, for being detected pacifying their hunger with six small diseased turnips, value the smallest possible fraction of a farthing. Mr. Daniel E. Stephens, a gentleman who communicates this information, visited the cottage in which the family lives, at the foot of Chingford-hill, and ascertained their destitute state. In order to liberate the children from jail, the parents had been obliged to dispose of their effects to meet it; not a particle of furniture was to be seen in the house or cottage; the man, his wife, and ten children were all lying on the floor, with remnants of blankets and horse cloths to cover them. If the committing magistrate had done his duty—if he had possessed the feelings of a parent, instead of sending the poor children to jail, he would, after having heard their pitiful, soul-harrowing tale, have sent them home with an armful of bread and cheese, and directed the parish officers to afford the father and mother, and all the other children, some substantial assistance. We envy not his feelings, nor the feelings of the hard-hearted wretch who caused the children to be apprehended and convicted. This is one of those cases of oppression in the rural districts, which tends to alienate the affections of the poor man from the rich individual—which makes the peasant an incendiary, and converts him into a demon or a ruffian.—*London Weekly Dispatch*.

And we would add, that these, and their consequences, are among the natural results of the false system, which regards rights of property as superior to the rights of nature. The property contained in those refuse turnips was considered as entitled to more consideration at the hand of the law, than the natural right which had been given these starving children by the Almighty God—the right to eat rather than die. Here are two grants or contracts—the one impart-

ed by God to his creatures for the protection of *human life*, and the other contrived by man for the protection of *human property*. It is small wonder that the latter should be held paramount in an earthly court.—*Nat. Police Gazette*.

For the Harbinger.

CANNIBALISM.

PERVERSION OF HUMAN LIFE AND INCOHERENCE OF MAN WITH THE ANIMAL CREATION THROUGH HIS SELFISH APPROPRIATION OF THEIR BODIES.

(Continued from p. 219.)

Like all other questions of practice, this must be considered, 1st. On the ground of its absolute justice or conformity with the principle of Love, which is the common term between God, man and nature, connecting man with all that is higher and with all that is lower than himself, and the violation of which towards the lower spheres, places him out of relation with the higher.

2d. On the ground of adaptation or expediency, which is relative to epochs of development, the usages which are natural to one age being unsuited to another; for example, the combinations of means to attain a common end, is a mode of action at variance with the principle of incoherence, and therefore unsuitable to civilization and the other societies which are based on that principle. Hence, though it is borrowed from a higher and more advanced social period, — guaranteeism, we find it productive in civilization of immense evil, concentrating the means of life in the hands of the few, creating great monopolies, and delivering the masses to destitution by the combinations of capital. Its action on the other pole of society is not less disastrous: there it combines the laborers in abortive struggles against the government of capital, forfeiting by opposition the sympathies which would seek to improve their lot, and pulling the noose tighter around their own necks. In the rare case of successful rebellion or revolution, it still farther postpones, by temporary and superficial changes in the ownership of property, the great day of universal redemption which awaits the race, when the principle of love shall have penetrated and interlocked all classes.

On the first or absolute ground, it is objected to the disuse of animals as food, that man, as the pivot of creation, should bring into relation with him all the inferior creatures, and that unitary relations through the sense of taste and organic assimilation would be deficient, were they not to be eaten.

Answer. This argument proves too much. If adaptation to their sense of taste, were essential to the harmony of living creatures in a general unity, it would be necessary to recall anthro-

pophagy or cannibalism into universal favor, since if it is desirable that the lower creatures should come into harmonic relation with man, it is much more so that this harmony should prevail between the varieties of his own species, of which the Caucasian, being the chief variety, ought to eat the Mongolian, the Malay, the Negro, and the Australian. But as Unity must be internal as well as external, it would result that we should not only like the cannibals eat the members of other nations or tribes, but that the members of the same society and of the same family should eat each other; and as unity must apply to the individual as well as to the society, it would be necessary that each individual should eat himself, an exploit often mentioned by Mr. Grimwig of *Oliver Twist* memory in regard to his head, but which history does not record that any mortal has yet accomplished upon his whole body. But if it is evidently the extreme of incoherence that men should devour each other, is it not equally a degree of incoherence that they should devour their humbler fellow creatures?

This sort of unity through the sense of taste is precisely the exceptional clause confirming the general law of Unity, effected through the other senses, the affections, and the distributive attractions. Consequently, in these subversive epochs when the exception becomes the rule, it is almost the only relation left whereby man does habitually relate himself to his fellow creatures. In Harmony new developments of our senses and spiritual powers will create a thousand points of relation with the Animal and the other kingdoms of nature which do not now exist; but already have we not in the horse, the cow, the dog, the dove and many others, perfectly intelligible relations of high utility and delight to us, which do not imply the eating of these creatures. The Tartars, the Chinese, and other nations whose incoherence in other relations of life is worse than our own, do in correspondence eat the horse and other animals which we spare.

Objection. Death must come to all. God kills all creatures, and Man as God's vicegerent or special providence on the earth, may justly act likewise at his discretion.

Answer. 1. Is it strictly true that God kills all things? The correct statement seems to be thus:

All creatures have their terms of birth, growth, maturity, decline, and transition, determined in the mathematics of nature; and during the periods of ascending and descending subversion or incoherence corresponding to the infancy and the old age of the planet, when destinies are not proportioned to attractions, the natural

average of life is cut down to a fraction by the inverse providence of famine, disease, war, and cannibalism.

These ends are all violent, but it cannot be said that God then kills the creatures; because this era is precisely that of exception to his Providence, an epoch in which his will is not yet done on the earth nor his kingdom come; a state simply of preparation, of immaturity and transition, in which the attractions which he has distributed, are clashing, in the absence of the Serial order for which they have been calculated. In reference to the other deaths which terminate the natural period of old age, analogy induces us to consider that in conformity to that law which "binding nature fast in fate, leaves free the will," they may all be transitions just as absolutely willed by the being who dies, as any of the minor transitions which vary his present form of existence.

If we have willed strongly the night before, to wake at a certain hour, we do so, albeit we are not conscious in our sleep of the motives which have determined that volition; and we even experience a decided struggle or reluctance to wake, in the moments which precede full consciousness; a struggle less in degree, but perhaps identical in character with that which precedes the greater transition between the two lives. This reluctance is common to all transitions; habit gives a certain attachment to even the most painful places, occupations, and associations; it often requires a violent effort of the will to break away from them, the attraction being to the new places, occupations, or associations, to which the transition conducts us, but not to the act of transition itself.

Thus it cannot be properly said that whether at the natural or the premature term of life, God kills any creature; the premature transitions belonging to an epoch of inverse providence, resistance and rebellion to attraction, the unitary expression of God's will; and the natural transitions being probably in conformity with the predetermination of the creature.

2. Admitting the unproven statement that God kills all creatures, it does not follow that man as his vicegerent on the earth should possess the right to kill. The right to manage an estate committed to an agent, does not imply the right to injure it, to sell it, or otherwise put it out of our regency, which man does to the animals when he kills them. If God meant to invest man with the right of taking life, the ulterior term of transition, we should expect that proceeding in that as in his other acts by the composite and not by the simple method, he would have likewise invested him with the power of giving the ceterior term of transition,

birth. This would restrict the right of killing to the father and mother. But man cannot determine for any creature the natural periods of birth, growth, maturity, and decline, and his interference with the order which God has pre-established in nature, is a violence, an outrage to his attraction to unity, for which he suffers the reproof of his *conscience*, the *sentiment* of unity. Thus the unsophisticated, unimbruted child, suffers an agony of terror and grief at the sight of a butchery. Its instinct will not understand how the calf or the lamb it has fondled and sympathized with in all the gushing tenderness of its young nature, that finds a friend in every thing that lives, can be a natural object of food, and destined to the harmonies of the palate. The moral outrage which it now witnesses, is often its first significant and profound initiation into that Hell of moral and physical incoherence, in which, drawn with irresistible force as a blood globule into the circulation, healthy or poisoned, of the great Humanity, it is destined to lose the pure glory of its soul, to toil, to struggle and to suffer. This violence, this outrage, is perfectly consistent with the inverse providence which, during the crude ages of excessive pullulation connected with imperfect or depraved individual development, preserves the equilibrium between population and production by means of famine, disease, and cannibalism; but it is perfectly inconsistent with the direct Providence or establishment of the divine order co-ordinated to the attractions of all created life, which preserves an harmonic equilibrium by the balance between births and deaths consequent upon integral development.

The consistency of the action with the methods of Providence, is thus relative; but the character of God and the attraction of unity in man which relates him to this character, being absolute and always the same in the ages of subversion and in those of harmony alike, the act of killing must always be a wrong and an injustice, "Thou shalt not kill." Of this wrong, man is always admonished by the sting of his *conscience*, the *sentiment of the unity* he has outraged, which never fails to say to him upon the act, "Cain, what hast thou done with thy brother?" until after the anguish of repeated violation it has become palsied.

It is not here simply a question of life and death, it is a question of discord or of harmony, of love or of strife. It is the physical and moral conflict, both internal and external, within man's own breast and between him and the animal, which must precede the taking of life, or which can be avoided only by treachery and fraud; that determines the character of the action to be false to man's soul

and to his relations with the life of nature. God having distributed to no creature an attraction to being killed or to have any injury executed upon it, it becomes necessary that man in taking life, should always operate by force or by fraud, the methods of Barbarism and of Civilization, which are utterly incompatible with Harmony.

As the vicegerent of God on earth, man's duties are limited to the provision for each creature in its natural connection with him, (a connection predetermined in the sympathies of his character and the uses of his industry and pleasure,) of a sphere of being and of action, whose composite charm shall more than compensate to the creature for its simple wild liberty, in the same manner as the composite liberty and pleasures of the pastoral series more than compensate to the human savage and attract him into its order. All the details of this provision lie within the compass of man's discretion, and within the laws of mutual attraction. The killing and eating of the creature, is like the forbidden fruit exceptional in the garden of Eden. He may do it, but in so doing he commits a compound outrage on unity, subjects it to the baser material principle in his nature, and thus forfeits his pivotal position as harmonic sovereign of nature through the power of love.

In the primeval development of animal life on this planet, before it was sufficiently refined for human life, we find in the Megatheria, the Saurians, &c., sentient masses one hundred feet long, chiefly remarkable for their enormous destructive powers, which necessitated habits of social isolation; and for a thickness of skin precluding the finer varieties of tactile sensation, which announced adaptation to a rude external sphere. Appetite, the organic or assimilative attraction, seems to have then been supreme, the chief expression which the principle of Love, struggling to incarnate itself in matter had attained.

As greater refinement in the products of the earth, in the atmosphere, in the magnetic currents of the earth's nervous system, admit the development of higher beings, *creatures, the formula of whose life is always aspiration to their creative source through mutual communion*, began to find in the wealth of sensation and affection in their various branches, nobler and sweeter forms of communion than that through the sense of taste, which requires the sacrifice of one being to the gratification of the other.

We have now man upon the earth, and the new creation of Eden, and we remark distinctly in the first chapter of Genesis, the exclusion of the former destructive tendencies. It was meet that upon the birth of its royal child, the earth

should enjoy a jubilee, a suspension of strife and of bloodshed; and that the serene, angelic infancy of that human blossom which enclosed as a young fruit the passional harmonies of our approaching future, should be reflected by all nature, and mirrored back from all that lived and loved, upon the young humanity as it slept or sported upon its mother's breast. Then is the law of a new and bloodless communion spoken to the creatures.

"And God said, behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

"And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so.

"And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold, it was very good."

Eden anticipated harmony, as a key note occurring in the commencement of the series of Human societies upon the earth, which denoted the general character ultimately to prevail. *Teething*, corresponds in the individual child, to that painful development in the young race, of industry, which prepares the nourishment of society, or the material wealth for passional assimilation and distribution, as the teeth prepare the material for organic assimilation and distribution. Both are painful periods of transition, one fraught with discord in the organic life of the child, the other with discords in the social life of humanity. The fretfulness of the child, Humanity, is attended with unpleasant results for its companions, its animal playmates for instance, which it delights in killing and eating. Before teething, the sportive joyousness of its serene vitality foretyped the coincidence of destiny with attraction, the success of the matured man; as the Adam of Eden that of Humanity. It soon passed. The flower falls and leaves the sour and imperfect fruit, — the flush and the fragrance of that flower of Love departed with the infantile fulness of a life cradled in earth's abundance: the free outgushing of affection in the primeval Series shrank before the returning frost and east wind of poverty, marring the spring, and left the human fruit slowly to grow under the law of a sterner development.

Man fell providentially, necessarily: but he fell drawing the earth back with him into that hell of discords whence we now seek to extricate ourselves. With what assurance can we pray for deliverance from conflict and return to harmony, with hearts imbruted by cruelty and murder; and hands reeking with the blood of our fellow creatures?

To be Continued.

REVIEW.

Posthumous Tracts, now first translated from the Latin of Emanuel Swedenborg.
By JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON.
London: William Newbury. Boston: Otis Clapp.

We desire once more to repeat our exhortations to the scientific and thoughtful, with regard to the writings of which another portion is here communicated to the public. We may be suspected of extravagance by those who are not acquainted with the mind of Swedenborg, or who are accustomed to think him nothing but a religious enthusiast; but we are none the less assured that there are no writings on scientific subjects in existence, with the single exception of those of Fourier, which evince so deep and broad an insight into the nature and laws of the Universe, or lay down so stable a foundation for science. Without agreeing to every one of their conclusions, we say then, that they are not only helps, but indispensable helps to every seeker after true knowledge and wisdom; and still more, we are convinced that without the Method which they involve, the idea with which the Age is in travail, and with which individuals are more or less distinctly affected, the idea of a Synthesis, or Science of Sciences, a Philosophy of First Principles can be nothing better than an abortion. Nor is this all; not one of the now incomplete sciences, can be freed from the uncertainties, contradictions, and controversies in which they are all in some degree involved, except by the adoption and wise use of the same Method. This is a point on which we mean to take some suitable opportunity of enlarging, and meanwhile we cannot too earnestly urge those who are in the way of such things to look and see if it be not so.

The tracts above-named, had previously reached us in the Latin edition under the title of *Opuscula Philosophica*, prepared from the original MSS. by the same learned, diligent, and eloquent friend to whom we are indebted for the translation. They seem to be, as far as we have been able to examine them, the first sketches of what the author partially or wholly accomplished in his larger works. To such as are unable to procure those works, they will afford some knowledge both of the vastness of the territory he traverses in them, and of the Method we have spoken of. The two Numbers of the translation which are before us, treat of "The Way to a knowledge of the Soul," "Faith and Good Works," "The Red Blood," "The Animal Spirit," "Sensation, or the Passion of the Body," "The Origin and Propagation of the Soul," and "Action." The remainder

of the *Opuscula* will be contained, we should think, in one more number, or at the most two. In Boston, they can be obtained of the publisher, and in New York of John Allen, 139 Nassau Street.

For quotations, we must content ourselves with the following from a note by the editor, which contains as much truth as could well be got into the same number of words.

"As the body is constructed beforehand with express reference to all the natural actions that the individual will ever have occasion to perform; so nature, and the human organization considered as a part of nature and a mutable subject of the providential series, are constructed with a foregone reference to all the states, arts and requirements, that humanity, as a created thing and a compound individual, can possibly imply. The world then, in its fundamental conception, contains a promise of the express gratification of every good natural affection, every true natural thought, and every just sensual want in its minutest detail, and in its entirest compass. Neither the body nor the world are in themselves hindrances, but on the contrary means, to fulness of satisfaction and universal competence, *Quærite et Invenietis.*"

We must not omit to add that these *Opuscula* are the first fruits of the Swedenborg Association of London, whose formation we noticed some time since. We understand that it still has voluminous and important MSS. to lay before the world as rapidly as it finds possible.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

The season, so far as it regards the operations of the larger musical societies, is about closed.

1. The ACADEMY has given the last of its six concerts. It was a stormy night, and the audience small, but, as is usual on such occasions, musically considered, more select and more appreciating than when fair weather tempts out fashionable crowds. We arrived late and thereby lost the overture to *Zampa*, (which we are as well pleased to dispense with, as we should be with the glaring gas-lights of our concert-rooms;) a lively and somewhat quaint song of Donizetti's "*Il segreto per esser felici*," sung in English by Miss Rosa Garcia, who always sings with taste; Mr. Keyzer's violin Solo (the same which we have already noticed, on the theme "*le Desir*;") and, what we most regretted, the performance by Mr. William Mason of a couple of De Meyer's pieces on the piano forte. We entered in time for a duett on the English Horn and Clarinet, by Signor Ribas and Mr. Ryon. This was a very pleasing performance. There is a singular charm about the whole family of reed instruments. The *Cor Inglese* or English Horn seems to complete their quartette by add-

ing a tenor homogeneous with the soprano of the clarinet, the alto of the obœ, and the bass of the fagotto or bassoon. No other wind instruments have nearly so much feeling; and there is a pastoral and rural character, a quaint simplicity in their sounds, which carries one to the woods. Signor Ribas seems perfectly at home upon this tenor obœ; Mr Ryon played the clarinet in a chaste, clear style, and the whole thing was in truth a very agreeable disappointment after all our unpromising experience of solos on wind instruments. A Duett from Coppola, by the Misses Garcia, was sang very sweetly; and Auber's Overture, *Le Duc D'Orlone*, wound up the first part.

Then came the good old friend, the Symphony of Beethoven in C minor, the Symphony which above all others has really got domesticated in Boston.

Save a little heaviness and rigid uniformity of time in the first movement, it was admirably played. We somehow missed the passion which should vent itself in that fitful movement; we were not moved by it as we sometimes have been. But on the other hand the Scherzo, in three-four measure, introducing the grand march, was brought out with more life and energy, more real zest, and made to tell more powerfully, than ever before where we have listened.

The Academy, notwithstanding it has brought together what on any other occasions would be esteemed good audiences, must still have made a losing business of it this winter. It takes "mass meetings" to sustain concerts on this scale. May some good St. Cecilia interpose and not permit the only institution to which Bostonians have been able to turn for great orchestral music to be taken from them. Imperfectly and far from generally as Symphonies by Beethoven or by Mendelssohn are appreciated, still here is a fountain of good influence in its degree, which might be raised indefinitely, and which we would not have closed unless there is a better and a truer thing all ready to take its place.

2. The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY also have closed their "festivals," making rather a brilliant finale. They too had out the Symphony in C Minor, (their second public performance of Symphonies,) and admirably was it played; except that it was played piece-meal as before, the different movements being separated and the intervals filled by other miscellaneous music. The story of the "sceptic," too, was not left off from the back of the Programme. We must mention these things as offences against good taste, whether the Philharmonic Society are right or not in thinking such means necessary to the securing of so large an audience as is needed to support concerts

upon so large a scale. Thus far however, there has been progress. They began some winters since with a brass band; to this succeeded an orchestra, which could play overtures; at last they give us a dismembered Symphony, of which each separate part is played well and also well appreciated, certainly tolerated and apparently enjoyed by a sufficient majority of the great audience to give it the sanction of the whole. Another winter let us hope another step; and that the musical susceptibilities of the crowd will have grown to be at least patiently receptive of a Symphony entire. Should it chance to turn out that the Philharmonic Society should be left the only purveyors for the public in the line of great orchestral music, it certainly will be sad to sink below the standard which the Academy now for several years has set, and which ought still to rise.

To come now to the other performances; the great attraction of the evening was the voices of Signora Pico and Miss Julia Northall. Singly or together, these two singers always are most welcome. Pico seemed in better voice than ever, and the large and generous and heart-felt style with which she poured herself out in the duet from *Semiramide*, and in her arch and impassioned Spanish Song, was a satisfaction worth remembering. The earnest, childlike, pure, good manner of Miss Northall, and her sweet, although not powerful voice (at least in such a place), contrasted finely as the Soprano to Pico's Alto. Among the many good things which were sung, we must mention as the gem of the evening, her singing of the *Ave Maria* of Cherubini, which is in the deepest, tenderest, and chastest style of religious composition, and made exquisitely beautiful by the orchestral parts. Mr. William Mason performed a fantasia of Herz upon the March in *Otello* with great clearness, freedom and elegance of execution, though not with the infallible precision which usually marks his playing. On being called out he gave De Meyer's version of the celebrated horn quartette in *Semiramide*, in a style of less imperial mastery of course than that peculiar to Leopold himself, but nevertheless which did good justice to the piece, extremely difficult as it must be. Solos and duets on clarinets, oboes and English horns, by Messrs. Kendall, Rihis, and so forth, beautiful enough in their way, made out the remainder of the entertainment. It was on the whole one of the most sumptuous musical banquets which have been set before the public.

3. The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, who have intrinsically the highest claims of any society in Boston to the public patronage, (since they deal entirely in

the highest order of combined vocal and instrumental music, in the Oratorios of Handel, Haydn, Neukomm, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and so forth,) have attempted nothing new this winter, but have alternated between *Sampson* and *Moses in Egypt*; both deservedly favorites, though so opposite in character.

In *Sampson*, the principal tenor part has been sustained quite creditably by Mr. Jones. The splendid voice of Miss Stone has also found excellent sphere in some of the great songs of this Oratorio, especially in the trumpet song of triumph: "Let the bright Seraphim." The choruses were magnificent; and though of course the success of the performance, requiring as it did the combination of so many elements, was various on different evenings, yet no appreciating listener who heard it repeatedly, or indeed only once and that the worst time, could have failed to receive a deep impression of the sublimity, the strength and beauty, and the great humanity of this tone-edifice built up by Handel. It is worthy of Milton's words. Then the orchestral parts:—we could listen to the introductory Symphony, strange as is its style compared with modern instrumental music, many, many times before we should exhaust its beauty; the nervous energy of that fugged passage never fails to give a shock of exquisite delight; and the wind instrument passages are beautiful as the meeting of many waters.

The Handel and Haydn Society make their finale for this season with a few more performances of "Moses." Christmas was allowed to pass without the usual honor of the performance of Handel's "Messiah." This was a serious disappointment to those who have the most religious love of music. We had thought that the "Messiah" had grown too deeply into the souls of all the truly musical ever to be laid entirely on the shelf in favor of any novelties; that its performance once a year, at least, would be regarded a time-hallowed institution, and a part of the best education of each generation growing up.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

FROM GOETHE.

PROVERBIAL.

Much already thou hast done,
When habit of patience thou hast won.

How pat would all things be and nice,
If we could only do them twice.

Thy chestnuts, if too long they burn,
All into coals are sure to turn.

To sweetly remember and finely to think,
Is tasting of life at its deep inmost brink.

Who right will do, alway and with zest,
Let him harbor true love in thought and breast.

When lik'st thou best to stoop?
A spring-flower for thy love to pluck.

Who's he who Fortune's highest palm has won?
Who joyful does, and joys in what he's done.

Divide and rule,—strong words indeed;
But better still,—unite and lead.

Flee to the furthest bound; go where
The smallest frontier cabin reaches:
What boots it thee? thou findest there
Tobacco still and evil speeches.

Let me do, it is my heat,
Aye some end pursuing.
The rich heart, it cannot rest,
Alway 'twill be doing.

At first hand,
Understand,
What 'tis the world takes ill of thee:
It asks not soul, it asks civility.

Who quick resolves doth make,
He's brave and bold, I cry;
He jumps into the lake,
Out of the rain to fly.

E. Y. T.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1847.

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

DR. CHANNING.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Examine our boasted Civilization. Let this great day of free governments, and free trade, and labor-saving machinery, and multiplied wealth, and universal education, and diffusion of Christianity explain some of its inconsistencies. Contrast its noble aspirations and its dear illusions, its arts, its knowledge and its piety, with its systematic selfishness, with the increasing misery and degradation of the masses, and with the gigantic spectre of Commercial Feudalism, which stalks upon us, in spite of schools and churches, dictating to God's prophets how much truth it will be safe for them to preach, and whispering to God's people to beware how they attempt to practice, and making us all insincere precisely in proportion to our knowledge. These tendencies, it may be said, bring their remedies, or rather, suggest the thought of remedies; and several common-sense schemes of reform, as those relating to the distribution of land, legal regulation of hours of labor, and so forth,—schemes, necessitated by the times, we can review with hope, yet ending with the confession that when all is done it will only make the demand more urgent for doing some-

thing more, for a reform that shall be radical and universal. Great things are the conscience and the common-sense of this age doing; there are plenty of well-meant and often promising experiments, devices, fragmentary efforts to improve society: — but as yet no Social Science. Protestantism fails; education fails; free government fails; trades' unions, chartism, working-men's parties, land reforms and moral reforms fail; Christianity itself, the only life-sustaining gospel of Love, is thus far practically a failure. These all mean well, but as yet they have not mastered the science of conditions, and they beat the air with random efforts.

In the midst of these things comes CHARLES FOURIER, offering the key to Universal Science, and claiming to have used it, with demonstrative certainty, in the unlocking of *one* sphere of its application, in the solution of the problem of individual and collective destinies, and in the clear construction and verification of the formulas of Social Science.

Social Science! — It is evident that it must be nothing less than *Universal Science*. For Association promises to place man in true relations with himself, his fellows and with every thing; and the social science which shall do this is most justly named, as Fourier named it, the "Theory of Universal Unity." In fact, the only proper definition of Science, is *unitary knowledge*. It is that kind of knowledge which sees all in each, which beholds in each thing the same laws and principles that reign in every other, which looks every thing into unity with every thing else, which goes straight to the centre of all facts and finds them one in essence although many in their manifestation. Much has been called science, which is no science at all; familiarity with certain isolated facts and phenomena, reduced, it may be, to some regularity, but yet unconnected with all other knowledge, is not science. Not till the separate sciences so called, become affiliated and knit into one, do they deserve the name of science. The facts which have been observed and analyzed in various departments, the classifications which have been made, are all convenient and well enough, but superficial till man finds himself in them; and it is all fruitless knowledge which does not tend to bring man into living unity with all these things, which does not practically enrich his life, increase his happiness, meet his affections, and offer him congenial sphere and correspondence, wherever he may turn his eyes. To *know* a thing, is to be not only familiar with it, not only acquainted with some of its properties and relations, but to see the ground and final cause of all its characteristics in their

correspondence with this very soul which sees them.

The key to such a unitary science is a true analysis of Man. *Man the Microcosm*, or world in little, is the first word of philosophy. The heavens, says Swedenborg, are in the form of Man. Man was created in the image of God. Man takes up into himself all that is under him, and is as it were the compendium and crown of nature. How can he obtain knowledge of aught that is without him except there be something corresponding in him? Hence the principle of universal analogy, which constitutes the sole possibility of Science. This is commonly esteemed a very suspicious kind of argument, an unsafe source of evidence; it is thought to please and inflame the imagination, and mislead the reason into beautiful but rash conclusions. And yet we say it constitutes the sole possibility of science; it is by analogy that every thing has been learned thus far; and the first hint which multifarious facts afford us of a common Law pervading them, is by analogous and coinciding manifestations. There is nothing unfolded in one part of nature, that is not indicated in a different, but corresponding dialect in every other; there is no sentiment expressed by sounds that does not translate itself into colors; no secret taught in any sphere that does not repeat itself through all spheres in the Universe; and the whole inward history of man, of human loves and human thoughts, of all our subtlest affinities and inmost prayers, is typed and mirrored in continual de-gradation through all orders of material facts below us. Now the first of all analogies, is the analogy which holds between all outward things and the spiritual nature, or the soul of man.

Again, Universal Science, proceeding by universal analogy, never idly speculates, nor thinks to satisfy the curious intellect alone; a practical and human end inspires it; it is but the exploring eye and ordering wisdom of that great impulse which man is, — the impulse *to be one with all things*. It seeks the happiness of man, and the fulfilment of his destiny. The happiness of man resides entirely in his unity with all things. Where aught is strange, or uncongenial, or seemingly unrelated to him, there is man not at home, there is he miserable; there is he, in so far, not himself. So long as *any* thing is not ours, we are poor; so long as *any* sympathy is denied us, we are solitary: — we are to have all and enjoy all by bonds of living unity *with* all. This and not less than this is what the human heart demands, and what it sends its purveyor, Science, out into the wide universe to seek for, that it may verify its own fore-feeling and attraction

for its universal home. The whole possible of science, the science of Universal Unity, lurks therefore, in the study of ourselves, because our radical, innate desires and tendencies were calculated for nothing short of Universal Unity; and we might know all things, could we only know ourselves. The world has been put back, who can tell how many centuries, by a want of real practical faith in the essential unity of system in the universe, though every one asserts the truth of it in the way of vague generality. A miserable scepticism, eking itself out by a foolish creed, has comforted the intellectual conscience of the times gone by, and shuts out knowledge from the most part even now. The belief in accident, in the possibility of anything promiscuous or exceptional, which is a negative belief, on the one hand, and the belief in superhuman and miraculous interference on the other, — these two have made out one creed, the creed of darkness, and have discouraged man from seeking his true destiny. But the name of accident will be driven from the world, and miracle will be brought down from heaven, and all things made transparent with its everlasting and indwelling presence, when our natural faith in universal unity shall have strongly stood and looked all things into order, and become a science. And the beginning is the science of Man: the grounds of social and all other sciences lie in the spiritual nature of man.

How has man been studied? They have talked wisely of his carnal and his spiritual nature, of the "half dust, half deity" in him, and have stretched a gulf of impassable metaphysics between the frowning shores of Spirit and of Matter: — fruitless distinction! — since the essence of the one and of the other alike transcends our comprehension, and after all, we only know them apart as we know Heat and Cold, both measured by the same thermometer: — baneful distinction, fatal to thought's progress! — since it disturbs the axis of the mind's eye by a blurred duality; bars all exertion of the mind's first instinct, that of Unity; and hides the Invisible behind those glorious works which, inasmuch as they proceed from Him, should be his clearest revelation.

How has man been studied? Metaphysically. The forms and processes of thought have been enumerated; the categories of Aristotle and of Kant have been announced; the intellectual consciousness has been turned inside out, and all that passes in the mind when occupied with things of time, or of eternity, or with itself, has been most critically noted down. The metaphysicians have studied man as if he were an Intellect, and nothing else, with nothing in

the world to do but look and think, and watch the wheels of his own thinking. Useful enough, we grant it, in its way. It is a great question that, for instance, between Idealism and Empiricism: but men, we apprehend, are born empirics and idealists, and so will stay irreconcilable, so long as they are isolated thinkers, and not each other's complement as doers in a solidary and harmonic life; once united thus, once placed in true positions, and the idealism of the one will become so practical, and the materialism of the other will become so spiritual, that it will matter very little which is which.

Intellectual philosophy, or criticism of the knowing powers, has led, no doubt, to much. But what has it taught us of man's destiny? what has it added to man's powers? *Perceptions of cognition and intuitions of pure reason*, do not avail much when a man is starving; and most divine philosophy will not persuade a lover he is whole, without his other half. How man *thinks*: is a question worth some pains to settle:—but what does man *do*, in spite of this thinking, what will he have, and what will be the end of it: are questions of a far more vital consequence.

Again, how has man been studied? Moralistically, or ethically, if you please. He has been placed between temptations on the one hand, duties on the other, and viewed wholly in that light. Something has been said about the affections, and something about the passions, about sentiment and principle, instinct and reason, license and obedience. The sense of Duty has been analyzed, with attempt to find the origin and foundation of what we call moral obligation; and one noble writer, at least, has found it in the sense of unity or harmony, which counsels or forbids with stronger, sterner, sweeter voice than utilitarian calculations, or blind selfish passions, or any other lower and less universal motives, which are not commissioned to say: *Thou must, thou oughtest!* but only, *it is for thine interest*, and so forth. But what is beautiful, and right, and binding on a man to do, is not ascertained so easily, until the necessities of his nature and inalienable character are first known, and his true destiny is read in a clear recognition of those springs and tendencies and faculties which God has given him to meet that destiny with.

In a word, then, the study of Man, of the man proper, has been singularly neglected amid this "piling of Ossa upon Pelion" of philosophies, both old and new. For there has been no analysis of the motive springs of action in a man, of the implanted tendencies which make him what he is, of the strong directions,

steadfast gravitations and affinities, which constitute his nature, and determine his whole destiny. This was the work reserved for Fourier.

SUGGESTIONS TO AFFILIATED SOCIETIES.

The branches of the American Union of Associationists in different towns and cities, are already numerous. To ensure their healthy and efficient co-operation; to make all their separate energies converge effectually to one operative centre, from which also they shall each receive reciprocal impulse and encouragement, it is important that each one acquire a strong individual vitality first; that it be a living thing, radiating life from its own centre, and warming its own sphere.—These unions, it is true, are formed specially for the propagation of the Associative doctrines. But the unity, the devotion necessary to this cannot sustain itself a great while, unless some practical, material bond of interest be married with the merely spiritual bond of a common faith and object. To realize Association at these small centres is not possible. But every approach in practice to the Associative idea, which can be introduced with safety and in a naturally progressive manner, seems absolutely desirable. Let every "union" adopt among its members all such mutual guarantees, however small and partial, as it finds practicable, and thus knit continually stronger ties between them.

In the first place, why should not every affiliated local union incorporate into its plan the principal features of the "Protective Unions," so called, which are fast spreading over the country? The economies of collective wholesale purchases, and of the common store, would be a material benefit to all concerned, and serve to nourish the Associative idea and spirit among them, as effectually perhaps as lectures, readings, and contributions to the fund for propagation; always supposing these to go on as before. Then too the guarantee of aid in sickness, of intellectual and educational privileges, as reading-rooms, classes, &c., merits consideration. Our friends in Albany have already set us the example in this. Will it not be adopted, as soon as the details of the plan can be matured, in Boston, in New York, and in all the local unions? It would be the surest pledge of permanence and strength. It would be the first germ of Combination, of Harmony of interests instead of Incoherence, which might go on indefinitely expanding and embracing one by one the various relations of life; the first step taken in a series of gradual guarantyism, which should force nothing forward in an untimely way, but avail itself of every

opening to gain a stronger foot-hold. To common purchases might by and by succeed to some partial extent common enjoyments, common domestic economies, and finally common productive industry. These would vary, of course, according to the circumstances of time and place and characters. But as far as they went they would be temporary advantages, proving the *principle* of Association, and at the same time enforcing the demand for a fairer field for its full trial.

Again, these little circles from the first should be social, friendly. They should be more than business meetings. Consequently, they should naturally begin, in their day of small things, with securing at least a room, commodious and agreeably furnished, with means of harmony for ear and eye, if possible, which should be sacred to their friendly reunions; where they might meet at any time for conversation, reading, music or other social entertainment; where an Associative and true sphere might be formed.

This step taken, must inevitably lead to others, if there be any living tie of faith and friendship among the members. The demand would ere long be felt for something like an Associative club-house. A number of families and single individuals, putting together a part of the sums which they must separately spend in order to live at all, might institute some common centre of society and elegance, impossible in the narrow quarters of any one of them isolatedly; and the person or persons gifted with the truest spirit and genius of hospitality might preside. This would be another step.

Presently these families would find it for their interest and happiness and soul's good, as well as for the good of the Cause universally, to which their souls are most devoted and by which most nourished and exalted, to carry the idea of the Club House even farther, and concentrate yet more of their living. They might erect a common hotel, spacious and properly distributed, combining many economies and many means of social luxury, and live together somewhat after their own minds even in the heart of the Babel of a great city. The odious feature of domestic servitude would vanish; honor would attach to the free and cheerfully shared services of friendship. And thus there would be association, and consequently greater individuality and freedom than civilization offers, in all that relates to the *consumption* of wealth. There would only then remain the incoherence in business outside the family, the incoherence of isolated and competitive production; but the remedy will have been growing clearer and nearer by every thing thus realized inside.

Let every one take up and follow

out these hints. If only the first step be practically taken, will not the inventive energies of every one, once turned in this direction, be constantly discovering new guaranties, new economies, new combinations of interest and skill in industry, by which the harmony will become more and more complete, — as complete, that is, as it can be short of the full organization of the Phalanx.

Harmony of course would not be possible with such limited and partial arrangement, if the question were of mankind in general, or of the promiscuous population of any town or city. But we are speaking of the devoted friends and pioneers of the Cause, of the soldiers of Universal Unity, of those who are united already, or who shall be united, by the consecration of their lives to this great hope of Humanity; of those who have selected each other by this principle, and who have in themselves an element of Harmony which is valid even amid general discord, namely: devotion, or the Unitary Passion.

SOCIAL RE-ORGANIZATION.—NO. VI.

(Continued from page 175.)

5. We have offered hints upon a few of the sources of economy in Association which the reader can follow out at his leisure; but there remain a few prominent points which we will specify, and then leave this part of our subject at his disposal. The re-organized township would secure most important economies in general business transactions. As the township is now organized, each family carries its own wares and products to market, and makes its own purchases, which, for the township, must be attended with an aggregate expense, many times greater than it would be in an Association, where exchanges would be effected and purchases made upon a grand scale, with small cost of money, time and personal effort. Wholesale purchases, made by the township, would save the profits now absorbed by retail merchants. A small number of agents could make all the exchanges and purchases, and thus entirely supersede the necessity of merchants as a class. There is nothing in the present social order more false in principle, or in practice, more oppressive to the masses than our system of trade. The function of the merchant is one of real service, in so far as it is a medium of exchange between producer and consumer; but in the existing order of society it becomes spoliation. The channels of exchanges are so beset with multitudes of agents between the producer and consumer, that ere a commodity has reached the latter, its cost has greatly increased without any increase of its value.

Association offers an easy, practical solution of one of the most vexed questions of political economy, namely, that of justice in commerce, or of equilibrium between production and consumption. But we have neither the time nor ability to go into the general subject of political economy. We wish only, to suggest some of the advantages which the re-organized township will possess, over the present incoherent one.

6. Perhaps the sphere in which the economy of Association is most conspicuous, is that of the Unitary Household. The blending of three hundred farms in a unitary domain, and of divided and conflicting labors into mutual and co-operative industry, will demand association of families, and the Unitary House, or Phalanstery. As the Phalanstery is the home of the social man, it should offer to him befitting conditions for the gratification of all the demands of his nature. Here he meets and welcomes friends. Here he spreads the festal board, and passes the wine-cup of general joy. Here kindness, sympathy, courtesy, and the general love of man, are awakened and developed. It is here that Love forms its sacred ellipse, into which only the happy two may enter. Here the bridegroom brings his fair love to her bridal palace, here he sees her surrounded by the charm of elegance, and adorned with gems and festoons, and all beauty brought and laid at her feet. Here the ambitious, the noble champion of industry comes to regale at the banquets prepared for him, to receive the homage and honors which his genius and his worth command.

And here too the parent gathers within the sacred parabolic curve, the objects of his deepest love and his keenest solicitude. Here are his children born, nurtured, and trained, and enter upon the career of noble distinction! What then ought the home of man to be? What grandeur in architecture, what beauty in embellishments, what profusion and delicacy of luxury, what provisions of comfort to the senses, of joy to the affections, and of beauty, variety, and science to the intellect, should it not afford. It should be the very temple of Art and Beauty. But do we see such generosity and bounty displayed in the isolated abodes of present society? They are incompatible with the nature of man and his attractions, and can offer no circumstances in harmony with them. They are the retreats of poverty, misanthropy and low desires; of care, petty rivalries and jealousies; of sensuality, unaspiring ignorance and degrading toil; the nurseries of selfishness, dark suggestions and despair. Ugliness and deformity scowl from the solitary windows of these abodes; and

sadness and anxiety weave around them their drapery of gloom. There humanity shivers in garrets, or creeps into cellars and dog-holes, for a mean shelter from the weather, whilst a true and divine Economy, offers to it a home of comfort, joy and beauty.

The Genius of Universal Unity throws the pearl of wisdom to the race; but they like swine trample it under their feet. Associationists urge them to accept the virtue and the happiness and the abodes of comfort and beauty offered to them, in place of their present misery. We do not say that this misery is found in all isolated households, but that the exceptions are few, whilst we affirm that all men should dwell in palaces; that Heaven designed it and can well afford it. Are they not worthy of it? Is it not the right of those who create all wealth, who rear palaces and embellish them by their genius and their toil, to enjoy them? Is God unjust that he does not will it? Is not the ultimate destiny of man sublime enough to warrant these claims for him, and our affirmations of what are his rights and privileges, here and to-day? Providence seeks to elevate man to this exalted condition, which is denied him only, because he contemns the laws of universal unity. The road to it lies through unitary interests, co-operative industry and economy of means: this last we come to consider—

1. In place of three hundred isolated houses, for the accommodation of as many families, the Phalanstery will rise in fair proportions, combining grace and durability of structure, with order and convenience. Here, each family will be provided with a suite of apartments, where retirement and seclusion may be as guarded as under the present domestic regime. This manner of building will secure, at far less expense, more comfort and elegance to the families, than can be obtained under the existing method. The same general economies which may be secured by unitary industry and commerce, belong also to the unitary household.

2. Three hundred isolated families require fuel for at least nine hundred fires, and must have as many grates or stoves. This computation supposes only three fires to a family. Instead of using these unpleasant appurtenances, the Phalanstery would be warmed throughout all its apartments, by a few large furnaces, or by steam, and at less than one-fifth of the expense now incurred. If a steam apparatus were employed, the expense of warming would be but slight, for the mechanic shops and factories containing the steam engines, would be situated in one wing of the unitary dwelling, and

the same method of heating might be there adopted, which is now used in warming factories. Many of our largest manufactories are warmed with simply the escape steam from the engines, involving only the extra cost of a few yards of leaden conduit.

3. Instead of three hundred kitchens, ill constructed and badly managed, the Phalanstery will provide a few large and well-furnished kitchens, with apparatus so arranged, as to save nearly all the toil which the three hundred kitchen drudges are now compelled to perform. The labor of fifty persons would accomplish as much as that of the three hundred now does. We do not here make any account of the economy in health, which would result to the whole Phalanx, from the application of science to cooking.

4. Instead of the present unhealthy and repulsive labors over the wash-tub, the Phalanstery would furnish a convenient laundry, where a small number of persons could perform the washing for the whole Association.

Civilizees boast of their estimation of woman; but the savage does not impose a more degrading service upon her, than the domestic drudgery of the kitchen and laundry. It is a very common notion, that woman has some importance in society, and that the general elevation of humanity has some relation to her condition and rank. But we are very sure that the civilized household is opposed to her elevation and freedom. It necessarily makes her a prey to care and excessive toil. But Association offers to woman refinement, freedom, and that pivotal position in society which God has assigned her, whilst it does not remove her from her natural sphere of domestic presidency. It alone offers her the true conditions for independence and social happiness.

LECTURES IN LOWELL, MASS. We are happy to learn that arrangements have been made by the **LOWELL UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS** for a course of Lectures in that city on subjects relating to Social Reform. The first Lecture was delivered on Wednesday evening, the 17th inst., by **ADIN BALLOU** of Hopedale, and lectures are expected, we understand, in a subsequent part of the course from **Messrs. S. P. ANDREWS, W. H. CHANNING, J. S. DWIGHT, GEORGE RIPLEY, and HORACE GREELEY.** This course is intended to be of a popular character, and we doubt not, will command a general interest, not only among the friends of Social Reform in Lowell, but in the public at large. The good example of our friends in Lowell will be followed, we trust, by others. Let the believers in a brighter future for Humanity act with an energy worthy of their exalted faith.

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS

Will be held during Anniversary Week, in May next, in the City of **NEW YORK**; and it is important that the Affiliated Unions should prepare in season to send their Delegates, and that Associationists should make their arrangements to attend.

The occasion is a momentous one. The American Union of Associationists must this Spring mark out distinctly a plan of operations, and determine upon the most expeditious and economical mode of diffusing our doctrines throughout the nation, and of making ready for the practical embodiment of our principles.

For this end, the advice of the most devoted, wise and energetic friends of the movement is needed. This must be in the strongest sense of the words, a *business meeting*; where all important points of policy may be thoroughly discussed, and measures agreed upon, which being the result of the best collective judgment of the American Union, shall be found worthy of the devoted support and earnest aid of every Associationist. The next year should be as active a one, as the means and men at our command can possibly make it; and it is necessary therefore to form a clear and precise estimate, in advance, of all our resources. We have to determine upon the number and character of our publications,—to lay out the most promising fields for our lecturers,—and especially to set in motion efficient instrumentalities by which to secure active co-operation among the Affiliated Unions, so that all Associationists may feel that they are working in concert for definite objects, and that they are living members of One Body.

It is emphatically recommended, therefore:

1st. That each Affiliated Union should at once meet, and consult as to the plans which may seem best for advancing our cause most rapidly, firmly, widely. Let new members be added; let contributions be increased; let zeal and determination be strengthened; let the wants and opportunities of respective neighborhoods be carefully considered. Every Affiliated Union should form an exact estimate of the *Weekly Rent* which it can raise, and be prepared to offer at the Anniversary Meeting a **PLEDGE** of the amount which it will contribute for the year, or for a term of years, to the funds of the American Union. We must secure at least Fifty Dollars a week, and twice that sum if possible; and if each Union will do its part energetically, we cannot fail of the means for a brilliant success. What Association will pledge \$20, \$10, \$5, a week for three years?

2d. It is recommended, that each Associationist should consider what he or she can do to help on the movement,—what sacrifices we are ready to make for it,—what means we will consecrate to it,—what time and efforts we resolve to give to advance this cause of peace, unity, and universal good. How many Associationists there are, who could easily pledge \$100, \$50, \$10, a year, for three or five years to the propagation of Associative doctrines. And are they free not to do it? How many Associationists there are, who could subscribe \$1,000, or \$500, or \$100, towards the formation of a *Permanent Fund*, the income of which might be devoted to the diffusion of our views, while the principal should go to form a Capital for some Practical Trial, when the American Union should determine that the time had come, that the

place was found, and that means and men authorized the step. Who is ready to promise a yearly or a triennial contribution, or to subscribe to the Permanent Fund? Who is not ready to do something efficient?

Now let this matter be taken in hand promptly and resolutely, with the spirit becoming those engaged in a Universal Reform,—which promises to radically cure the chronic maladies of society, and to make Man whole again,—which seeks to establish upon earth a Heavenly Order,—which offers to the world no vague hope, but definite Science,—and which commends itself to the good-sense of the most practical.

Let each Affiliated Union, let each Associationist, contribute the best counsel and amplest pecuniary supplies, at the coming Anniversary.

Where Delegates cannot be sent, and individuals cannot attend, letters may be addressed to the Union.

By order of the Executive Committee.

W. H. CHANNING,

*Domestic Corresponding Secretary of the
American Union of Associationists.*

Boston, March 15, 1847.

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N. R. GERRISH,

March 1, 1847.

Agent.

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THE HARBINGER,

DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

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MISCELLANY.

[Correspondence of the Harbinger.]

ASSOCIATION—NATIONAL REFORM— FREEDOM OF THE SOIL.

WHEELING, Va., February, 1847.

The principles which we Associationists profess have no connexion whatever with the Rappites, the Shakers, the Zoarites, or the Community system, either in their internal government, or professions of Faith. Our Associative movement is designed to be a universal brotherhood, open to all classes, all sects, all parties; and in regard to our practical operations, when the time shall come for a *decided demonstration*, our motto shall be, one for each and each for all.

We thus aim at a total subversion, in time, of the present false and unjust state of society; false because it *obliges*, or rather *compels* the mercantile man to use all manner of fraud, cunning and falsehood in the disposal of his goods; and unjust to the working man, because it puts machinery in direct competition with his labor, and leaves him only the right to starve, thus reducing him to the condition of a mere slave, and making his appellation of a freeman or free citizen, worse than a jest, an insult.

It is not pretended that such an important moral reformation can be brought about all at once; it is not in the nature of things that it should; it must be the work of time. But if it can be accomplished, no matter as to time, and we maintain that it is *practicable*; surely such a truly benevolent movement is at least worthy of a trial.

Yet there are among us, some well-intentioned men who cling to the idea that the human race is so radically bad, that all hope for the better this side the grave is visionary and useless. How poor that mind must be which can only trace the dark outlines of human nature! how cold that heart that can see our fellow-man, even the most depraved, sunk in the mire of sin and misery, and fancy

him too bad for salvation. To say that man is so wretched and has all along been so, that there is no hope for him, exhibits the most miserable despair.

But, thank Heaven, there are yet left amongst us some good and holy men who are *determined* that this truly benevolent scheme *shall be tried*, and that at no distant day, and thereby prove to the world that the wisdom and majesty of God have not created man in vain.

Those wishing information as to the *practical* details of this great plan of Reformation, are referred to a pamphlet by Albert Brisbane, and published by U. P. James, Walnut St., opposite the College, Cincinnati; price only eighteen cents; also a work upon the same subject by Parke Godwin, twenty five cents, same store. Both these works will amply repay for perusal, even were it for no other reason than to satisfy curiosity.

Public attention here at present has more a leaning to the National Reform movement, which seems more to the taste than Association; and no wonder. Indeed there is something plausible in their reasoning, too. They consider us as the vanguard, and themselves the rear, or something like Father and Son. Their mode of reasoning might be reduced to dialogue shape, thus:

"*Father*. I tell thee what, my dear son, in all your strivings, you never will do any good in your present isolated position. You and your brothers and sisters had better come home and join me in the Associative movement which I have been so long projecting.

"*Son*. No objections, father; but where's the land which you propose to locate upon? You know that you have none.

"*Father*. O, but I am trying to enlist the sympathies of the Capitalists in our favor. You know that it will be for his interest as well as ours.

"*Son*. O, pshaw! father; the Capitalist don't believe one iota of your scheme. He does not see his true interest and never did. He has been all along

grasping at a shadow. Happiness is out of the question. He is blindfolded. How much better that the public lands were free to all, as they should be, and ultimately *shall be*; we would then have something to join you with, father; we would all join you to a man. To trust to the Capitalist is like leaning upon a broken reed.

"*Father*. But, my son, you mistake. All Capitalists are not alike; there are some honorable exceptions; men who are now ready and willing to come forward to assist us in our real model Association. But you forget, my son, we must have all the Capitalists with us ultimately; they are all our brothers in Christ, however blind they may now be to their true interests. It would be highly uncharitable in us, in opening the gates of Heaven, to thrust our fellow man back. No; our benign system is to include all without exception; all shall come into the sheep-fold.

"*Son*. I have no doubt of your benevolent intentions, father; but this much I know, that the great majority of Capitalists look upon you as a dreamer. Neither have I any doubt of there being some honorable exceptions. As for the great majority, they say it's too good news to be true. And there the matter stands. Nor will it be believed until your model Association is in operation, and then the Capitalists will be at your service; not till then. By that time the public lands will be in the possession of the rightful owners—*all the people*—as intended by the great Creator. We then need care nothing about the Capitalist. He, as well as every one else, will be *forced* into Association. What could one solitary individual do upon 160 acres of land? Nothing. Very few would be found to ape Diogenes."

The above is a specimen of our National Reform logic. But this fearful chasm betwixt labor and capital must be filled up. It has unhappily been too long in existence.

We have had an adjourned meeting

about Ireland. I did not attend. I knew all they had got to say and resolve upon, namely, to give poor Ireland *another mouthful*, but still to keep her in the same state of degradation. I understand, however, that there was an attempt made by one or two persons at the meeting to show up the *cause* of suffering in that unfortunate country, and also a remedy; but this was considered out of order, and voted down, of course,—such an assembly did not convene to talk of *causes*. How long, it may be asked, will the people of the present day continue to scrape at the surface of the evils that afflict humanity? Why be *afraid* to look at causes? Does it not betoken the most despicable want of moral courage? Yet this is the nineteenth century; and we live in a Christian country, too! Ireland has been much in the same state for the last fifty years, and yet we *won't* look at the root of her evils,—why? because these same evils come too near our own door! This is the secret of the whole affair; it might disturb the present *order* of society in this country; there's the rub! There's a mighty problem staring us in the face for a solution. It must be solved, and that shortly, whether we will or not.

[Correspondence of the Harbinger.]

RELIGIOUS HOSTILITY.

MILFORD, Me., March, 1847.

I find among many of the Congregationalists in those parts, the most uncompromising hostility to the cause of Association. They assert that it starts wrong; it emanates from man, and it is bound to come to nought. They maintain with a resolution that borders on obstinacy, "that all causes for the improvement or happiness of man *must* originate in the Church, must be *managed* by the Church or it cannot succeed; that there is no possible way for society and the world to be regenerated but through the regenerating effects of religion on individuals." I have put to them the questions, whether the discoveries in relation to the uses to which steam is applied, the magnetic telegraph, the art of printing, the mariner's compass, a republican form of government, trial by jury, and all the mechanical discoveries recorded in the patent office at Washington, originated in the Church; in the vain hope of getting an admission by which I might prove that society has been benefited in an extraordinary manner by discoveries with which the Church had nothing to do. But all my efforts availed nothing. They have nailed their flag to the mast, and, right or wrong, they are determined that it shall never come down by their consent. But notwithstanding this, there is a liberal

spirit of inquiry existing in many minds in these parts, which is willing to receive truth, come from what quarter it may. There is a strong desire for a change in the present order of things prevailing, and a great consciousness that woful evils and shocking injustice exist throughout society. I think there are immense numbers throughout the Northern States, and a considerable number at the South whose principles bear a very close resemblance to those of the Editor of the New York Tribune, and who are great admirers of his character. There is no doubt that among this class Mr. Greeley has distributed much good seed, which will prove in the harvest to have fallen in good soil. The present and future defenders of the doctrines of Fourier will find, as they proclaim their great truths in different sections of the country, that Mr. Greeley, through the Tribune, has gone before them, like John the Baptist, preparing the way.

I am sure that band of lecturers which you send out will awaken a vast interest in the cause of Association. I am rejoiced at the respect they appear every where to meet. I only regret that they have it not in their power to go through the length and breadth of the land, and never cease till they had delivered a course of lectures, and established societies in every city and every village in the Union.

For the Harbinger.

MODEL PHALANX IN THE WEST.

DOMAIN OF THE WISCONSIN PHALANX,
CERESCO, Wis., Feb. 8, 1847.

Messrs. EDITORS:—I have watched with deep solicitude the movements of the American Associationists for some time past, toward the formation of a Model Phalanx, and am highly gratified to see evident signs of its speedy commencement. Deeming it the duty of all friends of the cause to freely discuss every thing connected with the establishment of such an institution, and having learned with much pleasure that the speedy commencement has been unanimously agreed upon, the next subject is its location, which will, when determined, have a great influence over the investments to be made. I was also much pleased to see you advocate the location in the West, for I think we can obtain capital more readily to invest in property in the West, where the property must rise in value under most circumstances, than in the East where it is already too high. But my object is more especially to introduce to your notice the domain of the Wisconsin Phalanx as a suitable place, and to urge it upon your attention, hoping a suitable committee will duly examine this and many others before a selection is made. I propose to

give a few reasons why this is a suitable place, and the present a suitable time, and so forth, which I hope you will duly consider, and not attribute to me any undue partiality, for it is the good of the cause I seek, without reference to our feeble movements in Ceresco. The following are some of the advantages of the above location.—

1. An uncommonly healthy situation, subject to no periodical diseases, or western fevers.

2. Its vicinity to the great connecting thoroughfare of the waters of the Mississippi and the Lakes, being ten miles from the Fox river, which is also the market for obtaining pine lumber in exchange for produce and the products of mechanic's shops.

3. A rich and easily tilled soil, unencumbered with stone except in quarries, which will produce in abundance all the varieties of fruit and grain which are produced in the Eastern or Western states.

4. Ample quarries of lime-stone, building-stone, sand and clay in the vicinity of a beautiful location for a Phalanstery.

5. An ample water-power for the practical purposes of a complete Association.

6. A sufficient charter or act of incorporation for all joint stock purposes, being procured for the purpose of an Association, and a favorable public opinion through which the name could be altered or amended if necessary.

7. Seventeen hundred acres of land, together with improvements and personal property, amounting at a very low estimate to about thirty thousand dollars, entirely unencumbered, nearly all of which is in the hands of the true and devoted friends of the cause, and is permanently invested without any desire or expectation of the owners ever to withdraw or dispose of the same.

8. Improvements made with reference to the wants of an Association and not isolation, very few of which would be found badly adapted to the wants of a Phalanx in the commencement.

9. A small band of devoted friends with three years practical experience in an attempt at Associative life, who with a very few exceptions are devoted mentally and physically, in person and property to the cause, and who have not taken hold of the plough to look back, but are persevering with an eye single to the end in view.

10. A location in the centre of an organized township where a flourishing Association would continue to have (as we now have) a monopoly of the voters in the town, owing to the large prairies which in part surround us and which furnish ample pasturage for our flocks but not suitable locations for isolated farms.

11. The construction of many temporary and necessary works in which we have already sustained much of the necessary loss, and also an organized band of devoted pioneers ready to go on with renewed energy on the reception of additional means and members, the former of which is much needed to develop rapidly our system, but without which we shall continue our course onward as heretofore.

12. A strong desire of many members of the Wisconsin Phalanx to participate in the grand effort for a Model Phalanx, believing their experience would be of use to the cause.

13. The small amount of means required to secure sufficient additional lands and water-power for the largest practical Phalanx.

14. An agricultural district of country where the mechanical labor of an Association will not for a long time come in competition with civilizes, and where most mechanical labor can be made profitable.

15. A location well adapted to the growing of wood and raising of stock.

16. Excellent spring-water, so situated that it can be carried without applying force to the third or fourth stories of buildings.

17. A surrounding settlement with a prevailing sentiment strongly in favor of our cause, of this location and institution.

18. Out of reach of the corrupting influences of large cities.

The foregoing are some of the reasons for calling your attention to this place. I hope to hear from other locations, both in the West and East, let us hear all sides, and then decide and act with promptness and decision and the object will be accomplished.

W. CHASE.

LOVE'S PLEADING.

BY MRS. MARY A. HEWITT.

Speak tender words, mine own beloved! to me—

Call me thy lily—thy imperial one!

That like the Persian, breathes adoringly

Its fragrant worship ever to the sun.

Speak tender words, lest doubt with me prevail—

Call me thy rose! thy queen rose! throned apart—

That all unheeded of the nightingale,

Folds close the dew within her burning heart.

For thou'rt the sun that makes my heaven fair,

Thy love, the blest dew that sustains me here;

And like the plant that hath its root in air,

I only live within thy atmosphere.

Look on me with those soul-illuminated eyes,

And murmur low in love's entrancing tone—

Methinks the angel-lute of Paradise

Had never voice so thrilling as thine own!

Say I am dearer to thee than renown,

My praise more treasured than the world's acclaim;

Call me thy laurel! thy victorious crown!

Wreathed in unfading glory round thy name.

Breathe low to me each pure, enraptured thought,
While thus thy arms my trusting heart entwine;

Call me by all fond meanings love hath wrought,
But O, Ianthis! ever call me thine!

The Literary World.

For the Harbinger.

CANNIBALISM.

PERVERSION OF HUMAN LIFE AND INCONHERENCE OF MAN WITH THE ANIMAL CREATION THROUGH HIS SELFISH APPROPRIATION OF THEIR BODIES.

(Continued from p. 250.)

In seeking the will of God upon any point of human conduct, we must study the three forms of revelation.

Truth is revealed to the soul of man in modes which correspond to the three manifestations of light to his eye in the material sphere. Refraction, Reflection, and Diffraction.*

1st. Directly, through the sentiment of Unity which connects the soul with the central life of all, and the specific attractions or passion colors into which the ray of Unity is decomposed. Man's soul is a prism which refracts the rays of divine truth, and being endowed with self-consciousness, it may discover its law by looking deeply and fearlessly into itself.

We have an internal consciousness of the fitness or unfitness of any action to our being. This branch of revelation the Friends among religious sects have most distinctly recognized. Were it possible that a child cradled in love, allowed freely to expand its affections, could for the first time witness or perpetrate the violent death of an animal, without horror or remorse, then would the taking of life be sanctioned by the light of Divine truth refracted in the conscience of man. If, on the contrary, butchery in all its forms and with all its accessories is repugnant to our moral consciousness, sullied even as it is in the physical, moral and social strife of civilization, and perverted in so many by the irritation of chronic disease; if still we instinctively shrink from blood and attach a sort of Cain mark to the butcher, so that the popular sentiment has sometimes forbidden him to participate in criminal jurisdiction; if the mistress sickens in passing the place where her cook executes her orders for dinner, and the child indignantly weeps at the death of its playmate; if, as I have known, the very infant cries at the sight of a creature dead or wounded, we may be sure there is some foul wrong, some plague spot, in the economy of our tables. We are

cannibals. There is but a prejudice, we say, with M. Gleizès, that separates us from those who devour each other, nor is that prejudice in our favor. Far worse than the simple and direct privation of human life which the cannibal feast requires, are the slow torments turning life into death and all its beauty and glory into the miseries of Hell, which men inflict on each other as their moral prey.

The highest aspiration of the human soul is for unity. In the recognition of a centre whence all the varied forms of life around it derive their being, is implied the perception of a possible convergence and harmonic tendency of the peripheral lives; and the sentiment which prompted to that recognition and perception cannot be satisfied until it has embraced in its circle of love all the degrees of created life, to repose at last in the bosom of God.

Conflict, in all its forms, belongs to the crude ages of Fetichism and Polytheism. It must disappear precisely in the ratio that men realize the meaning of that formula, now only a formula to so many, the Triune God.

Such is the verdict of moral or spiritual refraction on this subject. Shall we proceed to unfold the analysis?

Ambition, in its true development, leagues inferior with superior: it is outraged in man, the chief of creation, by any violation of his benignant sway over his subjects, by any employment of fraud or violence; by all that opposes his will to theirs, and which in conquest without attraction, converts the king into the tyrant.

Friendship is outraged; for there is no animal on which man now preys, which is not capable of attachment to him, and most of them habitually manifest it on the slightest encouragement. Children, in whom friendship is the dominant sentiment, reciprocate this, and feel the outrage upon it in the death of their favorites.

Love, Love which expands to throw over all creation the charm of the one being in whom its life is rapt, with what infinite tenderness does not Love greet the bird upon the bough, singing beside its mate; Love, on whose ravished eye the secrets of the forest, of the waters, of the air, are bursting with the purple light of a new creation; will you ask Love to be your butcher?

But if the Chief's benignant providence, and the Friend's genial sympathy, and the Lover's refined sentiment, refuse the knife you offer them, will you rather stick it into the ox that returns from ploughing your glebe, or the new-born lamb that gambols at your feet, because you are all the children of the good God? Is it the still nearer and tenderer relation

* See "Religious Question," by Hugh Doherty, in *La Phalange*, and No. 14, of *Harbinger*, Vol. III.

that you own through the common life of our mother earth whose breast has nursed you, that will nerve your hand to strike? Strike, then; let it fall. You have hurried for one creature the term of transformation; you have struck out of nature one phase of existence. Had you destroyed a race, a species, their place would quickly be supplied at the great banquet. What then have you harmed? Why that mysterious revolt within you? that consciousness of outrage that rises to arraign you; why that sigh which seems to ascend from the violated earth to lose itself in the infinite of space and of being? "Take a sand from the shore, take a drop from the ocean; less than sand, grain and drop, in man's planet, one death and one crime. On the map trace all oceans and search out every shore; more than seas, more than lands in God's balance, shall weigh one death and one crime."

Now roll the carcass beneath your foot as it struggles in death, that the blood may flow free; flay it while the hide is soft and the carcass warm and reeking; quarter it, see how your dog laps its blood; why not eat while it is yet fresh and quivering with life, — thus prey the lion and the eagle; they disdain your stale corpse, tender with incipient putrefaction; — but you have no tusks, no claws, no beak; nature has omitted to provide you with an apparatus for tearing the fibre, nay more, after you have by art supplied this deficiency, you still want the scissors teeth to cut and cominute such food; true, therefore, you must wait till the maceration of decay aided by your cook, shall have reduced it within the range of your masticating and digestive powers. At last, these preliminaries are accomplished; you have made a savory meal, you have appropriated, you now assimilate the body of your fellow creature, your subject, your younger brother in nature. Now, count your gains; for the calm, equable circulation, the cool, clear head, the quiet energy, the gentle recognition in all their delicate shades of the rights and positions of others, the fraternal communion with all the life of nature and Humanity, you have a fevered flush, a restless, combative sense of power lasting only during the temporary excitement, craving its repetition and sinking almost to utter helplessness if denied, and which is at best an overbearing concentration in your own personality, with the wish to make all others in some manner subject to you.

I have unconsciously drawn the national character of John Bull and his race, the greatest flesh-eaters upon the earth, decidedly classed among the fææ by their hawk-like habits of universal appropria-

tion, and whose intense selfishness has, during the periods of subversion, gained them the most conspicuous position, and the widest sway. There is no people, on the other hand, more afflicted by general indigence, crime, and the evils which grow out of the conflict of selfishness; none perhaps among those whose general development brings them into comparison, who with a smaller exception, fail to attain the higher social and spiritual life.

Organic Refraction.

Life is the sum and measured series formed by three collective branches of attraction, the Sensitive, Affective, and Distributive, which place man in external relations with material nature, with the passional life of his own or other races, and with the arbitral principles of Analysis, Synthesis, and Alternation, by which all harmonies of movement are distributed in their series.

But this conscious life with its attractions, is the development of an internal, organic, and physical life known to us only through its results, which, though bound in the same frame and in a parallelism of well or ill-being from the cradle to the grave, yet never comes within the sphere of our consciousness, otherwise than by the diffusion of the sense of touch in an obscure degree through tissues which thus communicate the sense of their general health and vigor, or their disease in the varieties of pain and depression.

This Organic life, which must precede the Sensitive and Affective in the order of time, is nevertheless, a reflection of them. The apparent paradox will be explained by the analogical relation of the root of the tree to its branches. From the appearance of the branches in the air, we may infer the form of the root under ground, in which the same type is observed, whether the pivoting tap root of the bare straight pine, or the peripheral extension of the spreading oak; both yielding an obscure and rudimental reflection of the arborescence above. Thus are the branches of the passional tree reflected in the organic and physical life. There is a special refraction of the passional principles in each kingdom.

"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 chemist, 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 analysis or its synthesis, with the Arbitrer of attraction, in a sphere predetermined towards universal unity in the harmonies of creation."

In the vegetable kingdom, Friendship, the presiding influence in the industrial groups of the Phalanx, and the dominant passion of childhood, rules in the sphere of the leaf where it organizes the free Series, indeterminate as to numbers; having no pivotal group, and preserving simply the arborescent type of distribution. Here, as in the industrial groups of the Phalanx, the *work* is performed; — the respiration, the digestion and assimilation, the commerce with external nature through which the life of the tree is continued and enlarged, and here reigns the principle of equality.

Now May brings on her balmy wing a subtler essence. Love pervades the plant, opening sweet buds and blushing flowers, and within the bridal sanctuary of their luxuriant petals, clasps in its charm the sexes of the plant, while all the fragrant air betrays their secret.

Next in the summer of Ambition, we find strength, development, order; the skeleton frame of the wood grows firm and dense; the bark in its several layers with sap vessels ascending and descending, and glands, are now distinguished. To each series of root, branch, bark, leaf, flower, and fruit, its appropriate function, its respective rank, its position in the grand parade at purple morn, or golden sunset, or the beam of noon.

"In Autumn shines God's bounty unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives."

Faces of rosy children now laugh among the apples and upon the nut trees, and gather in their baskets the legacy of the year. Leaves have worked and flowers bloomed; order has brought success and crowned itself with wealth, and life now passes into the seed of a new generation.

This is the reign of Familism.

The distributive principle of Analysis has presided over mechanical and functional distribution, over secretion in the major branch of absorption, and the minor of elimination of the several departments, absorbent, secretory, circulating or ex-

cretory, in the common function of a leaf, flower, or fruit group.

The alternating principle has determined the successive changes in which unity and integral development has been evolved from transitions in the function and position of each part, and of each ultimate molecule as it follows still the stronger affinity. The whole excretory sphere of functions is a sequence on its action. Unity has combined all in an integral life, from which they issue and into which they tend.

These principles in the animal organism, recognized by Physiology and Phrenology, have classified the structures adapted to the conscious functional attractions of the soul.

The distributive principles maintain here, in a wider sphere and intenser action, the same orders of functions as in the vegetable. The alternating is more sensibly developed in the periodicity of motions.

The cardinal passions determine in the organic economy, as in the social industry of the Phalanx, two modes; the major, which tends to increased production, social or individual nutrition and integral development; and the minor mode, which tends to donation, division or elimination, and to the reproduction of the species. Incoherent societies are characterized by prevalence of the minor mathematical principles of subtraction or division; the minor modes of industry, gain by donation as in marriage or inheritance, or by the loss of others, as in the exchange of false commerce, which, without adding anything to the general wealth, takes from producer and consumer: by the minor passionate principles, the sexual and familism: by deterioration of the individual, and excessive pullulation. In the individual organism during this period, the occiput and the pelvic region obtain a disproportionate activity; the animal nature dominates over the moral and intellectual, and irritations of the reproductive apparatus, convert for numbers the brightest and freshest years of youth into such wretchedness, that the hideous cruelty of that Sicilian king who chained his living captives to dead corpses, were a luxury, compared with the conscious death within them.

The major principles, Friendship and Ambition, presiding over productive industry and development, whose laws are addition and multiplication, determine in the organism the functions of nutrition and circulation, and rule in the major organic industry of the lungs, heart, stomach, and digestive organs, located in the thorax and upper abdomen, together with those portions of the cerebro spinal and ganglionic nervous systems associated with them in function.

The minor principles, Love and Familism, presiding over the reproduction of the species, whose laws are subtraction and division, determine in the organism, the sexual and maternal functions, and rule in the minor organic industry of the reproductive organs, contained in the inferior or pelvic region, with the exception of the mamme, to which are assigned a position in the nobler or thoracic region; typing the dignity of the maternal functions and their specific adaptation to the highest feminine development.

The same distinction obtains within the organism as within the society, between the affective and distributive spheres,—the distributive pervade all, they reside in the tissues, mucous, serous, glandular, &c., of which the organs are composed,—the affective, in the integral life of the organs themselves. The Cabalist determines alike in the mucous follicle of the lung, or the mucous follicle of the intestine, secretion; but in the lung, an organ which places man in relation with the aerial sphere, and over which Ambition presides, the secretion is of oxygen; whilst in the bowel, an organ which places man in relation with the earth and its products, and over which Friendship presides,* the

* In connection with this, we observe the sense of taste, the avenue of the digestive system, peculiarly associated with the passion of Friendship. The table is every where the altar of hospitality, and the centre of friendly relations. Even where human unity is most completely broken; with all savage and barbarous, as well as civilized nations; amongst the Ishmaelites of the Arabian desert, whose hand is against every man and every man's hand against them;—to eat together is a seal of good faith and of brotherhood; and there is no more melancholy sign of our social incoherence, than the violation of this sentiment at the tables of our hotels and boarding-houses, where strangers eat together without speaking. A sacred instinct of nature establishes towards those we eat with, a claim of good will and mutual service. To gentle and simple, to the peasant or the lord, the student in his college rooms, or the Indian in his tent; the first thought that a friend or a stranger suggests as he crosses the threshold of the homestead, is to get him something to eat, and the best they have. It is true, that where aristocratic notions prevail, Ambition embraces the table in its sphere of etiquette, but not more than every other place of meeting; not more than in the simple act of passing through a door. Its tone at the table is softened and absorbed in that of friendship if the company be happily assorted in other respects. The table, and all departments of industry connected with it, in the kitchen, the garden, &c., will hardly be more elevated in the social order, than those of other branches of domestic industry, of the loom or the mechanic arts; and in the culinary industry as in others, whether in reference to the internal constitution of the group or to the impulse communicated to it by the attractions of the table, we find friendship, sociality, the dominant principle. Clara likes to make a ayllabub or a dish of maccaroons because they are favorites among

secretion is chyle. Thus the distributive principles simply characterize the processes of each passionate group or organ in its specific functions.

When we shall have discovered the classification of the products of the natural kingdoms by the passionate principles which preside over their creation, we shall by their correspondences with the different organs of our souls and bodies be enabled to discriminate without a groping empiricism, the articles of food most conducive to the development of each, and the medicine adapted to the cure of its diseases. This will complete

her friends of the rose bower or some other table groups; she may become quite distinguished in the fine arts of the kitchen, may be chief of a series; but that will be incidental. Friendship, sociality, and the charm of the function in itself, are the true moving springs.

The sentiment of friendship and not that of ambition, evidently develops itself at the table. We can draw little inference as to ambition, from the mode in which hospitality is exercised, whether one dish or twenty are set before us, whether simply or exquisitely prepared. It is the sphere of *sight* which seems peculiarly to belong to ambition. It is in decorations, insignia, parade, badges, medals, banners, that it asserts itself, from the robes of the monarch, the uniform, epaulettes, crosses of the general, from the dress of the gentleman, the huckster, the convict,—that we infer at a glance their respective *rank* in the social scale. The regal characteristic of the eagle, is an eye that turns undazzled to the noonday sun; of the lion and his brother potentates of the cat tribe, that their eyes flash fire in the dark. These, with the mane and the crested plume, the majestic motion and the soaring flight; afterwards the roar and the piercing scream of their voices, are the signs of their rank and sovereignty, and least of all what they feed upon or how they eat it. Finally, we confess that without wishing to detract at all from the importance of gastronomy, gastrosophy, and their allied functions; nay, with all the sympathies of a gourmand for the harmonies of the palate, we cannot allow to their relative developments in Harmony a rank which would justify their affiliation with ambition, and the *petits pates* of the Babylonian campaign (*Unite* 4th vol.) have lain for the last eighteen months undigested on our stomach.

The more development we have of our affective and spiritual life, the less we care about eating. The excitements of the table and the pleasures of taste are a sort of *pis aller*, to which we are driven like the drunkard for want of a higher life. The finest races of the earth and the finest lives every where, are by no means those in whom the sense of taste dominates, but whose eating is of the simplest character. We shall certainly seek in Harmony a pure and beautiful food; we shall recognize as a legitimate and honorable sphere of industry all that is connected with it; but the higher harmonies of the other senses in the sphere of sound and color and motion, with the fine arts which spring from their marriage with the affective passions; and the social diversions themselves, must, while they exalt and render composite the charm of the table, absorb our present tendencies to gourmandizing and cannibalism.

the science of Homœopathy. We cannot here pursue this subject. It suffices to have shown the existence of the passion-principles in the organic life out of which they spring. We are now prepared to understand the meaning of Organic Refraction, and shall expect that a diet in the attainment of which the four cardinal passions of the soul are perverted and outraged, should produce, in its assimilation, corresponding perversions and diseases in the organs of our bodies over which those principles respectively preside.

We discern, then, in these parallel and concomitant existences, the conscious life and the organic life, a unitary essence, a unitary law of development.

It remains to apply in practice to the sphere of organic life, the principles which our consciousness reveals to us in that of sensitive and affective life.

Of the attractions which constitute our conscious life, we feel that in proportion to their energy is their resistance to all forces which oppose or disturb their present state, and their tendency to react in an opposite direction when the controlling force is removed; whilst conversely every surfeit or excess proportionally diminishes the energy of the attraction. In some extracts, in the third and fifth numbers of the fourth volume of the Harbinger, from an unpublished Thesis, we have shown this law to be common to all the spheres of attraction — Physical, Organic, Sensitive, Affective and Distributive. Among the sensitive passions, we habitually recognize that privation of their normal stimuli, as of light, sound, savory food, odors; increases their susceptibility to those impressions; whilst blindness, deafness, loss of taste, &c., to a greater or less extent, follows on the exposure to light, sound, &c., too intense. We may follow this through the minuter shades of the varieties of stimuli, as in the green spectra which come before the eye when fatigued by red. We need hardly here apply this obvious law to the Affective passions, but refer to the article above mentioned, where the principle is more fully exhibited in its connection with the dual law of direct and inverse development.

The elasticity of life, and the corollary of reaction against disturbing forces, is the basis of Christ's principle to "resist not, but to give the coat to him who would take the cloak;" of the homœopathic principle, that diseases are cured by agents capable of determining similar morbid states; or of the universal formula for the removal of moral or organic tendencies, to operate by absorbent substitution.

This principle applied to the organic life on the question of diet, determines the highest health and power of endur-

ance to result from a food which, while adapted in its varied and delicate savors to gratify the refined palate and determine harmonies in the sphere of taste, shall be nutritive without exciting or disturbing the normal state of life.

By the following table from Tiedemann's Physiology we find the nutriment much less in the same amount of animal than of vegetable food, though Liebig and others have ascertained that in both, this nutriment consists in the same proximate principle, *proteine*.

Nutriments in 1,000 parts of

Mutton,	298	Beans,	870
Beef,	260	Nuts,	930
Pork,	240	Barley,	920
Veal,	350	Bread,	800
Haddock,	180	Oats,	742
Chicken,	270	Tamarinds,	840
Blood,	215	Molasses,	865
Codfish,	210	Rice,	880
Sole,	210	Almonds,	636

It is, then, from stimulant principles added to the nutritive, and determining temporarily a greater tension and rapidity of our vital functions, that the supposed greater nutritive power of animal food depends.

Now what does daily experience and common sense teach us on this point? Are our muscular forces in requisition, are we on a journey, or felling a tree, or plunging when the dinner hour is announced? If we would preserve the state we then have attained, and continue without inconvenience the same exertion; shall we succeed best after a stimulating meal of flesh, which from its stimulation requires a greater quantity to satisfy us and a rest of several hours for digestion, or after a meal of bread and fruits? The latter does not change our state, but simply supplies the material for forming blood and tissue, and leaves the nervous system undisturbed, conscious of its real resources, neither excited nor depressed.

Thus also with the student solving a problem; with the lover, whose sentiment is vividly active; their instinct determines a simple analeptic nourishment. It is only when the sense of health and vigor, and the wish to continue the existing state gives way to a sense of disease and debility, and the wish to change the present state, that the morbid appetite craves flesh or other stimulants. From personal experience we may proceed to general facts. What does national refraction or the condition of life in the large classes of mankind whose diet is the most exclusively vegetable teach us on this point?

In this country the vegetable eaters are so few that it is difficult to institute a fair comparison. The health enjoyed by a Christian sect of Philadelphia, one of whose tenets is the sacredness of life, and who have enjoyed exemption from cholera and other epidemic and endemic diseases,

is worthy of notice. It is not only the finer, the more spiritual qualities of life whose health we find connected with the abstinence from flesh. Are the millions of European laborers who can get no meat, less or more robust than the thousands of wealthier persons who eat it? Amongst our Indians, the finest specimens of manhood are found in the Camanche nation, which, as I have been informed by a gentleman who lived several years in that wild region, subsists almost exclusively on parched wheat and the fruits of the soil. Lewis and Clark make similar mention of the Ricaras. The nations of Typee, amongst others of the Pacific Islanders to whom mariners have long agreed to award the prize for a glorious physical development we are informed live on their fruits and vegetables, using meat very seldom, at their anniversaries or other great festivals. Melville, who took advantage of their chief's liberality to feed his scrofulous leg on pork, had certainly a good opportunity of observing this.

Such is, however, by no means the uniform character of the Pacific Islanders. It is especially among the Marquesas and Wellington Islands, who excel all the rest. Their food consists of the bread-fruit, banana, cocoa nut, yam, &c., the delicious natural products of the soil. We refer to "Lamb's Reports — Manners and Customs of all Nations," or, as the English copy may not be easily procurable, to the extracts which Mr. Graham has made, in the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, second volume, of his "Lectures on the Science of Human Life." We find the "Laplanders, Samoides, Ostiaks, Tongoeses, Burats, Kamtschadales, in northern Europe and Asia; the Esquimaux in the northern, and the natives of Terra del Fuego in the southern extremity of America;" (the whole range of climate in which prejudiced physiologists have insisted on the necessity of animal food, and where the people live almost entirely upon it,) "the smallest, the weakest, and least brave people of the globe." We may rank with them in a better climate, the New Hollander, who likewise does not cultivate the soil.

In a climate scarcely less rigorous, we find the Russian, nourished on simple and coarse vegetable food, among the most robust of the human race. In other latitudes we may contrast the superior organization of the beautiful Circassians, those flowers of Asia, whose country is itself a garden; with their not very distant neighbors, "the hideous Calmucks, who devour indiscriminately every animal they can kill."

"The peasantry of Lancashire and Cheshire, whose food is potatoes and buttermilk, are celebrated as the hand-

somest race in England." The Irish, notwithstanding their squalid poverty and the imbruting labor to which they have been subjected for so many generations, are, in spite of whiskey, still among the finest races of the globe.

In the torrid zone, and among the intense heats of the low Mexican coast, there still remain descendants of the native races now broken to labor, of whose Herculean powers I have heard a sea captain who had traded there for logwood, speak with admiration. They would come a distance of twelve and fifteen miles from their houses to the sea board, work through the day as porters, carrying loads of five or six hundred weight, and return home to their families at evening. Their food was maize and water.

The history of the athletic games of Greece affords us some interesting facts on this subject.

"The regimen of the early gymnasia," says Rollin, "consisted only of dried figs, nuts, fresh curds, boiled grain, and a coarse sort of bread. They were forbidden to use wine, and required to observe the strictest continence. In later times, when, together with other corruptions which had grown up between them, flesh had come to be generally used, its effect was so manifest upon their mental powers that the stupidity of the athlete became proverbial."

The heroic eras both of Greece and Rome, that of Israel marching to its promised land, and of Persia in the reign of Cyrus, are all characterised by the prevalence of vegetable diet.

"Cyrus, who raised Persia from an obscure, rude colony to one of the most powerful and splendid empires that the world ever saw,—who performed more extraordinary marches, fought more battles, won more victories and exhibited more personal prowess and bodily power of effort and endurance than almost any general that ever lived, subsisted from childhood on the simplest and plainest diet of vegetable food and water; and his Persian soldiers who went with him through all his career of conquest, and shared with him all his hardships, toils and dangers,—with whom he was able to march thousands of miles in an incredibly short time, and conquer armies double the number of his own, were like himself, trained from childhood on bread, cresses and water, and strictly adhered to the same abatemiousness even in the hour of victory, when the luxuries of captured cities lay in profusion around them. The immortal Spartans of Thermopylae, were from infancy nourished on the plainest and coarsest vegetable aliment; and the Roman army in the period of their greatest valor and gigantic achievements, subsisted on plain and coarse vegetable food.

"It is well known that among the bravest and most hardy and enduring soldiers that composed the army of Napoleon in his wonderful career, were those who had all their lives subsisted on a coarse vegetable diet. 'The Polish and Hungarian peasants from the Carpathian mountains,' says a young Polish nobleman, 'are among the most active and powerful men in the world: they live almost entirely on oatmeal and potatoes.' The Polish soldiers under Buonaparte would march forty miles in a day and fight a pitched battle; and the next morning be fresh and vigorous for further duties."

Let this answer these objectors who, because the era of Harmony is not yet arrived, fear that they shall become too sweet tempered, too much like little babies, to get through their civilized fighting in a creditable manner; that they will not be able to make their mark upon their time. If they expect to do it by the help of beef, they are leaning on a broken reed. We feel some compunction in soiling the pages of the Harbinger with these military heroics, and of seeming to pander for a moment to that cringing spirit which glorifies such miserable perversions of human energy in this, the nineteenth century. When human destiny was all obscured, and the prejudices of education placed the highest virtue in successful conflict, then these things had their legitimate place. The finest developments of character often occurred in war, and therefore we must allow the nobler elements of the warrior's character to illustrate those organic habits which, being founded in the essence of the soul, must, in all ages, most conduce to manly energy and to passion as well as physical development.

To be Continued.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL.

A Christmas Story.

BY THE DANISH POET, ANDERSON.

It was so terribly cold; it snowed, and the evening began to be dark: it was also the last evening in the year, New Year's Eve. On this cold, dark evening a poor little girl went into the street with bare head and naked feet. It is true she had shoes on when she went from home, but of what use were they! They were very large shoes, her mother had last worn them, they were too large; and the little one lost them in hurrying over the street as two carriages passed quickly by. One shoe was not to be found, and the other a boy ran away with, saying that he could use it for a cradle when he had children himself. The little girl now went on her small naked feet, which were red and blue with cold; she carried a number of matches in an old apron, and held one bundle in her hand. No one had bought of her the whole day, no one had given her a farthing. Poor thing!

she was hungry and benumbed with cold, and looked so downcast! The snow flakes fell on her yellow hair, which curled so prettily round her neck, but she did not heed that.

The lights shone out from all the windows, and there was such a delicious smell of the roast beef in the street; it was New Year's Eve, and she thought of that!

She sat down in a corner between two houses; the one stood a little more forward in the street than the other; and drew her legs up under her to warm herself, but she was still colder, and she durst not go home; she had not sold any matches, or got a single farthing! Her father would beat her; and it was also cold at home, they had only the roof directly over them, and there the wind whistled in, although straw and rags were stuffed in the largest crevices.

Her little hands were almost benumbed with cold. Ah! a little match might do some good, durst she only draw one out of the bundle, strike it on the wall, and warm her fingers. She drew out one match! how it burned! it was a warm clear flame like that of a little candle, when she held her hand round it; it was a strange light!

The little girl thought she sat by a large iron stove with brass balls on the top; the fire burned so nicely and warmed so well! Nay, what was that? The little girl stretched out her feet to warm them, too; when the flame went out, the stove vanished, she sat with a burnt match in her hand. Another was struck, it burned, it shone; and where the light fell on the wall it became as transparent as a rapture; she looked directly into the room, where the roasted goose stuffed with apples and prunes steamed so charmingly on the table which was laid out, and covered with a shining white cloth and fine porcelain service. What was still more splendid, the goose sprang off the dish and waddled along the floor with knife and fork in its back; it came directly up to the poor girl. Then the match went out, and there was only the thick cold wall to be seen.

She struck another match. Then she sat under the most charming Christmas-tree; it was still larger and more ornamental than that she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's, the last Christmas; a thousand candles burned on the green branches; and motley pictures, like those which ornament the shop windows, looked down at her. The little girl lifted up both her hands, then the match was extinguished, the many Christmas candles rose higher and higher; she saw that they were bright stars: one of them fell and made a fiery stripe in the sky. "Now one dies!" said the poor girl, for old grandmother, who had alone been kind to her, but who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul goes up to God!

She again struck a match against the wall, it shone all around, and her old grandmother stood in the lustre, so shining, so mild and blissful. "Grandmother," exclaimed the little girl, "oh! take me with you! I know you will be gone away when the match goes out, like the warm stove, the delicious roast goose, and the delightful Christmas-tree!" and she struck in haste the whole remainder of matches that was in the bundle; she would not lose sight of

grandmother, and the matches shone with such brilliancy that it was clearer than in broad daylight. Grandmother had never before looked so pretty, so great; she lifted the poor little girl up in her arms, and they flew so high, so high, in splendor and joy, there was no cold, no hunger, no anxiety; they were with God.

But the little girl sat in the corner by the house, in the cold morning hour, with red cheeks, and with a smile round her mouth, dead, frozen to death, the last evening of the old year.

New Year's morning rose over the little corpse as it sat with the matches, of which a bundle was burned. But no one knew what beautiful things she had seen, in what splendor and gladness she had entered with her old grandmother into New Year's Joys.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CONSIDERANT.

Translated for the Harbinger.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE REDEMPTION, AND THE RETURN TO THE CHRIS- TIANITY OF JESUS CHRIST.

(Concluded from p. 243.)

The human intellect, after having accepted false, absurd, fatal dogmas about God, the world, man and destiny, revolted against them and against the authority which imposed and still maintained them. So long as it had a serious contest to sustain, it expended its activity in fighting; but after the victory, the human soul is left without doctrine, without religion, without a superior and directing idea, without faith. Then hungering for its noblest, its sublimest nourishment, society has uttered painful groans; feeling the worm of scepticism gnawing at its vitals, it has understood that religious faith was as necessary to the spirit of the social man, as bread to the body of the individual.

The conservative rear guard of the old doctrines rejoice at this spiritual famine. Not conceiving its meaning, they augur from it a return to the spirit of the past. Some light or weak characters; men who have got tired; literary butterflies, novelists and journalists, catching at religion and philosophy to gild their trivialities; thoughtless young persons, struck with the beauties of Christian art, whose key our age has found, — visiting the past in their imagination, in love with beautiful Madonnas and romantic legends, have supposed that our society was going in all simplicity back to the faith of the middle ages. Such conclusions are unfounded, — even childish. They have seen one wave retreat, but far from returning to the past, the social tide has but begun to rise. Mind having shaken off its old yoke and paused a moment in simple negation, now recognizing the necessity of a faith, and seeking a position which will certainly not be that of the twelfth century, evidently continues its

course towards the idea of the future, far from returning to the dogmas of the past. Man, after a prelude to his taking possession of the earth by a decisive demonstration of his strength, his intellect and his industry, cannot resume that blind, insensate creed which debased the earth. He still hesitates, but he will soon need the intelligent and luminous faith which unites him with Heaven.

The clear and brilliant idea of man's destiny, such as we disclose it, has not yet enlightened, and does not dwell in all minds; but the future incontestably belongs to it. Already, earnest spirits turn to the social question, and foresee the reign of freedom, harmony, happiness, upon the earth.

We deny not that much timidity, numerous prejudices, trouble and contradiction yet prevail; but it is not less evident that we turn to the side of the light, and the great proof we have to give of it is, that even in the bosom of the Protestant and Catholic churches, we begin to understand that the doctrine of Christ has been perverted in its application; that far from having exclusively for its object the exceptional salvation of the individual in the other world, its chief object is the social Salvation of Humanity in this world, as well as in other lives. We recognize at last that Christianity can only be restored to its primitive grandeur and power, on condition of accepting this interpretation which shows the gospel as the primitive source of every fruitful view of the amelioration of society. How many such intellectual tendencies are shown in laical society, which without wishing to depart from the conquests of philosophy, would attain a religious idea agreeing with reason and with its still vague presentiments upon the future of humanity! Nothing is more natural, but what is remarkable, is that this religious movement now stirs the ranks of the clergy, whom a new spirit penetrates. And was it not indeed impossible that a body so numerous as the clergy, including many members full of light, of high virtue, and of true aspiration, should remain entirely behind, and never follow the march of society's progress? This idea also germs and opens in its bosom, that to replace the Church in its true position in the mind of the people, she must be presented not as denying and condemning the world, but as announcing and promising to it the laws of God and the fruits of justice, of liberty, of peace, and of happiness, with which they alone can cover it. Many priests, Catholics and Protestants, especially in France and Germany, and already even in England and the United States, understand then that the essential character of all religion, and so much more that of the religion of

Jesus, should be to assemble or to bind men together, and consequently that far from secluding itself from the world, and from society, religion should fecundate the world, and expect its own development from the sociality in which it merges, and of which it is only and can only be the culminating and synthetic fact. Unhappily, the depositaries of authority are in the ecclesiastical body, precisely the men who understand least the tendencies of the modern mind. Their repugnance to the social transformations which the times command, and which the genius of humanity will soon accomplish, are so strong, that doubtless the official church will leave to the world the first step in this movement of peaceful organization which is to realize the thought of Jesus, and whose accomplishment should have been its own task. We must not however accuse too much; the Church has been unintelligent, she has ceased to march before the people, she has taken refuge and shut herself up in the past, and left the new spirit to form beyond her precincts and without her aid. She has desired that all should remain *in statu quo*, and has pronounced a general anathema against all transformation. This is true. But on the other side, the innovating spirit has long been only disorderly and revolutionary; philosophy has only made heaps of ruins, and the nations are yet saturated with the terrible solvents with which she has ruined and overthrown altars and thrones.

Thus despite incontestably progressive tendencies and desires, Philosophy, for want of having clearly and distinctly conceived the destiny of man and recognized the regular and peaceful avenues to it, has only known how to inaugurate the revolutionary spirit. And it has so firmly soldered the idea of revolution to that of innovation, that it has persuaded powers and peoples, that the revolutionary principle and the principle of social progress are but one and the same thing; so that the masses are empassioned for revolutions, and the the outraged powers are disposed to rear up against all that presents a character of innovation and of progress. Though this unhappy spirit of revolution has in latter times lost much of its power, in proportion as the ideas of organization and the principles of the true social science has gained ground; it is yet strong enough to keep up a blind and deplorable hatred in the field of subversive politics. Besides, and it is on this point that we must especially enlighten public sentiment, and place it on its guard; now that social science begins to spread in the world, the revolutionary spirit seeks to turn to its own profit the force of associative arguments to denaturalize its essentially peaceful character,

to distort the principles of social harmony to the sanction of discord and of war. Thus we see writers blinded on one side by revolutionary prejudice, and by the political feuds which our fathers have bequeathed to us, but which we should now have the wisdom to repudiate, and forced on the other side to confess the power of the great principle of Association reduced to form by Fourier; seeking contrary to the very essence of this principle, to make a revolutionary ferment. They assume to energize the struggle of classes and interests which are now contesting, in the very name of the idea which at last brings the means of connecting and uniting them. But ought this reasoning to surprise us in an age where the Gospel, whose fundamental thought we shall not dispute to be the elevation of the principles of peace, of charity, of the union of men among themselves and with God; when the gospel of Jesus, we say, is ransacked every day as an arsenal of revolution, when even a priest, potent in word, but of a weak, vacillating, wandering and feverish intellect, has cast into the astonished world the name of him who has been the most perfect expression, the purest emanation of love, as a terrible signal of overthrow, vengeance and extermination.

Ah, surely, these inconceivable, these monstrous alliances of the sacred principles of the union and happiness of men, with the bloody doctrines of the genius of revolutions; this insensate transformation of the angel of social progress into a demon of ruin, are not made to enlighten men, nor to calm their disordered passions, nor to convert the social powers to the cause of the progress and the happiness of humanity, which is however their cause also, unless we refuse to count them in Humanity.

And you, who leaving the austerities of the cloister, suddenly intoxicate yourselves upon a liquor which has now ceased to turn the heads of ripe men; what would not have been your glory if you had been equal to the high mission which was offered you? if you could have sacrificed the fame, however great, but vain and fleeting, of a barren revolt, to the unfolding and utilizing of the spirit which appeared in the ranks of the church; if in place of seeking to harness Jesus to the bloody car of revolution, you had shown this church, over which you had then so much power, that the gospel of Jesus called Humanity to the peaceful paths of great social ameliorations, and promised to the future, justice, liberty, and happiness! Priest of Christ, and apostle of Humanity, you must combat and conquer this error which has subdued you; this ignorant and barbarous idea, which arms with a sword and burning

torch, the genius of progress. We must present this beautiful genius to the people, to the church, and to the king; holding in her hand the olive branch and the vine wreath; invoking the accomplishment of Christ's law, and repeating his anathemas against violence, destruction, and war. From your position you could make the church hear, and formally confess, that retrograde paths are false as well as those of revolutions; that the benefit of the promise was not limited to the other life; that this earth belongs to God, is fit to receive his laws, and that, like Heaven, it must manifest his goodness, his Providence. And if the church had been slow formally to accept this; your words gathered by the world, would have borne good fruit; but for that, they must first be intelligible. If we insist on the particular fact in question, it is because it peculiarly illustrates this association as false and inconsistent as it is fatal, of the principle of social progress with the revolutionary principle. A noisy revolt, a strange union of the gospel with the most violent and most subversive doctrines; an apocalyptic, dithyrambic, in which the poorest and stalest common places of the press were rejuvenated in a style which rose to the forms of the purest poetry, and which falls to the most vulgar melodramatic declamation; a work of sound and fury, of philosophy and mysticism, of love and hatred; has retarded and compromised the happy movement which worked in the bosom of the church herself, and which prepared the conciliation of two great and still hostile manifestations of human intelligence, REASON and FAITH.

Many members of the clergy whose thought, preoccupied with the social salvation of humanity, had begun to understand that wealth, liberty, popular happiness; finally that real progress, with all its power and its earthly glory, far from being condemned by the word of Christ, on the contrary, truly developed it. Many of those men whom the spirit of the future touched, and warmed, and whose influence might have linked the future with the past, have started with fright from the past. Beholding this bloody and furious expression, it seemed to them that if the Levite converted to progress, was himself drawn to sacrifice to the revolutionary principle, and to consecrate his gospel to it; this word of progress must only be a fatal temptation, and conceals within itself, revolt, madness and destruction.

Thus what might have been the harbinger of peace, the mediator between the past and the future, and of that alliance in which, completing themselves under the banner of God and Humanity, the yet hostile doctrines of the catholic, the pro-

testant, and the philosopher are called to unite; has been for the church only a subject of scandal, and fear, has provoked a retrograde reaction in the established powers; has disturbed society, and drawn upon itself even the pity of philosophy. Philosophy, the vanguard of society, which now repudiates the spirit of dissolution, and which understands that the time has come to reorganize and to construct, had welcomed the first expression of the Christian priest in favor of social progress and the future; but they repelled it with disdain, when they saw it attempt in its confusion, to rekindle with the gospel, a fire extinct under the ashes and cinders of the past.

But because it was not greatly understood, but on the contrary, forgotten and compromised; this high alliance of the two noblest expressions of the human soul, does not less constitute at the present period of intellectual growth, the chief task of those spirits who rise to general views of philosophy and religion. This alliance, we say it without fear of deception, will never be fully rectified until after the grand transformation which will inaugurate the union of order and liberty on the earth, which will realize Harmony as a great whole in the facts of humanitary life. It is only from actual Harmony that the marriage of Reason and Faith, will emerge radiant and clear to every mind and heart.*

All effort however to unite these two powers, all labor aiming at social development, far from opposing the fundamental thought of Christianity, is demanded by it. Real progress far from revolutionary, is constructive and peaceful in its essence; through science, experience, and attraction; not by tumult and violence, society must enter the splendid career of its happy destiny. Every work conceived in this wise and conciliating spirit, must clear the road to the realization of social harmony, a road still choked up by prejudice both old and new.

It is only by restoring to the doctrine of Jesus its pure and primitive sense, by accounting for its efficient influence over the modern mind, by connecting with it the idea of progress, liberty and development, on which the philosophy of our time has arisen, that we can see the chain which binds the present to the past, the future with the old promise.

It seemed judicious to prelude explanation of the *mechanism of social Harmony*, the comprehension of which will initiate

* HARMONY AND HAPPINESS ARE THE ENDS OF BEING: the conception of Harmony alone can solve those philosophical and religious problems, which hitherto have been but Gordian knots;—and the meaning of these solutions can only be felt by those who share in the realized Harmony.

us into the faith of the future by this general appreciation of the religion and philosophy of the past and present; the preface of this book of human destiny, whose seals have been broken by the genius of Fourier. If we wish on both sides to abandon errors, which no one can any longer seriously defend, we shall perceive that the christian religion is founded on a tradition and on a promise, and that philosophy, based on an obscure perception, rather instinctive than scientific, of humanity's development, unites and agrees with it in the command of justice, and in a great desire, that of human unity and happiness. Now Fourier's conception enables us to secure, by **ATTRACTION** itself, the execution of the command, and at last to realize the great desire. If, then, we are asked how this conception is bound with the past of Humanity: we answer, the accomplishment of the ultimate fact grows from the desire which has invoked it, from the promise transmitted.

Men of good faith will now soon see that far from unjustly condemning all in the past, we wished, on the contrary, to show the idea which crowns and illumines the past, and while opening the radiant era of harmonic epochs, allows us to be just to all earnest effort; proving that truths now mingled with error and nurtured on hostile soil, when they grow and unfold, under the sun of Harmony, will interweave in a friendly bower their branches, their flowers and their perfumed fruit. Catholicism will fully satisfy the principle of Order or of Unity, which it has bravely defended on the earth. Philosophy will find full satisfaction for the principle of Liberty and of human development, which has been the main spring of its contests: both in no distant day will hail in the law of Harmony discovered by Fourier, the realized aim of Jesus; the answer to the question stated to human genius in that Gospel where it is written, "*Seek first the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.*"

Besides, as we have said, this full, integral, intelligent and complete Faith, which will satisfy every desire of the human soul of which the different philosophic and religious doctrines, have been hitherto only fragmentary and exclusive expressions:—this Faith, which will be the voice of gratitude and of love for humanity, arrayed in its unity; the high and living synthesis of its social harmony, will rise spontaneously from that harmony as the earth's choral anthem. Until then, the religious question must be strictly confined to the province of mind and of science, and the discussions

which relate to it have no real importance except so far as they prepare elevated intellects for the knowledge and reception of the economical and industrial part of Fourier's conception. Fourier and his intelligent disciples have never dreamed and never can dream of founding in society anything like a religious sect.

The aim of their efforts at propagation is to obtain a decisive experiment of the Serial order applied to a purely industrial organization, and which will remain entirely subject to the civil law, to the moral law, to the political and religious law, of the country in whose bosom it shall be executed; let this country be France, Russia, England or Turkey, and the religion the Roman Catholic, Greek Christianity, the Protestant, or the Mahomedan. To reform the conditions of industry and of labor; this, we repeat it, is our aim, our only actual effort. Let Humanity, after this reform, which will be the solid basis of its immense future progress, of its glorious ulterior developments, modify and transform the civil laws, the political laws, the religious laws, which belong to its actual states, which are its more or less happy expressions, and essential concomitants.

That the customs of the future will, in all orders of their relations, resemble very distantly the Past and Present, we do not doubt; we should think it madness to doubt it for a moment. But these ulterior transformations of customs, of laws, of public faith, which may be foreseen and predicted, belong to the ulterior intellect and will of Humanity. Thus they belong to the domain of speculation, and cannot now be more.

We hope that these explanations will suffice to prevent any candid mind from misunderstanding the character of the doctrine which we propagate, and the nature of its criticism. *Our doctrine accepts society as it is*, with its customs, its faith, even its prejudices. It seeks only to acquire the credit necessary to apply the organizing principle to *industrial exploration under given conditions*. And when it criticises society and the actual law, it is not to excite to their brutal subversion; for it is not only its profession, but the result of its very principles, that the character of real progress is to proceed by the path of attractive transformation, and not by that of subversion. The wise man observes the vices of the bad law; he may even criticise them sharply; but he submits to this law until it is replaced by another, so long as it is the law of the society in which he lives. There are numbers, who not having thoroughly understood the conception of Fourier, and remaining dazzled before the theme so novel as that of *Passional Attraction*, in the development on which this great man

has especially dwelt in his works, have thought that he allowed himself to be diverted from the path of Truth by abandoning his thought too entirely to the principle of Liberty. It is an egregious error. The principle which rules in Fourier's conception is not the principle of Liberty, but the principle of Order. We must be blind not to see it. How does Fourier legitimate *a priori* the principle of the liberty of the Human soul? It is by sustaining himself on the high idea of order, which exacts that God should not have placed in the heart of the intelligent creature commissioned to represent him on the Earth, passions innately and essentially bad.

And how does he legitimate *a posteriori* the principle of this liberty? It is by presenting a social mechanism in which all the energy of the passions turns to good and engenders an admirable order. Is it an attack upon the principle of order to prove that the means of the most perfect order, of Unity, of Harmony, is liberty itself, developed in given conditions; whilst the constraint which excites to resistance and to reaction can only be a sign of disorder? Let it then be well understood that this theory which according to Fourier's own expression, bears the name of the **THEORY OF UNIVERSAL UNITY**, is in the first place, although announcing to Humanity the full and entire development of **LIBERTY**, a doctrine of **ORDER**; that in the eyes of Fourier and of those who know how to understand him, it is even the consideration of **ORDER** or of **UNITY**, which constitutes the higher legitimacy of liberty; and that in every state of society, the **NECESSITY OF LIBERTY**, however legitimate in its source, must still remain subordinate to the **NECESSITY OF ORDER**. The transcendent beauty of Fourier's conception, which gives to it the absolute character of Science is, that precisely in organizing relations by the principle of *natural order*, it effects in society, the *most perfect order THROUGH the most absolute liberty*.

From the Christian World.

BOSTON LECTURES.

I must confess to some astonishment that even in this busy, money getting age, more persons have not turned aside, to listen to the words of the earnest band of reformers, who have been seeking to promulgate their doctrines amongst us this winter, especially as they profess to have a science of society which, by a true organization of labor, will enable every man and every woman also, who pursues a course of *attractive industry*, to become the possessor of wealth sufficient to surround one with all the luxuries of life. Surely their views are entitled to some consideration, in these days when the fearful condition of our fellow beings in Ireland, Scotland, Belgium, &c., must irresistibly lead humane and

thinking men, not only to meet the present exigency, but to seek to penetrate and remove the cause of this wide spread misery.

This systematic course of lectures, before the Boston Union of Associationists, has been attended by a select and intelligent, though not numerous, audience; and it is quite evident that the clear and candid exposition of their doctrines given by the various lecturers, all men of high culture and distinguished ability, has won for them a respectful hearing, and excited a strong desire for further knowledge. The most beautiful spirit of Christian charity has pervaded all these lectures. Whilst depicting with unsparing hand the evils of the present social state, and its still more terrible tendencies, they have never failed to speak with true brotherly love of all classes of society, all of whom, rich or poor, cultivated or uncultivated, of whatever rank, color, taste, they seek to unite in one harmonious whole—variety in unity—not a monotonous and innoxious equality, a sameness which God never meant should exist upon the earth—but an equality of opportunity for development, for integral education, for unfolding into complete and harmonious individuals, which surely the present state of society permits us not to be. Their work is eminently one of construction, not of destruction. They demand not of men to disguise all that the memories of the past has made sacred to them; they but say, "aid us to carry out our idea, and when you have looked on the practical result, do as you please about following us." Fulton had but to build one steamboat, and lo! ere many years, the whole seas are covered with them. The lecturers have spoken of Man's destiny on this earth, have traced his progress from Edenism, through the various stages of Savagism, Patriarchism, Barbarism, Civilization, up to the present time, and its tendencies, and find but comparatively little progress has been made. They have sketched the life of Charles Fourier, truly a man of genius, worthy a name in Fame's temple by Newton's side, or even higher, as the law of social attraction is of so much greater importance to the race. Then followed an analysis of man, showing the grounds of association in his spiritual nature, and a sketch of the practical organization of society, illustrated by a beautiful picture of the Phalanstery and Domain. An instructive and deeply interesting lecture on Integral Education completed the course, in which most happy allusion was made to the Viennese dancers, whose sports amid the sheaves and flowers would be repeated as a natural conclusion of their joyous toil by children, for whose future one would have no cause for foreboding. We wish we could repeat the beautiful description of the picture which followed this lecture, and the glowing words of prophecy and hope. In all confidence do we say, no lectures have been given this winter, more worthy of attention than these. For that science is unspeakably the most important which shall bring man into unity with nature, surrounding him with all material harmonies; into unity with his race, making of one family all the children of the earth; into unity with God, revealing to him the laws of perfect order and so of perfect freedom. Fervently do we re-echo the pro-

phesy, that ere five years have passed, no lecture-room in this city will hold the earnest seekers for this gospel of great joy.

The branch of the Religious Union of Associationists residing in this vicinity, hold their public meetings, conducted by William Henry Channing, at Washington Hall, on Sunday afternoons. A steadily increasing and eagerly attentive audience listen with delight to these truly wonderful discourses, but we have looked in vain in any of your city papers for any report of them, which would be doubly valuable, inasmuch as we learn they have never been written. We have never listened to so eloquent a man. He seems a transparent medium through which God's truth flows to his people. He gives you not words merely, but life—not images of beauty merely, and just sentiments, and noble aspirations, but brings before you realities, terrible, sublime; and leads you, in their august presence, to cast aside the toys with which you have been trifling, to grapple with great truths, and to make them your own. One is made to feel that he is a man standing in the presence of his peers, of spirits, and of God, with a solemn work before him, a mission to fulfil,—and wo to the unfaithful! Reverence for the past, and hope for the future, are his characteristics. He seeks to do exactest justice to all who have gone before, accepting and blending the essence of the doctrines which they have taught, and which in their corruptions seem so contradictory.

This is a church of a new era. Its speculative doctrines seem to be a reverence for woman; a belief in the solidarity of the race, not only in the union of those now existing on the earth, but with those who have left this planet, and those who are yet to come; one life flowing into and animating all, of which Jesus is the Head, and his consequent co-operation and influence, and that of all spirits, who are ever near, guarding and guiding us according to our willingness to be led by them; unwavering faith in the abiding presence of God, who in placing man upon this earth and surrounding him with beauty, doomed him not beforehand to the punishment of a Tantalus,—gave him not longings never to be satisfied, desires never to be fulfilled, condemned him not to a life with suffering for its law, with joy for its exception, for could we look on such a being and call him Father! A confidence that as God has clothed the lilies of the field, and cared for the sparrows, and given to each insect, reptile, fish, bird, animal, attractions proportioned to its destiny, that he has done no less for man. As he has made him a social being, he has designed for him, on this planet, of which he is the crowning glory, a true order of society, in which all his nature may be so harmoniously unfolded, that his every act in its blessed influences on all around shall call forth a *Te Deum*, and angels thus beholding Christ's law of love carried into each detail and relation of life, may sing in higher, louder, deeper strains, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace and good will towards men." A conviction that this state is to be obtained by a true organization of industry, by which man, relieved from his crushing cares, and guaranteed a support, shall, by following his God-given attractions, be enabled to earn for himself wealth, to surround him-

self with beauty which his soul craves, and thus to come into unity with nature, to live in true relations of family love, friendship, reverence, in unity with man, and by joy, and peace, and thanksgiving, in unity with God.

The permanent scourges of society are now considered Sabbath after Sabbath. We would have said a word on the last two discourses on 'True Freedom and the Philosophy of War, but we have already trespassed too largely. We will only add, *go and hear*. T.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1847.

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.

CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE ASSOCIATIVE CAUSE—HISTORICAL GLANCES—PRESENT DEMANDS.

The Associative Movement in this country has attained the point of advancement which it has succeeded in reaching, by the individual, unconcerted zeal and devotedness of its advocates, rather than by any systematic, organized efforts for its promotion. It owes its position before the public to the force of private convictions, and not to the usual machinery of party organization. Indeed, it is seldom that any truths, possessing even in a comparatively humble degree the profound importance of the Associative doctrines, have remained for so long a time, without an embodiment in some visible institution, or without an elaborate and efficient arrangement to secure to them a general currency and reception. These doctrines have fastened themselves upon no small number of unprejudiced minds, with a tenacity in proportion to their significance and comprehensiveness; they have irresistibly commanded the assent of liberal and intelligent men, who have made them the subject of calm and rational investigation; they have aroused multitudes to a deeper faith in God and a more inspiring hope for Humanity; but they have not as yet compelled their adherents to adopt a broad and efficient system for their universal propagation. Whatever the energy and earnestness of individuals, there has been no concentration, no unity of action, no comparison of counsels, no reciprocal influence between corresponding elements; and hence the movement has been characterized by inequality, uncertainty, incoherence, and consequent waste of power.

The formation of the AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS in May, 1846, was

with a view to the correction of the evils just enumerated, and to the establishment of a complete and efficient system for the propagation of Associative truth. That was a most important step, considered in its bearings on the progress of the cause. It was an approach to the Unity, which is the foundation of our movement, as well as the aim of our endeavors. It established a rallying point for the scattered friends of Association throughout the land. It was an attempt to produce strength by concentration. Since that time, although it has labored under great disadvantages,—destitute of the means to give full efficiency to its organization,—unable to command the exclusive services of those who were entrusted with its management,—and suffering, in fact, for want of a local habitation, a familiar, well-provided unitary home,—it has given an impulse to the cause, such as it never before received. It has sent Lecturers to different and distant parts of the country, who have usually made a profound impression wherever they have gone,—formed affiliated Unions, which now present the germs of future strength and progress,—established the principle of the Rent, and made it popular,—provided, by means of its two principal affiliated Unions, for elaborate, scientific courses of Lectures in Boston and New York, from the ablest advocates of Association in this country,—and indirectly, at last, occasioned the very important religious movement in Boston, which is conducted by W. H. CHANNING with such signal ability and effect.

But the time has now come, we are persuaded, for more concentrated and efficient action on the part of the American Associationists, in order to promulgate more widely the heavenly doctrines of Social Harmony, and to secure their reception to such an extent, as will authorize a practical experiment of a Phalanx, on a scale of sufficient magnitude to command the attention of the public, and provided with the ample and complete resources necessary to a successful result. This is called for by the present state of the public mind, which is growing more and more sensitive to the evils of our existing social organization, and anxiously seeking a remedy; the materials for broad and systematic action are ready; favoring circumstances beckon us to go forward; will the friends of Association now unite their resources for the accomplishment of the work?

We will briefly indicate the conditions for the efficiency and vitality of the American Union, and for conducting the promulgation of Associative truth, in a manner worthy of the sacred cause.

We bespeak the mature reflection of our friends upon the suggestions we shall

make, and trust that the free and impartial interchange of opinions and views, will lead to agreement of purpose and unity of action.

1. The AMERICAN UNION should establish a CENTRAL OFFICE for the transaction of business, the meetings of the Executive Committee, and the general focus of publication, and lectures. At present, the Union has no centre, no head, and of course, no systematic, unitary action, and comparatively, no efficiency. Its officers are distant from each other, living in different places, with slight means of communication, and precluded, by their very position, from prompt, vigorous, combined action. This Central Office should maintain a constant intercourse with the Affiliated Unions, correspond with the leading Associationists throughout the country, and form a depository for statistical facts, intelligence, books, drawings, models, &c. &c., illustrative of the theory of Association. It should be the place of meeting for the Executive Committee of the Union, and a general unitary centre for the reunion of all the friends of Association. From this office, should emanate the publications of the Union, the correspondence of its officers, and the communications, by lectures and otherwise, which it is indispensable to keep up with the affiliated societies.

2. The affairs of this office should be conducted by at least two OFFICERS of the Union, designated for the purpose, and EXCLUSIVELY DEVOTED to its interests and operations. Under the present arrangements, the Union is unable to command the exclusive services of any of its officers or agents. Its business is conducted by men, whose time is principally devoted to other pursuits. It is often felt, that the labor given to its interests, is in fact taken from important personal concerns which cannot be neglected without injury. Hence, it wants the careful, steady, vigilant supervision, which it would be wholly unreasonable to demand from those who can bestow upon it only the portions of time that can be gained from urgent, private occupations. It imperatively demands the services of one man to conduct its extensive correspondence, to keep up a constant intercourse with affiliated societies, to answer inquiries for information and demands for lecturers, and in short, to watch over the action of its machinery, in order that it may operate in the most vigorous and beneficial manner. Equally necessary are the services of another person, whose principal function should be the superintendence of publications, the editing of periodicals, and the general management of the literary and intellectual department of the movement. An Office, thus con-

ducted, would at once form an efficient and attractive centre of influence. It would draw around it the talent and intelligence which are ready for action in the Associative cause, but which now, through want of concentration, of definite, practical aim, and of the opportunity for unitary action, are comparatively wasted.

3. The publication of the HARBINGER should be assumed by the Union, and proceed from this Office. Hitherto, as our friends well know, the Harbinger has been a labor of love, on the part of its Editors and contributors. Not a dollar has ever been paid for the original matter which has crowded its columns. Of course, the conducting of the paper has been necessarily entrusted to men who were already engaged in other business, and burdened with other cares. It has never received the free, unoccupied, leisurely attention of its Editors. The interest with which it has been welcomed by the friends of Association, is owing more to the importance of its subjects, than to the ability with which they have been discussed. This arrangement should continue no longer. The present Editors deeply feel, that under existing circumstances, they can neither do justice to themselves, nor to the cause. They know that the Associationists in this country have the pecuniary and intellectual ability, to establish a weekly paper on a less precarious foundation. The time has arrived, they are fully persuaded, for this to be done. At present, this must be the grand pivot in our system of propagation. Nothing can effectually supply its place. It must be the medium of communication between the centre and the circumference; between the Parent Union and its Affiliated Societies; between the scattered believers in an approaching social redemption, throughout the land. In connection with the Central Office, which we have suggested, the Harbinger would at once be provided with efficient additional support. It would have the services of at least two men whose whole time and thoughts were consecrated to the movement; and in addition to the voluntary corps of contributors with which it is now favored, would draw within its sphere whatever of intelligence or ability, could be found devoted to Association, in the place where its location should be fixed.

Besides, the Harbinger, the publication of cheap tracts, monthly or semi-monthly, should be undertaken, consisting either of original essays, or of such articles that had previously appeared in the weekly, as might be deemed suitable to the purpose.

A Monthly Magazine, of a cheap, popular character, or one devoted to the

discussion of the higher branches of Social Science, is a desirable element in the system, and might be commenced as soon as circumstances should warrant the undertaking.

4. The CONTINUATION and ENLARGEMENT of the present system of LECTURES. We have now four or five able, earnest, and eloquent advocates of the Associative doctrines, who can devote a portion of their time to public lecturing, and two of whom at least, should be kept constantly in the field. The success of the Lectures, under the direction of the Union, has hitherto been of the most encouraging character. They have aroused public attention, softened prejudices, awakened a spirit of inquiry and reflection, and fastened conviction on the minds of numerous intelligent and earnest seekers after truth. The work which has thus favorably commenced, should be vigorously followed up. The Associationists of America owe it to their country and to Humanity, to spread the knowledge of their doctrines, wherever the heart of man throbs with hope in the coming of a brighter age of truth, freedom, love, unity and happiness.

5. Essential to the accomplishment of the foregoing sketch, the WEEKLY RENT, now subscribed to the funds of the Union, must be increased, and founded on a basis sufficiently secure to authorize extended operations. Including promises and pledges from various friends to the Cause, we may estimate the Rent to be depended on for the purposes now described, as amounting to fifty dollars a week. It is calculated that for the sum of one hundred dollars a week, the plan could be carried out in detail, with every guarantee of success. We believe that the necessary sum can be realized. No general appeal has yet been made. No definite plan has been before suggested. We present it now, without any formal action on the part of the Union. We trust we have not exceeded the bounds of propriety in stating clearly the conditions, which after much consultation with the leading friends of the Associative movement, have impressed themselves on our personal convictions, as essential to wide and efficient action.

The whole subject will come up for consideration at the Convention in New York in May next, which for interest and importance, we trust will not be inferior to any public Associative meeting that has preceded it. We repeat our summons to the friends of the Cause, to bring the aid of their best counsels and influence to this Anniversary, which should be made the starting point for operations, that shall terminate in the jubilee of Universal Harmony.

Meanwhile, we invite a free discussion

in the columns of the Harbinger. The present is a pivotal time in our movement, and demands the collective wisdom of the most enlightened minds and devoted hearts.*

FOURIER AMONG THE CARDINALS.

One of the surest signs of the progress of a doctrine, and that it is really proving itself true, is to see its principles claimed by others while repudiating its name and that of its first discoverer and proclaimer. Such is the case with many of the principles of Association; they are advocated in various forms by many, who are careful to declare that they "do not mean Fourierism," and who would not for their dear lives identify themselves in the slightest degree with such a heresy. Especially is it evidence that a thing is taking root in the mind of the age, and becoming an element and an influence which must be respected and conciliated, when we see the Catholic Church lay claim to it; for it is part of the consummate policy of that powerful organization, which has always studied well the springs and obstacles which it must touch and which it must avoid in the interests and convictions of men, in order to secure power, to claim every moral principle and every suggestion of reform and progress, which it cannot crush, but must conciliate, as a discovery of its own, which dates back centuries.

In the following article from the *Democratique Pacifique*, we have an illustration of this. It appears that the new Pope's counsellors are recommending to the Church the expediency of adopting and guiding the great humanitarian movements of the day, as being the very essence of true Catholicism, and things not to be left wholly in the hands of heretics. Whatsoever *must* be, whatsoever is decreed by providence to take place in the ages, is *theirs*, forsooth; for, they are the holy Catholic Church Universal. We do not feel, however, that the prayer and counsel of the good priest, quoted in the article below, smack altogether and solely of policy. There seems to be an earnest and sincere tone pervading it, a genuine love of humanity. The sentiments are great, and uttered with true feeling; and if this mighty movement of the times towards a truer realization of man's destiny is not only politically recognized, but actually felt in such a quarter, it is verily one of the strongest evidences that the crystalizing process of the elements of a new and better era is actually

* In order to prevent misapprehension, it should be stated that the suggestions advanced in the preceding article, are not to be regarded as expressing the collective opinion of the Editors of the Harbinger, but only the individual convictions of the writer. — C. R.

going on, and that most rapidly, under all this outward discord, duplicity, prejudice and meanness of our modern life.

ROME AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

The news from Rome, published this day in the *Rappel*, appear to confirm all that has been said of the kindness of heart and largeness of heart and mind of which Pius IX. is continually giving brilliant evidences. M. l'abbé Clavel, the principal editor of that paper writes thus from Rome. After having pronounced an eulogium on Father Ventura; "It is not astonishing," he adds, "that Pius has chosen Father Ventura in preference to all others, to preach the exercises of the sacerdotal retreat, to the regular clergy of Rome during the jubilee. These exercises were attended by four thousand priests of all orders, among whom were a great number of Jesuits. This is the first time that we have seen the exercises of St. Ignatius preached at Rome by a monk of any other religion than that of the Jesuits, who are a very great majority, and in possession of the finest establishments. This circumstance has produced a great sensation among the people as among the clergy.

"The words which are attributed throughout all Rome to Father Ventura, on the occasion of his first visit to Pius IX., are remarkable for eloquence, energy and truth:

"'Most holy Father,' said he joining his hands in supplication, 'we pray the good God that he will deign to inspire you with the consciousness of your strength, and put it into your thought to place the Holy See at the head of the great movement which is now operating in the world, with the applause of all generous hearts, for the social regeneration of the nation. The reign of brutal force is passed, that of intelligence and progress now shows itself on every side. If there are heretics it is because we are not good Catholics enough; if we are really religious, there will be none impious; if we proclaim the spirit of liberty according to the spirit of God, there will be no more revolt against authority.

"'When Luther began to preach reform, carrying away a part of Europe from the Holy See, he led the people astray, but he had possession of a magic word. The Holy See alone can give true liberty, and re-establish with the banner of progress a permanent social order in the world. Paul III. saved France, Spain and Portugal to the Holy See, when he convoked the council of Trent, whose first session was entitled *de Reformatione*. This was the strongest dike ever opposed to the heresy of Luther. Holy father, let us accept in our age the magic words with which the

revolutionists cradle the hopes of the people, and let us grant to the people their realization, then shall the will of God be done on earth as it is in Heaven.'"

Here M. Clavel shows the Pope preaching extempore in the midst of the assembled people, and receiving the acclamations of an enthusiastic crowd; then he undertakes to show all the advantage which the alliance of France and the Holy See would secure to Europe and the Christian world.

"Rome and France united by the Catholic ideas which distinguish their inhabitants, have only to understand each other to determine the regeneration of the world. The moment will arrive when this will be so; but probably there will still be found some perverse spirits, who will arrest the fruits of this desirable union by scattering prejudices on the one side or the other, which can only subside with the light of truth. Such is the result which it becomes the press as well as the pulpit to advocate, softening the difficulties of circumstances instead of augmenting them.

"The eminent men about Pius IX. who share with him the solicitude of the Holy See are perfectly convinced of this. Accordingly we are not surprised at their moderation and at this disposition of mind which leads them to adopt with ardor moral good wherever they find it. Their Christian tolerance is analogous to that of God, which opposes only an indomitable patience to the evil which cannot prevent it without a greater evil.

"Who would believe that there exists at Rome a temple devoted to the Protestant worship, where the English and other persons of distinction attached to this faith, who go to Rome on public business, or for their health, may meet in perfect liberty! The government of the Pope is paternal.

"It was with no less astonishment that we observed in the apartments of a prince of the church a full length portrait of Fourier by the side of those of Fénélon, of Bossuet and of the late duke of Orleans. This association of such different personages, inspiring us with a curiosity to know the opinion of the learned and judicious Cardinal about the works of the founders of the Associative School, he answered with the tact and characteristic of the Italians; 'good is every where when we know how to discover it. In France the parties are too exclusive, and instead of adopting the good idea of adversaries raised up with the liberty of the press, they spend their energy in trying to refute their absurdities. These are in Fourier susceptible of application in favor of the suffering classes, but

which have belonged to Catholicism for these eighteen hundred years.'

"The modern Romans with Pius IX. are nearer to a wise progress than we think in France."

We accept with joy the hopes which these facts raise in us. If society was never before in a more fearful state, so too, never have there been more symptoms of regeneration in the world. Never has the leaven of progress fermented with more power. All minds everywhere are on the road to progress, and from all points of this domain of intelligence, men are beginning to forefeel and to salute the hour of universal reconciliation and accord.

GUARANTYISM.

We publish the following suggestions from a devoted friend to Association in Boston. They are important as showing the tendency of the times towards different forms of Guarantyism,—a result, predicted by Fourier, long before there were any indications of its approach, in the aspects of society. His far-seeing genius penetrated into the hidden laws of social progress, and enabled him to announce, with prophetic insight, the appearance of social phenomena, which, at the time he wrote, were concealed in the obscurity of the future. We rejoice in every attempt to establish social guaranties. We welcome, with honor and gratitude, the faithful pioneers, who have opened the way for their establishment. They will unseal the eyes of men, more and more, to a perception of existing social enormities, enable them to see the waste, confusion, extravagance, and antagonism of the civilized organization, and stimulate their hopes of an era of harmony, material abundance, human elevation, and social joy.

"Association, I can assure you, is doing a great work in this city in a thousand ways not realized by its prominent advocates,—is being adapted as far as possible, to things as they now exist. Nothing demonstrates this more fully than Protective Unions, which as you are aware are growing numerous in our city and through New England. They are not what they should be in every town, yet they go to practically demonstrate what can be gained by co-operation. They are not, I say, what they should be, because in place of them there should be joint-stock stores, where, any person by purchasing a share, no matter what color, occupation or profession, would have a legal right to its advantages; whereas persons who now seek for admission, often are black-balled, because of their birth, color, or occupation.

"Besides, the money obtained by initiations and assessments is not sufficient to purchase advantageously. The 9th division, located at Boylston Hall, is the most successful, best regulated, and contains as intelligent and high-minded men as are generally to be found. Their store is open from 7 A. M. to 10 P. M.; they have selected individuals to transact their commercial affairs who have had experience and are well qualified for their situations. This is of the greatest importance, yet prejudice so governs some Unions that a member would be ejected if he should assert that those who acted commercially, should be men acquainted with mercantile affairs, and should have some such knowledge and good business tact. Joint-stock stores should be encouraged by Associationists, even though it should go against their own interests, as being adapted to society as it now exists, as the first step towards what can be accomplished by co-operation,—making the people realize that they are indirectly plundered and robbed,—that the religion and the politics which predominates is not that of humanity, but of forestallers; that the highest state of human happiness can only be attained by a scientific industrial organization.

"Yours for Association, E. W. P."

SOCIAL RE-ORGANIZATION.—NO. VII.

(Continued from p. 256.)

LABOR.

We have hitherto attempted only the common-place arguments in behalf of Association. They were such as we might drop into the ear of any Midas. We thought there might be somewhat said, with advantage, to those who are not skilful in dealing with abstract thought, and scientific technicalities, but who nevertheless have done good service in the world, with an humble, brave and quiet use of common sense, and whose claims had been hitherto in some sort overlooked, in our earnest zeal to get our great theme well before the learned and thoughtful men, who dispense to us law and science. But all that we have thus far done, is, so to say, merely introductory to what we have to urge on the fruitful topic of Labor. It seems to us that the mightiest riddle which the "Sphinx" has ever put, is this of Labor. Associationists have not been slow to perceive it, to answer it rightly, and to make their answer signalize the Eternal Verity which underlies all the rubbish that mad-men have piled up, in this bedlam called civilized society. They have summoned to the task the best energies of human hands and hearts, and the clearest ken of science. They have removed the rubbish, and peered keenly through all the fog-

realm of guesses and pretended philosophy, into the heart of Universal Order, and Science has spelled in their ears the solution of the puzzle, so long fatal to man.

The celestial significance of labor is rendered. Its sphere has been marked, its conditions defined, its demands declared; its present miseries have been fathomed, and their causes have been probed and dissected to the marrow; and the method of reinstating it in the possession of its rights, of restoring its pristine health and vigor, that it may fulfil its mission in joy, and receive the homage of universal Man, has been unfolded before the eyes of this generation. The rights of the sinewy and dejected toiler, are, at last, well decided in that court whence there is no appeal,—that of Scientific Justice. Chanceries, and King's Benches, Parliaments, Congresses and Chambers of Deputies, have often decided against the laborer. Wise men, grave philosophers, cunning statesmen, and sagacious economists, have as often rendered a like verdict. It is not new to hear them blasphemously dogmatize about the necessity in nature of glutting the monster War with the lean bodies of hungry men, because forsooth, these hungry men want corn. They tell the poor man that love, wife, family, are not for him; that the providence of Society and of Nature does not extend to him; that Nature has no seat for him at her banquet, nor Society at its feasts of joy. They can legislate for the benefit of rabbits, and the precious foxes, and make room for them and furnish them meat in due season; but for the laboring man there is, they say, no hope of plenty, nor even of comfort. His skilful hand hangs idle and hunger-paralyzed by his side, and his eager eye looks around for work, and his feet grow weary in the pursuit; whilst, all the time, his heart is beating the Dead March. Earth woos him to her lap, and to participation in her bounties, but yet these oracles of wisdom tell him that earth mocks him, nature spurns him, and society abhors him as an intruder. Take these blasphemies for truth, and who will say aught for Heaven's Justice? Nearly one third of the population of civilized countries are starving and in nakedness, shivering out their prayers for clothes, whilst granaries are bursting with corn, and ware-houses are plethoric with goods. And yet, with all their efforts, our cunning statesmen cannot contrive to open these treasures to the people. The Irish population are starving, whilst Ireland sends cargoes of wheat and beef to distant English landlords. Belgium staggers, like a smitten man, because the hearts of her laborers are faint with hunger, whilst Belgian merchants, speculators and forestallers, despatch thousands

of bushels of surplus wheat, to starving Frenchmen, and grow rich in the traffic. The cry for alms comes from Ireland and Scotland, to us across the waters, and we dispense our charities by ship loads, in ready response; yet thousands are suffering from hunger among ourselves. And thus between the English landlord's demands for rents; the Belgian, French, American and British speculator's scheming to make fortunes out of national calamities; and the straining of the philanthropists in each country, to save the sufferers in others; the poor in all, seem inevitably doomed to perish. What is the prospect here at home? In the best of times, thousands in our cities can at most but live. Now, in this general scarcity throughout Europe, and the consequent draining off of all our surplus corn and wheat, with a failure, in many places, of the potato crops, and the great rise in the cost of all these articles, from unusual exportations, how can the poor, here at home, escape suffering? many have been unable to obtain work during the winter, and the demand for it, is not now nearly equal to the supply.

Ah! here is the grand secret, of this universal national misery. The people cannot get work. There are more workers yearly, and proportionally less work to be done. Intensens grows the darkness of this chaos. The visage of Fate grows sterner and more rigid. Thousands and thousands with nerve and skill, which would render them illustrious, could they find opportunity, mope around in despair. 'Tis the saddest sight the angels look upon,—the spectacle of nations of strong men, intelligent and anxious to work, where there is work enough which *ought* to be done, and all that is needful to work with, starving like dogs by the way, or staggering sullen and ghastly in the expectation of starvation. But this is not the condition of Ireland alone. It infests the whole structure of civilized society. The world's work is done up years in advance, and now are thousands of men naked and starving, for lack of opportunity to draw even a dog-cart. Every spindle of the jack, every click of the loom, every effort of mechanism, only enhances the difficulties. The ingenuity of the artisan to create, has transcended the wisdom of the legislator to distribute. The united wisdom of our Solons, is not sturdy enough to grapple with the problem, how to apply the opportunities and means of production, to the collective well-being of society. It is easier for them to contrive how to get men shot in war, than how children may be born to plenty. The truth is, they have no science, and honesty or honor does not abide with them long. They have never inquired what is human destiny, or the function of man

upon this planet, without the solution of which question they could not propose any true scheme of general prosperity. Their boasts of democracy, free-trade, tariffs, and of the protection of labor, while they sell it in the market,—the protection of labor, by leaving it at the mercy of protected capital, means nothing now-a-days, but how to ride the people in such a way, that they cannot tell *who* rides them. The democrat stands next to the people, and in the commencement of his career is with them, but the lust of power seduces him, and soon people, country, integrity and even party, are flung at the feet of personal ambition. "The Whig," as an eminent man has said, "is but the Democrat gone to seed."

But the forfeit of this unsolved riddle is not paid in starvation alone. There hangs to it an awful tale of unexplored crime. Society is reeking with corruption, and festering with the most loathsome diseases, which have their origin in the very falseness of its arrangements. Look upon that slow, trudging, taciturn man. His brow is intelligent enough, the seat of no mean intellect,—in his eye a look of kindness still lingers, and hope once played in clear shinings over his countenance; a sentiment of honor once stirred his soul, humanity welled up in his heart, his hand was ready to succor distress, and the words of love were once musical on his tongue; but over all this once manly beauty, is now the slimy trail of the serpent, and his speech is the hiss of scorn, and the work of his hand is crime. Society arrayed itself against him. It would not give him bread. When he asked for work that he might gain bread, it denied him that also. His proud soul, turned in terrible despair within him, re-acts in awful hate upon society. Does society think to escape the penalty of its crime, in the outrage of that man? Justice is not balked, though sometimes delayed. The retribution will be according to the aggravation. Yon blazing city, where rioting demons poke the fires, and mad revolt assaults the sanctuary of womanhood and private love, and plunder riots among the hoarded treasures, proclaims that justice has summoned society to answer for the wrongs of this trampled man, and his thousand compeers in suffering and in crime. 'Tis not in bold revolt only, this scorner of men is found, but the crimson traces of more secret deeds, tell that him, whom nature had cast in a noble mould, society has fashioned for "treasons, stratagems and spoils."

Could the dark lanes of our cities be questioned of all that is done therein, and could they but count up to us the wretched brothel-hags, thieves in all shapes, sexes, and disguises, and unfold the causes which dragged them to those condi-

tious, what accusation would they not bring against society? What a sorry compliment to its providence! Would there not go up an array of testimony before that Judge, to whom all disguises are transparent, against our vaunting civilization, which would bring before its guilty imagination, the hand, writing its MENE, MENE, TEKEL, on the walls of Heaven?

MATTAPOISETT UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS.

Organized March 19, 1847.

Twenty members, and will soon have as many more. Officers:

HENRY BARSTOW, *President*.
N. C. STURTEVANT, *V. President*.
J. D. STURTEVANT, *Sec. and Treas'r*.

NEW BEDFORD UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS.

Organized March 19, 1847.

About twenty members. Officers:

EDWARD LINTON, *President*.
NATHAN B. GIFFORD, *V. President*.
CHARLES H. COFFIN, *Secretary*.
ISAIAH C. RAY, *Treasurer*.

MODEL PHALANX. We insert in another part of our paper a communication from the President of the Wisconsin Phalanx, stating the advantages of that location as the scene for a grand experiment of Associative Industry. It will be perceived that the facilities for a successful prosecution of their enterprise, at the command of that Association, are numerous; they confirm us in the opinion, which we have always cherished, that they are in possession of the most important elements of prosperity; and we cannot doubt for a moment that their career will be onward and upward, until they gain a conspicuous position in the eyes of the world, as an example of the benefits, arising from Union of Interests, and Organized Industry. At present, however, we must repeat the conviction which we have often expressed that the immediate function of the American Union is the establishment of an organic centre for the diffusion, illustration, and defence of Associative Truth. The public must be made familiar with our doctrines; the country must be awakened to an interest in our principles; we must gain the attention and confidence of men of wealth, men of intelligence, men of practical skill; and when a devoted band shall be gathered, ready to consecrate life, strength, and fortune to this sacred cause, the hour will have arrived for the establishment of a Phalanx, on a large and liberal scale, provided with resources that cannot fail to ensure success. Meantime, every enterprise now in operation should be strengthened as far as possible; nothing should be suffered to languish through neglect

or want of sympathy; and when the day comes for an enlarged experiment, the location, the method, and other details must be decided by the collective wisdom of all concerned.

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS

Will be held during Anniversary Week, in May next, in the City of New York; and it is important that the Affiliated Unions should prepare in season to send their Delegates, and that Associationists should make their arrangements to attend.

The occasion is a momentous one. The American Union of Associationists must this Spring mark out distinctly a plan of operations, and determine upon the most expeditious and economical mode of diffusing our doctrines throughout the nation, and of making ready for the practical embodiment of our principles.

For this end, the advice of the most devoted, wise and energetic friends of the movement is needed. This must be in the strongest sense of the words, a *business meeting*; where all important points of policy may be thoroughly discussed, and measures agreed upon, which being the result of the best collective judgment of the American Union, shall be found worthy of the devoted support and earnest aid of every Associationist. The next year should be as active a one, as the means and men at our command can possibly make it; and it is necessary therefore to form a clear and precise estimate, in advance, of all our resources. We have to determine upon the number and character of our publications,—to lay out the most promising fields for our lecturers,—and especially to set in motion efficient instrumentalities by which to secure active co-operation among the Affiliated Unions, so that all Associationists may feel that they are working in concert for definite objects, and that they are living members of One Body.

It is emphatically recommended, therefore:

1st. That each Affiliated Union should at once meet, and consult as to the plans which may seem best for advancing our cause most rapidly, firmly, widely. Let new members be added; let contributions be increased; let zeal and determination be strengthened; let the wants and opportunities of respective neighborhoods be carefully considered. Every Affiliated Union should form an exact estimate of the *Weekly Rent* which it can raise, and be prepared to offer at the Anniversary Meeting a *PLEDGE* of the amount which it will contribute for the year, or for a term of years, to the funds of the American Union. We must secure at least Fifty Dollars a week, and twice that sum if possible; and if each Union will do its part energetically, we cannot fail of the means for a brilliant success. What Association will pledge \$20, \$10, \$5, a week for three years?

2d. It is recommended, that each Associationist should consider what he or she can do to help on the movement,—what sacrifices we are ready to make for it,—what means we will consecrate to it,—what time and efforts we resolve to give to advance this cause of peace, unity, and universal good. How many Associationists there are, who could easily pledge \$100, \$50, \$10, a year, for three or five years to the propagation of Associative doctrines. And are they free not to do it? How many Associationists

there are, who could subscribe \$1,000, or \$500, or \$100, towards the formation of a *Permanent Fund*, the income of which might be devoted to the diffusion of our views, while the principal should go to form a Capital for some Practical Trial, when the American Union should determine that the time had come, that the place was found, and that means and men authorized the step. Who is ready to promise a yearly or a triennial contribution, or to subscribe to the Permanent Fund? Who is not ready to do something efficient?

Now let this matter be taken in hand promptly and resolutely, with the spirit becoming those engaged in a Universal Reform,—which promises to radically cure the chronic maladies of society, and to make Man whole again,—which seeks to establish upon earth a Heavenly Order,—which offers to the world no vague hope, but definite Science,—and which commends itself to the good-sense of the most practical.

Let each Affiliated Union, let each Associationist, contribute the best counsel and amplest pecuniary supplies, at the coming Anniversary.

Where Delegates cannot be sent, and individuals cannot attend, letters may be addressed to the Union.

By order of the Executive Committee.

W. H. CHANNING,

*Domestic Corresponding Secretary of the
American Union of Associationists.*

Boston, March 15, 1847.

BROOK FARM SCHOOL.

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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.

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March 1, 1847.

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March 1, 1847.

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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, APRIL 10, 1847.

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MISCELLANY.

LETTER ON 'SOCIAL PROGRESS.

OAKLAND, Clinton Co., Ohio, }
Nov. 24, 1846. }

A few weeks since, a friend in Cincinnati handed me for perusal, your circular addressed to the friends of Association upon the basis suggested by Fourier. The reading of this, inspired me with the desire, which I now attempt to indulge, to communicate with you. To my mind it is very clear, that the almost unimaginably vast and comprehensive labor of effecting human regeneration, will require the co-operative efforts of all who perceive the work to be needful and desirable, from the highest and most lofty intellect, to that of the most humble. I burn, then, to add my mite, and if I can comprehend my own mental condition, have not a selfish wish or motive to hinder my being used either in life or death, to advance the salvation of my race. If you can credit that such is the state of my mind, you will wonder not that I mourn over the isolation in which I now labor for the grand object, nor that I attempt, as in the present instance, to strike down the barriers which interpose between me and those whose object is the same, differing from me only in the means which are employed. The amount of attention I have been able to give to the doctrines of Charles Fourier and his followers, as promulgated by the latter, has convinced me that the measures to which they direct, are totally inadequate to accomplish the end in view, and in fact, completely subversive of it.

I read in the history of mankind, a perpetual struggle with adverse circumstances, and perceive in all the institutions, civil, ecclesiastical or social, with which men have surrounded themselves, however adverse these evidently may be to human well-being, but the results of misdirected benevolence. Humanity, throbbing with ceaseless desire for a better condition, but unenlightened as to

the consequences of her efforts to obtain it, has wrought out in these the greatest obstacles to her present advancement. It is not the *motive* which prompts to an act, or originates an institution, which gives the character of beneficence or injury to the consequences of that action or institution; but it is the measures by which the object is sought to be attained. Even negro slavery, to us a perfect piece of diabolism, had its origin in a benevolent feeling for the aborigines in the West Indies. Earlier still, the preservation of individuals as chattel slaves, was doubtless intended as a humane reform of the practice of killing prisoners of war. The object of civil government, is to benefit the individual by guaranteeing his rights; but its effects are exactly the reverse, and for the reason that men possess no right to govern each other, must inevitably thus operate so long as it exists. Ecclesiastical organizations are intended to bring man into true relations with his Creator, but lead him into the opposite, by amusing him with imaginary, speculative opinions, and induce him entirely to overlook those laws enstamped by the hand of Deity upon his own constitution. The temperance reformer ardently labors to benefit his fellows, by exciting conscientiousness against the use of stimulating drinks, whilst by precept and example, he inculcates the innocence and propriety of indulging in stimulating food. The abolitionist nobly devotes his energies and his means to the annihilation of chattel slavery, at the very time, monopolizing land and selling his fellow men their lives, whom he compels to pay him for the privilege of tilling the soil; or rendering them purchased slaves by his share in the competition of capital with labor, — and then employs the profits of their toil in his benevolent effort to emancipate the negro. Look which way we will, and we can but witness the attempts of benevolent men to benefit their species, which, partial, and at variance in some direction with the immutable laws of nature, become obstacles in

the way of human progression, greater or less in proportion to the truths they embody; for the larger the share of truth combined with error, the greater sanctity the latter must possess in the eyes of the multitude. Here, then, in our aspirations for the welfare of our kind, is a point at which it becomes us to pause, and seek to understand the reason for the failure of so much laudable effort, before we give shape to the measures by which we aim at the same undertaking. Without more knowledge than has guided those who have preceded us, the past shall be but the type of the future, and our efforts to redeem Humanity but add to the burdens under which she now agonizes.

You perceive I take for granted we are agreed that men now sustain false relations which render them unhappy; that the measures to which they generally look, are, and must be, unavailing; and yet that man is a being capable of a higher and happier condition than the present,—for all of which assumptions I am warranted by the fact of your public and assiduous labors to change those relations. United in deploring the evil, is it impracticable for us, by availing ourselves of the experience of the past, and knowledge of the present, to be joined in our pursuit of the remedy?

* * * * *

Hence the authority for the command professedly acknowledged to be obligatory by all Christendom, yet practically as widely held to be nugatory, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." To hold property for the use of the individual or Association, which is denied to others, is equally incompatible with this law, alleged to have been taught by Moses and by Jesus, and to the natural law of a perfect unity of human interests, as light is with darkness. And as a violation of the physiological and mental laws, either by the individual or his ancestry, is the cause of all the physical and mental disease in existence, so the violation of the social law by the attempt of men to have separate interests, (social reformers

and all,) is the cause of all the social evil or disease which afflicts human society.

It is only by a discovery of those laws which a power above ourselves has imprinted upon our constitutions, and made imperatively binding on all men alike, and by teaching these by word and life, more especially the latter, that any real progress to a better condition can be made. Attempts at partial Reform only change the phase of the evil, and all history shows that every attempt to compromise with error, no matter how small the germ of it introduced into human institutions may seem, prepares for it an ascendancy, the greater, in proportion as its opportunity for it in the outset, appeared the least. If to a mind like yours, to cite evidence of this were needful, sufficient would it be to point to the Constitution of the United States; but I doubt not you will agree with me, that a majority of its framers and those who adopted it, expected it to secure the blessings recited in the preamble, and had not the most distant idea its results would prove as they have done—exactly opposite.

Ardently desirous, not only to comprehend and fulfil the right myself but to assist others also to arrive at a knowledge and practice of the truth, I have contemplated with much interest and anxiety for several years, the movements of others who perceive a change needful in human relations, and have set themselves to work out its accomplishment. Those Community movements in which the initiative was taken by John A. Collins, John O. Waitles and others, seemed theoretically to embody the nearest approximation to what I believed to be truth, but the very first step, in every instance, of these proposed reformers, was a violation of their own professed principles, and of course I was unwilling to co-operate. These have had their ephemeral existence, and are all at an end. Several Associations, founded in part or wholly on the doctrines of Charles Fourier, have shared the same fate here in the West. I perceive by the circular alluded to, that your zeal, and that of other friends, is still active and directing your labors in their previous channel. I have as much confidence in the unity, the unselfishness of your motives as my own, but one or the other of us (if not both) is in error. Either my intellect is clouded, and I am mistaken in my belief that all the interests of all the human family are one and inseparable, and that any action aimed at achieving a separate interest for the individual or Association, by violating an immutable natural law, must produce evil instead of good, or you err in your efforts to organize Phalanxes, with an interest separate from the rest of mankind. Now

which is it? If the error be mine, show it to me that I may not waste a life which ought to be given to co-operation with you. If yours, cease from all expedients and compromises, and return to a simple obedience to those laws of your being, whose protection, or whose penalty, you must inevitably enjoy or endure.

Before you receive this, it will have been three years that I have made the views, which I have here attempted to explain to you, the rule of my life. In that time I have foregone entirely the system of equivalency, and of holding individual property. Practising extensively as a physician, I yet endeavor to teach by my life and conversation, obedience to physiological law, so far as understood, as a prevention better than all remedies for disease, taking no pecuniary compensation whatever. Laboring during all proper opportunity as an agriculturist, I endeavor to demonstrate that the law of labor is as imperative as any other physiological law, and its fulfilment as necessary for the complete development of man physically and intellectually; and also to discover, employ, and teach, the most productive methods compatible with that increased productiveness of the soil which the probability of an increased future population renders it a duty to attend to. The surplus agricultural product is given without equivalent to those who need. The land upon which we live comprises 60 acres, supporting my mother's family and my own. If this be called a monopoly, an individual property, I say to all, my rights here are no greater than others—they are equal only—I am here in possession—think it is needful for the support of those upon it,—if you think differently, act your pleasure. I pay no tax on it; deny all allegiance to, and claim no protection from civil government whatever. Such articles as we do not produce for ourselves, and need, I ask for of those who have, with the distinct understanding that no compensation is offered, or to be expected. Generally these requests are cheerfully granted and a kindly anxiety exhibited by neighbors and acquaintances to seek out what they suppose may be our necessities, with very many offers which we have no occasion to accept. This, briefly, is the life by which I attempt to preach Social Reform. I have faith that by it, all which is needful will be obtained, and if it is not, it is better to suffer wrong than to do it. Its influence upon the world is no more, apparently, than that of the rain drop to increase the depth of the ocean; but it is all that I have and of course all that I am responsible for. As a part of the great chain of causation, however, by which the future is to be shaped, I cannot doubt that it will operate while man con-

tinues to exist. No claim for infallibility in opinion or perfection of practice is set up. Acknowledging the possibility of delusion in the former, my investigations are constant, with the desire to discover error which may exist, and conscious of a want of perfect knowledge of all the laws of my being and their exact unity, I am often sensible of mistakes in the latter. To compare opinions with those whose motives are the same and whose labors are diverted towards a similar object, is so desirable that I have ventured to claim so much of your time and patience as will suffice to read and reply to this. If agreeable to do so and you can find private opportunity to forward to the care of C. Donaldson, Cincinnati, O., (for I make no use of the mail,) I shall get it in the course of time. To any or all persons connected with your movement likely to feel interested, this is equally addressed. Affectionately your friend,

A. BROOKE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Translated for the Harbinger.

THE GREAT MEN OF GERMANY.

Some time since, I visited a German who had been living in Paris for nearly six years. Addressing his son, a lad of thirteen years, in German; I was surprised to hear him answer in good French. "Pardon me, Sir, papa does not wish me to speak his language; he says 'I shall appear better if I speak French.'" "How is this," said I to the Father; "do you not wish your son to speak your mother tongue?" "My friend," replied the worthy man, in an earnest tone, "my son has the misfortune of being endowed with imagination. All forebodes that he will be simple enough to content himself with this gift. That will be of little use to him in France; of this, I am convinced; but I would rather wring his neck than make a German author of him." This man, thought I, is as well acquainted with Germany as M. Henri Heine. But as this eccentric notion of his appeared to me to be the last word of an entire theory, I pretended to combat in order to lead him to explain it.

"Sir," said he, "I am acquainted with the Germans; as for Germany, there is no such country, unless you admit that the custom house officers represent Germany, poetic, literary, and artistic."

"Go on," said I, "I am listening to you."

"When God" said he, "wishes to punish a dissatisfied soul, he gives him a good dose of imagination, a strong mind, well balanced, great delicacy of sentiment, desire for expansion and society, and the German for his mother tongue."

"And Goethe," said I, "was not he happy, rich, admired, and overwhelmed with glory?"

"Goethe," replied he, "is but a seeming exception, for he did not escape the common fate of German genius. Observe what he says himself in his memoirs: 'Born of the people, reared by chance, the victim of different systems of education, abandoned to himself and to the incidental influences of his surroundings, swayed by prejudice towards a foreign language and literature, wasting his time at inferior labors, and abortive attempts; in short, exercising his strength without direction, impressed when it is too late by what he should have done; led astray by a public without taste, who swallowed the bad with the good; encouraged only by some superior minds scattered here and there without a centre, the German writer arrived at the age of power just at the time when the cares for himself and family obliged him to devote himself to works most useless and unworthy, and produced with the greatest difficulty those works to which he would have wished to devote himself exclusively.' And some lines farther: 'In my youth I offended by my errors, in mature age by my seriousness. Whatever I did I was always alone.'"

"And France," said I, "does she not number some noble victims, such as Gilbert, Moreau, Malfilâtre and Elisa Mercœur?"

"Sir," said he then to me with a face illumined by a holy glow of indignation, "do you know the number of German geniuses, who during the last half century have perished in misery at hospitals, at mad houses, or by suicide? The *Gazette d'Augsbourg* numbers twenty. But without citing all those favored unfortunates who have succumbed in the struggles against the meanness and the cruel indifference of the German public, let us speak a little of those who rose in the combat. Lessing, the great Lessing, author of 'Nathan the Wise,' of 'Emilie Galotte,' of 'Minna de Barnhelm,' of 'Laocoon,' and of many other master-pieces, was forced to become a clerk to gain his living. One day the director of a theatre requested him to write a play. His answer was that of Gen. Cambronne at Waterloo. He died in poverty, cursing the German nation. Schiller sold the clothes from his back to publish 'The Robbers,' and went to Stuttgart with but twenty-two cents in his pocket. Schiller, after having produced the 'Robbers,' 'Fiesco,' 'Cabals and Love,' was refused by a servant girl he loved, because he had no trade; that sublime poet would have perished in want without the friendship of Goethe. Goethe procured for him a professorship

of history at the University of Jena, with a salary of 3,000 francs per annum, and notwithstanding the favor of the generous Duke of Weimar, the poet complains in a letter of never having had the sum of 1,000 francs to enable him to visit Paris and look upon the sea, the sea which he has so poetically described, without ever having seen it. On the other hand, Cotta earned by his works, two million francs and the title of Baron. This same publisher paid him at first thirty five francs, and later three louis per proof sheet.

"Mozart, the incarnate revelation of music, was appointed chapel master and received 1,500 francs salary after having produced four master-pieces. Mozart loved but two things in the world, his Constance, whom he ran away with, and Champagne. Often to procure a bottle of wine he was obliged to beg or to play in society. See the notices of his life by his dear Constance. At his death, he left debts to the amount of 3,000 francs. His enemies instantly reported at the court of Vienna that Mozart, the drunkard, (this word was used) was 30,000 francs in debt. The emperor, upon that calumny, refused to pay them. It was not till his unhappy widow was made acquainted with the anger of his Imperial Majesty, and had on her knees protested that her worthy husband had left debts to the amount of only 3,000 francs, which she promised to pay by copying, that the emperor assured her an annuity of 800 francs. Ah, Sir," cried my noble German, closing this little sketch of Mozart, "you must now hear me to the end.

"The miseries of German geniuses would fill a volume. You are acquainted with the biography of Beethoven, another striking illustration of my theory. But let us pass to characters not so well known. Hear what Herder, the great philosopher, said. 'In contemplating my country and its geniuses, it appears to me that I am wandering in a churchyard among living skeletons.' Hoelderlin, the friend and schoolmate of Hegel and of Schelling, after having published two volumes of lyric poems and different translations from great Greek writers, was forced to teach a school for support. Harassed by love and want, he lost his reason at the age of thirty-two years, and remained in that state to the age of seventy-six. The lunatic hospital is the only asylum for German poets. There, at least, they are sure of their daily bread. Hear what he says of Germany. 'No people are so harassed as the people of Germany. One finds there, artisans, priests, thinkers, but no men; nothing holy but is profaned; nothing great but is degraded. Its studious youth are full of love, poetry and hope; but observe

them seven years after having left the University. You will find but phantoms, sombre and cold. One would imagine that the German sun filled with decaying poisons the last blade of grass which there promised to blossom.' Hoelty, the minstrel, and very soul of love, gave lessons for six francs per month to gain his living. He died young. It was said that he poisoned himself. The life of Bürger, the author of 'Léonore,' is a perpetual combat between love, poverty, and persecution. He hardly anticipated that fifty years later his poems would decorate in frescos a royal chateau.

"Schubert, great musician, still greater poet, the first in Germany who sang of liberty and brotherhood, even before the French Revolution, was imprisoned for sixteen years in a room four feet wide by three long for having written a poem entitled 'The Tomb of Princes.' It was in that room that Schiller, still young, visited him, lamenting with him the fate of being a German. I saw that horrible prison suspended between the heavens and the earth on Mount Asperg, having but one grated window. The government of Wurtemberg caused it to be newly plastered in order to efface all the inscriptions in verse of the poet prisoner. I there shed tears of indignation, and swore hatred to all our *odious* tyrants, illustrated by the meanness of their faithful subjects. The great poet traced his sufferings with the hand of a master. He forgave his persecutors. When he had finished his biography he had lost his reason.

"Grabbe, whom I knew myself, and whom I have seen at Frankfort with shoes down at the heel, and holes in his coat, is the author of the 'Duke of Gothland,' pronounced by M. Tieck a work of the first order; of 'Don Juan,' and 'Faust;' of 'Frederic Barbarousse of Cendrillon,' and of 'Henri VII.,' as well as of many dramas, which, although very eccentric in their style and little adapted to the German stage, are the productions of a man of genius, given up to all his own untamed vehemence. The unfortunate Grabbe literally died of hunger in 1835, at the age of thirty-two years. Ephraim Moses Kuh, original author, profound thinker, committed suicide. Lenz, the friend of Goethe, died in poverty at the house of a shoemaker in Moscow. Sophie Albrecht, the poetical friend of Schiller, died at Hamburg, deprived of the necessaries of life. The author, Sonneburg, blew his brains out. De Kleist, the author of 'Katchen of Heilbroun,' and of the 'Priuce of Hamburg,' two pieces which yielded more than a million to the publisher, and a great number of charming novels also, blew his brains out. Lessmann, the novelist, hung

himself, between Leipsic and Wittemburg, on a tree under which Luther was buried. Enk von der Burg, monk and poet, to whom are attributed the dramas to which the nephew of the count Munch Bellinghausen has put his name, has just drowned himself in the Danube. Enk was the professor of the young count. After his death they found at his house the rough copy of two dramas; 'Griseldis,' and 'The Child of the Desert,' which have made so much noise on the German stage. The young count alone received the glory. Since the death of Enk, the nephew of the president of the diet, with the aim to reinstate himself, has endeavored to produce another play, but it has been every where put down without the least opposition.

"Alexandre Fisscher died in misery at St. Petersburg, also Von Haupt at Paris. Raimund, poet and actor at the same time, the author of so many enchanting pieces, full of humor and profound philosophy, blew his brains out. Louise Brachmann, a delightful romancer, threw herself in the Elbe near Halle. Gunderode, the nun, the friend and teacher of Bettina, a delicate and sentimental poetess, who published her poems under the fictitious name of Tyan, stabbed herself. Charlotte Stieglitz, a superior poetess, wife of an indifferent poet whom she loved but could not admire, also stabbed herself in 1835. Only yesterday the German papers announced that count Nicholas Lenau, the lyric and epic poet, about to be married to the daughter of a Senator of Frankfurt, had just been taken to a mad house; there is no hope of saving him."

I listened, absorbed in the most painful reflections.

"Ah," cried my friend, "those who become crazy are not the most unfortunate."

"Well," said I, "to what cause do you attribute so much misfortune?"

"The causes are numerous," answered he. "Just see; genius exists every where, but there is not every where the sun to unfold its flowers and ripen its fruits. You cannot cultivate genius with money. What it needs is love, overflowing love, love always. Glory is nothing but the apotheosis of admiration, and admiration is love. But that impulse of the heart, those flashes which spring from the soul to enlighten an entire people and carry it even beyond the poet and the genius, you find only in France. The French people are naturally a dramatic people. In the heart of the German people there is only a small lyric vein giving forth but few drops of amber. In France the poet is loved; in Germany he is feared and condemned. To say of a man in Germany: He is a

genius, is to declare him 'good game,' as they used to say, Come on, he is a Jew. There exists one being in Germany who sympathizes with the poet, but as unhappy and as much enslaved and tyrannized over as he. That being is the German woman."

ALEXANDRE WEILL.

For the Harbinger.

CANNIBALISM.

PERVERSION OF HUMAN LIFE AND INCOHERENCE OF MAN WITH THE ANIMAL CREATION THROUGH HIS SELFISH APPROPRIATION OF THEIR BODIES.

(Continued from p. 263.)

In the last number, we considered the Divine law on this subject, as that law is refracted by the soul of man. We took first the verdict of its collective sentiment, then proceeding to its analysis, that of the four cardinal Affective passions, and then we considered the reflection of these passionial principles in the organism of man, under the head of organic refraction, concluding by the confirmation of individual experience in the history of classes and nations. In looking from the individual point of view, this collective experience will fall rather under the head of

Reflection,

Which is the manifestation of God's will in nature, or to speak more definitely, in all spheres external to our self-consciousness.

Among the indications drawn from this source, the most prominent feature is this,—that among the granivorous and frugivorous creatures, social aggregation is the law and isolation the exception, and that among the carnivora, isolation is the law and social aggregation the exception.* This coincides with the dominance of the social character among the vegetable-eating savages, whose freedom from industrial oppression allows us to judge of their natural tendencies.

It results from a double cause: 1st. The greater space necessary to sustain the carnivora. A life which it has required several years to develop furnishing them only the meal of a day, their numbers in each grade of the animal kingdom, must bear but a small proportion to those subsisting on the products of the soil. A Laplander cannot live in comfort unless he owns a herd of more than a hundred reindeer, and occupies as much space as twenty or thirty men living by agriculture. The carnivorous habit requires large uninhabited tracts of country. The Indians of America could never multiply so as effectually to populate the

* This exception falls almost entirely upon those creatures which are the hieroglyphics of subversive Friendship, such as the Dog genus.

country, whilst continuing their predatory habits.

In connection with the present rapid increase of population and the insufficient territory left to the people by the monopolies of landholders, this becomes a point of vast importance.

2d. The appropriation of the bodies of other animals to our own, *literally organizes* in the character, which is the spiritual expression of that body, the spirit of oppression, of conflict and incoherence. Of a life sustained by violence and treachery, fraud and force are the natural expressions. Our devouring of animals and our isolated and competitive industry and households, or organic cannibalism and industrial cannibalism, are naturally affiliated. They act and react upon each other.

Man becomes a beast of prey, and the social league of human brotherhood, (perhaps the infantile series of Eden,) is broken up; each like the wolf or the tiger makes his lair apart. No sooner in seeking to regain his lost purity, does man renounce the habit of prey, than he feels the necessity for higher forms of social life than are consistent with the parcelling and incoherence of interests and with the superficial and coarse relations in which the greater number of souls now dragging out their purgatorial term, stand to their natural brothers. They need a communion of spiritual life as a substitute for the gross and bloody communion of animal life which they have left below them. They need to feel the tide of Divine love flowing through them and into them in a free, a holy communion, unchecked by any thought of violence, by any chance of antagonism.

The ideal character, during periods of social and organic incoherence, is an individualism, never forgetting its own personality, the dignity of etiquette which builds between itself and others an iron palisade, highly polished, finely carved and glittering with brass knobs,—admitting through its fret-work some glimpses into the garden it surrounds, but impassable.

Of Harmonic society, the tone must be a continual influx and reflux of being, sweet and free as the life of nature, where among great friendly trunks, whose branches overarch a sward of wild flowers, the joyous song-birds glance and chase each other through the sunny foliage.

Here we are led to speak of the more refined and exquisite sensibility of our various organs, developed under the use of a vegetable diet, which thus multiplies and intensifies our relations with nature. But this is properly a branch of refraction, and as I have no new facts on the

subject, I content myself with a reference to Dr. Lamb, Graham, and others who have elaborated it more especially in this point of view. See also the life of Caspar Hauser. It is among the compensations of subversion that the want of development and education spares us the tortures which we should otherwise experience from the discords and villanous outrages of all beauty and harmony, which surround us alike morally and physically. Happy in their stupidity, the mass of our race pass through life without observing, without any more definite consciousness than a sort of nightmare, of the real character of what is doing around them, of what they are doing themselves.

This stupidity, torpor of soul and sense, is, however, incompatible with progress; we must suffer, we must appreciate, before we can attain anything higher. This is no time for a little more sleep and a little more slumber. The brutal antagonism in which we live is insufferable. When we have organized Christianity upon the earth, let who will preach contentment. We cannot now spare any faculty of perception, any sentiment of the evil about us.

Returning from this digression, we observe in the animal kingdom not only the general characters of the granivora and carnivora, but family characters such as among those of the mammalia, the cheirotheria, including the bimana and quadrumana of Cuvier, to which man belongs by the analogies of his anatomical structure. These creatures, in their natural state, subsist on fruits and on vegetable products, although like man they are capable, through a perverted education, of carnivorous habits. Man has behind, the grinding teeth, fitted for the comminution of grains and roots, and not the scissors teeth of the carnivora; before, the cutting teeth of the frugivora and those called canine are also of this type. He has none fit for tearing raw flesh, and the grinding motion of his jaw results from a development of the pterygoid muscles peculiar to the granivora, and essentially differing from the vertical motion which corresponds to the scissors teeth of the carnivora. The length of his alimentary canal is again characteristic, and confirms the former analogies. Cuvier, impressed with these facts, speaks thus in his "Regne Animal."

"Man appears formed to nourish himself chiefly on roots, fruits, and the succulent parts of vegetables. His hands make it easy for him to gather them; the shortness and moderate strength of his jaws, the equal length of his canine teeth with the others, and the tubercular character of his molars, permit him neither to graze nor to devour flesh, un-

less such food is first prepared by cooking." (Page 73, Vol. 1.) The light of refraction from man's own organism, and that of reflection from the structure of the lower creatures most nearly approaching him, equally condemn and deny them his carnivorous habits, and signalize them as one of those perversions into which he has fallen during the moral and physical disease incidental to the infancy of his race upon the planet.

There is another and the most interesting species of reflection which it will be necessary entirely to omit. It is that which should correspond to spiritual or passionnal attraction. To obtain its verdict, we should need that communication with higher orders of life, and with the inhabitants of other planets from which we are excluded by the quarantine under which the earth lies during its period of disease and subversion.

The light of Divine truth flows first directly into the soul of man, in his attractions and native instincts, so that he may become by studying them a law unto himself. (Refraction.)

2d. God speaks to man through nature or the life external to his consciousness, which through the avenue of sense is reflected on his soul, and affects him through a sympathy based upon universal analogy, which connects him with the earth as the pivotal expression of its life. (Reflection.)

3d. There are special revelations which correspond to the diffraction of light. If a ray of the sun entering through a crevice into a dark room, fall upon some object which stops it, a shadow of the prismatic colors will be flung from that object, thus presenting amid the darkness a spectrum of the developments which light undergoes in what we may call its material incarnations.

Thus amid the darkness of the past, the divine truth streamed in upon the souls of prophets, and created round them a halo in which were visible the colors of Passional harmony in the far future.

Of such diffractions, anticipations, revelations, which have been made to different nations at different epochs, we know but few. Of those few the Judean religion, the Hindoo and the Magian, especially treat of this subject. The Hindoo religion proclaimed the sacredness of life. It presents in this as in other points claims upon our respect. There is no religion which has moulded profoundly so large a population for so long a period and amid all those incongruities and abominations with which it has been filled by the falsehood of priestcraft, there will be found germs of rare truth and beauty which the future will appreciate. Such as it is, it contains whatever

diffracted light of revelation shines for many millions of the human race, and its word is against cannibalism in all its forms.

The Magian religion which still numbers many votaries in the Eastern countries, is, whether we credit history or the lives of its believers, one of the purest and noblest expressions of Divine truth which the earth has received. Alone, for many centuries, since their first emigration to India the Parsees have maintained amid intestine wars and oppressions on every side, inviolate peace without slavish submission. There is one partial exception where they joined an oppressed nation and assisted in the vindication of its liberties against an invader.

This beautiful faith so kindred to that of Christ in its morality, and whose influence on the practice of life may well call a blush to the face of Christians; this faith which, searching with childlike wisdom into the mysteries of nature, saw in the all-animating Sun the body of God, has condemned as offensive to God the violent death and the mutual devouring of his creatures.

3d. The Judæo-Christian. We have already in the 16th No. quoted from Genesis the original declaration of the Divine will on this subject. Afterwards when the Israelites wandered in the wilderness, undergoing in the sublime temple of nature a lustration from the servile and civilized habits they had contracted in Egypt, so that standing before God in their manhood, they might set to the nations the example of a people redeemed in unity and marching to the accomplishment of its terrestrial destiny,—at this time when, if ever a manifestation of special Providence existed, it existed for Israel, we observe as one of the conditions of their regeneration, a vegetable regimen. Not only was this necessitated by the conditions in which such a journey must have been performed, but we find them when depending more directly on the Lord for their daily bread, supplied with manna. We read that it was only when in the hardness and rebellion of their old perversion they were turning to the flesh pots of Egypt, that with an expression of rebuke and displeasure, the quails were sent as a temporary adaptation to their weakness. This reminds us of the miracle recorded of Jesus in the great draught of fishes. We are not here to question the truth or authenticity of what we find in the Scriptures. Such as they are, they have served a purpose, and we would simply remark that in all revelation there is an important distinction to be made between absolute principles which are true essentially, and practical adaptations to times, men, and

circumstances which are true only incidentally. The excellence of a religion as of a political code, and its truest claim to our respect and confidence is the combination of these two elements. It must be intelligible and adapted to those it is given to, with all their meannesses and perversions: it must not require too much of them, or it will accomplish nothing, and yet its essential principle must shine above the mists of its age's error and prejudice, a beacon to all nations and all times, and confirm itself in the conscience of Humanity as that conscience gains force and intelligence. It is thus with the doctrine of Love, boundless universal Love enfolding every creature in the circle of its charity. Violence, bloodshed are alien to its very nature. It is an insult to question it on such a subject. This statement appeals to the instinct, to the sentiment of the Christian. It is not a subject for argument—How could Christ have been a butcher?

When from law and ordinance we turn to prophecy, the light of diffraction is very clear upon this subject. Soaring in the luminous ether of inspiration, the coarse and discordant facts of the present subversion ceased to hamper the spirit of the seer; through his liberated consciousness, the real nature of man, the genuine aspiration of the soul of his race, speak and proclaim themselves: there is nothing unnatural in prophecy. A prophet is a man of deep, catholic, liberated sympathy, and he prophesies truth in his ecstatic moments, because, "Attractions are proportional to essential Destinies."

The aspirations and desires of man are prophetic of their fulfilment in a period of humanitarian growth which, in comparison with the years of evil and disappointment, will bear the ratio of the essential to the exceptional destiny.

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

"And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

"And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den.

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

The vulgar argument on such passages considers their sense only as mystical, as figurative. They are really *symbolic* in this sense, that their terms of language are inadequate to do more than suggest to the imagination the full meaning of the prophet. But if common sense is to have anything to do with the interpretation of

prophecy, and if prophecy was meant to guide and to encourage man, not to mock and tantalize him, then the mystical signification must imply the truth of the literal, and be so far coincident with it, that men of plain understandings, not initiated into the mysteries of priestcraft, shall find a true meaning in the prophecy, so far as it has any meaning for them.

This prophecy must remain incomprehensible until we penetrate the secret of nature, universal analogy, which recognizing man as the pivot of Creation, and all lower types of the natural kingdoms, as mirroring his passions and their social effects, finds in the tiger or the rattlesnake only pictures of social vice, which upon the harmonic development of the passions on a foundation of united interests in the Passional Series will be replaced by their harmonic anti-types, as beneficent in their character as the passions of Nero or a Borgia, transformed by the influence of a true social sphere. The literal sense of this prophecy is the body of its mystical sense, as refined and purified organisms, and not foul carcasses supported by cannibalism, and filled with the germs of animal putrefaction, are the bodies in which souls, attuned to passional harmonies, can fully express themselves.

To be Continued.

TO MY DAUGHTER LILY.

BY PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

Six changeful years are gone, Lily,
Since you were born to be
A darling to your mother good,
A happiness to me.
A little shivering, feeble thing,
You were, to touch and view,
But we could see a promise in
Your baby eyes of blue.

You fastened on our hearts, Lily,
As day by day wore by.
And beauty grew upon your cheeks
And deepened in your eye;
A year made dimples in your cheeks
And plumped your little feet,
And you had learned some merry ways
Which we thought very sweet.

And when the first sweet word, Lily,
Your wee mouth learned to say,
Your mother kissed it fifty times
And marked the famous day.
I know not, even now, my dear,
If it were quite a word,
But your proud mother surely knew
For she the sound had heard.

When you were four years old, Lily,
You were my little friend,
And we had walks and nightly plays,
And talks without an end.
You little ones are sometimes wise,
For you are undefiled;
A grave grown man will start to hear
The strange words of a child.

When care pressed on our house, Lily,
Pressed with an iron hand—

I hated mankind for the wrong
Which festered in the land;
But when I read your young, frank face,
Its meanings sweet and good,
My charities grew clear again,
I felt my brotherhood.

And sometimes it would be, Lily,
My faith in God grew cold,
For I saw virtue go in rags,
And vice in cloth of gold:
But in your innocence, my child,
And in your mother's love,
I learned those lessons of the heart
Which fasten it above.

At last our cares are gone, Lily,
And peace is back again,
As you have seen the sun shine out
After the gloomy rain;
In the good land where we were born
We may be happy still,
A life of love will bless our home,—
The house upon the hill.

Thanks to your gentle face, Lily!
Its innocence was strong
To keep me constant to the right
When tempted by the wrong.
The little ones were dear to him
Who died upon the Rood—
I ask his gentle care for you
And for your mother good.

FLORENCE VANE.

BY PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

I loved thee long and dearly
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hope and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story
At even told,—
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

But fairest, coldest wonder,
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep;
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vying
Never wane,
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane.

For the Harbinger.

RESULTS OF CIVILIZATION.

Great Britain contains land to the extent of 51,000,000 of acres; 33,792,450 acres tilled, and 17,207,550 acres untilled. Population, 18,000,000, souls and bodies.

It is customary to reckon population only as *souls*; for this there are two reasons: 1st. The soil being all preappropriated by a class of landholders, who, in Great Britain, form between one-twelfth and one-thirteenth of the people, and who have full legal right to drive the rest into the sea, if such course should seem most conducive to their interests,—it would be inconsistent to consider the people as having *bodies*, while no provision exists for feeding and clothing them. 2d. The mass, being reduced to laboring machines, the natural existence of their *souls* might be forgotten or denied in consequence of the suppression of all chances for their development, were not the fact thus formally asserted in the census.

The area of Great Britain stands to its population in the ratio of two acres tilled, and one untilled, to each individual. McCulloch gives the income of Great Britain at £300,000,000, a ratio of eighty-three dollars to each individual. Out of 5,124,926 heads of families, there are 3,135,239 engaged on the soil and in manufactures, besides those in handicrafts and retail trades, which make the last number 4,460,136. The total income of these, more than four-fifths of the whole, is estimated at £133,721,315. Deducting only one-third of this for the profits of retail trade, would leave for whole number of producers of all classes, £99,157,544, or about \$37 per year to each person; so that if the whole profit of the producers were averaged amongst them and that of the non-producers likewise, each producer would gain one-fourth as much as each non-producer. This however, would give a very imperfect idea of the actual distribution. In Great Britain, out of 18,000,000, there are only

127,000 persons with an income from £5 to 200	
22,000 " " " 200 to 1,000	
3,000 " " " 1,000 to 5,000	
600 " " " above 5,000	

Colquhoun computes persons able to live without daily labor, at 47,000; or, with their families, 234,000 individuals, and 10,800,000 living from hand to mouth. This makes no allowance for stoppage of work, so common since the almost daily intervention of new machinery, whose power increases much faster than the population, and which now in Great Britain, equals the labor of 600,000,000 men, and could perform ten times the work required of it. The number of paupers, vagrants, and criminals there, is 1,800,000, or one-tenth of the whole

census; causing a tax for the support of crime and pauperism, which, being fixed chiefly upon the necessities of life, falls principally upon the poor, operating in a compound method to multiply the paupers and criminals: 1st. By taking from the laborer already scarce able to exist, the means of living; thus aiding disease and moral palsy from excessive toil and privation, in crippling him for self-support. 2d. By setting a premium on impotence and crime, since the disabled and the criminal are exempted from that suffering for the necessities of life, which destroys the honest laborer.

Parliamentary statistics on the yearly earnings of average laborers obtaining average employment in day, job, and harvest work, with all advantages except parish relief, gave from 856 parishes, £27 27s 10d; and including the earnings of a wife and four children, aged fourteen, eleven, eight, and five, adding £13 19s 10d, equal to £41 14s 8d. Seventy-one parishes reported this sum inadequate for subsistence. It gives about £7, or nearly \$35 a year, to the individual, coinciding with the above calculation, from other data. This continually falls. The wages of hand-loom weavers was reduced in 1835, to one-third of their wages in 1815. (See Report of House of Commons in 1835.)

From 1797 to 1804, a weaver could earn 26s 8d per week, equal to 100 lbs. flour, or 826 lbs. potatoes, or 55 lbs. meat; average 281 lbs. of food. In 1834, wages had gradually fallen to 5s 6d per week.

This fall of wages, consequent upon industrial competition, tends, in the vicious circle of civilized industry, to increase the number of laborers employed in those branches. The laborer engaged in them, generally knows no other business, or finds all preoccupied by more skilful hands. Absolutely living from hand to mouth, he would starve while waiting a chance, or going through the necessary apprenticeship, supposing him possessed of enough moral energy to attempt it. Thus fixed, and wages falling, he cannot live by himself, therefore marries, and he with his wife manage to support themselves on their joint earnings. The children are early trained to the same employment, no other lying open, so that when a family consists of five persons, and two of the children are above eight years old, their joint weekly earnings will amount to 12 or 14 shillings per week. \$1 32 per week for five persons, gives 26 cents and 4 mills each, and for a day's support, 3 and 3-4 cents. They require the services of their children early, and even if they could spare them, have no means of bringing them up to other employment.

Mr. Jelinger Symons, comparing the results of labor in Great Britain with other countries, gives us the following table:

	France & Bel- gium.	In En- gland.	"
First class mechanics.	12s 6d	20s 0d	3s 4d
Second " "	9 0	14 0	2 0
Farm laborers,	6 6	10 0	1 4
Spinning factory do. men, women, & child'n	6 3	10 6	2 2

We subjoin details of the weekly expenditure of some of the most industrious and frugal of the working families in the neighborhood of Coventry, in the year 1839. Family of five persons, man, wife, and three children, earning fourteen shillings per week.

House rent,.....	2s 0d
1 1-2 cwt. coals,.....	1 0
1 lb. candles,.....	0 6
Soap, soda, salt,.....	0 4
Oatmeal,.....	0 3
Milk, 1 pint each day,.....	0 7
Flour, 1 1-2 sto. ac. with yeast and baking,.....	4 4
This will make 27 lbs. of bread, and at 3 meals a day, is only 4 oz. per meal — each person.	
Potatoes, 21 lbs.....	0 9
Sugar, 1 1-2 lbs.....	1 0
Tea or coffee,.....	0 4
Bacon, bullock's liver, or other coarse meat,.....	1 3
Clothes, haberdashery, &c.....	1 8
Total,.....	14s 0d

The bed consists of a bag of straw, and for their clothing, this class depend a great deal on friendship and charities. This expenditure implies the management of a good house-wife in the families in which it was registered.

Out of the residue of this fund, amounting to £0 0s 0d, the provident laborer is to husband for times of sickness, of failure of work, for the nursery, for setting his elder children up in the world, for books and papers, music, amusements; for education, for the attendance of divine worship, and for coffins and funerals. And if these are not sufficient motives to the poor to economize their surplus income in the Savings Banks provided for that purpose, they have the exhortations, persuasive or indignant, and the excellent advice of their wealthy neighbors.

So incorrigibly vicious, however, is the character of the poor, that despite all these conditions, so eminently favorable to the practice of virtue and Hindoo Christianity, they act with such disregard to the welfare of their families and the scandal of their fellow citizens, that the outlay in drunkenness, after every allowance for reasonable conviviality, is above fifteen millions a year, throughout the kingdom; the poor rates amount to four millions, and the annual cost of punishing and repressing crime, to more than ten

* Difference in favor of England, after adding one-third for greater cost of food.

millions more,—items which equal the whole interest of the national debt.

It might be supposed that the graduated diminution of wages of which we have spoken, would have a salutary effect on this spirit of licentious extravagance. On the contrary, however, the number of individuals charged with serious offences is in England five times greater than it was thirty years ago. In Ireland it is six times, and in Scotland twenty-seven times. In Glasgow, nearly 30,000 persons are brutally drunk every Saturday night, and every twelfth house is a grog shop. In Dublin, 60,000 of these improvident wretches had past in one year through the fever hospital, having got sick with the most perfect recklessness of the public expense. It has been considered fabulous when narratives of life in India have represented the pariahs as feeding upon putrid carcasses; but the papers which now reach us by every steamer, in their regular bulletins of the application of Malthusian principles in Ireland, removing the surplus population by starvation, show such facts there as of frequent occurrence.

In Liverpool and Manchester, chief commercial and manufacturing centres of England, where the gigantic enterprise of production and exchange bring the four quarters of the globe under tribute, and the elevating influences of civilization are seen in all their refinement, we find this depraved class inhabiting dark, damp, confined, ill-ventilated and dirty cellars, 39,000 in Liverpool, and 15,000 in Manchester, being one-fifth and one-eighth respectively of the population of those places,—thus increasing the mortality by fever, 35 per cent.

“The advantages of free trade, now so much insisted on as a panacea, are increased cheapness and increased demand from extended markets. Manchester possessed all the advantages in this respect that free trade could give to any town or country. Improvements in machinery by Watt and Arkwright, and peculiar advantages of situation, opened to it the markets of the world. It imported raw material from India, manufactured it, sent it back, and yet undersold the Indian who works for two pence a day, in his own market. Improvements in machinery enabled one man to do the work that it had required two hundred men to do before; and here one would think, that if the extra produce were divided fairly between the capitalist or owner of the machine, and the operative, there was plenty of room for the improvement of his condition. But did it increase his leisure? No. Were his wages increased for doing two hundred times more than he did before? No; or for a very short time, for the competition of those

thrown out of employment by the extra productiveness of the machine obliged him to work the same number of hours, and to be satisfied with nearly the same rate of wages as before. The extra number of pieces produced, went to the warehouse of the capitalist, and by reducing them in price, he forced them over the markets of the world. The reduced price occasioned an increased demand. Capital flowed in that direction; manufacturers and merchants multiplied and grew rich, and the number of hands employed, instead of being ultimately decreased, was increased until it reached the number of about 1,200,000; with whose condition, Parliamentary statistics have made us but too well acquainted.”

Here is an extract from Dr. Kay's report on the Factory System.

“The population employed in the cotton factories rises at five o'clock in the morning, works in the mill from six till eight, and returns home for half an hour or forty minutes to breakfast. This meal generally consists of tea or coffee, with a little bread. Oatmeal porridge is sometimes, but of late rarely, used, and chiefly by the men; but the stimulus of tea is preferred, and especially by the women. The tea is almost always bad, and sometimes of a deleterious quality; the infusion is weak, and little or no milk is added. The operatives return to the mills and workshops until twelve o'clock, when an hour is allowed for dinner. Amongst those who obtain the lower rate of wages, this meal generally consists of boiled potatoes. The mess of potatoes is put into one large dish; melted lard or butter is poured upon them, and a few pieces of fried fat bacon are sometimes mingled with them, and but seldom a little meat. The family sits round the table, and each rapidly appropriates his portion on a plate, or they all plunge their spoons into the dish, and with an animal eagerness satisfy the cravings of their appetite. At the expiration of the hour they are all again employed in the workshops or mills, where they continue until seven o'clock, or a later hour, when they generally again indulge in the use of tea, often mingled with spirits, accompanied by a little bread. The population nourished on this aliment is crowded into one dense mass, in cottages separated by narrow, unpaved, and almost pestilential streets, in an atmosphere loaded with the smoke and exhalations of a large manufacturing city. The operatives are congregated in rooms and workshops during twelve hours of the day, in an enervating, heated atmosphere, which is frequently loaded with dust or filaments of cotton, or impure from constant respiration, or from other causes. They are engaged in an employment which absorbs their attention, and unremittingly employs their physical energies. They are drudges who watch the movements, and assist the operations of a mighty material force, which toils with an energy ever unconscious of fatigue. The persevering labor of the operative must rival the mathematical precision, the incessant motion, and the exhaustless power of the machine. Hence, besides the negative results, the total abtraction of every moral and intellectual stimulus, the absence of variety, banishment from the grateful air and the cheering influences of light, the physical energies are exhausted by incessant toil and imperfect

nutrition. Having been subject to the prolonged labor of an animal—his physical energy wasted, his mind in supine inaction—the artisan has neither moral dignity, nor intellectual nor organic strength to resist the seductions of appetite. His wife and children, too frequently subjected to the same process, are unable to cheer his remaining moments of leisure. Domestic economy is neglected—domestic comforts are unknown. A meal of the coarsest food is prepared with heedless haste, and devoured with equal precipitation. Home has no other relation to him than that of shelter—few pleasures are there—it chiefly presents to him a scene of physical exhaustion, from which he is glad to escape. Himself impotent of all the distinguishing aims of his species, he sinks into sensual sloth, or revels in more degrading licentiousness. His house is ill-furnished, uncleanly, often ill-ventilated, perhaps damp; his food, from want of forethought and domestic economy, is meagre and innutritious; he is debilitated and hypochondriacal, and falls the victim of dissipation.”

“The City of Glasgow exhibits so extraordinary an example, during the last fifty years, of the progress of population, opulence, and all the external symptoms of prosperity, and at the same time of the utter inadequacy of all these resources to keep pace either with the moral or spiritual wants of the people, or provide adequate funds for the alleviation of their distresses, that it is deserving of particular consideration.

“It appears from Dr. Acland's admirable Statistics of Glasgow, that Population, Custom-House Duties, Harbor-Dues, and Post-Office Revenue of the City, have stood, in the under-mentioned years, as follows:—

Years.	Population.	Custom-House Duties.
1770	31,000	
1801	83,769	£3,124 in 1812
1831	202,426	72,053 17 4
1839	290,000	468,974 12 2

Years.	Harbor Dues.	Post-Office.
1770	£119 0 10	£33,771
1801	3,319 16 1	23,328
1831	20,296 18 5	35,642
1839	45,287 16 10	47,527”

In the seven years from 1830 to 1837, the subscriptions for internal charities were £114,800. £20,000 besides were levied annually for support of poor, in addition to private charities, but have proved as nothing to balance the progress of destitution and suffering inherent in an industrial system which, based on competition of interests, organizes incoherence and waste. Glasgow exhibits, says the able and indefatigable Dr. Cowan:

“A frightful state of mortality, unequalled, perhaps, in any city in Britain. The prevalence of fever presents obstacles to the promotion of social improvement among the lower classes, and is productive of an amount of human misery credible only to those who have witnessed it. (Cowan's Vital Statistics of Glasgow, p. 14.) The extraordinary progress of mortality which has, as already shown, declined from 1 in 41 in 1823, to 1 in 24 in 1837, while the annual average mortality of London is about 1 in 36, and over all England 1 in 51, affords too melancholy a confirmation of this observation. And the following is the account given of the Glasgow poor by a very intelligent observer, Mr. Symonds, the Government Commissioner for examining into the condition of the hand-loom

weavers: 'The wynds in Glasgow comprise a fluctuating population of from 15,000 to 30,000 persons. This quarter consists of a labyrinth of lanes, out of which numberless entrances lead into small square courts, each with a dung hill reeking in the centre. Revolting as was the outward appearance of these places, I was little prepared for the filth and destitution within. In some of these lodging rooms, (visited at night,) we found a whole lair of human beings littered along the floor, sometimes fifteen or twenty, some clothed and some naked; men, women, and children, huddled promiscuously together. Their bed consisted of a layer of musty straw intermixed with rags. There was generally little or no furniture in these places; the sole article of comfort was a fire. Thieving and prostitution constitute the main sources of the revenue of this population. No pains seem to be taken to purge this Augean pandemonium; this nucleus of crime, filth, and pestilence, existing in the centre of the second city of the empire.' "

"Of all the effects which the progress of civilization produces, there is none so deplorable as the degradation of the human character which arises from the habits of the manufacturing classes. The assemblage of large bodies of men in one place; the close confinement to which they are subjected; the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes at an early period of life; and the debasement of intellect which arises from uniformity of occupation, all conspire to degrade and corrupt mankind. Persons unacquainted with the manners of the lower orders in the great manufacturing cities of Britain, can form no adequate conception of the habits which prevail among them. In Glasgow, at this moment, (1840,) there are 3,000 public houses among 290,000 persons included in 58,000 families; being nearly one public-house for every 20 families. The number of inhabited houses is about 30,000, so that every tenth house is appropriated to the sale of spirits: a proportion unexampled, it is believed, in any other city of the globe. This number has risen from 1,500 since the year 1821, though not more than 140,000 souls have been, during the same period, added to the population. Seasons of adversity lead to no improvement in the habits of these workmen; the recurrence of prosperity brings with it the usual attendants of profligacy and intemperance. Ten or twenty workmen are more or less intoxicated every Saturday, and for the most of Sunday; every farthing which can be spared, is too often converted into ardent spirits. The same individuals who, a year before, were reduced to pawn their last shreds of furniture to procure subsistence, recklessly throw away the surplus earnings of more prosperous times in the lowest debauchery. The warnings of religion, the dictates of prudence, the means of instruction, the lessons of adversity, are alike overwhelmed by the passion for momentary gratification. It seems the peculiar effect of such debasing employments, to render the condition of men precarious at the same time that it makes their habits irregular: to subject them at once to the most trying fluctuations of condition, and the most fatal impropvidence of character."

"It has been the national policy of Great Britain for the last century and a half, to encourage, by every means in its power, the manufacturing industry of its people. This policy, steadily pursued

under the advantages of a cool, insular position, has effected the immense results" which, when we consider the production, are so admirable; when we consider the producer, so deplorable. Utterly incompatible, under its present conditions, with the firm foundation of public prosperity, and even with the security of property to the limited class of its possessors, now regarded by the masses as their natural enemies; "its obvious tendency is to create immense wealth in one part of the population, and increased numbers in another; to coin gold for the master manufacturer, and multiply children in his cotton mills; to exhibit a flattering increase in the exports and imports of the empire, and an augmentation as appalling in its paupers, its depravity, and its crimes."

The causes of this unhappy contrast are sufficiently obvious, and their cure abundantly simple. It is not necessary that Great Britain should manufacture one yard of cloth the less. It is not necessary that the merchant prince or manufacturing baron should be deprived of one dollar of their fortunes. Ill-gotten they may be indeed, mere results of selfish power, fraud and accident, which constitute as social robbers and swindlers, those who have coined them directly or indirectly from the lives of their brothers and sisters in humanity, degraded and perishing in the industrial treadmill. But what purpose would be served by a distribution: by a change in the possessors of property? Are those who now suffer most, less selfish than those who enjoy the profits of their labors? Would not their first act on finding themselves possessed of power, be, to thrust below them into the position from which they have emerged, the weaker? And must there not always, in regard to capacity in a given direction, be a weaker class?

Would society be the gainer by the political revolutions whose portents now darken the horizon of Europe, which should substitute in its high places, for a class in whom habitual wealth has developed taste and refinement, and habitual power generosity, the coarse demagogue whose force or cunning, all unrelieved by grace, unchastened by the habit of deference to the sentiment of his peers, will require the softening influence of time through generations, to conceal its hideous bareness? The chasms left by an earthquake become swarded afterward with the flowers at first destroyed; but who would invoke an earthquake to his assistance in laying out a garden? In Great Britain or elsewhere, the secrets of success in production have been co-operative combinations and the division of labor. Her distress and her danger, the misery of the operative and the insecurity of the

capitalist, result from the want of Christian love to push the first principle to its ultimate and legitimate end, in co-operative partnerships including the operative with his labor and skill in the dividends which would thus identify his interest with the general profits. The second principle, the division of labor "which now reduces the operative to the rank of a wheel or a lever, a mere appendage or machine, temporarily filling the place which mechanical science may soon supply by a spring, and in whom human nature is something superfluous;" is simply the application to industry of the serial principle of ANALYSIS. In order to conciliate the development and happiness of the producer with the perfection of the products, we have only to complete the *Distributive Trinity* to which it belongs, by the two other terms which its very name suggests—SYNTHESIS and ALTERNATION.

Continue the division of labors, it is a fertile, a beneficent principle. Extend it to the spheres of agricultural and domestic industry; but determine, in connection with the comfort and attractiveness of their workshops and other spheres of labor, the formation of social groups in every function; and when you have thus conquered the desolating feature of isolation, remember that the Ball, with all its harmonies sensuous and social, will tire at last; that God, in having created man with many senses, affections, faculties and organs, has expressed his will that they should all be developed by action; and that this result can only be attained by periodical alternations. The function remains constant. Each work proceeds with the regularity of a mathematical law, and yet with the enthusiasm of novelty and passion; for each individual of its alternating groups, drawn to it by his discriminating preference, excited in it by social sympathy and directly interested in its results, is actuated by attraction or charm.

And as under the present system based on constraint or want, it is the interest of the capitalist that the wretched conditions of the laborer's life should drive him in his competition for bread, to accept the lowest wages for his work, so under the Christian organization of industry, the interest of the capitalist, drawing the income on his investment from the same profit whence the operative receives his dividend on labor, will desire from the selfish point of view equally with that of generosity, the greatest profit of the laborer, whose gain reflects his own.

As each department of labor becomes productive in proportion to the attraction by which the formation of the groups affected to it is determined, it becomes immediately the interest of the capitalist,

or rather now of the collective society which has become the capitalist, to create attractions in all spheres of productive labor. The conditions of health, so unimportant to him while the cost of human force was reckoned by the same standard as that of steam or powder, and when thousands of unemployed half-starving wretches stood ready to fill the gaps left by death, become now, realities of high importance. The principle of social groups associated with larger interests, here also intervene to demand and to consecrate, in all labors, substitution for the little dens of dirt and nuisances, or the hot, reeking factory, by large and well-ventilated apartments supplied with every facility from the proximity and combination of many machines, and adorned with all that tends to exalt and endear the function to the laborer. Such would be statues, painting, &c., representing, as the saints and heroes of the order those who had most distinguished themselves in such a branch of industry. All the processes employed in the different affiliated branches here represented, would also, speaking to the eye, unfold their natural connection, and tend to generate sympathies among the groups of a common series, embracing all labors, from the culture of the raw material to the last finish of a fabric. The contiguity of smiling fields and gardens, the carolling of birds, and fresh, flower-laden airs, are all here, connected with the operations of a vast partnership industry embracing the farm with the household; and now in this living unity with nature and with his brother, Man, entering the career of his glorious harmonic destiny, comes to feel himself also in unity with God. His industry has now become the type of the industry of creation; and all nature, from the planets to the atoms, and through all the degrees of created life, presents herself filled with beautiful analogies and hieroglyphics that render every act of life a poem, and a prayer visibly and audibly answered by the Divine soul repeating itself in ours and reflected by nature.

O see how from Association and the Divine Series, ineffable beauty and good flow through all things, and change this wretched, poor, discordant life into a rich, heavenly music! Is there so little love upon this planet, that the means of changing a hell into a heaven, so simple that the instinct of every true heart discovers them,—a principle announced by Christ and elaborated through all the forms of its practical application by Fourier, should lie barren for the want of a few hundred clear heads and true hearts, and a paltry sum of money for its practical trial?

To be Continued.

Attractions proportional to Destinies.

[From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.]
VISIT TO RAGGED SCHOOLS IN LIVERPOOL.

The establishment of what were called "Ragged Schools" in London, lately induced several benevolent and influential gentlemen of Liverpool to organize a few schools of the same kind in that town. Subscriptions were accordingly made, a managing committee appointed, rooms hired, and salaried professional teachers elected. Operations were commenced in July 1846. The schools for boys met every evening (except Saturday and Sunday), from seven to nine o'clock; and for girls on the same evenings, from half-past six to half-past eight o'clock. There are now in operation two schools for boys, containing one hundred and thirty, and two for girls, containing one hundred and forty pupils. A few notes of visits lately paid to these schools may perhaps be of interest to our readers. It must be premised, that as yet the schools can only be considered in their infancy, and have been planted only in one quarter of the town. Their extension of course depends upon the success of the plan, and the liberality of the public.

It was not an easy matter to reach the first school to which I was directed. At length I discovered it at the end of one of the streets leading to the docks, and in the midst of a locality suitable for its humane operations. A low building, without windows to the street, through the door of which gleamed bright light was the school. The interior was rude and rough, and the walls were little more than a shelter from the weather.

The floor was flagged, the bare bricks whitewashed, and there was no ceiling, the room being lighted during the day by skylights in the roof. A few seats and desks ranged in the room accommodated the pupils, about seventy-five in number; a small stage was erected for the teacher; and at one end of it an extempore form had been made by placing a rough board, with its ends resting on empty barrels, on which several boys were seated, practising writing on slates. There was neither fireplace nor stove in the room, but it was well lighted by gas, the heat of which combined with the respiration from the pupils, rendered the air most unhealthy.

It was indeed a "Ragged School." Cold as the night was, many of the boys wore neither shoes nor stockings. The clothes of many were in tatters, and had evidently had several owners before coming into the possession of their present wearers. A few were in fustian dresses that had long ago lost their whiteness in the workshop. The faces of several were very dirty, and their hair hung in tangled masses about their ears; but out of the dirt and disorder gleamed bright piercing eyes, whose lustre nothing appeared to dim. Many had evidently come to school with "new-washed" evening "face," but not one came "creeping like snail," or unwillingly. The boys were of all ages, from six to seventeen, and were all busy and cheerful. There was only one exception. This was a strong wild lad, of about fifteen, who was resting his head on one of the benches, apparently asleep. He was dressed in a wide jacket of rough blue flannel, his hands and face were unwashed, and a phrenologist would have found in

his head a remarkable development of Combative and Destructive faculties.—This lad wrought in a foundry, and the teacher described him as the most troublesome pupil—a self-willed, mischievous boy, whom it was a relief to see doing nothing. Still, this lad had received a little smattering of knowledge. He was in course of being "broken in," and might (such things have been) become a rough, energetic engineer on some line of railway not yet "provisionally registered." However, here he was reposeing on the desk, under the master's platform, while an advanced class of about eight or ten boys, collected around him, were reading from Chambers's "Simple Lessons." The lesson was a short account of the life of Mungo Park, and was read in a very passable manner. The answers to the questions put to the boys showed how attentive they had been to the sense as well as the words. The lesson being finished, the master was about to collect the books, when he was called away, as he often necessarily was, to another part of the room: It was interesting to observe that the boys, instead of closing the books, laying them aside, and then teasing each other as some would have expected, still continued to read, but not aloud; and when the master came back, the books were given up with the greatest reluctance, each boy retaining his as long as he possibly could. The books seemed to have opened up a new world, and appeared to convey a pleasure as intense as it was rare. One boy in this class who was very intent on his book, was as "dusty as a miller," and I found that he was a baker's boy, whose daily employment for some years had been to go out with bread and do other drudgery in a baker's shop. Here was another attentive lad, with blackened face and horny hands, who had been attentively listening to the story of Mungo Park, and who told the teacher, as he left school, that he could not attend during the following week, as he wrought in a foundry, and was then required to take his turn, with many others, at night-work. The teacher said that he had many such pupils.

The school closed at nine o'clock, and at half-past eight o'clock the books, slates, &c., were collected and put away. The boys all took their seats in front of the master, who read to them from the platform a portion of the life of Benjamin Franklin. It so happened that on this evening the teacher concluded the story of the life of Franklin, the same space on several previous evenings having been devoted to the rest of the life. The teacher took care to make the narrative as simple as possible, and make a practical application of the events in Franklin's life to the boys assembled, with the view of giving them encouragement not only in their studies, but likewise in their various occupations in life. It was really pleasant to notice the attention that prevailed among the boys, and the eagerness with which they drank in the narrative. Questions that were put to them elicited answers that showed they well remembered what had been told to them before. The greater number of these boys were engaged in labor of some kind during the day, and they were asked, in connection with Franklin's life, if they liked to work! Only one boy, another apprentice in a foundry, answered "No." But on

being questioned, he could give no reason for his answer, and advantage was taken of the circumstance to give a short and pointed lecture to the school on the usefulness and honorableness of labor. A short hymn was then sung, in which all the boys joined and the school closed.

The room in which this school met was, shortly after my visit, required as a soup-kitchen, and the boys were removed to another room in the same quarter of the town. Later in December I happened to pay a visit to it also. The room was used during the day as a girl's school, and was more convenient and comfortable, though not so large, as the first. It could not accommodate all the boys, and a desk and seats had to be placed in the narrow lobby by which it was entered, to receive an advanced writing-class. On entering, two boys whom I had seen in the school at its old room sprang up, and asked me to decide which of their copy-books was the better written, both being quite proud of the progress they had made. In the room itself there was scarcely space to turn—boys reading, boys writing, boys calculating on every side. From this school I passed to another containing about forty boys, all of the same class as was found in that already described. Here the teacher was engaged with a class which was reading a poetical description of a country life; and so completely town-bred and ignorant were nearly all the boys, that the teacher was required to give an explanation of many of the unknown things alluded to in the lesson. The boys were most attentive, and read the lesson over and over again with great delight. In one corner I noticed three boys, the oldest about twelve, and the other two probably three years younger. Not one of the trio had either shoes or stockings; their dresses were all most ragged and torn; and evidently belonged to the very lowest class of the population. 'The force of "raggedness" could no father go.' One had a pencil in his hand, with which he pointed out to the others the names of the letters of the alphabet—an office that he performed with great pride and glee, in spite of his ragged clothes. His two pupils were all attention, and went over the names of the letters quite glibly. All the other boys were either writing on slates, or solving questions in the simple rules of arithmetic. One boy, about fifteen, was very vain of his progress, but he could not solve a question in multiplication. Though this lad was not at all dexterous in arithmetic, his 'education' had evidently been very extensive, for he was extremely sharp and 'wide awake.' His employment during the day was to carry out 'bottled porter' from a dealer to his customers.

Leaving this school, I proceeded to that for girls, which is kept in an airy room, well lighted and heated. Two girls' schools have been established, both of which were obliged to meet in this room for a time, as the school-room of one was required for those boys who formerly met in that which is now the soup-kitchen. The girls were singing the closing hymn as I entered. There were nearly one hundred present, the majority being under fourteen years of age. Many were very young. They were much cleaner and neater in their appearance than the boys, and their conduct was far more orderly and quiet. At least one-half of

them were without bonnets, and many had no shoes or stockings. The employments during the day of a great number of these girls are selling sand and wood-chips in the streets. They attend with considerable regularity, and two or three of the older girls have made sufficient progress to entitle them to become monitors. The girl's classes are conducted by female teachers, and kept altogether separate and distinct from those for boys.

A few other Ragged Schools have been opened in connection with some of the places of worship in Liverpool.

Speaking generally, the pupils in these schools seemed to be careful, attentive, and diligent in their lessons, and their attendance is as regular as can be expected. The schools have now (Jan.) been opened without any interval for a period of six months; and many boys as well as girls, have attended during the whole time.

Their attainments at entrance, as might be expected, were found very meagre, and it has been necessary to teach many their letters. The amount of instruction given in such schools must of course be small; for with such numbers of idle, undisciplined boys and girls, what can even the most iron-bodied, and earnest-hearted teacher do? Still, these schools are doing very good work. They descend to the very depths of society, and carry some glimmerings of light into the most benighted part of the population. They tame rudeness, and implant habits of decency and order, and that in itself is a great object. They create a taste for knowledge, which will remain with the pupils through life. It will be years before the fruits of the work are seen; but while many men of eminence have acknowledged themselves greatly indebted to the instruction received in charitable institutions, we may yet hear men declaring that they owe their distinction to the work which they began while ragged boys in a "Ragged School."

"LITTLE PAUL."

"Sister and brother, wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them locked together."
"The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room."—*Domby and Son.*

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Through the curtain poured the sunlight
With a sudden gush of joy,
Where, upon his bed of weakness
Lay the dying little boy.
On the rising airs of Evening
Balmy sounds of Summer came,
And a voice amid their music
Seemed to call him by his name;
And the golden waves were dancing
On the flooded Chamber wall—
On the sunny hair of Florence
And the brow of little Paul!

As the sunset's tide receding,
Ebb'd again into the sky,
Passed the faint hue from his features
And the lustre from his eye;
As if up the rosy surges
Of that shining river's flow,
Went his spirit to the Angel,
Who had claimed it long ago!
Fonder still, and full of yearning,
Seemed to come her gentle call,
And the throb of life grew fainter
In the heart of little Paul.

But the fond arms of a sister,

Like a link around him lay,
Chaining back his fluttering spirit
To the love which was its stay;
And his own weak arms were folded
In a clinging dear embrace,
Till his cheek and dewy forehead
Rest'd gently on her face.
Slowly sank his weary eyelids;
One faint breathing—that was all,
And no more the kiss of Florence
Thrilled the lips of little Paul!

Through his childish world, he wandered
Like a stranger, still and lone,
For the depth of Manhood's feeling
Had within his bosom grown.
Yet the love whose meek entreaty
In his patient features smiled,
Gave at last the sainted Mother
To the happy cherub child!
Sad and silent through the chamber
Crept the shadows up the wall;
Cold against the cheek of Florence
Grew the cheek of little Paul!

N. Y. Tribune.

FEMALE WAGES. The talk about the low wages of females in Boston is all gammon—girls can have good wages if they will labor—it is next to impossible to hire competent and faithful females to do household work here, at any wages; and if, by chance, you obtain one of this description, she is so indifferent about performing her duties in a manner agreeable to the wishes of her employer, and so unreasonable in her requirements and arbitrary in defining her own particular line of work, that it is impossible to submit to her exactions long.—*Post.*

If the employers—however dignified—would now and then take hold of and do some of their own household work, showing by their example how well and cheerfully it ought to be done—if the lady, for example, would occasionally make a bed, sweep a room, clean the knives and forks, or take a turn at the wash tub and ironing table—they would find no difficulty in hiring *help* at a fair price, and making it *stay*. But the lady, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, does nothing else than teach her hired girl to "define her own particular line of work," by the powerful influence of her own example. She is as careful not to touch any of the work, that deserves to be called such, as if it were infected with the pestilence. She, to empty slops or sweep the sidewalk! Why, it would spoil the girl!—It would put high notions in her head and there would be no living with her. But this is a small mistake, any how. It is the Declaration of Independence that spoils American girls. It puts such high notions in their heads that they will not work for any body at any price, to be ordered hither and thither like mere slaves.

They will do anything for those who do not feel above them, or do not regard menial service as a degradation, and know enough about work, to be satisfied when it is well done. That is to say, they will do so when they have been educated to work. But the misery of thousands of American girls is, that they have been educated to nothing. They do not know how to sweep a room or cook a dinner, and hence whatever experiment they make of household labor, under genteel employers, is very unsatisfactory to both

parties. The girl probably would gladly learn, but her employers are either too proud or too ignorant to teach her. So she quits, accepting a genteel scolding as a warning not to be so caught again.

We have no doubt that the "sufferings" of many housekeepers "is intolerable," but the remedy is in their own hands. If they do not know how to do their own work, let them at once hire a first-rate domestic at a special extra price, and take lessons of her. When they have acquired this most useful of all arts, they may hire almost any one, and by taking hold occasionally, when not otherwise particularly engaged, and helping themselves, they will secure very cheerful and efficient help from their "help." Kind words in an employer will go further than dollars. A helping hand along with a watching eye will do still more. We do not expect a minister to preach well for us unless he is praised — will a girl rub the knives clean if she is never commended? — *Chronotype*.

A REAL CONVERSATION. "Sir," said a poor, ragged, and rough-looking man, upon whose countenance traces of sorrow and extreme suffering were visible, to an individual whose sleek and seemly ensemble betokened plenty and happiness: "sir, I am famishing. Will you give me the means of procuring food and a night's lodging?"

"Go along, my man, I have nothing for you. You can go to the alms-house, I suppose. I'll give you a line to the Alderman."

"Sir," said the poor man, "I'd rather not go to the alms-house. I only desire a temporary relief. I expect work in a day or two."

"O! well, scratch along my man; you are not so badly off as one would imagine."

"I am absolutely starving. I am sure you won't miss a quarter of a dollar."

"Bless my soul, do you think I gather my money from the trees? Go along — don't be pertinacious; now, do take yourself off, there's a brave man."

"You owe me money, sir; I would not remind you of the fact, sir, only that hunger makes me desperate."

"Owe you money!" exclaimed the sleek man, stepping back a pace or two — "You are mad."

"No; seven years ago I worked for you. You failed."

"O! ah! an old score. O, that's quite another matter. Did it ever strike you that I had taken the benefit of the Act — gone clear through? creditors are no more now! can't touch me!"

"Yet sir, I earned that money by hard labor. You reaped the benefit of that labor, — are rich, while I am the poor wretch you see. You owe me that money, sir, in spite of all bankruptcies."

"I never do anything illegal. What is legal is honorable. The law says I don't owe you a cent."

"Honor says you do; and of the two, honor generally tells more truths than law," said the mendicant, evidently displeased.

"You are getting wearisome. Will you be kind enough to step out of the way?"

"You call yourself a Christian?"

"I am a Christian, I flatter myself — a deacon."

"You are esteemed a pious, honest, trustworthy gentleman?"

"I am as good a one as can be found in the whole religious community."

"Then the dominion of the evil one can boast of purity when compared with such communities, and the society of thieves is cemented by more real honor. Your respectability, honor, piety, and justice, are comprised of broadcloths and fine words, and go no farther. Keep your money; I'd starve before I'd touch a copper of it."

Some years ago the above conversation actually took place in Broadway, near the American Museum. A short time ago, the mendicant — now a stove dealer in business — employed his oppressor, reduced to want, as a porter, and after deducting the amount of the dishonorable bill from his wages, when he had earned the amount of the bill, generously presented it to the fallen Pharisee. This is an absolute fact. Every day of life teems with such remarkable transactions and singular reverses. Retributive justice sooner or later overtakes the evil-doer, and the ingenuity of man knows not how to avert the merited and never-failing punishment. — *N. Y. Sun*.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH. The following anecdote was related to us by a gentleman who was himself cognizant of the facts.

An extensive store keeper of Milwaukee, on the Western shore of lake Michigan, was in New York in November, and gave a large order for goods, to his merchant there, and left town the same day, on his return home. The order as handed in, was laid on the desk, and a few days after, inquiry was made, whether it had been executed, and forwarded, when none of the clerks knew anything of it, or had seen the order, nor was it recorded in the order book, and after the most diligent search could not be found — no time was left, to write to Milwaukee, and obtain a reply, as the navigation of the lakes and the canal, was about closing, and the house was much annoyed at the circumstance, particularly as it was for an old and valuable customer, and the order was for his whole winter stock of goods. One of the partners, however, recollected that the party had a brother living at Buffalo, with whom he probably might remain for a day or two, on his route home, and he at once went to the Telegraph office — sent a message to the one living in Buffalo, to inquire if his brother of Milwaukee was there — in a few minutes the answer was back, "yes, but is about embarking in the steamboat, and his baggage has already gone on board." "Request him to come to the Telegraph office" — in three minutes the answer was back, that in consequence of the first inquiry, he was already at the office — he was then informed that his order had been mislaid and requested to send it again — he had a copy of it in his pocket, and at once by the Telegraph advised the New York House, "my order to you was such and such articles and in such and such quantities" — in thirty minutes after the New York partner entered the Telegraph office, he left it, with a verbatim copy of the original order, which he had in that time sent on for, to Buffalo, and received it back from thence — the distance between the two places

being 450 miles — in twelve hours after the goods were all packed, and actually on board the steamboat on the way to Albany and arrived safely at their destination before the navigation closed — this may be called annihilating time and distance. — *N. O. Bulletin*.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1847.

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 DIFFERENT MODES OF ACTING ON SOCIETY, AND THE CLASSES THAT REPRESENT THOSE MODES.

We publish to-day a part of a letter from Dr. Brooke of Ohio. We sympathize strongly with any man who attempts to carry out in practice his convictions, and thus protests against that almost universal duplicity of action, which reigns at present between theory and practice, between our intimate opinions and sentiments, and our daily deeds.

While we agree with the Doctor in what should be the fundamental character of human life, namely, *consistent action*; we disagree with him in his theory and in the manner of effecting a Social Reform. To explain this, let us state the different modes in which men can act upon Society, and the different directions which the individual can pursue to aid the great work of Reform.

We are both agreed that a Social Reform is necessary, is most urgently demanded. The populations of the world lie weltering in blood and misery, in ignorance, destitution and degradation. Injustice, tyranny, fraud and infernal hate stalk abroad over the earth, and rule in satanic concert.

From the earliest periods of which history preserves the records down to the present time; from the Eastern shores of China to the far Western bounds of Oregon, we see with some slight modifications the same social falseness, the same principles governing the world, the same results as to misery and human degradation.

This proves that the evil is collective and universal; that Mankind have not discovered their destiny; having not discovered the true laws of Society, and being in ignorance of them, that they have necessarily established their different social organizations upon a false foundation. Mankind are out of the true track; they are moving onward in false routes; and emerge out of one labyrinth of error, ignorance and discord, to plunge into another.

The remedy must be an integral and universal one. It is no less than this: *it is, first, to determine the Destiny of Humanity on this earth, and, second, to discover the laws of Universal Order or Harmony*, by which mankind collectively, in all their interests and relations, are to be governed. The laws would form the basis of a true Social Order, which would direct humanity to the fulfilment of its destiny.

Acting under obedience to those eternal laws which govern the harmonies of the universe, man would be governed by perfect justice, out of which would flow the full expansion of his individuality, his complete development and his liberty, and hence his unity with the wisdom that called him into existence.

Fulfilling his destiny, he would fulfil the designs of God; he would act in unity with Him, and this co-operation with the centre of the love, wisdom and power of the universe, would necessarily guarantee to him, in a finite and abridged form, the knowledge, the joys, the truth, the elevation of the Deity itself.

When we contemplate the mighty work of leading mankind from out of the infernal routes which they are now pursuing, of placing them upon the right track, by discovering their destiny, and the laws of a true Social Order, we see clearly that it cannot be done by any partial or incomplete means; an integral and universal reform, that is, a SOCIAL REFORM is necessary. It cannot be done by attacking partial evils, nor by individual reforms, yet these may be valuable agencies, if properly applied and properly understood in their relation to the great universal work. If a man for example ceases eating meat, in order to desist from cruelty to animals; if he ceases to drink fermented liquors to forward the cause of temperance; if he aids in elevating any one class, he does a work, which may be prompted by the noblest feeling, and yet this partial good, effected in the midst of universal falseness is soon engulfed in it, like a drop of pure water in a foul sink.

The good effected in one generation or century, is swallowed up in another, and a new work is to be begun, again to be destroyed when accomplished. Even the great work achieved by our Revolution of '76, which led to the establishment of a republic on this new Continent, together with the abolition of so many gross abuses and evils of the old political system of Europe, will in a century more be completely nullified, because the political reforms were engrafted upon a false social system. Poverty, industrial tyranny, ignorance, crime, and the degradation of the masses, will be as great and appalling with us, as soon as we have a thick and over abundant population, as

they are in Europe. Industrial tyranny of Capital will become as crushing as ever has been political tyranny of old, and this of itself, without taking into account the influences of other evils, will be sufficient to render democracy a mere shadow.

We say then that to effect permanent and universal good, which includes all kinds of temporary and partial good, men must undertake an integral and universal reform. If there are men in this age ready for this great and comprehensive work, Humanity and the age are ready for them; all the elements, political liberty, the development of industry, and so forth, are prepared, and await the comprehensive mind and action that can direct the movement. If the men are wanting, then Humanity must postpone its hopes for another generation; all the signs however seem to indicate that in this or the coming age, the time will certainly appear. Reform has now been the order of the day for the more advanced nations of the globe for the last seventy or eighty years; men have been trained into the work, and if there have been children in reform, there certainly will be the grown men in the same, for Humanity is one, and the individuals grow in power and wisdom with its growth.

Let us now proceed to examine the different modes in which men act upon Society. This will show us the spheres in which the different classes of reformers, and classes of men, who exercise any influence upon Society, are operating.

1st. Man can act upon society materially or in the sphere of Industry. We can organize Labor, and the material basis of joint property, and in so doing, we can aid powerfully the progress and elevation of the Race.

2d. We can act intellectually by discovering the laws of universal Order or Harmony, which govern the universe, and are revealed to us in all its known harmonies, from the planetary down to the musical, and we can apply them to Society, of which they form the only true and natural basis.

3d. We can act spiritually (through the heart or affections) by the exercise of philanthropy, by a noble devotion to Humanity, and perfect integrity to the great interests of the Race.

The integral reformer should act in these three spheres and combine them all. He should apply his intellect to seeking for the laws and principles of a true order of society; and he should possess the practical knowledge, which would enable him to realize them in Industry, and social institutions generally. Thus the integral reformer should act morally, intellectually, and materially.

He should discipline the heart to philanthropic devotion; he should direct the energies of his intellect to the discovery of the laws of universal Order; and he should render himself capable by practical studies and experience to realize in practice the science he acquires.

They who operate in one of these spheres alone, must necessarily operate partially, and fragmentarily, and all partial and fragmentary operations can lead to no permanent and universal results.

Let us now examine the spheres in which some of the reformers and some of the influential classes in society are acting. A few examples will enable the reader to classify them all and judge for himself of the nature of the various reform movements of the age, and the policy of those classes.

The Temperance Reformer, for example, seeks to abolish drunkenness by appealing to the sympathies of men, by arousing their feelings against the vice, against the encouragement of it in any way, either by manufacturing the liquor, or selling it, or using it. He thus wishes to destroy this terrible vice by the force of moral persuasion and exhortation.

The Temperance Reformer operates in the third mode, that is, in the sphere of sentiment. He should operate also in the second mode; he should study man and analyze the causes of drunkenness; and instead of attacking the effect alone, should attack the cause also. It would be very easy for the intellect to see among other sources of this Evil:

1st. That the present system of society so oppresses the hope of man, or by reverses and accidents so outrages or destroys it, that many being under the influence of depressed or crushed hope, seek for relief in the excitement of liquor, opium, and so forth.

2d. That the present social order with its dead monotony, its voids and staleness, offers man no outlet, no satisfaction to the ideality and imagination, and thus leads many beings in whom these feelings are strong, to seek for an artificial enthusiasm and exaltation in the excitement of intoxication.

When the intellect had completed the analysis of the causes of drunkenness, it would then be seen that a social reform is absolutely necessary to prevent effectually and universally for time present and to come this terrible vice. Drunkenness can never be done away with wholly in present society. The labors of the temperance men will necessarily be partial, incomplete, so long as they act only in one sphere, that of Sentiment: they must add the other two in order to render their efforts thoroughly efficient.

The Peace Reformer wishes to abolish

war by moral suasion, from pure philanthropy. He acts in the sphere of Sentiment alone. He should analyze the causes of war, — of the conflict of nations, and seek to establish unity of interests in the place. The thing is possible; the preponderance given to commercial and industrial interests in the present age has tended to diminish war. Extend this and add other elements of concord, and war can be made to cease forever. Let the Peace Reformers operate in the two other modes, and they would then make their action integral and universal.

The esteemed friend who writes us, is acting in the third mode, in the moral sphere. From a sentiment of justice and from regard for the rights of other men, he will not hold property, monopolize the earth, and so forth; he will not obey what he believes unlawful government, and hence will not pay taxes. He thus resorts, to cure the evils of society and reform it, to individual action based on a sentiment of strict duty and justice. And yet, in the beginning of his letter, he says that the imperfect or false institutions of the past are but the results of misdirected benevolence, and that benevolence alone cannot affect the good. The *motive* is of but secondary consequence; it is the *measures* by which the object is sought to be attained, which decides upon its beneficence or injury. By his own statement, he condemns, in our opinion, his course of action. His mode of operation is partial, individual, and mainly negative. However high and noble the sentiment which animates him, it can produce no important results. If he would act in the other two modes, starting from the strong feelings of human justice and right, which now govern him, he might accomplish a great deal. Let him employ his intellect to ascertain whether Fourier has or has not discovered the laws of universal order, which he claims to have done, and which he calls the "Series," and if he has not, then let him endeavor to aid the work of discovering them, and then of applying them practically, and he will see that the influence which he could exercise upon the great flood of social falseness, which now sweeps over the earth, will be much greater than the single raindrop upon the ocean.

Let us glance at the sphere in which some of the influential classes in society are operating. The most influential and powerful class in our American civilization is composed of large capitalists, bankers and merchants. They are the men who are now acting the most powerfully upon society. They are organizing, for example, those vast joint-stock manufacturing, which are exercising so much influence upon the laboring classes, and

which are the commencement of a revolution in industry, that is destined to change the whole system of labor, and control the future condition of the mass of the population. This class is now monopolizing the soil, machinery, credit, means of transportation and conveyance, exchanges of products, and so forth, and will organize them upon principles of tyrannical co-operation, or false joint-stock association. This will be the *Commercial or Industrial Feudalism*, of which we so often speak, and which is to constitute the next phasis of human society, unless arrested by a social reform.

This class is operating in the first mode or sphere — in the material or industrial. But as it operates from selfish motives, its action is subversive, and the new industrial system which it is building up, will be false, rapacious and oppressive in the extreme. It is evident that the large capitalists of New England alone, who are now establishing their vast manufacturing, could, if they were animated by a strong love of Humanity, by a sincere devotion to the elevation of the laboring classes, effect a true Organization of Industry, and redeem the masses from poverty and ignorance, and all the evils to which they give rise. But they would have to act in the two other spheres; they would have to become philanthropists, and seekers for the principles of a true Industrial Organization, or what is the same thing, encourage the discovery of such principles.

Why have the capitalists, bankers and merchants so much influence in present society, more than any other class, — the clergy, politicians, for example? It is because present society is essentially material and industrial in its character. We live in a money-making, trafficking, scheming and selfish age, and the class that is acting and modulating in the spirit of the times, is the influential and powerful class. As the age is a material one, so the action and policy of the men that represent it, are material and selfish; and as they are guided neither by devoted and philanthropic sentiments, nor true social principles, they are groping their way selfishly and blindly or by instinct, and are organizing an oppressive and rapacious system of Industry, which, when fully carried out, will bring the mass of the people under the yoke of a new despotism, — that of Capital, — which will be found as diabolical as was the despotism of the sword in the earlier phases of civilization, and which still reigns in those countries, like Russia and Austria, which have not yet emerged from these phases.

The Clergy are operating in the third mode. They are endeavoring to reform morally *individuals*. They work to ef-

fect in men individually a "change of heart," and thus by reforming men by unity, reform society collectively. They are very industrious in this course of action, but do not the past centuries of experience prove that it is inefficient? Are the men of the present day more moral than they were centuries since? No doubt the Church performs a great and important work. It is the only science, the only philosophy of the Infinite and Invisible, which the great majority of mankind have presented to them, but it cannot do what it aims at accomplishing, namely, the regeneration of the world, — so long as it restricts its action to one single sphere. The Church, to operate efficiently upon mankind, must unite in its action the two other spheres. It must realize Christianity practically in society, in its industry, commerce, and so forth; but to do this, it must discover the mechanism of a true Social Order, the scientific principles of which, shall be in unity with the philanthropy and divine love proclaimed by Christ.

The Church is operating in the extreme opposite mode to Commerce and Industrialism: it is operating *morally and individually*, and in many respects in a high and benevolent manner; while the latter, is operating *materially and collectively*, but in a subversive and selfish spirit. Thus they stand on the two extremes of the social movement, but according to the law of the contact of extremes, they meet, and harmonize very well.

The Church and Commerce go hand in hand; they form an alliance which is certainly anything but holy; for modern Commercialism and Industrialism are rife with overreaching, fraud, selfishness, extortion, usury, bankruptcy, monopoly, adulteration, materialism and duplicity of action, and the Church, if it were true to its real character and mission, would denounce this whole modern system of selfish and material commercialism, as the "mother of abominations" — as the perverting and misdirecting influence, which is leading the world into a new phase of subversion and degradation. Truly, she is getting the nations drunk in an insatiable and selfish thirst for fortune; she is inaugurating the worship of mammon, and is generating the blackest selfishness that has ever yet disgraced the world.

The University, the men of science, are operating in the second sphere — in the intellectual. They are engaged partially and fragmentarily in the great field of Science, and are directing their efforts empirically to the sciences which accident or good fortune reveal to them, and which they pursue isolatedly. As they are not animated by a high and generous philanthropy; as they have no humani-

tary compass to guide them, they are directing their efforts in almost every direction but the great central and important one—namely, the discovery of *Social Science*, which would lead to the organization of a true order of society, and the social redemption of mankind. While on the one hand, they are analyzing with the microscope the smallest molecules of mineral organization and the most minute animalcule, or on the other, are prying with powerful telescopes into the vast expanse of the universe, they have entirely unnoticed the social condition of the suffering and degraded millions of their fellow creatures, and the social falseness which reigns around them. Man and society are too distant in interest from them to occupy their attention; the discovery of a new planet is of more importance than the condition of a starving nation. Their minds not being attracted, from love to Humanity, to what should be the first object of all studies,—the happiness and elevation of mankind,—they have not been led to investigate the laws of society, and have not yet discovered the simple but great truth, that there is unity of system in the universe, and that the same laws which govern the heavenly harmonies above, govern the social harmonies on earth below.

Commerce, the University and the Church, unite the three great modes of Action,—the material or practical, the intellectual or scientific, and the moral or social,—but as they act separately and isolatedly, fragmentary and incoherently, they produce inefficient or subversive results, a babel of confusion and error, called "Civilization."

The Material element, operating isolatedly, becomes selfish or diabolical; the Intellectual, abstract and sophistical; the Moral, ascetic, mystic, fanatic and bigoted.

Society, under the influence of these three powers, acting confusedly, often antagonistically, presents the strange medley which we behold every where surrounding us, poverty, fraud, vice, crime, brutality, ignorance, false theories, social and political sophistry, party and sectarian conflicts, bigotry, hypocrisy, asceticism, fanaticism, and general selfishness and duplicity of action.

If these three passions would combine and operate together,—developing, counterbalancing and explaining each other reciprocally,—they would soon discover the means of changing the whole state of Society, and of redeeming socially the whole Human Race. But they are divided by too many antagonistic principles and interests to permit this, and society must be tossed about between them.

Where is the great Integral Reform

which is to combine the three modes of action, and by the power of this union is to conquer the spurious Civilization, with its infernal brood of evils that now governs the destinies of mankind?

We can say, without presumption, that the ASSOCIATIVE MOVEMENT, however humble it may now appear, combines the three modes, and seeks to operate under a three-fold impulse. The men engaged in the movement may be more or less imperfect in one or all the modes,—as philanthropists, as men of science, and as practical men,—but the Theory shows the necessity of the union; it holds it up constantly, and gradually it will enlist men, powerful and capable, if those now engaged are not equal to the work, in the three spheres, and thus it will secure the triumph of the great Reform to which the Associative Doctrine is devoted.

To show plainly that the Associative movement combines the three modes of action, let us glance at the motives and the course pursued by the men engaged in it.

First, they have given proofs of devotion, and sincere devotion to the great cause of human elevation. Many have toiled five years without aid, encouragement, or reward of any kind. Here we find the philanthropic element. The sentiment at the bottom of the Associative cause is a true humanitarian one.

Second, they have sought and are still seeking to the best of their abilities to discover and understand thoroughly the principles of Social Science, and the laws by which the universe in its harmonies is governed. They know that nothing can be done without a clear knowledge of the laws of social organization, and of universal order. Thus they are laboring in the intellectual sphere, and this sphere has been so entirely neglected, at least so far as regards social science, that they consider it their pivotal mode of operation. They know that benevolence and philanthropy may lead men astray, may lead them often into as much error as selfishness, if there is not science to guide them. Those sentiments are noble impelling forces, but acting alone, they are blind. The intellect, with its science, is light, is vision to them, and hence the absolute necessity of a clear knowledge of the social laws which should govern mankind, to direct the philanthropic labors of those who are striving for the general redemption of Humanity.

Third, the Associationists know that the science of society when discovered must be realized in practice in Industry, government and other relations of men. A theory which remains such, and is not cultivated, is an abstraction; it can never be understood by the great majority of men, and cannot exercise any general in-

fluence. Besides, the practical embodiment of a doctrine is the touch-stone, the counter-proof, by which to judge of its truth and value. The Associationists consequently wish to make a practical trial of their principles upon a small and limited scale; they call, they labor for such a trial. They wish not only to test them in practice, and thus demonstrate their truth beyond doubt or cavil, but they wish to exhibit them in such a way to the world, that the world can understand them, and thus be converted to the great idea of a better Social Order and a higher destiny for man; and be directed rightly to the realization of it.

The advocates of Association endeavor to acquire the knowledge and experience in industry, and so forth, which will enable them to work wisely and efficiently in the practical sphere of realization, when they shall obtain the means of founding the first Model Association. Practice must go with theory. A true theory may be wrecked from want of experience and skill, and the wisest practice can effect nothing good without truth in theory.

Thus the Associationists are seeking the highest good of humanity, by the discovery of the laws of universal Order (by which God governs creations, in all its departments, and without a knowledge and the application of which it is vain to attempt to realize harmony and unity anywhere or in any sphere,) and by applying these laws to and realizing them practically in the industrial, political and social relations of mankind.

We leave impartial thinkers to decide whether there is not Integrality and Universality in the doctrine of Association. The men may be wanting to comprehend it fully and carry it out, but the truth is there and by holding it up constantly, the men will surely be attracted to it; the time of triumph cannot be far distant.

AMERICAN UNION—ANNIVERSARY MEETING—AFFILIATED SOCIETIES.

It is proposed to open the Convention of the AMERICAN UNION, in NEW YORK, at 10 o'clock, on TUESDAY of the Anniversary Week. This Convention, which is intended strictly for business and consultation, will be continued for at least three days, and it is earnestly hoped that Delegates will come prepared for long sessions, and for exclusive attention to the important questions that will be presented to the meeting. It is expected that on the evenings, during the session of the Convention, there will be public meetings of a popular character, adapted to interest a wider circle than the actual members of the Convention. The pri-

cipal lecturers and speakers in the Associative movement will undoubtedly be present on this occasion, and we venture to predict, that the meetings will be of sufficient interest to reward the greatest trouble in attending them.

The members of all Affiliated Unions are *ex officio* members of the Parent Society, and will be entitled to seats in the Convention, as such, whether formally appointed delegates or not, by their respective Unions; although it is hoped that in order to secure as full an attendance as possible, every Affiliated Union will choose one or more delegates, and if necessary, provide for the expenses of their attendance. We know that Boston will be fully represented on this occasion; but we trust every Affiliated Union in New England will see that its delegates are present; and we earnestly hope that our friends in the interior of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, and still further South, will not fail of giving the Convention the aid of their counsels. Especially will it be grateful to meet the friends who are actually engaged in the practical experiment of Association in different parts of the country, and we believe they will not find it time lost to participate in the deliberations of the Convention.

Among the subjects that will be presented to the attention of the Union, will no doubt be the establishment of a Central Office,—the support of an organized system of publication,—the maintenance of Associative lectures throughout the country,—the means of communication with Affiliated Societies, and with Associationists both at home and abroad,—the increase and security of the Weekly Rent,—and the methods of practical organization at a future day.

The question, we presume, will be decided at this Convention, whether the Associative School in this country is to rest satisfied with the desultory, isolated and incoherent efforts which hitherto it has put forth, or whether it will adopt measures for an efficient system of unitary operations, which shall secure it a wide and rapid progress, and give it that STRENGTH which is the necessary result of VITAL UNION and NATURAL ORGANIZATION.

We can hardly over-estimate the importance of this Convention to the Associative Cause, and hence, as we believe, to the cause of Humanity. As disciples of the doctrines of Social Unity, which though grossly misrepresented and profoundly misunderstood, are every day attracting more and more of the public attention, and winning new advocates among the most enlightend and sincere friends of reform and progress, we have an urgent duty to perform; and everlasting

shame will rest upon us if it be neglected. Let not this opportunity pass away without fruitful results. Let all good and true men, who believe in a better future for Humanity, to be introduced by the Combined Order, who have faith in the nature of man as created by the Deity, and in a divine social creed adapted to that nature, bring their best wisdom and energy to the deliberations of this occasion.

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS

Will be held during Anniversary Week, on TUESDAY, May 11th, in the City of NEW YORK; and it is important that the Affiliated Unions should prepare in season to send their Delegates, and that Associationists should make their arrangements to attend.

The occasion is a momentous one. The American Union of Associationists must this Spring mark out distinctly a plan of operations, and determine upon the most expeditious and economical mode of diffusing our doctrines throughout the nation, and of making ready for the practical embodiment of our principles.

For this end, the advice of the most devoted, wise and energetic friends of the movement is needed. This must be in the strongest sense of the words, a *business meeting*; where all important points of policy may be thoroughly discussed, and measures agreed upon, which being the result of the best collective judgment of the American Union, shall be found worthy of the devoted support and earnest aid of every Associationist. The next year should be as active a one, as the means and men at our command can possibly make it; and it is necessary therefore to form a clear and precise estimate, in advance, of all our resources. We have to determine upon the number and character of our publications,—to lay out the most promising fields for our lecturers,—and especially to set in motion efficient instrumentalities by which to secure active co-operation among the Affiliated Unions, so that all Associationists may feel that they are working in concert for definite objects, and that they are living members of One Body.

It is emphatically recommended, therefore:

1st. That each Affiliated Union should at once meet, and consult as to the plans which may seem best for advancing our cause most rapidly, firmly, widely. Let new members be added; let contributions be increased; let zeal and determination be strengthened; let the wants and opportunities of respective neighborhoods be carefully considered. Every Affiliated Union should form an exact estimate of the *Weekly Rent* which it can raise, and be prepared to offer at the Anniversary Meeting a PLEDGE of the amount which it will contribute for the year, or for a term of years, to the funds of the American Union. We must secure at least Fifty Dollars a week, and twice that sum if possible; and if each Union will do its part energetically, we cannot fail of the means for a brilliant success. What Association will pledge \$20, \$10, \$5, a week for three years?

2d. It is recommended, that each Associationist should consider what he or she can do to help on the movement,—what sacrifices we are ready to make for it,—what means we will con-

secrate to it,—what time and efforts we resolve to give to advance this cause of peace, unity, and universal good. How many Associationists there are, who could easily pledge \$100, \$50, \$10, a year, for three or five years to the propagation of Associative doctrines. And are they free not to do it? How many Associationists there are, who could subscribe \$1,000, or \$500, or \$100, towards the formation of a *Permanent Fund*, the income of which might be devoted to the diffusion of our views, while the principal should go to form a Capital for some Practical Trial, when the American Union should determine that the time had come, that the place was found, and that means and men authorized the step. Who is ready to promise a yearly or a triennial contribution, or to subscribe to the Permanent Fund? Who is not ready to do something efficient?

Now let this matter be taken in hand promptly and resolutely, with the spirit becoming those engaged in a Universal Reform,—which promises to radically cure the chronic maladies of society, and to make Man whole again,—which seeks to establish upon earth a Heavenly Order,—which offers to the world no vague hope, but definite Science,—and which commends itself to the good-sense of the most practical.

Let each Affiliated Union, let each Associationist, contribute the best counsel and amplest pecuniary supplies, at the coming Anniversary.

Where Delegates cannot be sent, and individuals cannot attend, letters may be addressed to the Union.

By order of the Executive Committee.

W. H. CHANNING,
*Domestic Corresponding Secretary of the
American Union of Associationists.*
Boston, March 13, 1847.

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VOLUME IV.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1847.

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MISCELLANY.

For the Harbinger.

CANNIBALISM.

PERVERSION OF HUMAN LIFE AND INCOHERENCE OF MAN WITH THE ANIMAL CREATION THROUGH HIS SELFISH APPROPRIATION OF THEIR BODIES.

(Continued from p. 278.)

Objection. All the motives and actions of subordinate creatures being taken into account by the general providence in its system of universal compensations, no evil can come from any change or cessation of present existence imposed by one creature on another.

Answer. The general providence is made up of the particular providences. Through the incoherence of our planet and its consequent incapacity for harmonic functions, God, and the whole creation wherein he lives, must suffer in their degree. We see that the earth actually lies in quarantine; that we are excluded from communication with the other planets and stars; that, except the moon, our satellite, which probably shares our evils, and the sun whose light and heat is to our material life what God's love and truth are to our spiritual life, and which, therefore, cannot be withdrawn consistently with any manifestation of life; the heavenly bodies move in their distant orbits, all silent for us, or from the midnight sky shaming our vulgar lives as "music pours on mortals its beautiful diadain." Is this not an admonition to us of evil?

That a system of compensations exist is undoubted. Thus we cannot suppose that God or the planets, which have attained to Harmony and which have so many resources of passional sympathy left to them, even during the absence and disgrace of our earth, pass their time in useless lamentations for us.

The principle of compensation applied to this earth, consists at present in the substitution of one sort of evil for another sort of evil, and the grand compensation,

which we are left to work out by incarnating love in our practical relations, is that of the periods of Harmony with their blessings, for the periods of incoherence with their curses. To assert the prevention of evil from the action of one creature on another is simply to deny that evil has any existence. The denial is true in its essence, or so far as it means that what we call evil is merely a condition of imperfect growth, foreseen by higher powers; but the word evil is, in its ordinary sense, significant of a tremendous fact, to wit: that we are filled with disease, moral and physical, and this evil, resulting from the incoherence and conflict of attractions, though contemplated by the inverse providence of the brute ages, the harmonic order must avoid in all its branches (of which that of the relations of man with the animal kingdom is one of the greatest) as fatal to man and displeasing to God.

Objection. Granting that the devouring of animals is an evil, a state of conflict and incoherence, it is one from which we cannot escape by any plan of diet; since in every breath of air or every swallow of water, we destroy millions of animalcular lives, the intensity of whose existence being often in the inverse ratio of their magnitude, may be an evil in so far as the compulsory transformation of life is ever one, incalculably greater than that of the few animals which we intentionally kill.

Answer. This reasoning is fallacious, simply because it recognizes the relations of animate life during the ages of incoherence as their permanent state, and not in their true light of imperfect or perfected adaptations to the mutual injury of creatures in which the disorder of the pivotal life, humanity is mirrored. These involuntary relations of man to other creatures are in perfect accordance and consistency with his voluntary butcheries, and the immensity, the infinitude of the evil which this view opens to us, only urges more strongly the peremptory necessity that man should at once change

the whole system of action on this planet by substituting, in the relations controlled by his will and from which the rest indirectly flow, the law of love for the law of strife.

As a single instance of this indirect relation, we may cite the peculiar prevalence of this insect and animalcule conflict in the muddy waters and the humid air of our swamps, where, living in the fever miasm, they seem to incarnate in their venomous stings the demons of the pest. One who has seen or felt the mosquito fever of Mexico will understand this.

In the integral and harmonic culture of the earth, the local spheres of this conflict will give place to rich, waving fields and smiling gardens.

When we reflect on the immense influence of man for good or for evil, to change the soil, climate and atmospheric conditions of the sphere, by his management of land tillage, the forest, and the distribution of the waters, it will appear a most natural corollary that the types of life dependent on these conditions should change with them. This reflection is confirmed by the analogy of the soil and the waters of the earth to the solids and fluids of our bodies: as the phenomena of our nervous or dynamic and sensitive existence change with the health or the lesion by accident or poison of these solids and fluids, so should we expect the manifestations of the earth's dynamic and sensitive life in her animal existences to change with the health or disease of her solids and fluids, and we should expect this change to be not partial but integral.

To comprehend clearly the principle on which this depends we must realize that the passional principles determine corresponding creations. The passions eternally cause. Creatures and things are their fugitive effects and manifestations in which such or such a phase of the Creator's life is manifested. Let us use a few illustrations. Why do one and one make two? What is the cause of

which the principle of addition is an effect! To bring this into a concrete and intelligible form, we must allow the unit one to represent an individual power, such as that of a man. In given outward conditions we find a man capable of exerting just so much force, muscular or mental. Say his strength is equal to raising a weight of three hundred pounds. Now if he has occasion to lift one of six hundred pounds he cannot accomplish it under the same physical conditions any more at the second or the twentieth trial than at the first. Whilst one remains alone, no process of addition, multiplication, subtraction or division can exist, any more than the passions of friendship, ambition, love, or familism, can act without objects to draw them forth. To the first unit, say Robinson Crusoe on his island, bring another unit, which we will call his man Friday. Now if Robinson's perigua weighs six hundred pounds and he can raise three hundred pounds, and Friday three hundred pounds, how shall Robinson succeed in getting his canoe launched? Why, let him and Friday try together, you answer; add one to one and you have two, add three hundred to three hundred and you have six hundred. Good, but how will Robinson cause or determine this addition? The passion of Friendship, the co-operative principle must first develop itself between him and Friday. There are many degrees in its accords, but unless some one of them exist, Robinson and Friday will continue always distinct units, and the perigua will never get launched. Friendship then causes or creates the rule of addition.

Now let the Spaniards come to Robinson's island. By saving their lives and treating them kindly, he first establishes with them relations of friendship; then as numbers increase and a necessity arises for some order and system of action he becomes the natural chief of their little group; Ambition, the source of order and degrees, manifests itself, and as one of its effects Robinson finds his force multiplied by that of the associated family.

Of the minor Passional principles every one recognizes at once that Love is the great maker of presents. It renders the miser generous. In Genesis it is illustrated by opening the side of Adam and taking out one of his ribs whereof to form Eve; and its physiological expression is not less striking. Love always determines donation or the subtraction of something from oneself or one's property.

Division is the effect of Familism, the property with the personal and moral qualities of the parents divided among the children.*

* In the tables of Fourier we find Subtraction connected with Familism, and Division with

Thus the four rules of arithmetic are essentially determined by the four cardinal passions. Laverdant in his beautiful analysis of Property has developed this subject, showing the cardinal passions as the serial principles. We have illustrated in No. 17, the causation of phenomena in the mineral kingdom and in the vegetable and in the animal organisms by the Passional principles.

It seems a very wide step from the creation of the rules of arithmetic to the creation of dogs and lions. They do not apparently lie in the same field of analogy.

But analogy is universal. In the article referred to, we alluded to the application of the four rules of arithmetic as the principles determining the processes of our organic life, the basis of passional and spiritual development.

As one or another cardinal passion and the mathematical principles and serial character which flows from it predominate in such or such a living type, it becomes a creation, if we may use the expression, of that passion. Fourier considers the planets as holding with each other in the seasons of eternity, aronal relations, which generate on each its successive creations. According to the passional principle then dominant, its purity and its intensity, will, as in the analogous phenomena of human generation, be the character of the creation resulting.

Whatever be the agency it is certain that in proportion as the nature and properties of animals and vegetables are revealed to us by observation, experiment and sympathy, we find in them the strongly marked types of the passions and tempers which have presided over their creation as clearly as our own children proclaim the characters of their parents and the truer or falser conditions of their union. The dog, for example, is very clearly a living expression of the passion of Friendship, the horse of Ambition, which have presided over their creation. The different species and varieties of dogs will type different species and varieties of Friendship which have determined them.

Now of all the passions in all their branches, we observe this general law, that evil in its two forms of defective development and perverted development results from their collision or conflict, and that good, in its two modes of integral development and harmonic development results from their accords. Given a sphere of incoherence, of unorganized industry and social relations, you have resulting, all forms of disease, falsehood, deformity and misery, grave in proportion to the intensity of the passions. Given a sphere of organized interests, variety in

Love. Either there is some inadvertence in his text, or I do not see straight myself.

unity, and you have resulting, all forms of health, truth, beauty and happiness, in the same ratio to the intensity of the passions. This is the law of direct and inverse development. The first is the essential, the last the exceptional condition of a planet or a race. Now it is evident, that the planet has been hitherto in a rudimental and infantile state. It is only on the smaller part of its surface that the land or solid tissue is yet formed. Immense deltas and marshes with their alligators and other crude monsters still remind us of the pre-Adamite world of the Saurians, when after the crust had sufficiently cooled to permit the condensation of its waters, the whole became a prolific mud. Earthquakes, volcanoes, and the irregularity of climates, winds, &c., render many regions so inconvenient and unsalutary for man, as to be scarcely compatible with his existence, and among the species of vegetable and animal life now existing, we find only the germ of harmonic relations in a small exception, just as in human society the passions of man produce harmonies and tend to the collective social interest only in a small exception. God, in assigning to man the regency of terrestrial movement, has delegated to him an immense influence, a greater power than he claims, than he is yet prepared to believe in, — the power of giving to nature the signal of new creations, transforming and regenerating their evil into good. In fact, man already co-operates with nature in the work of creation. She produces classes and orders, but he determines species and varieties. Thus, in the mineral kingdom, man from zinc and copper, creates the compound mineral, brass, and thus many other compounds of similar character among the metals. Man creates a whole genus of visual accords with the earth in the manufacture of transparent glasses, mirrors, lenses, microscopes, telescopes, &c.

To attain this, it is necessary that man should ascend through the three subversive societies, the Savage, the Barbarous, and the Civilized. The savage can make no glasses: when he develops his industry to that point, he is no longer a savage. Thus in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, the savage simply takes all as he finds it, and subsists on the usufruct of the earth. The civilized man becomes initiated into the science of causes, and in his hot-house or his farmyard, by grafting, budding, or peculiar methods of culture, or by applying the law of reproduction, he creates new varieties of roses, peaches, cabbages, pigeons, dogs or horses.

Does it not then commend itself to our reason, that man, by rising three degrees higher in the social scale, through Guar-

antism and simple Serism into Passional Harmony, should attain the power of determining new orders of creatures as now new species and varieties?

While human unity is broken, and man's efforts are isolated or fragmentary, expending his noblest energies in wars and works of waste, destruction and conflict, he remains a mere child upon the planet, and nature seems to scorn at his petty struggles to surround himself with a moderate comfort. Climates and seasons deteriorate, and soils become barren under his ignorant and exhausting culture, and the proudest conquests of his civilization sink country after country into wastes and deserts. Babylon, Greece, Rome, the nations of America, both North and South, whose ruins, buried under masses of forest, betray their former splendor, while their very names are lost: — is not the voice of God heard in the silence of their desolation, withering with his curse the *present* forms of social incoherence, which bear within their bosom the same germ of death? What trifles has man effected? The poles still lie locked in ice. Over burning deserts, the star of day flings his fierce radiance like the gleam of the angel's sword, warder at the gates of Eden after Adam was expelled. The isthmuses of Panama and of Suez, a few miles wide, obstruct the Eastern and the Western passes, and compel the navigator, in his little sea-prison to a dangerous passage of many months in order to double the stormy capes of the South. The ostrich, the zebra, the elk, the bison, almost seven-eighths even of those creatures of the air, the earth and the waters, which even at present possess natural relations of utility to man, know him yet, only as their enemy; while the elephant, noble type of an anterior race, refuses to reproduce his kind, in the slavery of the treacherous and degraded society among which he stands with his truth and honor as a living reproach. To the vegetable kingdom, which he fences out from him with a barbarous jargon of botany, he is almost an entire stranger. After a few flowers, ministers of the angels which still remain to him, and some grains and fruits necessary to his existence, man finds himself surrounded by secret foes, and dreads in every berry, almost in every touch, a poison. His attempts to avail himself of their powers as medicines, still, during the periods of incoherence, result in seven-eighths evil as the smallest calculation, and serve only to shorten and embitter with new forms of suffering the wretched life of our civilized invalids. With all nature it is scarcely more than the vulgar material relations that he realizes. He does not sympathize with other creatures, he does not enter the charmed

sphere of their life, and so rest his fevered head in trusting affection on the breast of his mother earth. Thus our present incoherence with nature is compound: first, by the hostility of seven-eighths of her life in its various forms, and secondly, by want of sympathy and comprehension of seven-eighths of the qualities of the rest.

For this compound of ignorance and evil during the subversive periods which reflect in nature their own incoherence, God leaves man to determine the substitution of the beneficent creatures which shall harmonize with his own life and with each other, and which shall sympathetically initiate him into secrets of nature from which he is now, with some slight exceptions, excluded.

The science of universal analogy discovered by Fourier is a diffraction of this harmony.

It is by forming true social and industrial combinations, that man is to give to nature the signal for her harmonic creations, in which this planet, transformed and purified by an integral culture, will become capable of higher communion than ever hitherto. The maxim of integral development "we must be our own before we can be another's" may be applicable to planets as well as to men and women. There is scarcely anything possible to man amid the waste and collision of individual operations; there will be scarce anything impossible to the unitary combinations of a society, whose interests are Christianized. *Amor vincit omnia.*

To be Continued.

HOMESTEAD EXEMPTIONS.

Many of the opponents of the constitution make this the ground of their opposition. They contend that it is fraught with more mischief than was contained in Pandora's box. They say it is a "new" measure, and of course a dangerous one. They reason on the position taken by a learned English bishop of bygone times, "that an old error is worth two new truths." But is this principle so very new as these sticklers for antiquity contend? As they have great veneration for "authorities," let us give them some names in support of these measures, which have generally been supposed to carry some weight.

Says Jefferson—"I set out on this ground, which I suppose to be self-evident, that the earth belongs in usufruct to the living."

Blackstone affirms—"There is no foundation in nature, in natural law, why a set of words on parchment should convey the dominion of land." This is good common sense.

Paley declares—"No one is able to produce a charter from Heaven, or has any better title to a particular possession than his neighbor."

The affirmation of Gray is equally in point: "The earth is the habitation, the natural inheritance of all mankind, of ages present and to come; a habita-

tion belonging to no man in particular, but to every man; and one in which all have an equal right to dwell."

To the same effect are the words of Mr. Jaques: "What are the rights which men are entitled by the laws of nature, or the gifts of the Creator? The declaration of independence has already named some of them; that is, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; to which I will add, an equal right to the earth; and other elements, all equally indispensable to the existence of men."

Said Mr. Channing: "The remedy I propose for the increasing pauperism of the United States—is the location of the poor on the lands of the far West, which would not only afford permanent relief to our unhappy brethren, but would restore that self-respect and honorable principle inseparable to citizenship."

President Jackson proposed the same thing in his annual message, 1831. "To afford every American citizen of enterprise, the opportunity of securing an independent freehold, it seems to me best to abandon the idea of raising a future revenue out of the public land."

Said Black Hawk, when asked to sell out his country: "My reason teaches me that land cannot be sold. The Great Spirit gave it to his children to live upon, and cultivate, so far as is necessary for their subsistence; and so long as they occupy and cultivate it, they have the right to the soil; but if they voluntarily leave it, then any other people have a right to settle upon it. Nothing can be sold but such things as can be carried away."

The Great Spirit gave the earth to man, to the race, not to the favored few; and a portion of it is the birthright of every man. If so, then for the government, in its legislation, to deprive any part of their just inheritance, is downright usurpation.

Says Burlamaqui: "They are all inhabitants of the same globe, placed in a kind of vicinity to each other; have all one common nature, the same faculties, same inclinations, wants and desires. Man finds himself naturally attached to earth, from whose bosom he draws whatever is necessary for the preservation and conveniences of life."

We repeat, that a man has a right to live, and to be upon the earth; he has a right to breathe the air, to a free use of light and water; he has equally a right to share the products of the earth; and hence he has a right to a portion of this earth on which to rear those products. These are natural rights. But without entering into a discussion of these, let us meet the objections of the opponents of this measure. The first and foremost in the catalogue is, "it will keep out capital;" but how, no man has told us and no man can tell. We sincerely believe the reverse of this will prove true; for whatever tends to secure to labor its full reward, must tend to the increase of capital among the masses. What is capital but an accumulation of the products of labor? Capital is created by labor; and without labor, money itself is of no account; it is as valueless as pearls upon the desert, which can furnish the lost traveller neither bread nor water.

But how is it to keep out capital? Why, it will destroy confidence. But how? Is confidence between man and man founded in the right of the one to turn the other into the street, with a de-

pendent family? Is this the basis of confidence and credit? We think not. The Indians of our forests are trusted by the trader on a different principle, and the Arab of the desert is trusted by the merchants of the caravans, and the instance of a failure of one to redeem his promise cannot be found. It is our opinion that the knowledge that our fundamental law secures a man in the possession of his homestead, and that whatever may be the vicissitudes of fortune, there is no law that can turn his family into the street and make him a vagabond, will be one of the greatest inducements to emigrants.

The principle of exemption has obtained in every State of the Union. The only question now is, are we going a step too far? The community requires of an individual that he shall be able to support and educate his family. If he cannot do it under existing laws, he will violate those laws by covering up his property. Have not the community a right to say to the creditor, if you trust a man you do it on that portion of his property which is not necessary for the support of his family? If you trust him beyond that, it is at your own risk; we will not allow you to reduce the family to beggary. Laws for the collection of debts without exemption, are nothing but licensing intriguing individuals to reduce the balance of community to starvation or slavery. They are laws to make men dishonest. No system ever devised by man can be imagined more demoralizing in its influences than that which strips a man of his all, and turns him and his family out as vagabonds. Such laws men will resist, say what you will, and do what you will. We envy not the man who can enforce such laws, or see them enforced without emotion, though done according to law and in the most approved style of legal proceeding. — *Milwaukee Courier*.

MILITARY SCHOOL. By invitation we attended in the Park on Saturday, an exhibition of the boys of the Episcopal Institute of Stapleton, Staten Island. They were some twenty-five in number, from ten to seventeen years old, dressed in military uniforms, and all, except a few who were too small, armed with carbines and bayonets. Their evolutions were conducted by their military teacher, Capt. F. L. Hagadorn, though the principal of the school, Rev. T. Towell, was also in attendance. They were reviewed by the Mayor, and went through their exercises to the apparent gratification of the spectators generally.

For our own part, we confess that we could not view them with pleasure. War is too horrible, too revolting in itself, for one who knows the whole of it to feel any unmixed satisfaction even in the splendor of its peaceful displays. A holiday parade becomes a sad spectacle, when we reflect that the soldiers whose music, dresses, banners and movements are so orderly and beautiful, carry deadly weapons in their hands, and that the whole end of their organization is the destruction of men. At the sight, the thought of gory fields, mangled bodies, men striving in murderous combat, and all the devastation and horror that follow in the course of war must rise in the mind. But when we see children armed and trained in imitation of this terrible evidence of human depravity, the exhibi-

tion is even more painful. Why should the young mind be made familiar with this worst of all scourges that afflict the earth, and habituated to the thought of armies and battles? To our judgment, the pursuit of a soldier would be the last that a judicious parent could wish his child to be taught, or that a Christian minister could appropriately teach. We know that national wickedness and selfishness sometimes compel men to the field of carnage and that it is thought necessary in the present state of the world for some to learn the trade of arms, but for the associations of children to have any connection with that awful business seems to us worse than desecration.

All that is attractive about war may and should be retained for good purposes. Especially the charms of music, of dress and of measured movements, should be introduced in the education of youth. We have no doubt that these things may be adopted in schools with an effect on the health and progress of their pupils of which few persons have any conception. But they should be connected, not with the inhuman glories of war, but with the peaceful triumphs of such useful industry as is adapted to the strength of children. When that is done, it will be possible to behold them with unmingled delight. — *Tribune*.

PITTSBURGH.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

As some vast heart that high in health
Beats in its mighty breast,
So, to and fro, thy living wealth
Throbs through the boundless West.
Thy keels the broad Ohio plow,
Or seek the Atlantic main;
Thy fabrics find the Arctic snow,
Or reach Zahara's plain.

Toil on, huge Cyclop as thou art,
Though grimed with dust and smoke,
And breathing with convulsive start—
There's music in each stroke!
What if the stranger smirch and soil
Upon thy forehead sees?
Better the wealth of honest toil
Than of ignoble ease!

And yet thou'rt beautiful—a queen
Throned on her royal seat!
All glorious in emerald sheen,
Where thy fair waters meet.
And when the night comes softly down,
And the moon lights the stream,
In the mild ray appears the town,
The city of a dream!

[From the New York Herald.]

LETTER FROM EUROPE.

PARIS, February 27, 1847.

THE BOURSE OF PARIS—STOCK-JOBBERING—
ROTHSCHILDS—CAPITALISTS—FASHION
—ROYALTY.

Yesterday I sallied out, about two o'clock, in a fine bracing air, from the *rue de Rivoli*, and wended my way along a succession of short, crooked, narrow streets, leading directly north towards the *Boulevards*. I entered that gay promenade, which looks for all the world like Broadway, nearly opposite *rue Lafitte*, where the Rothschilds have their splendid hotel and banking-house. It is rather a dark, narrow street, slightly descending

to the north from the *Boulevards*, and then rising towards the *Place St. Georges*. Along side of *rue Lafitte* is the celebrated street called the *Chaussee d'Antin*. Both streets and the immediate neighborhood form the banking district of Paris—those new lords, leaders, and sovereigns in modern society, which the beggary and borrowing propensity of European governments have created *per fas aut nefas*. Rothschild's house, or hotel, is a most splendid palace, the furniture alone costing nearly half a million of dollars. Their banking-house is contiguous, and consists of a number of offices, or bureaux, English, French, German, &c. The chief of the house is Baron de Rothschild, who holds his title from some stray German potentate. There are several other Barons and Baronesses, old and young, male and female, who not only hold a distinguished position in the fashionable world of Paris, but are the elders, priests, kings, and lords of the "remnant of Israel" throughout Europe. The Baroness de Rothschild gives the most splendid parties and *routes* in Paris; and has a private box at both the Italian and French opera, next door to the King's box, and within smelling distance of royalty.—They are my bankers in Paris, and I, therefore, contribute my per centage to keep up the state and grandeur of the modern kingdom of Israel. Accordingly, I mounted the white stone steps, wound my way round the offices, got into the English bureau, and procured a fresh supply of a few thousand francs, from the polite, benevolent Englishman, with the short face and agreeable aspect, who presides in that department, and who always puts me in mind of Addison's description of himself in the *Spectator*. I also purchased a couple of tickets for a lottery given for the benefit of the poor children of Israel in Paris, who are yet waiting patiently the coming of the Messiah.

The air and incidents, in the palace of the great banker and chief of modern Israel, filled my imagination with stocks, premiums, differences, consols, rentes, exchanges, gold, silver, brokers, bankers, cheats, shaves, swindlers, rogues, tailors, and all sorts of things which congregate in the exchange or *Bourse*, anciently called by the four holy evangelists, the "temple of Mammon." I accordingly, under the influence of the ether or nitrous oxide gas of money-making, directed my way to the *Bourse*, or 'Change of Paris, where the stock-jobbers congregate in thousands every day. I passed along the *Boulevards* as far as *rue Vivienne*, then to the *Place de la Bourse*, where stands one of the most beautiful temples ever erected to Mammon, or to any other ancient or modern god. I mounted the steps, I entered the vestibule, I penetrated the interior. Here I found nearly, if not over five thousand men, all crowding round a circular enclosure in the centre of the great hall. This enclosure contains about fifty or sixty brokers, or *agents de change*, who are all hallooing and transacting business at the top of their voices, in a style somewhat similar to that in the Exchange of New York, but with a far more energetic and vociferous energy of manner. Besides the crowd of thousands of stock-jobbers in the great hall below, the galleries above contained many hundred spectators who did not mingle in the fray of speculating, jobbing, getting rich,

or losing every thing, but merely looked on the fun below. It looked like a magnificent gambling house, where every face seemed to be concentrated on one purpose, and utterly reckless of every other thing. Under the Corinthian columns to the left, stood the great bankers, financiers, capitalists, and gamblers of the age. Every second man in the crowd seemed to have a small memorandum book in his hand, in which he noted down the ideas as they occurred, or the contracts he had made. The fifty brokers, enclosed in their circle in the centre, and guarded by the police, were talking, shouting, gesticulating, at the top of their voice and height. It was one single, unadulterated, eternal buzz, almost rising to uproar, and very much resembling the noise made in the tower of Babel, when the great confusion of tongues took place, and the stock-jobbers were first scattered over the earth. I could only distinguish, *je prends — je donne — je prends — je donne — je prends — je donne*, to the end of the chapter.

Such is a brief but faint picture of the *Bourse*, or 'Change of Paris, which may be considered the centre of the moneyed operations of Europe. It is a vast institution, born and brought up in the midst of modern civilization, and now regulating and controlling governments, dynasties, kings, princes, parties, factions, fashion, society, religion, manners, and follies of all kinds, and sizes. The *Bourse* of Paris consists of fifty or sixty brokers, or *agents de change*, each of whom give from five to eight hundred thousand francs for the privilege of entering. In connection with the Rothschilds, and a few other large capitalists, they are the richest persons in Paris, or on the continent. In fact, they are the modern and civilized nobility of Europe. There are a few—a very few, of the old *noblesse* of old France, who have considerable estates, but the day and generation of these antique Christian barons, are passing away as fast as the waters of the turbid Seine under my window, are now rushing on to the sea. The finest dinners, the greatest *routes*, the most splendid balls, the most *recherche soirees*, are now allowed to be given by the financial or moneyed class of society—the financial barons. Not even the entertainments of the foreign ambassadors, or those of the *Duc de Nemours*, the future regent of France, are considered more choice, more splendid, more fashionable, than those of the great financiers—particularly the Rothschilds, and some others. Yet the financial lords and barons have two sets of society—those of their customers who hank with them, compose the cheap circle; those of the diplomatists, princes and great equals, form the higher-priced or select circle of acquaintance. The first are called the one-eight-per-cent balls, or the half-per-cent *soirees*, or the three-eights-per-cent dinners, according to the rate charged the guests in the final liquidation of their cash accounts. The American banker's parties are called the half-per-cent balls, and are considered a cheap and efficient instrument of trade, as well as of hospitality and of fashion.

The present condition of the *Bourse* is not so excited as it was a year ago. The amount of transactions in fancy stocks, or railway shares, was then probably double or quadruple what it is at this moment. Probably, then, about ten

thousand eager speculators were daily trying to shave each other, and to get rich suddenly by the exercise of their wits. Now, only five thousand can be seen daily. The present tide of stock-jobbing was first introduced into the Paris *Bourse* by speculators from England, Belgium, and Germany. The French make good soldiers, good dancing-masters, good surgeons, good orators, good saints, good philosophers, good tailors, but they are but indifferent stock-jobbers, middling merchants, and only tolerable financiers. Nearly all the best bankers of Paris are foreigners—the Germans principally, with the Rothschilds at their head, and a hundred and fifty thousand of all creeds at their tail. The English and Germans introduced the first excitement in railway stock-jobbing, on the Paris *Bourse*, and many were the poor Frenchmen, from the peer to the penny-a-liner, who were caught in the mania, and entirely stripped of every thing in the world, except their sins, their sentiments, and their last pair of breeches. It is supposed, and has been stated in the Chamber of Deputies, that the English and German speculators took away last year, the sum of \$80,000,000 or 400,000,000 francs, in the differences in railway and other shares. One English stock-jobber was mentioned to me, who came over from London, last summer, with £50, and in six weeks bagged \$500,000.

Another great source of speculation in Paris, has been the sudden rise of real estate in certain quarters since the revolution of '30. Many have got rich in New York, by a similar plan. It is stated that the Rothschilds, made alone, by this speculation, about three millions of francs in a few weeks. An American broker, formerly known in Wall street, ten or fifteen years ago, but who has been living here since, has made a considerable fortune by speculations in real estate here, and now occupies the position in fashionable society here, by his *soirees*, which Col. Thorne formerly did in the *Faubourg St. Germaine*. In fact, the system of getting into the highest fashionable society here, is very simple and very scientific. It is just as easy as getting a mutton-chop cooked for a franc, and two sous to the *garçon*—cash down always. Take a splendid hotel, fill it with fine furniture, attentive servants, and capital cooks. Give a *carte blanche* to any of the stray countesses, duchesses, or princesses, either of the old or new *regime*, who are floating about in all directions here, and you can at once create a fashionable circle of the first quality and highest pretensions. You have nothing to do but to pay up and be laughed at—to settle the bills every week, and be ridiculed by those who visit you.

The rich men, here, are very numerous, but I have seen no catalogue of them, as we have in New York. The firm of Rothschild is estimated at \$16,000,000, or eighty millions of francs, but there are some even richer. This is the estimation on 'Change, but how accurate it is, no one can tell on this side of the grave. Such shrewd philosophers believe, that all the leading financiers of Europe, are living on credit, as much as the various governments, kings and princes are—they say that their real property consists only of houses and furniture—that all the rest is credit, without capital or real money. The aggregate public

debt of Europe, is about five thousand millions of dollars, the annual interest on which is about two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. This latter sum is taken yearly from the industry of the working classes, in the shape of taxes, and paid away to the fund holders, who are nearly all an idle, refined, luxurious race. In addition to this vast drain on industry, there is the vast class of government officers, from sovereign down to soldier, who also live in idleness, and consume nearly as much, without contributing anything to actual production. Here is an annual drain upon Europe of \$500,000,000 or more, which has been created under the genius of finance, aiding and assisting the existing governments in their wars, pageants, and other movements of the system of society. In the meantime, during the last thirty years, the different populations have been increasing, till in certain portions of the continent, such as Belgium, France, and Ireland, the means of subsistence is unable to support the people of particular districts. This new crisis of human society has been hurried on by the failure of the potato. The prospect ahead is worse than the realities of the past. Europe, hereafter, will annually require an increasing quantity of food from some other country, to supply the growing deficiency. This can only be got from America—from the United States—from the great Northwest of the Union. Go to work, therefore, plant corn, and sow wheat, for the period has come when the accumulated wealth of a thousand years—the gold, silver and jewels of Europe must cross the Atlantic and take up their residence in the great West. During the last three thousand years, the precious metals and stones of the world have travelled from the East to the West—from Hindostan to western Europe. This law of movement is produced by the laws that regulate the elements of population, industry, civilization and luxury. The great movement has begun to cross the Atlantic, and nothing can stop it, till all the wealth of Europe that is portable will find a home in the great Republic of North America. Their gold, their silver, their jewels, their precious stones, their works of art, will all emigrate to America, and nothing will be left but their empty vaults, their old churches, their grey palaces, and their immense and hungry population.

THE SEARCH.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I went to seek for Christ,
And Nature seemed so fair
That first the woods and fields my youth enticed,
And I was sure to find Him there:
The temple I forsook,
And to the solitude
Allegiance paid; but Winter came and shook
The crown and purple from my wood:
His snows, like desert sands, with scornful drift,
Besieged the columned-aisle and palace-gate;
My Thebes, cut deep with many a solemn rift,
But epitaphed her own sepulchred state:
Then I remembered whom I went to seek,
And blessed blunt Winter for his counsel bleak.

Back to the world I turned,
For Christ, I said, is King;
So the cramped alley and the hut I spurned
As far beneath his sojourning:

'Mid power and wealth I sought,
But found no trace of Him;
And all the costly offerings I had brought
With sudden dust and mould grew dim:
I found His tomb, indeed, where, by their laws,
All must on stated days themselves imprison,
Mocking with bread a dead Creed's grinning
jaws,
Witless how long the life had thence arisen;
One sacrifice to this they set apart,
Prizing it more than Christ's own living heart.

So from my feet the dust
Of the proud World I shook;
Then came dear Love and shared with me his
crust,
And half my sorrow's burden took.
After the world's soft bed,
Its rich and dainty fare,
Like down seemed Love's coarse pillow to my
head.

His cheap food seemed as manna rare;
Fresh-trodden prints of bare and bleeding feet,
Turned to the heedless city whence I came,
Hardly I saw, and springs of worship sweet
Gushed from my cleft heart smitten by the same:
Love looked me in the face and spake no words,
But straight I knew those foot-prints were the
Lord's.

I followed where they led,
And in a hovel rude,
With nought to fence the weather from his head,
The King I sought for meekly stood;
A naked, hungry child
Clung round His gracious knee,
And a poor hunted slave looked up and smiled
To bless the smile that set him free;
New miracles I saw His presence do,
No more I knew the hovel bare and poor,
The gathered chips into a woodpile grew,
The broken morsel swelled to goodly store:
I knelt and wept; my Christ no more I seek,
His throne is with the outcast and the weak.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

MRS. BUTLER'S RETURN TO THE STAGE.
In Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper the following account is given of Mrs. Butler's first night at Manchester, on her return to the stage:

"There never has been known such excitement about play-going before in Manchester. All the places in the theatre were secured days before-hand, and the box-office was in a state of siege and not to be neared with impunity. Of course the house was full to the ceiling, and the whole thing came off with the greatest enthusiasm; and it takes a great deal to warm up a Manchester audience: in general they are too lazy, or too impassable, to applaud much; but to-night they were under real feeling, and Mrs. Butler must have been gratified by the way they received her when she first came on. It was the expression of genuine sympathy and kind feeling for the woman, and had nothing to do with the entertainment they looked for from the *artiste* and the actress; it was a spontaneous testimony to herself alone, and could only have come from a very unsophisticated audience. She had chosen 'Julia,' in the 'Hunchback,' for her re-appearance. In all the passionate parts she was very strong, and the tones of her voice went to one's heart. I never saw her before, but I can fancy that, in all essential respects she must have gained considerably since her retirement. There was a finish

and self-mastery in her most passionate scenes that no young woman could have had. All her power was under her own control, and she worked with it most artistically.

"I dare say in point of personal attraction she may have fallen off; she is very thin, and looks as if in had health, but the want of physical beauty did not strike one; whatever she has lost in that way is quite made up by the element of passionate knowledge which pervaded every movement. Suffering dims a woman's beauty; but no woman's genius can be matured or fully developed until she has had her whole soul molten within her, and her very life well nigh wrenched out of her by suffering. It made me shiver to think on all the life that must have been melted down and gone to make her acting to-night. Her appeal to Master Walter to stop the marriage was almost fearful; it was like a flash of lightning, showing the depths of passionate helplessness and recklessness; desperate possibilities in a woman's nature, that no written words can convey, and certainly no Sheridan Knowles ever uttered, for he is a deal too decent and respectable in all he writes, even to indicate beyond the mark. If people will always keep an eye on their own respectability, verily they have a reward of some sort; but human nature is not respectable, and will not reveal its power to conventionality. The whole play turns on such a straining of conscience that all the distress and passion seem like trying to make fireworks without gunpowder, much safer, but dreadfully unstimulating.

"There was a very clever man to support her as Master Walter, but she could not well have been more unlucky in her lover, Sir Thomas Clifford. He was a desperately good looking man, and between his gentility and good looks, he seemed terribly hampered how to take care of them both; he was afraid of disturbing the stagnant symmetry of his face by the least ripple of feeling. The people nearly brought the house down with applause. As Mrs. Butler proceeded, though she did not show it in her acting the least in the world, she was so exhausted in the end that she could hardly stand when called before the curtain. I was close to the stage, and could see it."

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN NEW YORK.

The company brought out from Italy by Signor Sanquirico, in the beginning of the winter, have been performing steadily in Palm's opera house, and after the accomplishment of one long "season" with very marked success, have just entered upon another which will last for eighteen nights. They appear to have confined themselves within the rather monotonous range of the modern Italian opera, with the single exception of one performance of Rossini's *Barber*, giving nothing but Donizetti, Verdi, Coppola, and so forth. We had an opportunity a few weeks since to hear them in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and in the last part only of

Verdi's *I Lombardi*, which was only an aggravation, to be sure.

From the latter opera, of course, we only got a general impression of the style of Verdi. It is altogether a new style for Italian music:—we were about to say a new *development* of Italian music; but that it hardly is, for what is peculiar to it, is rather the result of elaborate study and calculation; a judicious importation *ab extra*, rather than the development of a native germ in its own way. It is distinguished by full and bold harmony, by new and startling modulations, by very elaborate orchestral accompaniments, full of obligato parts for separate instruments, and passages in which they chase each other in a very interesting manner and withdraw attention from the voices which they should accompany. The vocal parts seemed full of strength and emphasis, but heavy, uninspired and wanting the sweet, tender melody, which compensates in some degree for every other want in Donizetti. As we admired the rich accompaniments, we were continually wondering what they had to do especially with the song, unless it were to substitute instrumental effect for the want of vocal. It seemed to us that Verdi, feeling the weakness and mere sentimentality of Donizetti, Mercadante and the rest, who have set the style of modern Italian opera, had been actuated by a laudable ambition to infuse into his country's music, something of the strength and depth of the German. This he has done rather from calculation than from native inspiration, (at least, so we judge from the little we have heard of him,) and has thus produced a result not unlike that of the French Meyerbeer, who can produce any quantity of *effect*, but cannot inspire. We happened to go in perhaps at an unfortunate time; it was just at the death of the young prince of Antioch in the arms of his beloved, the daughter of the Lombard chief of the crusaders. He becomes a Christian in his dying hour; and the scene is followed by a vision which appears to the Christian maiden, of the angels singing in Heaven, and her lover in the midst of them, represented bodily up there in the clouds as a knight in full armor! The music of this celestial chorus is anything but celestial. It is tame and heavy, as any congregational New England Psalm. But the chorus of Crusaders, Pilgrims, and so forth, following, is full of strength. We should not venture to express these hasty impressions about Verdi, formed from such a fragmentary hearing of one only of his operas, together with a few songs from others, were it not that we find these impressions confirmed by excellent judges who have become more thoroughly acquainted with him. The

musical world of course is divided on the question of the merits of this young composer, who is said to be the founder of a new school of dramatic music in Italy. We still cleave to Rossini, so far as Italian opera goes; while we would not give one good German "Don Juan," or "Der Freyschutz," or "Fidelio," for the whole of them.

Lucia we were so fortunate as to hear entire; and it was a satisfaction. There is more strength in its music than is usual with Donizetti. The Quintette near the middle, introduced by the Duet of Tenor and Bass, admirably sung by Benedetti and Beneventano; and the Tenor Aria at the close, "*O bell' alma innamorata*," are noble themes and full of depth and passion; well worthy of the expansion which they have received in Liszt's stupendous Fantasia for the piano, which has spoken to many in this country in its true power from the hands of Leopold De Meyer. The "*Ravenswood*" of this opera is said to be the great part of Signor Benedetti. And we must join with all the world in praise of this accomplished Tenor. He is an artist, both as a singer and as an actor, entirely incapable of any meretricious and cheap effects, wanting neither feeling, good taste, nor fine culture and consummate style in addition to the wonderful beauty, strength and compass of his voice. He is a genuine Tenor; his voice is warm and rich and clear, and ascends with perfect ease to C in Alt, and even dwells there, swelling and diminishing the notes in that high region, so that they have as much character as any notes in the most ordinary range. His recitative is wonderfully fine: the manner in which he leaves each note, especially in rapid articulation, gave us a new idea of what beautiful utterance is. Signor Beneventano has a magnificent Bass voice, which he sports with like a child, revelling in great powers of execution, without perfect finish or deep feeling. The Prima Donna, Signora Barili, possesses a very refined, clear, beautiful voice, especially in the highest notes, which she manages with consummate skill; and altogether as a singer shows a true style as the result of thorough and judicious study; but she is doomed forever, one would think, to the limited effects of a passionless and mechanical impersonation of characters. Pico, the contralto of the *troupe*, had no part in this opera, which we really regretted, as she has soul enough to cover many a deficiency in mere execution.

The orchestra, though numbering in its ranks many of the first musicians, as Rapetti, Boucher, &c., was liable to the common charge of being too obtrusive and of drowning many of the vocal ef-

fects, without enhancing the beauty of its own effect.

In an elaborate article in the Democratic Review, entitled "Music in New York," we have seen full justice, as we fancied, done to all the co-operators, vocal and instrumental, in this opera, and need not therefore undertake a minute criticism of our own. We trust the success of this company, by no means remarkable in any of its elements, if we except the Tenor, will lead to the permanent domestication of the opera in New York, and in due time in all our cities.

MORE CHAMBER CONCERTS IN BOSTON.

The friends of Mr. WILLIAM KEYZER, the leader of the Boston Academy's orchestra, have lately arranged a couple of concerts of Chamber Music for his benefit. They took place at the rooms of Mr. Chickering. We were present only at the first, which was attended by an audience which must have been gratifying both in point of character and number, and which, we trust, was significant of solid benefit to the deserving artist. The music was exclusively for stringed instruments, Quintetts and Quartetts, with the addition of a violin Solo. This seemed to us at first an unfortunate arrangement; we could not but lament the want of a Trio with piano, (one of the grand pianos of Chickering,) or the introduction (which would have been practicable enough) of one of Beethoven's Sonatas for the piano; or say, of one of Beethoven's Sonatas for piano and violin, instead of that "Carnival" Solo which Mr. Keyzer was so obliging as to play when a portion of the audience called for it. This would have enriched the programme; but as the thing went on, we confess we were fully reconciled to the arrangement as it was. The concert was unique, and in all points strictly classic, only excepting that "Carnival," which came in, to be sure, after the concert properly was over.

The selection was admirable. First a Quintette from Beethoven, a reproduction in that form by himself of portions of his famous Septuor. The violoncello part was strengthened by the addition of a double-bass, and, all the other instruments being effective, the whole made out a rich and powerful combination; and the impression of the music was indeed sublime. Mr. Keyzer's violin, upon the leading part, was all that could be desired; it discoursed with feeling, energy, and good taste; and constantly suggested the right degree of light and shade, *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, and so forth, at least, to one who is not disposed to be over critical. The first reflection of all present, after the musical transport itself

was over, was: What an oversight on the part of the Harvard Musical Association, whose Chamber Concerts were held in the same room, that they engaged the screeching, obtrusive, egotistical, morbid, feverish and Tarantula-like violin of Blessner, to conduct this same otherwise admirable Quartette, when one so much more satisfactory might have been had! In Quartette playing, Mr. Keyzer seems to fill his truest sphere, rather than in controlling the impetuous forces of an orchestra (and we make this remark with hesitation, considering the success of the last Symphonies this winter at the Academy) or in the fantastic fire-works of a modern Solo. His school is classic: he is an accomplished musician, at home in the works of the great masters, and can well afford not to be a virtuoso, which is not necessarily a higher character.

The next piece was one of the most characteristic Quartettes of Haydn, full of his brightest and his deepest moods; played with spirit, with precision and with unity. Then came a most celestial Andante from a Quartette of Mozart's; which the audience could not let pass with a single hearing. Bathing your senses in its most fluid, warm and love-inspiring melodies, you became all soul, and the world one perfect element of love. It was like a disembodied, pure existence, like being caught up into a celestial state; and yet not *disembodied*, except of the unnatural clog of this false mortal body; it was rather like inhabiting a perfect body, true and pliant to the least motion of the spirit, in a world entirely harmonious. As its last faint chords floated away, and as it were aloft, our spirits with them, we would gladly have closed our eyes and known no more of conscious life that night. But other good things were in store.

The second part of the concert consisted, first, of a Quartette of Beethoven,—that admirable one in A major, op. 18, containing the *Andante Cantabile*, with five variations; a perfect master-piece in respect to the intellectual treatment of a simple theme, developing as it were an inexhaustible meaning out of a very simple accidental suggestion. This was followed by a violin solo by Mr. Keyzer: the variations on "*Le Desir*," by Pechatsck, with Quartette accompaniment. It was well performed, but would have been more beautiful before that exquisite Andante of Mozart, which seemed the natural close of an inspired evening.

We trust these elements of a true and effective Quartette, once brought together, will warm each other into an enthusiasm, which will be permanent; and which will create warmth in an audience which can reciprocate it and sustain it. We hope that Mr. Keyzer and his Quar-

tette associates are as well pleased with one another, as their audience were with all of them, and that they will keep open a refreshing fountain of such music hereafter, for the benefit of all who love to bathe therein enough to do their part for its support.

It will be seen that we did not go to this concert with a criticising spirit, but glad enough of such an opportunity to bathe our wearied soul and senses in the renovating music of the great masters, and to share the sympathies of a genial and delighted audience. If there were faults in the performance, there was enough of the true spirit of music to throw them into the shade, and to transport us as we wished to be in spite of them. Oh! when shall life answer to this prophecy of harmony in music!

Le Pas des Fleurs. Danced by the celebrated Danscuses Viennoises. Music by MARETZEK. Boston: Published by W. H. Oakes and for sale by E. H. Wade, 197 Washington St., and at all the music stores.

Le Pas des Moissonneurs, &c. &c. By MARETZEK. Same Publishers.

Les Petits Danscuses Quadrilles. By MARETZEK. Same Publishers.

Le Pas Hongrois des Drapeaux. Music by A. ADAM. Same Publishers.

Whoever has enjoyed the exquisite spectacle of the little *danseuses* from Vienna, is more indebted than he was aware, perhaps, to the equally exquisite music, which seemed not merely to accompany, but actually to mould the form of all their beautiful combinations. You have but to hear the music of the "Flower Dance," to see it all transacted in your mind again; each separate movement of the melody dictates and seems to anticipate the very figure and step by which it is followed. Such perfect unity and correspondence between two arts we have seldom if ever before witnessed. We know not who MARETZEK is; but we think these little compositions place him at once at the head of all the makers of dance-music. Strauss and Labitzky, even, are obliged to yield the palm. His music is the very genius of the dance, in its purest and most ideal conception. Its movement is as graceful and as facile as the waving of the blossom-laden boughs in a warm summer day; and it is as fragrant. So innocent and child-like too; and yet so dreamy and poetic. It accommodates itself to every idea as readily and as perfectly as the imitative propensity of children full of genius.

We hope that all these pieces by Marezek will be published. The music to the "Hungarian Flag Dance," bears another name, that of the dramatic composer, ADOLPH ADAM. It is of a bolder, statelier and at the same time quaint

character, as befits the subject; opening with a dignified Polonaise, followed by an energetic dance in two-four measure. It is extremely beautiful in its way, though in a different genius from the music of Marezek. How much of the musical suggestion as well as the choregraphic invention, in all these dances, has been due to the gifted Madame Weiss, we know not. But doubtless, her fine taste and fertile imagination have known well how to use the peculiar talent of each musical composer for her purpose. The music and the dance, in every instance, seem to have been born together; the music to be the soul and subtle essence, flowing out into the body of the dance.

We have deemed the publication of these rare things of their kind, although so unpretending, to be worthy of mention among the notabilities of true musical art. We trust every one, who has any love for music, and who wishes to reproduce to himself from time to time that exquisite and soul-refreshing spectacle of the Flower-Dance and the Sheaf-Dance and the rest, will procure a copy of this music. The whole secret of every beautiful step, figure and combination seems to reside in its strains, which are the perfection at once of simplicity and of art. For a few shillings you buy a cordial to bring youth back. The *taking*, fascinating character of these little melodies, will doubtless give a first impulse to many young pianists, and win them to study, by pure attraction.

A New Set of Glenmary Waltzes. By RICHARD S. WILLIS. Boston: Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St.

These pretty things have been lying upon our piano for some weeks. Occasionally we have tried them over; always with a pleasant feeling of their gracefulness, and yet always with a disappointment when we find them only reproductions in another form of such Glenmary waltzes as Mr. Willis used to write at least four years ago, before he went to Germany, in order to perfect a talent in the true atmosphere of music, and under the present influence of the most gifted and most learned masters. We do not know that we are to take these for evidences of what the student has been doing there in all this time, amid such glorious opportunities. Perhaps they were merely written to order, and to sell; and perhaps faithful execution of the order required them to be as closely like the first Glenmary Waltzes as they could be without being the same. Perhaps the young composer has the faculty of divesting himself of every trace of German study and of German influence; of absolutely concealing and ignoring all the fruits of a well-used artistic apprentice-

ship, and of going straight back to the style he had four years ago at the first summons of the same audience. This may be possible; and yet we cannot easily conceive how any man can write a music so unlike his present self.

These waltzes, it is true, are not without their own peculiar grace and elegance. They have the merit of simplicity and freedom, as if they flowed very naturally from the fingers' ends:—light, cheerful, innocent, but not distinguished by any wealth of ideas or depth of feeling;—not profoundly original or inspired. Occasionally there is a happy thought introduced, and occasionally a passage of richer harmony, or a bolder modulation than any you might meet before in the same author. There are six of the Waltzes, and, to fill out the sheet, a Quick-Step, which is entirely commonplace and trivial. But, as we said before, we shall not judge of Mr. Willis, either as to native talent or artistic progress, by these little things. Indeed, they may have been written before he went to Germany.

POETRY.

UHLAND.

BY W. A. BUTLER.

It is the Poet Uhland, from whose wreathings
Of rarest harmony, I here have drawn,
To lower tones and less melodious breathings,
Some simple strains of truth and passion born.

His is the poetry of sweet expression,
Of clear, unfaltering tune, serene and strong;
Where gentlest thoughts and words in soft procession,
Move to the even measures of his song.

Delighting ever in his own calm fancies,
He sees much beauty where most men see naught,

Looking at Nature with familiar glances,
And weaving garlands in the groves of thought.

Hesings of Youth, and Hope, and high Endeavor,
He sings of Love, (oh crown of Poesie!)
Of Fate, and Sorrow, and the Grave, for ever
The end of strife, the goal of Destiny.

He sings of Fatherland, the minstrel's glory,
High theme of memory and hope divine,
Twining its fame with gems of antique story,
In Saxon songs and legends of the Rhine;

In Ballads breathing many a dim tradition,
Nourished in long belief or Minstrel rhymes,
Fruit of the old Romance, whose gentle mission
Passed from the earth before our wiser times.

Well do they know his name amongst the mountains,
And plains, and valleys of his native land;
Part of their nature are the sparkling fountains
Of his clear thought, with rainbow fancies spanned.

His simple lays oft sing the mother cheerful
Beside the cradle in the dim twilight;
His plaintive notes low breathes the maiden
Tearful

With tender murmurs in the ear of Night.

The hill-side swain, the reaper in the meadows,
Carol his ditties through the toilsome day;
And the lone hunter in the Alpine shadows,
Recalls his ballads by some ruin grey.

Oh precious gift! oh wondrous inspiration!
Of all high deeds, of all harmonious things,
To be the Oracle, while a whole Nation
Catches the echo from the sounding strings.

Out of the depths of feeling and emotion
Rises the orb of Song, serenely bright,
As who beholds across the tracts of ocean,
The golden sunrise bursting into light.

Wide is its magic World, — divided neither
By continent, nor sea, nor narrow zone;
Who would not wish sometimes to travel thither,
In fancied fortunes to forget his own?

HYMN TO THE SUN.

FROM THE GREEK OF DIONYSIUS.

Mute be the skies and still —
Silent each haunted hill,
And valley deep!
Let earth and ocean's breast
And all the breezes rest —
Let every echo sleep! —

Unshorn, his ringlets bright,
He comes, the lord of light,
Lord of the lyre.
Morn lifts her lids of snow,
Tinged with a rosy glow,
To greet thee, glorious sire.

Climbing, with winged feet
Of fiery coursers fleet,
Heaven's arch profound;
Far through the realms of air,
From out thy sunny hair
Thou pourest radiance round.

Thine are the living streams
Of bright immortal beams,
The founts of day!
Before thy path careers
The chorus of the spheres
With wild rejoicing lay.

The sad and silver moon,
Before thy gorgeous noon
Slow gliding by,
Joys in her placid soul
To see around her roll
Those armies of the sky.

Literary World.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1847.

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.

CELEBRATION OF FOURIER'S BIRTH-DAY IN BOSTON.

The Festival of the Boston Union of Associationists, on the evening of the 7th, in honor of the birth of CHARLES FOURIER, will be remembered with delight by all who had the good fortune to be present. The numbers whom it drew together, select spirits from almost every class,

and the real sympathy with the occasion, as well as pleasure in each others' company which they all manifested, may well be counted among the most cheering symptoms of the times by the friends of Association. We suspect there has been no such significant expression of a growing interest among the best elements of society in our cause, of an attraction among them towards the sphere of those whose life it is to advocate and serve this great idea, as was awakened by this simple and spontaneous, yet beautiful, refined, and really brilliant festivity. It was at first intended to confine it to the immediate circle of the Associationists, comprising the members of the Boston Union, the friends at Brook Farm, with a few invited guests who were known to entertain a deep sympathy for our object. But the interest was found to be so general, and such was the demand for tickets to accommodate those who really seemed to have a moral claim to participation in this feast, that, instead of the forty or fifty originally contemplated, the party amounted to a hundred and fifty or more, half of whom, at least, were ladies; and many applications had to be declined. Idle curiosity, or the mere desire to have a "good time," may have been the only motive with some; but there was every evidence of a sincere and respectful sympathy with the spirit of the occasion in almost if not quite all who were present.

The place of meeting was the elegant and spacious suite of halls upon the second floor of the building occupied by Messrs. Allen and Cumston, piano-forte-makers. The two outer halls served for drawing-rooms; and on entering the main hall you were surrounded by almost a miracle of beauty, considering the simple means and little time expended in its decoration. But the enthusiasm of a great idea, the religious unity of a circle of brothers and sisters now for several years devoted to this cause, made willing hands, which were guided by refined tastes, and supported and doubled in their strength by the spirit of co-operation, and every thing went on as if by magic in the arrangements. The work was all planned and done, the hall adorned, the tables spread and viands served, by those who gave and who enjoyed the feast. It was a festival of associative labor; and its chief success is due to those refined and noble-hearted women, who cherish the social and religious life of our good cause in Boston.

The company assembled at about seven o'clock in the evening. The first half hour was spent in social congratulations and in examining and admiring the beautiful and symbolical adornments of the room. At one end of the hall, tables were spread in a crescent form, loaded with fruits and flowers, some in vases as

bonquets, and some in pots, — roses, orange-trees, and so forth, amid whose fragrant luxury rose the busts of Robert Burns and Socrates. At the opposite end of the hall stood one of Chickering's magnificent grand pianos, kindly volunteered by its fair owner, whose artistic performance of some of the most expressive and most difficult compositions of Schubert, Mendelssohn, Liszt, and Wolff, at intervals during the evening, sunk deeply into the souls of them that listened. The walls and pillars and chandeliers were festooned with evergreen; the spaces hung with banners on which were inscribed mottoes in honor of Associative Industry and Universal Unity. On the side opposite the windows, stood the busts of Milton, Pythagoras and Dante, and on the end wall over the piano, that of Dr. Channing, whose birth-day also was the 7th of April. Over him was an image of the crucifixion, and as its counterpart, over the table loaded with material harmonies, a lyre with seven strings of seven colors, the emblem of full harmony and joy, as is the first the emblem of that sacrifice and self-denial by which alone the aspiration after perfect harmony can truly express itself in the periods of social incoherence. Opposite Pythagoras, was placed a full length portrait of FOURIER, in a sitting posture, "a most truly dignified person, of deeply reflective features." We felt a glad surprise, a peculiar thrill as at discovering a sudden harmony, when we beheld Pythagoras and Fourier face to face. The earliest Greek philosophers have been much ridiculed for the simplicity of their notions, for the childlike manner in which they confounded spirit with matter in their studies, and sought the principle of life, some in air, others in water, others in fire, and so forth. But we have always felt that they obeyed the first and truest impulse of good common sense, and that they were nearer being on the true track which should lead to a solution of the world's enigmas, than any of the metaphysicians, empirical or transcendental, who have come after. They knew by instinct that the spiritual and material should be found to be essentially one. Pythagoras, especially, was the first who caught a flickering glimpse of the profound philosophy of numbers, now completed in the "measured series" of Fourier. Pythagoras conceived the thought that the seven planets formed a musical octave by their intervals from one another; and there might be found, we doubt not, by any one who would investigate the remains of the old Grecian, a remarkable sympathy of genius and of method between that earliest thinker and this latest, Fourier. Was

not the former a diffraction or foreshadowing of the other? But this is digression. We will complete our description of the scene by quoting from the Editor of the *Chronotype*, himself one of our honored guests: "What with the flowers and fruits, and the never-to-be-forgotten music — what with the sublime men of the past whose outward manifestations were there, and the heroic and eloquent men and lovely women of the present, of all ranks of life, who were there, the whole scene was one of deep significance and joy. There was a delightful wholeness and completeness in it, speaking of it as a sample of life and happiness. The whole spoke, lectured, preached with a hundred-fold voice, so that individual eloquence even might be excused for stammering in its presence."

The exercises of the evening commenced with the singing, by the quartette choir of the Religious Union of Associationists, of the *Gloria* from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, music which is filled with the very religion of joy. Then came dancing for a short hour, accompanied by graceful Quadrille music on the piano, a moving spectacle in either sense. At half past eight, coffee and other refreshments were distributed; and the cheerful confusion of this operation was again quelled by music, a soothing chorus from the *Semiramide* of Rossini, followed by an exquisite piano-forte performance, when the President of the evening, William Henry Channing, invited the attention of the company to some appropriate remarks. He spoke of the significance of the occasion, expressed the common sentiment of Associationists towards Fourier, as one of the greatest men who ever lived; and, pointing to the busts and pictures round the room, said: "therefore have we wished to place him among his peers." He then proceeded to justify the presence of each of the great historical persons, whose sculptured forms adorned the place, closing with Fourier who gave the solution of the problem of their lives, alluded to the various emblems which invited the eye on every side, to the harmony of soul and sense expressed by all the arrangements, to the varied character of the entertainments as symbolic of the true life which should be to all in a true state of society, where every act and every relation will be beautiful and holy, and closed with inviting all who had any speech or sentiment to offer, to do it freely. He was succeeded by Mr. Ripley, Mr. Allen, Mr. S. P. Andrews, and others. Various toasts and sentiments were volunteered, among which absent friends were not forgotten. The Associative School in France; our friends in New York, convened there at the same

hour and for the same purpose; the friends in Philadelphia, met not for festive commemoration, but for the serious business of organizing a Union of Associationists; the friends in Cincinnati and other places were duly remembered. Music, consisting of choruses, the more jubilant portions of one of Haydn's masses, songs of the highest kind of sentiment, like that song of songs, the *Adelaide* of Beethoven, and classic compositions for the piano were interspersed throughout the evening. But it was hardly a time for speech-making; the evening was too rich without it. People were too much absorbed by the social hilarity of the occasion, to give close attention to any train of thought, and they preferred to drink the spirit of the scene. Neither were we without our annoyances. A hall above us was occupied by some boisterous assemblage of dancers, who kept up such thunder over head as almost drowned the voice of any speaker, and contrasted like the chaos of civilization with the social harmony and beauty that prevailed below. They danced as if they would come through the floor; and on a speaker's pleasantly alluding to this new form of competition, some one wittily suggested: "they will soon all be with us." It was an annoyance, and caused some confusion, but it did not spoil our evening; we had only a smothered consciousness of it, as we have of a continuous tooth-ache at times when the mind is preoccupied with beautiful and intense thoughts and hardly heeds the crying out of the flesh.

Fruits and ices were passed round between ten and eleven and another short dance brought the festivities to a close. The social atmosphere, as pure and beautiful and fragrant as those flowers which bloomed about us, as harmonious and peaceful as the strains of music waked from time to time, was the great charm, and of itself was occupation enough to every one. It was a truer tone of social life, perhaps, than ever had been struck in any party in the city, or anywhere except in some of the small Associative families, which have succeeded in a social way if not in a pecuniary. Freedom, unaffected gaiety and mutual good will, refinement of feeling and of manners, and indeed a cheerful and religious sentiment, reigned throughout; and there were persons from all conditions in life brought together. There was something in every face which seemed to say: "It is good to be here, to be with persons whose business and whose social pleasures are inspired by so sublime a hope as are the business and intercourse of these persons." We felt more strongly than ever, that where the Associative faith is deep and real and

a matter of frequent communion with a few, it cannot fail to be attractive and to win the sympathies of the best minds and hearts around them. May such centres as the Boston Union of Associationists speedily be formed in every place; and may woman every where as there, cement, and consecrate the Union by her gentle, purifying influence! — We parted, wending our ways toward our several homes, in one of the sweetest mildest nights of our uncertain spring, and beneath a heaven streaming with auroral splendors, as if in recognition of our joy.

VERBAL DISTINCTIONS.

SOCIETY.

This word, among other different acceptations, sometimes signifies the *collection of individuals* who live in Society; sometimes, the *condition* of Society. This last acceptation is the most frequent in questions of social reform. The confounding of these two senses often occasions a sophism. For instance, writers make use of the just and prevailing idea of the respect which the individual owes to Society, (that is, to the mass, the aggregate of his fellows,) in order to hold up to public opprobrium those men, who are accused of attacking, of outraging, of wishing to overthrow Society, (the word used in the mixed and vague sense,) whereas it is the ardent love of Society, (the collection of men,) which prompts these last-mentioned persons to present their criticisms and accusations against Society, (a given form,) which they wish to advance, by amelioration, to a more elevated and more happy state. Take another example. The proposition is stated: "Man is good, Society alone is bad." The opponents at once raise the cry: "How can it be maintained that Man is good, and that Society, which is only a collection of men, is bad? If the sum total is bad, the elements of which it is composed, must be bad also." Whether the original proposition be true or false, it is evident that this mode of refuting it, is only a sophism growing out of the double meaning of the word Society. A well-constructed language would render such sophisms impossible.

ASSOCIATION.

The exact or scientific Idea of Association, involves the intimate union of three ideas, the idea of *order*, the idea of *liberty*, the idea of *justice*. The Associative Life presupposes that the persons associated combine their forces, their functions, and their labors, in a unitary system, (*order*), — that this combination is *voluntary*, and not forced, (*liberty*), — and finally, that the fruits of the common labor are divided among the associates, according to a known rule, adopted by themselves, as

being in accordance with the idea which they have of the rights of each in connection with all, (justice.) These three conditions belong together: it is evident, in fact, that if an individual deems himself injured in his rights, he will incline to withdraw from the common labor, or his dissatisfaction will introduce the elements of disorder. The free, voluntary co-operation in the common labor, accordingly, imperiously demands the condition of justice.

It will be seen by this definition, that the Associative Life being a positive, and clearly determined state, it is not strictly accurate to use the term Associative, as is often done, as synonymous with the generic term, Society; for the present order of society is very far from having realized the Association of its members. Still, we can say, that this state of society, presents, in comparison with any other given state of society, a realization more or less advanced, if we agree to designate in this way an approximation more or less close, to the true order of Association.

We are to understand by the Associative School, the School which has for its object the science of Association, and the general realization of the Associative order.

MORAL, IMMORAL, MORALITY, &c.

There are few words of which the meaning is so vague, so capricious, so manifold, as those belonging to this family, or which have been so strangely abused.

The root of these words is *mos, mores*, — *manners*, — that is, the aggregate of admitted customs, and ideas, and of established prejudices on the subject of social relations. The word *moral* then, in its primitive sense, signifies, *that which is conformable to manners*, and on the other hand, *immoral* signifies *that which contradicts and wars against manners*.

Soon another sense is added to the first, the word *moral* is used to denote the sum total of the faculties, in virtue of which, man enters into affective or intellectual relations with living beings, with the universe, and with God. In this new sense, the word *moral* is no longer in antithesis with *immoral*, but with *material, physical*: Thus we speak of the *physical* and *moral* nature of man, of his moral faculties, and so forth.

Finally, the word *moral* is made to assume a third sense by the effect of that sophism which is coeval with the creation, by virtue of which every age regards its own general prejudices, its ideas, its manners, as absolute truths, and its social condition, as the most elevated and advanced degree of human society. It is thus, that the word *moral*, which signifies, *that which is conformable to man-*

ners, (to received ideas, to social beliefs, to the prejudices of a given epoch,) has soon taken an absolute signification, and been made to characterize *that which is conformable to good*.

This union of the absolute sense and the relative sense in the same word, was calculated to strengthen the sophism from which it proceeded. Thus, every new truth which in the order of philosophical, moral, and social ideas, contradicts received prejudices, customs, and ideas, has at every epoch been taxed with *immorality* (in the absolute sense), as soon it was presented to the world. It is thus that the Christian doctrines were accused of immorality by the philosophers and priests of Paganism, and that a multitude of ideas, which science and philosophy have caused to be adopted, and which no one any longer disputes, were, at their first appearance, the means of arousing fierce tempests against their authors or their promoters.

The word *Morals*, considered sometimes as the Science, sometimes as the prescription of *that which is Moral*, must needs assume a vague and indefinite sense, like the adjective *Moral*. Thus, men often speak of *morals*, when they should say, *my morals*, *our morals*, *such a system of morals*. "Morals prescribe this; morals forbid that. Such a doctrine is at war with morals." Of what morals do they speak? There are the morals of the ancients, the morals of the moderns, the morals of the East, the South, and the West,—and each of these systems of morals is so indefinite, that it is itself divided into a thousand forms, often contradictory, varying with times, places, philosophical schools, religious sects, and presenting a thousand different lights and shades.

Even in the bosom of the most inflexible orthodoxy, of Catholic orthodoxy itself, we may count every variety of morals. The morals taught by St. Paul, in their transcendental, mystic, and almost exclusively idealist tendency, are very different from the broad, living, affectionate, and strongly realist morals of Christ. We find in the bosom of orthodoxy, a Stoic school of morals, a Platonic, and an Epicurean; we find there the morals of the ascetics, of the Stylites, of the Trappists, the morals of the absolute renunciation of the world, of the absolute condemnation of all pleasure, of all enjoyment; then the morals of moderation in the enjoyment of pleasures; then the tender and ultra sympathetic morals of certain mystic schools. The very worldly morals of the Jesuits are combated by the strict and austere morals of Port-Royal and the Jansenists; and between these extreme degrees, we find a thousand opinions, a thousand contradictions

concerning what is permitted and what is prohibited, that is to say, concerning the very foundation of morality, concerning what is *good* and what is *evil*.

If we wish to give to the word *Moral* the sense of *conformable to Good*, and to regard *morals* as the science which has for its object the *production of good*, we must clearly comprehend that a system of *Morals* cannot be established, except

1. When it shall have defined its object, Good, and given a certain *criterion* to distinguish what is *good* from what is *evil* or from what is *indifferent*, and to measure the degree of Good and Evil:

2. When it shall have determined the *most efficacious means* for realizing Good, and diminishing Evil in human society, instead of confining itself to the impotent and deceptive verbal prescription of doing Good and avoiding Evil.

THE LIBERATOR.

We find in the last number of the *LIBERATOR* a noble article upon Reform. There breathes throughout it a spirit of universality, a sacred respect for MAN, (who has so long been crushed, and rendered subservient to prejudices, political, theological, and so forth, and to arbitrary institutions devised by limited human reason,) and an earnest demand for absolute freedom of thought and speech, which will carry a thrill to every true heart.

We make a few extracts to show the general character and tendency of the article.

"FREE SPEECH AND FREE INQUIRY." Since the commencement of the nineteenth century, the Spirit of Reform has been developed in a shape, and to an extent, unknown to all preceding ages—Reform, not pertaining merely to local abuses or wrongs, not marked by degrees of latitude and longitude, but making MAN the object of universal solicitude, aside from all considerations of party, sect, education, condition, and clime—Reform, not for the overthrow of any one particular evil, but for the removal of all those burdens and disabilities under which mankind are groaning in agony of spirit—Reform, not animated by the spirit of revenge, not armed with weapons of steel with which to cleave down tyrants and usurpers, but relying for its success on the utterance of truth, and the enforcement of right,—on the weakness of injustice, and the cowardice of crime—Reform, to the conservative, timid and faithless, never so daring in its aspect, and unhallowed in its purposes, as now; to the believing, the true-hearted and clear-sighted, never so serene in its spirit, disinterested in its design, and beneficent in its operations.

"The poor crushed bondman hears it, and upspringeth
To burst his shackles, and once more be free;
And shouts aloud, until the echo ringeth
O'er the far islands of the Eastern sea.
The faithful lover of his race rejoices—

The champion girds his gleaming armor on —
The seer saith, "God speaks in those earnest
voices ;

Earth's fearful battle-field shall yet be won !"
Each hallowed martyr of the ages olden,
Leapeth for joy within his darkened grave,
And new-born poets wake with voices golden,
To chant the glorious actions of the brave.
O'er earth it rolls, like gathering peals of thunder,
And nations rise from slumber on the sod,
And angels list, all mute with breathless wonder,
Its echo in the living soul of God !
O'er every radiant island of creation

The music of that swelling peal is borne ;
Land bears to land, and nation shouts to nation,
The war-cry of the age — REFORM ! RE-
FORM !"

"All things are interrogated as to their origin, intent, tendency, and lawfulness, without much regard to their antiquity, or the authority with which they are clothed. The cry is every where heard for free speech and free inquiry, that Right may prevail, and Imposture be put to flight. It is beginning to be seen, that not only are these the best weapons, but that no others may be innocently used against Wrong. Revolutions are to be wrought out by reason, not by brute force."

"Talk not of this or that subject being too sacred for investigation ! Is it too much to assert, that there is but one object beneath the skies that is sacred — and that is, MAN ! Surely, there is no government, no institution, no order, no rite, no day, no place, no building, no creed, no book, so sacred as he who was before every government, institution, order, rite, day, place, building, creed, and book, and by whom all these things are to be regarded as nothing higher or better than means to an end, and that end his elevation and happiness ; and he is to discard each and all of them, when they fail to do him service, and minister unto his necessities. They are not of heaven, but of men, and may not, therefore, receive the homage of any human being. Be assured that whatever cannot bear the test of the closest scrutiny, has no claim to human respect or confidence, even though it assume to be sacred in its origin, or given by inspiration of God, but must be treated as spurious, profane, dangerous."

It is impossible to vindicate MAN, his inalienable and supreme rights, more strongly than it is done here. If the writer would take but one step more, he would come upon our ground.

We say, analyze MAN, and see of what he is composed. You will find that he is composed of a certain number of original and fundamental faculties and passions, and to which we give the name of Attractions. Man is the synthesis of which these attractions are the component elements, the constituent parts.

These attractions were given to men by God ; they are the focus which both impels and invite him on to fulfil the destiny assigned to him by the Deity. It is these original and inherent attractions which we declare SACRED, absolutely good, and which are the voice of God

constantly speaking to us, and through us. We demand for them absolute respect ; we demand that the institutions, laws and customs of society — that is, society as a whole, shall be adapted to them, and that they shall not be *compressed, repressed, suppressed, perverted, misdirected*, and be made to lend in a thousand false ways to suit monstrous social orders, like Civilization, Barbarism, Savageism, &c., and absurd social institutions, established by kings, tyrants, ignorant legislators, prejudiced theologians, and others holding an usurped authority, in the past.

The only measure and standard of all good and all truth are the original attractions in man. The only absolute guide that we can consult and take, are these attractions, for they are as we said, the impelling power implanted within us by God, are His orders, commanding us where to go, and the paths to follow in this great road of life on earth.

But while we proclaim the absolute goodness of human nature, a declaration which contradicts so many reigning prejudices and opinions — we must make an accompanying statement, to render the truth complete. Simplistic, one-sided statements are always false : compound statements only are true.

The attractions implanted by God in man then are true and good ; but these attractions are subject to *two modes of development or action* — one of which is true, the other false ; the one harmonious, the other discordant ; the one direct, the other inverse. And it is not the attractions or active forms in man which are alone subject to this dual or double action ; all the active forces in nature are subject to the same law. The notes of music for example are absolutely good and perfect in themselves, and yet they may produce discords, if falsely acted upon ; and the discords are in direct proportion to the fulness and completeness of the harmony, which those notes can produce, when properly played upon.

A hundred instruments of music will produce a higher order of harmony than a single one, and at the same time a far more discord. Flowers or odoriferous shrubs generate in their true organic life, delicate and healthy perfumes : in a state of decay, or inverse action — or technically, *counter-movement*, — they generate noxious and unhealthy odors. The more complete the organization of a thing, the higher and more perfect are all its manifestations, in its true organic state, and the more false and discordant, in the opposite state, that is, when in an inverse or subversive action. Thus the body of man is far more complicated and beautiful, and capable of far higher manifestations than a tree, and yet when deprived of life and in a state of corruption,

it is also far more loathsome, and the subversive action far more complicated.

Now as the notes of music, the chemical atoms, the electrical forces, and all other active agents and powers in nature, engender discord, corruption and other subversive effects when misdirected or falsely acted upon, so the attractions or passions in man, the active, living forces, which constitute his very being, engender moral discord and corruption when they are perverted, misdirected, undeveloped or misdeveloped, or falsely operated upon in any way, — as they have been so constantly and flagrantly by the savage, barbarian and civilized society.

We consequently must separate the effects of the passions from the *passions themselves* ; we must distinguish between their harmonies or natural action and their discordant or unnatural action. We must not judge human passions as we now see them, all perverted and misdirected, developed in their lower degrees, as they are under the influence of the present social order, where

Slavery, (chattel and industrial,)
War,
Indigence,
Fraud,
Oppression,
Universal Selfishness,

riot in their satanic concert, and sway the existence of nine-tenths of mankind.

If we take the Attractions in their present perverted state as our guides, as the standard of truth, as the original principles upon which the Social Organization should be moulded, we shall commit the wildest errors and plunge into a labyrinth of falseness. We must separate, we repeat, the perverted developments of the passions from the *passions themselves*, and learn how to study them in their original and primitive nature. When we understand that nature, then really all we have said of their absolute goodness is strictly true, then they are our divine guides, the revealers of the will of God.

To show still more clearly this difference between the true and the false action of the passions, let us contrast a few of their developments. We find in man

ATTRACTIONS.	REPULSIONS.
Friendship,	Hatred.
Benevolence,	Malevolence.
Charity,	Calumny.
Mercy,	Revenge.
Dignity,	Baseness.
Love,	Antipathy.
Philanthropy,	Misanthropy.
Expansive liberality,	Selfishness.

When the repulsions and antipathies are developed in Man — by the false action of society, by suffering, by unbalanced development, by oppression and ignorance or other causes — he is then an

inverted image of a true man, as false as he could be good; he is a depraved being, if we wish, as the theologians call him, and we must study him as an inverse image, to comprehend the real nature of the human soul.

The great error of philosophers and theologians, is to judge Man as they now find him, and to take the present false and perverted development of the human passions as their normal, permanent, and only development, — hence as a manifestation of the *true* nature of man, and to condemn human nature in consequence as *INHERENTLY depraved and vicious*.

Let the Editor of the *LIBERATOR* analyze Man, and proclaim the goodness of the moral forces or attractions of which he is made up, and we shall unite upon the same ground.

We make a few more extracts.

"Of all the reformers who have appeared in the world, — whether they were prophets, the Son of God, apostles, martyrs or confessors, — whether assailing one form of popular iniquity or another, — whether impeaching the rulers in the State, or the teachers in the Church, — not one of them has been exempt from the charge of dealing in abusive language, of indulging in coarse personalities, of libelling the characters of great and good men, of aiming to subvert time-honored and glorious institutions, of striking at the foundation of the social fabric, of being actuated by an irreligious spirit. The charge has ever been false, malicious, the very reverse of the truth; and it is only the reformer himself who has been the victim of calumny, hatred, and persecution. His accusations are denied, his impeachments are pronounced libellous, simply because the giant iniquity which he assails has subverted to its own evil purposes all the religious and political elements of the land, and every where passes current as both necessary and reputable. Of Jesus it was said — 'This man is not of God; he keepeth not the Sabbath day.' — 'He is a blasphemer; he hath a devil.' Of the apostles it was said — 'They are pestilent and seditious fellows, who go about seeking to turn the world upside down.' And Paul declares that they were treated as the 'offscouring of all things.'

"The chief priests, scribes and pharisees, with the rabble who cried out, 'Release not this man, but Barabbas,' and ended by crucifying Jesus between two thieves, are gone, with all their official splendor, their religious authority, their brutal ruffianism, their power to kill. We fear them not; we read the woes pronounced against them by the faithful Nazarene, and feel no indignation at his strong language; we regard that generation with abhorrence. So, too, they who hunted, like wild beasts, the reformers of the 15th and 16th centuries, are crumbled to dust, and we stand upon their ashes, and brand them freely and bravely as a race of cowards and persecutors. Why should we not? We have no trade at stake; our reputation is not in peril; the fires of Smithfield are quenched; we are living in the nineteenth century, and dead men cannot harm us.

But what are we doing in regard to the impostures, the crimes, the wrongs of our own times, and our own country? Are we grappling with them, with anything like the boldness of those whose sepulchres we are proud to build, whose memories we almost adore? Are we striving to do for posterity what they did for us, and thus honestly discharging that great debt? Or are we basely bowing the knee to a corrupt public sentiment, hurrying with the multitude to do evil, and leaving those responsibilities which God has imposed upon us, to be met by those who shall come after us? If not ourselves acting as the moral pioneers of our times, what are we saying of those who are willing to be made of no reputation for Truth's sake, and who are receiving a share of the persecution that was meted out to Jesus and his disciples? Are we joining with the enslavers of their fellow-men, with designing priests and profligate demagogues, with the infatuated and lawless mob, in raising the cry, 'Fanatics! madmen! traitors! infidels!'

"If so, how much better, then, are we than those old Jewish murderers of our Lord, who built the tombs of the prophets, and garnished the sepulchres of the righteous, and said — 'If we had been in the days of our fathers we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets?' To them the language of Jesus was — 'Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are children of them which killed the prophets, and of you shall be required all the blood that has been shed, from the blood of Abel unto the blood of Zacharias.' If we are treading in their footsteps, if we are as recreant to truth, as false to right, as hostile to liberty, in our day, as they were in theirs; if we are unwilling to suffer in our reputation or worldly prosperity, to look tyrants and impostors serenely in the face, and bid them defiance while we unmask them; if we ask, concerning those who are perishing, or grinding in the prison-house of bondage, 'Are we our brother's keepers?' then may we not sing the praises of Christ as our exemplar and guide, nor profess to honor his apostles, nor pretend to be animated by the love of God. We must be associated — nay, if we persevere in such a course we shall be associated hereafter by posterity — with those whom we now admit were the enemies of their race."

"The history of the world presents no period so interesting or so sublime as the one in which we are called to be actors. It furnishes scope for the noblest ambition, for the exercise of the mightiest intellect, for the indulgence of the most philanthropic spirit, for the achievement of the most beneficent purposes."

THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

The condition is horrible, as words can describe it; nothing can convey to those who are surrounded with the comforts of life, and who are exempt from the physical torments and mental anguish of starvation, any adequate idea of the state of things that there exist. When we read the descriptions of gigantic, of desperate misery and woe which come to

us, would it not seem that the whole world should rise up and pour in upon this stricken nation the means of relief? Would it not seem that there should be a natural feeling, some *solidarity* between nations, and that when one was crushed to the earth, the others should come to her relief, and raise her up?

But no, nothing of the kind takes place; the different classes in Society give a passing thought to the subject, and throw such aims as can be spared without being felt, and the nations pay no attention whatsoever to a starving sister. Look at our own, for example, and see the policy she pursues. But before speaking of it, let us make an extract, describing some of the scenes which are taking place in Ireland, and which will bring the subject more home to the feelings of the reader. The account is by ELIHU BURRITT, which of course is exaggerated in no particular.

"The first habitation we entered in the Castlehaven district was literally a hole in the wall, occupied by what might be called, in America, a squatter, or a man who had burrowed a place for himself and family in the acute angle of two dilapidated walls, by the roadside, where he lived rent free. We entered this stunted den by an aperture about three feet high, and found one or two children lying asleep, with their eyes open, in the straw. Such, at least, was their appearance; for they scarcely winked while we were before them. The father came in, and told us a pitiful story of want, saying that not a morsel of food had they tasted for twenty-four hours. He lighted a wisp of straw, and showed us one or two more children lying in another nook of the cave. Their mother had died; and he was obliged to leave them alone during most of the day, in order to glean something for their subsistence.

"We were soon among the most wretched habitations that I had yet seen, far worse than those in Skibbereen. Many of them were flat-roofed hovels, half buried in the earth, or built up against the rocks, and covered with rotten straw, seaweed or turf. In one, which was scarcely seven feet square, we found five persons prostrate with the fever, and apparently near their end. A girl, about sixteen, the very picture of despair, was the only one left who could administer any relief; and all she could do was to bring water in a broken pitcher to slake their parched lips.

"As we proceeded up the rocky hill overlooking the scene, we encountered new sights of wretchedness. Seeing a cabin standing somewhat by itself, in a hollow, and surrounded by a moat of green filth, we entered it with some difficulty, and found a single child, about three years old, lying upon a kind of shelf, with its little face resting upon the edge of the board, and looking steadfastly out at the door as if for its mother. It never moved its eyes as we entered, but kept them fixed toward the entrance. It is doubtful whether the poor thing had a mother or father left to her; but it is more doubtful still whether those eyes would have relapsed their vacant gaze, if both of

them had entered at once, with every thing that could tempt the palate in their hands. No words can describe this peculiar appearance of the famished children. Never have I seen such bright, blue, clear eyes, looking so steadfastly at nothing. I could almost fancy that the angels of God had been sent to unseal the vision of these little, patient, perishing creatures to the beatitudes of another world; and that they were listening to the whispers of unseen spirits, bidding them 'wait a little longer.'

"Leaving this, we entered another cabin, in which we found seven or eight attenuated young creatures, with a mother who had pawned her cloak, and could not venture out to beg for bread, because she was not fit to be seen on the streets.

"Hearing the voice of wailing from a cluster of huts further up the hill, we proceeded to them, and entered one, and found several persons weeping over the dead body of a woman lying by the wall, near the door. Stretched upon the ground, here and there, lay several sick persons; and the place seemed a den of pestilence. The filthy straw was rank with the festering fever. Leaving this habitation of death, we were met by a young woman, in an agony of despair, because no one would give her a coffin to bury her father in. She pointed to a cart at some distance, upon which his body lay; and she was about to follow it to the grave; and he was such a good father, she could not bear to lay him like a beast in the ground; and she begged a coffin, 'for the honor of God.' While she was wailing and weeping for this boon, I cast my eye towards the cabin we had just left, and a sight met my view which made me shudder with horror. The husband of the dead woman came staggering out, with her body upon his shoulders, slightly covered with a piece of rotten canvass. I will not dwell upon the details of this spectacle. Painfully and slowly he bore the remains of the late companion of his misery to the cart. We followed him a little way off, and saw him deposit his burden alongside of the father of the young woman, and by her assistance.

"As the two started for the graveyard, to bury their own dead, we pursued our walk still further on, and entered another cabin, where we encountered the climax of human misery. Surely, thought I, while regarding this new phenomenon of suffering, there can be no lower deep than this, between us and the bottom of the grave. On asking after the condition of the inmates, the woman to whom we addressed the question answered by taking out of the straw three breathing skeletons, ranging from two to three feet in height, and *entirely naked*. And these human things were alive! If they had been dead, they could not have been such frightful spectacles. They were alive, and, wonderful to say, they could stand upon their feet, and even walk; but it was awful to see them do it. Had their bones been divested of the skin that held them together, and been covered with a veil of thin muslin, they would not have been more visible. Especially when one of them clung to the door, while a sister was urging it forward, it assumed an appearance which can have been seldom paralleled this side of the grave. The effort which it made to cling to the door disclosed every joint in its frame, while

the deepest lines of old age furrowed its face. The enduring of ninety years of sorrow seemed to chronicle its record of woe upon the poor child's countenance. I could bear no more; and we returned to Skibbereen, after having been all the afternoon among those abodes of misery. On our way, we overtook the cart with the two uncoffined bodies. The man and young woman were all that attended them to the grave. Last year, the funeral of either would have called out hundreds of mourners from those hills; but now the husband drove his uncoffined wife to the grave without a tear in his eye, without a word of sorrow."

A half a million of dollars was asked of the United States to aid in alleviating this awful suffering, but it was declared unconstitutional to award it, an innovation, a dangerous precedent, and this, that and the other, so no aid was lent. Thus all bond of union, all ties with a sister nation, were denied upon the ground of unconstitutionality. Thus a Constitution, a mere work of human ingenuity, and not a very brilliant one either, is placed above every consideration and sentiment of justice, charity and humanity. It puts us in mind of the pious Brahmin, who could not aid or touch a suffering or dying Pariah, because, being of a higher Caste, he could not come in contact with him without being contaminated. The reason is different, but founded upon about as natural a foundation and also about as human.

At the same time, the United States can spend a hundred millions of dollars and wage war upon another sister nation, and send troops to destroy her cities and cut the throats of her sons. Thus in this 19th century, it is sound political policy, it is constitutional and moral, upon some slight pretext, to revenge and destroy one country, while it is just the reverse to aid another when the supplications of starving men, helpless women and children, go up for relief.

When we behold the callous indifference of the nobility of Great Britain and Ireland,—we say callous indifference because they do not do a hundredth part of what is in their power, and their hearts are not touched,—when we see the total absence of all sympathy between nations in such a dreadful crisis, and feel the degree of utter selfishness and duplicity of Social action that reigns, we look with loathing upon this inhuman and brutal society, and we ask what else it can be considered than a **SOCIAL HELL**. It is all heaving, festering, fermenting with war, servitude, oppression, indigence, and fraud, and on viewing this infernal scene, we feel deeply impressed with the necessity of sweeping the whole thing from the face of the earth, and establishing a new Social Order in its place.

Nothing short of a **radical Social Reform** can meet, it seems to us, the gigantic and awful evils of the times.

OUR LECTURERS.

We wish we had the time to give a full account of the success of our Lecturers, since the very favorable impression which their lectures made in Newburyport. Their success has not been less in any other direction. In all places which they have visited, they have been listened to with interest by large and attentive audiences, and many have responded to their labors by a hearty and sincere co-operation. In Amesbury the result of their efforts has been truly encouraging. The members of one church in that place have almost wholly adopted the principles of Associative unity; not as a church, but as individuals. They see in Association the beautiful faith of Christianity made real in deeds, the idea of brotherhood actualized in society. They have a minister who has long been known in the ranks of Reform, and was one of the earliest Associationists in New England. We doubt not that he will be instrumental in the thorough indoctrination of the citizens of that town in the faith which leads to works of love and co-operation. We sincerely trust, that his efforts in this wise, conjoined with those of another minister in Newburyport, who is one with him in religious fellowship, as well as in the earnest conviction of the truth of the Associative doctrines, will together, create the same convictions in the minds of the whole surrounding community. In Amesbury a large and flourishing Union was formed, numbering at first, about fifty members.

In New Bedford, there have been given two series of lectures, which resulted in the awakening of a deep interest among many of the best classes of its citizens—and in the assurance on their part, that they would contribute generously to aid the movement; also in the formation of a Union of true and active spirits.

At Mattapoisett, the happiest success attended the lectures of our friends. The result was very similar to that at Amesbury, and among the same class of friends. The most influential and best persons of all classes listened with eager joy; and by their active co-operation in the work of Association have demonstrated the depth of their convictions and the strength of their interest in the labor to which humanity summons them. A very good Union among the friends was also formed here.

We might speak of many other places where lectures have been given with like good results, but we pass them by, to

speak a word of the hopeful work lately begun in Providence and throughout Rhode Island. Messrs. Channing, Brisbane, and Orvis, have recently spoken to the citizens of Providence, with the most cheering effect. The audiences were really the largest and the best selected, which it has yet been the lot of our Lecturers to address on a first visit to any city. They were appreciating audiences, evidently there to hear for themselves, candidly, what the advocates of Association had to offer on a subject which claims the attention of many of the best minds, both in Europe and America. The result was what would have been attained every where upon minds thus disposed. At the close of the lectures it was proposed to have another series of lectures, or a Convention, for a further investigation of the doctrines of Association. Arrangements have been made accordingly and we shall soon see a number of our most eloquent and popular speakers, addressing the intelligent citizens of Providence, more at length, on the theory and plan of a Scientific order of Society. We cannot forbear mentioning the courteous manner in which the editors of the various papers of that city spoke of the lectures. They by no means assented to the doctrines, but they evinced the high-minded and generous bearing which always distinguishes gentlemen and the genuine friends of public virtue and human progress.

From all we can learn, we regard Rhode Island as one of the most promising fields of labor open to our lecturers. There are among its inhabitants many of the noblest and most uncompromising friends of Reform, and whose minds are a fit soil into which to commit the seed of Social Unity. We trust that our lecturers will be sustained in their labors in this State and elsewhere. Friends! are you aware of the wide and general demand for lectures on all sides? Our lecturers are exhausting themselves with excessive toil, and yet they cannot do one half which needs to be done. There ought to be at least twelve earnest, devoted and eloquent men constantly in the field. But that cannot be without the means of support, which are greatly lacking to those already engaged. Theirs is eminently a labor of love. Shall they, and enough more to make up the twelve, be competently sustained? Friends! remember your high trust, and the significance of the cause to which you have given your adherence, and come up to the Anniversary of the American Union, to be held in New York, prepared to do the work which this occasion will demand! Be not lukewarm in a work of such magnitude as this which is committed to your charge!

NOTICE TO AFFILIATED UNIONS. The "Boston Union of Associationists" respectfully request the Secretaries of the various local Unions, to communicate to them, through their Corresponding Secretary, Mr. FREDERICK S. CABOT, any statistics which they may from time to time be able to furnish, touching their formation, the names of their officers, the amount of their weekly rent, the degree and kind of interest manifested in their movement by the people around them, and so forth. Statistics also respecting the condition of labor, wages, pauperism, and so forth, in their various neighborhoods will be thankfully received; and especially notices of any symptoms of guaranty-ism or combination of interests which any where make their appearance both among Associationists and others.

A TESTIMONY. If all our moralizing, philosophic editors, who are the oracles of popular opinion, were as friendly to their race, as candid and as sincerely prone to seek the truth, as the editor of the Boston Chronotype, we should hear more expressions like the following. Hear what he says after returning from the Fourier Festival:

"We do not know enough of Fourier to be counted among his disciples, we are sorry to say it. Over his Cosmogony, as translated in the Harbinger, we have laughed, to see him striding at his ease through worlds of thought supposed to be beyond human ken; but his view of the nature of man, which lies at the foundation of his plan for a new organization of society, appears to us to be as fully established as the laws of gravitation, and by the same sort of testimony. It is said that all experiments to realize his views have proved failures. What of that? All the antagonistic plans have been a thousand times more thoroughly tried, and have proved failures. Look at Ireland; look at Mexico; open your eyes any where. Society, on the Ishmaelitic principle, is a dead failure. Just so far as that principle and not Fourier's is proceeded upon, all is ruin. Christianity itself is a total failure, so far as it is a plan of saving souls for a future life, without saving both souls and bodies for this."

BAGS! We are surprised to hear that the Post Master General is so short of bags, when the House of Representatives could have furnished him with such a number, "as good as new," which had never contained anything but wind. — *Yankee Doodle.*

A STRAY IDEA. At the Associative celebration on Wednesday evening, Mr. S. P. Andrews arrested the attention of the large and brilliant company present and inquired if any one *had lost an idea*, for that one had been found, and he would like to discover the owner. The eloquent gentleman then proceeded to read, in a distinct and emphatic voice,

the following piece of remarkable radicalism from the last number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW!

"Let us now cast a cursory glance at the work which remains to be wrought in coming ages, and in which we trust that our own will begin to bear part."

"First, the practical skill, which has almost exhausted its resources in the material world, must apply itself to the reorganization of human society. That the social system is out of joint is only too obvious. Here are the vast masses of superfluous and unproductive wealth; there the crowded ranks of the suffering, the starving, the degraded, the enslaved, for whom no healing or restoring influence has ever gone forth. These are the valleys to be exalted; those the mountains to be brought low. War, still the scourge of a guilty world, must be put away, and the principles of peace, forbearance, equity, and good faith brought down to the details of domestic and social life, and thence, (for it can be only thence) infused into the machinery of governments and the counsels of nations. Grovelling toil, both among the sordid rich and the hunger-driven poor, must be made to relax its demands and to equalize its burdens, so that in all classes of society the mind and heart shall claim their rights and have their dues,—their sufficient space and means for culture and enjoyment. These ends are not, as we suppose, to be reached by any violent convulsions, outbreak, or revolution. On the old Jewish temple was heard no sound of axe or hammer; still less will there be on the tabernacle of God, as its stakes are planted, and its curtains spread over the regenerated earth. *Nor have we the slightest faith in Fourierism, or in any of the plans for creating a social machinery which shall move aright by its own momentum.* We do not believe that Providence ever meant that human institutions and arrangements should produce the highest results by their own independent and self-adjusting action. It is essential to our best moral discipline, that the bands, wheels, and pulleys of the social machine should be constantly liable to be thrown out of gear and out of play, and should thus need weights of our own addition and compensation of our own device,—the incessant and vigorous exercise of our best powers of mind and heart."

The italics are ours, and mark the total and amusing unconsciousness of the learned reviewer as to the authorship of the grand idea which he had had the good fortune to pick up in the street. The sentences following the italics still more clearly show that he might have disclaimed the slightest acquaintance with Fourierism as well as the slightest faith in it. It is just as if a man had said, "the planets all revolve around the sun in slightly elliptic orbits obeying the same law of force which governs the fall of a stone upon the surface of the earth, yet I have not the slightest faith in the Newtonian theory. I do not believe the sun attracts the planets any more, in proportion to its size, than the planets attract the sun." O, acute and learned reviewer! *Sic vos non vobis* may be re-

peated in regard to the dollar you received for the whole page we have quoted above, except the two-thirds of a line which contains your modest disclaimer of faith in Fourierism.—*Chronotype.*

INSURANCE AGAINST SICKNESS. Among the numerous applications for incorporation which have occupied the attention of the Legislature during this session, there have been several for the charter of Health Insurance Companies. The design of these institutions is to insure their customers (on their paying a small sum per annum) a certain sum per week during any incidental sickness throughout the term of one year; the rates of premiums to be regulated by tables similar to those used in the life offices, and every claim for sick-money being vouched by the affidavit of a respectable physician. In the bills before the House, it is stipulated that the profits shall be divided among the stockholders and the insured: the dividend to stockholders never to exceed ten per cent.; the terms and conditions of the policy to be subject to the approval of the Governor and Council: and there are a number of other restrictions and guards which are believed to render the charters safe and acceptable. The general design and plan of these Companies strikes us very favorably. They will be especially valuable to the laboring and poorer classes of society; and if they are judiciously managed, they must prove highly beneficial to those whose income is limited and dependent on daily labor.—*Traveller.*

ALTERED TIMES. In the year 1671, on the second reading of a bill in the House of Commons for building a bridge over the Thames, at Putney, after a number of members had delivered speeches in ridicule of the idea, Sir Henry Herbert, just before the House divided, rose and said: "I honestly confess myself an enemy to monopolies. I am equally opposed to mad, visionary projects; and I may be permitted to say, that in the late King's reign, several of these thoughtless inventions were thrust upon the House, but were most properly rejected. If a man, sir, were to come to the bar of the House and tell us that he proposed to convey us regularly to Edinburgh in coaches, in seven days, and bring us back in seven more, should we not vote him to Bedlam! Surely we should, if we did him justice; or, if another, that he would sail to the East Indies in six months, should we not punish him for practicing on our credulity? Assuredly, if we served him rightly." The journey from London to Edinburgh is now accomplished in something like twenty-four hours, or about seven times the speed that was thought preposterous in 1671; and, no doubt, when a railway communication is opened through, it will be performed in fifteen hours.—*North British Railway Journal.*

DOUGLAS JERROLD, speaking of railroads, says:—Wordsworth poured forth his indignant spleen lest Windermere and Rydal should be degraded by the presence of a thousand holiday folks freed from the steaming hives of Lancashire, to enjoy one day with God's beautiful works, among the lakes and mountains of

Cumberland—astonishing obliquity in one so gifted. His great human heart, instead of growling, should have expanded with the thought that thousands by the aid of steam, would in one day's emancipation from loom and anvil, gain health, strength, and wisdom, as they luxuriated among that glorious scenery, which has so long inspired his lofty muse and fed his poetic fancy. That their good would be his immortality. Thousands would be induced to read his works, who theretofore had hardly heard his name. Let us hope that he has become wiser, as the peers have: but these are of the past; let us look at the present.

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS

Will be held during Anniversary Week, on TUESDAY, May 11th, in the City of New York; and it is important that the Affiliated Unions should prepare in season to send their Delegates, and that Associationists should make their arrangements to attend.

The occasion is a momentous one. The American Union of Associationists must this Spring mark out distinctly a plan of operations, and determine upon the most expeditious and economical mode of diffusing our doctrines throughout the nation, and of making ready for the practical embodiment of our principles.

For this end, the advice of the most devoted, wise and energetic friends of the movement is needed. This must be in the strongest sense of the words, a *business meeting*; where all important points of policy may be thoroughly discussed, and measures agreed upon, which being the result of the best collective judgment of the American Union, shall be found worthy of the devoted support and earnest aid of every Associationist. The next year should be as active a one, as the means and men at our command can possibly make it; and it is necessary therefore to form a clear and precise estimate, in advance, of all our resources. We have to determine upon the number and character of our publications,—to lay out the most promising fields for our lecturers,—and especially to set in motion efficient instrumentalities by which to secure active co-operation among the Affiliated Unions, so that all Associationists may feel that they are working in concert for definite objects, and that they are living members of One Body.

It is emphatically recommended, therefore:

1st. That each Affiliated Union should at once meet, and consult as to the plans which may seem best for advancing our cause most rapidly, firmly, widely. Let new members be added; let contributions be increased; let zeal and determination be strengthened; let the wants and opportunities of respective neighborhoods be carefully considered. Every Affiliated Union should form an exact estimate of the *Weekly Rent* which it can raise, and be prepared to offer at the Anniversary Meeting a *PLEDGE* of the amount which it will contribute for the year, or for a term of years, to the funds of the American Union. We must secure at least Fifty Dollars a week, and twice that sum if possible; and if each Union will do its part energetically, we cannot fail of the means for a brilliant success. What Association will pledge \$20, \$10, \$5, a week for three years?

2d. It is recommended, that each Associationist should consider what he or she can do to

help on the movement,—what sacrifices we are ready to make for it,—what means we will consecrate to it,—what time and efforts we resolve to give to advance this cause of peace, unity, and universal good. How many Associationists there are, who could easily pledge \$100, \$50, \$10, a year, for three or five years to the propagation of Associative doctrines. And are they free not to do it? How many Associationists there are, who could subscribe \$1,000, or \$500, or \$100, towards the formation of a *Permanent Fund*, the income of which might be devoted to the diffusion of our views, while the principal should go to form a Capital for some Practical Trial, when the American Union should determine that the time had come, that the place was found, and that means and men authorized the step. Who is ready to promise a yearly or a triennial contribution, or to subscribe to the Permanent Fund? Who is not ready to do something efficient?

Now let this matter be taken in hand promptly and resolutely, with the spirit becoming those engaged in a Universal Reform,—which promises to radically cure the chronic maladies of society, and to make Man whole again,—which seeks to establish upon earth a Heavenly Order,—which offers to the world no vague hope, but definite Science,—and which commends itself to the good-sense of the most practical.

Let each Affiliated Union, let each Associationist, contribute the best counsel and simplest pecuniary supplies, at the coming Anniversary.

Where Delegates cannot be sent, and individuals cannot attend, letters may be addressed to the Union.

By order of the Executive Committee.

W. H. CHANNING,
*Domestic Corresponding Secretary of the
American Union of Associationists.*
BOSTON, March 15, 1847.

BROOK FARM SCHOOL.

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N. R. GERRISH,
Agent.
April 5, 1847.

THE HARBINGER

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VOLUME IV.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1847.

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MISCELLANY.

THE SANCTUS.

Translated for the Boston Atlas from the German of Theodore William Hoffman.

The Doctor thoughtfully shook his head. "So," said the Chapel-master, impetuously, as he sprang from his seat, "Bettina's catarrh is actually to prove serious!"

The Doctor tapped the floor three or four times quite softly, with his Spanish cane, took out his snuff box and replaced it without sniffing; looked upward fixedly as if counting the rosettes on the curtain, and coughed harshly, without speaking a word.

Then burst forth the Chapel-master, half beside himself, for he understood this pantomime of the Doctor, as clearly as if he had uttered in living words:—A bad, bad case—I know not how to counsel or advise. I am as completely frustrated in my attempts as that Doctor in Gil Blas of Santillana.

"Speak it out plainly!" cried he, angrily. "Do you mean to say that this simple hoarseness, which Bettina brought upon herself by the careless manner in which she wrapped her shawl around her, as she left the church, is to cost the young girl her life?"

"Not exactly," said the Doctor, while he again took out his snuff box, this time actually sniffing; "but the probability is that during her whole life she will never sing another note."

The Chapel-master clenched both hands in his hair, till the powder flew all around him, and ran up and down the room crying, as if mad:

"Never sing again! never sing again! Bettina never sing again! Give up all her magnificent canzonets—her wonderful Boleros and Seguidillas, that stream from her lips like sounding flower fragrance! Never again hear from her a pious *Agnus* or consoling *Benedictus*! Oh! oh! no *Miserere*, that purified my

soul from every earthly stain, from all wicked thoughts, and opened upon me a whole rich world of pure spiritual themes! You lie! Doctor, you lie! Satan tempts you to deceive me. The church organist, who has felt for me the most bitter envy, since I brought out that astonishing *Qui tollis*, which has delighted the world, has bribed you to this. You seek to plunge me in despair, that I may throw my new mass into the fire; but if he thought the plan would succeed, you shall find to the contrary. Here—here I swear it, Bettina's solo, (and he struck the marble table till every thing on it rattled,) shall be as magnificent as ever; she shall sing again her *Vagh* notes, as clear as a bell."

The Chapel-master seized his hat and was going out, but the Doctor held him back, saying, in a soft, low voice: "I honor your praiseworthy enthusiasm, most esteemed friend, but I really do not exaggerate the case, neither do I know the organist, and this is simply the fact. Since Bettina sang the solos in the *Gloria* and *Credo*, in the mass, in the Catholic Church, she has been troubled with this selfsame hoarseness, and has even at times lost her voice still more, so defying both my art and me, that, as I said before, I fear she will never sing again."

"Well, then," said the Chapel-master, resigning himself to his despair, "give her opium—opium, and continue to give it to her until she sinks gently in the arms of death; then will she sing no more, for she will live no more. She lives only when she sings; she exists but in song. Most worthy Doctor, do me the favor to poison her—the sooner the better. I have connections in the criminal college; I studied with the President, in Halle; he was a great bugler—we blew together the Bizinien, in the night time, with an obligato chorus of little dogs and cats chiming in. No harm shall happen to you on account of this honorable murder; but poison her—poison her."

"He is," said the Doctor, interrupting the sputtering Chapel-master, "already advanced in years and has worn his hair

powdered for a long time, and though still distinguished for music, concerning this matter would be a coward. Such a sinful murder and death-blow is not so lightly spoken of. But sit down quietly in this comfortable arm-chair, and listen to what I have to say to you!"

The Chapel-master answered in a whining voice: "What shall I hear now?" at the same time, however, taking the seat.

"Bettina's case," continued the Doctor, "is indeed singular and remarkable. In speaking, she has the full use of her organs; one can hardly think it a common disease of the throat, for she can give out very clearly some musical tones; but the moment she attempts a high note, an incomprehensible something seizes her, which, though neither sticking, pricking, or scratching, nor anything else which is affirmative, proves a diseased principle, so that every attempted tone, besides being impure and thick, is short and husky, and suddenly vanishes. Bettina herself compares her situation to that of one in a dream, who, with the fullest conviction of power to fly, vainly strives to move at all. This morbid, negative condition mocks my art, and renders all the usual remedies unavailing. The foe that I have to encounter, like a bodiless apparition, evades all my blows. In that point, Chapel-master, you are right, for Bettina's whole existence is in song; one can only think of this little bird of Paradise as singing. It is through her imagination, which continually incites her, that her song, and with it herself, is sinking away; and I am very nearly convinced, that her ill health is owing to this continued mental excitement, which renders my art useless. She is, as she acknowledges, of a very sensitive nature, and I have thought, for this month past, like a ship-wrecked person, who now snatches at that splinter, now at this, and grasping at every means, yet after a while becomes dismayed, that Bettina's whole illness is more psychical than physical."

"Right, Doctor," broke in the wan-

dering Enthusiast, who all this time had been sitting silently in the corner, rubbing his hands together. "This once you have hit the right point, most excellent physician! Bettina's diseased state is the physical effect of a spiritual cause, but on that account all the worse and more dangerous. I, I alone, gentlemen, can explain it all to you."

"What shall I hear now?" again said the Chapel-master, in the same whining voice as before; and the Doctor drew his seat nearer to the Enthusiast, and gazed upon him with a singular smile on his face. The wandering Enthusiast glanced upward, and commenced, without looking at the Doctor or Chapel-master.

"Chapel-master, I have seen a many-colored butterfly who had encaged himself between the strings of your double clavichord. As the little creature fluttered delightedly up and down, he struck with his bright winglets now the upper, now the lower strings, which breathed so softly, so gently, that only the acutest and most accustomed ear could distinguish the tone and accord, till at last the fragile thing appeared to swim in the oscillations, as on soft heaving waves, which seemed to be produced by him. But it happened, that a more strongly touched string vibrated, as if irritated by the wings of the merry flutterer, so that wounded, it scattered around its variegated flower dust. Yet still the butterfly continued to flit about, with its joyous murmur and song, till the string wounding it more and more sharply, it at length silently sank into the aperture of the sounding board."

"What would you have that say to me?" asked the Chapel-master.

"*Fiat applicatio*, dear sir," said the Doctor.

"I did not intend an especial application," said the Enthusiast. "I actually heard the above-mentioned butterfly play upon the Chapel-master's clavichord. I only wished to convey in general an idea that then came to me, and so tolerably introduce what I would say of Bettina's illness. You know the whole, but look at it as an allegory written in the Album of a wandering virtuoso. It seems to me as if nature had surrounded us with a clavichord of a thousand strings, upon whose strings we play, believing its tones and chords to be voluntarily produced, and are often wounded to death without knowing that an unharmoniously touched string has given us the fatal blow."

"Very obscure!" said the Chapel-master.

"Oh!" cried the Doctor, laughing, "only patience. He will sit upon his hobby-horse, and take a gallop through the world of forebodings, dreams, spiritual influences, sympathies, idiosyncracies, &c., till he arrives at the station of mag-

netism, where he will dismount and take breakfast."

"Peace, peace, my wise Doctor," said the wandering Enthusiast. "Reville not things that you, struggle against them as you will, must yet acknowledge with humility, and highly respect. Have you not yourself said that Bettina's illness was produced by a spiritual cause—or, rather, is only a spiritual disease?"

"But what has Bettini to do with the unfortunate butterfly?" broke in the Doctor.

"If one," continued the Enthusiast, "would attempt to sift it, dividing all to a nicety, weighing each little grain, it would be a labor that would extend itself most tediously. Let the butterfly rest in the Chapel-master's clavichord. And besides, say yourself, Chapel-master, is it not a genuine misfortune that most holy music has become an integral part of our conversation? This glorious gift will be dragged down into common, every-day life. Instead of dwelling, as before, in the holy distance, even in the wondrous Heaven-realm, tones and melodies have strayed down to us, till we have the whole matter fairly by the hand, and know exactly how many cups of tea the Soprano, how many glasses of wine the Bass must drink, in order to come to the necessary exaltation. I know well that it aids a club, who, seized with the true spirit of music, practise together with earnest devotion. But each miserable, ornamented, overloaded, . . . Pshaw! I will not vex myself. When I was here last year, Bettini was exactly in the same condition. She was, as one may say, bewitched—she could do nothing without tea. It became a necessary ingredient of a Spanish romance, an Italian canonet, or even the little French love-song, *Souvent l'amour*, &c., which she so often sung. I feared, indeed, that the poor child would drown herself and her glorious talent in the sea of tea-water that she poured down. It happened not so; but the catastrophe draws near."

"What catastrophe?" cried, at once, the Doctor and the Chapel-master.

"See, dear sir," continued the Enthusiast, "the poor Bettini is entirely, as one may say, enchanted, or bewitched; and, hard as it is for me to confess it, I acknowledge that I—I, alone, am the wizard who has accomplished this bad work; and now, like a dabbler in magic, cannot undo what I have done."

"Nonsense! nonsense! and we sit here, with the utmost patience, and allow ourselves to be mystified by the irony of this miscreant," exclaimed the Doctor, springing up.

"To the Devil with you!" cried the Doctor. "The catastrophe! the catastrophe!"

"Quietly, gentlemen, quietly," said the Enthusiast. "Now comes a matter of fact, that I can vouch for, holding my witchcraft as a jest, notwithstanding, which sometimes falls heavily on my heart—that I, unacquainted with Bettina, without wish or intention, may have exercised over her this power, by means of spiritual influences. In the manner of a conductor, I mean, as in the electric circle, where the shock passes from one to the other, without any volition of their own."

"Heyday!" cried the Doctor, "see how the hobby-horse bears away its galling rider."

"But the story, the story," interrupted the Doctor.

"You have already mentioned, Chapel-master," continued the Enthusiast, "that Bettina, the last time she lost her voice, had been singing in the Catholic Church. You remembered that this happened on Easter day, last year. You were dressed in your dark robes of honor, and led that glorious mass of Haydn's in D flat. A young, gracefully dressed maiden sang the Soprano, and yet did not sing it wholly; near her stood Bettina, who, with a wonderfully strong, full voice, poured forth the Solo. You know that I myself sang the Tenor. The *Sanctus* had commenced. A thrill of the deepest devotion vibrated through me. A disturbance behind me caused me suddenly to turn round, and I saw, to my great astonishment, Bettina seeking to press through the rows of musicians and singers, to leave the choir. 'Are you going?' asked I. 'It is high time,' she replied very kindly, 'that I should repair to the church of —, where I have promised to sing in a cantata, and I must also practise two duets before noon, that I must execute this evening, one at the tea party at —, and the other at the little supper at —. Shall you be there? There will be two choruses from Handel's Messiah, and the first Finale to Figaro's wedding.'

"As we spoke, the full accord of the Sanctus sounded forth, and the frankincense rolled in blue clouds through the roof of the church. 'Know you not,' said I, 'that it is sinful! that one does not go unpunished, who leaves the church during the Sanctus? You will never sing again in the church!' I said it in joke, and knew not how savagely my words sounded. She turned pale and left the church in silence. From that moment she lost her voice."

During all this time, the Doctor sat with his chin resting on the head of his cane. He remained silent, but the Chapel-master exclaimed, "Wonderful indeed! very wonderful!"

"Indeed," continued the Enthusiast,

"at that time, I had no especial meaning in my words, and I did not connect Bettina's loss of voice with the occurrence in the church in the slightest degree. But now, since I returned here, and learned from you, Doctor, that Bettina had ever since suffered from this miserable illness, it at once reminded me of a story which I read many years ago in an old book, which I will relate to you, for it is a graceful and touching tale."

"Tell it," cried the Chapel-master; "one may find a good subject for a fine opera therein."

"Do you know, Chapel-master," said the Doctor, "if you can set dreams, forebodings, and magnetic cases, to music, you may be greatly helped, for so the story will turn out."

Without waiting for the Chapel-master to answer, the wandering Enthusiast cleared his throat, and with loud voice began:

"The camp of Ferdinand and Isabella of Arragon spread itself out to a vast extent before the walls of Granada."

"Lord of Heaven and Earth!" burst forth the Doctor, interrupting the storyteller,—"beginning there it would not end for nine days and nine nights, and I must sit here and let my patients suffer. To the devil with your Moorish tale! I have read Gonsalvo of Cordova and listened to Bettina's Seguidillas,—but this Basta—all that it's fit for, is Adieu."

The Doctor quickly sprang out at the door, but the Chapel-master remained quietly sitting, whilst he said:

"It will be a tale about the wars of the Moors and Spaniards, as I observe; about which I have languished to compose something. Wars, tumults, romances, processions, cymbals, chorals, drums, and kettle-drums—ah, yes, kettle-drums—these can all be introduced. Go on, most worthy Enthusiast; who knows what valuable seed-corn this wished for story may cast into my mind, and what giant flowers may spring therefrom?"

"You are now Chapel-master," answered the Enthusiast. "It would be too much like the opera, thence it would happen that rational people, whom the music would affect like a strong drain, though one now and then might enjoy it in small doses, as a cordial, would pronounce you mad. But I will tell it you, and you may fearlessly act upon it at your pleasure—occasionally throwing in accords."

The writer feels himself obliged, before copying the story of the Enthusiast, to say to the worthy reader, that for brevity's sake, when he would point out where the Chapel-master comes in, with his accords, instead of writing—"Here speaks the Chapel-master," he will simply say—The Chapel-master.

"The camp of Ferdinand and Isabella of Arragon spread itself out to a vast extent before the walls of Granada. Vainly hoping for succor, and daily shut in more and more closely, the faint-hearted Boabdil was discouraged. He was bitterly hated by the people, who in mockery called him the Little King, and found only a momentary confidence in offerings of the most bloodthirsty cruelty. Ever in the degree in which cowardice and despair seized on the inhabitants and army of Granada, faith in victory and delight in battle, filled the Spanish camp. There was no need of attack. Ferdinand contented himself with besieging the walls, and repulsing the attacks of the besieged. These little skirmishes appeared more like joyous tournaments, than severe battles; and after them they collected the dead, and celebrated their decease, with all the pageantry of the church service, as if for holy martyrs. Isabella lived retired in the camp, where she had caused to be erected, in the midst, a high wooden building, with many towers, from the summit of which waved the banner of the cross. It was arranged within as a monastery and a church, where the Benedictine nuns daily held divine service. The Queen, with her followers, accompanied by her riders, came each morning to hear the mass which the confessor read, and the nuns sang together in the choir. It happened one morning that Isabella noticed a voice, that, with wonderful bell-like clearness, drowned all the others. The song was listened to, as the desponding warbler listens to the nightingale, who, Princess of the woods, surpasses all the other tribes. And there was something so foreign in the pronunciation, so peculiar in the whole style, that it was evident the singer was unaccustomed to church music, and perhaps now sang in a mass for the first time in her life. Isabella seemed greatly surprised, and observed that her followers were seized with the same astonishment. She at once anticipated that some strange adventure was going on, for the brave General Aguillar, who had joined her train, caught her eye. Kneeling in the oratory, his eyes were fixed upon the choir, with an expression of most fervent, intense aspiration. As the mass was ended, Isabella went to the chamber of Donna Maria, the Prioress, and inquired about the strange singer. 'Will you, O Queen,' said Donna Maria, 'call to mind that for a month past, whilst Don Aguillar has sought to overthrow the outworks and conquer Granada, that the walls, surrounded by a magnificent terrace, have served as a place of pleasure. Each night the wanton song of the heathen, from that enticing syren voice, sounded over into our camp, and Don Aguillar

was the more zealous, therefore, to destroy this nest of sin. Already were the works taken, already were the women, imprisoned during the battle, carried away, when an unexpected reinforcement, notwithstanding a brave defence, overpowered him, and drove him back into the camp. The enemy ventured not to follow him; therefore the prisoners and all the rich booty remained his. Among the female prisoners, there was one, whose inconsolable grief, whose despair, excited the attention of Don Aguillar.

"He approached the veiled one, with friendly words, but in her grief she had no speech but music. She took a cithern, suspended by a golden band from her neck, and played thereon a romance that moaned in profound sighs, heart-rending tones, the separation from the beloved, from all life's joys. Aguillar, deeply impressed by the wonderful tones, concluded to send back the prisoner to Granada. She prostrated herself before him, whilst she threw back her veil. Aguillar cried out, 'Art thou not Zulema, the light of song in Granada?' It was indeed Zulema, whom Aguillar had seen when Ambassador at Boabdil's Court, whose wonderful music had sunk deep in his breast. 'I give you your freedom,' said the General. But the worthy father Agostino Sanchez, who marched forward, cross in hand, exclaimed, 'Rememberest thou, my lord, that when thou settest this prisoner free, thou doest her great injustice; for thou returnest her to idolatry, when, perhaps, with us the grace of God may enlighten her, and she may be received into the bosom of the Mother Church.' Aguillar answered, 'she shall remain with us a month, and then, if the Spirit of the Lord prevails not with her, she shall return to Granada.' And so it happened, Oh! Queen, that Zulema was received by us into the Convent. At first she yielded entirely to her inconsolable grief; but soon wild and mournful music was heard, and then heart-touching romances, which filled the whole convent, and over all, the outgushing of her clear, bell-like voice. It happened one night, that we sang together in the church, after midnight, the wonderfully beautiful *Ora*, which that high master of song, Ferrera, had taught us. In the bright light I observed Zulema standing in the open doorway of the choir, quiet and thoughtful, gazing upon us with earnest look. As we in couples left the choir, Zulema knelt and sang before an image of the Virgin. Since that day she has sung no romances, but remained still in inward contemplation. Soon she sought to recall, upon her deep voiced cithern, the chorals which we sang in the church, and then would sing them in a low, gentle voice, seeking to remember the words

of our hymns, and pronouncing them with strange beauty in her foreign tongue. I marked well that the spirit of the Lord, in mild, confiding tones, spoke to her in music; and that her heart was open to His grace. Therefore I sent to her the sister Emanuela, mistress of the choir, that she might fan the glimmering torch to a flame; and thus it happened, that in holy song the faith of the Church has been enkindled in her. Zulema has not yet been received through holy baptism into the bosom of the Church; but we shall permit her to join our choir, and so devote her wonderful voice to the glory of religion.' The Queen now understood what passed in Aguillar's mind, when he yielded to Father Agostino's remonstrance, and did not send Zulema back to Granada, but placed her in the convent, and rejoiced greatly at her conversion to the true faith. In a few days, Zulema was baptized, and took the name of Julia. The Queen herself, the Marquis of Cadiz, Henry of Gusman, and the Generals Mendoza and Villena, were the witnesses of this holy act. One would have believed that Julia's song would ever have risen higher and truer, in proclaiming the glory of her faith; and so it actually happened for a short time. But soon Emanuela remarked that Julia often departed from the choral, in a strange manner, intermingling foreign tones. Often suddenly would break the hollow sound of a deep voiced cithern through the choir. The tone was like the resounding of the storm, rushing through its strings. Then Julia would become restless, and it frequently happened that she would introduce a Moorish word into the Latin hymn. Emanuela warned the novice steadfastly to withstand the foe; but inconsiderately Julia heeded this not, and to the anguish of the Sisters, often sang, when even the earnest, holy chorals of the old Ferrera were sounding, light Moorish love songs to the cithern, which she had newly attuned. Wonderfully sounded then the tones of the cithern, that often rushed through the choir, high and sharp, similar to the shrill whistling of the little Moorish flute."

THE CHAPEL-MASTER. "*Flauti piccolo*—The octave flute. But, dear sir, there is yet nothing, really nothing for the Opera. No exposition, and that is the main point,—though the deep and high voice of the cithern has touched me. Do you not believe that the Devil is a Tenor? He is as false as the Devil, and therefore does every thing in falsetto."

THE ENTHUSIAST. "God in Heaven! you grow wittier every day, Chapel-master. But you are right. Leave to the devilish principle all over high, unnatural whistlings, pipings, &c. But to return to the tale, that grows ever more

difficult to me, for I run the danger every moment of jumping away at the very right point.

"It happened one day that the Queen, accompanied by the noble generals of the camp, went towards the church, to hear the mass, as usual. A miserable tattered beggar lay by the gate, whom the halberdiers sought to remove, but he half raised himself, then threw himself down, howling, so near the Queen that he touched her in his fall. Aguillar sprang angrily before her and kicked the beggar from her path, who turned and half raising his body cried: 'Trample on the snake,—trample on the snake, and he will sting you, it may be, to death;' then touching the strings of his cithern, which was concealed beneath his rags, it sent forth a shrill, wailing, piping sound, that seized all with an unearthly terror, and drove them back. The halberdiers removed the loathsome apparition, saying: 'The wretch is a prisoner, a frantic Moor, who by his mad jokes and his wonderful cithern-playing amuses the soldiers in the camp.' The Queen went on, and the mass began. The sisters in the choir sounded the Sanctus, but as Julia with powerful voice burst forth, *Pleni sunt cali gloria tua*, there wailed through the Church a shrill tone from the cithern, and Julia suddenly closing the book sought to leave the choir.

"What wouldst thou do?" asked Emanuela.

"Oh," said Julia, "hearest thou not the mighty tone of the Master? there by him, with him, must I sing!" and she turned towards the door, but Emanuela spoke with deep, earnest, haughty voice:

"Sinner, wouldst thou profane the service of the Lord, that thou takest his praise upon thy lips, whilst worldly thoughts are in thy heart? Wouldst thou fly from hence? Broken is the power of song in thee; silent are the wonderful tones in thy breast, which the Lord enkindled in thee."

"At Emanuela's words, as if struck by lightning, Julia sank to the floor.

"As the nuns were assembled at night time, to sing the *Ora*, a thick smoke suddenly filled the whole Church. Soon the flames hissed and crackled through the walls of the wing of the building, and reached the convent. With much difficulty the nuns succeeded in saving their lives. Trumpets and horns pealed through the camp, arousing the soldiers from their first sleep; General Aguillar, with singed hair and half-burnt clothes, left the convent where he had vainly sought to rescue the missing Julia, of whom no trace could be found. The soldiers fruitlessly combated against the fire, which, upheaving itself higher and

higher, and spreading far and wide, seized upon all within its reach, and in a short time the whole of Isabella's rich, beautiful camp lay in ashes. The Moors, in full confidence that the misfortunes of the Christians would give them the victory, ventured with a considerable force upon an attack. But never was there more brilliant repulse than that by the Spaniards, who, led on by the triumphant tones of the trumpets, returned crowned with victory to their fortifications, where Queen Isabella ascended the throne which had been erected in the open air, and gave orders that on the site of the burnt camp, a new city should at once be built, thus showing to the Moors in Granada that the siege would never be raised."

THE CHAPEL-MASTER. "If one were only permitted to introduce spiritual subjects into the Theatre . . . Already have I brought myself into difficulty with the dear public, for introducing here and there a bit of choral; else would this Julia be no bad part. What do you think of the double style, in which they can intermingle, first the romance, then church music! Some charming little Moorish and Spanish songs I have already prepared; also the besieging march of the Spaniards, which is not bad, and I have contrived to melo-dramatise the commandment of the Queen; but how to arrange the whole together, Heaven only knows! But go on with the story. We must hear again from Julia; it is to be hoped that she was not burnt."

THE ENTHUSIAST. "Did you know, Chapel-master, that that city which the Spaniards, though environed by the Moors, built in twenty-one days, is still standing, and is called Santa Fe! But whilst I turn upon you such an unceasing flood of words, I am losing the solemn tone, which alone befits so solemn a subject. I wish you would play to us from Palestrina's Responsories, that now lies open upon the desk of the Piano."

The Chapel-master complied with his request, and when he had finished, the Enthusiast went on:

"The Moors did not cease to annoy the Spaniards, in manifold ways, during the building of the city; despair drove them to acts of astonishing boldness, and the contest went on more earnestly than ever. One day, Aguillar, with the Spanish outposts, attacked a Moorish squadron, and drove them back to the walls of Granada. He turned back with his troops, and halting near the first fortification, in a myrtle wood, sent on his followers, and resigned himself to his earnest thoughts and sad recollections. Julia stood lovingly before his mind's eye. Often, during the battle, had he heard her voice resounding; now complaining, now lamenting, and, even at this very moment, it seemed to him

that there rustled a strange song — half Moorish love tale, half Christian church music — through the dark myrtles. Then there rushed suddenly forward a Moorish rider, in silver armor, on a light Arabian steed, into the wood, and immediately there whistled a spear close to Aguillar's head. He sprang with drawn sword upon his foe, as the second spear flew, and remained plunged deep in his horse's breast, who, smarting with pain and anguish, reared himself on high, so that Aguillar, to avoid a heavy fall, was obliged to swing himself quickly from his side. The Moor raised himself, and struck with his crescent blade at Aguillar's uncovered head. But he dextrously parried this death blow, and returned it so powerfully, that the Moor barely saved himself, as he almost fell from the horse. In the same moment, he pressed his horse close upon Aguillar, so that he could not give a second blow, and rising, drew his dagger; but before he could plunge it into his enemy, Aguillar, with giant strength, had seized him, drawn him from his horse, and dashed him ringing to the ground. He knelt upon the Moor's breast, and, grasping with his left hand his right arm so forcibly, that he remained motionless, drew his dagger. Already had he raised his arm to plunge it in the Moor's throat, when he sighed out deeply, 'Zulema!' — Chilled to a statue, Aguillar had no power to fulfil his intention.

"'Wretch!' exclaimed he, 'what name did you utter!'

"'Strike!' cried the Moor, 'you kill one who has sworn death and destruction to you. Yes! know, treacherous Christian, know that it is Hichem, the last of the race of Alhamar, from whom you stole Zulema. Know that that tattered beggar, who with the demeanor of a maniac, sneaked around in your camp, was Hichem. Know that I succeeded, in that gloomy prison, in which you consigned me to the light of my own thoughts, to set it on fire, and to rescue Zulema.'

"'Zulema — Julia lives!' cried Aguillar.

"Then laughed out the Moor, shrilly, in fiend-like scorn — 'Yes, she lives; but your bloody, thorn crowned idol has with execrable magic surrounded her, and all the fragrant, glowing bloom of life is enveloped in the pall of the frantic women, that you call the brides of your deity. Know that all music in her breast, breathed upon by the poisonous breath of the Saminus, is dead. All the pleasure of life is gone from me, with Zulema's sweet songs; therefore kill me — kill me, that I may take no revenge on you. You have already robbed me of more than life.' Aguillar relaxed his hold upon

Hichem, and raised himself slowly, taking up his sword from the ground. 'Hichem,' said he, 'Zulema, that in holy baptism has taken the name of Julia, became my captive in honorable, open warfare. Enlightened by the grace of God, she renounced Mahomet's contemptible service, and what you, traitorous Moor, call the bad magic of an idol, was a temptation of the devil, which she could not withstand. Do you call Zulema your beloved? so is Julia, converted to the true faith, the mistress of my thoughts and of my heart; and for the glory of the true faith will I meet you in open battle. Choose your own weapon, and meet me according to your own custom.'

"Quickly Hichem seized his sword and target, and when Aguillar released his hold, he staggered back, roaring aloud, then threw himself upon his horse, which had remained standing near him, and sprang away at a full gallop — Aguillar knew not how to understand it, but in a moment the worthy old man, Agostino Sanchez, stood behind him and said with a smile, 'Did I frighten Hichem, or the Lord who dwells in me, and whose love he scorns!'

"Aguillar repeated to him all that he had heard concerning Julia, and they both recalled the prophetic words of Emanuela, as Julia, seduced by Hichem's cithern, all devotion dying within her, left the church during the Sanctus."

THE CHAPEL-MASTER. — "I think no more about the opera, but how shall I set to music the conflict between the Moorish Hichem, in his silver armor, and the General Aguillar. How can one make them sally forth better than Mozart has done it in Don Giovanni! You know, however, in the first place . . ."

THE WANDERING ENTHUSIAST. — "Silence, Chapel-master. I must now bring this long tale to a close. Still, various things occurred, and it is necessary to collect all your thoughts; the more so that I still think of Bettina, who puzzles me not a little. I cannot escape from the thought that she has heard my Spanish tale, and it seems to me as if she must be listening outside of that door. This thought, however, must be all pure fancy. But to go on:

"Continually beaten in all the skirmishes; pressed by daily, hourly increasing famine, the Moors at last found themselves necessitated to capitulate; and in festive pomp, amid the thunder of the artillery, Ferdinand and Isabella marched into Granada. The priests had consecrated the great mosque as a cathedral, and thither marched the troops, to thank the God of Hosts, in the devout *Te Deum laudamus* of the solemn mass, for the

glorious victory over the followers of Mahomet, the false prophet. It is impossible to tell the difficulty of suppressing the ever newly outbursting rage of the Moors, and to restrain the divisions of troops, who from the darkest streets skillfully attacked the already excited procession, as it wound along the main road. As Aguillar, at the head of a division of foot, marched along the highway, toward the cathedral, where the mass had already commenced, he felt himself suddenly wounded in the left shoulder by an arrow. At the same moment a band of Moors started from a dusky arcade, and attacked the Christians with despairing rage. Hichem, at the head, rushed upon Aguillar, who, but slightly hurt, hardly felt the pain of his wound, and dextrously parried the powerful blow, at the same time striking Hichem dead at his feet. The Spaniards pressed frantically on the treacherous Moors, who soon fled, shrieking, and took shelter in a stone building, whose door they quickly closed. The Spaniards stormed the house, and they rained arrows upon them from the windows. Aguillar ordered firebrands thrown in upon them. Already the flames streamed from the roof, when, above the thunder of the artillery, a wonderful voice sounded from the burning building, *Sanctus — Sanctus Dominus, Deus Sabaoth*. 'Julia! Julia!' cried Aguillar, in inconsolable anguish. At this moment the door opened, and Julia, in the dress of the Benedictine nuns, stepped forth, singing with strong voice, *Sanctus — Sanctus Dominus, Deus Sabaoth!* Behind her followed the Moors, in a bending attitude, with their hands crossed upon their breasts. The Spaniards, astonished, fell back, and between their ranks Julia marched on with the Moors towards the cathedral, singing as she went, *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*. Involuntarily, as when an angel descends from Heaven to announce the blessings of the Lord, all the people bowed the knee. Stepping quickly, with clear eyes directed to Heaven, Julia stood before the high altar, between Ferdinand and Isabella, singing the mass, and performing the holy ceremonies with fervent devotion. As the last sound of the *Dona nobis pacem* died out, Julia sank lifeless in the arms of the Queen. All the Moors who followed her, converted to the true faith, were baptized that very day."

As the Enthusiast ended his tale, the Doctor entered with much bustle, striking his cane upon the floor, and crying angrily: "There you still sit, telling your mad, fantastic stories, without regard to those in the vicinity, and making people sick."

"Tell me what has happened, my

dear sir," cried the Chapel-master, quite terrified.

"I understand it perfectly," said the Enthusiast, very composedly. "It is nothing more nor less than that Bettina has heard our conversation. She went into the cabinet there, and knows all."

"You have," sputtered the Doctor, "by your lying tale, you frantic Enthusiast, poisoned her sensitive mind—ruined her with your foolish trash; but I will be even with you for this deed."

"Honored Doctor," said the Enthusiast to the enraged man, "you grow warm, and do not think that Bettina's mental disease demands a mental remedy, and that perhaps my story . . ."

"Enough, enough," replied the Doctor, very temperately. "I already know what you would say."

"It is good for nothing for an opera, but it produced some strange sounding accords." So murmured the Chapel-master, whilst he seized his hat, and his friends followed.

When, three months after, the wandering Enthusiast, who had cured Bettina, who, with magnificently clear voice, had sung Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, (though not in a church, but in a large sized room,) full of joy and ecstatic rapture, kissed her hand, she said, "You are not quite a wizard, but sometimes of a nature a little perverse."

"Like all enthusiasts," added the Chapel-master.

For the Harbinger.

CANNIBALISM.

PERVERSION OF HUMAN LIFE AND INCONHERENCE OF MAN WITH THE ANIMAL CREATION THROUGH HIS SELFISH APPROPRIATION OF THEIR BODIES.

(Continued from p. 291.)

Objection. Death is not feared by the ox, the sheep or the fowl; they have not like man a terror of it. The idea of being eaten made the life of Melville, the author of *Typee*, uncomfortable during all his stay on the island, in the midst of pleasures far purer than those of civilization, although there was little apparent ground for fear. But we find no signs of disquiet or apprehension in the creatures which we fatten for the slaughter-pen until the death-struggle commences.

Answer. The conflict of a death-struggle, evitable only by some species of fraud, is in itself sufficient to condemn the taking of life; but the preceding assertion is more plausible than true.—Would an ox or a fowl endowed with the faculties of reason, be able to appreciate the uneasiness of Melville or any other candidate for the honors of a cannibal table, for which, as we have been informed, an European is sometimes stall-fed

for six months to get the salt out of him? Certainly not, since the sympathy between the different species of animals is not sufficiently refined to allow one to judge of the moral state and sentiment of the other, unless when life is stirred up from its deeps to its intenser movements. The fear, the agony of animals, when about to be killed is evident enough,—it is almost human in its fierce or exploring expression. The cry, the shriek, the tear, the convulsion, all remonstrate with man against the cruel, the impious, the unregal, unfraternal act. How far they may have been previously afflicted by the anticipation we cannot very truly decide, because our conflict with them precludes the mutual understanding by magnetic sympathies and intelligence of each other's language, in which many individuals have lived with their dogs, and which we may expect, from general analogies, to be possible to man with the whole animate creation. There are some, however, as the bull and cow, which leave us no room to doubt their sentiment of our mode of proceeding toward them. I once saw a cow set on by bull-dogs and slaughtered in the street before my father's door; and for several days after, as the ranging cattle passed that spot they would smell and snort, and paw the earth with every sign of indignation for many minutes.

Objection. Animals are simple creatures. They have not like man complex relations of industry and affection. No manufacture, no commerce, no tillage, ceases in consequence of their death—no family weeps, no friends regret their loss.

Answer. It is very true that no other animal compares with man in his power and influence on the earth, except in some local tracts of Africa and South America, the white ant. The ox wears no broadcloth or lace, in whose production hundreds of his race have been flayed of comforts and necessities, and toiled out a sad, miserable life. The beaver keeps no warehouses, where thousands of bushels of grain lie rotting in a time of famine, in awaiting a still higher rise of price. The industrial relation of the animal is limited to enjoying the yield of its maternal soil. If the bird carries in its flight, or the buffalo in his range, the seeds of choice grains, or fruits or beautiful flowers, to replant them in a distant spot, they deserve perhaps no credit for such services, since they are quite unpremeditated.

The argument of industrial value, admitting its basis that men are made for things and not things for men, will still not bear scrutiny, since the services of the operative man and the operative horse or ox are in many places weighed

in the same scale, and not unfrequently; if we may judge by their treatment, the horse is considered the more valuable life of the two. A case of collective starvation such as now afflicts Ireland, has never been known by any animal that is employed in civilized industry, except man. But if it be considered that the civilized operative does not possess a soul, a position virtually taken by our laws and social customs which provide no means for its development, and by our system of mechanical industry, which confines him to a position in which he merely represents a wheel or a lever, and in which a soul is altogether superfluous,—if it be considered that the operative is already industrially and morally devoured by the capitalist, and that his body is only not served upon the table because it would be tough, lean and ill tasted, an objection which does not in the same degree apply to the ox, which is one or two degrees higher than the operative in the scale of valuation; then it is necessary to bring the industrial character of animals into comparison with that of the capitalist and the higher classes of society. Different animals will present very different points of comparison. The beaver, for instance, builds him very comfortable houses and villages, to which those of our poor will not compare at all in relation to the respective exigencies of their lives. Many species of the ant dwell in commodious cities, either subterranean, or elevated in cones, or in the interior of trees.

Their work is performed with great system and efficiency, constancy, enthusiasm and success. They have preceded us in the embodiment of an attractive industrial and social code, they not only guarantee themselves by foresight against the deficiencies and inclemencies of seasons, but they construct covered street galleries, in which warm and secure, they can traverse a grove in all directions. They keep other species in passional or affective domesticity, who perform the labor of the society in moral relations and physical conditions far superior to those enjoyed by our own hired or enslaved laborers. Their treatment of domestic animals, the aphides for instance, which they milk as we do cows, is likewise exemplary. They enjoy their services through the establishment of sympathies which we have not yet succeeded in creating, not only in the tame or domesticated state, in which they stable them warmly under ground with suitable provision of succulent roots; but also in the wild or natural state, seeking them in their free pasture ground upon the leaves of plants; and in the mixt state, when leaving them to feed in locations convenient to their social home, they build around them walls of cement to prevent

their straying, or to protect them from the birds.

The fifth volume of the "Family Library" contains in a few pages a most interesting *resumé* from the works of Huber and other naturalists of the highest standing, which prove in the insect world very high attainments in industry, and not only those which like the construction of the bee's comb have been unreasonably objected to from their mathematical accuracy and uniformity, but many obviously of a progressive character, and varying just as much as the dwellings and the industry of the different human nations, in different tribes, and even in different societies of the same species.

It will be urged that the question of Cannibalism does not include the insect world. It is false, for in many countries various species of insects are used as food by man, and amongst others the ant, and among the ants the termites, a species which has exhibited the most distinguished proofs of social and industrial elevation. But if all animals do not like the ant, the bee, the beaver, &c. &c., organize societies, and develop a great industry; it is not the less true that all provide for themselves a sphere of composite luxury, including health, or internal harmony, and wealth or external harmony with nature and each other, in a manner which however crude and incomplete, is yet far superior to that enjoyed by most men reputed wealthy, who are really very poor, since they suffer at the same time from disease, and from privation of many objects of daily desire both in material and in social conditions.

This is a bicomposite subversion and poverty suffered by the greater number even of the rich, and which ought to make them much ashamed to appropriate to themselves the bodies of animals which live so much truer to nature, and in which the aim of God for the harmony and happiness of his creatures is now so much better fulfilled. If the subversive period of the last five thousand years were the permanent destiny of this planet, the life of an ant, a deer, or almost any creature that we eat, would be more valuable both positively and negatively, than the life of man; more valuable to itself for the harmonies it enjoys, to other creatures for those which it contributes to furnish, and to God as more faithfully accomplishing his will on the earth, and assuring his happiness as the great centre of harmonies. Instead of a bicomposite subversion, no animal undomesticated lives habitually in more than a simple subversion, since though it be an enemy to other creatures, it remains a friend to itself, and enjoys the health natural to its organization, while many animals

attain to Harmony, either composite harmony like the ant, or simple like the beaver, or to savage happiness, the highest which is compatible with unorganized societies, and which is enjoyed by the Camanche and the Islander of the South Seas. So much for the sanction of cannibalism by the industrial inferiority of animals.

One of the obstacles to our recognition of the rights of animals, of the rights which each in proportion to the development of its passions and faculties possesses to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, is the singular prejudice which has so widely prevailed in relation to their instinct. Among learned and simple alike, the candid naturalist and the pure and loving heart have ever protested against the barbarous fiat which reduces the animal to the rank of a machine, endowed with mere sensation, and blindly impelled to its ends by some external force. The exact geometry of the bee in her hexagonal cell, which corresponds with the most elaborate mathematical calculations, in containing the greatest area with expenditure in the least material; is often adduced as a striking instance of blind, uncalculated routine, for the very sage reason, that the bees always build so, and always have built so without any mistakes or deviations—as if the existence of a faculty of measurement or calculation ought to be established by its failures to attain its results, instead of by its success.

Applying this logic to man, we should infer of an accountant whose balance-sheet was always just, or a locksmith whose bolts always turned truly, that he could not calculate or mechanize at all, but was merely an instrument. Call the bee's geometry, if you will, a mere effect of organization: can you prove that of Euclid or Archimides to have been any less so? Both are known equally by their effects or results. If the one necessarily implies consciousness and volition, why not the other? Is not the consciousness and volition of all creatures naturally limited by their specific attractions, and subordinated equally to the superior consciousness and volition of the integral life of which they are parts? As to the special application to the bee, the common notion that the form of the cell is the same with all bees and in all times, is one of those careless and unfounded assumptions with which our natural history abounds. How long the bee has built a hexagon, we confess our ignorance, and yet we are probably as wise on this point as those who will tell you she was observed to build thus by Noah or by Adam. That the bee always builds a hexagon, is false, for bees which were taken to the West Indies, finding

the heat melt their thin waxen partitions, changed the form, neglecting the economy of the wax for the more important consideration of solidity. In the neighborhood of the sugar-houses, finding abundant provision for the year, she ceased altogether to accumulate honey, and has turned plunderer like the wasp, thus evincing that her mathematical propensities remain subordinate to a common sense, capable like our own of recognizing the fitness of things and choosing its sphere of action. With how much more reason might not the bee have retorted the stigma of blind, instinctual organization, on Sir Isaac Newton, who, in providing an entrance for his favorite cat and kitten, cut a big hole in the door for the cat and then beside it a little hole for the kitten? Of a number of other animals, facts have been observed, showing their power of adapting methods to circumstances, in the same way that amongst ourselves would be considered the most decisive proofs of intellect.

The beaver, whose strong tendencies to social life, with his industry and mechanical skill, have made his habits so interesting a study; gives up all when experience proves that his honest toils serve only to guide the cupidity of the trapper to his destruction; seeks safety in solitude, and in France and those parts of our own western country where it has been much molested, builds no more dams.

Birds, in the location of their nests and the material of which they are composed, vary in different places or even in the same place, so as best to fulfil the conditions of safety, convenience, and comfort.

In a chapter upon instinct in the sixteenth section of the first volume of the *Zoonomia*, Darwin, among some of the most curious and interesting researches in the records of our language, gives some details from which we shall extract the following:

"In the trees before Mr. Levet's house in Lichfield, there are annually nests built by sparrows, a bird which usually builds under the tiles of houses or under the thatch of barns. Not finding such convenient situations for their nests, they build a covered nest bigger than a man's head, with an opening like a mouth at the side, resembling that of a magpie, except that it is built of straw or hay and lined with feathers, and so nicely managed as to be a defence against both wind and rain."

A letter from Reverend J. Darwin, authenticates a similar fact of rooks, which after some high trees, their usual resort, had been cut down, removed to the church, and built their nests on the

outside of the spire, on the tops of the windows, whose projection afforded convenient room.

White, in his *Natural History of Selbourne*, page 59, gives a curious account of the subterranean nests of jackdaws, the (*corvus monedula*), which not finding the towers, steeples and high roofs, where it usually builds in England, sufficiently numerous, had taken possession of forsaken rabbit warrens.

The swallow of India, which furnishes to the Chinese their edible nests, exploring a new field of industry, collects for that purpose a glutinous substance from the waters.

The birds of India exert more artifice in building their nests, on account of the snakes and monkeys. Some form penile nests in the shape of a purse, deep and open at the top; others with a hole in the side; and others, still more cautious, with an entrance in the very bottom, forming their lodge near the summit. But the taylor bird will not even trust its nest to the extremity of a tender twig; but makes one more advance to safety, by fixing it to the leaf itself. It picks up a dead leaf, and sews it to a living one, its slender bill being its needle, and its thread some fine fibres; the lining consists of feathers, gossamer and down: the weight of the bird is three-sixteenths of an ounce, so that even with its eggs and young, it may swing securely in its aerial cradle. Those birds that are brought up by our care, and have little communication with others of their own species, are very defective in these arts. They not only construct their nests awkwardly, but scatter their eggs in various parts of the room or cage, and seldom produce young ones, till by failing in their first attempt, they have learned something from their own observation. The habit of selecting for their nests, materials of the same color as the site they build in, which screens them from their enemies, is a fact which belongs to this category.

"The cuckoo, in imitation of those mothers who are too refined to suckle their own children, is well known to dispose of her eggs in the nests of other birds; yet, in some parts of England, she builds a nest, hatches and educates her young. Two instances of this were observed by the Rev. Mr. Stafford of Glosop dale, near the peak of Derbyshire, and by Mr. Wilnot of Morley, near Derby, who watched one of them from the laying of the eggs to the time that the young were fledged, and thought her more attentive to her young than any bird he had ever observed." In the modes of procuring their food, in their migrations, in almost every detail of their lives, a close observer detects great variety in

the conduct of different individuals of the same species, — a variety, increasing in the ratio of its development in the scale.

The crow, among its ingenious resources, has discovered the palatable flavor of shell fish. "On the northern coast of Ireland, a friend of mine saw above one hundred crows at once preying upon muscles. Each crow took a muscle up into the air twenty or forty yards high, and let it fall on the stones, and thus by breaking the shell, got possession of the animal. A certain philosopher (I think it was Anaxagoras) gathering shells along the sea shore, one of these unlucky birds, mistaking his bald head for a stone, dropped a shell fish upon it, and killed at once a philosopher and an oyster.

"Our domestic animals that have some liberty, are also possessed of some peculiar traditional knowledge. Dogs and cats have been forced into each other's society, though naturally animals of a very different kind, and have hence learned from each other to eat dog grass (*agrestis canina*) when they are sick, to promote vomiting. I have seen a cat mistake the blade of barley for this grass, which evinces that it is an acquired knowledge. Mr. Leonard, a very intelligent friend of mine, saw a cat catch a trout by darting upon it in deep, clear water, at the mill at Weaford near Lichfield. The cat belonged to Mr. Stanley, who had often seen her catch fish in the same manner in summer, when the mill pool was drawn so low that the fish could be seen. I have heard of other cats taking fish in shallow water as they stood on the bank.

"Many of our shrubs which would otherwise afford an agreeable food to horses, are armed with thorns and prickles, as the holly, hawthorn, gooseberry, gorse. In the extensive moorlands of Staffordshire, the horses have learned to stamp on a gorse bush with one of their fore feet for a minute together, and when the points are broken, they eat it without injury. The horses in the new forest in Hampshire, are affirmed to do the same, by Mr. Gilpin; which is an art other horses in the fertile parts of the country do not possess, and prick their mouths till they bleed, if they are induced by hunger or caprice to attempt eating gorse.

"A dog, whose natural prey is sheep, is taught by man not only to leave them unmolested, but to guard them; and to hunt, to set, or to destroy other kinds of animals, as birds or vermin; and in some countries to catch fish, in others to find truffles, and to practise a great variety of tricks. Is it more surprising that the crows should teach each other that the hawk can catch less birds by the superior swiftness of his wing, and if two follow him till he succeeds in his design, that

they can by force share a part of the capture? This I have formerly observed with attention and astonishment.

"The accurate Mons. Adanson, in his voyage to Senegal, observed on the river Niger on his way to the island Griel, a great number of pelicans. 'They moved with great state like swans upon the water, and are the largest bird next to the ostrich. The bill of the one I killed was more than a foot and a half long, and the bag fastened underneath it, held twenty-two pints of water. They swim in flocks, and form a large circle which they contract afterwards, driving the fish before them with their legs. When they see the fish in sufficient number confined in this space, they plunge their bill wide open into the water and shut it again with great quickness; they thus get fish into their throat-bag, which they eat afterwards on shore at their leisure.'"

Migrations. It is on these occasions that the energy and the intelligence of animals is peculiarly developed; that it must combine tradition and experience with a sublime courage, with a true calculation of its resources, with characters fitted to command and lead, and capacity in the rest, of intelligent obedience.

The conditions of the problem are numerous: — 1st. The disadvantages of the present location and of the approaching season, must be duly appreciated. 2d. Attraction for a change being generally demonstrated, there must be faith in the existence of the new desired places and climates, and in their power of reaching them. This implies faith in God, in an overruling providence who proportions attractions to destinies. It matters not at all that the swallow, the bison, the squirrel, or the salmon, write no metaphysics or theology; they have faith in God, and in the mathematical justice of his providence. Without this and its implied corollary of "attractions proportioned to essential destinies," they could not migrate any further than food and other sensible attractions lay immediately before them. Every creature that combines the faith, the traditionary knowledge, the intelligent calculation of circumstances, and the aptitude to command and obey, implied in the act of migration and its antecedents, proves in itself the dominance of the spiritual over the material element, and its right to a future existence. Their mode of life, hitherto pursued, must submit to an entire change. Vast unknown tracts of land or sea must be traversed. Experienced guides must be selected, the dangers of the elements and of the attacks of hostile tribes must be braved, unity of plan and direction must be steadily persevered in for many days and even weeks, at the same time that the exigencies of the day are provided for. When you have

said that all this is done by a necessary instinct, what have you explained? Why obscure our minds and deceive our hearts by such unmeaning sophistry? The facts remain the same, and there is no clue to their meaning, but that of Universal Analogy, which always infers from similar effects similar causes. These creatures are under no necessity thus to migrate, except in the more abstruse signification of necessity under which all action whatsoever falls. The proof that no special necessity exists, is, that the same species migrate in some countries and not in others; that in the same place some individuals migrate and some remain, and that the direction of their migration changes in different years and conditions. The swallow is said to remain all the year round near the sources of the Nile. In cold climates it has the choice of migrating or becoming torpid, and numbers have been frequently found in banks of earth, and in caves, in this state, from which they have been revived by the warmth of a fire. "The calculations of birds of passage, though generally true, are not unerring, since from having overrated their strength, or by distress of weather, they have been seen to drown by thousands in the sea, or settled on ships quite exhausted with fatigue. Others have arrived in countries where they were never seen before, either exploring, or having mistaken their way, or driven by storms, thus evidently subject to the same hazards that man undergoes in the execution of his artificial purposes."

The Quail, the Chaffinch, the Hoopoe, Chatterer, Hawfinch, Crows, Kingdove, Stare, and others too numerous to be mentioned here, have been observed by Mr. Pennant and other naturalists, to migrate only partially and at uncertain times. It is a matter of common observation, that these migrations are preceded by large public assemblies and vociferous councils, and that the body is marshaled by a leader and sentinels. In Tartary and in Texas, where horses run wild, this is seen on a magnificent scale.

In every animal as in man, we must distinguish the faculties into two classes: organic aptitudes or instincts, and special developments upon this basis consisting of knowledge and refinement acquired by education. God, in the distribution of attraction, determines the first. Man and other creatures co-operating with God, evolve the second. For example in language. The tones of love or of anger, the expressions of any strong passion in sound, countenance or gesture, are at once intelligible through an organic sympathy: not only do men of all countries whose language is entirely different, understand each other, but infants and all

the races of the animal kingdom meet here on a common ground. Then in the effort to refine upon the shades of meaning, unfolding the series of sounds, figures and motions co-ordinated to each passion, the creature proceeds according to the special type of its own being.—Man uses one method of articulation. Each other creature has one conformed in energy, modulation and variety to the degree and mode of its passionate development.

All are capable, to the extent that they sympathise with other creatures, of learning their language. Man is capable of learning that of all inferior creatures, and each inferior creature such parts of human language as correspond to that part of man's nature of which it is the special hieroglyphic. Passion or attraction being the sole motive power or expression of God's will in his creatures, no language of any sort can exist but as the expression of some shade of passion. In proportion as the passions are intenser and more direct in their manifestation, will the language be more readily and universally intelligible.

In accordance with the perversion and compression of the passions which obtains during an epoch of incoherent interests, is the confusion of Babel which now reigns in artificial language; rendering that of each creature for the greater part unintelligible to any other creature; that of one nation of men to other nations, even that of every individual man intelligible only to a limited number of sympathetic minds. When we consider how little we really understand of each other, we shall be more ready to concede to the language of animals an expressiveness which we have not yet penetrated.

This language is much more an acquired development than we generally suspect. "Rabbits, in the cold climates where they burrow in the earth, as they cannot easily articulate sounds, have to give the alarm to each other by thumping on the ground with one of their hinder feet, thus producing a sound that can be heard a great way by animals near the surface of the earth." "The dogs in the Island of Juan Fernandez never barked until some European dogs were put among them, and then they gradually began to imitate them, but in a strange manner at first, as if they were learning a thing that was not natural to them." (Voyage to South America by Don G. Juan and Don Antonio d'Ulloa. B. 2, C. 4.) European dogs carried to Guinea are said in three or four generations to cease to bark, and only howl like the dogs native on that coast. Kircherus mentions that young nightingales that are hatched under other birds, never sing until they are instructed by the company

of other nightingales." We remark a great disparity in the song of our own mocking-bird. The intelligence and the sentiment both of men and other creatures are evidently very much cramped in expression by their organic structure in its present low or brute condition. How many human beings long to utter themselves in music and cannot! How little, except through their actions, can the dog or the elephant express of their conceptions! The dogs prove indeed how readily he catches the whole gist of a conversation on subjects within his own sphere of interests. Some Bevis or Maida has fallen under every one's notice. Examples illustrating the deliberate adaptation of means to ends, of tentative experiments, of goods attained after sufferings of the opposite evils, and of struggle to success through failure, might fill more books than the earth could contain; for they would not be isolated instances here and there, but the consecutive history of every individual creature that exists. Philosophy has imbued us with the most singular prejudices in regard to the whole subject. We grope in the darkest materialism, which like a cataract shuts our eyes to the grandeur and beauty of life. What a disclosure, when we shall wake up some morning and see in every fellow being an immortal soul, filled with infinite capacities, with divine aspiration—some morning when humanity shall understand itself, and brothers and friends so long separated and falsified, by the tyranny of incoherence, shall fall into each others arms with tears of joy and reconciliation.

As to our humbler fellow creatures, each of which types some special development of the passions and characters harmonized by the Serial mathematics, the basis of their rights lies here: that whatever faculties they possess, call them instinct, sentiment, propensities, attractions, what you will, are their own, just as much their own, a privilege and a consciousness to them, as what we have is ours.

To be Continued.

A NEW ADVOCATE OF FOURIERISM. The Express of Wednesday contained the following:

"Insurance against Sickness. There is a bill before the Legislature of Massachusetts for the incorporation of Health Insurance Companies. The design of these institutions is to insure their customers (on their paying a small sum per annum) a certain sum per week during any incidental sickness throughout the term of one year. This strikes us as not being a very bad idea."

It is consoling to see such a paper as the Express unconsciously endorsing the very principles that it is generally so rabid in abuse of. The Express was probably not aware that the plan of mutual

insurance against sickness is nothing but a piece of "Fourierism." — *Tribune*.

O'CONNELL. I am sorry to say that Mr. O'Connell is exhibiting physical decay to an extent not anticipated by his friends, or even medical advisers. In the House of Commons he speaks in so low and feeble a tone, that it is perfectly distressing to listen to him, and think what a fine, round, sonorous, jocund voice was his but a few years ago. He is said to be suffering from a disease of the heart, and no doubt the same has been accelerated lately by the unhappy division in the repeal camp. I know that the conduct of Mr. Smith O'Brien and the Young Irelanders have caused him much anguish. His mental powers have lost none of their vigor; his speeches reading as powerful and unctious as ever. — *Cor. Jour. Com.*

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

THE VILLAGE GIRL.

Under the iced wintry boughs
All cheerily on worked she.
"In the dear God's love and tender smile
How fair is the earth to me!"
Thus merrily sang she as she walked
And musingly to herself she talked,
"In God's sweet smile and his love so free,
How dear is the earth to me!"

Day after day in her father's house
How heartily on toiled she;
O ne'er could child to a father's want
More lovingly faithful be.
Her arm was strong and her hand was brown,
But its touch through love was soft as down.
And still she sang as sings the bee
At its summer toil unceasingly,
In God's sweet smile and his love so free,
How dear is life and the world to me!

In the light of a passionate dream,
Wildered, wildered, wandered she,
Her childhood's angel was by her side;
Ah me that her eyes might see!
But the true soul wakes, the tempter fled,
The angel straight to her bosom sped,
And cheerily by her father's side
She sang in her maiden hope and pride,
In God's sweet smile and his love so free,
How dear is life and the world to me!

In the golden Autumn's softening light
Still cheerfully tottereth she,
Widowed and childless, withered and old,
With fourscore tired years and three;
Her voice is broken, her lips are chill,
Yet with nature's voices chime they still,
As her hand from her worn staff she raises,
And as in her girlhood, heaven still praises,
In God's dear smile and his love so free,
How blessed is life and the world to me!

DITHYRAMBIC.

BY GOETHE.

Never, believe me,
Appear the Divine ones,
Never alone.
Scarce have I Bacchus, the waker of joy,
But Love is there also, the laughing young boy;
Phœbus, the Lordly, consents to make one.

They're coming, they're near us,
The Deities all,
With Gods is now filling
The poor earthly hall.

Say, how can I take
Child of the earth here,
Guests from on high?
Grant me, like you, ye Gods, deathless to live!
What offering for you hath a mortal to give?
Up to Olympus, O, help me to fly!
Joy dwells only
Where deities sup;
O, fill me the nectar,
O, reach me the cup!
Reach him the cup!
Pour for the bard,
Hebe, pour free!
Sprinkle his eye-sight with heaven's bedewing,
That the Styx, the detested, he may not be view-
ing,
But one of our own may suppose him to be!
It gushes, it sparkles,
The fount of the skies!
How peaceful the bosom!
How radiant the eyes!

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1847.

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.

CELEBRATION OF FOURIER'S BIRTH-DAY IN NEW YORK.

The Seventh of April was celebrated in New York by a larger number of persons than usual. The course of Lectures on Association now going on in that city has increased very considerably the ranks of the Cause, and a good proportion of our friends were gathered together on this occasion. At about half-past six in the evening, the company sat down to a modest but elegant dinner at a hall in Houston Street, with that enthusiastic veteran, F. GRAIN, Esq., as Chairman. After the repast had been enjoyed, Mr. Grain introduced the more peculiar business of the evening, in some remarks full of feeling and spirit, of which we unfortunately have no copy. Their main purport was gratitude in the recurrence of a day so rich in glorious recollections, and so full of prophetic hopes. After the applause elicited by Mr. Grain's brief speech had subsided, Mr. DANA, in behalf of the Committee, rose to read the regular toasts. After briefly alluding to the unexpectedly full attendance, which he said was to be regarded as a happy omen, and expressing the conviction that in the progress of the cause we should in due season not only see the day greeted by large and enthusiastic crowds of friends, but should see laid wisely, deep-

ly and immovably the foundation of that Social Order discovered by him who had made the day immortal, which, when complete in its beneficence would draw the whole human family around the table of its daily abundance. Mr. Dana then went on to read the toasts, which we give in their order together, although between them there were frequent interludes of speeches and conversation.

We had hoped to give full accounts of the speeches generally, but owing to an unfortunate indisposition, Mr. O. DYER, the famous phonographic writer, through whose skill and kindness we are enabled to present the following reports, was unable to write, except during a part of the evening.

1. *The Memory of Charles Fourier.*—The Thinker, the Philanthropist, and the Christian; who, like Le Verrier, has discovered a new world by the power of a sublime calculus,—a world of Beauty and Justice and Truth and Joy, which shall be the indestructible inheritance of every human soul, and in which the whole human race, co-operating zealously for the highest welfare of each other, will exhibit a Harmony, now but imperfectly typified in the Harmony of the Spheres.

2. *Our Friends in Europe and America.*—Now celebrating the birth-day of the immortal genius, who has given the Science of Universal Unity to mankind: may its observance kindle them to a more cordial sympathy with each other, and more determined efforts for their suffering fellow-men, that the birthday of regenerated Humanity may soon be celebrated by all the dwellers upon our planet, who, circling their hands around the globe, in sincere and fraternal communion, shall sing their grateful praises to a common Father, for the fruits of a redeemed Earth, for the shower and sunshine of a genial Heaven, and for the overflowing blessing of a true, Christian Society.

3. *The Reformers.*—Who in various spheres are striving to correct the evils and wrongs that inhere in our modern Civilization, men and women animated by a holy zeal in behalf of their convictions, and a sleepless devotion to the good of Humanity: may their hands be made sure, their hearts strong, and their judgment wise; and may the ends they seek soon be attained in the birth of that social unity in which the best energies of man will no longer need to be expended in the removal of Evil, but can do their appropriate work in the creation and dissemination of Good!

4. *A Free Soil, and the abolition of all Monopoly of Land.*—The greatest and most comprehensive political question now before the people of this country: may the period soon arrive when Truth and Justice shall triumph in this matter; when we may have the satisfaction of knowing that the public domain of a Free Nation can no longer be prostituted to the selfishness of unprincipled gamblers and speculators. The Earth is the Lord's; let his children be joint tenants, and not one defrauded of his birthright, a foothold upon the soil.

5. *The Organization of Labor.*—The question of questions for the nineteenth century, demanding the thoughts and sympathies of the best minds and the best hearts, the world over; for when Labor shall once have been organized, the reign of Universal Peace, Plenty, Order, Happiness, and Religion, will have commenced, and the Kingdom of God, so long since prophesied by Seers, so earnestly desired by Good Men, and so constantly prayed for by all Churches, be established upon the Earth forever.

6. *Mutual Guarantees.*—The practical form of true human brotherhood, now gradually extending through society by means of Odd Fellowship, Mutual Life Insurance, Mutual Insurance against Sickness, Working Men's Protective Unions for the purpose of furnishing goods to their members at wholesale cost, &c. &c. This tendency not only justifies the wisdom of Fourier who foretold it, but is one of the strongest

evidences of progress in the world. God speed the time when Mutual Guarantees shall become universal, knitting all men together in the bonds of common interest and positive charity.

7. The Scientific Discoveries and Inventions of the Present Time.—The Steamboat and Railroad, transporting persons and the products of industry from place to place with a rapidity and certainly never before dreamed of, and bringing the inhabitants of remote countries into near and friendly intercourse; the Magnetic Telegraph, annihilating space, and in the twinkling of an eye conveying intelligence to the ends of the earth. Who, in view of these wonderful achievements, does not feel that nothing in the way of Good is impossible to Human Energies!

8. Domestic and Agricultural Association.—The profoundly significant terms by which the Combined Order was originally distinguished by its illustrious discoverer, — Association, — in which the individual completes himself by union with his brethren, and man gains the full scope of his powers; the design of the Divinity in his creation; the goal of the great impulses working through the ages; the end of the noblest tendencies of the present time, as well as of all our own hopes and labors; — let us again renew our pledges of devotion to the highest interests of Humanity in its career to this blessed and foreordained condition!

9. Education.—The birthright of every child that is born into the world, — an education which shall develop every power, moral, intellectual, and physical, to its highest and most harmonious perfection, till every member of our common brotherhood shall be able to enjoy every blessing of existence, and stand before his fellow, and in the presence of his Maker, in the noblest sense of the word, A MAN.

10. The Integral Independence of Woman.—With a right to the control of her own property and person; with an equal opportunity with all for acquiring and enjoying the means of existence, and the free development of her faculties, Woman, no longer the slave of Man, will become his refiner, his consolation, and his friend.

11. The Armies of the Future.—Not devoted to destructive and ensanguined War, always horrible and always wicked, but organized to go forth as the trained-bands of Industry, to execute magnificent national enterprises binding distant continents together, to conquer wild wastes by peaceful cultivation and diffuse abundance and blessedness among every people. May the time soon come when nations shall learn no more the awful discipline of murderous conflict, devastating and blasting the earth, but when every sword shall be beaten into a ploughshare, and every spear into a pruning-hook; when every hill shall be cut down, and every valley exalted, and Humanity shall go forth in glory to make straight the highway of the Lord!

12. Art.—The expression of Wisdom and Goodness in forms of eternal Beauty, its refining and elevating influences should be extended to all men, to soften the asperities of nature, and to encircle every walk of life, even the humblest, with a radiant and glorious Ideal.

13. UNIVERSAL UNITY.

After the toast in memory of Fourier had been read, Mr. Godwin, being called upon by the chair, rose and said:

I had supposed when I took an interest in the cause of Association, that my vocation would be to engage in a forlorn hope. But I find that this evening, I am called upon for a different service. I am to speak in reply to the toast just read, which is the easiest to speak to, which is so full in itself, so suggestive, so inexhaustible that the very babe and suckling might say something at least upon it. You have listened to a sentiment to the memory of CHARLES FOURIER. I shall not undertake on this occasion, to eulogise him or to give his history. You have so recently heard, at our lectures

the brilliant and profound discourse of Mr. Ripley, upon the life and character of Fourier, that all attempts of a similar character on my part, have been anticipated. Besides, perhaps the best homage that we can pay to the memory of that great man, is to stand in humble silence before him, for he is greater than we are, and as the German poet beautifully says,

"When the greater appear

Let all inferior hold their tongues." [Applause.]

Yet the occasion demands that we should say something, and I will say a few words out of the abundant treasure of words and feelings, that are in my heart on the subject of Charles Fourier. One thing at least is certain: How great soever may be the quibbles that may be raised against him, innumerable as may be the objections, that may be supposed to exist, to his character and his system, one thing I say is certain, that he was an original, self-dependant, providential man. He was original in the time of his appearance, original and singular as to the nature of his discoveries, and I hope that he will prove himself to be as original and singular in the influence that he is destined to exert upon the opinions and habits of society. I have said that he is original as to the time of his appearance. Consider it, gentlemen, when did this man arise! Let me carry you back a few years, to the time when destruction and desolation was the order of the day — when minds, universally, seemed to have been thrown into a wild chaos of turmoil and strife; when old systems, having no longer a support in the faith of men, were going to decay, when new systems, exciting wild and extravagant hopes were just taking root in the public, when all was tumult and agitation and conflict, when, in fact, there was no system, no order, no stability in society. It was the period of the French Revolution. Men were mad with excitements, and governed by the wildest impulses. While this strange whirlwind of passion was deepening, and sweeping on, and carrying all things with it, there sat in a lonely chamber, in an obscure village of France, a young man unknown to fame, without ancestral honors, without grounds, as many would have supposed, for personal distinction, alone in his garret, no, not alone, for he had with him his own immortal thoughts and God. [Great applause.] This young man to whom I have referred was then meditating and thinking, was, I may say, in the birth-throes of a mighty system of truth, which was utterly opposed to every thing that had preceded it, and destined to a world-wide influence for good.

That young man was Charles Fourier; and while his compatriots were driven

along by this tempest of revolution and destruction, he was calmly working out the grand principles of a constructive philosophy, which should prove adequate to the wants of a world, which should cover and meet the wants of every one of God's creatures upon earth. He had no sympathy with the destructives of his era. While others were pulling down he was building up. He was raising, for the future, that glorious edifice which was to contain the whole of Humanity, the least as well as the greatest. [Applause.]

Fourier, then, was original in the time of his appearance, he was original in the nature of the system which he brought forth, and I may add, that he was original further in this respect, that he proposed not a temporary or partial reform for this evil or that evil which he saw or fancied he saw, but that he proposed a remedy for all evils, that his object was the good of all humanity, that his desire was to produce no temporary satisfaction for temporary wants, but the satisfaction of all the great eternal desires of the soul as it was created by God.

He was original in the means by which he arrived at his discoveries, as he was original in the discoveries themselves. The manner in which he was led to the great truths, which he has revealed to the world, is known to you all. His heart seemed to be oppressed by the falsehood, the injustice, the duplicity, the oppression, the carnage that everywhere prevailed. He was sensitive to all of these, and in his loneliness, his sympathy, he prayed to the universal Father, that it might be revealed to man, how he could escape from this awful wilderness of a world, in which he wandered like an outcast.

The first great thought of Fourier was, that the whole of society had been organized, or rather, that the whole of society had proceeded without organization, upon the plan of universal selfishness. Can this be correct? Is it the destiny of man upon earth, that he shall be, from his cradle to his grave, a denizen of a valley of wo, a sufferer in all his relations with his fellow beings? Can this be truth? Fourier, relying upon his conviction that there is a God of wisdom and of goodness at the head of this Universe, said emphatically, "No. This is not the world that was fitted up by an all-wise and loving Father for the abode of his children. This state of things is not a result of God's providence, it is not a divine, a celestial result." [Applause.]

"God," says he, "is the same throughout creation. When I investigate the natural world, I find the most beautiful design there; when I enter the moral world, I find the same capability for harmony, but alas! all is confusion

and discord. Is society alone shut out from the cares of the Divinity? No. God has composed a social code for man, and it must be discovered if man would be in unity with God, with himself and with external nature." [Applause.] This was the task that he undertook to perform, and I am prepared to maintain, against all adversaries, that he has discovered that code. By the principle of attraction and the law of the series, he points you to every object in creation, and shows, that 'attractions are proportional to destinies,' in all cases, that the whole material world is subject to this all pervading law of attraction, and that every creature is under the influence of the same force. If, then, to every object in creation, in every sphere of existence, these laws are applicable, why are they not applicable to society?

Among a thousand other things, Fourier has been accused, by his opponents, of a want of religion. But in my estimation his system is the most pre-eminently religious one, that was ever proposed to the human mind, — religious in its origin — religious by the means by which it proposes to carry itself out, and religious in its results. It was religious in its origin, because Fourier wished to ascertain the divine law in relation to society. He did not say, what shall I imagine or invent, but, 'what is the law which God has made?' [Applause.]

It is equally religious in itself, because it requires the good of the whole of Humanity. It will be religious in its results because it proposes to unite all men together as a band of brothers, children of the same father, moving on to the same eternal destiny, bound to each other by ties the strongest that the human mind can conceive. Religion in the etymology of the word is to unite, *Religio, to bind together*. This is the instinctive conception of the human heart of what is called religion. It is union, communion; and when this communion is made universal, we have the formula of Fourier, unity with nature by co-operative industry, unity with man by harmonious civil relations, and, unity with God by a universal, integral worship. [Great applause.]

Upon the toast to "Our Friends," Mr. DANA spoke as follows:

I cannot allow this sentiment to pass by without a few words. When we speak of our friends, as we have just done, we use the words with no merely ordinary meaning. They are not our friends by the simple ties of common relationship. Many of them, whose names we most honor and cherish, are personally unknown to us, but yet we instinctively know that there is a bond between us

which distance has not weakened and which time cannot destroy. We belong to them and they to us; we are their friends, because, seeing the evils and corruptions of Humanity, they have at the same time been able to open their eyes to the truth, to apprehend what and where is the remedy, and, more than that, to devote their best energies to making it accessible to all men.

In Paris, the number of Associationists who assemble annually to celebrate this day is something like eight hundred, more or less. They are now probably about breaking up, the day there being much more advanced than with us. They have doubtless enjoyed an evening of enthusiasm, of joy, in the successes of the past, and of mutual refreshing and encouragement for the future. That party, as they pass forth from the hall of festivity, presents, in some respects, many striking contrasts. It is made up of men from all ranks of life. Every grade and class of society has contributed to it. It has brought together men of official dignity, men of science, generals, scholars, artists, poets, exiles from fallen nations. There is the noble, whose breast is decorated with orders and crosses; the soldier, whose sole mark of his achievements is not the splendid tokens of his rank; the savan, whose name is insignia enough, side by side with the artisan who has no other distinctions than that he gives his life in silent toil to the world. [Applause.]

It would, perhaps, be invidious to mention particular names in this convention. Our love and admiration are, at the moment, given rather to the collective unity of the French Associationists than to the chosen and select few among them. They are all dear to us. We hold them and their labors in the recesses of our hearts. The fidelity, the zeal, the patience, the universal and unselfish devotion of their means and their minds to the cause, must command our warmest approbation, must excite in us a deep and lasting affection. May they do more than this; may they excite in us a noble and undying emulation! May they arouse us to go and do likewise! [Applause.] Let us be worthy to be called the brethren of such laborers in the field of Humanity. Let us prove that the all-conquering, electric inspiration, which has stirred them to such efforts and such successes, which has enabled them to establish the cause in France as we see it established, has been bestowed on us also. That is an electricity more potent, more resistless than any material magnetism; it is the highest electricity of the soul, and it is because it thinks and radiates through them, because it flows through them as through its natural channels, that we feel more than an individual sentiment

when we call them "our friends." [Applause.]

Of our friends in Boston, who are at this moment engaged in services similar to those for which we are here united, I confess that I cannot think without a sense of envy. Their festivities are attended by ladies as all festivities should be, but as ours, by our misfortune, not by our fault, are not. Besides the sentiments and speeches proper to the occasion, they are cheered by that magical, that refining sympathy which flows from the presence of Woman. Their enthusiasm gathers a new glow as it is reflected from the features of beauty which the same enthusiasm has heightened. In dancing and in music they find an expression for the feelings of the heart which is denied to us; but let us hope that another year may see us equally favored, and may show that in New York, also, the doctrine of Association has awakened in more than a few cases, that generous and beautiful devotion so peculiar to the loftiest, the most delicate and most fascinating character of Woman. [Applause.]

But, to return to our former train of thought. We are bound to our friends in America, and I speak particularly of those in Boston, as that is the place with which we are best perhaps acquainted, not only by the supreme tie of devotion to the cause of Humanity but by a common language, common origin, and all the relations of nationality and neighborhood. But beyond this, we know them personally, and know their worth and their services. Or rather, I should say that we know some of them, for they are increasing so rapidly in that quarter that we have a certain strange, though grateful satisfaction in feeling that we cannot at any time be sure we know them all. To many of us they are connected by the relations of warm, personal friendship; to me, certainly, by a long and endearing intercourse, the fruits of which, if I can adequately manifest in my life and action, not I alone shall be fortunate. [Applause.]

With some of those friends it was my privilege for years to stand shoulder to shoulder in a desperate crusade in which it was not our fault that we were beaten. We did our best in that protracted and difficult struggle, and when the time came we retreated from the field. We were beaten, but the truths for which we contended were not. They were only confirmed and elucidated by all our experiences. What was hope, was for us changed into conviction; what was conviction, became certainty immovable. Out of our feeble and ignorant efforts we perceived clearly the true nature of the enterprise, and if we were vanquished by circumstances we only learned from it how all circumstances can surely be made

to contribute to future triumphs. Nor am I ready to believe that our efforts in themselves were useless or were wasted, abortive though they may seem. I have too deep a faith in the vital efficacy of truth to believe so. They were spent sincerely for the noblest of ends. That seed once planted is eternal, let come what frosts and mildews there may. It springs perennial up to the throne of God from whence its life still issues,—yes, and though cast forth by the hand of a child, it shall yet spread aloft its mature branches in strength and beauty and glory, and all the tribes of men shall rest beneath its shade. [Applause.]

No matter for all failures. What are such failures to the great movement of Humanity, what to the power and certainty of God's serene and all-embracing laws? Failures are only temporary; they come from some error or defect of ours, and the part of true wisdom is, with no thought or feeling of discouragement to put them to use; not to be conquered by them, but to lead them subdued and serviceable in our own triumphs. Let us have faith, living and inspiring faith in the truth, and we have triumphed already, or rather the truth has triumphed through us. I trust that here in New York we have this faith, this devotion. I trust it will be kindled and fed this evening. So we may have the assurance that our weak and obscure efforts contribute more directly perhaps than even the labors of better and greater men, to the Future of Humanity. Yes, my friends, we may ourselves do something to that great end. We may co-operate immediately with the inmost impulses of the age. It can need no other summons than to be aware of the fact for us earnestly and solemnly to resolve in this behalf to be and to do the utmost that is possible, so that we may in truth be named the friends, not only of the Associationists of Paris, of France, of Boston, and of all other places in this country and in all countries, but of all men upon whom the sun rises and for whom the common air of heaven is poured around the globe! [Applause.]

After Mr. Dana had concluded, Mr. BRISBANE rose and remarked as follows:

Mr. Chairman: I will add a few words to what my friend has just said. The Seventh of April is already celebrated in nearly all the great cities on the globe. It is celebrated in one hundred towns in France, in Algiers which belongs to France, in Germany, in Brazil and Chili; in the far island of Madagascar, and still farther India, in all these regions and these places this great cause of Association has gained its friends. Thousands of hearts in these places are grateful to the great, and daring, and patient, and

God-gifted genius who saw through the black and hellish chaos of stupidity, deceit and crime, in which society has been so long plunged, and predicted that there was a sun to arise which by its powerful rays would dispel the noxious vapors of a false civilization, and scatter far and wide the blessings of a higher order of society.

And now, my friends, Fourier said that when all humanity should be united upon this globe, that the sun should pass the equinox and commence its new reign upon earth, the whole race, united phalanx by phalanx in one grand brotherhood from the north pole to the south, would stand hand in hand and chant a chorus of universal unity. As if to fulfil the announcement, even now the sun in all his career meets with the cities and villages where this day is celebrated. [Applause.] It is but ten years since that great old man went down into the grave, and already wherever the sun goes, there are places where his birth day is celebrated by full and happy hearts. Was it not then a prophecy? It was indeed, and it gives me much gratification to offer in conjunction with this little band a testimony of thanks for the birth of the great genius who uttered it.

Mr. RYCKMAN replied to the third toast. He gave a history of the manner in which he was led to enlist in the ranks of reform. He had had his attention turned to the condition of society by witnessing the manner in which the lands out west were picked up by unprincipled speculators. He brooded upon it till he determined to be a reformer. He began to agitate for the freedom of the public lands. At length he came to New York for the purpose of getting up something more radical. When he had exhausted all his means, he made the important discovery that some one had been teaching higher doctrine and more of it. A certain Charles Fourier had discovered the reform of reforms, which was nothing less than Association. He found that it embraced the principles of his reform. He found a band of persons trying to do all the good they could, and he engaged with them. Mr. Ryckman went on to speak of his experiences in the way of reform and the conclusions to which he had been led. He drew from life the ideal of a true reformer. His speech, of which we have no notes, was received with the liveliest expressions of applause, and when it was understood to whom he was alluding in his description, the audience broke forth into enthusiasm for the gentleman named.

Before the reading of the fourth toast, the following note was handed in from Mr. GREELEY who was necessarily ab-

sent. Mr. Greeley's name was received with cheers, which showed how deep a hold he has here as well as elsewhere upon the heart of the people.

To the Party now celebrating the Birthday of Fourier:

FRIENDS: Feasts are for the prosperous, the successful, the honored; for the conqueror returning crowned with laurels; hardly for the weary soldier who pauses on the verge of a doubtful battle-field to count the overwhelming numbers of the adverse host, and feels that in all save Truth and Good the odds are immensely against him. Unwell, intensely occupied, and not particularly inclined to feasting, I shall be obliged to deny myself the pleasure of your company this evening, and the only regret this causes me arises from the apprehension that perhaps some friend may be among you whose enjoyment may be lessened by my absence. In case any such should name me to you this evening, please accept this as my apology for non-attendance, and unite with me, if you think proper, in this sentiment:

The Earth and those who would gladly live by cultivating it,—What God has joined together let not Man put asunder.

Yours, truly,

HORACE GREELEY.

NEW YORK, April 7th, 1847.

Speeches were made by Mr. BRISBANE and others on the toast to Association, and on some of the other toasts, but with the following single exception, no notes were taken. After the toast to the Armies of the Future, Mr. GODWIN rose and said:

Mr. Chairman: If no other person intends to speak, in response to the toast just read, I will beg leave to offer a few thoughts which it has awakened in my mind. It is a pertinent toast. Its spirit hits our times externally and our present condition internally.

The war with Mexico, in which we are as a nation at this time engaged, is about as justifiable a war, perhaps, as most wars that have been waged. I think very few wars, if any, are justifiable. We are at war with Mexico. We send down our fleets and our armies to annihilate her cities, to blot out her villages, to slaughter her sons and daughters, to spread desolation over her plains and to fill her homes with mourning and anguish. Is this the course that we should pursue towards that unhappy people?

Since the beginning of her career as a republic, through all the phases of her singular existence, from the character of her people, from inherited political evils, and perhaps, from causes lying far back of these, Mexico has been a distracted

nation. Sad, indeed, is her history. Anarchy has reigned in her councils. fraud and corruption have administered her laws. Revolutions and convulsions and carnage have marked the cycles in her life. And shall we, who are strong and prosperous and proud, shall we add to her misery, her degradation? Is this the part of a wise and magnanimous nation? Suppose you should see a stout, well-fed and well-dressed man in the streets beating a poor, half-famished, ragged, sickly boy. What, think you, would be your feelings towards the man? Why, if you are human, you would say he had acted a most despicable part, and your bosom would swell with indignation against the base perpetrator of such an outrage. [Applause.]

I do not so much regret the loss of the money squandered in this Mexican war, as I do that loss of self-respect — of true national dignity, of the feeling of universal benevolence, which will be the inevitable consequence of this war, or of any other war in which we may engage. Our hearts and minds are filled with rumors of this conflict. Every day we are looking with the intensest anxiety for fresh news from the field of battle. We are waiting to hear how our troops deported themselves in the murderous strife, what towns have been battered down, what cities destroyed, what villages laid waste. And as we read the glowing descriptions of desperate conflicts that tell of thousands slain, our hearts leap joyously within our breasts, our countenances glow with delight, and we give vent to our exultation, in public dinners and celebrations and bon-fires and illuminations. This is the feeling which all wars produce, — the feeling of inhumanity, the feeling of utter and total depravity, which is their inevitable result. When we read the description of a battle, of the long-drawn lines of opposing forces, of the spirited charge — the repulse — the renewed onset — the shout of encouragement and the answering yell of defiance — the desperate struggle — the victory, — we share in our feelings all the glories of the field. But there are more stirring incidents in war, than these.

At the sacking of Monteroy, I think it was, a Mexican girl, young, and beautiful as a gazelle, was engaged in carrying water to the soldiers of the American army. While this angelic creature was thus engaged in her work of mercy and of love, suddenly she was cut down — swept from time to eternity, by a ball from the American army, to whose sufferings she was administering. This, to me, is one of the stirring incidents of war.

A Mexican soldier at Vera Cruz, young

and buoyant with hope, was writing home to his family, and recently-married wife whom he had left there, and while he was thus writing, pouring forth from his heart the thoughts of love and tenderness for one, whom he fondly hoped once more to clasp to his bosom, — a ball, hurled from an engine of death without the city, came sweeping in its murderous course through the room and across the table, and blotted out, with his own heart's blood, the words which, in obedience to the dictates of that heart, he had penned to his young bride. This also, is to me, a stirring incident of war.

I have read, too, of one who has occupied high stations in the hearts and the admiration of his country, who has, in his old age, retired from the busy scenes of public life, to his beautiful home in the West, there to spend his declining years in peace and quietness. He has been followed thither by the heartfelt acknowledgments of his countrymen, and the blessings of a grateful people, by the respect of two hemispheres. In the midst of all this excitement, he learns that his last, his dearest, only son, on whom he centered all his affections, to whose future he looked for the consummation of his own aspirations, is suddenly cut off; gone, gone forever! I refer to Mr. Clay and his son, — another strong incident!

I read, too, this afternoon just before I came to this meeting, how a member of some regiment, I believe from Arkansas, had been deprived of his life, and how the regiment rushed out in hot blood, and sacrificed the lives of some twenty or thirty Mexicans. The officer who went to quell the excitement found assembled a company of females, who demanded of him their husbands. They cried: "You have slaughtered our people, you have desolated our cities, and would you now take from us our husbands!" "Alas!" said the officer, "I am afraid they are all dead, let us go and see." When they arrived at the place of carnage, they found a little child kneeling by the side of one of the dead bodies, and endeavoring to wipe the blood from the face of the corpse; and when they asked him, "Child, do you know that person?" he replied, with tears streaming down his cheeks, "Yes, Cavalier, I think it is my father." These, to me, are the stirring incidents of war!

Yet war having been so universal, there must be something in it attractive and true to human nature. But it is not the shedding of blood. It is not the love of carnage, which has led men to thrust the dagger into each others hearts. No, it is not this. It is the parade, the music, the opportunity for distinction; it is the conquering of difficulties; it is the over-

coming of some vast opposing forces which gives us a consciousness of our own strength. Here is the secret of war's infatuating power. Now, cannot this great power be applied advantageously to peaceful and humane purposes? The sentiment to which I am speaking says it can. Fourier is not one of those critics that look only at the worst features of a question. He contemplates justly and profoundly whatever he examines. Fourier says that even war has its use. But his war, is the war of industrial armies upon deserts such as prevail in Africa, or upon boundless forests like those of our own country. These are objects which he would oppose, and he would send forth his legions panoplied with implements from the magazine of Peace, to conquer these obstacles, and not to ensanguine the plains with human gore, not to send hundreds of thousands of men to death. Fourier thinks all men are brothers. Mexicans or Englishmen, Americans or Russians, it matters not what clime may have given them birth, each one is connected with the other and with all; but the rugged, stern, unfriendly forces of nature, he would conquer. And I most sincerely believe, that in the conquests of these industrial armies, there will be opportunities for a far nobler and more glorious excitement, than Napoleon, Alexander, or even Gen. Taylor ever experienced. [Great applause.]

The subsequent sentiments and the remarks upon them, were received with satisfaction by the company. In the course of the evening several songs were sung, among them that noble lyric of Burns's, "A man's a man for a' that." Upon the final breaking up of the party, the sky without was found to be alive with a magnificent Aurora Borealis, the most appropriate natural illumination for the evening of the day on which the discoverer of social harmony was given to the world.

ANOTHER WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING in New York, announced in another column of the Harbinger, will take place in about a fortnight from the date of this paper. No Associationist, who can make his arrangements to attend this Convention, should fail to be present. Every member of the American Union, every friend of a social reform on the principles of attractive industry, unitary interests, and passional harmony, should spare no pains to be enabled to participate in its deliberations. We need the combined strength, the intelligent counsels, the glowing sympathies of the numerous and increasing band, now scattered throughout every

circle of society, every walk of life, every variety of position and employment, who have become convinced that the present structure of society is essentially false, that it is based on principles at war with the divine order, that it coldly neglects the dearest interests of humanity, and that nothing short of a thorough integral reform,—a reform, established on the unerring love of Providence,—a reform, which takes its character from a true, scientific analysis of the nature of man and a reverent study of the designs of God, can bring temporal salvation, the fulfilment of their destiny on earth, to the millions, who are now oppressed, degraded, downtrodden, in slavery to their own perverted passions, stained with the pollutions of vice, and crushed by the stern, relentless, and bloody mechanism of universal antagonism. The sentiment of human wrong is now widely diffused; it is burned, as with letters of fire, into many a brave and devoted heart; and a prophetic unrest announces that the era of social justice, harmony, truth, and love, is drawing nigh. Let those who share this cheering faith meet each other in counsel, and prepare for action. Let no one think to cherish his convictions in secrecy, as intellectual speculations, as favorite fancies, as unfruitful and lifeless formulas; but let them be made to bear on the great work of advancing and elevating Humanity. The possession of a vital truth is in itself an imperative summons for its application to the largest uses. There is no reason, no apology for delay. The times are ripe for action, society is groaning for redress, the white fields wave their invitation to the sickle of the reaper, and the harvest of humanity is mature for the ingathering.

We call on the friends of Associative Reform, in their individual as well as their collective capacity, to make the needful and suitable preparations for this Anniversary. By all means, let every Affiliated Union hold meetings for consultation. Let them consider the best means of advancing the Reform in their own immediate vicinity. Let them note every encouraging indication. Let them employ their best efforts to increase the number of their members, and to enlighten the public mind on the principles of the Associative Order. Let them adopt the wisest methods to enlarge the subscription to the Weekly Rent, and to secure its prompt and faithful collection. The success of our great cause essentially depends on the strength and energy of the Affiliated Unions. We need a centre of movement to give method and harmony to our operations; but the life-blood of our enterprise is to be found in the aggregate of members, who compose the

Affiliated Societies. Let there be a free circulation from the centre to the circumference and from the circumference to the centre, and our movement will show the vigor of health, and the beauty of symmetrical organization.

We have stated on a former occasion, the subjects which will necessarily occupy the attention of the Convention. We would briefly recur to them again, in order to point out to our friends in the Affiliated Unions, the absolute importance of their co-operation with the purposes of the Convention. It is for them to decide, by their enlightened concurrence in the measures suggested, and their readiness to make the necessary sacrifices for their accomplishment, whether the system of Associative Science, the laws of social harmony, shall be powerfully and worthily presented to the American people, or whether the sublime discoveries of the greatest genius of modern times shall pass into temporary oblivion, through the unfaithfulness and inefficiency of those to whom the sacred deposit has been entrusted.

A weekly publication, at least, is essential to the work of successful propagation. Nothing short of this can meet the exigencies of the occasion. A daily paper in New-York, as in Paris, would be a highly important engine. It would act on the public mind, by its constantly recurring appeals, with the certainty and effect of a natural, uniform agency. Since the establishment of the daily *Democrat* in France, the movement has attained a stability, a compactness, a vigor which give it no humble influence in the formation and guidance of public opinion. Its power is every where felt, and we may add, it is every where respected. It has gained the position of a leading authority in social affairs. Its reputation depends on its scientific character, its humanitarian spirit, and its wise application of Associative principles to the discussion of popular questions. It is the central organ of the Associative School in France,—a School, which as our readers well know, combines its full share, to say the least, of the scientific depth, freedom of mind, elevation of purpose, and brilliant eloquence, that are to be found among the scholars and philanthropists of the French metropolis. But we, in this country, are probably not prepared for such a publication at present. The obstacles to its permanent establishment are too great to be surmounted in a moment. The time will come for it, no doubt, but that time has not yet come. We must be content to wait, and work, for a season, with humbler instruments. But a weekly paper is of vital importance to every operation. It cannot be dispensed with in any department of our

movement. The Harbinger, then, must be placed on a permanent footing, with such modifications as may be thought desirable or necessary. Provision must be made for its ample support. Its editorial charge must be entrusted to hands not already burdened with other cares, but devoted entirely to its columns, or pursuits directly connected with its interests. The four volumes which are now almost completed, contain a copious depository of Associative truth; they have made a deep and favorable impression; but the value and importance of the succeeding volumes can be immeasurably increased. It belongs to the American Union, which has adopted the Harbinger as its organ, to make the needful arrangements for this end; and the Associationists, in all parts of the country, should lend their aid to its accomplishment.

Scarcely of less importance is the maintenance of the system of Lecturing, which has been so successfully commenced. The public mind is full of curiosity on the subject of Association. Its noble, humanitarian aims are respected by the best minds. Its methods are more justly appreciated, in proportion as they are correctly understood. Its spirit is gratefully welcomed by many hearts into which it has breathed new life. The people, who have been most deeply imbued with the sentiment of reform, who have looked forward with fervent, aspiring hope to the realization of social justice, are beginning to perceive that the cause of the prevailing evils of society are to be sought for beneath the surface, and that a total change in its fundamental principles is essential to a permanent and effectual remedy. They are wearied of philanthropic declamation, however beautiful and imposing. They believe that something more is necessary for the social redemption of man, than bitter denunciation of his vices, or austere appeals to his sense of duty. They see that with the existing practical arrangements of society, no general harmony, no actual union of interests, no universal co-operation of man with man, is to be expected. They know that any such hope could only grow out of ignorance or presumption. Hence, the cordial welcome with which they receive the lecturers on Association. Hence the respectful attention, the candid criticism, the profound interest, and in many cases, the glowing enthusiasm with which they listen to their expositions of social harmony. Now, this work must be sustained. The very thought of permitting it to languish, is treachery to our cause, treachery to Humanity. We are fortunate in the men who are ready to devote themselves to this duty. Their admirable qualifications for apostles of social truth to the

people have borne the test of experience. They challenge esteem and good will wherever they go. With a spirit of entire devotedness to social reform, they ask not for wealth, or position, or popularity; but are content to throw themselves upon the great heart of Humanity, and trust to their zeal in its cause even for their necessary subsistence. On no pretence whatever, should the services of those devoted pioneers of our movement, Messrs. ALLEN and ORVIS, be withdrawn from the field, in which they are now performing such a beneficent work. Disinterested, indefatigable, energetic, acquainted with the world and skilful in affairs, with powers of action and endurance such as few possess, experienced in the various reforms of the present age, devoted for life and death to the glorious cause of Association, and gifted with uncommon powers of argument and eloquence, they should be sustained in their most praise-worthy endeavors, with all the resources at the command of the movement.

But essential to every thing, and the pivot of every thing, we repeat it, and shall not cease to repeat it till we see it in operation, is a Central Office and Agency of the American Union. We do not now touch the question of its location. We do not consider its internal arrangements. These details can be decided on at a future day. But the Union must have a home, a centre of movement, a focus of light and warmth, or it will become a mere name, a nullity. There must be energy and devotedness at the centre, and energy and devotedness at the circumference, or we can have no permanent, vigorous action. The time has fully come for the Associative strength in this country to organize itself in a manner which shall disarm or defy opposition. We are in possession of a system of truth, which embodies the science of the Universe; we have a clear, definite conception of the practical objects which we wish to accomplish; we have had the experience of many years in the practical application of our principles to social life; we have a faith, bright and radiant as the noon-day sun, in the truth and value of our system; and we wish now to prepare for its realization by a well-ordered experiment, that shall convince the world.

Come on then, friends, one and all. Join heart and hand. You are all needed. You all must act. You must all be ready for exertion and sacrifice. Never did such a cause before appeal to the human heart. If you are faithful to your convictions, faithful to your means of action, faithful to the dearest hopes of Humanity, you will take this vast work in hand, and give yourselves no rest,

until you witness its triumphant accomplishment.

CLARENDON UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS. The following notice has been accidentally delayed.

At a meeting of the "Clarendon Union of Associationists," Auxiliary to the American Union of Associationists, the following officers were appointed:

WILLIAM D. MARSH, *President*.
FRIEND WEEKS, *Vice President*.
CHARLES WOODHOUSE, *Secretary*.
MRS. L. L. WOODHOUSE, *Treasurer*.

The Treasurer of the "American Union of Associationists" acknowledges the receipt of the following sums:

18 Mar. Messrs. Donaldson and Co., Cincinnati, by hand of W. H. C... \$100 00
1 Apr. Brandon, Vt., Affiliated Union,.... 5 00
5 " Mr. Hine, Tarrytown, N. Y..... 1 00
10 " Mr. A. Anderson, Waterbury, Ct.... 3 00
April 20, 1847.

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE

AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS Will be held during Anniversary Week, on TUESDAY, May 11th, in the City of NEW YORK; and it is important that the Affiliated Unions should prepare in season to send their Delegates, and that Associationists should make their arrangements to attend.

The occasion is a momentous one. The American Union of Associationists must this Spring mark out distinctly a plan of operations, and determine upon the most expeditious and economical mode of diffusing our doctrines throughout the nation, and of making ready for the practical embodiment of our principles.

For this end, the advice of the most devoted, wise and energetic friends of the movement is needed. This must be in the strongest sense of the words, a *business meeting*; where all important points of policy may be thoroughly discussed, and measures agreed upon, which being the result of the best collective judgment of the American Union, shall be found worthy of the devoted support and earnest aid of every Associationist. The next year should be as active a one, as the means and men at our command can possibly make it; and it is necessary therefore to form a clear and precise estimate, in advance, of all our resources. We have to determine upon the number and character of our publications,—to lay out the most promising fields for our lecturers,—and especially to set in motion efficient instrumentalities by which to secure active co-operation among the Affiliated Unions, so that all Associationists may feel that they are working in concert for definite objects, and that they are living members of One Body.

It is emphatically recommended, therefore:

1st. That each Affiliated Union should at once meet, and consult as to the plans which may seem best for advancing our cause most rapidly, firmly, widely. Let new members be added; let contributions be increased; let zeal and determination be strengthened; let the wants and opportunities of respective neighborhoods be carefully considered. Every Affiliated Union should form an exact estimate of the *Weekly Rent* which it can raise, and be pre-

pared to offer at the Anniversary Meeting, a PLEDGE of the amount which it will contribute for the year, or for a term of years, to the funds of the American Union. We must secure at least Fifty Dollars a week, and twice that sum if possible; and if each Union will do its part energetically, we cannot fail of the means for a brilliant success. What Association will pledge \$20, \$10, \$5, a week for three years?

2d. It is recommended, that each Associationist should consider what he or she can do to help on the movement,—what sacrifices we are ready to make for it,—what means we will consecrate to it,—what time and efforts we resolve to give to advance this cause of peace, unity, and universal good. How many Associationists there are, who could easily pledge \$100, \$50, \$10, a year, for three or five years to the propagation of Associative doctrines. And are they free not to do it? How many Associationists there are, who could subscribe \$1,000, or \$500, or \$100, towards the formation of a *Permanent Fund*, the income of which might be devoted to the diffusion of our views, while the principal should go to form a Capital for some Practical Trial, when the American Union should determine that the time had come, that the place was found, and that means and men authorized the step. Who is ready to promise a yearly or a triennial contribution, or to subscribe to the Permanent Fund? Who is not ready to do something efficient?

Now let this matter be taken in hand promptly and resolutely, with the spirit becoming those engaged in a Universal Reform,—which promises to radically cure the chronic maladies of society, and to make Man whole again,—which seeks to establish upon earth a Heavenly Order,—which offers to the world no vague hope, but definite Science,—and which commends itself to the good-sense of the most practical.

Let each Affiliated Union, let each Associationist, contribute the best counsel and simplest pecuniary supplies, at the coming Anniversary.

Where Delegates cannot be sent, and individuals cannot attend, letters may be addressed to the Union.

By order of the Executive Committee.

W. H. CHANNING,
*Domestic Corresponding Secretary of the
American Union of Associationists.*
BOSTON, March 15, 1847.

WEST ROXBURY RAILROAD AND OMNIBUS LINE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

LEAVES Brook Farm at 7 and 9 A. M., and 1 3-4 and 5 P. M. Leaves the "Toll Gate Station" on the arrival of the 8 and 11 1-2 A. M., 3 1-2 and 6 1-2 P. M., Cars from Boston.

N. R. GERRISH,
Agent.
April 5, 1847.

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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VOLUME IV.

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1847.

NUMBER 21.

MISCELLANY.

For the Harbinger.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Messrs. Editors:—The interior circle of the Associative movement must necessarily become a tower of observation as well as a centre of action, and I have sometimes thought and would now venture, even at the risk of being considered intrusive, to suggest that the time has come when there might be introduced into your paper with great advantage, a department headed "*Signs of the Times*," where every week should be noted down whatever intelligence could be gathered of every movement, however feeble, in the direction of *Universal Unity*.

I have been led to these reflections recently, by accidentally discovering, through the aid of a valued and intelligent friend, the new growth of a vigorous moral, intellectual and artistic life in the retired and to us comparatively unknown Island of Cuba. I say unknown, for what do we know of the interior life of its inhabitants, and of those secret processes, silently but surely going forward there, which are creating under its corrupt slave institutions and its degraded church organization, an order of men and women who will be in every way prepared to meet the highest action of our age, and stand side by side with its leading spirits.

Every day brings to our ports vessels laden with the luxuries of this delicious clime, and every day of this inclement season takes some drooping invalid from our unfriendly shores to breathe in new life with its balmy air. Occasionally some intelligent traveller describes the manners and customs, the external life of its people, and gives us glowing descriptions of its rich vegetation, brilliant birds, gorgeous flowers, and the nightly glories of its tropical firmament. For some, it is a brilliant garden; for others, a luxurious hospital; but never have we heard until now, (though others may have been

more fortunate,) that this "Queen of the Antilles" was rearing in her court, knights and pages, poets and heroes, and heroic poets, who would be ready at the first signal, to enter the lists of the champions of Humanity.

This garden of the West "set in the silver sea," is a garden of song, not the song of the troubadour, nor the lay of the lover; but of manly, heroic strains, such as would find their response in every true English and American heart.

There is no exciting and wide field of action in Cuba for her more manly sons; no public assemblies where they can pour out their intellectual and moral power in strains of fervid eloquence, and where perhaps is always to be found man's most legitimate sphere. No opportunities for the cultivation of the fine arts exist there, and even if they were frequent, men who are burning with an ardent zeal for liberty and bursting with aspirations for the regeneration of their beloved home, could hardly avail themselves of them. Their fervid zeal could not be repressed within the walls of a studio.

Silent they cannot be, and every hour sends forth some solemn appeal from their hearts to the beating hearts of all true men throughout the world. The half that is in them they are not permitted to utter, and what they have uttered has often cost them life and country, or has been visited upon them with a severity which has driven reason from her throne.

The oft-told tale of the young Italians, who, for the slightest expression of an aspiration for liberty or a sense of their country's wrongs, are thrown into Austrian dungeons, or banished forever from their homes, is repeated here year after year, till every poet of Cuba becomes a hero or a martyr, calmly and manfully clinging to his muse, though she leads him to the dungeon and the stake.

"And what does the muse inspire into the hearts of these her children?" it will be asked. The state of their be-

loved country and the condition of the world, demand the deepest earnestness; and God, in his goodness, has never failed to grant to the age, those spirits who could satisfy its wants. From our knowledge of the poetry of Spain, we should say that it passed from the form of the heroic ballad and knightly lover's lay of the middle ages, to the artificial sentiment and language which are found in the courtly verse and ingenious phraseology of which Calderon and Lope de Vega were masters; and from this, degenerated into the graceful and easy, but superficial and somewhat sensual modern poetry of love, of which Melendez Valdez may be considered an illustration; varied, however, in all these stages, occasionally, by religious hymns and sonnets of profound feeling, for specimens of which, we, in this country, are indebted to our most accomplished poet. But none of these forms of poetic thought and sentiment has been adopted by the Cuban bards. The universality of men who are living in presence of a great idea, and are inspired with a high hope, makes the form of their thought universal too; and their poems literally translated, might be mistaken for those of any country, so free are they from nationality; and they could only be recognized as Spanish, by a deeper mellowness of coloring, and a touch of more enchanting grace, than our English bards, with all their richness and strength, have ever yet attained.

We find in these new poets a profound and tender recognition of all the relations of life; a deep humanitarian sentiment; a rejection of the conventional as such; with a very delicate perception of the truth and beauty which lies guarded under every minute decorum of social life; a loving sympathy with nature and a minute observation of its details are every where perceived; a recognition, too, of "the soul of goodness in things evil," the divinest action of our nature, when it springs from its large sympathies and not from merely intellectual perception. We also find in them a true reverence for

woman, and very earnest appeals to her higher nature.

If asked from whence these island poets drink their inspiration, we should say from nature and their own true hearts, but not from the deepest and holiest fountain of life. There are occasionally to be found among their poems very sublime addresses to the supreme Being, but as to one apart. The degraded state of their church and the degeneracy of its sublime rites into tawdry forms, have robbed them of those golden links which connect the divine in so many subtle relations with the human. They are yet ignorant of the fresh and vigorous current of life which is flowing through so many channels into their holy mother church, and which will one day so reanimate her great heart, that its beating will be felt to the most remote extremities of her maternal domain. Of this we nowhere find among their poetry the faintest premonition. They do not love her enough to pray for her restoration, and have no ideal of her future radiant loveliness, nor any sense of the deep significance of her magnificent ritual. All this is to come! and yet how much is to be respected that truthfulness which prevents them from availing themselves of the rich and varied imagery, which the external of the church so abundantly offers, when it has ceased to touch their hearts!

We know not even the names of all these Cuban bards; many we know *only* by name, and we are ignorant of the order of precedence they take in their native land. Many of their writings have found their way to this country by stealth, and some are of a nature that could never have seen the light in Cuba; but like the god from whom the Grecian fable would tell us they have sprung, they have sought out a friendly and retired corner where to be born. Some of the best are only circulated in manuscript.

The three poets whom, perhaps in our ignorance, we should place first are José Jacinto Milanes, Heredia, and the humbler though more well known name of Placido. His deep-laid and almost barbarous schemes of revenge upon the oppressors of his race, which met with the penalty of a disgraceful and untimely death, have not destroyed the sympathy of the best hearts in his country and our own, for the victim of institutions which breed revenge; and his songs are on the lips and his name engraved upon the hearts of the noblest youths in his native Island.

Placido was the poet of passion; Heredia of feeling, Milanes of reflection. They represent to us music, painting and sculpture. Calmly and sweetly above the others stands Milanes, reverent-

ly and deeply probing life to its centre; but pouring the oil of his gentle nature into every wound he lays bare. His profound plans, organized by a genius so rich, lead back the memory to the immortal Tasso; his fate also having been much the same, though without the egotism of its cause. Where in his tranquilly suffering, thoughtful countenance can we detect the elements of a disordered reason? Surely not in the traces of undisciplined passion but only in those of too tender a sensibility. Heredia, "the poet of Niagara," with his warm gushing life, died in exile, and with him must end our three-fold tragedy.

During a residence in the United States in the year 1825, Heredia published at New York a collection of pieces, a translation of the most celebrated of which we take from Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe."

"NIAGARA."

"My lyre! give me my lyre! my bosom feels
The glow of inspiration. O, how long
Have I been left in darkness, since this light
Last visited my brow! Niagara!
Thou with thy rushing waters dost restore
The heavenly gift that sorrow took away.

"Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
Those wide-involving shadows, that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face!
I am not all unworthy of thy sight;
For from my very boyhood have I loved,
Shunning the meaner track of common minds,
To look on Nature in her loftier moods.
At the fierce rushing of the hurricane,
At the near bursting of the thunder-bolt,
I have been touched with joy; and when the sea
Lashed by the wind, bath rocked my bark, and
showed

Its yawning caves beneath me, I have loved
Its dangers and the wrath of elements.
But never yet the madness of the sea
Hath moved me as thy grandeur moves me now.

"Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
Grow broken 'midst the rocks; thy current then
Shoots onward like the irresistible course
Of Destiny. Ah, terribly they rage,—
The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My
brain
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters; and my sight
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent. Waves innumerable
Meet there and madden,—waves innumerable
Urge on and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam.

"They reach, they leap the barrier,—the abyss—
Swallows insatiable the sinking waves.
A thousand rainbows arch them, and woods
Are deafened with the roar. The violent shock
Shatters to vapor the descending sheets.
A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves
The mighty pyramid of circling mist
To heaven. The solitary hunter near
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.

"What seeks my restless eye? Why are not
here,
About the jaws of this abyss, the palms,—

Ah, the delicious palms,—that on the plains
Of my own native Cuba spring and spread
Their thickly foliaged summits to the sun,
And, in the breathings of the ocean air,
Wave soft beneath the heaven's unspotted blue?

"But no, Niagara,—thy forest pines
Are fitter coronal for thee. The palm,
The effeminate myrtle, and frail rose may grow
In gardens, and give out their fragrance there,
Unmanning him who breathes it. Thine it is
To do a nobler office. Generous minds
Behold thee, and are moved, and learn to rise
Above earth's frivolous pleasures; they partake
Thy grandeur, at the utterance of thy name.

"God of all truth! in other lands I've seen
Lying philosophers, blaspheming men,
Questioners of thy mysteries, that draw
Their fellows deep into impiety;
And therefore doth my spirit seek thy face
In earth's majestic solitudes. Even here
My heart doth open all itself to thee.
In this immensity of loneliness,
I feel thy hand upon me. To my ear
The eternal thunder of the cataract brings
Thy voice, and I am humbled as I hear.

"Dread torrent, that with wonder and with
fear
Dost overwhelm the soul of him that looks
Upon thee, and dost bear it from itself,—
Whence hast thou thy beginning? Who sup-
plies,
Age after age, thy unexhausted springs?
What power hath ordered, that, when all thy
weight

Descends into the deep, the swollen waves
Rise not and roll to overwhelm the earth?

"Never have I so deeply felt as now
The hopeless solitude, the abandonment,
The anguish of a loveless life. Alas!
How can the impassioned, the unfrozen heart
Be happy without love? I would that one,
Beautiful, worthy to be loved and joined
In love with me, now shared my lonely walk
On this tremendous brink. 'T were sweet to see
Her dear face touched with paleness, and become
More beautiful from fear, and overspread
With a faint smile while clinging to my side.
Dreams,—dreams! I am an exile, and for me
There is no country and there is no love.

"Hear, dread Niagara, my latest voice!
Yet a few years, and the cold earth shall close
Over the bones of him who sings thee now
Thus feelingly. Would that this, my humble
verse,
Might be, like thee, immortal! I, meanwhile,
Cheerfully passing to the appointed rest,
Might raise my radiant forehead in the clouds
To listen to the echoes of my fame."

In order to make known to our readers the merit and rich genius of José Jacinto Milanes "el escritor Matanzero," we extract the following passages from an Introduction, by his brother, to a volume of his works recently published in Havana.

"In the year 1837 there was published in Havana the Aginnaldo Habanero, and in it appeared for the first time, among various names of known celebrity, that of Milanes, a clerk in a counting house in Matanzas, who without having published anything in the periodicals of the day or out of them, had written various

poems, many dramatic works and a great variety of lighter pieces. Born in a corner of Cuba, educated in a poor primary school, the peculiar taste which he from childhood evinced for literature and particularly for the Spanish literature of the seventeenth century, was certainly remarkable. Living in a country purely commercial and agricultural, without history or monuments, where science and the fine arts were just beginning to appear, where nature is poetic and abounds in scenes of wonder, where the intellectual movement which is unfolding in Europe and its accompanying incidents arrive with all the exciting prestige of distance, Milanés was inspired with the noble enthusiasm of accomplishing a great social mission, and possessed of faith and hope, selected for the subject of his songs a moral or philosophical idea, which, unfolded in a style attractive and intelligible to every class of persons, carries with it constantly a direct or indirect purpose of utility or instruction.

"At other times, filled with a sentiment of melancholy common to reflective minds, he abandoned himself to lamentations, sad, though never destitute of religious hope, and wandering with solitary step along the fresh shores of the sea, or leaning on his elbows over a bridge, he there poured out, in his most harmonious strains, the affluent stream of his sublime sadness. The distinguished poet of Spain, singing in the midst of the tumult of a court, excited by its daily prosperous or adverse events, admirably reflects in his works, that condition of the moral and political crisis, where no idea is fixed, and where sensations vary at every moment. The Cuban poet, self inspired, in a quiet society of normal life, and where literature never meets the artistic existence of Europe, insulates himself in domestic retirement and there strengthens his reflections—concentrated in a circle of invariable principles—which although diversified in a thousand ways, neither corrupts nor changes them.

"Concerning the incidents of his private life, which have given an interest to his sufferings, we cannot and would not fail to respect the silence which he has imposed on them. It is sufficient to say that in his laborious youth and the perfection of his works, there is seen the constant use he made of his intellect for his country's good, in what he wrote; his life was always a succession of stainless deeds directed only to the increase of his good name.

"To men of an enlarged intelligence, of frank soul and noble heart, to all those who know the worth of a pure intellect and to what extent a generous nature may be wounded, his sufferings will not appear an incomprehensible mystery, al-

though some vulgarly attribute them to physical infirmity, and others name them the diseased susceptibility of sages and poets."

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CONSIDERANT.

Translated for the Harbinger.

INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION.

"To say that Labor is not the destiny of man, is to deny the evidence of experience.

"To say that Labor is the destiny of man, and that it cannot become a source of happiness for him, is to calumniate God.

"There are then two laws of Labor:—The law of Constraint, proceeding from human ignorance; the law of Charm and Attraction, which is of divine revelation.

"In consequence, two results:—Misery or Wealth; Oppression or Liberty."—*Clairière Vigoureux.*

DETERMINATION OF THE NATURAL SOCIAL MECHANISM—SERIAL LAW.

CHAPTER I.

General tendencies to the Group and to the Series.

"We must listen to nature; we must take nature for our guide. Nature is wiser than our wisdom.—*The Philosophers.*

"What is the meaning of this respect which the philosophers affect for nature? If they believe that nature ought to be consulted in the study of man and of social destiny, how will they prove that Attraction makes no part of human nature, and that we may study man without studying passionate attraction, of which they have not said a word in their hundred thousand systems."—*Fourier.*

"Approach and join our joyous troop."—*Musset.*

We are about to study theoretically the formation of the social sphere, and seek for the natural bases of organizations for its labor and its functions. We must not confound this question, entirely general, with that of the best mode of establishing the first or experimental Phalanx,—a special question which we shall treat of in its place. We are here then face to face with the fundamental problem—*The determination of the mode of employment for the collective activity of man.*

Then since the Phalanx is the elementary social workshop, this general problem first particularizes itself under the following enunciation.

Being given a population of four hundred associated families forming a Phalanx on a canton held as stock by them, and prepared, as it has been said previously; to determine the form of an industrial organization adapted to the tastes, to the inclinations of the laborers, providing for the free development of all their individual faculties; capable in a word of spreading charm and attraction over their labors.

This statement of the question leads us directly to a singularly important answer, an answer which condemns abruptly, from the first step, the whole industrial system of civilization; for you cannot think that the laborers of the Phalanx, perfectly free to organize their

operations as they please, should prefer a separation which should isolate them from each other, this one alone in a field, that one alone in a work-shop, as the greater number of civilized laborers are to-day. Certainly you cannot suppose that. This single fact of the *liberty* of individuals placed in social spheres, reveals to you then that the Group or voluntary reunion of a certain number of laborers would naturally be substituted for the isolated mode in all functions which can be adapted to it, that is to say in all the functions of active industry in agriculture, manufacture, the household education, science, the fine arts, &c. The industrial organization of our society, upon the narrow basis of the family, is then entirely contrary to the first aim of nature.

Nature impels man to large assemblies where she has provided for the employment of his activity, the play of his faculties, the development of his warm and noble affections. Civilization traces around man a narrow circle of selfish interests, it shuts him up in the centre of this circle, and when he is well shut up, duly bound, the chain around his neck, to his trade, to his function, to his solitary work, then morality intervenes to preach to this poor isolated slave—What? Love of work. Yes, she dins in his ears that he ought to love work! How shall we qualify such an absurdity as this?

Thus you see this principle of separation, whose highly pernicious influence perverts the whole social economy of Civilization, extending its effects to the employment of human activity. We find it in the relations of active industry giving up man without grace or mercy to the mortal ennui, to the imbruting atony of isolation. This fundamental principle of subversive societies, which subjects man, king of the earth, to the gnawings of misery, obstructs all movement of his inclinations and faculties, extending nature on a procrustean bed, and mutilating man himself as well as preventing the creation of riches, and the birth of the material elements of well being; and drying the sources of production. And you see the principle of Association and the great and fertile provisions which flow from it, wonderfully coincide on the contrary with the development of affinities, with the play of affections and faculties, with the exhaustion of corporative and social passions, which can only open amid great humanitarian assemblies, of which the first elements are the groups.

But before proceeding to consequences, we ought first to legitimate by solid proofs what we have said of the tendency of nature to the Group—a word strictly technical in passionate science, and which we must from this time accept as such;

we ought still to study the phenomena manifested in the formation of the groups and in their points of contact. These demonstrations and studies are so easy that they consist solely in knowing how to observe and see clearly what passes every day under our eyes. Would we recognize the laws of these natural impulses? Let us examine them in spheres where they are not chained and suppressed.

II.

"The elements tend to unite. This disposition increases or diminishes in proportion to their natural affinities." — *Ch. Bonnet*.

At the hall — I speak not of the cold, icy, stiff ball, of the ball such as civilization often gives us, and which is one of its disgraces; where the young man when he conducts his partner to her seat has exchanged with her two words, the engagement and the acknowledgment; where three women, sitting side by side, have for the whole evening not a word, a nod, a smile for each other; a sad constrained assembly where ennui seizes on every soul, and shows itself in every figure through their masks of impassibility; I speak not of that, but of a gay and joyous ball, animated and alive, where no one is cramped by etiquette, where every one knows his circle, where all feel at ease: In such a soiree you see the company naturally and very quickly distribute itself in different groups. Some in the card-playing saloons press around green carpets of *ecarte* and other lively games by the side of more quiet tables, where ladies of a certain age and grand parents have their games of whist and boston; others drawn into the saloons, where the orchestra resounds, where ladies shine with diamonds and flowers; mix with the crossing figures of the country dance, or rapidly whirl away in the giddy movement of the waltz and gallopade. Here it is a little knot which reviews the ball and criticises. There they prattle literature, and farther on, they grow warm in politics.

Is supper served? The mass again divides; and each to take his place, seeks the neighborhood of those whom he loves, of those *with* whom he desires to form a relation; and thus, and always in a free sphere, the groups form naturally through affinities of reciprocal adaptation, by elective affinities. Examine an assembly of another character, a political assembly; a chamber of deputies. You will find again under an entirely different tone, the same effects; you will recognize the same tendencies.

It is at first a division into three very distinct bodies, — the CENTRE and the two wings — the *right* and the *left*: then in each of these three great divisions, which answer to the three principal polit-

ical colors, you see subdivisions corresponding to the shades of opinion pronounce themselves, and each deputy rank himself in the subdivision which expresses his shade; and in this further subdivision, he takes his place beside those whose individual characters he prefers, beside his *political friends*, — a composite expression, which very well indicates the double force of the affinity which generates the group.

Thus the particular affections or *affinities of character*, and the sympathies of opinion, or *affinities of industry*, — if I may be allowed this application of the term, — naturally determine the formation of GROUPS, their classification, their hierarchy.

These GROUPS, distributed in a hierarchical scale, ascending and descending, wings and centre, form a SERIES, already much more regular in the Chamber than in the assembly of pleasure; because the Chamber is a periodical assembly, where sympathies and antipathies of opinion and character have time to develop themselves, are better known, better appreciated.

In the colleges and large boarding-schools, you see already the same tendencies revealed, and still their natural impulses conduct more or less confusedly, according to the facilities afforded by the sphere, young persons and children, as well as grown men, to the constitution of groups, and the affiliation of the groups in series, whether in matters of opinion, of studies, or labors, or in parties of pleasure.

It is especially in hours of recreation, that the tendency shows itself frankly, because then individual attractions are not restrained by forced divisions, and the despotism of regulations.

Look back at your school or college days, and you will recollect, that hardly out of the class and the school room walls, hardly escaped, given up to itself, to the air, to the sun, in the great playground, the collegiate population immediately formed into different classes. The first division, that which is so little arbitrary that nature gives it every where, and within which the rest form, is that which corresponds to the *scale of ages*. Every scholar, in fact, in every numerous establishment, belongs always, as authentically as a soldier to his company, to the class of the large, or to that of the small, or to the intermediate division: and these first divisions still accept regular subdivisions, which have their special names in the college slang.

Within or without these classifications according to age, the *friends*, the townsmen unite in divisions and subdivisions, forming *bands*, and private *cliques*. These categories, determined by ages, characters and positions, do not otherwise hin-

der the mass from distributing itself for games into new GROUPS, into new SERIES. Here is the place reserved for marbles. It is neatly cleared, squares are traced, holes dug, and parties organized, — there they play at mumble peg — farther on at ball — there are the two camps of prisoner's base; and every scholar joins a side, enrolls himself in a camp, uniting himself to the comrades whom he loves, avoiding those whom he loves not, and choosing the games which suit his taste and which display his strength and his skill. Thus matters go in all the numerous assemblies which are not fettered by disciplinary regulations, monastic or others, especially where attraction can develop itself freely, — and this, whatever be the ages, characters, sexes, positions and ranks.

The division into Series, Groups and Sub-groups: — this, then, is what nature suggests to man; this is the proceeding which she indicates, and to which she indiscriminately urges all the individuals of the race. If this aim of nature is now more strikingly evidenced in the plays of children and exercise of scholars in their moments of freedom, than it is in the relations of the fathers, it is because the children are nearer to nature than the fathers, and because the civilized administration has not yet created for them those narrow interests, and those habits of isolation which separated (*morcelé*) labor forcibly imposes on the greater number of its functionaries. From all these known facts, and a thousand others of the same character, you have the right to deduce without the possibility of its being contested: that every condition of labor which commences by placing man in a position antipathic to his nature, and compulsory, having as its inevitable effect to create *repugnance for work* — the mode of employing human activity in the separation which isolates the laborer — is false *a priori*, and condemned by practice; that if we would offer to man conditions of labor, capable of *attracting* and *charming* him, we must first avoid the necessity of isolation, and *speculate on the power of assemblies, on the formation of Groups and SERIES*. Thus, as a general principle, every one in the Phalanx affiliates himself to the groups whose *characters please him, and whose labors please him*.

This full liberty in the mode of employing human activity, draws after it the opening and the development of vocations or capacities, an immense question, a question hitherto hardly suspected, and which at present we restrict ourselves to indicating. Do we not feel, indeed, that amid an organization similar to that which we begin to study, neither man, woman nor child, no person whosever, could be

forced to embrace a condition, a trade, contrary to his will. Birth, position, circumstances, no longer impose anything. *Man is freed from the yoke of things.* You have the choice: all the series, all the groups are open to you. You may enter every where as a candidate, be admitted every where on fulfilling the conditions of your examination; nothing compels you to enrol yourself in functions which are foreign to your tastes. And thus, from infancy every one applies himself to labors towards which he feels himself drawn by his natural aptitudes. It is the vocation which conducts to the function.

Now, you do not suppose that services will be worse conducted, for being confided to characters which have respectively taste and vocation for them. And as nature has not made men alike in tastes, in faculties, in opinions, and in vocations, we may be assured of finding in an assortment of eighteen hundred characters, material for the construction of all the SERIES whose functions will be necessary or useful to the Phalanx. We shall resume this question later.

Thus, with some exceptions and special adaptations, work of every description is executed in the Phalanx by numerous groups, composed of sectaries or members, voluntarily assembled by a tie of affection, and by a common preference for the function of the group. This labor, selected from free choice, becomes thenceforth as pleasant as it is sad and repugnant in the loneliness of separation; for gayety, attraction and joy arise inevitably in numerous assemblies, well assorted by reciprocal adaptations.

III.

"It seems to me that the Eternal Wisdom could only prescribe what was suitable to the nature of man, and it must have adapted its laws to the being which it had created."—*Spurzheim.*

Now that we have recognized in man the tendencies to the GROUP and to the SERIES, as general passional facts, it is easy for us to understand that the supreme intelligence must have saturated our nature with these two tendencies. Man, in fact, being called to conduct his terrestrial domain, to act upon his globe, to LABOR, he must have been predisposed to a certain law of work,—otherwise, God would be inconsistent. Now, all creation is classed in serial order; the three kingdoms, the animal, vegetable and mineral, divide and subdivide into classes, orders, genera, species, varieties, tennities, &c.; so that we are compelled in studying them, to catalogue and arrange them in GROUPS and SERIES of GROUPS, as they are in nature. This classification bears the name of *Natural Method*.*

* A word whose application is, however, in the

The sciences, which formerly, in the dark ages, formed a confused assemblage of a few truths mingled with many errors, have been divided and subdivided in proportion as they have been established, and as the human mind has extended its domain. Phenomena, whose existence some centuries since was hardly suspected, as those of electricity, now furnish numerous branches, of which each demands special studies and special men. The further we advance in the field of discoveries, the more we shall be convinced, that as all is connected in the system of nature, so all our knowledge should be classed in genealogical or serial order. The arts besides, exact also analogous divisions and classifications. There is nothing in this which is not known and commonplace.

Thus all in the creation, in the domain of human activity and intelligence, is subjected to this serial law,—a supreme law, without which, order, harmony and the unity of the universe would be but words. Then, if all objects on which man is called to exercise his physical activity or his intellectual energy, are arranged and classified in SERIES, from their very germ, man must also accept this SERIAL form for the arrangement and classification of his labors, under penalty of placing himself in revolt against the natural order, of placing himself out of the Universal Unity, of operating in a disorderly system on the creation, and of thus missing the path and the act of his destiny.

And if all this is true, the passional organism of man must have been predisposed for this SERIAL form; and man must have been urged by nature to distribute his activity in a method parallel to the natural distribution of the objects on which this activity was called to exert itself.

It will doubtless appear superfluous to a certain order of minds to insist upon the value of what we have just developed. A whole social system is there, and still not a system of human creation, but a system thought by God, willed by God, and stamped by him on the face of all the worlds.

Sum total. This chapter, as a whole, has shown us that the general condition

common sense, very doubtful, since the relation of similitude which forms the basis of such classifications, ranging together, for instance, all animals of the cat tribe, all of the horse tribe, is not the basis of the Group or Series such as we find it in nature, except among the few animals which form industrial or domestic associations. The group which the naturalist or the painter recognizes, is one exemplifying contrasts, as between the bird, the tree and the insect, the horse and the grass, &c.—groups of adaptation, and not of co-operation.—Tr.

of industrial attraction is the performance of work in GROUPS AND SERIES OF GROUPS,—the natural method, which has been directly revealed to us by the play of the *elective affinities*.

Let us now study more closely the special conditions of attraction, to arrive at the precise determination of this formula.

To be Continued.

RELIEF FOR MEXICO. The distresses of Ireland have quickened the sensibilities of men. Want there, has brought out a wealth of kind feeling here. It is impossible too that this philanthropy can be limited. Hence the wish has been expressed to furnish relief to the starving poor of Mexico. We have heard comparatively little of the internal condition of that country, but enough has reached us to make it sure that invasion and civil disorders have accomplished in a warmer zone nearly what an unpropitious nature has done in Ireland. In the last despatches from Gen. Taylor, we find that many of the retreating army of Santa Anna, were perishing from starvation. A country traversed by armies, groaning under forced contributions, wasted by violence and prostrated by fear, can be no fit habitation for man, woman or child. Those who are tied to the soil, endure all the wretchedness of want and danger of famine, besides the other unutterable horrors of fire, sword and violence. Here is a call for help on our own continent. These starving poor of Mexico have also another claim upon us. Their misery is chiefly the creation of our own government. Our government has let loose upon them the bad passions of men, trained and organized so as to sweep down every defence of virtue and independence. While Christian Europe is compelled by its own destitution and dependence upon this continent for food, to look on in silent horror at this enormity, the famine which man has made, proceeds just as the famine which God has made goes on in Europe.

Are we powerless to act in this matter? If so, here is another strange element in our position toward Mexico. If our government, on its own responsibility, has produced great suffering in Mexico, are we therefore as individuals precluded from relieving those who are in want and distress? Are the relations of our human nature suspended by what our profligate rulers have done or can do? Yet the answer is generally made that to give a crust of bread to a poor Mexican is giving "aid and comfort to the enemy," and comes under the definition of treason. If this be so, we must steel our hearts against all accounts that may reach us of misery that we can neither prevent our government from inflicting, nor be allowed to alleviate as individuals. If not, is there not work for all to do?

Most men to whom this action has been suggested have shrunk from their interpretation and from the penalties of treason. They have been unwilling to entertain the idea of a halter in connection with feeding those whom our government is bent upon torturing. They are wise perhaps, but give to us the simplicity and fervor of woman. It has been suggested by more than one gentle spirit that the women take this matter in hand,—that they stake

their innocence and helplessness against all barbarous laws, and send help to the wretched victims of our war in Mexico. God grant that this may be done, if not now, ere long. We may thus rid ourselves of a part of the responsibility of this infernal violence. Be just before you are generous. The debt to Mexico from this country, if ever paid, will require generations to do it. Who will take a step in this matter! — *Chronotype*.

THE WORKINGMEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION.

This enterprise for ameliorating the condition of the poor and producing portion of the community, has ceased to be a mere speculative theory, and settled down into a real *matter of fact*.

The Union already numbers twenty Divisions, mostly in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and containing in the aggregate over twelve hundred members; which number is rapidly augmenting. The Union is governed and regulated by a Supreme Division composed of delegates from the several Subordinate Divisions, in the ratio of one delegate to every twenty-five qualified members, and holds its meetings quarterly.

As we have several times stated, one of the prominent objects of this Union is, to purchase the necessities of life, food, fuel, clothing, and so forth, at wholesale prices, thereby saving the enormous profits which now fall into the hands of speculators and exchangers, and which are so great at times, as to actually render the poor laboring man incapable of providing a comfortable subsistence for his family; throwing him into the control of the capricious, or upon the charities of the world, without education, and that manly independence so essential to human happiness and virtue. This is accomplished by combining the available funds of each member so as to purchase their goods in large quantities, and at seasonable times, which is done through a "Board of Trade," appointed by the Supreme Division for this purpose, and through which the different Divisions transact most of their mercantile affairs, entirely upon the *cash system*. Indeed, the whole business of the Union is conducted strictly upon this principle; thereby avoiding an evil of no small magnitude.

The practicability and advantage of this institution must be apparent to every reflecting mind. By it the poor man may be enabled not only to provide more comfortably for the physical wants of those dependant upon him, but also to furnish them with educational means — means of developing and perfecting the immortal mind and fitting themselves for lives of usefulness and honor. Taking this view of the subject, we look upon this institution as a great means of bettering the condition of the working people, or at least, of greatly mitigating the depressive tendencies of Labor, and finally leading it to seek out a *permanent remedy*. The weekly trade of the Union is about five thousand dollars, which at the low estimate of ten per cent. on the usual modes of purchasing goods, would amount to five hundred dollars per week saved to the members, or the snug little sum of *twenty six thousand* dollars a year. Thus it will be seen that the Union, although in its infancy, is doing no mean business.

Now if this is but a beginning, what may not reasonably be expected when the scheme becomes more general and mature? When its operations shall become extended? And when instead of hundreds, its members shall number thousands, and the combined energies and experience of these thousands, shall be brought to bear upon this object? Lowell, already, has two Divisions, numbering nearly two hundred members; each Division having a store under successful operation; and the results of which have thus far been highly satisfactory. We feel a degree of confidence and pleasure in recommending this institution to the workingmen and women of this city, believing they may be much benefitted if they will make proper use of the advantages it offers, physically, intellectually, and socially. Those however, who would have no higher object, in joining such an association, than dollars and cents, may find some things uncongenial; such, therefore, we should advise not to be over anxious about enlisting, for we want men and women of principle, heart and soul — those who look beyond the mere pecuniary advantages of the institution, to the final good and elevation of humanity, and use them as *means* to this great and good end. — *Voice of Industry*.

VICTORY.

Who huzzas, who rejoices, who illuminates at the victory of one prize fighter over another? Yet a prize fight is more humane and more rational than the Mexican War. That war is one of aggression on our part without an object. A prize fighter wins the stakes. He may live and flourish on them. We have taken Vera Cruz. No corn will grow there. We dare not hold it a month for the yellow fever. If we were to take all Mexico, so much the worse. We know not what to do with it. We shall go to splinters and to "old scratch," settling the question what shall be done with it. Why rejoice then at victory? Defeat would be more profitable to us. Retreat would be more honorable. Yet thousands of all parties, who cannot give the sign of a reason for it, will rejoice and glorify, and play the gander over the fall of Vera Cruz as if hidden treasures had been discovered. But shameful and disgusting as this joy is, it is not so universal and unmitigated as it would once have been. In the light of other times, the lightning nerves of the land, if they had been strong then, would have set the country into one universal and simultaneous shout. It is a thing of late and better times for people to wish or dare not to rejoice at victory. Tens of thousands now in all parts of our country view an unnecessary, not to say an unjust war, with unutterable disgust and horror, and they are our most valuable citizens, too. They are the men of genius and moral power. They are the men who are busy in reconstructing society, building up all good institutions and customs, and tearing away bad ones; men who are at work with no selfish aim, but heroically laboring for the good of all now and hereafter, rescuing the poor discouraged brother from the Circean cup, preaching freedom for the slave, lightening the labor of the smothered operative in the factory, staving off from our young and happy country the land monopoly which has cursed Great Britain and starved Ire-

land. Of all the men engaged, under any name, in reforming society, where will you find one who rejoices in the victories of our abused army? He may rejoice that no more are slain. He rejoices at every sign of humanity and forbearance in our Generals. But their success in destroying Mexicans is no cause of joy to him. It will be time enough for him to illuminate when peace is declared.

Mexico is back half way to the dark ages. She has been baptized in blood, brought up in robbery and murder. She is poor and proud, yet not without a disposition to come forward in the march of national greatness.

It seems a horrible thought that all the science of which we have been boasting for half a century, and all the wealth which steam and machinery have created for us should be concentrated upon the infernal machinery which is to thrust poor Mexico further back into darkness. In God's name we ask is there to be no such thing as Washingtonianism among nations? That would have forgiven Mexico her debt, would have reasoned patiently and borne abuse. That would have made her a present of a railroad or two. That, whatever precautions it might have taken to resist any hostile attack, would have taken all possible care to conceal from her any appearance of hostility. It would have felt none. It would have praised every effort to do right. It would have made all but the tyrants of that unhappy country the admirers of the United States. It would have gained a victory worth illuminating for.

As to the victories of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Buena Vista and Vera Cruz, one would fain draw the pall of everlasting darkness and oblivion over them. They are hideous phantoms that belong to past centuries.

Who is there, of the most game-cock instincts, that would not, if he could, roll back the scroll of President Polk's war to Corpus Christi, and save the ten thousand brave but thoughtless young men who have died of gashes, and bullet-holes, and fever on mud couches? Do you say, we have convinced the world of our strength? Who in Europe, who in America, did not know that we could do all we have done, provided we were fools enough to pay for doing it? The improvements in science have made success in war a mere question of money. The deepest purse is sure of victory. If you will pay \$100,000,000 you can easily buy science enough to whip a nation which can pay but \$10,000,000.

Conquering and keeping conquered, so that the worm you trample shall not writhe and sting you, is another thing. Science has yet learned no way to do that. We may spend another hundred millions to conquer a peace with Mexico and after all have to beat clear back where we began and do it by kindness. — *Chronotype*.

STRANGE ITEMS. It is estimated that the amount annually expended in New-York city for cigars is not less than \$730,000. It is also said that 17,000 sacks of sawdust are annually consumed in London alone, for *stuffing dolls*.

An exchange thus advertises: "Two sisters *want washing*." We hope they may get it.

REVIEW.

Outlines of a Philosophical Argument on the Infinite, and the Final Cause of Creation; and on the Intercourse between the Soul and the Body. By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. Translated from the Latin, by JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. London: William Newbery, 6 King Street, Holborn; Boston: Otis Clapp, School Street. 1847. pp. xxx. and 160.

We have here another elegant volume from the Swedenborg Association in London, who are rapidly presenting to the world the philosophical works of that profound thinker, in a style of permanency and beauty which shows with what a reverence every trace of his mind's workings is regarded. The "Outlines on the Infinite," were originally published by Swedenborg in Latin, in 1734, together with the *Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*, of which the *Principia* forms the first volume. It seems to have been written after the *Principia*, and may be regarded as intermediate between that and the *Economy of the Animal Kingdom*, both of which works are now in English in a style uniform with this now before us.

Of course those who have become in any degree familiar with Swedenborg's general mode of thinking, will find these brief essays full of profound and profitable observation; interesting and suggestive, if not exhaustive of the subject, which of course they cannot be. They rather point out the difficulties of the problem, and indicate the only true method of gaining light upon it, than attempt a complete philosophy. We do not presume to criticize them here, but simply recommend them to the thoughtful reader. The students of such things are few, and such only as have an irresistible attraction to search into the heart of things. There is the same deep religious background to these, as to all the speculations of Swedenborg; and their distinctive and most hopeful feature is that they are spiritual and mechanical at once, that they ever strive to read one law in all the objects of the senses and of the inmost soul.

The "Introductory Remarks by the Translator" should be read by every one who is at all interested in the philosophical tendencies of the times. In a few clear and admirably written pages, this Introduction contains the most pertinent and thorough criticism upon modern Philosophy which we have ever seen. Its object is to show the relation of Swedenborg to the prevailing or Transcendental systems of thought, and to save him from being read and considered from any such point of view. We cannot feel that the writer does full justice to what has been called

Transcendentalism in this, although we accept his own positive conclusions with all our heart. But first we will extract the passage in which he sums up in his usual succinct and graphic way, the whole history and sum of Transcendentalism:

"Now what is Transcendentalism? It had been argued by Bishop Berkeley in his ingenious *Dialogues*, that what we term the world is after all but our own sensations, and that given the totality of these sensations, we have no need of an outward universe. His logic was accepted as irresistible by 'thinkers' in all countries, and at all events no counter-statement having the neatness, portability and plausible character of the Bishop's scheme, was made at the time, or has been made up to this hour. If the principle of the *Dialogues* were true, the Irish metaphysician had demolished the validity of the external universe; and in so doing had achieved a triumph for scepticism which implied clearly enough those other victories that it was afterwards to gain in the hands of David Hume and his continental admirers and successors.

"The Scotch metaphysician took the matter up where the Bishop left it, and, as it is supposed by learned philosophers, proved that the law of cause and effect was without foundation in the nature of things, and was but a prejudice, useful enough in common life, but not valid in philosophical argument. It was therefore the glory of this thinker, that he had repealed or rather disproved all real cohesion in man and nature, and made of the universe an incoherent nulliverse, a whirl of fleeting sequences, and a delirious 'chase of Pan.'

"At this stage, his own countrymen, Reid and others, very properly rejected his whole theory, centre, antecedents, consequents and all, as a useless and fruitless thing, one of the entities over the number requisite for mankind; and they betook themselves to common sense, as an asylum from monstrous ratiocinations, and a heavy check to absurd principles and conclusions. Not so the continental philosophers. On the contrary, Germany produced a mind, in the person of Immanuel Kant, that thought it worth while to accept this progeny of scepticism, thus self-condemned by its fruits, and to give it grave consideration, a positive form, and a life-long education and development. It grew up into transcendentalism, a system worthy of its seed, and directly perpetuating the powers and qualities of its parent scepticism.

"The point of Transcendentalism was this, that whereas the arguments against the possibility of our seeing an external world, are unanswerable, let our world be freely conceded to consist of our own sensations, valid for us, though not for itself; time and space being 'forms of sense,' true of man, though not of objects. Furthermore, as the law of cause and effect, and several other fundamental notions, are found to have no abiding place in the surfaces of sensation, Transcendentalism says here again, These laws are the forms of thought, true for the understanding, though not for objects, and therefore you may fairly declare that they are valid within the circle of that faculty, but not to be predicated or de-

fended beyond it. For instance, we have a right to say that the universe has a cause in God, if we thereby mean that such is the way in which our minds are obliged to think; but if we further mean that our proposition is an outward or objective fact, independent of our own minds, we become guilty of an inconsequence. It is true that we have the idea of God, but how do we prove that there is a real object existing out of us, corresponding to that idea; that there is a God as an outward or inward object of reason? May not God be only the *pruritus* of our own uneasy faculties?

"In a word, the upshot of Transcendentalism was, to regard all sensation, knowledge and thought as subjective, and to make the individual believe all the manifestations of God, nature or humanity which are made to his mind, as so many presentations of his own being. In this way each man becomes shut in the case of an opaque and impenetrable selfhood, which not only absorbs and destroys all outward truth, but makes it impossible to have any confidence in the existence of our brother man. To accept these consequences is the manner in which Transcendentalism has answered scepticism!

"It will easily be seen that on the foregoing principles Transcendentalism utterly ignores all those reasonings which are based upon the truth of outward nature, and that it shows a long list of subjects of which the investigation is declared 'impossible.' Never in fact did any one man proclaim so many things 'impossible' as Immanuel Kant: to limit the human faculties was his glory; to accumulate impossibilities was his science. Theology was impossible, and ontology especially was impossible; and indeed scarcely anything possible was left, saving nonentity and terminology.

"Thus metaphysics, after dreaming a while in Berkeleyism, became rambling and delirious in Hume, and sank into confirmed idiocy or Cretinism in Kant, who, to the false movements and functions of past scepticism, gave a corresponding false organization or body, and endowed the monster with a power of propagating its kind, and filling the world with a lineage of abominable inventions."

Now we do not think it just to charge upon Transcendentalism, (whose distinctive feature is the recognition of innate ideas and a necessity of the mind for believing in more than the senses furnish any notion of *ab extra*;) a merely sceptical tendency. Kant, it is true, does not prove the objective reality of things; he considers all such proof impossible. He confines himself within the sphere of Psychology, and leaves Ontology alone. All that can be demonstrated, according to him, is that we, by the very constitution of our nature, by the very forms of thought inseparable from our every act of consciousness, must see things so; that such and such things are realities *to us*, and that we abnegate our very identity when we suppose them not real. One already a sceptic may find confirmation perhaps in this, and doubt more strongly

than ever before, whether anything exists. But Kant, it seems to us, assumes that the objective reality of things is *above* proof, and not that they have no objective reality. He limits philosophy to the only province which to him seems practicable for it, to the ascertaining of the laws and forms of thought, *assuming*, not the unreality, but the *existence* of objects corresponding with these forms. And certainly, it has been the effect of the transcendental movement, so called, in modern history, to nourish and to save much faith in higher things; it has been the antidote to scepticism and to low utilitarian materialism. It has kindled enthusiasm, poetry, heroism, the love of liberty, of beauty, of mankind, of God. The warmest and most hopeful side of human progress has been more or less identified with it, *so far as it would go*. But in these last words begins its proper censure. Transcendentalism stops short with the vague and unlimited; it shrinks by a habitual tendency from any positive system; it is afraid of mathematics, afraid of mechanism, of orders and degrees; positive organic method, such as reigns in nature, it is reluctant to accept into life.

And here Dr. Wilkinson criticises it fairly. Transcendentalism, having burst the bonds of the old materialism, ought to have gone farther and reconciled the material with the spiritual. It wanders in the vague, it hovers impracticable over the whole field of life, alighting nowhere, for the want of a science of correspondences, a doctrine of Universal Unity. It has dwelt so long upon the idea of the shaping mind, that it has come to regard the mind as all, its objects nothing. It strives to forget that the individual soul is but a part among parts in a perfect whole; and that "*every intellectual faculty is likewise a sense*," having realities corresponding to it. We quote again:

"Thus much we feel it necessary to say to the readers of the *Outlines*, in rebuke of that exceedingly artful charge of materialism which the metaphysicians are so prone to make against all *real* views of the soul; in which views, as we said before, we fear it is the commanding reality that is repugnant, and not the materialism. For if the human mind is conversant with the gross bodies, forces, properties and things of sensation, as it undoubtedly is; and if there is nothing in the higher faculties corresponding in palpable reality to sensation: if the understanding and the reason have no real but only a formal validity in their ideas and conceptions; then how fearful the weight and preponderance of the five senses! They have all things on their side, with no counterbalance whatever. If, however, as we maintain, *all the intellectual faculties are likewise senses*, and if their objects are real, outward, forcible and impressive, like those of the visible

world, then there is some hope of an equilibrium between the inner and the outer man. In moral battles, reason may have sense with it as well as against it, and in hours of despondency, faith may find comfort in the endowment of sight.

"The failures of philosophy in the above respect, have in truth a simple root, and one which it is not difficult to discover by the light furnished in the writings of Swedenborg. Neglect of facts, internal and external, as the basis of certain very ordinary inductions,—this neglect, which Bacon came to signalize in his own day, is the source and cause of the shortcomings of metaphysicians ever since. 1. As a principal error, man has not been steadily regarded as a finite being; and consequently the investigation of forms, which is a path of fruitfulness, has been superseded by a barren quest after unformed matter, and disembodied life; both of which are necessarily inappreciable, and finitely speaking indeed, are non-entities. 2. God has been regarded otherwise than as given in revelation and experience, and consequently philosophical theology has had no basis and has had no progress. 3. Nature has been limited to the phenomena presented to the senses, because its internal parts, like the human powers, have been considered divine and infinite, and consequently occult; in other words, nature has been emptied of series and degrees, and principles have consequently been deprived of their legitimate unbroken connection by similar means with effects and ends. These are some of the reasons for which philosophy has remained a blank, with much pretension on its side, and small human usefulness."

The writer is especially severe upon the main occupation of our impracticable philosophers, which is the "study of their own consciousness." It is a merited rebuke, and too good to be passed by.

"Yet we may, without deeply investigating the moral estate of the church, observe one fact with respect to the intellectual constitution of philosophy, which will go far to account for its inertia and incapability; we mean the lymphatic temperament it manifests; the lazy attitude in which it performs its tasks; the easy-chair study of its own consciousness as the grand book and volume of instruction. The poor Hindoo, gazing into his navel for a resolution of difficulties and a comprehension of mysterious things, is worthily engaged in comparison with those who are occupied year after year in 'probing their consciousness.' The only *fact* of which they are thoroughly conscious in their introspections, and which might be usefully recorded and remembered, viz., their flat ignorance of themselves, is, alas! not written among their discoveries. But what profit is there in studying a consciousness which does not involve among its conscious elements the knowledge which they seek? Or if it does involve this information, then the information is already obtained, and there is no need to seek it. We must be sorely perplexed indeed when we do not know our own minds. . . .

"The notion of eliminating a philosophy from the analysis of consciousness, is so profoundly, so intimately absurd,

that it is extremely difficult to discuss it without falling into truisms which it seems ridiculous to enunciate. The office of man is far other than at any point of his life to bring himself to a stand-still, that he may examine his own wheels and mechanism. The fact of motion, of action, of will, is the grand human potency, and this fact is necessarily abrogated to the last degree, and as far as may be, unnoticed, during the pretended examination of consciousness. The business of life, and especially of philosophy, is to alter and enlarge and improve the human knowledge or consciousness; by no means to fix its limits at any given or any possible stage. A philosophy which seeks to rivet a particular consciousness as a boundary upon the human mind, is the organon of a preposterous conceit, and would consistently nip childhood in the bud, prevent all improvement, and deny the possibility of education. Yet such a philosophy is the inevitable growth of that false view, that man is not finite but infinite, that he is a life, and not a recipient of life.

"Had the latter point been thoroughly acknowledged, we should then have had before us a creation and a subject in which every thing was knowable; a universe of forms generating qualities, and adapted to uses, which was the object of science and organic philosophy in all its departments, from Theology to Cosmogony. On the other hand, the denial of form to the mind and soul, and the consequent tacit predication of infinity of both, has made knowledge cease with the senses, and the surfaces thereof, and has, in point of power and intelligence, finited man's reason in many respects to a degree much below the instincts of animals. In theology the same cause has degraded the Christian below savage tribes, and made the consolations of that Gospel which brought life and immortality to light, incomparably inferior in reality and distinctness to the poor Indian's belief in the Great Spirit and the happy hunting fields."

In the passages which follow, (and we need not apologize for being liberal in our quotations,) are many things which may be said of Fourier with not less justice than of Swedenborg. Indeed, they are said of the whole tendency of the age, and of the workings of God's truth in the minds of this generation. Let those who neglect the *social* problem, from the feeling that it involves too many mechanical considerations, that there is too much mathematics in it for the mind's poetic liberty, and too much of the positive and definite for the soul that loves the infinite and that would look down on circumstances;—let those who continually say, "consult your own soul, cherish the soul, meditate on God, and be all-sufficient in yourself, and let society and circumstances come round as they will; but do not begin at the wrong end; do not begin with setting the material right first," read and ponder well. There is more hopeful speculation in these paragraphs than in a whole library of metaphysics.

"The reader will see at the first glance, that the work before us has a mechanical tendency, and aims at a reality of knowledge on the deepest subjects, such as the moderns themselves, often accused as they are of a mechanical spirit, would scarcely venture to hope for even in the sciences of chemistry and physics. Yet on account of this very tendency, we augur that it has a function in the busy world, and will be acceptable to its true citizens. It tells us not to be ashamed that we 'live in a mechanical age.' The laws of mechanics — do not they, too, come from the infinite? May there not be superlative perfection in them as well as in any other laws? So long as the laws of the soul are unknown, how shall we be certain that the deeper analogies of mechanics are not those very laws? Let us then look for a moment at the privilege we enjoy, in that we are among the first to 'live in a mechanical age.'

"Remark at the outset, that the question at present is not between the age of gold and the age of mechanics. Were we still living, an undiseased generation, fresh from our Maker's hands, in his glorious primeval universe; at home in pure and most perfect love in the celestial warmth of creation; reading the Word only in the works; suckled by the maternal earth, or fed with nectared fruit, in quick anticipation, by the obsequious trees; brotherhood and sisterhood, wedded love, and family nearness, the unfailing promise of a heavenly society; space not putting asunder those whom God had united; — were we still enduring in this original estate, there can be no question how superfluous would be the officious ministrations of art; and with what well-founded composure we should repugn for ourselves the influences or offers of a mechanical age. But this first estate has gone, and it is the laziness of philosophy to regret it. That sensuality which was once the fall, has become the floor of a new heaven, and henceforth the natural man is infinite. The conditions are inverted. Natural truth has become the basis of all truth; the necessary foundation of society; and mechanical truth is the *ultima ratio* of natural truth. The question, then, lies between mechanics, and rude, unskilled adaptations: between the casual and ignorant gratification of animal wants, and the steady maintenance and healthy expansion of the of the soul: between occult qualities in the sciences, abstractions in philosophy, and portentous mysteries in theology, on the one hand; and definite objects of all degrees on the other: between the affections reduced to blind instincts, and separated by the chasms of space and time; and the same affections intellectualized, and combined naturally, and hereafter morally, into an indissoluble society, which the laws of creation, equally with the influences of the spiritual world, tend to perpetuate for ever. In a word, the dispute is between mechanics as an exponent of the inward sphere and an indication of the future time; and metaphysics, hanging in middle air over the fruitful earth, bemoaning a superstitious past, dreaming of an unlikely future, and in the meantime leaving the present to the conduct of the abused spirit of mechanics. The issue is as certain as the triumph of capacity over incapacity, or as the

preponderance of something over nothing."

"The first grand fruit of the mechanical spirit, is the infusion of industry into the soul of philosophy. For what is now required of philosophy? Simply this, that it shall be the Science of sciences. The mechanical spirit insists that philosophical teachings shall be equally definite and real with the facts of the senses, and the texture of positive knowledge. No umbilical contemplations, no *non-sense*, have the slightest power with the student who has acquired positive knowledge in other departments. If philosophy has "no assets," it must work and acquire. It must till the ground of creation, to produce the noblest crop of all, which nature will acknowledge and claim as her own production. Its results must not be contrivances, or inventions, or wooden systems, but juicy fruits, which have absorbed the choicest dew of the sciences, and embodied it in forms of beauty, brilliantly real beyond competition, and big with utility. And whenever philosophy matters 'impossible,' it must submit to be treated as a forward menial, usurping the dress and name and functions of another, and its education must recommence at the bench and in the workshop of the sciences. In short, philosophy must teach in learning; and discern the nature of man from his extended works, from the entire body as the physiognomy of the soul, from the great frame of nature as the means to an end, and the analogue of humanity, from revelation as a divine fact and enlargement of nature; from the highest powers which the human mind has yet attained, considered as means to a further elevation. It will then have something tangible to present, which 'a mechanical age' can handle, and the intellectual months will offer their yield of precious grains, each in his season. In this case the sciences themselves, uninterruptedly supplied from the fountains of doctrine, will be but philosophy in its lower derivations, and will carry its tone and its informing spirit to the humblest door, down to the very limits of the senses. Thenceforth philosophy can never fall; for to attempt to shake it, would call forth not gowned disputants, but human nature in its defence. For what, after all, is true philosophy, but the rational mean to an unbounded charity, the quick-eyed intelligence of brotherly love; a thing appreciable in one form or another by all the dwellers upon earth."

We trust that these extracts will induce many to get the book and read the Introduction for themselves. And we hope that we shall hear from Dr. Wilkinson more at length upon the same all-important themes. There is no writer of English, as we fancy, better qualified to treat them.

Tracts for the Times. No. I. Letter to a Swedenborgian. New York: Published by John Allen, 139 Nassau St., 1847. (Sold by Otis Clapp, Boston.) pp. 24.

This is the first of a series of Tracts, the object of which will be to lead to a truer understanding of Swedenborg, and,

if we may judge from this present number, to show the strong practical bearing of his thought upon the great movements of humanity. As they have taken the anonymous form, we do not feel at liberty to state who are to be the writers, and what the range of topics which they have sketched out for themselves, so far as it has been intimated to us; although if we might do so, we should excite high hopes in not a few readers. We give them hearty welcome, and believe them timely.

This "Letter to a Swedenborgian" betrays strong marks of consanguinity with the Introduction to the *Outlines* above noticed; — the same tendency of thought; the same vigorous, quaint, complete expression: the same fearless originality blended with the same beautiful reverence. And this is in a manner a counterpart of the other. That was written to guard Swedenborg from the false medium of impracticable modern philosophy; this, on the other hand, to guard him from his friends, to administer a wholesome caution to those who are so prone to *Swedenborgianize* themselves and him. It is a rebuke to the sectarian exclusiveness of the so called New Church, and takes for its motto the noble words of Milton: "I fear yet this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks; the ghost of a linen decency yet haunts us." It tells the members of the New Church that they entirely mistake Swedenborg when they suppose him to intimate anything about a Church in any exclusive sense of the word. "The Church," says Swedenborg, "is a MAN," and it involves therefore every rightful element of human life. By the Old Church he meant the *constituted social order of Christendom*, and by the New Church therefore the *perfect social order* which shall unite all human interests and relations in the bonds of perfect unity and love. Formerly the Church, before its unity was shivered into fragments, was something more than a mere theological institution, and *did* regard the interests of this life, binding all ranks and classes together, and at least recognizing, if not in the wisest manner fulfilling, its duty of parental watchfulness over all human beings. In the middle of the last century the Old Church died. Sectarianism prevailed; doctrines and creeds took the place of living charity; the church threw off all responsibility for the present well-being of men; the principle of *laissez faire* and competition ran away with all that there was good in the new birth of liberty, and now there is no church; for there is no universal bond of charity.

"Our idea of the church is a very meagre and mean one. It is that of a

collection of men, episcopally or otherwise organized, meeting together on Sundays for public worship. Abstract public worship, and you reduce the church to nonentity. It is with us an institution for public worship, destitute alike of civil and political significance, possessing no shadow either of governmental or magisterial influence. It is a thing as much divorced from the ordinary interests and life of humanity, and hence from heaven, as the institution of Freemasonry, being wholly set apart to the advocacy of our interests beyond the grave. As at present constituted, it is the citadel and shield of individualism, or the selfish principle, to the maintenance of which all its legislation is addressed. It wholly ignores all questions of political and social reform, or if it does recognize them at all, it is only to stigmatize their gathering urgency with the name of 'infidelity.' But if 'infidelity' do the church's proper work; if it receive the inflowing truths of heaven, and apply them to social practice; if it prosecute the relief of human woe, and the conquest of human wickedness; if it affirm every assured conviction of the intellect, and every innocent hope of the heart; then what is there to hinder 'infidelity' becoming the true church of God? Is God a respecter of persons? Does He care for names?

"To ascertain then whether the church any longer performs its mediatorial function, and so remains the church, we have to inquire not what Swedenborg or any one else says of it, but how it uses the universal truths of which it is the depository, whether for its own aggrandizement, or for the benefit of the common life of man? We have to inquire how it stands related to human progress, or what are the prevailing influences it sheds forth upon the nations? If its influence be to foster every improvement of the common life of humanity; if it cordially welcomes every addition to the sum of human comfort, and labors to give it diffusion; if it develops every truth of science and every method of art, whose effect is to equalize the enjoyment of human life; if, rejoicing to stand in the van of humanity and to be the channel of heaven's best gifts to earth, it postpones all question of its own revenues to the grand question of the redemption of the race from ignorance and sin, then no one can doubt that it is a true church, blessed both of God and man. But if it enact an exactly contrary course to this; if it accept no truth in science or art but what makes for its own glory; if it exalt its own dogmas into the standard of opinion for the race; if it monopolize to itself every advance of human invention, and become a miserable trader in the bounties of Providence, seeking always to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer; if in short, in every practicable way, it deny the universal love and providence of God, and claiming thereupon the allegiance of every other people, then can one as little doubt that it is a false church, accursed both of God and man."

"I speak with no unrighteous warmth. Who in view of the light which is pouring into the world at every inlet, and inciting men to an ardor of philanthropic inquiry and action such as they have never before felt; who that beholds the

vigorous and searching criticism of our social evils which now abounds, — sure precursor of their speedy disappearance! — and witnesses in our legislative halls, in our scientific and literary assemblies, how the popular heart warms to every avowal of manly or charitable sentiment; who in short that witnesses the new birth which faith and hope and charity now find in every breast, and sees its divine ground and warrant in the universal truths of the church, can help glowing with shame and indignation, to see those truths systematically perverted from their healing and legitimate purpose, which is the upbuilding of universal humanity, into the exclusive service and glory of the old, and, to all human ends, worthless sectarianism?"

The true Church, then, must identify itself with all forms of human progress. It is the ideal of the true state of humanity, of men in perfect spiritual unity with one another through love, which is the constant signal of God's presence. Now there cannot be perfect spiritual unity among men, while any portion of mankind is left out, while there is any exclusiveness. The Universal Unity of the race, materially, intellectually, socially, spiritually, this, and nothing short of this, satisfies the idea of a true Church.

"For spiritual Christianity has always disdained territorial limitations, and the true Church of Christ consequently, as Swedenborg shows, has ever been co-extensive with the human race. Whosoever lives a life of charity — I do not mean a life of almsgiving, nor a technically devout life, but a really humane life, by the conscientious avoidance of whatever wrongs the neighbor — is *ipso facto*, a member of that church, though he himself have never heard the name of Christ. In a word, true humanity constitutes the Church of Christ, and every thing else is 'mere leather and prunella.' This sentiment is getting a wide and deep acceptance of the human mind, and any sect which arrogates to itself another basis, is sure accordingly to reap an increasing harvest of contempt and obloquy. A sect may increase numerically, as the Romish and several of the others are now doing, but strength lies no longer in numbers, but in truth. The strength of a sect is to be computed now, not by its numbers, but by its relation to human progress, by the measure of its recognition of the enlarging sphere of the human mind. Only in the degree in which it allies itself with the legitimate activity of the human faculties, only as it strives to keep in view the ever widening horizon of truth, is it strong. For truth alone is strong, truth as the instrument of human good. It is becoming stronger than all men, and the sects of the old world accordingly, once so formidable to its dominion, are now rapidly losing their power to injure its feeblest follower. In this new world, we may say they are already totally impotent. The common life of humanity disowns them all. They exist among us wilfully, or as a fruit of the competitive spirit, and not of an honest natural necessity. They represent the conflicting individual opinions, not the calm and unitary sentiment, of the nation. They belong to the old times, when rank was every thing, and

man nothing. Their meaning is personal, not human. They are the machinery of sect, not of religion."

We close with one more long extract, which fully accords in spirit with all that we have thus far been endeavoring to set forth, in our more feeble way, respecting the nature and destiny of man. There is a most manifestly "Associative" tendency in this whole essay on the Church. It is Fourierism in the sense which alone does justice to the thought of Fourier. It does not postpone the true life of man into another world; it does not deal with mere theology, but seeks to make the actual present life religious, and to give a social body to Christianity. We sincerely trust, as intimated below, that the future issues of these Tracts *may* shed light upon the question: How is this new condition of humanity to be actualized?

"If history makes any one universal affirmation, it is this: that the grand disturbing element in human affairs, the one great obstacle to the Providential evolution of human destiny, has been the spirit of individualism, the spirit which prompts man to aggrandize himself at the expense of the common wealth. And if history makes any one promise accordingly more prominent than another, more instinct with divine truth than another, it is this; that this disturbing influence shall yet be tranquilized, and individual aggrandizement be brought into strictest harmony with universal well-being. I conceive that no person can read history, uninfluenced by private ends, without finding this promise at its very dawn, much more along its middle progress, and most of all in the events which now indicate its rapid fulfilment. Look at the whole Providential history of human nature, at those events which separate the human life from the animal, and compel the instinctive belief of a majestic and elevating Providence in human destiny. First you see individualism in man softened by subjection to the family — and next the tribal bond; the patriarchal order being the earliest social form known to the race. Afterwards, as population increases, you see it still further mitigated by subjection to the municipal bond, the individual being brought into unity not merely with one family or tribe, but with all the families or tribes of one town; which is the ancient civilization, or the era of Athens and Rome. And finally you see it still further modified by subjection to the national bond, which brings the individual into unity not only with all his fellow townsmen, but with all his fellow countrymen. This is our present civilization. Thus you see the individual unit expanding successively into the family and tribal unity, into the municipal unity, and finally into the national unity. Its great final development into the unity of the race, is what remains for us to see; that development which shall make all the nations of the earth one society, or one united family, when a man shall love and serve not his own nation merely, but all the nations of the earth, when in a word his sympathies shall flow forth towards every brother of the race, purely according to the good that is in him. Let no good man doubt this consummation; the divine

existence is thereby doubted. All history yearns for it. The whole course of Providence ensures it. Who that traces the beautiful Providential order by which the individual rises into the brother, the neighbor, and the citizen, can doubt that the crowning rise shall as surely be seen; that, namely, whereby the individual, having already proceeded from the brother to the neighbor, and from the neighbor to the citizen, shall from the citizen rise into **THE MAN**,—rise into unity with all his race, giving to all men an equal regard, because all have the same divine parentage, and the same divine destiny.

"Surely this is the Christian idea of human progress. Every dimmest prophecy is inwardly radiant with it; every mournful psalm is cordially joyful with it. The whole life of Christ was a sacrifice to it. How then has the church failed to enact it? Mainly, as Swedenborg has shown, by its persistent identification of goodness with mere merit, by its habitual degradation of virtue into a mere instrument of personal gain. Christian men have looked upon virtue, not as the absolute end of their existence, but as a means to that end, which is individual aggrandizement. They have accepted virtue as a divinely appointed means to a divinely appointed end, which is the individual aggrandizement of a portion of the race. They have regarded it as the established price of the divine favor, as entitling the saint to a more benignant treatment than the sinner, but as not in itself the sum of the divine bounty. Hence the morality of the church claims no root beyond the most superficial and variable ground of the imaginative faculty, and utterly disclaims the support of the serene and unitary reason. It presumes upon the divine regard for persons and classes, and denies His solicitude for humanity, or the race. It sees accordingly in man only a form of self love, and not of charity, or use. Thus while it has done much to avouch the accidental and superficial differences of the race, it has done almost nothing to demonstrate its substantial unity. Hence the imperishable interests of morality, or the fulfilment of the divine ends in humanity, imperatively demand the establishment of a new church, which, being based upon the deepest intuitions of the reason, shall also put itself in harmonious relation with the laws of divine Providence, as revealed in the principles of natural order.

"How this new condition of humanity is to be actualized, is a question which I do not propose to discuss with you. I hope however that the future issues of these Tracts may shed much probable light upon it. The question resolves itself into this: *whether it falls within the scope of divine power to create a virtuous race upon the earth.* The titular church takes the negative side of this question. It affirms that self-denial is of the essence of virtue; that man *can not* be good without it; and that any attempt of the Divine consequently to institute a virtuous progeny on the earth, a progeny in whom interest and duty, pleasure and conscience, shall perfectly harmonize and prompt to like issues, must necessarily prove fallacious. In short, it denies the glorious kingdom which the Scriptures predict for the Christ on earth, and insists that the work of redemption is perpetually, and of its own nature, incomplete. The new or spiritual church, on

the other hand, most definitely affirms the question. It declares this regenerate condition of Humanity to be the distinctive promise of Christianity; to be the inevitable implication of the truth of the Divine Humanity, and to constitute an indispensable basis and guarantee of the stability of the highest heavens. Remove this hope, says the church, and you convert Christianity from a divine and universal truth into a passing superstition; you vacate the actual union of the divine and human natures in the Christ, and consequently reduce the Divine into a wholly inoperative or impotent relation to His universe. The church concedes indeed that all the actual virtue of our past history has involved self-denial; but then it alleges that this has been, only because humanity hitherto has been so little subject to divine order; because there has always been so unrighteous a conflict between nature and spirit, between interest and duty, as to make it impossible for man wholly to follow the one without doing violence to the other. But while reason bids the church regard this as the infantile experience of humanity, revelation bids it behold in God-Man both the source and the pledge of a maturer development, when it shall lay aside childish things, and find in the cheerful obedience of natural laws, a perfect satisfaction to every aspiration of the soul, and to every want of the body.

"Thus you perceive that the coming church reverses no true verdict of history. It falsifies no lesson of past experience. It denies no fact of man's spiritual declension. It accepts in all its length and breadth the fact of self-love. But it reconciles all this historic experience with true Providential mercy, which absolutely exacts the evolution of an intellect in man, based in the staple harmonies of natural order. The endowment of this intellect is essential to the permanence of creation, and is the very end of the descent of Divine to the Human, and the union of the Human with the Divine. Thus the church reconciles the hitherto unmanageable fact of self-love with the unimpeded operation of divine laws; with the great ends of creative love and wisdom. It perfectly harmonises the law of self-love in man, with the law of universal love in God. It does not bid the natural mind revoke all history in order to reascend to its primal celestial conditions: *it reproduces these celestial conditions themselves, in natural forms.* It no longer exalts the inward or real, at the expense of the outward or actual; it proves the one to be an every way fit and indispensable exponent, basis and continent of the other. It does not bid us blush for our past history, any more than you now blush for the mistakes and wilfulness of your infancy; for it proves every event of history to have been a necessary means towards the actualization on earth, of the perfect order which is only truly realized in heaven. Right action is the crown and end of all individual culture; or all individual growth in goodness and truth. So the subjection of nature to distinctly human uses, or to a perfect social method, is the crown and end of the divine benignity towards the human race. It is henceforth the open secret of Providence. In short the new church affirms the divinely wedded unity of matter and spirit, conciliates nature and regeneration, and

harmonizes the profoundest truths of reason with the central fact of revelation."

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN BOSTON— VERDI'S "ERNANI."

The citizens of Boston, who have vainly expected a hearing of the Italian opera singers brought out by Signor Sanquirico this winter to New York, now find that there were richer things in store for them in the arrival of the troupe from Havana,—a troupe in every way more complete and more effective, except that it contains no Benedetti. They are seventy-three in number, having their own orchestra, their own choruses, scene-painter, costumer, &c. &c., a splendid wardrobe, besides upwards of a dozen solo singers. The New York Herald says of them:

"The *prima donna* is La Signorina Fortunata Tedesco. This lady has enjoyed a very great European reputation, from her performances at Milan, Vienna, Genoa, Turin, and so forth, and we have no doubt that her standing as an *artiste* will be by no means lessened here in New York. The next lady is La Signora Luiga Caranti, the *prima donna*. She, also, has a very high European name. Signora Sofia Marini is the *contralto* and *prima donna*, and Signora Teodolinda Gerli is the *comprimaria*. Signora Edigl, second *donna*. Of the *tenors* we have Signori J. B. Severi, Natale Perelli, and our old friend Peruzzi, whom we welcome back to New York. Giuseppe Premontesi, second *tenor*. Luigi Vita, *primo basso baritone assoluto*. Pietro Novelli, *primo basso profondo assoluto*. Luigi Bataglini, *primo basso*. Pietro Candi, *basso comprimario*. The Orchestra comprises some most admirable performers, and will be led by Signor Luigi Arditi, who, we are sure, will become a favorite in this city. The performer on the double bass is Signor J. B. Bottesini; and he is undoubtedly the most magnificent performer on that instrument in the world; at least, such is the opinion of Rossini. We cannot now specify all the performers in the orchestra, which is made up of thirty-two persons. We would merely say that it is as complete a band as could be put together in this country. The whole of this large troupe is under the sole direction of Signor Federico Badioli, who has come on with them from Havana, and besides fills the part of *tenor* and *comprimario*. Signor Badioli is the immediate agent of Signor Marti, of Havana, and this company has been selected by him in Italy, with the greatest care."

Our paper goes to press so early that we can only notice in this number their opening performance in the Howard Athenæum, which was on Friday, April 23d. The house was full and the reception most enthusiastic. The piece selected was "Ernani," and gave as favorable an opportunity as one could wish to make his first acquaintance with the music of Verdi. The plot of this opera is absurd and painful, worthy indeed of the grotesque genius of Victor Hugo, on one of

whose productions it is said to be based; and yet it furnishes many effective situations and a strange complication of passions in which a composer, so ambitiously original, finds scope. It is simply this. The proud old Castilian noble, Don Ruy Gomez de Silva (*Basso*, Signor Novelli) is about to marry his beautiful niece, Elvira, (*Prima Donna*, Signorina Tedesco) who detests him and loves Ernani (*Tenore*, Signor Perelli). Ernani, a proscribed noble, appears in the character of a bandit, and finds a still more powerful rival in his affection for Elvira in the person of his hereditary enemy, Don Carlos, king of Spain, afterwards the emperor Charles V. (*Baritone*, Signor Vita). — On the eve of the nuptials, Ernani gets admittance to the castle of Silva as a pilgrim, discovers himself, says that his band is routed and himself pursued, and begs protection, which the old knight hospitably grants him and retires with his followers. Ernani is thus left alone and Elvira steals back to her lover, who reproaches her with unfaithfulness, but she declares that he had been reported dead, and shows a poniard which she had snatched from the king who had offered violence to her in a previous scene, and with which she had resolved to save herself, if it came to the worst, from the odious union with old Silva. While they embrace each other Silva returns, full of jealousy and rage, and demands revenge; but at this moment the arrival of the king and his forces in pursuit of the robber is announced; the sentiment of honor prevails over every other consideration in the old Castilian, and he secretes Ernani, intimating at the same time that he saves him up for his own private revenge. The king is surprised to find the castle armed, and charges the old man with rebellion and with harboring the robber. Silva refuses to give him up, but offers his own life rather. The castle is searched in vain, and finally the king carries off Elvira as a pledge of the old man's loyalty. Silva then calls Ernani forth, offers him his choice of two swords, and tells him one of them must die; Ernani refuses to fight with him, tells him that he has a more powerful rival than himself in the love of Elvira, namely, the king, and thus a new and fiercer jealousy breaks out in the old man. Ernani offers to conduct Silva's forces and surprise the king and deliver Elvira; the old man accepts the proposition, on condition that he shall still have his revenge on him. Ernani gives him a hunting horn, and tells him that whenever he shall sound three notes upon it, his life shall be in his hands; and in this strangely complicated relation of the parties, the second act ends. After a long interval, we have a scene among sub-

terranean sepulchres, and Carlos visiting the tomb of Charlemagne, while the electors are met to choose an emperor. He has heard of a conspiracy to take his life and keep him from the crown. The conspirators enter, among whom are Silva and Ernani; they draw lots and it is decided that Ernani shall be the person to kill the king. Just then three cannons announce that Carlos is made emperor; the electors enter with pages bearing the crown; the conspirators are arrested, Ernani comes forward and announces himself to be Don Juan of Arragon, and is doomed to die with the rest; but at the intercession of Elvira, the emperor grants a general pardon and gives the lovers to each other. In the fourth and last act, there is a masquerade, followed by a happy meeting of the lovers in bridal array, in the midst of which the fatal horn is heard thrice, and Silva appears breathing vengeance. Nothing will satisfy him but the life of his victim, spite of all the entreaties of Elvira; Ernani dies, Elvira falls upon his body broken-hearted, and the curtain drops.

This is absurd enough, and perhaps we have wasted words in telling it; but between the love of Ernani, the old Castilian honor and revenge of Silva, and the ambition of Charles, there is some range of passion, though the monarch is represented with no character at all, only a few unconnected, inconsistent actions.

The music is certainly very original and effective throughout; the melodies are new, ingenious, and their beauty grows upon you; and yet we cannot be convinced that it is the melody of feeling, that it is the natural and spontaneous product which Italian melody usually is. The recitative is characteristic, chaste, distinct, vigorous, abounding in octave cadences, and evinces some of the best art of the composer. But in the concerted pieces lies his forte. The Finale, Septette and Chorus, to the first act, is a wonderfully harmonious complication of voices and motives; and in the Finale of the third act, with the chorus, "*A Carlo Magno*," the splendor of the music was overpowering. This was so admirably given as to call forth an irresistible encore, much to the credit of the audience who are not prone to encore anything but songs. The opening chorus, of robbers carousing and promising their aid to their leader to snatch Elvira from the arms of Silva, is spirited and wild and full of beauty. All this is sustained by the richest and most elaborate orchestral accompaniments; every passage which admits of it is crowded with harmony; chromatic modulations abound; and there is so much movement in the lower regions of the band, the intervals are so filled with notes even down in the most

indistinct depths of bass, as to impart a drowsy heaviness in spite of the incessant emphasis.

There is no overture, but an Introductory Adagio movement by the orchestra, of much solidity and grandeur. The first half a dozen bars, a solemn and ominous passage for brass instruments supported by a tremolo accompaniment, seem to hint the point on which the whole tragedy pivots, for they occur twice again, once where Ernani gives the horn to Silva, and again where Silva presents the pledge and claims his life. A similar passage connects the overture with the tragical conclusion of Mozart's *Don Juan*, though we should not think of comparing the two operas. This Introduction was admirably executed and gave us at once most perfect confidence in the admirable orchestra of the company. Never have we heard the instruments so well proportioned and so perfectly blended and subordinated to the total effect; especially never have we heard the brass instruments so well managed, and they come in for a large share of duty in Verdi's scores. It was loud, vigorous playing, yet never offensively so; it had enough of light and shade, while you could rely upon unflinching promptitude and strength. The collective quality of tone was very satisfactory; no weak, ambiguous, half-formed sounds; there was a smart, keen quality in every note, which we liked; they seemed to bite well, as we say of acids. The violoncello had some obligato passages, which were given with excellent feeling, the double bass was admirably distinct (and, by the way, shall we not hear this great performer on some occasion which may display his individual art?); the oboes too were beautiful; but in so good an orchestra you do not notice single instruments, and this is their greatest praise.

The prima donna, Signorina Tedesco, has a mezzo soprano voice of great beauty. Her style is perfectly chaste and finished, never over-strained or ambitious, but equal to any demand where power and pathos is wanted. She is full of soul and feeling, and leaves nothing wanting; beautiful in person, and accepting applause with a most unstudied grace. The public were made captive by her at once, and will remain so, for there is no mere superficial charm about her art. Her opening *scena*, where she appears musing upon her absent lover, and to the congratulations of her maids on her approaching union with Silva, replies that she loathes all speech which does not concern Ernani, is one of exceeding difficulty, and yet the air, so artificial and elaborate in itself, became pure nature in her beautiful delivery.

Signor Perelli, the tenor, has a voice

of great warmth and purity and flexibility. It seemed somewhat effeminate at first, as does the whole organization of the man, — a very different thing from the masculine strength and volume of Benedetti; — and yet almost as charming in its way. It is a sympathetic voice, always best when blended with others; and never have we heard so marvellous a quality of tone produced as in the passages in which he sings in unison with Elvira; it seems not two tones, but one, as hard and yet as glossy as hardest diamond; and by the way this opera abounds in passages in unison or octaves; Verdi blends voices as he would instruments in an orchestra. Perelli throws himself most heartily into his part, and by his free and graceful movement and chaste earnestness, he grows upon you continually. Such a Tenor is an invaluable element in any opera. In the lovers' duets the harmony between these two singers was such as we have never seen upon the stage; it was such music and such love as you were not ashamed to hear, — high and sincere art. The Baritone has a manly and firm voice, and is a very accomplished singer; only there is a certain hardness and lack of flexibility and shading, and he does not seem to lose himself in his part. But of the Basso, Novelli, in the character of the old Silva, we cannot say enough in praise. It is not the most remarkable voice we have heard; but we have never heard a bass voice so well managed, so perfectly controlled and subdued to feeling throughout its whole range. He is a consummate actor too; and the music of his part seemed suited to him; the sadness which runs through it, notwithstanding all its pride, is most affecting: and how expressive the tones with which he supplicates the king not to compel him to violate his pledged hospitality to Ernani, his own enemy! How terrible too his fiendlike revenge in the last scene! The whole Quartette is indeed admirable.

The chorusses were prompt, precise and expressive, except that the female chorus was too feeble. In all the tutti passages, the tenor sounds predominated vastly over the soprano. But the charm of the whole thing was, perfect co-operation and proportion. Every thing was precisely done, every part filled; solos, choruses, orchestra, all conspired to one effect, with an habitual ease and certainty; and we may say that it was the first time that such a thing was ever witnessed in a musical or a dramatical performance in Boston, or perhaps to the same extent in this country.

We shall speak further of Verdi's music when we have heard it more. We trust this rare visitation of artists will not be thrown away on Boston, that the enthu-

siasm of the first night will continue, and that the visit may be prolonged or repeated. Having such a company, one cannot refrain from uttering the wish that some of the greater operas may now be brought out, that it may not be altogether Verdi and Donizetti; but that *Don Juan*, or *Figaro*, or the *Simiramide* of Rossini, may not be thought too good to waste upon us.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1847.

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

DR. CHANNING.

CONVENTION IN NEW YORK.

DO NOT FORGET TO SEND DELEGATES.

At the risk of seeming to harp continually on one string, we would again remind the friends of Association, and especially the Affiliated Unions, wherever such have been formed, that the Anniversary meeting of the American Union in New York is close at hand, commencing on TUESDAY, THE 11TH OF MAY. Those Unions which have not already appointed delegates, it is hoped will not fail to do so within the coming week. If the cause is to go on with vigor; if clear and settled plans of action are to be agreed upon and entered upon; if there is to be unity and system and mutual understanding in our efforts for these coming years; then it is of the utmost importance that the Associationists of all parts of the country should be represented there. It must not be a mere parade and holiday Convention, but an earnest business meeting, which must not break up without results, any more than a jury can be discharged without a verdict.

All those whose hearts and minds are working separately in this cause, must come and lend us their best sympathy and their best wisdom. There must be such a number of the most devoted, most intelligent, and most trusted friends of the cause present, that all the questions of policy concerning publication, lectures, centralization, raising of funds for practical trial, and so forth, may be entrusted respectively to the best committees — the best which the country can afford. Let the friends only rally this time as the time demands, and the next year shall witness progress in our movement. Those who cannot appear in person, must forward their suggestions in writing.

The annual election of Officers will then be held, a matter in which every Affiliated Union should be interested.

SOCIAL RE-ORGANIZATION. — NO. VIII.

(Continued from p. 270.)

The time to look the great question of Labor in the face is fully come. It is the question upon which all reform, and the permanency of individual rights turns. It is the only basis of order and stability in our social institutions. All other questions in comparison fade out before it, as do the stars in the blaze of day. Talk however much we may, about almshouses, work-houses, paupers' asylums, houses of correction, out-door relief and benevolent associations, they all amount to nothing — are only *Back-door Relief*, at which justice had been turned out, long before these drivelling charities were handed out at the front door. It is not a time to administer what Carlyle calls Morison's Pills. It is time to do away with quackery. All these miserable nostrums are deceptive and fatal palliatives. The diseases of society are still operative and taking newer and more alarming types, as civilization numbers up its cycles. A burning shame it is, that the leading journals of Europe and America, in this hour of wo, teem only with dissertations upon tariffs, and "Pauperism and its Treatment," instead of manfully meeting on its true grounds, the great issue, which Humanity is making up, between Capital and Labor. Wo to that nation which fails to read wisely the lesson which Providence is striving to teach this age.

The March number of Blackwood's Magazine contains an article on "Pauperism and its Treatment," prefaced with the formal statement that the writer does "not propose to institute an elaborate inquiry into the causes of pauperism." — Of course he would not be suspected of that. Quite other motives impel him. It seems that there are in England and Wales 1,470,970 persons receiving relief, of whom 1,255,646 receive out-door relief, leaving 215,325 dependent upon the providence of Government. But this is evidently a great burden, and the object of the writer is, to show how the system of out-door relief may be extended, so as to relieve Government of the burden which threatens to crush it. It is only an attempt to systematize pauperism, the last great labor of political economists, which can be no longer deferred nor ignored. To institute an inquiry into the causes of pauperism, with a view to their removal, would be too formidable a work for the disciples of Smith, Ricardo and Malthus. It would be to introduce fathers to their own monstrous offspring. It would show them that the dark cloud of pauperism which threatens to envelop in revolution and destruction, the whole of civilized society, grows out of the mo-

novelty of the soil, of machinery, and of privileges, and the establishment of a system of competitive hired labor, in place of a direct proprietorship in labor and in the fruits of labor. Such a discovery would explode the thousands of volumes of learned trash, which has been dignified with the title of political economy; but which is no more an approach to a true science of Political Economy, than astrology was to the science of Astronomy. But our writer could not easily approach his subject, and treat it pathologically, as he professes to do, without suggesting some of the influences which have created such an alarming extent of pauperism in the midst of the most opulent nation on the globe. He no doubt looks the difficulty to the bottom, in his private speculations and perceives the remedy; but he lacks the manliness to declare it; and coolly enters into a pathological analysis of pauperism, to discover thereby a substitute for the work-house, which is every where unpopular and entered only as a last resort. Nay, it is on the very feeling of aversion towards the work-house, that he hopes to base the success of his scheme for out-door relief. But hear what he says upon the causes of pauperism in England:

"Let us steer our course along the silent 'highway,' the Thames, and make inquiries of the few sailor-looking men who may still be seen loitering at the several 'stairs;' we shall learn that not many years since these narrow outlets were the marts of a thriving employment, and that there crowds of independent and privileged watermen plied successfully for fares. These places are now forsaken, and the men have lost their occupation. Some still ply; and the cry at a few stairs, of 'Boat, your honor!' may still be heard. Others have been draughted into situations connected with the boat companies, which support them during the summer months. A large number swell the crowds of day-laborers, who frequent the legal quays, the sufferance wharves, and the docks. And the rest, unfitted by their age or habits to compete with laborers accustomed to the other fields of occupation, sink lower and lower: sustained for a time by the helping hands of comrades and old patrons, but at last obliged to seek a refuge at the parish workhouse. Death also does his part. At Paul's Wharf stairs, a few inches above high-water mark, a few shrubs have been planted against the river wall—and above them is a small board, rudely cut, and on it are inscribed these words,—'To the memory of old Brown, who departed this life, August 26, 1846.' Let us stroll to the coach offices. Here again we see a great change—great to the common eye of the public, who miss a rare show, and a still greater one to the hundreds and thousands of human beings whose subsistence depended upon the work done at these places. A few years ago, the reader may have formed one of a large group of spectators, collected at the 'Peacock' at Islington, to witness the departure of the

night mails, on the high north road. The cracking of whips, the blowing of horns, the prancing horses, the bustle of passengers and porters, and the consciousness of the long dreary distance they had to go, exercised an enduring influence upon the imagination and memory of the youthful observer. Now, a solitary slow coach may be sometimes seen. In those days, all the outlets of the metropolis presented similar scenes. Then call to remembrance the business transacted in those numerous, large, old-fashioned, square-galleried inn-yards; and reflect upon the hundreds who have been thrown out of bread. The high-roads and the way-side inns are now forsaken and silent. These remarks are not made merely to show that there is an analogy between the several districts and employments in the metropolis, and those of the country. If this were all, not another word would be written. But it so happens that the comparison affords an opportunity which cannot be passed over, of referring to the changes which are going on in the world; and forcibly reminds us, that while some are rising, others are falling, and many are in the mire, trodden under foot, and forgotten. It is with the miserable beings who are in the last predicament, that poor-laws have to do."

"The coachmen, the guards, the ostlers, the horse-keepers, the harness-makers, the farriers, the various workers in the trade of coach-builders, and the crowd of tatterdemalions who performed all sorts of offices,—where are they? The inquirer must go into the back streets and alleys of London. He must search the records of benevolent institutions; and he must hold frequent converse with those who administer parochial relief. But his sphere must not be confined to the metropolis. Let the reader unroll his library map of England, and devote an entire afternoon to the study of it. Trace the high-roads with a pointer. Pause at every town, and at every stage. Refer to an old book of roads, and to a more modern conveyance directory. Let memory perform its office: reflect upon the crowds of persons who gained a subsistence from the fact that yourselves and many others were obliged to travel along the high-road on your way from London to York. There were inn-keepers, and waiters, and chambermaids, post-boys and 'boots.' Then there were hosts of shop-keepers and tradesmen who were enabled to support their families decently, because the stream of traffic flowed through their native towns and villages. Take a stroll to Hounslow. Its very existence may be traceable to the fact that it is a convenient stage from London. It was populous and thriving, and yet it is neither a town, a parish, nor a hamlet. Enter the bar of one of the inns, and take nothing more aristocratic than a jug of ale and a buscuit. Lounge about the yard, and enter freely into conversation with the superannuated post-boys who still haunt the spot. You will soon learn, that it is the opinion of the public in general, and of the old post-boys in particular, that the nation is on the brink of ruin; and they will refer to the decadence of their native spot as an instance. The writer was travelling, not many months ago, in the counties of Rutland, Northampton, and Lincoln; and while in conversation with the coachman, who then held up his head

as high, and talked as familiarly of the 'old families,' whose mansions we from time to time left behind us, as if the evil days were not approaching, our attention was arrested by the approach of a suite of carriages with out-riders, advancing rapidly from the north. An air of unusual bustle had been observed at the last way-side inn. A waiter had been seen with a napkin on his arm, not merely waiting for a customer, but evidently expecting one, and of a class much higher than the travelling bugmen: and this was a solitary way-side inn. We soon learned that the cortège belonged to the Duke of —. The coachman added, with a veneration which referred much more to his grace's practice and opinions than to his rank,—'He always travels in this way,—he is determined to support the good old plans;' and then, with a sigh, continued, 'It's of no use—it's very good-natured, but it does more harm than good; it tempts a lot of people to keep open establishments who had better close. It's all up.'

"It is not necessary to pursue this matter further. Nor is it required that we should follow these unfortunates who have thus been thrown out of bread, or speculate upon their fallen fortunes. Nor need we specially remind the reader, that this is only one of the many changes which have come upon us during the last quarter of a century, and which are now taking place. Space will not permit a full exposure of the common fallacy, that men soon change their employments. As a general rule, it is false. The great extent to which the division of labor is carried, effectually prevents it. Each trade is divided into a great many branches. Each branch, in large manufactories, is again divided. A youth selects a branch, and by being engaged from day to day, in the same manipulation, he acquires, in the course of years, an extraordinary degree of skill and facility of execution. He works on, until the period of youth is beginning to wane; and then his particular division, or branch of trade, is superseded. Is it not clear that the very habits he has acquired, his very skill and facility in the new obsolete handicraft must incapacitate him for performing any other kind of labor, much less competing with those who have acquired the same skill and facility in those other branches or trades?"

The causes of poverty are the same in every civilized nation upon the earth. The same antagonism between capital and labor, where capital always gets the lion's share, and keeps labor ever upon the jackal's share.

We have no intention of reviewing the article from which we have made these extracts, and we make these quotations because they are just what we should have said; but have the advantage of being found in a Magazine of long and wide celebrity. They show also, that there is but one opinion among intelligent people the world over, as to the causes of poverty. The London Times uses this ominous language. "Labor and wages, population and wealth, have suffered a long divorce, and must now be reconciled." There is no evading such an

issue, and all attempts to patch up the old institutions of Paganism, in this age of science and Christian reform, will be abortive, and the more calamitous as they are persevered in. It is seen that something more is wanting to social harmony than merely to produce wealth, and that there is a difference between national wealth and national happiness.

That nation cannot be prosperous how-muchsoever it may produce of wealth, which permits a monstrous injustice in the distribution of it,—a distribution which robs the laborer of the fruits of his toil; dooms him to perpetual ignorance; degrades him to the condition of an animal; which uses his services whilst it despises his function, and narrows continually the horizon of hope for his children. What avails the enormous productions of British industry, whilst the lazy robber, in bloated wealth, is dying of ennui on the one hand, and the industrious artizan is haggard with want on the other? Out-door relief, ragged schools and burial societies—what do they signify, so long as justice demands wealth, the advantages of universities and a full life of joy for all? Is it enough that the humble laborer gets his mess of cold, out-door porridge, and a hole in the ground six feet by two when he dies? Is England happy with her 2,000,000 tatterdemalions and the reflection that all these but yesterday were to the nation her cunning right-hand of industry and art? Looks England for prosperity and security, whilst this terrible tragedy is from year to year acted over on the stage of her wide empire? Ah! no. These ill-boding times of multiplied machinery, contrast sadly with the happy days of *Merrie Old England*, when there was work enough for all, and generous pay besides. In those days, when landlords lived at home, and expended their means among well-paid servants, when they travelled in their own carriages, followed by a long train of attendants,—ere railroads had superseded these “good old customs,” when there was demand for ostlers, carriage and harness makers, out-riders, footmen, inn-keepers, servants, chamber-maids and “boots;”—was not England more prosperous and happy than now? Were not her people better provided for, and were they not more virtuous? Then the hand-loom and spinning wheel sufficed to clothe all the people; and the weaver received 28s 8d for his weekly labor,—equal to 100 lbs. of flour, or 826 lbs. of potatoes, or 55 lbs. of meat: average, 291 lbs. of food. In 1834, wages had fallen to 5s 6d a week.

Crime has increased five-fold in England, six-fold in Ireland, and twenty-seven-fold in Scotland, within thirty

years. What say our political savants at this? What think they of their expositions of economy, with which they have so long contented themselves? Is it really the only business of the political economist to devise means for the production of wealth? Then is the collective happiness of a nation a subject wholly beyond its province. But the idea is out, that a nation is truly great, only as its members are really happy, and that political science is of little worth, if it does not sum up as the end of all science, art and labor, the collective well-being of humanity. Can wise men suppose that a nation may despise the relations of man to man as brothers, the unity and solidarity of human destiny; that whole masses of mankind may be steeped in poverty, ignorance, brutality and crime, and still that nation continue prosperous and secure. They shall yet see, that with poverty and wretchedness come diseases, which do not confine themselves to the victims, in whom society has generated them, but that like the plagues of Egypt lay their direst strokes upon those who feel most secure. The malaria of crime and impurity, come up from those sinks of pollution to infect all, even the most pure and hallowed. The Divine Economy distributes among all the sorrows, afflictions and woes of mankind, and provides, that there shall be no real joy for any, until it can be shared by all.

The results of civilization show, that there must be a radical reform in the ethics of economists. It is shown too, in the revelations of Social Science, in the aspirations of humanity, in its travail of woe, and by the one sidedness of life every where. Labor must be elevated, respected, rewarded; and willing hands must always find opportunity for employment, and meet encouragement in receiving the full fruits of their labor.

LECTURES IN PROVIDENCE.

The lectures which we spoke of week before last, as so auspiciously begun in Providence, were most successfully terminated last week. Our strongest expectations have been more than realized. In no city in New England have we had so numerous, select, intelligent and interested audiences. The choicest individuals from all classes were our constant and interested auditors—the staid conservative of “law and order,” the busy politician, the observant editor, the shrewd practical business man, as well as the devoted reformer from all ranks, and woman too, with all the devotion of her nature, and the refined delicacy of her character, all were there, to hear, to examine, and to tolerate, even when they forebore to assent to all that was said. We repeat it, scarcely ever has it been our pleasure to

address so good audiences as those of Providence—good in every respect; the seed of a higher life, we are confident, has not in this instance been cast upon a stony or barren soil, but upon ground which is warmed with the sunshine of heaven, and refreshed by its early and later rains. We are confident that the fruit will be abundant, and wholesome.

The meetings were attended by several of the most distinguished and eloquent advocates of our doctrines, whose words fell with the authority of truth, and the force of prophecy, upon the understandings and hearts of those who listened. Mr. Ripley made a most happy speech on the first evening, showing in a spirit of genuine conciliation the cause of social wretchedness, of harrowing anxieties, unrest and ennui on the one hand, and of ignorance, degradation, and sensuality on the other, and of outrageous fraud and crime every where. On the next evening Mr. Brisbane gave a most caustic and searching analysis of the present social system, showing that it had its origin in paganism, and was established at the founding of ancient Babylon, Persia and Egypt. His remarks were severe in the extreme, and so pungent, that few audiences not more thoroughly acquainted with the principles of Association, than most can be supposed to be, would hardly have ventured a further hearing. But on the third and last evening, the hall was filled with a larger audience than at any previous meeting. Mr. Brisbane made a brief exposé of the practical organization of an association, illustrating it by his fine painting, and concluded by a recapitulation of the leading views which had been presented in the course of the meetings. Mr. Channing then closed with a brief but most earnest and eloquent vindication of the goodness of human nature. He made a masterly statement of the philosophy of depravity; he analyzed it and laid bare the causes, every where operating in society to produce it; contrasted the perverting influences of present society with those more beneficent ones which Association would offer, for tempting forth the better tendencies of the soul, by surrounding all humanity with congenial spheres of activity, from infancy to riper age. Mr. Channing's remarks were very brief, but so convincing and eloquent, that he took his audience with him as willingly as if they had been a pleasure-party, seated in their light boats, and his breath were the breeze that bore them on the way of their desires. Mr. Channing closed with a statement of the objects of the American Union of Associationists, and proposed the formation of an affiliated Union in Providence. The form of a constitution was then read. Some twenty-five persons gave in their

names, and a committee was appointed to take measures for completing the organization. On the next evening, a meeting was held, and a Union formed, numbering over thirty members. This by no means includes all who are interested in the Associative movement in the city of Providence. There are many more who will join the Union, but who could not meet on that evening, and still others, whose sympathies and means will not be wanting to sustain the cause in Providence and elsewhere.

We cannot speak in too high terms of the proffers of hospitalities to our friends by the citizens of Providence. They were cordial and substantial. We were struck with the singular and noble frankness of the Abolitionists of Rhode Island. They are really the people whom we should expect to find engaged in the abolition of slavery, and not of that alone, but of all forms of wrong that debase and crush humanity. They are men and women, who have been trained to think profoundly, and to act nobly. They seem to us the least sectarized of almost any band of reformers which it has been our fortune to meet with. Their eyes are injured to the blaze of truth, and they do not blink at new manifestations of it. They welcome good from every where, believing that all earnest men have more or less of it. Whoever labors for the elevation and redemption of humanity in earnest and sincere faith, has their deepest sympathies and hearty co-operation. Hence many of them, are among the most active and enthusiastic believers in the Social unity of the race, and the practicability of an order of society based upon its recognition. We owe them many thanks, and feel united to them by ties of sincere friendship; and we trust that this is but the introduction to a long and friendly co-operation in the work of integral reform.

PROVIDENCE UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS.

Organized April 17th, 1847.

Numbering about thirty members. Officers:

WILLIAM CHACE, President.

P. W. FERRIS, Vice President.

JOHN L. CLARKE, Secretary.

JOSEPH A. BARKER, Treasurer.

WISCONSIN PHALANX. Benjamin Wright, who was for one year President of the Alphadelphia Association, is now the President of the Wisconsin Phalanx. He has been with them nearly a year. So have some of his family. He lately returned to this State for the purpose of removing on the rest of his family. We had the pleasure of making him a visit during his stay. We were much pleased and encouraged with the intelligence he gave us of the success and circumstances of the Phalanx. We conversed more with him than we could put in type in a week. Our experience in Association en-

abled us readily to understand each other, and the same school of experience enabled us to understand the location of those rocks and shoals on which so many Associations have wrecked before they have fairly cleared the harbor of their early existence. We were glad to learn that the Phalanx had nearly passed these rocks and shoals, and was fast making its way into the broad blue ocean of success. The members for a few years longer will be compelled to submit to the disadvantages incident upon first settling in a new country. But let them persevere, and be careful about taking in additional members, and be sure they are the right characters, of small families, and a proper supply of ready capital, and soon they will be possessed of competence, with all the comforts and pleasures of Association. They have plenty of excellent stone and lime close at hand, for building. Their grist mill is nearly ready to run. A great unity prevails among the members, and they were represented as enjoying life in Association.— *True Tocsin, Ann Arbor, Mich.*

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS

Will be held during Anniversary Week, on **TUESDAY, May 11th**, in the City of **NEW YORK**; and it is important that the Affiliated Unions should prepare in season to send their Delegates, and that Associationists should make their arrangements to attend.

The occasion is a momentous one. The American Union of Associationists must this Spring mark out distinctly a plan of operations, and determine upon the most expeditious and economical mode of diffusing our doctrines throughout the nation, and of making ready for the practical embodiment of our principles.

For this end, the advice of the most devoted, wise and energetic friends of the movement is needed. This must be in the strongest sense of the words, a *business meeting*; where all important points of policy may be thoroughly discussed, and measures agreed upon, which being the result of the best collective judgment of the American Union, shall be found worthy of the devoted support and earnest aid of every Associationist. The next year should be as active a one, as the means and men at our command can possibly make it; and it is necessary therefore to form a clear and precise estimate, in advance, of all our resources. We have to determine upon the number and character of our publications, — to lay out the most promising fields for our lecturers, — and especially to set in motion efficient instrumentalities by which to secure active co-operation among the Affiliated Unions, so that all Associationists may feel that they are working in concert for definite objects, and that they are living members of One Body.

It is emphatically recommended, therefore:

1st. That each Affiliated Union should at once meet, and consult as to the plans which may seem best for advancing our cause most rapidly, firmly, widely. Let new members be added; let contributions be increased; let zeal and determination be strengthened; let the wants and opportunities of respective neighborhoods be carefully considered. Every Affiliated Union should form an exact estimate of the *Weekly Rent* which it can raise, and be prepared to offer at the Anniversary Meeting a

PLEDGE of the amount which it will contribute for the year, or for a term of years, to the funds of the American Union. We must secure at least Fifty Dollars a week, and twice that sum if possible; and if each Union will do its part energetically, we cannot fail of the means for a brilliant success. What Association will pledge \$20, \$10, \$5, a week for three years?

2d. It is recommended, that each Associationist should consider what he or she can do to help on the movement, — what sacrifices we are ready to make for it, — what means we will consecrate to it, — what time and efforts we resolve to give to advance this cause of peace, unity, and universal good. How many Associationists there are, who could easily pledge \$100, \$50, \$10, a year, for three or five years to the propagation of Associative doctrines. And are they free not to do it? How many Associationists there are, who could subscribe \$1,000, or \$500, or \$100, towards the formation of a *Permanent Fund*, the income of which might be devoted to the diffusion of our views, while the principal should go to form a Capital for some Practical Trial, when the American Union should determine that the time had come, that the place was found, and that means and men authorized the step. Who is ready to promise a yearly or a triennial contribution, or to subscribe to the Permanent Fund? Who is not ready to do something efficient?

Now let this matter be taken in hand promptly and resolutely, with the spirit becoming those engaged in a Universal Reform, — which promises to radically cure the chronic maladies of society, and to make Man whole again, — which seeks to establish upon earth a Heavenly Order, — which offers to the world no vague hope, but definite Science, — and which commends itself to the good-sense of the most practical.

Let each Affiliated Union, let each Associationist, contribute the best counsel and amplest pecuniary supplies, at the coming Anniversary.

Where Delegates cannot be sent, and individuals cannot attend, letters may be addressed to the Union.

By order of the Executive Committee.

W. H. CHANNING,

*Domestic Corresponding Secretary of the
American Union of Associationists.*
BOSTON, March 15, 1847.

WEST ROXBURY RAILROAD AND OMNIBUS LINE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

LEAVES Brook Farm at 7 and 9 A. M., and 1 3-4 and 5 P. M. Leaves the "Toll Gate Station" on the arrival of the 8 and 11 1-2, A. M., 3 1-2 and 6 1-2, P. M., Cars from Boston.

N. R. GERRISH,
Agent.
April 5, 1847.

THE HARBINGER

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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.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, April 20, 1847.

DEAR SIRS: The Associative Doctrines, cheering and inspiring, as they are to the soul, have yet a penalty attached to their knowledge. The poet says "when ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and were the present state of society permanent, it might be a misfortune to have a view of that beautiful and enchanting prospect which Association presents of the possible condition of Humanity on the earth. The glorious ideal which so delights the imagination makes the hideous aspect of civilization doubly repugnant to the feelings.

This mighty city, this far-famed Emporium of Commerce with its enormous aggregation of Wealth, Industry and Talent, how miserably are these means of happiness perverted and wasted! The terrible and desolating effects of free competition, of the incoherence and antagonism of pursuits and interests, of industrial slavery, are here seen in all their horrors. The characters which such circumstances naturally produce here abound in all their deformity, in all their intense selfishness. O how hard-hearted, how devoid of every sympathetic and generous emotions must be these Capitalists, who can look unmoved upon the awful miseries which surround them and give no aid, not even a word of encouragement to those who are struggling and hoping for a better state of things! Such moral monsters are nevertheless the legitimate offspring of the principles that now govern social relations.

How true a type of civilization is the architecture of this city! The eye which looks for beauty and harmony is pained with ugliness and disorder; here a splendid palace for the idler or the mere exchanger of the products of labor, there a dirty hovel for the creator of wealth; wood, brick, stone, all orders and styles of architecture, jumbled to-

gether in a horly-burly sort of fashion. Stone blocks are types of perverted Emulation, each house striving to rise above its neighbor's. Yet amid this mob of dwellings there are not wanting correspondences to the indications which society now furnishes of the coming of the Combined Order. The block in William Street called Washington Buildings, which is built on a uniform plan is really refreshing to the sight, and exhibits most palpably the advantages resulting from following the Order of nature, *Variety in Unity*.

The Lectures on Association have been well attended, and listened to with the greatest interest, and must have convinced every candid mind of the necessity and practicability of Social Reform. The one delivered by Horace Greeley especially, commended itself to the common sense of the audience. It is an honor to our City that we have such a man amongst us, and so noble and humane a paper as the "Tribune," which still pursues "the even tenor of its way," despite the piteous and impotent howlings of the "Observers," "Couriers" and "Expresses."

The Anniversary of the American Union of Associationists is looked forward to with much interest and hope. O that each believer of our doctrines would now come forward with determined zeal to prosecute the great work. Let us expect great things, attempt great things, and this year may witness a mighty impulse given to the cause of Humanity.

The National Reformers are much elated by the result of our municipal election, their influence having elected our Mayor and Alms-House Commissioner, the former nominated by the Whigs and the latter by the Democrats. They are truly a noble body of men, and enter with their whole soul upon the vindication of the "right of man to the soil." The signs of the times plainly indicate their approaching success.

Yours in the cause of Humanity.

J. G. F.

FROM LA DEMOCRATIE PACIFIQUE.

Translated for the Harbinger.

CRACOW AND CONSTANTINOPLE. The brutal suppression of the little State of Cracow, has been a flagrant violation of the principle on which the rights of modern nations rest. Since the treaty of Westphalia, the principle has been recognized that one State should not destroy another, but that they should all concur towards the equilibrium of Europe. To maintain this principle the European States combined against Louis XIV., and against Napoleon.

This principle was at first laid down only for the States of Christendom. Afterwards, when the Mahomedan States entered the movement of the modern world, it was necessary to place them under the same ægis, and the more so as their invasion and division threatened to excite interminable wars. The integrity of the Ottoman Empire was then proclaimed, and this second principle, though of later announcement, became not less essential to the harmony of nations and the peace of the world. Its guardianship extended over Constantinople, the two Straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, Smyrna, Egypt, Syria, the Isthmus of Suez, and all those geographical positions, too important for any European power to have their exclusive possession. The principle of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, effected a concert of action amongst the European nations in Oriental affairs; and from this concert resulted equality of rights, an equality not less favorable to the States of Europe than to the progress of the Eastern countries.

These tendencies were truly conformable to a great social policy. They appear to have been appreciated and acted on by M. Guizot, in the Convention of 1841, on the neutrality of Straits. They should have been extended to all the parts of the Ottoman Empire, since they were so many guarantees for the protection of interests and the maintenance of general peace.

At the present time, the principle of

the independence of States, has just been trodden under foot by the three courts of the north. No general State treaties any longer exist to regulate the affairs of Europe. We have now only private international arrangements. The treaties of 1815 have been destroyed by the very powers who had imposed them upon Europe. The only common bond remaining among the Christian nations, is a compact made in virtue of the principle of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, a compact recognized by Turkey, 13th of June, 1841, which declared the neutrality of the Straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. It is a remarkable fact, and one which justifies the prophetic genius of Fourier, that it is through the East, through Constantinople, that the European powers are now linked with each other, in the midst of the rupture of treaties and of all the principles of international rights.

But will the three northern powers, who have not respected the independence of States, respect the integrity of the Ottoman Empire? Will the existence of Mussulman States be more sacred in their eyes than that of Christian States? Having torn the treaties of 1815, will they pause before the compact of the Straits? Or will they not rather proceed to divide among themselves the Turkish Empire? Will they content themselves with usurping some of its provinces? Will they dare to fix the fate of Constantinople? Will it be allowed to them?

The projects of the northern courts are not officially known. If such exist, they will take care not to let them escape before the train of their realization is laid. In any case, we may conjecture that the East will first feel the consequences of the confiscation of Cracow. We add the following curious revelations contained in a correspondence from Constantinople, addressed to the Semaphora of Marseilles.

"We have been informed at Constantinople, that a Greek Phauliot, M. Razis, who receives a pension of 4,000 Russian rubles, with honorary distinctions from this government for his previous services, and who combines the functions of first Dragoman to the Belgian embassy with those of Interpreter to the Porte, had drawn up a plan for the division of the Ottoman Empire, which, rejected by the last Minister, M. Titow, has been accepted with signal favor by M. Oustinow, his successor in office. This fact had been known for two months, when its intelligence was received by the Porte through the columns of the Leipzig Gazette, sent by the internuncio of Austria. Here the plan was presented in all its details, with all the changes to which it had been sub-

mitted, together with the author's name. In substance it ran thus: Constantinople, Smyrna, and the Dardanelles, were to be constituted free ports. Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia were to form a principality to be assigned to the Duke of Leuchtenberg, son-in-law of the Russian Emperor. Bulgaria and Romelia should belong to Russia; Bosnia, Albania, and Arzrugan, to Austria; Egypt and Syria to England; Tunis and Tripoli to France, besides the sanction of her Algerian conquests. The Porte, moved by this disposition of its territories, immediately ordered the translation and sent copies of the plan to the five powers above-mentioned. The idea seems to have been to make as much noise as possible in order to sound the disposition of Russia. What gives more weight to the presumptive evidence against this court is, the recent presentation of some superb jewelry to M. Razis, the author, from the prime Minister."

Thus the plan has been welcomed by him, sent to the cabinet of St. Petersburg, published by a German journal under censorship, and finally communicated by the internuncio of Austria to the Porte itself, which appears disturbed and wishes explanations. May not this project be a trial balloon, a means of preparing public opinion and diplomacy? May it not be one of those manœuvres by which a great deal is proposed in the view of realizing a part? And after the publication of such a project of complete destruction of the Ottoman Empire, may not Europe and the Porte consider themselves fortunate if the plunder is restricted to some provinces? Here are the sequences of the usurpation which the three courts of the north have just committed on the little State of Cracow. It is a confiscation of the feeble States of Humanity; it is a collective conquest of those countries which Europe should protect. It is a robbery upon the weaker members of the human family. Unfaithful guardians, the Christian nations divide among themselves the property of their wards! Without any other pretext than their ambition, they would violently impose their civilization on people whom they know not how to govern! As if the laws of our present civilization were perfect enough to apply to entire Humanity!

Finally, such a project is but a retrograde Utopia. To have mentioned it will suffice; but it may serve to measure the abyss opened through the confiscation of Cracow. It may serve to show how far we may go when we have entered the path of conquest and brutal force; when we have violated the sacred principle of the independence and the fraternity of nations.

POLAND — VALIDITY OF TREATIES BETWEEN THE STRONG AND THE WEAK. The cup of bitterness for Poland is now full. The republic of Cracow has been suppressed by a stroke of the pen by the European powers, Russia, Prussia and Austria, in the face of the most formal stipulations signed by these powers, as well as by England and France. The treaty of Vienna, of 1815, contains the following Articles:

"Article 6th. The city of Cracow with its territory is declared *in perpetuity a city, free, independent, and strictly neutral*, under the protection of Russia, of Prussia and of Austria."

"Article 9th. The courts of Russia, of Austria and of Prussia, *engage to respect and to cause to be respected through all time*, the neutrality of the free city of Cracow and all its territory. No armed force shall ever be introduced into it *under any pretence whatsoever*."

It would seem, however, according to a note in the Augsburg Gazette, that the absolute powers had only constituted the republic of Cracow as an experiment, and had taken no pledge except to each other. An audacious lie, — since England and France likewise signed that treaty, and have the right to watch over its execution in all its details as a question of European equilibrium.

DECLARATION OF THE CENTRAL POLISH COMMITTEE. The republic of Cracow has ceased to exist. The treaties of 1815 are brutally violated. The last vestige of Polish nationality has disappeared through a monstrous usurpation. When the hands of the oppressors tear the compact imposed by the oppressors themselves, it is not only to the Governments of civilization that such a violation of all rights dictates sacred duties; nations have also theirs. The silent indignation of all honest men is not enough; it is an energetic and unanimous protest which should answer the rapacious grasp of despotism, and warn it that if the justice of nations sleeps for a time, it has sooner or later a terrible awakening.

Cracow is now an Austrian city. The three powers in partnership have accomplished their last crime against Polish nationality; but this crime has reanimated throughout Europe, the indignation excited at long intervals by the division of 1772, the reactions of 1831, the misfortunes of March, 1840; and now more than ever, have we hope in a future for our nation. Cracow cannot now be restored without raising all Poland, whose final ruin has been so audaciously proclaimed in the face of all Europe and especially of France, which has sworn by the organ of its three great powers, that Polish nationality should not perish.

The republic of Cracow, that last centre of the country, a hearth where herembers yet feebly glowed, still alarmed the powers: they fling its ashes to the winds. It remains still proven that the treaties of Vienna, on which the equilibrium of Europe had been declared finally to rest, were mere words, a fiction which had long ceased to deceive any one. Austria, Russia, Prussia, for whose benefit these treaties have been concluded, show, in being the first to violate them, what value Europe can attach to national pledges. Poland, with the national, independent institutions promised to her in an article of the treaties of Vienna, would have caused great annoyance for the last sixteen years to the powers in partnership; and so, after the revolution of Warsaw, the Czar hastened to tear the constitution of Poland. Cracow preserved in its bosom all the traditions of its lost country; and so, after having strangled in blood the last cry of independence, the three usurpers now hasten to annihilate this last vestige of Poland, which a capital article of the same Viennese treaties still called a free city.

To the future no alternative is now possible. Either Absolutism or Liberty must reign in Europe.

But this is also the cause of all people. It is the cause of justice and of liberty. The Central Polish Committee cannot and will not keep silence before this new iniquity with which the northern powers have defiled themselves! In the name of justice and of liberty, in the name of the nations, it joins its protest to that of the whole civilized world.

BEAUTIES OF CIVILIZED WAR — ATTEMPTED POISONING OF 5,000 MEN. The news from Lisbon runs, that Saldanha, a military commander in the civil wars, has just committed an action as abominable as criminal. Three sergeants, bribed by him, had been sent as deserters to Santarem, with a commission to poison the bread of the troops there and to set fire to the powder magazine. One of the scoundrels having exposed the plot, the two others have been arrested, and an inquest having proved the existence of arsenic in 5,000 rations, the baker and two sergeants were immediately shot, and the rations destroyed.

The Santarem bulletin announces this horrible news. Saldanha doubtless wished to profit by this disastrous moment to attack Santarem and cover himself with glory.

A MOURNFUL AND YET NOT UNUSUAL PICTURE, was presented in the Park, opposite the Alms House yesterday morning. Scattered on the grass and side walk in that vicinity, were about one hundred and fifty miserable paupers, who

were waiting for a supply of bread, which they expected to receive from the authorities. Some were lame, many almost dead with the most loathsome diseases, and all of them presenting the appearance of famished savages. They consisted of men, women, children and dogs, and the picture they presented was indeed melancholy in the extreme. — *Gazette and Times*.

CANNIBALISM.

PERVERSION OF HUMAN LIFE AND INCONSEQUENCE OF MAN WITH THE ANIMAL CREATION THROUGH HIS SELFISH APPROPRIATION OF THEIR BODIES.

(Continued from p. 313.)

We have spoken hitherto of faculties, of intelligence; but it is not on these that the claims of the animal to our sympathy, to our respect, chiefly rest; these are but the means, the tools, and not the essential life. It is not because our fellow creature thinks and plans and executes, that our love should go forth towards him and sacredly protect him from violence, but because he loves and requires love; and because our Heavenly Father is in all and loves all, proclaiming this from moment to moment in the fact of its existence. The passions and affections of animals have never been denied; but they have been no more appreciated than their intelligence by the mass of mankind.

Every one who has the slightest acquaintance with woodland life, will have felt his sympathies enlisted in the love, the heroism, the tenderness and the strife that fills nature, and proclaims the omnipresence of passion, unitary in its essence, though dual in development. Let us listen to one of nature's priests, to Audubon, the savant, the poet, and the woodsman, whose name will be dear to us while the grass grows, the waters flow, and the birds sing. Audubon, whose paintings and whose words, fresh as the dew, bright as the dawn, delicate as song, multiplied by the secrets of art, will inspire with the love of nature, the Cherubims, the Seraphims, the Lyceans and Gymnasians in the Harmonian Choirs of American Phalansteries.

"Here is the Brown Thrush, which the plate represents defending his nest from a snake.

"Reader, (you who have shot and bagged, broiled and eaten this little songster,) look attentively at the plate before you, and say if such a scene as I have attempted to portray, is not calculated to excite the compassion of any one who is an admirer of woodland melody, or who sympathises with the courageous spirit which the male bird shows as he defends his nest and exerts all his powers to extricate his beloved mate from the coils of the vile snake which has already nearly de-

prived her of life. Another male of the same species, answering the call of despair from his fellow creature, comes swiftly downward to rescue the sufferer. With open bill he is already prepared to strike a vengeful blow at the reptile, his bright eye glancing hatred at his foe. See a third grappling with the snake and with all his might tearing the skin from his body! Should this alliance of noble spirits prove victorious, will it not remind you that innocence, although beset with difficulties, may with the aid of friendship extricate herself with honor? The birds, in the case represented, were greatly the sufferers. Their nest was upset, their eggs lost, and the life of the female in imminent danger. But the snake was finally conquered and a jubilee held over its carcass by a crowd of thrushes and other birds, until the woods resounded with their notes of exultation. I was happy in contributing my share to the general joy, for on taking the almost expiring bird into my hand for a few minutes, she recovered in some degree, and I restored her to her anxious mate. . . . No sooner has the bird reached its destined abode than whenever a fair morning occurs, it mounts the topmost twig of a detached tree, and pours forth its loud, richly laden and highly melodious song. . . . Ah! reader that I could repeat to you its several cadences, all so full of sweetness and melody that one may imagine its last trill as it dies on the ear, the careful lullaby of some blessed mother, chanting her babe to repose; that I could imitate its loudest notes, surpassed only by those of that unrivalled vocalist the Mocking-bird. But alas it is impossible for me to convey to you the charms of the full song of the Brown Thrush; you must go to its own woods and there listen to it. . . . During the period of courtship, the male often struts before the female with his tail trailing on the ground; and while perched and singing in her presence, agitating his body with vehemence. . . . The young begin their musical studies in autumn, repeating passages with as much zeal as ever did Paganini. By the following spring their full powers are developed. . . . 'They are easily domesticated; so gentle' (says Audubon of one of his pets) "did this bird become, that when I opened its cage it would follow me about the yard and the garden. The instant it saw me take a spade or hoe, it would follow at my heels, and as I turned up the earth would pick up every insect or worm thus exposed to its view. I kept it for three years; it slept usually on the back of my chair in my study.

"During the period of incubation, the male is heard from the top of a neighboring tree singing for hours at a time. It

ascends to this pinnacle by-leaping from branch to branch, and selects several trees for the purpose, none of them more than one huddled yards from the nests. Its song over, it dives towards its favorite thicket. Both male and female sit on the eggs. Their mutual attachment, and their courage in defending their nest, are well known to children living in the country. They resent the intrusion even of man, assaulting him and emitting a strong guttural note, resembling *tchai, tchai*, accompanied by a plaintive *weo*, and continued till the enemy retires. Should he carry off their treasure, he is sure to be followed a great way, both birds continually crossing his path, and bestowing on him the reproaches he so richly deserves."

The Meadow Lark. "How could I give the history of this beautiful bird, were I not to return for a while to the spot where I found it most abundant, and where the most frequent opportunities occurred of observing it! Then, reader, to those rich grass fields let us stray. We are not far from the shores of the Jerseys; the full beauties of an early spring are spread profusely around us; the glorious sun illumines the creation with a flood of golden light as he yet lies beneath the deep; the industrious bee is yet asleep, as are the birds in bush and tree; the small wavelets break upon the beach with a gentle murmur; the sky is so beautifully blue, that in seeing it, one fancies himself near heaven; the moon is about to disappear in the distant West; the limpid dew drops hang on every leaf, bud and blossom, each tall blade of grass bending under the weight. Anxious to view nature at her best, I lie waiting in pleasure for the next moment:—it has come; all is life and energy; the bee, the bird, and the quadruped, all nature awakes into life, and every being seems moving in the light of the Divine countenance. Fervently do I praise the God who has called me into existence, and devotedly do I pursue my avocations; carefully treading on the tender grass, until I reach a seat by Nature's own hand prepared; when I pause, survey, admire, and essay to comprehend all, yes *all* around me. See, the Lark arrived last evening! fully refreshed, and with a bosom overflowing with love towards her who has led him thus far, he rises from his grassy couch, and on gently whirring pinions launches into the air in the glad hope of finding the notes of his beloved fall on his ear.

"Females are usually tardy at this early season. The male is still on the wing; his notes sound loud and clear as he impatiently surveys the grassy plain beneath him. His beloved is not there. His heart almost fails him, and disap-

pointed, he rises towards the black walnut tree, under which, during many a summer's heat, the mowers have enjoyed both their repast and their mid day rest. I now see him, not desponding as you may suppose, but vexed and irritated. See how he spreads his tail, how often he raises his body, how he ejaculates his surprise, and loudly calls for her whom of all things he best loves. Ah! there comes the dear creature; her timorous tender notes announce her arrival. Her mate, her beloved, has felt the charm of her voice. His wings are spread, and buoyant with gladness he flies to meet, to welcome her; anticipating all the bliss prepared for him. Would that I could interpret to you, reader, as I feel them, the many assurances of friendship, fidelity and love, that at this precious moment pass from the one to the other as they place their bills together and chatter their mutual loves! the gentle chidings of the male for the sorrow her delay has caused him, and the sweet words she uses to calm his ardor. Alas, it were vain to attempt; I have listened to the talk it is true; I have interpreted all their happiness, but I cannot describe it to you. You, reader, must watch them as I have done if you wish to understand their language.

"During its migrations, which are usually performed by day, it rises above the tallest forest trees, passing along in loose bodies, and not unfrequently in flocks of from fifty to one hundred individuals. At such times, its motions are continued, and it merely sails at intervals to enable it to breathe and renew its exertions. Now and then one may be seen making directly towards another, chasing it downwards, or horizontally, away from the group, uttering all the while a sharp querulous note and keeping up the pursuit for a distance of several hundred yards, when it suddenly abandons it. Both birds then rejoin the flock, and the party continue their journey in unity. When flocks, thus travelling, spy a favorable feeding place, they gradually descend and alight on some detached tree, when, as if by one accord, each individual jerks out its tail, springs on its legs, and utters a loud soft call note. They then fly successively to the ground, and immediately proceed in search of food. An old male now and then erects itself, glances its eye around with anxious scrutiny, and should danger be perceived, does not fail to inform his party by emitting a loud rolling note; on hearing which, the rest of the flock become alert and hold themselves in readiness to depart.

"At the approach of spring the flocks break up; the females first separating. The males then commence their migra-

tion, flying in small flocks or even sometimes singly. At this season the beauty of their plumage is much improved, their movements have acquired more grace; their manner of flight and all their motions when on the ground, evidently showing how strongly they felt the passion that glows in their bosoms. The male is seen to walk with stately measured steps, jerking out his tail and then closing it like a fan in the hands of some fair damsel. Its loud notes are more melodious than ever, and are now frequently heard, the bird sitting the while on the branch of a tree, or the top of some tall weed of the meadow.

"Wo to the rival who dares to make his appearance! Nay, should any male come in sight, he is at once attacked, and if conquered, chased beyond the limits of the territory claimed by the first possessor. Several males may sometimes be seen engaged in fierce conflict, although these frays seldom last more than a few moments. The sight of a single female at once changes their occupation, and after her they all fly as if mad. The female exhibits the usual timidity of her sex, that modesty without which even in meadow larks, she would probably fail of finding a mate. As he flies towards her uttering the softest of his notes, she moves off in such a manner that her ardent admirer often seems doubtful whether she means to repel or encourage him. At length however he is permitted to go nearer, to express by his song and courteous demeanor the strength and constancy of his passion. She accepts him as her lord, and in a few days both are seen busily searching for an appropriate spot in which to rear their young. At the foot of some tuft of tall strong grass you find the nest. A cavity is scooped out of the ground, and in it is placed a quantity of grass, fibrous roots, and other materials, circularly disposed so as to resemble an oven, around which leaves and the blades of the surrounding grasses are matted together so as to cover and conceal it. The entrance admits only one at a time, but both birds incubate. These birds are unremitting in their attention towards each other, and in the care of their offspring; and while the female sits, the male not only supplies her with food, but constantly comforts her by his song and the watchfulness which he displays."

These extracts may enable us to form some slight conception of the richness of life, when, instead of forcing the animal creation to know us as their tyrant or their foe, we shall multiply ourselves by genial sympathy in their loves, their families, and all their interests and passions. It was not necessary to cite special instances of the devotion of ani-

imals to their mates or their young. There are but few species from the bear to the ant, who have not been known to sacrifice their lives to their affection. The ant, even when cut in two whilst employed in removing its young nymphæ to a place of safety, has continued with its head and two forelegs to accomplish its task of paternal love.

Love and Familism, the two minor cardinal passions pervade and dominate in the present animal creation. There are not wanting, however, numerous examples of Ambition and of Friendship. The carnivora generally include the types of that subversive ambition, seeking individual interest at the expense of the collective, which obtains in our own societies. The elephant is one of those exceptional types of which the principle is honor, and the passion usefulness. He is even capable of sacrificing himself to a point of honor. "Take away that lazy beast, and bring another," said a superintendent of an Indian shipyard, where these creatures are employed to force large vessels into the water. The elephant instantly redoubled his exertions, fractured his skull, and died on the spot." It has been asserted that the elephant will not reproduce his species in confinement, and we have incautiously repeated this in a former number. I find on more careful investigation that it is not true; that the expensiveness of the creature has discouraged their breeding in the poverty of our present societies; but so soon as this objection shall be obviated by a more integral system of culture and increased production, the same excellent results may be anticipated with the elephant, that we have already attained in the artificial varieties of the horse adapted to our different purposes.

In his wild or domesticated state alike, the horse presents us with a type of noble emulation or harmonic Ambition. It has been observed that those wild horses which excelled in the race, in leaping, and those feats which hunters witness in the wild prairies, became the most gentle when domesticated. The most admirable order and discipline is found among the vast herds of their peaceful squadrons; and those trained in the subversive armies of man, have been known, in case of an old disbanded regiment, to form in regular line of battle and rush upon each other with fierce neighings, fighting desperately till nearly all were killed. They possess to a high degree, the sentiment of chivalry. Horses the most unmanageable, recognize the courtesy due to woman, and often behave with perfect gentleness with their young mistresses, when they allow no one else but the groom to approach them.

Obedience, deference, and the spirit of

usefulness, which flow from true Ambition, the source of order and degrees, are only more frequently observed than a warm, empassioned friendship, because man estranges himself so much from other animals. The Arab feels it well, and so does the freeman of our west, whether white or Indian. The child's friendship with some dog, kitten, or squirrel, forms one of his happiest epochs, and initiates him into the great brotherhood of nature. The friendship of the dog and of the lion, are friendships unto death. A volume might be filled with the instances in which the survivor has pined away in despair. This in the case of the lion may be accounted for by the utter absence of all other sources of sympathy and opportunities of passionate expansion, in his confinement; but the dog which has followed his master to the grave, has rejected for him voluntarily proffered sympathy and aid, as well as the gratification of his sensual appetites. Cast in the mould of friendship, it is with him the culminating and pivotal passion, the religion. He follows it out as his destiny. We must be understood here to speak of the nobler species, and of those in whom the sentiment has been developed by opportunity. There is so little friendship of this character among men, and so much of poor and selfish friendship, that we must, in the hieroglyphic correspondence, find this also repeated in the crowd of vulgar dogs and their trivial attachments, which are not the less their dominant passions, however slightly developed.

But it is not only the simpler accords of friendship which nature continually presents to us between individuals of the same or different species, but also the higher social accords which unite them in large societies. Some of these, as those of the salmon, the herring, the swallow, the rook, the pigeon, the sheep, the dog, the horse, and elephant, being merely social aggregations which, however superior to those we have yet attained, by their internal peace and their unitary spirit, are still crude; organizing no industrial co-operation. Others, as those of the ant, bee, wasp, beaver, prairie dog, have advanced to organize more permanent and definite societies, not only attaining peace, but a certain degree of harmony. The approximations to the different forms of the series, as one or another passionate principle predominates, opens to the student of natural history a new field of very high interest, in the future researches which shall be made in the habits of these creatures.

To be Continued.

PAUPER IMMIGRATION. *The Express* of Saturday says: "The paupers who

have recently arrived from Europe give a most melancholy account of their sufferings. Upward of eighty individuals, almost dead with the ship fever, were landed from one ship alone, while twenty-seven of the cargo died on the passage, and were thrown into the sea. They were one hundred days tossing to and fro upon the ocean, and for the last twenty days their only food consisted of a few ounces of meal per day, and their only water was obtained from the clouds.—The miseries which these people suffer are brought upon themselves, for they have no business to leave their country without at least a sufficient quantity of food to feed them while making the passage."

It strikes us that this same *Express* has often marvelled why people who can't find employment here don't betake themselves somewhere else, where work is said to be abundant and wages high; and that paper lives in a state of perpetual astonishment that any body could wish to render Land more easily attainable than it now is, when there are lots of it in Patagonia, Nova Zembla, and the Tongo Islands, to be had almost any how. And now, when the famine-stricken perish of fever and starvation in their desperate efforts to reach their Promised Land, they are coolly told that they "have no business to leave their country without a sufficiency of food," &c. Alas! what have they 'business' to do, then, unless it be to die? — *Tribune*.

[From Howitt's Journal.]

GEORGE SAND.

It is not difficult to account for the neglect which the works of the great female genius, known by the assumed name of George Sand, have received in England up to the present time. They were first introduced to the notice of English readers some years ago by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, who stigmatized them as every thing that was immoral. The outrageous critique referred to, was doubtless, in a great measure, instigated by political feeling. For party spirit was fierce and unscrupulous in those days—much more than it is now; and George Sand having early identified herself with the French Ultra-Democratic party, whereas her English Reviewer wrote for the Ultra-Tory section of our community, it was easy to decry her writings and denounce her life, under the convenient garb of morality and virtue. As the works of George Sand were written in a foreign language, and were hence inaccessible to the great majority of readers in this country; and as it is too much a habit among us to take our opinions ready formed from the reviewers, the article in the *Quarterly* succeeded for a time in tabooing her works, and closing the eyes, ears, and hearts of the English reading public against her.

It is evident, however, that the judgment so dogmatically pronounced against this writer is now to be reversed, for she is about to have a fair hearing among us, in an English translation of her works, which will be judged according to their real merits—the people, not the *Quarterly* critics, being the judges. A more generous expression of opinion, however, has of late characterized the press in speaking of the works in question; and many who before censured without cause

or merely because others *did*, are now the warmest in their praise.

We must, for ourselves, state, in *limine*, that having read the works of George Sand, we are not prepared to defend every work or every sentiment published by her. She has herself expressed a wish that some even of her most brilliant writings were unwritten. What great progressive writer has not often wished the same thing. But shall we set the seal of banishment on every writer who, at the outset of his career, has made false steps, and published works, which in the maturity of his character and genius he would fain recall? Then, we must at once banish from our libraries the works of some of the very highest names in English literature.

But there is deep wisdom and instruction in even those early works of George Sand, which have been considered the most objectionable. We do not say that they are fit for indiscriminate reading by youth. To understand them, one must have endured much sharp and bitter experience of the world. To sympathise with them thoroughly, one must have suffered in the tenderest part of our nature—in the affections. There is, in her early works, a piteous and prolonged wail of agony—a breathed anguish of the tortured heart—a desperate struggling of a wronged and outraged nature—a succession of pictures of fearful social misery and torment, which we look upon as a kind of mental aliment not to be placed before the young and pure in heart, who have never known such sorrows as the writer herself has endured. But when we recognize in these writings, as the thinking and observant mind cannot fail to do, the indignant protest of a noble woman against a false and vicious system,—a woman who has suffered, in her own person, the worst of what she depicts, is it not right, we ask, that such things should be known, were it only as the first step towards a remedy, and as a means of awakening society from the indifference with which it has heretofore been accustomed to regard such monstrous wrong and injustice.

To understand the works of George Sand, and to fully appreciate the deep lessons which they teach, it is necessary that their readers should first know something of her history, and the events, the trials, and sufferings of her past life; of which her earlier works may be considered as forming, through fictitious characters, one long and vehement confession.

The married name of George Sand is Madame Dudevant—her maiden name is Aurore Dupin. Royal blood flows in her veins; for her grandfather, by the mother's side, was the celebrated Marshal Saxe, the son of Augustus II., of Poland. Her father, M. Dupin, was a soldier, one of the aides-de-camp of Marshal Murat, and died on the field of battle, leaving his child Aurore an orphan, at an early age. She inherited a considerable fortune, and being left under the care of her grandmother, who exercised little restraint over her, she began early to develop that independence of character, and decided intellectual bias, which were destined to exercise so important an influence over her future history. She was brought up in a fine old country house, in the province of Berri, the wild and beautiful scenery of which she afterwards depicted

with such marvellous effect in her numerous works.

At the age of seventeen, Aurore Dupin was by her friends provided with a husband, and handed over to a M. Dudevant, with whom a *mariage de convenance*, as it is commonly called in France, was concluded. These *mariages de convenance* are the custom among the higher classes throughout France, half of their marriages being mere business transactions between families. They proceed upon the supposition that woman is simply an article of barter; and while the fortune and estate of the contracting parties are carefully enough estimated, such things as heart and soul have little or no consideration in the matter. The young woman is handed over to the husband selected for her, with the goods and chattels, of which she is regarded as but a part—she expecting protection, and he requiring absolute obedience. Aurore Dupin was young and beautiful; M. Dudevant was old and ill-favored. During some part of his life he had been a soldier, and like all old soldiers he enforced strict discipline in his household. Servants, dogs and horses trembled at the sound of his voice. He was dull and prosy, emotionless, but impatient of contradiction, fond of money and personal comfort, ignorant and without sympathy for his kind, and though just according to the letter of the law, he was arbitrary and tyrannic as a despot.

To such a man was united for life, by an arrangement in which she had no part, a young being, warm, affectionate, high-spirited, and full of sympathy; endowed with a great heart and soul, and with the very highest capacities for happiness. There could be no sympathy or love between such natures: and there was none. The living body bound side by side to a corpse, could scarcely present a more revolting picture. The soul of the woman must have been weighed down by a perpetual load of misery. Where the wife sought affection, she found indifference; where she craved sympathy, she met with contempt. She could be neither soul-mate nor help-mate to such a man.

Eight years did this pair live together, during which time Madame Dudevant became the mother of two little children, Solange and Maurice, the society of whom formed her chief solace in her misery. She sought occupation also in the relief of the sufferings of the poor of her neighborhood, by whom she was regarded as a general benefactor. She supplied those who needed them with food, clothing, and medicines. But this could not relieve the tortures of her own heart; and the crisis of her fate had now arrived. There are limits beyond which nature refuses to be violated. In individuals as in nations, there is always a point of rebellion and revolt. At the very same time that the people of Paris were rising in rebellion against the despotism of their rulers, did this long suffering woman in like manner, after long strugglings, rise up against the despotism of her husband. She revolted, and quitted her married home, in the year 1830, leaving every thing behind but her children, whom M. Dudevant would not allow her to take with her, unless on condition of surrendering to him almost her whole fortune, some five hundred thousand francs. To preserve her indepen-

dence and her children, she gave up this money to him. She went straight to Paris there to commence writing for her own and her children's bread, under the assumed name of George Sand.

Here, then, we have the origin and the secret of George Sand's writings. After a life of experiences so bitter as hers have been, "rose-water" romances were scarcely to be expected from her. The barbed arrow was still rankling in her heart, and she spoke what she felt, in words of bitterness and agony. The deep wrong inflicted on her ardent nature cried aloud for redress. The monstrous wickedness of the system by which she had been victimized, she found reproduced on every side, in cases similar to her own. Hence the vehement social scepticism, the fierce irony, the defiant scorn, with which she assailed existing systems, in her earliest works—affording indications of a great mind, unsettled, desolate and wretched, and of a great heart torn and bleeding from the bitter experiences of life. Such are the leading characteristics of *Indiana*, *Valentine* and *Leha*. These compositions we must regard, in no small degree, as the eloquent though painful confessions of her own life and experiences.

It has been too hastily inferred, that because George Sand has poured out the whole hatred of her soul against mercenary marriages and marriages of convenience, she is therefore the enemy of all marriage! The authoress herself protests against such a misconception. In her *Lettres d'un Voyageur*—to us the most interesting of her works as pregnant with the most exquisite descriptions of scenery and character, the finest criticisms on poetry and art, and as affording the closest insight into the inner life of the writer, she thus exclaims—

"Oh God, how sweet had been indissoluble ties, if a heart like my own had accepted them! Oh no! I was not made to be a poet; I was made to love! It is the unhappiness of my destiny, it is the hatred of others, that has made me a traveller and an artist. I—I wished to live the human life. I had a heart; it has been torn with violence from my breast. They have left me only a head—a head, full of noise and grief, of horrible recollections, of images of mourning, of scenes of outrage. . . . And because in writing tales to gain the bread they refused me, the recollection of my misfortunes has crossed me—because I have dared to say that there are beings miserable in the married state, by reason of the weakness ordained for the wife, by reason of the infamies that society covers with a veil, and protects with a mantle of abuse,—they have declared me immoral, they have treated me as if I were the enemy of the human race."

It must be confessed that the subjects of George Sand's earlier works are almost forbidden ones in this country. By a kind of general consent, we turn from the consideration of that feeling or passion which forms the key to the social happiness of the great majority of human beings. Love—the primal necessity of the highest natures, and the great business of woman's life—is excluded from all rational consideration, by parents and educators; and the *besoin d'aimer* is left to be gratified according to whim or accident in most cases, or, as in that of Aurore Dupin, to be sacrificed to the mercenary

arrangements of guardians and fortune-hunters. It is rare, however, that we find protests so eloquent as her's against the barbarities of such a system, and pictures so agonizing of the phases of a passion, over which she herself had so long brooded in secret—a passion in her unsatisfied, thwarted, and violated. Such representations as these are generally regarded by us as "immoral;" for we are a marvellously moral people, great worshippers of propriety: and though thousands of miserable wrecks of womanhood may be daily seen cast about our streets, the victims of man's inhumanity to the sex, we cannot yet persuade ourselves that it is necessary to do anything further than to shut our eyes perversely to the facts, and to go on comforting ourselves with the assurance that every thing is provided for as it should be, and that we are, in all respects, a strictly moral and proper people. It was only right that a poet, a philanthropist, and a woman—one of the most deeply wronged of her sex—should startle us from our apathy in this respect; not by delineating pictures of illicit love and matrimonial infidelity, to make us feel toleration for such sins, but by furnishing us with representations of actual existences, to make us start from such conditions with aversion and disgust. And it is a gross mistake to confound George Sand with the depraved writers of the Balzac, Janin and Sue school; for she never makes vice beautiful—never rewards crime—never strews roses over corruption; virtue is by her always surrounded with the glory of art, and the blessedness of well-doing is represented as the highest aim and reward of life.

To award to George Sand her proper meed of praise, and to palliate those defects in her writings to which (in common with those of every voluminous writer) they must in some respects be subject, we ought also to take into consideration the period at which she commenced to write. It was a time of great social transition, when society was in the throes of a political revolution. A fearful spawn of literary abortions, wild and unnatural, were being cast before the public. The literature of France struggled in a fermenting chaos of mingled beauty and corruption. The fictitious works then published exhibited a disregard of nature and truth, and were altogether defective in a generous faith in the good and the beautiful. At the same period, an habitual violation of the moral laws of our nature prevailed to a fearful extent in the social relationships of life. There were multitudes of sufferers from this latter cause; among whom was George Sand, who, breaking her cruel bonds, seized the pen and began to write for her subsistence. It was scarcely to be expected, that, with a soul struggling under grief and trials of the heaviest kind, she should have remained calm and pure as an angel. She was excited, indignant, and passionate. Her faith in human goodness had been rudely shaken, and the most daring scepticism in existing social institutions was provoked in her mind. Still after the good and the true in man and in nature, her great heart had longings infinite. In the works we have already named, she poured out her soul and vented her indignation. Then came the period of reaction, of repose. Out of a faith in ruins, the seeds of good and

of truth struggled again into being. The unquiet tossings of her troubled mind subsided, and hope, faith, and charity regained the ascendancy in her character. A new phasis in her history opened to view; and she now showed that, besides the poet's "hate of hate, and scorn of scorn," she had also "the love of love." Nothing can be more different in tone and tendency than the earlier and the later writings of George Sand. They exhibit a rapidity of development and progress in the mind of the writer almost unexampled in literature. Her later works exhibit a catholicity of sentiment—a purity of feeling—a sympathy with the great and the good—a faith in the true—and an earnest devotion to the cause of human progress—unequalled, certainly not exceeded, by any writer of modern times. In the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, *Andre*, *Mauprat*, *Spiridon*, *Le Compagnon du Tour de France*, and *Le Moulin d'Angibault*, we have George Sand's true genius fully displayed—and the representation exhibited of a mind in a state of gradual development and progress towards good—a progress which is going on even while we are writing these lines.

George Sand, we have said, has a warm sympathy for the well-being and advancement of the mass of the people; and though belonging to the aristocracy by birth, she is sincerely attached to the democratic faith. She is closely allied by esteem and friendship with Pierre Leroux, L'Abbe Lammenais, and other men of the same views; and devotes a large portion of her time to the advocacy of the interests of the people, in the columns of the *Revue Indépendante*, of which she is a joint proprietor with M. Leroux. She was also a regular contributor to *La Monde*, when that journal was under the direction of M. Lammenais. And George Sand has not only an earnest sympathy with the mass of the common people, but also a thorough knowledge of them. She depicts the life and character of the daily laborer with as much force and truth as she does that of the petit-maitre of the aristocratic class; and the common flower-girl as faithfully as the grand dame of the Revolution. She is as much at home in hitting off the character of Marquise de Rambault in *Valentine*, as in sketching the frivolous, maudlin Marquise de Rambault in *Valentine*. Her works constitute a series of consummate studies of character, life-like, breathing, natural. Her deliciously drawn Bianca Aldini in *La Dernière Aldini*; the rough old veterans of the Imperial army in *Jacques*; the picturesque beggar Gadoche, and the generous and healthy man of the people, Grand Simon, in *Le Moulin d'Angibault*; the vain and heartless Horace, (a kind of moral mountebank,) in the novel of that name; the simple and devoted Jeanne; the strong-hearted and aspiring Pierre in *Le Compagnon*; the strong-headed and practical Cardonnet in *La Pêche de M. Antoine*;—all these are pictures perfect in their kind, and exhibit a wonderful knowledge of character and acuteness of observation.

A prominent feature in the more recent productions of George Sand, is her love and reverence for Art, which she regards as one of the great humanizers of man. It is not as a merely sickly exotic in the halls of the great and the luxurious that she recognizes the true mission of Art,

but as a daily dweller in the homes of the industrious and hard-working. Not less truthfully and beautifully does she say, in her exquisitely simple story of *Andre*, that, though "they tell us Poetry is dying, Poetry cannot die. Had she hut for place of sojourn the brain of one human being, there would still be ages of existence before her; for she would issue from thence, like the lava from a volcano, and strike out a path for herself amidst the dreariest realities. Though her temples be overthrown, and false gods worshipped among their ruins, she is still as immortal as the perfume of flowers, as the glory of the heavens. Banished from the high places of society, and rejected by the rich—shut out from the theatre, the church, the academy—she will take refuge with the citizen and mechanic, and she will intermingle herself with the simplest details of their daily life. Weary of uttering a language which the great no longer comprehend, she will murmur in the ear of the humble, words of affection and sympathy. And, in Germany, has she not already descended into the cellars of the tavern? has she not sat at the spinning-wheel? and cradled in her arms the infants of the poor? Are we to count for nothing all those living souls who possess her, who suffer and keep silence before men, but weep before the Almighty!—solitary voices, which surround the earth with an universal harmony, and are united in heaven—wandering gleams, which return, I know not to what mysterious star, perhaps to ancient Apollo's self, to descend again and again upon earth, and nourish the divine and never-dying flame? If she produce no more great men, cannot she still produce good ones? Who can say that she shall not, in another generation, be a gentle and beneficent deity, and occupy the throne of the doubt and despair by which ours is held fast?

Before we can doom Poetry to death—before we can carry her on her bier—we must tear up from earth the last lingering flower of which a Genevieve makes her nosegays. For she, too, was a poet.—Believe me, there are, in the depths of the most sombre ruins, among the ranks of the least fortunate, many existences which are wound up without having produced so little as a sonnet, and which are still glorious poems."

Her latest published works exhibit George Sand's progressive mind at work upon a new subject; that of co-operative efforts among the working classes for the improvement of their general condition. She would lift labor from a position of degradation, and make it the commander instead of the slave of the world. She earnestly and eloquently preaches the great gospel of Work. This forms the leading idea of one of her last and best works, *Le Moulin d'Angibault*. George Sand has no respect for any industry but that of a beneficent kind; the destructive industry of the warrior has no charm for her; and unlike her countrymen and countrywomen, she is not dazzled by the false glory, nor does she idolize the carnage of Napoleon. She rejects the word "great," as applied to that "destructive machine."

"Call them what you please," she says in one of her *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, "good men are the only men whom I esteem, for whom I have any affection,

and whom I would wish to register in the calender of human greatness. I should enrol there the humblest, the most ignorant, from the Abbe of Saint Pierre, with his system of universal peace, to Father Enfantin, with his ridiculous dress and fantastic Utopia; all those who, to some abilities, have joined conscientious studies, patient reflections, sacrifices or labors destined to render man better, or less wretched. I should be indulgent to those errors, to the meannesses of our condition, more or less prominent in them; I should forgive their many faults, as was done to Magdalen, if they had loved much. But those whose intent is cold and haughty,—those lofty men who build for their glory and not for our happiness,—those legislators, who empurple the world and oppress the people to gain an extended territory, and there erect immense edifices,—who are moved neither by the tears of woman, nor the starvation of the aged, nor the fatal ignorance in which the children are reared; those men who seek nothing but their personal grandeur, and who fancy they have made a nation great, because they have made it active, ambitious, and vain themselves,—I disown them; I erase them from my tablet; *I inscribe our cure in the place of Napoleon.*"

Such is the truly Christian philosophy of George Sand's later writings; such, in her own words, are the principles she is now zealously engaged in inculcating.

It would be beside our purpose to enter into any critical notice of her several works, or to point out, what is now generally admitted, the beauty and brilliancy of her style. A juster appreciation of the writings of this great woman, is now rapidly extended among us; the last evidence of which was the admirably written critique in the *Spectator* of a few weeks back, by one evidently thoroughly acquainted with the subject. At some future time we may take an opportunity of adding to the above rapid sketch, in which nothing has been attempted beyond an indication of the variety and power of the genius which is now, through Miss Hays's able translation, on the eve of enriching our stores of literature.

EFFECTS OF WAR. Warburton, in his passage up the Nile, relates the following incident:

"As the river broadened, there appeared an island which would have been beautiful anywhere, but here was a glimpse of paradise. Palm-groves waved over peaceful villages, green lawns were speckled with flocks and herds, luxuriant cornfields were parked off by light palings, melon gardens ran along the river's verdant border, which was decked with their golden fruit and flower; groves of the lote-tree and acacia sheltered the blossoming bean and lupine from the sun, and the whole scene seemed full of peace and gentle prosperity. As we slowly glided past this Eden, the inhabitants came to the water's edge to gaze upon the strangers; little children, hand in hand, almost too small to grasp the other; an old man, with flowing beard and patriarchal robes, was leaning on a graceful girl, whose unveiled limbs displayed a model of symmetry; the few other people whom we saw were employed in some

light labor, from which they ran smilingly to watch our boat as she glided away from a spot which, to this moment, appears to me to have realized all that poets feign of the Golden Age.

"In little more than a fortnight we returned, and passed by that little isle again. Hell let loose could scarcely have wrought a more fearful change than that which presented itself; the cottages were blackened with reeking ruins; the palm-trees were cut down, the gardens trampled down and strewn with many a corpse, the dry corn burned to the ground, the gentle natives all gone, and replaced by a fierce soldiery, who prowled about this harvest of misery, as if in search of further gleanings. Boats were passing to and fro, busily conveying the little wealth of the islanders to the encampment on the main land, and returning with the horses and camels of the invaders to eat up the standing crops. And what was become of the inhabitants? those whom I had almost envied as I passed them by upon my desert way? The men were, for the most part, slain, and the less fortunate were outcasts on the desert or the mountain; the children were sold into slavery, the women became the prey of that ferocious soldiery whose arms now gleamed from every dark rock round; and that graceful girl with her father—where was she? Our blood boiled with indignation; we cursed the Pasha, his bloody policy, and the fiends who ministered to it; and asked Mahmoud if he did not blush to belong to the same race as the authors of this desolation; he shook his head, and said 'it was all God's will!'"

¶ The new Pope is decidedly a character. So says the *Journal of Commerce*. He has issued directions to have the Pontine marshes drained, with a view to the cultivation of rice. On the occasion of the election of a new Colonel of the Roman Civic Guard, his Holiness inquired, if there was any objection to his becoming a candidate for the office.—Captain Cacciari, to whom the question was addressed, replied that there was not, and the result was, that Pope Pius 9th is Colonel of a regiment of his own troops, and may possibly leave off, on some review day, his triple crown, to mount a cocked hat and feather!

MONSIEUR TONSON AGAIN. The *Tribune of Monday* says Mr. Albert Brisbane would give a Lecture that evening on the "Practical Organization of Association," and that it would be illustrated by a "splendid picture, ten feet by fourteen, of an Associative dwelling and buildings connected with it, and a portion of the surrounding domain." Why will not these pure and devoted philanthropists give us a practical illustration of their beautiful system, by joining one of their "Associations?" It would, no doubt, at least gratify some of those who have been made victims of this scheme of folly and delusion.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

¶ Our Buffalo contemporary is unfair in its requirements. The only mark of wisdom ever exhibited by Brisbane and his associates, is in keeping out of the "Fourier Associations." Surely, it is enough that they preach others into this folly. One kind of philanthropy consists in making fools of others, and profit-

ing by their infatuation. Many warm nests have been thus feathered.—*Rochester American.*

¶ The Editors of these two papers are both perfectly aware that Mr. Brisbane has uniformly and earnestly protested against every attempt to establish a "Fourier Association" with any such pecuniary and other means as have ever yet been provided for that purpose. Over and over again has Mr. B. reiterated that it would be madness and folly to start without an assured capital of \$200,000, while no attempt has ever yet commanded at its outset a tenth of that sum, nor a sixth of it during its entire progress. Every attempt, moreover, has been embarrassed by the necessity of taking members unsuited to the pioneer stage of Association, for the sake of the pecuniary means they might furnish wherewith to make head against pressing wants. With what fairness or decency, then, is he assailed as above?

The insinuation about the way "many nests have been feathered" demands a word. Since 1840 we have known Mr. Brisbane as unsparingly devoting his time, his best energies, his pecuniary resources, to the cause of Association. He has expended for it some thousands of dollars—all he could command—often subjecting himself to personal privations by so doing. During all this time he has not made, nor sought to make, one dollar by or through Association. He has never expected nor desired any ultimate pecuniary advantage therefrom. He is now in Boston, we believe, giving his time and spending his own money for the Cause. And if the sacrifice of his life to-day would ensure its speedy triumph, we have not a doubt that his life would be joyfully rendered. Have his Buffalo and Rochester defamers, evinced a self-sacrificing, unwearied devotion to Human Well-being such as to entitle them fairly to sneer at such a man? Be his faults many and grievous as they may—say even that his views are mistaken and pernicious—and still, is there not something in such efforts, such devotedness, which should command the respect of the manly and generous?—*Tribune.*

GOOD MOVEMENT. We understand that the Manufacturing Companies of this city have resolved to allow three-quarters of an hour for breakfast, and the same for dinner, to the operatives. Heretofore they have had three-quarters of an hour for dinner during the months of May, June, July, and August, and only half an hour during the other eight months of the year; and half an hour for breakfast the year round.—*Lowell Courier.*

There are supposed to be 75,000 Jews in the United States—in New York there are about 12,000—in Philadelphia 2,300, and in Baltimore 1,800. The whole number in the four quarters of the globe is supposed to be nearly seven millions.

FROM LA DEMOCRATIE PACIFIQUE.

Translated for the Harbinger.

ANOTHER PEASANT WAR.

In the Sixteenth century, when the spirit of reform stirred in all hearts, a vast revolt of the peasants against the Feudal nobility was organized in different points of Germany. Great Britain is now threatened with a similar war, but one that will be more terrible and more radical, for the German peasants had only to suffer from the oppression and insolence of their tyrants, whilst the peasants and Irish laborers have besides to avenge themselves for the misery and the famine to which their families are condemned.

Under the yoke of the British aristocracy, fertile Ireland, the Green Erin of the poets has been changed and deteriorated. The soil has there lost its fertility, and the human race its strength and its intelligence.

Reduced to a scanty and unvaried nourishment, the Irish have felt their physical energy diminish; obliged to labor for strange masters, for proprietors whom they know only through their exaction of the greater part of their products, their courage has deserted them, and if the soil had furnished them unfaithfully with the food to which English philanthropy had accustomed them, the potato, perhaps the landed aristocracy might have seen its dream fulfilled; perhaps the Irish would have fallen to that state of intelligent machines, moving and functioning by themselves in conditions provided, which according to the doctrines of political economy, would be the ideal of the laborer.

But the soil itself has sickened, the potato crop has failed; and the population deprived of all other nourishment, are dying with howls of distress. England has then awaked, some of her agents have penetrated among this population, and their heart has smitten them at the sight of its misery; they have not seen without shuddering, all those families huddled pell mell in infected stables, on damp straw, in darkness, and in the midst of a vitiated air; without food, without clothes, without fire; shivering with cold, with misery, with typhoid fever, or still oftener with that disease which they call famine fever. The authorities have been questioned; it has been known that in certain parishes as many as nine persons a day had died for want of food, without counting the much greater number of those who slowly perish by the terrible diseases incidental upon famine. Then, though not till very late, they have thought of aiding these unfortunates. But an evil which dates its existence by centuries, is not to be cured in a few months and by ordinary remedies. O'Connell has consented to return to

furnished Ireland the tribute which he levied on her. The English government has ordered a Committee of Succor; it has distributed money and commanded works. Before the 16th of December, it had spent in this effort nearly six hundred thousand dollars per week. The sum is certainly large, and the English manufacturers complain much, but the result is scarcely felt. Hunger, misery, disease, continue to decimate unhappy Ireland. The English journals still contain each day details more and more harrowing, and the Irish papers keep a permanent bulletin of famine always filled. Legal charity and private charity are forced to avow their impotence to master such a scourge. Such pangs and miseries have at last exasperated their souls. Crushed by force, the Irish seem decided to appeal to force. The pacifying voice and the expectant measures of O'Connell are now without an echo. The money returned to the peasants is employed to purchase arms; immense quantities have been brought from England; there are not enough gun mills to furnish and repair the old ones which are sent there from all quarters. The government has endeavored to revive an old proviso, which while allowing every Irishman to carry arms, permits suspected persons to be disarmed; but attacks of an alarming character against proprietors and property are not the less frequent. Murders are committed in open day, in the streets of towns, without the discovery of their perpetrators. Bands traverse the country to hinder the farmers from paying the rent of their lands. Proprietors who present themselves to claim their rents, are assassinated. Even those who pay their taxes are not respected, but accused of making common cause with the proprietors. An extract from the correspondence of the London Standard, will give an idea of the exasperation of the Irish population against the proprietors.

"A man living at Coolincorney, had his house invaded by armed persons, who pillaged every thing, and on departing, kindled a fire in which the unfortunate perished. On a high road in the same county, a proprietor who was carrying home his money from a hog sale, was stopped, robbed and murdered.

"The conductor of the mail from Ballyshannon to Athlone, has been stopped, knocked down and left for dead. In the county of Lutrim, a battle has been fought between the police and armed men, who were going to attack the house of a proprietor near Cloone. After some sharp shooting, the police charged with the bayonet and took two of the robbers. Bands penetrate into houses, and there often fight bloody battles, when the proprietor and the domestics are armed.

One of these occurred at Dromoye, King's county, in the house of M. Shannon.

"Lately, in the county of Westmeath, the family of Mr. Robinson, a respectable farmer, was quietly seated at his hearth in the evening, when seven men presented themselves: they asked for money. Mr. Robinson was in bed; they pushed into his chamber; he rose hastily and tried to defend himself. They ill treated him, and he would perhaps have been killed, but for the heroic conduct of his daughter, who, knife in hand, protected the life of her father and killed one of the assassins. The band retired, carrying away two muskets and some pistols."

What is the attitude assumed by the English government before these facts? What efficient answer to these complaints, which have swelled into threats? A cabinet counsel is held and it is decided that there shall be sent to Ireland, new troops, artillery, cannons. Thus one half of Ireland is to be decimated, to teach the other half how to live upon nothing. They are going to destroy the surplus population to allow the remainder to exist. This is the last resource of civilization; when a knot seems difficult to untie, it cuts it; when a force perplexes, it annihilates it. The cannon and the scaffold: such are the two modes which it employs for the cure of social evils. When the half of the population shall have perished by famine or grape shot, they will say order reigns in Ireland. *Ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant.*

In the patriarchal families, the number of the children was the sign of a house's prosperity. How is it that we have come to consider as an evil the multiplication of human force? How is it that an animal or a machine is a cause of riches while a man is a cause of poverty?

The absurdity of the result sufficiently proves that society is in a false path. To find human population too numerous! to be reduced to decimate it for want of the means of feeding it! does nothing then remain to be executed on the earth? Are there then no unexplored regions, no heaths to be planted, no mountains to cover with forest, no bare coasts to protect against the sapping of the waves? All these marshes which exhale fever and death, may adorn themselves with beneficent harvests. All the rivers which uselessly lose their wealth in the sea, might fecundate countries and double their crops. Reforesting, would temper the inclemency of our winds. A more intelligent culture would quadruple the products of the fields. Man has the globe to cultivate, the atmosphere to purify, scourges of every description to combat, means of communication to es-

tablish between nations, a thousand unknown sources of wealth to open in science, in agriculture, in industry. Half of the earth is yet uninhabited, all is to be done, and yet society complains of a superabundance of hands.

No, it is not that the hands are too numerous for the work, when we see the Irish perish and the Flemish and so many other populations atrophied by slow famine, — when we see so many unfortunates reduced to rob, or to implore a prison in order to live; it is not the too great population that we must accuse, but the false organization of a society which has not the knowledge or the will to utilize the forces at its disposal, — that civilization which, in the drunkenness of its glory, obstinately shuts its eyes to the sufferings and the miseries to which it gives birth. But let it beware! The sufferings of Ireland are one of the premonitory symptoms, — a mine is dug beneath its steps, which will blow it up if it does not itself take the initiative in reorganization. The sufferings of Ireland are the consequences of the bad organization of property and industry. All remedies will be impotent until they shall attack the evil at its source.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN BOSTON.

FIRST WEEK.

"Ernani" was repeated on Monday and Tuesday evenings of last week, with increased applause. Indeed no opera ever made so great an impression in this city. The Tedesco extended and confirmed her empire over *cognoscenti* and over simple. Some complain that she is not a greater actress; and in truth we felt during the first part of the piece that her action was not continuous and entire; she seemed sometimes to think her part was ended when she had delivered herself of a cavatina or a song. Yet she rose in earnestness and power as the plot progressed, subdued and chaste as a general habit, yet equal to any demand of passion; and in the last scene, where she rushes between Silva and his victim, both voice and manner were almost sublime. In music we must judge of acting by a musical standard. The opera will not admit of as intense and individual acting as the spoken drama; that chaste subordination of part to part and to the general unity of effect, essential to all music, forbids each single figure to be too salient or dazzling. The live "repose" of Art is purchased only at this cost; and in the opera, it must be remembered, action is the secondary thing, and music the principal.

The Tenor, Perelli, still grew upon the

audience; there is a perfectly Italian, Anzoleto-like abandonment to music in him; his whole form thrills with it; and that upward floating gesture with both arms spread out above his head, which a certain stiffness of the hand makes only quaint, seems like an aspiration of his whole material nature to blend with the ethereal sounds and soar up with them to their home. The Baritone, Signor Vita, sang with more warmth than before, and we feel that we did not then do justice either to his rich metallic voice, or to the soul that animates it. The Basso never fails. There was but one deficiency, and that was in the female chorus, who are thin and weak of voice, and utterly mechanical in motion, raising first one arm then the other, simultaneous as the "present arms" of a platoon of soldiers.

Verdi's music wins our respect. The weakness of Donizetti-ism and mere modern Italian sugary sweetness it has entirely put away. It is full of strength. Its melodies, so far, wear well. Its harmony fills and satisfies the ear. And yet we cannot speak of harmony as his distinctive excellence, in the same sense as when we say that of the Germans generally. Compare him with Beethoven. In the latter every thing is woven into one continuous web of harmonies from first to last; the fugue principle predominates, and that is the very soul of union in art; the different parts are born together, and are evolved from one another, as branches germinate from one stock. Verdi's harmonies, rich and broad as they are, seem either added to the melody to enrich it, or coolly laid as a foundation to rear the vocal structure upon. His great art, therefore, is the art of effect; he combines every thing with reference to the best effect, consecutive or simultaneous. Nothing is ever lost; one part does not cover up another; and each prepares what follows so that it is sure to strike. And surely his effects are magnificent; the splendor of that finale to the third act is only enhanced by repetition. Nor can we sympathise with the complaining about Verdi's "everlasting unisons." Unison is tame and weak with *over-much-ness*, as we commonly hear it; but this writer understands its use; he uses it only as a painter would pure white, only where there is the richest mingling of all colors, deep or gay, around it; and it marks the boldness of his genius, that being wealthy, he can resort to such simple means to heighten the effect of wealth. The unison of Tedesco and Perelli in that finale will long haunt us.

On Wednesday and Friday, *Linda di Chamounix* was given, which we only heard the last time, when the house was not so full as before, proving that Doni-

zetti follows rather tamely after Verdi. If anything was needed to convince us of his weakness, we had it now, and to satiety. There is a good duet for Soprano and Tenor, and another for Baritone and Bass in the first act; and there is a most admirable and religious quintette in the last act. For the rest, it is the same indolent and uninspired indefinite expansion of one sentimental vein of melody, whose conscious weakness covers itself up in seeking to borrow strength from a most noisy orchestral accompaniment. This is never the sin of Verdi. His orchestra is far *more* powerful, and yet it never interferes to drown the voice, it never stifles, but creates effects.

Several new vocalists were introduced in this. Signora Caranti de Vita, the prima donna, has more of the shrill French quality of voice than Tedesco; she throws herself into her character with a great deal of impulse, but is never so lofty and cannot create the same enthusiasm. Signora Sofia Marini, as the young Savoyard, Pierrotto, has a remarkable Contralto, and sings with frank and touching simplicity. Signor Battallini, the buffo of the company, is good, but not surpassing. Signor Vita, as the father of Liuda, still rose in estimation as an artist; his acting in the scene where he rejects his daughter, was almost perfect. Novelli was again the Bass, and admirable always. There are unisons occasionally in this opera too; but not brought in with Verdi's art; nor does Perelli's voice blend with this prima donna's in a unison with near the same effect, as with Tedesco's in *Ernani*. More and more are we impressed with the wealth of resource, combined in this company. Is it too good a thing to hope, that it may hold together!

La Capricieuse. Grande Valse pour le Piano Forte. Par WILLIAM MASON. Boston: Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St. pp. 5.

We have examined this graceful and rather original little production with much pleasure. It is composed in good taste, with more than the ordinary knowledge and command of harmony, and by its freedom from mere common-places proves its author's familiarity with and preference for the higher styles of music. It seems to us to lack warmth, and has the appearance of being somewhat studied, — which last, however, is a good quality in a young composer who has talent. Not steeped in any deep sentiment, and having hardly the irresistible fervor of a waltz, yet it has vigor, brightness, beauty and variety. Mr. Mason has very rightly named it, "*La Capricieuse*:" in its conception it is rather an ingenious fancy, than an inspiration; but

it is wrought out with no little art, and is indeed highly creditable to the young pianist, who is rapidly mastering all the difficulties of the New School writers, while he sits with becoming reverence at the feet of Bach and Beethoven. This promises something; and we watch each step of the fulfilment with interest.

The Past: An Air with Variations.
Dedicated to the Memory of Leopold Herwig. By JOHN SEWARD WRIGHT.
Boston: Published for the Author by William H. Oakes, 107 Washington Street. pp. 5.

This is the composition of a youth of fourteen, who by carrying newspapers and by giving lessons in music, has nobly supported himself and earned for himself the Piano Forte, by the aid of which he cultivates his talent. It is a simple, pen-sive, pleasing air, in three-four measure, in D flat, of two short strains; followed by a third strain in which the movement is changed to six-eight. The theme is then played as a duett by the left hand, with a florid variation for the right. A second variation opens with extended intervals of tenths, for thumb and little finger in the right hand, while the theme in the left hand is broken and made to respond to a deep bass on the accented parts. This does not describe the piece, but may give some idea of the amount of art and knowledge of musical effects displayed in this youthful effort. It is all properly composed and harmonized, and gives promise of still better things. Among other things, it abundantly proves its author qualified, so far as general knowledge of music goes, to teach; and we take pleasure in recommending him to young beginners.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

LOVE UNFULFILLED.

The bud that was, a full rose grew
And lost its sweet condition;
How quick exhales the drop of dew
Which sparkles on fruition!

The bridegroom triumphs in the bride
Just life-long to him bound;
But truer loves there by his side
And purer ones are found.

One beats within that young man's breast
Who would in vain be gay,
Who at her feet laid his heart's best
One blighted summer's day;

The love of the rejected one —
Who parts with her for aye,
And sad and powerless looks on
At that tumultuous joy.

One beams from out the mother's eyes
In soft prophetic tears,
That hint at all life's mysteries
Told by the passing years;

Their bridal happiness doth grieve
Her own fair vanished youth —
Yet well she knows no love can pass
A mother's, in its truth!

'Twas breathed with no such solemn vows
Before no solemn priest.
Yet mortal homage aye allows
That unvoiced love the best.

For 'tis all made of sacrifice,
And rains in blessings down
Upon that child, another's prize,
That pearl, no more her own.

So, still the Love that doth renounce
Seems the most worth caressing,—
More pure and holy we pronounce
Resigning than possessing.

Say, why is this, ye angels bright,
Who still in circling gladness
Reap all your joys without a blight,
Your loves, without a sadness?

The deep sky is 'twixt me and you,
I scarce can hear for distance,
Yet something floateth down the blue
From your serene existence.

"'Tis Man's own selfishness that mars
The joys he roughly serveth;
Our finer touch their May-bloom spares,
And thus their bliss preserveth!"

..

METAMORPHOSIS OF PLANTS.

FROM GOETHE.

Thou perplext, Beloved, the intertangled confusion

Of this flowery throng, which in the garden thou seest;

Many the names you must hear, and ever one after another

With its barbarous clang crowds itself into your ear.

All in their forms are kindred, and yet no one like another;

So this wonderful choir points to a half-hidden law,—

Yes, to a holy enigma. O, could I teach thee, Beloved,

Happily teach thee the word, which will unriddle it all!

Study it now as it grows, and see how the plant, ever changing,

Step by step carried up, forms into blossoms and fruit.

Out of the seed it unfolds itself, so soon as the fruitful

Earth's still fostering lap letteth it forth into life,

And to the soft-wooing light, the holy, eternally moving,

Quick the opening leaves' delicate structure commits.

Singly slept the germ in the seed; an embryo fore-type

Lay, enwrapped in itself, curling up under the shell;

Leaf, and root, and bud, half-formed, and all without color;

Thus the kernel so dry safely protects the still life;

Then it flows trustingly upwards, trusting the delicate moisture,

And soon lifeth itself out of its mantle of night.

But what shows itself first is always a simple formation;

Thus may we among plants always distinguish the child.

Soon a following impulse lifts itself upward, repeating,

Joint upon joint built up, ever the earliest form;

Yet not always the same; for constantly changing its figure,

Opens out, as you see, ever the following leaf,

More spread out and indented, and cut into points and divisions,

Which, half-grown, heretofore slept in the organ below.

And so reaches it first its highest determined completion,

Which in many a tribe thee to astonishment moves.

Variously ribbed and jagged, on the juicy, exuberant surface

Seems the fulness of life free and unbounded to be.

But here Nature holds, with powerful hands, the creation

Back, and to perfecter shape softly inclines it to grow.

Now more sparingly lends she the sap through slenderer vessels,

And the delicate plant's finer formations begin.

Now the forth-putting edges draw themselves quietly backward,

While the rib of the stalk builds itself solidly out.

Leafless, however, and swift, upsprings the delicate flower-stem,

And a miraculous sight fills the beholder with joy.

Round in a circle there place them, in number exact, or uncounted;

Leaflets, the smallest one first, next to that liketh itself.

Gathered close round the axle, now opens the sheltering calix,

And to full beauty and height lets out the gray-colored crown.

So shines Nature complete in all her fulness of glory,

As, in regular rise, limb upon limb she displays.

Ever thou marvell'st anew, so soon the stem, with its blossom,

Over the changing leaves' delicate scaffolding rocks.

But this beauteous show now a new creation announces;

Yes, the soft-colored leaf feelth the hand of the God,

And together draws itself quick: the tenderest forms now

Lean together in pairs, seemingly made to unite.

Lovingly now they stand, the beautiful couples, together:

See, in numerous crowd, ranged round the altar, they wait!

Hymen hovers this way, and streams of exquisite odors,

Borne on the generous breeze, breathe a new life all around.

Now distinctly swell at once the germs without number.

Germs of the swelling fruit, soft in the motherly lap.

And here Nature concludes the ring of her infinite powers;

Yet a new one at once links itself on to the last,

That, unbroken, the chain through endless time
 may be lengthened,
 And the whole made alive, like the one part
 we have seen.
 Turn thee now, my Beloved, and look at the
 motley confusion :
 Now, no longer perplexed, you may look on
 as it waves.
 Every plant but announces to thee some law
 everlasting ;
 Every blossom, it speaks plainer and plainer
 to thee.
 If thou decipherest here the holy writ of the
 Goddess,
 Every where witness the same, though in
 a different form,
 Creeping, loiter the grub, the butterfly busily
 hasten,
 Man keep moulding himself, changing his
 natural form !
 O, bethink thee then too, how, out of the germ
 of acquaintance,
 Day by day between us mutual interest grew ;
 How, in the depth of our hearts, Friendship re-
 vealed its full power ;
 And how Love came last, bringing the blos-
 soms and fruits.
 Think, what manifold hues and shapes, now
 this, now another,
 Nature in quiet unfolds, and to our feelings
 imparts.
 Now enjoy thyself fully to-day ! for holy affec-
 tion
 Strives for its highest fruit, strives for conge-
 nial tastes,
 Similar views of all things ; that, through har-
 monious insight
 Firmly united, the pair thus the true heaven
 may find.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1847.

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 GROUNDS OF ASSOCIATION IN THE NATURE OF MAN.

We propose now to resume the course of thought which we commenced a few weeks since under the head of "SOCIAL SCIENCE." We have said that at the basis of social as of all other science, must lie a true account of Man ; and that ~~there~~ far amid all the systems, metaphysical and theological, which have affected the world's thought and conduct, "there has been no analysis of the motive springs of action in a man ; of the implanted tendencies which make him what he is ; of the strong directions, steadfast gravitations and affinities which constitute the movement of his nature, and determine his whole destiny. This was the work reserved for Fourier."

He first undertook a scientific and exhaustive analysis of the Human *Passions*, by which he meant the attractions, the

prompting energies, the active impulses, which determine the character and conduct and position of a man ; in other words the *springs of life* in us, their force, their number, their direction. He uttered the first word of all true philosophy : ATTRACTION. The fall of an apple had suggested to Newton the great Law of material attraction. So too Fourier, speculating on the enormous price which an apple had acquired in Paris, by passing through so many hands between the producer and consumer, was led into his searching criticism of commerce ; and from that to the idea of attractive and associated industry ; and finally to a clear assertion of the complement of Newton's doctrine, of the great law of Attraction, as the universal force not only in the material, but also in the spiritual world.

By this statement the old false dualism between Mind and Matter is abolished, and Universal Unity becomes a clear, intelligible thought. Attraction is the main-spring of the Universe. Attraction is the vital energy of Deity. It is but saying in another dialect that "God is Love." The great fact of the universe is this : that nothing exists singly, in and for itself ; nothing completes its being in itself ; but each relates, refers to others, lives beyond itself, and finds its own life and meaning only in the fulfilment of such relations. So much attraction, so much love as there is in any being, so much energy and so much life, and no more. What is Love in the sphere of the soul, is Attraction in the sphere of nature ; one and the same principle translated into different spheres, of higher and lower degrees. The attractions of gravitation, which hold the great globes balanced in their orbits, are the loves of the planets ; in the cohesive attraction of particles in bodies, we have the loves of the atoms ; and in chemical affinities the still selecter loves of kindred elements, which seek their complement in one another. It is a shallow and a false philosophy, which supposes man existing first, a complete and independent substance in himself, and then subject to the *accident* of certain leanings and attractions towards this and that. It is the attractions towards this and that, which constitute the man ; these are his very essence ; these are his nature ; and we know nothing of him until we know these.

The Human Soul, then, in its undivided and integral action, is one central Love, or aspiration after unity with all things. Its central, inmost wish, and prayer, and spring of action, is the desire *to be made one with all*, — a unitary, universal attraction. From this centre radiate a determinate number of more special Loves, called *Passions* ; or in other

words that holy, central passion for unity parts at its source, and flows off in separate streams ; which are :

1. The passion for human sympathies, in their four spheres hereafter to be mentioned.

2. For harmonies of sight and sound, and all the senses.

3. For measured series and perfect distribution of varieties in all these spheres, so that they may make up unity.

The passions are essentially good ; for they are the expression of the attraction of one part of a perfect system (the soul of which is God) to another ; they seek only harmony. The very nature of a passion is the desire to be united, to reach the end for which it was made, to find its counterpart and correspondence.

The love of God lurks properly in every impulse of our nature ; that is what the impulse wants, and what it means, could it only explain itself. In a false state of things, in a period of social incoherence, it may mistake its way ; disappointed and repulsed, this which was love may turn to hate. But Hate is only the inverse exercise of Love. All the passions, and all the forces in the world are subject to this duality of movement ; to the direct and the inverse, the harmonic and the subversive, the true and the false development. Each was calculated for a certain Order, in which all its action must be harmonious ; but, that order failing, as in the fierce times of savage individualism, and in the present disorganized and anarchical competition which controls the material interests, and through them the whole social and moral relations of life, these very cravings after good become disturbing and conflicting elements ; our best desires and impulses to create good are put upon their self-defence, and thus is all their action reversed. In a false choir, the voice which is most true only increases the discord. In such a chaos, falsehood is the avenue to success ; and success of some sort must each have. Let the Divine Order of society establish itself ; let human societies reflect that beautiful harmony and concert of the solar systems which now shine to our reproach ; let it be so arranged that virtue, peace and nobleness shall be the sole conditions of success and honor, and every native appetite of man will instantly become a most devout promoter of the universal good.

All this has Fourier summed up in his first great axiom :

ATTRACTIONS ARE PROPORTIONAL TO
 DESTINIES.

That is : the destiny of every soul, the end for which God breathed the breath of life into it, is that it may occupy a certain place in the great whole

of being, where and where only it will contribute to the harmony of the whole, and live in perfect unity with all; and the sole compass which can guide each to that place, is the attractions, or the passions, which constitute his restlessness in this false state, because they will be such perfect rest in the true order.

We take now for our text the second axiom of Fourier:

THE SERIES DISTRIBUTE THE HARMONIES:

and we proceed to unfold this total, integral attraction, this unitary Love, which we have called the Soul, into the various special loves or passions which converge in it. We apply the prism to this pure white beam, and see what colored rays are blended in its composition.

"Few questions have been more involved," says Fourier, "than that of the analysis of the passions. There is no agreement about their number; still less about the classifications of order, genus, species, and so forth. Some, puzzled how to establish these distinctions, and yet wishing to sketch the problem of classification, reduce them all to two primitive branches, Ambition and Love. Others, the better to ~~ease~~ this difficulty, admit only two modes or exercises, which, according to the *Encyclopedie Methodique*, shall be Desire and Fear.

"The ancient Encyclopedia refers them to two sources: Pain and Pleasure; in other words, what we call duality of action. All these guesses prove that they are wrecked upon this problem.

"We see analysts who are willing to admit some twenty passions, and others some fifty; but setting out from no fixed rule in the classification by genera and species. Others seem to think it more judicious to declare at once: Our passions are in number infinite.

"Which are right? None of them. Here is the secret of their uncertainties: they are ignorant that the passions are distributed like a tree, which, commencing at the trunk or pivot, gives off divisions and subdivisions that are progressive in number. The trunk of a tree, or central *fascies*, gives at the first degree or echelon, *three or four* primary branches; these, subdividing, give at the second echelon, a *dozen* secondary branches; these in their turn, give at the third echelon, tertiary branches, of which the number will be at least *thirty*; and if we go on numbering still higher powers of subdivision, we shall find the fourth consisting of about a *hundred* branches, the fifth of *three or four hundred*, and so on.

"Now the passions must be classed in the same manner, according to the degrees of a generating scale, or degrees of powers (*puissanciers*), which, proceeding from

a common trunk, are engendered consecutively.

"The analysis of the passions ought therefore to ramify as follows: X trunk; 1st. classes; 2d. orders; 3d. genera; 4th. species; 5th. varieties; 6th. diminutives; 7th. tenuity; X minimities.

"This division may be named the *potential scale*, or scale of powers: that is to say, the Passions of Order, like Ambition, Friendship, &c., will be of the second power; the several branches of Ambition, as Avarice, Cupidity, &c., will be Passions of Genus, or of the third power. The series of these subdivisions will compose the scale of potential degrees, which should always be graduated as far as to the complete octave.

"Every passion has its *scale of shades*, which must not be confounded with the *scale of powers*.

"To initiate ourselves into the alphabet of science, it is first necessary to study the distribution of the passions: they are not of an indeterminate quantity, like the branches of a tree; they have a fixed and invariable number in all their degrees. Thus the Pivot or trunk is *one*, the Soul, or Passion of Unity; There are three passions of Class; twelve passions of Order; 32 of Genus; 134 of Species; 404 of Variety, &c., &c.

"It may be asked why I designate the passions thus by a fixed number in their various echellons, instead of variable numbers, as 3 to 4, 10 to 12, 33 to 36.

"This is as if one were to ask me why a man who writes in verse, puts only a fixed number of syllables into each line, while he who writes in prose puts more or fewer syllables at will into each line and phrase. Just so in the passionnal system, there are two arrangements, the measured progression and the free progression. Certain objects are subject to the measured progression, like the passions, colors, music; and their divisions are by seven and twelve. These are the principal distributions of the measured order. Nature, like our languages, has her prose and her poetry. The passions being the noblest thing there is in nature, they are distributed by measured series and fixed numbers, in each of their echellons or powers. It does not follow that this fixed number shall prevail likewise in the *series of shades*; but the fixed or measured number holds most rigorously in the primordial divisions. Thus we see, the effects of motion, like music, colors, and so forth, which are emblems of the passionnal subdivisions, are distributed in a fixed number, or a measured series.

"In the general system of nature there

are seven times as many free as there are measured series, just as in literature there is much more prose than poetry.

"The material world being, in all its details, the hieroglyphic of the passionnal, God must have created emblems of the passions, for all their degrees. For example, for the second division, of 12 passions, we have a beautiful material emblem, which is Music, limited to 12 sounds; and for the third division, of 32 passions, we have a very beautiful material emblem, which is our planetary system (*fourbillon*) composed of 32 globes; and in the 32 teeth of the human jaw. In speaking of the planets, we do not count the pivotal piece, or sun; and in the teeth we do not count the *os hyoides*; just as in music we do not reckon the thirteenth sound, which is in unison or pivotal with the first."

We have quoted thus at length, because there is matter in these paragraphs which will save some definitions as we proceed. The substance of it is, that the soul, or unity of the love-principle in man, divides and subdivides into various scales of Passions, which are always of a fixed number. And from this the meaning of his axiom: *The Series distribute the Harmonies*, is doubtless clear to every one. This serial distribution is now to occupy us.

The first division, as we have seen, is into Three. Man finds himself related, 1. To external nature; 2. To his fellow man; and 3. To Love itself, to the abstract principles of Order, or what Fourier calls the mathematics of God; while it is by the harmonious blending of these three relations that he becomes truly related to the Source of Being, face to face with God himself. "That grand collective impulse, which we call life, the primal stock or trunk of Unity-ism, rooted in God, sends off one great arm in the direction of the senses and material nature; another in the direction of human sympathies; while a third, more mystical, but not less unmistakable, points away to the omnipresent laws and principles, 'which shine aloft like stars.'" Here are three main tendencies, which with Unity the pivot, exhaust all our relations. The first may be called in general the passion for *Luxury*, which is but another name for unity with God through the material world, and through the pure and healthy exercise of every sense. The second is the passion for *Society*, or for conscious communion with other souls, seeking God through love of man. The third is the passion for *Method or Distribution* in all things, which seeks a *SERIES* in all, thus reconciling endless Variety with perfect Unity. The tendency of the first is to Material

Harmonies; of the second to Groups; and of the third to Series.

Before proceeding to the next stage of subdivision, let us dwell somewhat upon this number Three. Why Three and no more? Because this is the first analysis in nature. Every where prevails this trine distinction. A trinity of principles makes up Unity. And because it is in the very nature of our mind or Intellect to see things so, to make a three-fold and exhaustive classification wherever it looks. A corresponding division holds in every department of life, in every art, in every subject of inquiry. This triple keen blade passed through each and all when thought began. It is the primary analysis of the universe, which the Mysteries of the Church have carried even into the inmost nature of the Deity.

There is nothing mystical about it, however; it is very simple. If you consider, you will find that three processes exhaust the powers of thought; three operations are the whole of Science. The mind is always engaged either in combining, or in analyzing, or in foraging for new facts which it may combine and analyze. Synthesis, Analysis and Observation: these are the mind's whole method. And, since there is unity in all things, these, also, are the method of the Divine Mind, and constitute the three presiding Fates or genii of order, in the distribution of all things from the first. Every subject of thought conforms to this three-fold demand of thought. This three-fold demand of thought is: first, for Unity; secondly, for Variety, or escape from Unity; and, thirdly, for graduated scales of difference, or progressive series of Varieties, whereby they return into the bosom of Unity.

In all things there are an Active, a Passive, and a Neuter principle. These, in the grand discreet degrees of being, are God, Matter, or the created universe, and Law. In man, they are Heart or Will, Sensation or Act, and Intellect or Thought; by the first he is related to all other conscious beings, and through all to God; by the second he is related to the material world or nature; by the third he is related to the impersonal Reason, to the abstract everlasting principles of Order. Three things evermore determine man: his own will or impulse; outward limitation or circumstance; and the perceptions of reason and conscience, or the law of order. The first is from within him, Character, Destiny; the second is from without, below him, Necessity; the third is above him as well as within him, Law. Here are attraction each to each and all to one; divergence, or tendency to fly apart into distinct individuality; and finally, *Progressive Order*, or *Series*. What is the essential fact in

all this? It may be summed up in these terms: Unity, Variety, and Series; or better still, perhaps: CENTRALIZATION, TRANSITION, DISTRIBUTION. From these three laws, or forms of the Divine Mind, flow the primitive distinctions of being into Spirit or God, which is the element of Unity; Matter, or God manifested, which is the element of Variety; and Law or mathematics, the neutral mediating element. From them, too, flow the three discreet degrees or spheres of life, by Swedenborg termed Love, Wisdom, and Use; the trinity in man's nature, of Soul, Mind, and Body. And these are mirrored in the three material forces: the centripetal, which binds all together; the centrifugal, which flees monotony and seeks all manner of individuality; and the mathematical proportions, which, whether in close chemical affinities, or in grander groupings of vast suns and planets, mediate between these opposites and make the infinitely many, one.

We see that these divisions always answer to a three-fold direction of the *Scientific Passion*, so to say, or what we called above, the *passion for series and distribution*, in man. Besides our affections, which seek social, spiritual harmonies; and besides the impulses which lie behind each of our five senses urging us to material harmonies, we are also urged by certain intellectual impulses or necessities of the mind, which we may call *Passions* too, corresponding to the three laws just described. We cannot content ourselves, speculatively, unless these demands are satisfied; we must be combining; and we must be separating and discriminating; and we must be renouncing for new spheres incessantly. Practically it is the same with us. In our occupations, in our pleasures, in our social relations, these three Fates preside: (1) The first one says we must have enthusiasm, or the joy of unity, flooding all distinctions out of sight; the inspired rapture which comes from the happy union of characters and circumstances; the crowding of as much life as possible into one moment; the glorious realizing sense of one-ness, when sights and sounds and fragrance mutually translate each other so fast as to seem one sense; when all the juices of life's myriad leaves and branches converge and flow, as it were, into one crowning flower of complete joy. (2) Instantly, however, is all this reversed by the wand of the second fate, and we betray as strong a trick of rivalry and difference-seeking; find ourselves prone to discriminate and notice every little distinct shade of peculiarity, and criticise and refine forever, as if resemblance and agreement had no right to be, but clogged all life. (3.) At the same time, thirdly, we weary of all the combina-

tions and all the shades of differences which are possible in any one sphere, and we renounce and turn our backs upon it, seek to begin anew and change the scene entirely, to alternate and, as it were, modulate into some new key. Between generous enthusiasm on the one hand, and severe criticism on the other, sits this volatile fairy, fanning both their fevers with cool wing, and by these seeming caprices restoring the great balance. It is from the co-operation of these three instincts and of the laws which they involve, that all beauty and order result in the kingdoms of nature, in social relations, in industry, and in all the arts.

Having thus seen by what principle the first division of the soul into three primary branches of attraction is made, we proceed to the next subdivision and behold the three unfolded into twelve. The attraction to material harmonies or *luxury* resolves itself into five sensitive passions, acting through five senses. The attraction to society or *groups*, seeks groups of Friendship, groups of Love, of Family and of Corporate honor, or Ambition. The attraction to *Series* furnishes what Fourier calls the three Distributive, Mechanizing, Regulating *Passions*, the *Composite*, or combining tendency; the *Cabalist*, or discriminating; and the *Popillon*, or alternating;—fanciful and uncouth terms, which cover a world of meaning.

I. THE FIVE SENSITIVE PASSIONS.

These relate man to external nature. Their end is *Luxury*, summed up in the two terms of *internal luxury*, or *Health*; *external luxury*, or *Wealth*. The senses crave material harmonies. The ear craves harmony of sounds; the eye harmony of colors, the taste harmony of flavors, and so on. All these are most essential avenues to man's true spiritual destiny. Without this harmony with nature how can he attain to unity with God, one of whose constant manifestations, to say the least, is outward nature?

The senses are an abused tribe; they have been outlawed as the enemies of the soul, and a mark set upon them as the emissaries of the Arch-Tempter. And as the world now is, their tendency is doubtless in the majority of cases to mislead and degrade. Yet even now we have instances of what a spiritual and refining power the senses might exert, with proper cultivation. If the sense of Taste, of Smell, were as scientifically perfected as the ear and the eye; if their scale of varieties and doctrine of accords and modulations were as well wrought out as those of music and of painting, would they not speak to the soul? "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."

But we need not expatiate upon this portion of the subject; for it has been repeatedly and fully treated in earlier numbers of the Harbinger. (See especially Volume 3d, pages 172 and 189.) We will take up the second branch, which gathers together in itself the four Social or Affective passions, in the next number.

✓ A WOMAN'S CALL TO WOMEN.

SISTERS AND FRIENDS:—Permit me, as one of your number, to address you with the request, that you will not allow any trifle to prevent your presence at the exceedingly important Convention of Associationists, commencing in New York, on May 11th. Come to that meeting, and come not as mere passive recipients of the light there to be diffused, nor simply to cheer your brothers by your sympathy; but to aid by your counsel, your wise suggestions, your quick perceptions; come as active co-operators with them in a work whose responsibilities you equally share. Never did a holier cause than Association call on woman to shake off the paralysis with which long ages of subjection have benumbed her, and with cautiousness and humility,—remembering her untried strength, nevertheless, with unshrinking firmness, waving over her head the banner of Purity and Christian Love,—to join the onward march of Humanity.

O! my sisters, with this world-wide hope swelling in our hearts, with faith in a science of society based on a profound knowledge of human nature, and convictions as immutable as our belief in God, that He has ordained for this planet a

reign of Peace, Love and Joy, can we be content to be engrossed by our little cares—useful though they may be in their degree! Can we be content with only bidding our brothers an earnest God-speed, while we withhold from them the better benedictions of co-operative acts? Doubtless, many a heartfelt prayer will be proffered by those too closely enthralled by civilized bonds to escape from them for a season; but to those who are free, I would say: "Come, let us look each other in the face, clasp each other by the hand, grow strong in the strength of all. Let us seek in the lull of weightier matters some opportunity for private communion, organize some plan of action, of friendly correspondence among ourselves, which, by a free interchange of plans and opinions, of thoughts and feelings, shall reanimate us all, and unite us firmly, by the strong tie of friendship, into one living body laboring for one end." And what bond can equal that of devotion to such a cause? Is not the name of "associationist" an open sesame at once to our hearts? Would that the time had come when each claiming that holy title should ever wear some appropriate symbol, as a pledge to all the world of his profession, still more as a stamp of zeal set upon one's self of devotedness to the work.

In the coming struggle, shall we not need a close interlocking of all our forces, to withstand the shock of the mighty opposition which will rush against us? Standing on the shores of this Old World of civilization, with its waste deserts and ruins behind us, afar off blessed "islands of the innocent" beckon us. The Future is sure—it is ours. Let us not shut our eyes, however, on the dimly-discerned rocks which lie between, the deceitful whirlpools which threaten to engulf us; but, joyfully singing in concert, that our ears may be deaf to the sirens who would draw us to their homes, let us sail steadily forward to the fertile isles which we believe our Father has destined for the abode of His children upon earth.

YOUR SISTER.

DEFINITION OF THE WORD "PASSION," AS USED BY THE ASSOCIATIVE SCHOOL.

The profound ignorance in which man has been left concerning his own nature by all the philosophers (an ignorance which arises from the fact that none of them have made the human passions the subject of serious investigation) has caused this word to be abandoned to the greatest variety of acceptations. We will examine a few of these, without stopping to consider the more minute differences.

The word *Passion* sometimes signifies a sentiment, strong or weak, gentle or violent, any movement whatever or even a simple state of the soul. Thus fear, hope, joy, melancholy, sadness, curiosity, anger, hatred, and the like, are called Passions in all dictionaries, in philosophical works, and in the language of the world.

Sometimes the word *Passion* involves the idea of violence. It is used to express only the excess of *passional* movements. In this sense, we hear it said, "His love is excessive, it is a perfect passion. Love, ambition, are passions, but friendship is only a sentiment."

Sometimes the word *Passion* is taken only in a bad sense, as in this phrase: "Instead of calming hatreds, of uniting the hearts of men, the press seeks only to inflame the passions." Or in this: "He is a man abandoned to all the passions, to every vice."

Once more, *Passion* is used to signify life, warmth. "This poem, this picture, this character is cold, without life, without passion." The word *Passion* is also employed as synonymous with the word *love*, taken in its most general acceptation; "a passion for the arts, a passion for the good, the beautiful, the just, the true," and the like.

We might state a multitude of other different acceptations of the same word.

The multiplicity of these acceptations, the vagueness and even the contradiction of many of them, clearly show, what we have just pointed out, the profound darkness which has hitherto prevailed on the nature of the passions, and consequently on the nature of man.

FOURIER, who was the first to make a scientific study of human nature, considered in its *passional* aspect, has rescued the word *Passion* from the vagueness of its ordinary acceptations, and given it a precise, definite sense. By the word *Passion*, Fourier understands exclusively the *constituent tendencies of Beings*, or the *springs of action inherent in their very nature*, and characterizing their peculiar life. Thus the *Human Passions*, are the *primitive and natural forces which produce the free and spontaneous activity of the Human Being*, and which make him what he is, considered as a free and active Being.

If, accordingly, we give this general definition to the Passions, as the *constituent and peculiar active forces* of each Being, we may establish *a priori* that the Function, in accordance with the nature of a Being, has for the condition of its accomplishment, the development of all the virtual activity of that Being, that is to say, the full and harmonious development of all his *passional* capabilities and energies. Hence, if the accomplishment

of the natural function of a Being is called the *Destiny* of that Being, it follows that the *Passions, the Attractions, or the essential constitutive Forces, are proportional to the essential Destinies of Beings*. We will add, that as the happiness of all Beings depends on the accomplishment of their proper functions, on the realization of their essential Destiny, the law of the function of a Being, the law of the duty of a Being, the law of the happiness of a Being, the law of the exercise or of the development of the Passions of a Being, are all expressions absolutely identical in reality, and corresponding only to the different points of view, in which we consider one and the same law, the natural or providential law of the Being.

The general law which presides over the distribution of the Functions of the Destinies, of the Attractions, of the Passions of Beings, is therefore nothing else than THE LAW OF UNIVERSAL ORDER, OF UNIVERSAL LIFE, that is to say, the grand object of human knowledge and particularly of philosophical and religious knowledge.

In the works of FOURIER and of the ASSOCIATIVE SCHOOL, the word *Passion* therefore has a precise, scientific sense, and one which has nothing in common with the vague and contradictory significations of this word in ordinary language. Thus, for example, anger, pride, intemperance, envy, avarice, fear, in a word, all the excesses, all the vices, all the basenesses, to which the name *passion* is applied in common language, are by no means Passions in the scientific language of the Associative School.

In this language, according to the definition that has been given, the Passions are no more excesses and vices than a murder is the force of the powder with which the weapon of the murderer was loaded. This is well known to all who have studied the writings of the Associative School with a moderate degree of attention and intelligence.

Still, (could it be believed if we had not such frequent examples of the fact?) it is on the use of the wretched equivocation, which ascribes to the word *passions*, contrary to the sense of the scientific definition, the vulgar sense, which includes the most odious vices, the most abominable excesses; it is on the employment of such a shameful deception, that the opponents of the doctrine of Fourier have not hesitated to found the greater part of the attacks which they have directed against his system.

Fourier maintains that all the Passions (using the word in the scientific sense, as denoting the active faculties of the human soul) are good, that is to say, are of a nature to be made useful in a social

mechanism which should direct all their activity to the accomplishment of good. The bad faith of the adversaries of Fourier translate this idea, as follows: "Fourier legitimates all the *passions* (in the vulgar sense of the term, comprising all excesses, all crimes,) and wishes that every one may be able, without obstacle or restraint, to assassinate, to pillage, to murder, to plunge into all vices, to abandon himself with impunity to all imaginable disorder and depravity." Although sometimes presented in terms which disguise the deception, this is none the less the translation of Fourier's leading thought which is given to the public, by almost all his adversaries.

An example like this, shows the kind of weapons which can be found and which in fact are found by ignorance and bad faith, in the employment of terms, to which our imperfect languages attach, without any precision, all manner of different ideas.

WORKS ON ASSOCIATION. A full supply of the works of the French Associationists, including the writings of Fourier, Considerant, &c., has been received. They are for sale in New York by W. H. Graham, Tribune Buildings. A list of them with their prices will be given in next week's Harbinger.

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS

Will be held during Anniversary Week, on TUESDAY, May 11th, in the City of New York, at Lyceum Hall, Broadway; and it is important that the Affiliated Unions should prepare in season to send their Delegates, and that Associationists should make their arrangements to attend.

The occasion is a momentous one. The American Union of Associationists must this Spring mark out distinctly a plan of operations, and determine upon the most expeditious and economical mode of diffusing our doctrines throughout the nation, and of making ready for the practical embodiment of our principles.

For this end, the advice of the most devoted, wise and energetic friends of the movement is needed. This must be in the strongest sense of the words, a *business meeting*; where all important points of policy may be thoroughly discussed, and measures agreed upon, which being the result of the best collective judgment of the American Union, shall be found worthy of the devoted support and earnest aid of every Associationist. The next year should be as active a one, as the means and men at our command can possibly make it; and it is necessary therefore to form a clear and precise estimate, in advance, of all our resources. We have to determine upon the number and character of our publications,—to lay out the most promising fields for our lecturers,—and especially to set in motion efficient instrumentalities by which to secure active co-operation among the Affiliated Unions, so that all Associationists may feel that they are working in concert for definite

objects, and that they are living members of One Body.

It is emphatically recommended, therefore:

1st. That each Affiliated Union should at once meet, and consult as to the plans which may seem best for advancing our cause most rapidly, firmly, widely. Let new members be added; let contributions be increased; let zeal and determination be strengthened; let the wants and opportunities of respective neighborhoods be carefully considered. Every Affiliated Union should form an exact estimate of the *Weekly Rent* which it can raise, and be prepared to offer at the Anniversary Meeting a PLEDGE of the amount which it will contribute for the year, or for a term of years, to the funds of the American Union. We must secure as least Fifty Dollars a week, and twice that sum if possible; and if each Union will do its part energetically, we cannot fail of the means for a brilliant success. What Association will pledge \$20, \$10, \$5, a week for three years?

2d. It is recommended, that each Associationist should consider what he or she can do to help on the movement,—what sacrifices we are ready to make for it,—what means we will consecrate to it,—what time and efforts we resolve to give to advance this cause of peace, unity, and universal good. How many Associationists there are, who could easily pledge \$100, \$50, \$10, a year, for three or five years to the propagation of Associative doctrines. And are they free not to do it? How many Associationists there are, who could subscribe \$1000, or \$500, or \$100, towards the formation of a *Permanent Fund*, the income of which might be devoted to the diffusion of our views, while the principal should go to form a Capital for some Practical Trial, when the American Union should determine that the time had come, that the place was found, and that means and men authorized the step. Who is ready to promise a yearly or a triennial contribution, or to subscribe to the Permanent Fund? Who is not ready to do something efficient?

Now let this matter be taken in hand promptly and resolutely, with the spirit becoming those engaged in a Universal Reform,—which promises to radically cure the chronic maladies of society, and to make Man whole again,—which seeks to establish upon earth a Heavenly Order,—which offers to the world no vague hope, but definite Science,—and which commends itself to the good-sense of the most practical.

Let each Affiliated Union, let each Associationist, contribute the best counsel and amplest pecuniary supplies, at the coming Anniversary.

Where Delegates cannot be sent, and individuals cannot attend, letters may be addressed to the Union.

By order of the Executive Committee.

W. H. CHANNING,
Domestic Corresponding Secretary of the
American Union of Associationists.
Boston, March 15, 1837.

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SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1847.

NUMBER 22

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CONSIDERANT.

Translated for the Harbinger.

INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION.

(Continued from p. 325.)

CHAPTER II.

Minute Subdivision of Labor.

"Confidence, friendship, charm, will be the more vivid as the labors are more minutely subdivided, applying each individual to the functions in which he excels and which he prefers." — *Fourier*.

I.

To depict to ourselves a Phalanx, we should conceive that each department of work has supplied the frame of a Series and that all these frames are filled: — that is, that in each general Series, distinct Groups of laborers have undertaken the care of the species, the varieties, &c., so that the details of all industry and of all functions are thus distributed among the Series and the Groups. And now, what would you do? What do you know how to do? What do you like to do? What are you fit for? You want places, here they are, choose. The choice is a noble one: Arts, Sciences, Instruction, Administration, Manufacture, Agriculture. Every function you can name, every branch of human activity here offers a career to you.

Is it agriculture in which you would engage? It is open to you. Or perhaps you would not like as at present to have a whole farm to superintend, laborers to watch, a load upon your hands? You object to the labors of the fields and meadows; nothing about harnesses and beasts of burden pleases you. Well, then, leave fields and meadows, harness and cattle; think neither of corn nor forage nor stables; leave them and be not uneasy, they will be cared for. The orchards attract you, you would take pleasure in the culture of fruit trees. Well, enter the series of the orchard. Yes, but cherry and plum trees have no

charm for you, apple trees still less: your favorite is the peach. Enter the peach-growing Series. You have amongst peaches a favorite species: then enrol yourself in the group which devotes itself especially to that peach.

Have you now sufficient range or latitude? Do you think this enough to satisfy freely your tastes and caprices? O no, for you find it tedious to weed, to plant, to clean the trees, to attend to the preservation of the fruits. . . . What you like, is to graft, and you have great skill in this operation. You take pride in it. Enter then a group of your favorite peach, and in this group a sub-group of the graft, and proceed to exercise your skill in grafting in twenty other groups, whose pursuits and characters possess a charm for you.

This perfect liberty in choice of functions, explained thus in a branch of agriculture, extends to all other branches; and you readily see that to gratify individual tastes and the intentions of nature which has given these tastes, we must not only divide labor into Series and Groups, but make within each group itself, a subdivision of functions, so that each may engage in whatever he is most fit for.

Are these arrangements anything else than the very expression of the facts which develop themselves in a free sphere? Is there any arbitrary system here? Arbitrary system and fixed idea! There are five hundred ignorant pedants who every where distort with these terms the discovery of Fourier.

II.

"The effect of the division of labor is a greater development in the productive powers of industry — more skill, activity and intelligence in the manner in which it is now applied and directed in all branches." — *Adam Smith*.

We accept, then, as a general rule of classification and of organization for social labors, — a rule required by reason and by nature, — the *serial subdivision* of every kind of labor among different groups.*

* The division of the groups into subgroups,

We recognize that here, as in all things, the nature of man perfectly coincides and harmonizes with the adaptations of reason. You have listened to Nature, you have been willing to follow out her most delicate impulses, her slightest hints, her last caprices. She has led you by the hand and has shown you as her law of organization this serial law and its ramifications.

The study of natural impulses and the frank acknowledgment of vocations, of tastes and preferences, have supplied us with the formula, integrally applicable to all works, of that celebrated principle of the *Division of Labor*, so enormously productive, — a principle that civilized industry can only apply to a single branch, that of manufactures, and these, to the great disadvantage of the laborer. In summing up this chapter, we must understand that this minute subdivision in the group is the true guaranty of the individual independence of the laborer, and of the free development of vocations; since it permits each to give himself up, not only to the functions, but to the details of the functions, for which he has taste, aptitude and will. The group which has undertaken a function and within which each subgroup has charge of some one detail, is a body composed of parts which concur freely in a common

is well exemplified by the manœuvre of a company of boatmen.

The establishment of a bridge of boats is complicated by many details, — the service of the boats, the cordage, the anchors, the beams, &c. Now the company divides into detachments, attending to each detail, and all these detachments carrying on together their particular affair; the whole work proceeds with a magical unison and rapidity. And when two bridges are thrown concurrently, and there are spectators to whom they desire to show their alertness, the activity of the manœuvre and the whole execution surpass all description. Those who have seen or practised the operation of which I speak, will well understand the division into groups, and the importance of this division of the functions in the whole work. Unfortunately, I cannot give this as an example of a spontaneous effect.

action, rival each other in zeal, and draw each other passionately on in powerful collective accord. Each, alert in the task he prefers, relies on his neighbors for all other cares. The individual supports himself on the mass; they all support each other, concentrate, close ranks in the group, and excite each other to action. Affection links them, contact warms, the identity of the common aim fuses them together, the sentiment of union electrifies the mass. The collective accord vibrates in every breast to unison, and an enthusiasm to which every obstacle yields, bursts forth in the struggle. Be it a work of peace or a work of war, whenever the different parts of a body act in concert in a manœuvre, and execute, each with zeal and passion, his particular part in the whole; — whenever special or individual actions merge simultaneously in a unitary whole, upon the same centre, the general convergence produces accord, enthusiasm enters the mass and transports it. It is a law, it is necessitated, it is irresistible and innate: Man is made so from one pole to the other; the coldest spirit cannot abstract itself from the influence of the great accords which arise amid a mass composed of harmonious parts.

Now the first manifestation of this general fact of enthusiastic fascination develops itself in the group, when all the subgroups are in concert.

But if you suppress contact, and destroy the play of the different pieces; if there is no longer in the execution, that promptitude resulting from the integral combination of all the partial and simultaneous actions; if you place the laborer in the conditions of civilized industry; if he is isolated, overburdened by all the details of the work, obliged to execute successively, slowly, without the emulation of persons connected with him in interest; without assistance and without support, — then all this disappears. Ennui and disgust replace enthusiasm and joy. Labor becomes again tedious and painful.

As a last analysis, the result of this Chapter has been to introduce us into the group of divided labors, which we recognize as the demand of individual liberty, as the aim of nature and the first special condition of industrial attraction. We have shown that the minute division of labors, with the concentration of simultaneous effort in the laborers towards a common end, generates the great accords of identity which move and emotion masses, strikes them with enthusiasm for their work and creates ardent impulses which no obstacle can resist. These accords grow in intensity with the passionate masses on which they act, and when they attain a certain degree of

force, they become superhuman, powerful, like faith, to move mountains.

In this part of my task, in which I aim to construct the serial mechanism piece by piece, I invite a severe criticism of my argument on the part of the reader; for if we forbid ourselves every thing arbitrary and imagined, every thing not founded in fact and reason, and very decidedly avowed by nature, we will not, on the other hand, allow the right of facing about from a whole after admitting all its details. See, I use no artifice; I forewarn you henceforth that if you accept the partial sums, you will not be at liberty to refuse the total. This being but strict justice, let us proceed.

CHAPTER III.

Alternation of Functions.

"God has well made all his works."

"If the sessions of the Series were prolonged to twelve or fifteen hours, like those of civilized operatives, who from morning to evening enlure themselves in an insipid function, without any diversion, God would have given us a taste for monotony and a horror of variety." — *Fourier*.

"The happiness of the elect consists in this, that God, being infinite, they find in beholding him, joys eternally new." — *St. Augustine*.

I.

"Well! Moralists, if you would have men love work, learn how to make work lovable." — *Fourier*.

If you would have man love work, then make industry an attraction, a pleasure and a charm to him; provide that each shall have to do what he likes best, and do it as he likes, and with whom he likes best. Let your method of distributing labor be no other than what results from the natural impulses themselves.

Is it in itself a great pleasure to dance, to galopade, to chassey? No, it is in itself an insipid and fatiguing exercise. You will catch no young girl, however mad for balls, dancing by herself in her chamber. Well, then! Let an orchestra sound! Let there be a fine hall, young cavaliers, elegant dances, and you shall see more than one lady and gentleman dance the entire evening. Isolated, they would not have danced at all. The dance is still the same thing, but the accessories are changed. It is the ball, the group is formed; sympathies are established, life awakes, animation increases, and pleasure like fire kindles from motion and contact. Civilization has taken such effectual measures to banish from labor every cause of pleasure, that in our language, labor and trouble, (*peine et travail*), have become perfect synonyms. This, however true in relation to the barbarous or civilized sphere, ought not to be accepted absolutely.

First, to define the real sense of the word labor, let us say that this word logically represents the *actuation of every*

physical or intellectual faculty of man with the aim of producing a given result.

Whether the result of the act be productive or not, useful or hurtful, matters not for the definition; the act does not the less constitute labor. The Danaides labored. The civilized world labor often like the Danaids, and for a result still more pitiful; for it would be better worth while to pour water into empty tubs than to occupy 800,000 men and 200,000 horses in laying waste provinces, burning harvests, demolishing villages, setting fire to cities, and in mutual slaughter. In mechanics, to measure the work of a water course, of a machine, we determine that the machine and water course supply force, without inquiring to what end this force is employed. But just as good machines are those which derive the most useful effects from their motive force, in the same way, good societies are those which direct all work towards production and towards the *maximum* of production. And as production is only intended to supply the needs of man and to create enjoyments for man, these enjoyments should not have to be *painfully and joylessly* attained. That is, Labor ought to be rendered Attractive.

Thus the characteristic of a good social order, is the general organization of productive and attractive labor. Now that labor, — the employment of activity, physical and intellectual, may become for man a synonym of pleasure, is a truth of which every one has had a thousand accidental proofs in the course of his life.

And here I shall not speak of the joy of the artist in the conception, management and birth of his work. I shall not speak of the loves of the savant, who pursues his discovery through long solitary nights, forgetting to eat or drink. These are certainly cases of enthusiasm and passion. But it would be argued that these are exceptional natures, and exceptional labors, and as matters go now, the argument would be just. I will take peasants for my examples, and with the passing remark, that if we most generally refer to operations of the household or of agriculture, it is because, independently of their generality and their immense importance, the idea prevails that many of these labors are essentially and in their very nature painful and repugnant. Industrial attraction, then, once proved in the functions of the household, of agriculture, of mechanics, we shall easily admit the extension of the charm to labors of the sciences and fine arts. This will be conceded *a fortiori*. If, on the contrary, our examples were chosen from the latter sort of labor, we should refuse to draw conclusions from them to others.

Thus we speak of agriculture. For

the peasant, who walks by his cart all day long, bare-footed, in the cold mud, or alone in his field, beating his lean and toil-worn oxen — for the peasant, the day is certainly rude and dismal, and his work repulsive. Rude also is the day and repulsive the labor for this poor man, isolated in the midst of his master's vineyard; his face bent towards the earth which he digs from daylight to dark. Yes, but let the season of the reaping, of the harvest home, of the vintage, come round, and see how his days become festivals. See in the plain this line of young men with sinewy arms, who march abreast, sweeping into the cradles of their scythes, rows of green grasses, and shearing the meadow; then behind them the hay-makers, with their white forks and rakes turning over the hay, raising it into winrows and into heaps. All here is alive, gay, animated. They laugh, they sing, and the more numerous they are, the more quickly and energetically the work proceeds. When the wagons come to be loaded, all the laborers crowd emulously round them; fathers and sons, boys and young girls; and it is wonderful how quickly these joyous loadings are executed. Whoever knows the customs of the country, has observed this as I describe it, for I have more than once taken the scythe of the reaper, the fork and rake of the hay-maker.

And the vintages! At the time of the vintages in Comté, the mountain population descend in numerous gangs of men, women, and children. The migration extends over the whole line of the Jura, and mingles the people in each Canton, during the harvest time, with the dwellers on the soil. The groups distribute themselves in the vineyards; they place themselves in a line two paces from each other; there is one who leads the band; each has his basket, gathering as he walks before, and throwing into the carrier's pannier. When the hill-sides are invaded by legions of vintagers, men and women, boys and girls, under a fine September sun, all is living and moving there, and sounds of song and laughter are borne thence on the breeze. The citizens, ladies and gentlemen, come there for sport, and often take part in the work. The children are transported, and if they can get a knife and a basket, will work bravely for whole hours. And I can assure you that these are festivals. *For the vintages, like the harvest and reaping, are seasons of labor in numerous and joyous assemblies.*

Will it be said that it is the nature of the work, the satisfaction of harvesting, of gathering in, — when the harvester, the hay-maker, and the vintager, work for others and not for themselves? I have seen peasants, compelled by a levy

of the commune to repair the roads, come up much dissatisfied and cursing about it; for we know that this sort of work, which only interests the whole commune, is very ungrateful to the sovereign people of our villages! Well, I have seen the discontent vanish, the ill-humor melt away, and a free, coarse merriment spring up by enchantment from the contact of the group.

Here is a final argument: Break the groups, separate the two sexes among the reapers, haymakers, and vintagers; disperse the laborers to great distances; isolate each, make each do every thing by himself, and then you will soon see whether they still laugh and still sing; whether the day will pass lightly, and whether the work will not suddenly become sad, dull, and repulsive.

II.

Ennui was one day born of uniformity. — Boileau.

Labor is the destiny of man, and God cannot have attached a curse to the destiny of man whom he has created. There are then two laws of labor; one is dull, sad, selfish, isolated, compulsory labor; the other is joyous and free labor, concentrating at the same focus numerous sympathetic efforts, full of life and of passion. To which of these two laws of labor does God urge man by all the impulses of his organization, by all the attractions of his nature? to the first or to the second?

If our false society enthrals us so completely in its meshes, that it prevents us from obeying those impulses of our being which draw us to the law of pleasure and of charm, then cease to say that God in destining man to labor, has ordained for him a destiny of tears and misery; since we do not obey the will of God revealed by the attractions which he has placed in us. They constantly indicate his will to us; they clearly teach us his law. Why do we kick against the pricks?

Man has been so predisposed to labor, that we see him languish and drag out his life devoured by ennui, when he is unoccupied. What is there in the world more sad, more wearisome and heavy, more insufferable to himself and to others, than a man perfectly devoid of occupation? Man tends to labor; children, women, the rich, even kings delight in creating for themselves studies, labors, occupations. Louis XVI. was an able locksmith; Louis XV. cooked at Trianon for whole days together, and it was far from being the worst of his work. Every day you see men quite independent from their fortune, take pleasure in turning, in joinery, in tending their gardens, pruning, grafting, gleanings; you see women pas-

sionately devoted to flowers, assiduously cultivating them themselves. A thousand accidental facts prove, I repeat it, that occupation is a necessity for man, and that work may become pleasure, work of the hand as well as work of the imagination and of the mind.

Yes, yes, accidental facts, but purely accidental, for —

Well, do we sustain the position that civilized industry is well organized? And do we not condemn it precisely because it presents only exceptional examples of attractive labor?

Very true; this you doubtless prove, that in certain circumstances labor may awaken pleasure and be joyfully performed. But this is good for a day, for an hour. Impose on your amateurs a labor continued and imperative, a work lasting through the whole day for every day of the month and every month of the year, for all the years of one's life, a function —

Ah! you recognize then that a long, imperative, continued work, a work such as you speak of through all hours, through a whole life, — you recognize that such a work is a chain around the neck, a stone in the shoe, a weight upon the chest, a punishment. You recognize that pleasure can last only a limited time in one occupation. Well, then, in all simplicity and good faith —

It is your own conclusion. We must not nail one man for life in his office, another in his field, another to his joiner's bench, another to his desk; the man to the thing, as we now do.

A fine dramatic piece which lasts four hours, wearies the spectators; if it lasted six hours they would be wretched. If the doors of the theatre were closed, and it was attempted to impose this pleasure on them for eight hours, for ten hours, there would be a commotion, a fierce storm in the building. And when it is thus recognized that a pleasure which lasts too long becomes insupportable, odious, can we not understand that this leaden yoke of continuity under which the head of the laborer is bent, must necessarily render his labor repugnant, and that we must break this yoke so that the man may rise? Ah, it is too strong! It is not labor in itself that is repulsive; it is that mortal monotony to which our absurd organization of labor has married labor; it is the marriage of motion and life to immobility and death: permit them the divorce.

If you go to the Barriers some Sunday evening, you will see much dancing in the places of amusement. Examine and select the most inveterate dancer there, some stout porter of the market-place perhaps, or the dock, gaining three francs a day by carrying on his back sacks of three

hundred pounds weight. Propose to him the same sum to come and dance for you alone in your chamber, twelve hours a day, six before noon, six after. I wager he will prefer his customary work at the port or market. In any case, if he accept one day, he will not recommence the next.

If long, solitary, continued sessions are mortally wearisome in industry and in all things, listen to the voice of nature, and conclude with her that useful work can only become a pleasure on condition of being executed in numerous assemblies, and in short and varied sessions. It is thus that matters proceed in the Phalanx. When the Groups have terminated their sessions, of two hours long at most, in ordinary cases, their members divide, separate, and go into other Groups, with which they are affiliated, to engage with new associates in a new session, as short as the first. Thus contrasted pursuits succeed each other, serving as mutual recreations. Nothing is more agreeable after a session of science, after listening to a professor for an hour and a half, or having filled oneself that station, than to go and mingle with one's friends in the orchard, with the ladies in the garden; to weed, to clear, to cut, to water, or to graft with them.

There is, then, in Harmony, no gardener who gardens all day, obliged to know and to execute the thousand details of his trade; no farmer who always tills the soil; no joiner with his plane all day in his hand, nor shoemaker with his awl, nor retailer with his yard-stick, nor clerk of an office with his pen.

No; all industry, all labor, affords divisions and subdivisions, Series and Groups; and each, according to his tastes, vocations, desires, talents, and faculties, is enrolled in the Groups and Series which attract and seduce him, and whose management and connections offer a thousand varied themes for the employment of his activity, a thousand different modulations for the development of his affections and passions. Compare this life of the Harmonian with that of the working legions whom misery and civilization, two good sisters! shut up for life in industrial gaols, or spew upon the streets of cities and the main roads, without being able to afford them even this civilized work, while hunger obliges them to beg through the world. Associated labor operates, then, in Groups, and the Groups exercise in short and varied sessions.

Thus we have exposed, in this Chapter, the second condition of Industrial Attraction, introduced in our formula: the principle of alternation in labors, occupations, pleasures.

To be Continued.

RISE AND FALL OF THE COMMERCIAL MUNICIPALITY OF AMBELAKIA.

AMBELAKIA was, perhaps, the spot, amid all the rich recollections of Thessaly, which I visited with the greatest interest; and, but for the lordly mansions that still overlook the Vale of Tempe, the traveller might doubt the reality of a story which appears almost fabulous. I extract from Beaujour's "Tableau du Commerce de la Grèce," published at the commencement of this century, the details he has preserved respecting it, in as far as they are confirmed to me by the information I obtained on the spot.

"Ambelakia, by its activity, appears rather a borough of Holland than a village of Turkey. This village spreads, by its industry, movement, and life, over the surrounding country, and gives birth to an immense commerce, which unites Germany to Greece by a thousand threads. Its population has trebled in fifteen years, and amounts at present (1798) to four thousand, who live in their manufactories, like swarms of bees in their hives. In this village are unknown both the vices and cares engendered by idleness; the hearts of the Ambelakiotes are pure, and their faces serene; the slavery which blasts the plains watered by the Peneus, and stretching at their feet, has never ascended the sides of Pelion (Ossa); and they govern themselves, like their ancestors, by their protoyeros (primates, elders,) and their own magistrates. Twice the Mussulmans of Larissa attempted to scale their rocks, and twice were they repulsed by hands which dropped the shuttle to seize the musket.

"Every arm, even those of the children, is employed in the factories; whilst the men dye the cotton, the women prepare and spin it. There are twenty-four factories, in which, yearly, two thousand five hundred bales of cotton yarn, of one hundred okes each, are dyed, (6138 cwt.)—This yarn finds its way into Germany, and is disposed of at Buda, Vienna, Leipsic, Dresden, Anspach, and Bayreuth. The Ambelakiote merchants had houses of their own in all these places. These houses belonged to distinct associations at Ambelakia. The competition thus established, reduced very considerably the common profits; they proposed, therefore, to unite themselves under one central commercial administration. Twenty years ago this plan was suggested, and in a few years afterwards it was carried into execution. The lowest shares in this joint-stock company were five thousand piastres (between 600*l.* and 700*l.*) and the highest were restricted to twenty thousand, that the capitalist might not swallow up all the profits. The workmen subscribed their little profits, and, uniting in societies, purchased single shares; and, besides their capital, their labor was reckoned in the general amount: they received their portion of the profits accordingly, and abundance was soon spread through the whole community. The dividends were, at first, restricted to ten per cent., and the surplus profit was applied to the augmenting of the capital, which, in two years, was raised from 600,000 to 1,000,000 piastres, (120,000*l.*)

"Three directors, under an assumed firm, managed the affairs of the com-

pany; but the signature was also confided to three associates at Vienna, whence the returns were made. These two firms of Ambelakia and Vienna had their correspondents at Peste, Trieste, Leipsic, Salonique, Constantinople, and Smyrna, to receive their own staple, effect the return, and to extend the market for the cotton-yarn of Greece. An important part of their trust was to circulate the funds realized, from hand to hand, and from place to place, according to their own circumstances, necessities, and the rates of exchange."

Thus the company secured to itself both the profits of the speculation and the profit of the banker, which was exceedingly increased by the command and choice which these two capacities gave of time, market, and speculation. When the exchange was favorable, they remitted specie; when unfavorable, they remitted goods; or they speculated in Salonica, Constantinople, or Smyrna, by purchase of bills, or by the transmission of German goods, according to the fluctuations and demands of the different markets, of which their extensive relations put them immediately in possession, and by which the rapid turning of so large a capital gave them always the means of profiting.

"Never was a society established upon such economical principles; and never were fewer hands employed in the transaction of such a mass of business. To concentrate all the profits of Ambelakia, the correspondents were all Ambelakiotes; and, to divide the profits more equally amongst them, they were obliged to return to Ambelakia, after three years' service; and they had then to serve one year at home, to imbibe afresh the mercantile principles of the company.

"The greatest harmony long reigned in the association; the directors were disinterested, the correspondents zealous, and the workmen docile and laborious. The company's profits increased every day, on a capital which had rapidly become immense. Each investment realized a profit of from sixty to one hundred per cent.; all which was distributed, in just proportions, to capitalists and workmen, according to capital and industry. The shares had increased tenfold."

The disturbances which succeeded to this period of unrivalled prosperity, are attributed, by Beaujour, with that provoking vagueness that substitutes epithets for causes, to the "*surabondance de richesse*," to "*assemblées tumultueuses*," to the workmen's quitting the shuttle for the pen, to the exactions of the rich, and to the insubordination of the inferior, but still wealthy orders. To us it may, on the contrary, be matter of surprise that such a body could exist, so long and so prosperously, in the absence of all judicial authority. The infraction of an injudicious bye-law gave rise to litigation, by which the community was split into two factions. For several years, at an enormous expense, they went about to Constantinople, Salonica, and Vienna, transporting witnesses, and mendicating legal decisions, to reject them when obtained; and the company separated into as many parts as there were associations of workmen in the original firm. At this period the Bank of Vienna, in which their funds were deposited, broke; and, with this misfortune, political events combined to

overshadow the fortunes of Ambelakia, where prosperity and even hope, were finally extinguished by the commercial revolution produced by the spinning-jennies of England. Turkey now ceased to supply Germany with yarn: she became tributary for this, her staple manufacture, to England. Finally, came the Greek Revolution. This event has reduced, within the same period, to a state of complete desolation, the other flourishing townships of Magnesia, Pelion, Ossa, and Olympus. Even on the opposite heights of Olympus, across the valley of Tempe, Rapsana, from a thousand wealthy houses, which ten years ago it possessed, is now, without being guilty of either "luxury" or "tumult," reduced to ten widowed hearths. But Beaujour's praise is as little merited as his censure is ill-deserved. "Here," says he, "spring up anew grand and liberal ideas, on a soil devoted for twenty years to slavery; here the ancient Greek character arose in its early energy, amidst the torrents and caverns of Pelion (Ossa:) and, to say all in a word, here were all the talents and virtues of ancient Greece born again in a corner of modern Turkey."

Had an old commercial emporium; had a conveniently situated sea-port, or a provincial chief town, possessing capital, connections, and influence, extended thus rapidly its commerce and prosperity, it would have been cited, and justly so, as a proof of sound principles of government; of public spirit, intelligence, and honor. What, then, shall we say of the character of the administration that has elevated an unknown, a weak and insignificant hamlet, to such a level of prosperity? This hamlet had not a single field in its vicinity — had no local industry — had no commercial connection — no advantage of position — was in the vicinity of no manufacturing movement — was on the track of no transit commerce — was not situated either on a navigable river or on the sea — had no harbor even in its vicinity — and was accessible by no road, save a goat's path among precipices. Its industry received no impulse from new discoveries, or secrets of chemistry, or combination of mechanical powers: the sole secret of its rise was the excellent adjustment of interest, the free election of its officers, the immediate control of expenditure, and, consequently, the union of interests by the common pressure of burdens, and the union of sympathies by the smooth action of simple machinery. In fact, here might the imagination enrich itself with new combinations and effects; by which, escaping from the frivolity of the age, it can enter into, and comprehend the causes, of that wonderful prosperity and administrative science, to which the human race seems to have attained in its earliest days, as indicated in the ruins of Nineveh and of Babylon, and in the institutes of Menu.

Ambelakia supplied industrious Germany, not by the perfection of its machinery, but by the industry of its spindle and distaff. It taught Montpellier the art of dyeing, not from experimental chairs, but because dyeing was with it a domestic and culinary operation, subject to daily observation in every kitchen; and, by the simplicity and honesty, not the science of the system, it reads a lesson to commercial associations, and holds up an example unparalleled in the

commercial history of Europe, of a joint stock and labor company ably and economically and successfully administered, in which the interests of industry and capital were equally represented. Yet the system of administration on which all this is ingrafted, and the rights here enjoyed of property, proprietorship, and succession, — foundations of the political structure, — are common to the thousand hamlets of Thessaly, and to the Ottoman Empire. Here is to be sought the root, and found the promise, of the future fruits, the germs of which exist, although they lie inert in the bosom of those primeval institutions which have not yet, in the East, been extirpated by legislation, or trodden down by faction.

Ambelakia, however, is not a solitary instance of the prosperity of united commercial and manufacturing enterprise: Aivali, in Asia, is the counterpart of Ambelakia, in Europe. It owed its origin to the enterprise of a Greek priest, who, at the close of the last century, obtained a firman from the Porte. No sooner was this petty village withdrawn from the authority of the local Governor, and rendered immediately dependent on the Sultan, than the municipal organization revived in all its purity and vigor. Cultivators, artisans, traders, flocked from the neighboring country; the olives of the surrounding plains were converted into soap, and spread, by their vessels, throughout the Archipelago; their morocco leather rivalled that of Janina; their silk that of Zagora; and wealth, rapid in its increase, equal in its distribution, and instruction ardently sought and universally extended, belied here again the libel of European laws and opinion on man's intellect and honesty. — "A true creation of commerce and industry," observes M. Balbi, "this little republic had rapidly become one of the most industrious, most commercial, and best regulated (*policee*) towns of Ottoman Asia. But its numerous manufactories, its tanneries, its oil-mills, its beautiful college, its library, its printing establishment, its fine churches, its 3,000 houses, and 38,000 inhabitants, have disappeared during the war of the resurrection of Greece." Such have been the wide-spread and desolating effects of a revolution conceived by philanthropy, consecrated by religion, hailed by freedom, and adopted by diplomacy! — *Spirit of the East, by D. Urquhart.*

CO-OPERATION.

SPEECH OF THE REV. R. LARKIN, DELIVERED AT THE RECENT SOIREE OF THE LEEDS REDEMPTION SOCIETY.

The Rev. E. LARKIN, after some introductory remarks, spoke as follows:

My object will be to trace the history of the co-operative principle; to trace it through the annals of the past, the records of the present, and, in imagination only, perhaps, but in imagination which a confidence in the goodness and soundness of the principle will justify, to look for it in the prospect of the future.

In thus tracing it, we may, I think, commence with that antique period of civilization when Egypt, the cradle of the arts, philosophy, and religion, of such a large proportion of the world, was already a settled kingdom on the fertile banks of the bounteous Nile, while the greater

part of the rest of the nations were plunged in barbarism, or but just emerging from its gloom. In this wonderful and mysterious kingdom we find the care of the lawgiver exerted to establish, in the first instance, a system of equality, if not of community of property. And to provide against its being infringed upon in subsequent time, we find that Sesostris divided among his people the whole extent of the land of Egypt, bestowing upon each man a lot of equal size, upon which an equal tax was imposed. And such was the care and impartiality which guided the counsels of this great monarch, that the ravages of flood and tempest were enough, when the loss was duly certified, to gain for the sufferer thereby a proportionate exemption from taxation. Would that a similar spirit prevailed in the councils of the extraordinary man by whom Egypt is at present governed! that a desire to render equitable the system of taxation, rather than to exact the utmost farthing from his impoverished subjects, was the policy of Mehemit Ali! I trust that we may look, in the government of his successor, for that parental care which the circumstances under which his government has been achieved, may have prevented in his case, and that under it, the great natural advantages of Egypt may be allowed to raise her in their regular results to something like her ancient station among the nations of the earth.

The influence of Egypt was not slow in producing an effect on the legislation of antiquity. Materially differing in religious sanctions, as in the law delivered by Moses to the Israelites, from that by which in spiritual things the people of Egypt were swayed, we may perceive in its social and political institutions a proof of that wisdom of the Egyptians in which Moses was so pre-eminently learned; we may see with what jealous and impartial care the lands of Palestine were divided among the people of Israel according to the number of their families; how it was impossible, lawfully at least, to alienate them; how provision was made when poverty or other circumstances compelled their temporary alienation, for their being restored at a fixed period to the original possessors or their descendants; how the people manfully withstood the threats and blandishments of those in power before they would assist, by surrendering their hereditary possessions, in the aggrandizements of an aristocracy unsanctioned by the divine law, which recognized only that of worth and office; how in one notable instance a son of Israel expiated with his life his bold refusal to become a party to the alienation of his estate, and died the death of a blasphemer and traitor on false accusation for having boldly said, in answer to the insidious attempts of the blood-thirsty, grasping tyrant of his country, "the Lord forbid it me that I should give the inheritance of my father unto thee."

In the far-famed island of Crete the organization of society, under the laws of the monarch philosopher, Minos, proceeded to a length which, had its description been found in the pages of the *Atlantis*, or *Utopia*, would have been pronounced visionary and extravagant. No idlers were permitted in Crete; arts, arms, or agriculture occupied even the highest aristocracy. A common nursery, a common

education, a common table, evinced the co-operative principle in full and vigorous existence; and though the country was encumbered by the unhappy institution of slavery, which, as a political institution, seems to have been inevitably and inseparably linked to all the political systems of ancient times, still the slaves were kindly treated; and the primitive equality of all men was recalled by an annual feast, when the positions of masters and servants were reversed, and the latter were waited on by the former. The judgment of antiquity upon the policy of Minos seems to have been so favorable as to find no adequate mode of manifestation short of placing him among the three infernal judges—and making him the apportioner of the eternal destinies of mankind in the world beyond the grave.

But to leave the Old World for the New. In one nation of the South American continent has been found the principle of co-operation in full and perfect working. Among the people of Peru, the system of common property prevailed when the Spaniards discovered and invaded their territory. Their lands were divided into three portions, one for the service of religion, one for the maintenance of the state, the third and largest share was parcelled out among the people. "Neither individuals, however, or communities," says Robertson, the historian of America, "had a right to exclusive property in the portion set apart for their use. They possessed it only for a year, at the expiration of which a new division was made, in proportion to the number, the rank, and the exigencies of each family. All those lands were cultivated by the joint industry of the community. The people, summoned by a proper officer, repaired in a body to the fields, and performed their common task, while songs and musical instruments cheered them to their labor. By this singular distribution, as well as by the mode of cultivating it, the idea of a common interest and of mutual suberviency was continually inculcated. Each individual felt his connection with those around him, and knew that he depended on their friendly aid for what increase he was to reap. A state thus constituted, may be considered as one great family, in which the union of the members was so complete, and the exchange of good offices so perceptible, as to create stronger attachment, and to bind men in closer intercourse than subsisted under any form of society established in America."

It is sad and sickening to turn from the account of the happy simplicity of the Peruvian people, to that of the horrid cruelties inflicted upon them in the name of Christianity and civilization, but really from the lust of conquest and the thirst for gold. But in the retributive justice of Providence the injuries of Peru have been fearfully expiated by Spain; and the devastation of her fields, the plunder of her temples, the murder of her Incas and her priests, the dissolution of her band of brothers, and their ruthless slaughter, and hopeless captivity, have been repaid by the humiliation and corresponding sufferings of their Spanish tyrants, as well in South America as in their native peninsula.

[After noticing the successful endeavors of the Jesuits in Paraguay, Mr. Larkin adverted to the Essenes, a Jewish sect, of which, as it is supposed, many

of the early Christians were originally members. He then proceeded.]

Here was a really Christian commonwealth, a true redemption society, before the establishment of the Christian religion, and its doctrines of redemption for soul and body in this world and the next. No wonder that when the religion of love came, and its principles of love to God and man were promulgated, so many from among this Jewish party of the Essenes, whom we have proved to have been already imbued with such a considerable portion of the Christian spirit, should have joined the ranks of the new religionists, and assisted in carrying out the principle of association which Christianity adopted and sanctioned, and the introduction of that state of things in which it is joy and duty at once to bear one another's burdens, "more blessed to give than to receive;" in which the test of discipleship was made, to sell all and give to the poor—that is, to throw the proceeds into the common stock; in which all things were had in common, and the first professors of which "sold their possessions and goods, and parted them among the believers, according as every man had need."

Corrupted by its intercourse and connection with the world, Christianity lost its distinctive character of self-denial, self-devotion, and community of property. In the monastic orders, these, however, survived; and still survive, indeed, but coupled with so much that is to be deplored, as checking and cramping the best energies and highest aspirations of man, and rendering impossible the discharge by him of the sacred duties of society and citizenship, that we can only regard them as preserving, through the appointment of Providence, the principle of association from extinction, until the time shall come for its complete development, and its application to all the relations and exigencies of life.

But we have, in our own day, and in our own land, an example of the success of the associative principle carried out by one of the monastic orders, which I do not think it right to pass over without separate notice. In the forest of Charnwood, about twelve miles from Leicester, a colony of Bernardine or Cistercian monks have settled themselves; and there, amid the dreary wild, in a cold and repulsive region and climate, have, under the strictest and severest rule of monastic discipline, succeeded by dint of hard and unremitting but combined labor, to render some 250 acres of the worst land, perhaps, in England, fruitful and promising to such an extent, as to encourage the best hopes of those who have faith in the power of the soil to maintain, under a proper system of culture and an equitable distribution of its products, the numbers that Providence has placed upon it. I visited this interesting monastic establishment a few years ago, and was much struck with the proof afforded thereby of the truth of the associative principle. I may mention that the monastery was visited by my venerable friend, Mr. Morgan, with whose labors in behalf of association many of you must be well acquainted, and who, I regret to state, is, as I learn by recent letters received from Italy, suffering from the severe affliction of paralysis, at Florence. I feel assured that, if his life be spared to hear the account

of this night's meeting and proceedings, it will cheer him in his loneliness, and lighten, if not tend to remove, the visitation which lies upon him.

We have thus traced the associative principles through the annals of the past, and seen its working in the present—but the future is what we have to do with. The resolution I propose speaks of the evils of poverty which are so glaringly apparent, and so inconsistent with the vast amount of riches and luxury in the present age. I trust your society will become one of the means of redressing those evils in the present, and of providing against their recurrence in the future. In this resolution is pointed out the fearful discrepancy that exists between the amount of wealth produced and the amount of that which falls to the share of the producers. This discrepancy must be evident to any one who does not shut his eyes and ears as he walks through the streets of this, or any other town of similar extent and wealth; but view the storehouses piled with costly goods and the luxury of every kind enjoyed by their owners, on the one hand—and the pining poverty, wretchedness, and, in some instances, starvation of many of the producers on the other. These things I have seen here and elsewhere, and feeling that there is in them, and in the system of which they are the parts, much that is radically wrong. I feel that I should not be doing my duty as a Christian minister, if I did not urge you, to the utmost of my power, to rouse yourselves from an apathy which alone permits the tolerance of such a system, and carry forward the principles of the Redemption Society. It must be too much to hope that so great a change as is necessary to rectify the wrong that exists can be instantaneous or even rapid; but it is something to begin, and above all to begin well. From the way in which you who support the Redemption Society have begun, from what you have already accomplished, I feel persuaded that you will go on in despite of all opposition; and that each annual *soiree* will show that you have laid the foundation of a system for which your children and your children's children will at a future day rise up and bless you.

[The reverend gentleman retired amid enthusiastic cheering.]—*Peoples' Journal*.

For the Harbinger.

CANNIBALISM.

PERVERSION OF HUMAN LIFE AND INCOHERENCE OF MAN WITH THE ANIMAL CREATION THROUGH HIS SELFISH APPROPRIATION OF THEIR BODIES.

(Continued from p. 341.)

Objection. Animals have no future to be compromised by disturbance of the natural current of their life. No heaven or hell awaits them as the consequence of their conduct in this life. They have no moral responsibilities; no repentance; no atonement to make. In depriving them of life we simply determine a momentary vacuum in sensation, which a fresh life from the egg or the womb quickly comes to fill.

Answer. Supposing these assertions proved, they do not invalidate in any manner the essential fact that life can only be taken by conflict, under the law of force and not the law of love. Besides, the disturbance of the natural order of the creature's life is an aggression upon it, and an impertinence towards the arbiter of life, none the less whether the creature does or does not preserve, after death, its specific or individual life. But the proposition cannot be proved. It can be supported by no analogies. Every reason, on the contrary, which teaches the permanence of our own existence, applies also to other animals. They own, like us, various branches of sensation, of affection, and of distributive faculties, though most of them are cruder and less developed than ours. How far they possess the sentiment of Unity, of the principles of immutable justice, we cannot fairly judge, because the tenor and responsibilities of their lives differ from ours, and because our sympathy with them is too limited to allow us to judge of sentiments whose manifestation in ourselves is of a mystical nature.

These are, however, facts which, if recorded of a man, we should say were proofs of such a principle. The dog, for instance, locked accidentally in his master's larder, is recorded to have starved to death rather than touch the game which hung before him; and when the master, who stood between him and God, entered again on his return home, the dog crawled up to him, licked his feet and died. Is this not conscience? The animal then, possessing in different degrees and combinations all the essential faculties and sentiments of the human soul, is a sort of imperfect, partially developed man, and should pass through progressive existences until it attains to humanity, or to some corresponding degree in the scale of being. Here we are met by the assertion that animals do not progress, and that this constitutes precisely the distinction between them and man. To this we must again urge that our sympathy with the life of animals is not sufficient to constitute us judges in this matter. Their mode of progression may not lie in the building of palaces, railroads, and steamboats, mechanical characters, which appeal to the eye, but which we cannot show would add in the slightest degree to their happiness; and we should have some difficulty in proving that up to this point they had to our own. These phenomena only indicate the striving after communion, which will continue to baffle us until, through an order conciliating all our interests, we have incarnated love or attraction in all our social relations. The lower creatures violate this law much less than we; they live

much truer to their nature, and they enjoy much more such degree of communion as they are fitted for, and through which all true or spiritual progression comes. It would be quite as hard to prove by any observations, the fact of progression either moral or material, among some tribes of savages upon the earth, as among other animals; and the attainment they have actually made in relation to the wants of their being, is in comparison with the more intelligent animals such as the ant, bee, beaver, and so forth, altogether despicable. Finally, the whole argument is a palpable absurdity, from the great and universally recognized capacity of animals for education. Their mechanism of progression is absolutely the same with our own. Sensation, perception, reflection, passion, and consequent action: Memory determining habit; that habit remaining as a scaffolding for the next acquisition; the habit confirmed organizing itself in structure, and bequeathing its results to the next generation. Thus we find setters whose parents have been highly trained, sometimes go through the evolutions of the hunt with accuracy when first taken out into the field. The animal has then by analogy with man every right to expect the continuance of his existence, and the distributive justice of God owes to him, as to us in our various degrees, compensation in the virtues and blessing of a mature and harmonized existence for the various forms of evil and perversion shared during the crude epochs of incoherence.

They have also their diseases, their vices, their torments, as the naturalist well knows. Hunger and thirst, the inclemencies of the seasons, the annoyance of vermin, the fear and agony of becoming a prey to their natural enemies, internal conflict among their own species. They do not always live in paradise, as some simple persons suppose.

Objection. Death is to other animals as to us, simply a state of transition; and the fact that no animal has an attraction for it proves nothing, since, as you have already shown, transitions are essentially exceptions to the law of attraction.

The answer to this has been substantially included in others. Death we consider a transition required by the law of progression and that of attraction, for the animal as for man; but the determination of the period of this transition belongs to a higher wisdom than ours. If it is hastened by violence, the struggle of the victim and the remorse of the slayer prove it an evil, "an interference with the order of nature in which all evil consists."

We may consider death as a transition point corresponding to the interruption of

dreams before full waking consciousness; or to the passage from one industrial group into another in the functions of the day. It is true that we have no attraction for the transition in itself, but only for the consequence of the transition, the business or pleasure of the day; the pursuits of the new group. We have an attraction for life, inasmuch as for the pursuits and gratifications in which life passes; and as the stimulus of each attraction is diminished by its gratification, that of the next in order, whether of a period in the day's life or of a periodical life in the soul's existence, will dominate and determine the necessary transition. That of death at the natural period of old age we have considered as predetermined by the mathematics of nature, and in probable accordance with the predetermination of the creature itself, as we may predetermine on going to sleep the hour of waking. Both these conditions are obviously violated by the violence committed on one creature by another, which cuts life short in the midst of its natural term and while the attractions to the pursuits in which it passes are in full vigor.

In the two preceding numbers we have confined ourselves to the defence of the rights of animals to life, liberty, and the best conditions of pursuing happiness, and to showing the basis of those rights in their intelligence, affection and susceptibility of progress, of enjoyment and of suffering, in modes and degrees analogous to our own. Because we have shown that the distinctions hitherto made are false, it does not follow however that we recognize no distinctions between man and other creatures except external form. Unity of system, universal analogy, and the correspondence of function to structure presuppose in the spiritual nature of animals a distinction from man, and an inferiority to him conformable to their differences and inferiority in structure. The distinction of the spiritual nature follows as logically from the distinction in organization, as the existence of a spiritual nature follows from the existence of an organization. The separate existence of either is unknown to the experience of man, a thing impossible distinctly to conceive of, and therefore an essential absurdity. The most striking distinctions of the human body are the extent of its tactile and sensitive surface, and consequent development of the sense of touch, obscured in other creatures by their hair or fur, or feathers, and stimulating man to the creation of fabrics, and to the improvement of climates and seasons.

2d. The development of the claw or foot into a hand, in which the tactile faculty reaches its greatest delicacy, and which becomes the agent of a fabrication impossible to most other creatures.

3d. The formation of the shoulder and hip joints, which do not easily support the body in the horizontal posture, but are adapted to the erect position.

4th. The deficiency in man of a provision arresting the force of the circulation through the carotid artery, in consequence of which other animals are not equally subject with man to sudden and violent rushes of blood to the brain, to which the horizontal posture peculiarly exposes him. These considerations may be summed up in two facts:

1st. The superior necessity and the facility of fabrication, presupposing in man superior development of the discriminating and constructive faculties.

2d. The necessity and facility for assuming the erect position, which, looking naturally upward to the stars, presupposes faculties and sentiments calculated to bring him into relation with other spheres. These deductions are justified by our consciousness and experience.

In applying the converse of this statement, there results to the animal races in general:

1st. Essential inferiority in industry.

2d. More limited restriction to the sphere of the earth.

In connection with the last remark we observe that man alone possesses the secret of using fire. Fire or heat, the essential condition of animation in the material world, is the correspondence of Love, the principle of animation in the spiritual sphere. The ancient magi expressed this in their worship of the sun. Man then, through his use of fire, as through the development of his religious sentiment, comes into unison with God in a higher degree than other creatures, and therefore stands as a *natural mediator between them and God*. This position once understood, the reciprocal duties and relations between man and other creatures follow clearly enough. As he co-operates with God in the development of the earth's life in her various kingdoms, so are they to co-operate with him. As God ever urges man to the accomplishment of his destiny by the permanent revelation and stimulus of attraction, never using any other approach to compulsion than the misery inherent on its conflict or suppression during the period of our collective rebellion, which in neglecting all research for the Divine social code in relation to which all passions and characters have been predetermined, organizes their perversion or suppression and our consequent misery by an arbitrary legislation; so is man to rely entirely on the influence of attraction on other animals, addressing himself only to the love principle in them, providing that they shall find it for their interest and pleasure to serve him, and acknowledge

him as monarch of the earth and general regent of terrestrial movement, and exerting upon them no other compulsion than the privation of that superior enjoyment and development which they are capable of attaining under his influence. This brings us to the consideration of two questions:

1st. What are the uses which man will desire of animals?

2d. What are the methods by which he will appeal to their attractions?

The question of uses divides into the two heads of material and spiritual. In both these aspects uses will be founded on *this principle in the nature of animals*: that they present the special developments of some of those faculties and passions which man combines in a more integral manner, thus becoming hieroglyphic letters and words of the passion-language, the Book of nature.

The Dog is now useful to us by his special development of the sense of smell and of the passion of friendship; the Horse by that of his locomotive faculties, his strength, speed, and the noble emulative spirit, which in all his varieties, from the dray-horse to the racer, spends its life even to the last breath in the ambition of use or glory.

The Camel, and the Ostrich, and the Reindeer present analogous adaptations to other climates and regions. The Dove, a creature in which Love is the predominating principle, bears in a flight rapid as Love's messenger should be, the perfumed billet under his wing. In these days, when Love is enlaved to mammon, this bird in correspondence has become the merchant's messenger, and carries news of stock. For information of a mercantile or political character the greatest publicity will be desired in Harmony, private speculation being impossible, and the magnetic telegraph and other like means will be employed. But Love, whose privacy is sacred in its very essence, will reclaim the service of the carrier dove. Thus the general cast of the harmonic creation, as now the exceptional one-eighth, must possess some special adaptation by its organization and habits to the uses and affections of man. The principle of contrast, it will be perceived, enters so far into this adaptation of uses, that they depend on the possession by the animal of faculties or degrees of faculties not possessed by ourselves, and in which we shall complete the powers of our own being, when we have domesticated and educated them, just as in our rule over the mineral kingdom, we develop the powers of our sight by the manufacture of glasses, mirrors, lenses, &c.

The success already attained in the many new and superior varieties of

horses, cattle and dogs, by study and application of the laws of generation and cross breeding, augur the happiest results for the extension of this science in connection with that of adapting the different sorts of food to the determination of desirable faculties and organic developments, of which the bee now avails herself to change at pleasure a neuter into a queen.

We ought here to consider the magnetic relations existing between men and animals by identity of principle in their nervous systems. This is composite, combining a material with a spiritual relation.

The material relation is that of the physical magnetism which animals as well as men and women impart to each other, partly in the ratio of their life and health, and partly in that of a special nervous sympathy existing between them. A brutal use has been made of it in restoring those perishing with cold, or after drowning by folding about them naked the warm reeking carcass of a dog or horse, thus combining nervous influence with high temperature and moisture. There are many who have realized a beneficial influence on their health from the habitual presence of fine animals. The magnetism of the horse has no trivial share in the advantages of horse-back exercise. Delicate children should be encouraged to keep the large Newfoundland dogs, and even to let them sleep in the same bed.

We may consider this relation as the reciprocal circulation of nervous influence, physical as is the electricity we receive from the earth.

Every animal is doubtless capable of exerting a physical influence of this sort specific to itself, and varying in degree and efficacy with the temperaments, individual or national, with which it is brought into relation, and with the degree of intimacy which exists between the man and the animal.

We may find in this not only a valuable medicinal agent, but the source of a richer and more composite state of normal health. The spiritual relation above referred to has been very beautifully recognized by Wordsworth in his *White Doe of Rylstone*.

To be Continued.

[Correspondence of the *Christian Register*.]

THE REV. DR. SPRING.

NEW YORK, April, 1847.

I said in my last, that the preaching of this gentleman and of his school, fails to awaken and array the humane and merciful sensibilities of our nature in behalf of the afflicted, vicious and destitute. I of course did not mean that there were no individuals in Dr. Spring's and kindred Churches, who felt a warm interest in the improvement of society. I dare say

there are. It is of the Church as such that I speak,—of the Church as moulded by the system of religion preached there. And I repeat that this want of lively sympathy with the great movement in favor of depressed, suffering humanity, is characteristic of Dr. Spring's Church and of all others similarly trained.

This follows naturally, from the fact that the preacher never brings before the minds of his people, the actual condition of society as it exists among the very poor, the very depraved and suffering of our fellow men. Indeed, from my knowledge of Dr. Spring's habits, I suppose he is not himself well informed respecting the vicious and impoverished classes. I presume he seldom if ever sees the inside of an alms-house, a hospital or a prison, that he rarely explores the lanes and alleys, and dens of vice, and garrets of poverty that abound in his vicinity. I suspect he does not often follow the laboring man to his home, after he has toiled from twelve to fourteen hours at the most severe and exhausting work, and, sitting by his side with a heart full of sympathy, inquire into his circumstances, and devise means of lessening his toils. If there are in his Church any seamstresses, who sit plying the needle from early morn till long after midnight, to earn enough to buy bread to save them from famishing, or medicine for a sick mother, it is not a common thing for the pastor to come in to speak some cheering word, and suggest some method of alleviating the condition of poor over-worked and ill-paid women,—women who receive from fourpence to sixpence for making a shirt, and in proportion for other articles. These are not the topics that should take up the time and thoughts of a Doctor of Divinity. He has enough to do in propounding and explaining the origin of evil, the doctrine of original sin, of total depravity, and man's utter inability. He is bound to show his people what Origen and Augustine and Calvin believed and taught; but as to meddling with any existing disorder, except the single one of heresy, he deems it quite uncalled for. It is not to be wondered at, that under such preaching the people learn very little, and are taught to feel very little the immense social evils that are oppressing the multitudes in the lower walks of life.

Such is the state of feeling in Dr. Spring's and kindred Churches, that if that clergyman should for a number of Sundays together, earnestly call the attention of his people to the privations and sufferings of the poorer classes, to the wrongs and oppressions and heart-breaking griefs to which the widows and orphans are exposed continually, and to the temptations, dangers, and stinted means of the thousands of toiling women in New York; and should he with all the warmth and pungency which the case demands, insist upon his people doing their whole duty to these unfortunate classes, I have no doubt the utter strangeness of such a strain of preaching would produce the most excited and violent surprise; and probably not a few would suspect their minister of mental derangement. Not that there would be anything incongruous to the Gospel in such preaching, for the apostle says that pure religion before God is to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction,—but simply because it would be what the people are now entirely unused to.

It is in such Churches as this of Dr. Spring's, that such contempt, ridicule and abuse are poured upon every movement and suggestion, having in view any amendment of our social organization. There seems to be a perfect horror of any change from the present working of the social machine. The New York Observer, which may be considered the organ of that type and grade of Orthodoxy, is constantly on the alert to detect and punish any symptom of discontent with things as they are. Its custom is to brand all such with the name of the Fourierites. The slightest movement is a plunge into the system of that reformer; and then great care is taken to make the impression that his system is the synonym of every thing bad, licentious and atheistic. The effect of all this is to strengthen Fourierism in this city. As I said before, there are multitudes who are dissatisfied with the many evils that adhere to our present social system, and who believe that great improvement is desirable and practicable. When these find the Churches indifferent and averse to any improvement, and when they find themselves denounced for entertaining desires and hopes, which they are conscious originate in good will to man; it is not to be wondered at if they forsake the Church for the Association and the Phalanx. This process is going on constantly in this city, under the influence of that so-called orthodoxy which shudders at the thought of progress, and which finds all its models of perfection in the dusty folios of the fathers, and the fine-spun creeds of Reformers and Synods in the 10th century.

I know very little indeed about Fourier, and can neither praise nor condemn his system intelligently. But I believe "a better time is coming," and is greatly needed. I believe a great proportion of the vice and crime, poverty and wretchedness now prevalent might have been prevented; and that much might be done to banish the evils that every where afflict us, and to introduce a comparatively high degree of peace, content, virtue, industry, economy and happiness; and I am of opinion that the Christian Church and ministry ought to, and might be eminently instrumental in bringing those better times to pass. It is the great object for which the Church and ministry exist in this world. And if, both by precept and example, they should set forth the law of love in all the beauty, loveliness and force of a living exemplification in all the pulpits and sanctuaries of the land, and in all our intercourse with God and our fellow men, that renovation of society which we desire would be complete. But to remedy any evil we must first discern it and appreciate it; we must think upon it in all its bearings, and call the attention and engage the influence of others in its removal. And finally we must bring all the energies of a benevolent, humane, and merciful religion to bear specifically and directly upon the particular evils which prevail.

All this, in my judgment, Dr. Spring's preaching fails to approach. The history of his Church year after year, is a record of births, baptisms, marriages and deaths, of sermons on the fall of man, of original sin, decrees and the like; not of orphans and widows visited, relieved and made happy, of poor and needy people rendered comfortable, of prisoners minis-

tered to, reclaimed and saved; and such like achievements of divine beneficence. The pastor has published a number of volumes, but none of them that I have seen, have dwelt upon the evils to which I have referred, or suggested any specific methods of counteraction.

Truly yours, CRITO.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

SECOND WEEK OF THE OPERA IN BOSTON—PACINI'S "SAFFO."

Pacini and his music have been unknown in these new regions of the musical world, while Bellini and Donizetti and Auber and all the latest fashions have crossed the ocean almost as soon as born. We share the general ignorance about him; all we know is, that he reigned a little earlier than Rossini, that he was fond of classic subjects, and that he is said to have been a townsman of Bellini, who doubtless studied him with some enthusiasm, as touches of similarity here and there between "Saffo" and the "Somnambula" would seem to testify. Whatever may be the accredited standing of Pacini in the musical world, we must confess to a purer, deeper satisfaction from the three representations given last week of his "Saffo," than we have yet obtained from any of the more modern operas, Italian or French. The music as a whole has all the repose and all the unity which befit a Grecian subject; it is not overstrained; single airs and passages do not stand out and fasten themselves at once in the memory; or if they do stand out, it is in "bold relief," not boldly without relief, as is so often the case with the brilliant popular novelties; every thing throughout is with a sweet severity subdued to the reigning sentiment and thought of the whole. And yet it is not for want of originality, of vivid beauty, and of unusual wealth both of vocal melody and of most quaint and exquisite instrumental accompaniments, beautiful alike in figure and in color, that it seems so calm and that the whole so swallows up the parts, as they go by you like the undulations of the ocean. On the contrary, a second and third hearing convinces you that it is from beginning to end a series of wonderfully fine creations; song after song, and chorus after chorus, is so beautiful, so novel, so pronounced and clear, that you think it your's forever; and yet the next has such fresh beauty as to quite obliterate it from your mind, although the effect of course survives. And there is the purest warmth in all this melody; it is as full of sentiment as Bellini, with far more pith in it and more variety.

The orchestral parts deserve especial notice. There is not an unmeaning passage from first to last; scarcely a passage

which could be called in any way common-place; and yet nothing obtrusive or noisy, or in respect of composition, overwrought. It was an exquisite pleasure to listen to them principally, and lose yourself in their enticing flow. Sitting almost in the heart of it one night, directly behind the leader and the double bass, (for by a wise arrangement these two extreme parts of the harmony are brought together in this orchestra, with the violins surrounding and completing the inner circle,) the sensation was as fine and as absorbing as that of leaning over the stern of a boat and gazing into the ever-varied yet perpetual flow of waves; and nothing was lost of the total meaning and effect of the opera by this, so perfect was the unity. Much of the credit is due of course to the admirable composition of this orchestra. With an excellent leader; with the best contra-bassist living, as it is said, whose single bass, so clearly formed in its whole range of tones, gives more support to this powerful band, than three or four have yet done in our Academy orchestras; a single violoncello also, of most finished and expressive tone; a sufficient preponderance of clear and racy violin tones; and just enough of wood and brass; there is a proportion, a rich blending and unity of effect,—a strength obedient always to expression, and a precision and delicacy of execution in what they do, which is a new revelation to Bostonians.

To return to "Saffo;" the delight it gave us makes us distrust reigning fashions more than ever, and sadly suspect that many other good things have been buried up by more pretending novelties. We feel more desire now to know "Niobe," and other productions of Pacini, than we do to gratify hopes long deferred of hearing many a renowned opera of Rossini or Bellini.

The story of Sappho is an admirable one for an opera, and worthy to inspire both poet and composer, as it has done in this case. Indeed, the Italian poem here is a chaste and glowing work of art in itself, more truly classic, as it seems to us, than anything which we have read by Metastasio. It is the common story of Sappho, throwing herself from the rock of Leucadia for love, connected in a very artistic and probable manner with the superstitious rites of Apollo, according to which criminals threw themselves from the sacred rock to expiate offences against the god. There is the true tragic motive in the story as here conceived; the tragedy which essentially is permanent in human history under whatever form; it is the conflict of genius, of the true native human impulse, with the organized conservative spirit of the age. Here genius, which is but another name for

humanity, in Sappho, dashes its own life out against the pitiless rock of a conservative priesthood. The piece has three acts.

The first is called the "Olympic Crown." The orchestra commence with a smart, triumphant strain, while the curtain rises disclosing a retreat which is supposed to be within hearing of the circus, where all Greece is met at the Olympic games. The chorus is heard celebrating the triumphs of Sappho. Presently, come sounds of tumult and confusion; the high priest of Leucade, Alcandro, rushes in as from the circus, full of rage, and meets the chief of the Aruspices, Hippia. He tells how Sappho, admired of all Greece, was reciting a poem about a lover who took the fatal leap, and how she then appealed, inspired with generous indignation, to the people: "Barbarians, how long will you tolerate superstitions which sanction such inhumanities! How long will you live in fear of a cruel priesthood!"—whereupon the people rose and drove the priests out from the circus. Alcandro threatens the vengeance of his deity; and in this strong part, Signor Bataglini's warm and powerful baritone established him at once as one of the truest artists of the corps. Yet even here, as throughout the play, Alcandro's rage involuntarily alternates with struggling tenderness; he sings of how his heart has always yearned to Sappho, how dear her voice, how pleasant her inspiration and her genius, and so forth; and in these two contrasted strains we enjoyed some of the finest music of the opera. Phaon enters, the lover of Sappho, (in the person of Signor Perozzi, the new tenor, whose hard, distressful voice is anything but Perelli's; and yet there was an earnestness in his impersonation which deserves respect); he is jealous of the musical ambition of Sappho, who absorbed in her artistic triumphs, seems alienated from him. Alcandro increases this feeling by telling him that Sappho loves Alceon, a young poet, reminds him of his first love to Climene, his own daughter, and persuades him to return to her and marry her. Then follows a scene between Phaon and Sappho (Tedesco), in which he rudely rejects her though she passionately asserts her love and faithfulness. Lisimacho (Badiali, whose weak tenor in "Ernani" was here suddenly transformed into a noble bass) and the chorus of Grecians from the circus enter and announce to Sappho that she has won the crown. She is elated, would rush to the circus, for a moment forgetting Phaon, who will not be reconciled.

The second act is the Marriage of Climene and Phaon. Signora Marini,

the contralto, is Climene, and appears seated among her maids, who sing their congratulations in a quaint and naïve chorus. Sappho enters, a grief-stricken wanderer, to consult the priest: Climene receives her affectionately, informs her of her nuptials, bids the maidens clothe her in her most costly robes, and invites her to the nuptials. The duett between them here called down tempests of applause each night; the rich and reedy contralto of Marini blended in sweet contrast with Tedesco's voice. The former is more and more a favorite; though her voice is singular, swelling in volume at the bottom and the top of its register, but spindling away to almost nothing in the middle. Then comes the nuptial scene, of great splendor, in the temple of Apollo, the sacred incense burning on the altar, priests and citharistæ ranged on either side, choruses of Grecian men and women in the foreground. The marriage is performed, when Sappho enters splendidly arrayed, to sing the nuptial strain she promised; but seeing Phaon to be the bridegroom she is thunderstruck; recovering a little she sings to him that splendid strain, one of the finest in the piece, the words of which have enough of wild grandeur and passion to have come from an old tragedy of Æschylus: "*Ai nume, o crudo, ai mortali, Ti chiesi lagrimando &c.*" "Weeping to the gods and men have I sought thee, cruel one. O'er mountains, valleys, rivers, seas, have I fled, calling upon thy name—I have found thee; thou shalt not be another's! Oh never! If destiny has written this, destiny shall cancel it!" This is a subject for a Schubert to compose a song to. But the music of Pacini rose to the demand. In a sudden frenzy Sappho overthrows the incense; when the priests and all the chorus break out in denunciations of pious horror, surrounding her with threatening gestures. The finale here is magnificent; equal indeed to the "*Sommo Carlo*" in "Ernani," and (what is remarkable) making a similar use of unison. In truth the music as well as action of this whole scene is very great. The festive strains of orchestra and chorus in the first part of it were of surpassing beauty. Tedesco sang and acted with great power, and looked the part to perfection.

The third act is the "Fatal Leap." First a solemn scene amongst the priests, in a forest before the sacred cave, where Sappho kneels penitent and takes the vow to expiate her offence by throwing herself from the rock. The will of the God is consulted and found inexorable; the deed must be done. Lisimacho finally discovers to them that Sappho is the lost daughter of Alcandro; and the gloomy, terrible music gives way to

warm gushing strains of recognition with parent and sister. Alcandro would fain have the sacrifice suspended, but the priests demand it. Phaon supplicates, would join her fate, but all in vain. There are three great songs in this finale: Alcandro's, reproaching himself, in which Bataglini almost outdid himself in the depth and strength of passion which he infused into his voice; the nuptial song, which Sappho, taking her crown and cithara, sings as in a trance for Climene, with its exquisite orchestral accompaniments; and her farewell song before she ascends the rock to take the leap.

We have barely hinted the things we would have said about this admirable performance, and must here leave the most unsaid for want of room, but hoping to return to it some future time.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1847.

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.

A LETTER TO JOSEPH MAZZINI ON THE DOCTRINES OF FOURIER.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have recently read an article of yours in the *People's Journal* for March, in which you undertake to discuss the theory of Fourier. I have read it with mingled feelings of surprise, sorrow, and mirthfulness; with surprise, because I had anticipated something very different from a man of your reputed sympathies; with sorrow, because the tone of your remarks is not that of a candid and impartial inquirer, while you do gross injustice to the memory of a great and good man; yet with mirthfulness, because some of your mistakes (to call them by no worse name) are so utterly wide of the mark, and so ludicrous that, do all I could, it was impossible for me to refrain from laughing. I trust you will forgive me this slight irreverence.

If I were disposed to be ill-natured, however, I should say to you that you had placed yourself on the horns of a very old and very awkward dilemma; for if you understand the system of Fourier, you have wilfully perverted it; and if you do not understand it, you have maligned what you are ignorant of, so that in either case you can be made to occupy a position which no true and Christian man would envy. But as I am a charitable man, and somewhat used to all sorts of stupid and malignant misrepresentation, I will simply say that you have

misconceived what you write about, and present it in a false, unjust, and odious light.

I think you in error on a great many points—in fact in nearly all that you put forward—but I will confine my attention to three of the most important.

I. First, you have mistaken, according to my interpretation of it, the fundamental object of Fourier's philosophy. You say:

"With him, (i. e. Fourier) *happiness* was the end of human life—*pain*, a sign of error—*pleasure*, satisfaction, a sign of truth—*interest*, the great lever of re-organization. But more capable of probing an idea to its last consequences, than of elevating it, by purifying it, to its highest power, to its original source—strong in detail, weak in all that regards the conception of the unity of humanity—destitute of science, disinherited of all poetry of heart, incapable of feeling all that is sacred in the collective progress of the human race—he finished by seeing only the *individual* in this world, by adoring liberty alone, by laying down to himself, as the only problem of life, the means of giving to the individual full and entire satisfaction. It matters little that he has continually spoken of unity, and that he has inscribed as a motto at the head of all his works that law of *attraction* which was reduced to a formula by Newton, and the possibility of the application of which to the phenomena of the social world had been revealed to him by St. Simon. His unity will be found, by every one who examines his doctrine to its foundation, to be nothing but the application of his theory of the *individual* to all men. His *attraction* is not, as it is for us, a sign that God has placed in our hearts to teach us that *only* by the harmonized labor of the whole great human family towards an end superior to its actual life can we comprehend and apply our law: it is for him but a means and a necessity of present *pleasure*. The idea of a social mission, of the *duty* of moral progression, and consequently of an authority, is entirely foreign to Fourier. He has nothing which represents it in the edifice constructed by him with such minute and laborious care. He has no reality of government: his omniarchs, his kings, his emperors, his goddesses, are mere phantoms—a simple satisfaction given to the passion of ambition. He knows no religion. 'Philosophers have always sought social good in administrative and religious innovations: he applies himself, on the contrary, to seek it only 'in operations having no connection whatever with these matters, by industrial modes.' He has no ideal of virtue to pursue: he tells you that 'for politicians and moralists (disciples of the *uncertain sciences*, as he calls them, the *nonsense talkers* of Bentham) the last hour has sounded.'

"What remains, then, for the basis of his society? What is left to this man, who, in the intoxication of what he calls his discovery, deprives himself, in the delight of his heart, of all that has been hitherto the subject of the labors of humanity? There remains for him *happiness*, the happiness of the individual; and do you know what he understands by happiness? 'Happiness consists in having many desires and many means of

gratifying them.' Later on he will tell you that 'it consists above all in the possession of riches.'

"After all, are not riches the means which guarantee to the individual the liberty of satisfying his desires? And from step to step, from consequence to consequence, Fourier, fascinated, blinded, by his thirst for happiness, the only end which he recognizes in our earthly career—and by the worship of his idol liberty, the only instrument that he knows by which man may attain it—arrives at *discoveries*, at rules of social management, which his disciples, less bold, endeavor to make us forget; which I have not read without a blush upon my brow, and which I could not transcribe here without pollution."

Now, I have not so read this profound and remarkable thinker. I should say that his End, in all his speculations, was rather Justice than Happiness. He denominated his system "The Theory of Universal Unity," and its leading design, as the name imports, was the investigation and establishment of the laws of Unity in every sphere of existence, material, intellectual and moral, but especially in the social. Fourier held that God governs his whole creation, in its least as well as in its greatest parts, by one immutable and universal law, which was first to be sought for by man in the material world, and then be applied to society.

Law seems to have been a supreme object of inquiry with him, as few writers have ever existed who insist so strongly upon the necessity of conforming all things to the divine will, as it is variously reflected by nature, by man, and by revelation. God is one, he says every where, and man, in order to obey and be like God, must also be one; one in his own soul, one in his relations to Nature, one in his intercourse with his fellows, and one with his Father in Heaven. And it was to produce this oneness that Fourier labored and lived. The constant, "irrepressible desire of his heart was to discover in nature the unitary law by which her magnificent harmonies are effected, that he might apply the same beneficent principle to the arrangements of human society."

If you ask, what is meant by this *Unity* of which we speak, I will briefly explain. We see, amid the countless variety of objects in the physical world, that they all co-operate to the same end, that they work together in beautiful harmony, and though so infinitely various, never conflict, and when they counteract each other, only do so to produce a more perfect equilibrium. This sameness of design and result in Nature is what we call the *Unity of Nature*. In music we speak of it as *Harmony*; in the moral world, as *Conscience*; in society, as *Order*; in the mathematics and positive sciences generally, as *Law*; and in the in-

dividual man, as Integrity. These terms all mean pretty much the same thing; and when it is said, therefore, that the highest aim of Fourier's philosophy is to accomplish Universal Unity, it is equivalent to saying that his aim is to establish the perfect Integrity of the human soul and the perfect Order of human society. His ruling and regulating principle is the Conscience, or that longing, which is universal among men, for what is absolutely just and true and good, in all departments of thought and feeling and external relation. He is utterly opposed to every falseness, to every meanness, to duplicity and selfishness in all their forms, both outward and inward; and the demands of his system can only be satisfied, so far as individuals are concerned, by the most transparent sincerity, the most rigid honesty, and the most disinterested devotion to the good of others; while, as it respects society, it requires complete order in the arrangement of even its minutest particulars, the strictest justice in the distribution of its functions and its rewards, the fullest education, physical, intellectual, and moral, of all its members, and the loftiest religious discipline and refinement.

Yet, I will confess that Fourier speaks of Happiness as a fundamental and universal desire of Mankind, and often uses the term "Universal Happiness" as convertible with Universal Unity. But those who comprehend his system know very well that there is no contradiction here, but on the contrary, a beautiful consistency, which explains some of the hardest problems of the old metaphysics. When we shall come to discuss his view of Human Nature, this will be made plain to you; but at present let me state the following distinction. The aim of Fourier's system is Universal Unity; its means the universal law of distribution, which he calls the Series; and the result, when this aim shall have been carried out by these means, will be universal Happiness. His object is the establishment of social Justice and Truth; his method, the serial organization of society; his effect, social well-being and well-doing. What he demands of us is to re-organize our industrial relations; in return for which, he promises us the highest happiness, both as individuals and a whole. The reason, therefore, why he sometimes uses "Happiness" and "Unity" as convertible terms, is, that he regards them as commensurate; he believes that if men would conform to the divine laws of order, or in other words, be virtuous, true men, they would be happy, and in a true state of society, happy just in the degree in which they should conform. Do you not believe the same, sir? Do you believe that the Deity, whose being is Love,

could make a law, the direct effect of which would be the production of suffering among his creatures? And, as the essence of Love is to impart itself to others, to diffuse its own fulness of felicity and composure, he must desire the universal happiness of his creatures. But as he is also Infinite Wisdom, as well as Infinite Love, he has made this happiness conditional upon the observance of Laws which represent that wisdom.

And here let me remark that when Fourier speaks of Happiness at all as an End of human action, it is not individual pleasure he refers to, but the collective Happiness of the whole Race. It is true, that he promises the individual the highest pleasure, but only as the result and on the condition of his complete self-devotion to the good of all his fellow men. The pursuit of merely individual objects, the search after solitary and exclusive enjoyments of any sort, Fourier condemns as of the very essence of selfishness, falsehood and wretchedness. His conception of Hell, is of a state where individual ends are followed without regard to others, and his conception of Heaven, of a state where the individual finds his satisfaction and true life in contributing to the most exalted good of his fellows. You have said that Fourier had no idea of Humanity as a whole, but the fact is that he is the first man in the annals of history who has demonstrated the solidarity of the human race by a positive and unanswerable science. He is the most decided and strenuous opponent of "individualism" that I ever encountered; for the reason that he does not believe that a man can ever find himself by pursuing himself, that in such a case he does not live as a man at all, only as an animal, a brute, or at best, a very distorted and imperfect man, the veriest fraction and caricature of a man, and that he cannot attain manhood in any real sense, except in and through his love and obligations to his brother men about him. In fact, Fourier has a very firm faith in what Christ said many years since, that one by "losing his life should find it;" that by completely sinking himself in the good of others he would reach his own highest good.

As to Fourier's having no idea, then, of "the unity of humanity," of "the collective progress of the human race," and no "science," as you charge, the blunder, if blunder it be and not a willful perversion, is egregious. The very things, the want of which you impute to his system, are what he supposed, as all his disciples after him have supposed, to be its fundamentals. That four or five large volumes, written during some forty years of incredibly laborious and patient research, with the single object of ascertaining the

laws of Unity, in every sphere, should have omitted after all, the most important question of all — that as to the Unity of Humanity, is one of the most stupendous and curious phenomena on record. It is playing Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out to a charm.

Poor Fourier must have been singularly self-deceived, and a great many thousands of his readers must have been deceived by him, if this question of the unity of Humanity was not the beginning, the middle, and the end of all his labors. He imagined at least that he had no other object in all his investigations. Indeed he was so deluded on this head that he constantly maintained with no little vehemence that his special and providential mission was to demonstrate scientifically the single point which his learned critic charges him with having wholly neglected. He claims for his discoveries emphatically the characteristics of the highest Science; first, because they rest upon a positive principle which is capable of explaining all the individual facts that come under it; and second, because it is sustained by the analogies of all other positive sciences. They are at any rate, intelligible, logically-consistent and mutually-dependent throughout; where nothing is arbitrary or capricious, but all is definite and fixed; which are coincident with the laws of Divine proceeding in every sphere, as we can prove; constantly confirmed by new analogies as science in general extends its researches, and throw a flood of light upon a thousand questions relating to the destiny of Humanity, and of the elements that compose it — men and nations — which have heretofore been thought exceedingly obscure. If such results do not show some science, then I do not know what science is!

Again: perhaps the most beautiful part of these discoveries, relates to what you say he is "incapable of feeling — the collective progress of the Race." Of all speculators upon human History — and I think I have read the most eminent of them, either French, German, Italian or English — Fourier is the only one who has given me a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the laws of Humanitary Development — the only one who has made History an organic thing, in which the parts are explained by the whole and the whole by the parts. He not only traces the general progress of society, from its earliest dawning in Eden, down to its present state of civilization, but he unfolds with astonishing accuracy and beauty of analysis, the characteristic features of each period and the necessary laws of every change, and is even enabled by the great law of Development which he has discovered, to predict its future phases, for many, many years to come. I am

the more confident on this last point, because I know that Fourier's books, written many years since, do foretell precisely events and movements that are just now occurring in society. Nor is this strange, in itself, when we consider that Fourier shows, what is directly contrary to your charge, that Humanity is a living whole, — a great unitary organism, in short, the Grand Man, subject like the individual man to a regular process of growth from infancy to old age, according to a fixed and ascertained law of growth, — which he propounds. I have not space to unfold it here, but commend his works to you for confirmation, and when you shall once have read them you will be more able to speak intelligently on the subject.

If your criticism, however, simply means that Fourier was too much in the habit of looking at the progress of humanity from the intellectual side of his system; that he does not open himself sufficiently to the good there has been in all ages springing like a well of life, prompting the noblest hopes, and filling the soul with the noblest anticipations; that in his keen pursuit of analysis he dwells rather upon the mere laws of Humanitary Movement than upon the great Humanitary Spirit, the Divine Inspiration and Life that has ever been working in and through this movement; and that he was to some degree insensible to the exalted and beautified traits of certain good and beautiful souls who have at all times illustrated the Ages; if you mean simply this, I will agree with you; but then I find an excuse for him in the fact that his mission seems to have been chiefly scientific, so that he was compelled in the nature of the case to confine himself mostly to the sphere of Law and external organization. To say that his system omits Humanity altogether is doing it a radical injustice.

II. Again: your representation of Fourier's views of Human Nature is provokingly unjust — indeed, I may say that your statement makes him teach precisely the reverse of what he does teach. I will copy your words:

"See here then, Fourier, who takes upon himself — urged, I will nevertheless say, by the love he bears to his fellow-man — to resolve the problem of life. He feels truly that man cannot be born to suffer eternally, and that his law once accomplished, happiness must be his destiny; but, destitute of the religious sentiment, and not believing in the progression of our being, except here below, Fourier has only this earth in which to accomplish human destiny, and attain to happiness. Placed between the *collective* and *individual* interests, shall he choose the first for the basis of his labors? Others have already done so. By their experience and his own genius, he comprehends at once that he must, by taking their basis, arrive, sooner or later, at the absolute triumph of authority, at the

violation of human liberty. This liberty is sacred to him; he will preserve it at any price; he adopts, then, for his starting point the interest of the *individual*. Nevertheless, he needs for his guidance a clue which shall attach him at some point to man's nature, a philosophical principle, a positive test or criterion of truth. Where shall he find it? There are three things, three lives, if I may so express myself, in man. There is that by which he unites himself with humanity, and holds communion with it — his participation in *collective* life, his place, his value, in the history of our race; there is that by which he holds communion with himself, sometimes, may I say, with God — his self, his individuality, his conscience; there is lastly that by which he holds communion with the physical world — his body, his instincts, his wants, his appetites and desires. It is evident that in adopting for his criterion the first of these three manifestations of human life, he must at once find himself driven to that universal will, that authority which he repudiates. Shall he then take conscience as his clue? But what is the conscience of the men who surround him, and whom he wishes to render happy, if it is not the production of that education which they have derived from the previous labors of humanity, of the medium in which they have been living? What is their self (individuality,) if it is not the result of influences belonging to the corrupt epoch which Fourier condemns to die? It must be necessary for him, in order to discover the inspirations of individual conscience pure from every influence, to go back beyond the period of history, to the commencement of our species, to approach precisely that time when the individual hardly developed at all in his moral nature, only reveals his self (individuality,) by his sensations. And what will this process leave him but the third human manifestation — the body, sensation, the capacity of pain and pleasure? There he stops. He is obliged to do so. He mutilates man by taking from him head and heart, and then sets himself to study and anatomise what remains. He finds under his scalpel, wants, instincts, appetites: are they not, then, the key to the intention of the creating power? He throws a disdainful glance over the world's history; every where, in all times, he finds the animal propensities at work; and every where, in all times, legislators, moralists, and religions assuming to enchain, repress, and mortify them. 'Behold,' says he to himself, 'the capital error. They annihilate a work of God, and they deny an eternal element of humanity!' His own indignation is a ray of light for him; his world is discovered! 'I have destroyed,' cries he, 'twenty ages of political imbecility;' and he takes the appetites of man for a guiding principle in his researches. He does not ask himself if these *propensities* are anything but instruments which do not act by themselves, but which depend upon a superior power, and which produce good when directed by self-devotion, and evil when directed by selfishness. He does not see *man*, the mind, above, claiming his exclusive attention. He takes the means for the end and the starting point at the same time, and he says to himself: '*Man is an animal with certain propensities, or rather those propensities constitute the man:*

they are sacred; our mission consists in giving them full and entire satisfaction.' There you have, in effect, the whole theory of Fourier: 'It confines, itself,' he says, 'to utilizing the desires, *such as nature gives them*, and without seeking to change them in any respect.' That said — all is said. The Otaheitanism of Fourier is but an affair of detail easily to be foreseen. Every thing is allowed, every thing is legitimate, in this world abounding in impurity, without education, without moralization, without a common faith, without martyrs, without an altar, and without a God."

There are so many errors here that one is at a loss where to begin to expose them. The most vital, however, is where you make Fourier resolve man into a merely sensual creature. That you may see how false this is, I will state Fourier's real view of Man. It is, that man is an immortal Soul, whose very essence is Love. He is an ever-active, irrepressible Spirit, Affection, Passion, whose life is received directly from the Lord, and whose predominant tendencies are to impart himself to every thing around him, and to unite himself and nature to the great Central Source of Being. But as man stands in various relations to objects external to himself, his soul has been organized with several subsidiary affections (or Passions) to bring him directly in contact with these external relations. Thus, he is related with the material, and he has five sensitive passions to connect him with it: he is related to his fellow-man and he has four affective passions to connect him with man: he is also related to the abstract principles of Justice, or Law, and he has three intellectual impulses to connect him with these; and finally he is related to God, and he has one grand, all-embracing affection — the religious sentiment — the pivot and resumé of all the rest, — which connects him in and through all the rest to the Divine Spirit. This analysis will be better understood by means of the following table, which Fourier frequently employs:

Pivot.			Tendencies.		
X			X		
The Soul,			The Soul,		
or			or		
RELIGION.			RELIGION.		
Intellectual.	Affectual.	Sensitive.	Intellectual.	Affectual.	Sensitive.
Analysis, Synthesis, Alternation.	Love, Paternity, Ambition.	Friendship, Love, Paternity, Ambition.	Analysis, Synthesis, Alternation.	Love, Paternity, Ambition.	Friendship, Love, Paternity, Ambition.
To discrimination, enhancement, refinement, and change.	To ties of family, friendship, sex, country, &c.	To sensual enjoyment, by means of health and wealth.	To discrimination, enhancement, refinement, and change.	To ties of family, friendship, sex, country, &c.	To sensual enjoyment, by means of health and wealth.

Now, of this analysis, several things are to be observed. (1.) That Fourier, so far from taking the sensual nature of man only into the account, makes him pre-eminently a being of social and religious affections. (2.) That he expressly subordinates the sensitive passions, not only to the intellectual, but to the affective and the religious. (3.) That, instead of proposing an indiscriminate and general gratification of the sensitive man, he emphatically condemns it, dwells upon mere material gratifications as debasing and false as it respects the individual, and the great mark of duplicity and degradation as it respects society. In truth, Fourier's severest criticisms of past society are founded upon the fact that the material nature of man has governed the spiritual, while his highest and most glorious anticipations from his own system, are, that it will discipline and refine the grosser appetites, by physical, intellectual and religious culture, into a beautiful obedience and a harmonious co-operation with the noblest powers of the soul. I will quote a few words from him on these heads. "We call the seven spiritual passions noble, because they come from God and the Mathematics; we call the sensitive passions ignoble, because they come from the material or passive principle. But the employment of the material, or of the action of the senses has nothing ignoble in it, when coincident with harmony and the will of God. The senses become ignoble when they govern, as in past society, where they have given the reins to the grossest appetites, and transformed man into a ferocious beast, capable of any crime, if stimulated by the love of gold and hunger." Again: "Civilized and barbarous man thirsts for wealth and the gratification of the senses. It is true that poverty constrains him to it; but whatever may be the cause of the vice, it exists, and nothing is good in social movement, except that ORDER which gives the predominance to the seven noble and spiritual passions, derived from God and mathematical justice, — an ORDER, which does not demand the extinction of the five senses, — which, on the contrary, will exact their full development, external and internal; Harmony consisting in the general development of the twelve passions, but with the supremacy of the seven spiritual, more noble than the material." Again. "In order that Good may prevail, to the exclusion and compression of Evil, it is necessary that God and mathematical justice should be united for the subjection of matter, a principle which produces evil, whenever it governs exclusively, whenever the soul is subjected to the empire of Sense. Good, or perfect harmony, depends upon the alliance and supremacy of the two noble prin-

ciples, which are God and mathematical justice," or in other words, the supremacy of God and his righteousness. "The only way to salvation and harmony is to cause the seven spiritual passions to dominate in all relations," &c., &c. In short, unless this doctrine be the radical doctrine of Fourier's system, then it is the greatest jumble of absurdity and contradiction that a sane mind ever put together. You see, then, how completely you have reversed the teachings of the man you profess to judge.

But, doubtless, you have been misled by the fact that Fourier talks a great deal about the necessity of Wealth and Luxury, and makes frequent appeals to the self-interest of men. I think, myself, that in his anxiety to impress his principles upon the minds of his selfish and sensuous generation, he has given more prominence to certain external aspects of his system than he ought to have done; but the cause and effect are alike temporary and accidental, and do not change the intrinsic character of the system. What Fourier means when he insists upon the accumulation of Wealth, is simply that a man must have the material means, before his passions can be harmoniously developed. Of what use, he asks, is a fine ear for music if you have no instrument wherewith to cultivate its sense of the harmony of sound? How can you train the grosser appetite of taste into sources of refined pleasure, if you have no means of procuring the requisite delicacies of food? Wealth, or the possession of the external object of each passion, is one condition of its exercise, and health is another, so that without these there can not be any true integral enjoyment of the blessings of existence. Men, sunk into the abysses of Poverty — as so many are in present society — can not attain a true physical development, and are in danger of immersing their whole spiritual natures in brutal degradation and crime. The possession of some degree of affluence, then, on the part of society, is a condition indispensable to its improvement. But it is only a means, — not an end; and so Fourier regards it throughout his writings.

Perhaps, too, you have been misled by Fourier's frequent assertions that the Passions, (the Affections, as we say,) should not be suppressed, but gratified to the fullest extent. Yet, what does he mean by this? That men should give a loose reign to all their propensities and appetites? Far from it, — far from it, indeed! He means that these passions are a part and parcel of the soul itself, ever-active springs of action, immortal sympathies and desires, which can no more be suppressed, than the soul itself, which they constitute. They can only

be regulated, disciplined, harmonized into accordance with the eternal principles of Justice and Truth, and the all-controlling will of God. Consult the table above and consider the question for yourself, sir! Should any of the senses be annihilated? Should Friendship, or Love, or Paternity, or a noble Ambition? No! What then? Why, the subversive and false action of these passions, — when they have been subverted and made false by wrong influences, — should be converted into a true, healthful and harmonious action. If Taste has made a glutton and a drunkard of a man, let not Taste be rooted out, but let it be refined into a purer sensation. If Love has degenerated into lust, let it be raised by the power of physical and religious education into the divine and ennobling passion that it is in its own nature. Because horrid sounds and discords salute our ears at every turn, shall we condemn Hearing, or shall we apply science to the discipline and regulation of sound, till it has become a glorious and exalting Art, like the music of Beethoven? Here, then, is the explanation of the whole of Fourier's imputed "sensualism." He would raise every sense from a mere brutal and unrestrained appetite for gratification, into a purified and harmonious affection — in the same way that Hearing has been educated and exalted by subjecting it to the laws of science and converting it into an agent of the highest sensuous and spiritual good.

I say *educated*, because, though you state that Fourier's system makes no provision for education, this part of his theory has forced itself upon me with peculiar impressiveness. He has unfolded, with the extremest minuteness, the principles of a routine of education, which, could it be carried out in our present incoherent societies, would be universally hailed as superior to anything in that line yet attempted. It is nothing less than a system of universal and integral education, — universal, in the fact that it proposes to embrace every child born into the world, — integral, because it comprehends every faculty of the man, physical, moral and intellectual. It would begin in earliest infancy, with the training of the hand to industrial skill, the body to athletic and graceful exercises, and the senses to the highest Arts. At a more advanced period, it would combine practical with theoretic instruction, in every department of knowledge; and at every period of life, it would surround the human being, not only with schools, libraries, laboratories, museums and galleries, but with the most fervent spiritual incitements and the noblest exhibitions of practical disinterestedness and charity. You will find, sir, several hundred pages

devoted to the subject in Fourier's treatise on Universal Unity — so that I say no more here.

III. Finally, you seem to me to have fallen into another gross and astonishing error, when you say that Fourier's theory overlooks religion, — which you truly represent as an element indispensable to the success of every popular movement. If I supposed for one moment that Fourier's system of Association was inconsistent with the teachings of Christianity, or that it would not lead to the profoundest religious effects, I should reject it utterly as a plan of Reform. But fortunately, I look upon it, both in its origin and tendencies, as one of the highest and grandest expressions that has yet been given of the spirit of Christianity. There may be, in the details of it, or in the abstruser speculations connected with it, some questionable principle, but the system fundamentally, is not only consistent with religion, but is, as I believe, the veritable embodiment of the religion of Jesus. It is a matter of history, that Fourier was led to it by a very deep religious conviction — a perfect and immovable faith in the goodness and justice of God, and in the universality of His providence, which, caring for the least sparrow that falls, and numbering the hairs of a head, has also pre-ordained the laws of a harmonious and true society. His argument to show the necessity of a Divine Social Code, is one that neither you nor any other critic can answer — so precisely logical is it — so resplendent with the soul of goodness. When you shall have once read it, there will no longer be a doubt in your mind that God has prescribed an Order for society, in the strictest conformity with the laws of the Universe, and then your duty will be, as Fourier during his whole life felt his to be, to investigate the whole of Nature till this all-important ORDER should stand revealed. For external as Fourier was in the structure of his mind, he never yielded his confidence in God, never wavered for a moment in his conviction of the supremacy of Goodness and Truth. Whatever errors time may discover in the results of his thought, it will show him in an ever-brightening light as a sincere, earnest and conscientious seeker of the Divine Methods.

Nor was his patient, noble search without its most glorious reward. The discovery of the laws of universal distribution, in every sphere, crowned his fidelity. He has been selected, as we believe, in the course of Providence, to present to Humanity the true organization both of Church and State. It was his mission, at the close of the Eighteenth Century — when the old system of despotism and force was brought to a convulsive end, —

at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, when a new system of Love is obviously arising out of the ruins — to unfold to men the great Constructive and Organic Laws of the Universe, which, when applied to society, will work out the long desired result of general Plenty, Peace, Union and Brotherhood, — when Liberty shall be conciliated with Law, and Collective Order with Individual Independence; and when Christianity, now nowhere carried out into all the relations of life, shall manifest its divine spirit in every external institution and in every social arrangement.

The disciples of Fourier, sir, are decidedly of opinion that Christianity is not possible as an institution, except upon the principle of Association. In the earliest church that was formed, when the impulse of the Divine Master was freshest and strongest upon his followers, this principle was spontaneously adopted, and the Church will never regain that first-love, will never acquire true unity of spirit, until she is willing to embody her philanthropy and her devotion in an external unity of Action and Life. At present, the Body of the Lord is broken into ten thousand fragments: Christians are not "members of one another;" do not "bear each other's burdens;" the Church is not "a whole Body fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth," as St. Paul expresses it in Ephesians iv., 16. She must be *one* in interest as well as in feeling, before she can realize her divine Ideal. She must organize her members into a vast league of co-operative, mutually-supporting brotherhood, wherein each shall labor for all and all for each, and if one suffer, the others shall suffer with him, that the whole may be perfect through Love.

Now, the Association proposed in the doctrine of Fourier, is precisely this essential plan of Christian Unity and Love. It would carry out into the minutest detail of business and social life, the great law of Mutual Benevolence and Aid. It would have men work for each other in the spirit of perfect truth and good will. The evils which infect the whole of modern society in such prodigious and awful numbers, — the "wars and fightings" among the members of the Church, spring from the general selfishness which is taught and inwrought into human nature by the concentrated and mighty influences of all our social arrangements. It is not, as some bigoted theologians teach, that human nature is so radically depraved as to be incapable of any good; it is not that Providence frowns upon every effort for human amelioration, for blessed be the God revealed to us by Jesus Christ, He is ever ready to flow into our hearts and minds to sustain the least endeavor to-

wards good; but it is because the social medium in which men breathe is so false that the spirit of goodness is suffocated and choked to death, as if in mephitic air. No soul can exist, whether it be of one man or the Grand Man, Humanity, without a Body to exist in, and a purified atmosphere to inhale. The mistake of your moralists and preachers, — your Carlyles and others, is, that they think men can live without a body, or an external medium, and think they can make great internal and spiritual advances without manifesting them in the external, material and social spheres; yet it is an incontestable fact that from the days of Cain to these days, which are so Cainish, not a single acquisition has been made in this way.

Now, this is what Fourier was sent to do. Taking Christianity for granted, — conceding that the spirit of religion is already knocking at the door of Society, what social form will best illustrate and carry out all its requirements and dictates? Is it the present system of War, Fraud, Oppression, Vice and Selfishness, or is it another system of Peace, Truth, Justice, Benevolence and Unity? This is the whole question!

There are several other points raised in your criticism, to which it is scarcely worth while to reply. Some of them are so entirely foreign to the subject that I have tortured my ingenuity to discover to what parts of Fourier's system they could possibly relate. Of this sort is your rigmorole about "the decimation of population," and so forth.

Your allusion to the Hell-Broth scene in the First Part of Faust is adroitly introduced; but there is another scene in the Second Part, which is even more impressive, and perhaps quite as appropriate to this discussion. It is at the close, where Faust, who typifies Humanity, after exhausting the pleasures of sense, of science, and of trade, and finding them all bitterness in his mouth, is arrested by the sound of busy multitudes working in Unity, with their spades and shovels, upon the Earth. Then, the grand thought comes to him, as the end of all his struggles, that Redemption can only be procured by co-operative labor, which shall reconcile nature to herself, and place a free and harmonious people, for endless generations, upon a Free and Cultivated Soil. With his vast accumulation of Wealth, he sets the millions at work in subduing and beautifying the land, and in building a safe home for All. Then, for the first time after so many and so protracted strivings, he exclaims, "O tarry awhile, ye moments ye are so Fair!" Good spirits from every age and realm rise up to greet his ransomed soul, and hail with seven-fold hymns of glori-

ous rejoicing the birth of a New Day, the advent of heavenly, universal Love.

But in the midst of these swelling and ecstatic aspirations of song, there is One Figure who stands, scoffing and sneering, and upon whose ears each note falls like so much lead. It is Mephistopheles, the mere critical Intellect, the destructive radical, *par excellence*, whose narrow and malignant nature can find nothing in these beautiful hosts but a bit of offensive charlatanism. "They are devils all," he says, "though in masks." I hope sir, you see the application.

Your obd't servant, R. G.

PRINCIPLES OF ASSOCIATION.

The following well-digested summary of the leading practical principles of Association, is from Mr. GREELEY's last article, in his controversy with the *Courier and Enquirer*. Is there a wise or benevolent man living, unless bound under the dominion of the deepest prejudice, who would not wish them the largest success?

"Midnight draws upon me, and the last words permitted me in this discussion are now to be penned. Let me barely re-state in order the positions which I have endeavored to maintain during its progress, and I will calmly await the judgment to be pronounced upon the whole matter. I know well that nineteenth-twentieths of those whose utterances create and mould Public Opinion had pre-judged the case before reading a page with regard to it, that they had promptly decided that no Social Reconstruction is necessary or desirable, since they do not perceive that any is likely to promote the ends for which they live and strive. Of these, very few will have read our articles, they felt no need of your arguments, no appetite for mine. Yet there is a class, even in this modern Babel of selfishness and envious striving, still more in our broad land, who are earnestly seeking, inquiring for, the means whereby Error and Evil may be diminished, the realm of Justice and of Happiness extended. These will have generally followed us with more or less interest throughout; their collective judgment will award the palm of manly dealing and of beneficent endeavor to one or the other. For their consideration, I reiterate the positions I have endeavored to maintain in this discussion, and cheerfully abide their verdict that I have sustained or you have overthrown them. I have endeavored to show, then,

"1. That Man has a natural, God-given right to Labor for his own subsistence and the good of others, and to a needful portion of the Earth from which his physical sustenance is to be drawn. If this be a natural, essential Right, it cannot be

justly suspended, as to any, upon the interest or caprice of others; and that Society in which a part of mankind are permitted or forbidden to labor, according to the need felt or fancied by others for their labor, is unjustly constituted and ought to be reformed.

"2. That in a true Social State, the Right of every individual to such Labor as he is able to perform, and to the fair and equal Recompense of his Labor, will be guaranteed and provided for; and the thorough Education of each child, Physical, Moral and Intellectual, be regarded as the dictate of universal Interest and imperative Duty.

"3. That such Education for All, such opportunity to Labor, such security to each of a just and fair recompense, are manifestly practicable only through the Association of some two or three hundred families on the basis of United interests and efforts, (after the similitude of a bank, rail-road or whale-ship, though with far more perfect arrangements for securing to each what is justly his;) inhabiting a common edifice, though with distinct and exclusive as well as common apartments, cultivating one common domain, and pursuing thereon various branches of mechanical and manufacturing as well as agricultural industry, and uniting in the support of education, in defraying the cost of chemical and philosophical apparatus, of frequent lectures, &c. &c.

"4. That among the advantages of this organization would be the immense economies in land, food, cooking, fuel, buildings, teams, implements, merchandise, litigation, account-keeping, &c. &c., while, on the other hand, a vastly increased efficiency would be given to the labor of each by concentration of effort and the devotion to productive industry of the great numbers now employed in unproductive avocations, or who are deemed too young, too unskilled, or too inefficient to be set at work under our present industrial mechanism.

"5. That thus associated and blended in interests, in daily intercourse, in early impressions, in cares, joys and aspirations, the rich and poor would become the brethren and mutual helpers for which their Creator designed them—that labor would be rendered attractive by well planned, lighted, warmed and ventilated work-shops, by frequent alternations, from the field to the shop as urgency, convenience, weariness or weather should suggest; and that all being workers, all sharers in the same cares and recreations, none doomed to endure existence in a cellar or hovel, the antagonism and envious discontent now prevalent would be banished, and general content, good will and happiness prevail, while famine,

homelessness, unwilling idleness, the horrors of bankruptcy, etc. would be unknown.

"These, hastily and imperfectly condensed, are my positions, my convictions. I believe that Christianity, social justice, intellectual and moral progress, universal well-being, imperatively require the adoption of such a Reform as is here roughly sketched. I do not expect that it will be immediately effected, nor that the approaches to it will not be signalized by failures, mistakes, disappointments. But the PRINCIPLE of Association is one which has already done much for the improvement of the condition of our race; we see it now actively making its way into general adoption, through Odd-Fellowship, Protective Unions, Mutual Fire, Marine, and Life Insurance, and other forms of Guarantism. Already commodious edifices for the poor of cities are planned by benevolence, unsuspecting of the end to which it points; already the removal of paupers from localities where they are a grievous burthen, to those where they can substantially support themselves, is the theme of general discussion. In all these and many like them I see the portents of "a good time coming," not for the destitute and hopeless only, but for the great mass of our fellow-men. In this faith I labor and live; share it or scout it as you will. Adieu!

H. G."

¶ The Treasurer of the "American Union of Associationists" acknowledges the receipt of One Hundred Dollars from the Cincinnati Union.

FRANCIS GEO. SHAW.

May 3, 1847.

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MISCELLANY.

A DISCOURSE

BEFORE THE BOSTON RELIGIOUS UNION OF
ASSOCIATIONISTS, ON EASTER SUNDAY,
APRIL 4, 1847.

BY W. H. CHANNING.

[Reported by H. M. PARKHURST, and published
by request.]

We have been considering, for two Sundays past, the *view* which we should take of human life, and the *end* at which we should aim. And what has been said sums itself up in a word: man's destiny and duty upon earth, considered collectively and individually, are, the overcoming of Evil with Good. But the statements which I have thus far made, were necessarily somewhat superficial; and I shall to-day, therefore, ask you to go more into the heart of the whole subject of Evil.

I know of no occasion more suitable for such a discussion than this of Easter Sunday; for it is consecrated to the thought of the omnipotence of Good; and its whole meaning is the resurrection of Good out of Evil, and its ascension to reign forever with God, in the blessedness and glory of his peace. Easter Sunday, made sacred in the hearts of Christians by the memory of the resurrection! Easter Sunday, which so exquisitely at the same time typifies the returning presence of the sun and the awakening of all the powers of nature, and which thus outwardly and inwardly symbolizes the everlasting youth, the ever-growing youth of the spirit.

If any one should be present who stands upon the extreme rational ground, — who feels that Christianity, in its doctrines, its forms, its creeds, and its customs, has been a tyrant in the world, and is still oppressive on men's minds, — and who, taking the attitude of the Iconoclast, wishes to break down all tradition to the ground before him and leave the world clear for a new temple, I ask him to pause and see how in his own heart he

could afford to spare such a symbol as this day is, of the freshness of immortal life, of the return of joy brightened out of sorrow, of the manifestation that God never leaves his "holy one," the cause of justice, truth, humanity, — to see corruption. Take what view you please of the gospel narrative, what a demonstration is it of the power of the human spirit, that the Christian Church has kept ever green such a symbol! Suppose that the faith which this day typifies is a product of human imagination, — that it has no foundation in past events, — that there never was a resurrection: still, the mere fact, that for generation after generation, men have found in this festival such a source of refreshment and life to their spirits, gives proof that the vision which they have cherished is prophetic of a reality.

This very day, as it has been passing over the earth, has witnessed a series of most touching scenes, of the opening of hearts beneath its influence too beautiful for even scepticism to overlook and push aside. And let me, as the introduction to what I have to say, out of the thousands and tens of thousands of such cases which this day has seen in Europe, in this country, and in all lands where Christianity is known, bring before your imagination one or two. The first shall be of a bereaved mother, who this morning twined a fresh garland and hung it upon the cross that stands at the head of the little mound which holds her child. She had a confiding heart in her virgin simplicity, and gave that heart wholly up to one who basely abused the trust, and slighted, neglected, forgot her, and turned her out, lone and helpless, into a hard and pharisaical, a hypocritical and intolerant world. In her shame she knocked at her parents' doors, but those doors were closed; she looked around in city and country for sympathy, but met with scorn; and the cloud of despair passed over her spirit. Her child was born, and it seemed to her, that in the response of its innocent joy to her affection, whatever

man might think of her, she had a pledge of God's mercy; and from that hour the eclipse passed by. Yet out of her very sorrow, a blight had fallen on her child from the first, and it faded and wilted away, and became an angel before it was a man. Then it was, that amidst her grief sanctified by the consciousness of unworthiness, she found a joyful hope spring up from the very fact that a being so pure had for hours, weeks, months, on this earth loved her, and in this Easter day has she seen the promise of a pathway brightening and brightening forever upward to a heavenly home.

"With an angel at the doorway,
White with gazing on God's throne,
And a saint's voice in the palm tree singing,
All is lost and won."

We will pass to another scene which has happened on this earth to-day; and in the sight of God, how unspeakably more rich are these scenes than we can see them to be! A husband to-day, in the early spring morning, went out to gather the snow-drops that bowed their white heads around the grave of his wife. He was a man of genius, impulsive, wayward, ungoverned in character; and God sent him a chosen friend, wise, meek, gentle, to stand by his side and counsel him; to cheer and refresh him in hours of despondency; to raise him up when fallen in sin; to be to him a sign of the peace which he found not in himself. But she was taken; and alone and undisciplined in will, he found himself thrown out into life more conscious of weakness than ever; but still on this Easter day, he has felt in the very memory of past affection a pledge that he is not and shall not be alone, but that "the spirit wanders free, and waits till he shall come."

And another scene has been passing too to-day, very different from these. Around the monument of a man who had passed his prime in excellence, in wisdom, in power, in distributing freely the riches of the spirit which God had bestowed upon him, in walking through life so as to give to his fellows in some degree

the ideal of humanity, useful, blessed, and happy, have gathered a band of his disciples, saying to one another, "We have lost his counsel, lost his example, but is he not still with us? Can it be, that he has forgotten the world he so long labored for? Can it be, that he does not yet strengthen those in whom he took such deep interest?" And on this Easter day they feel a perfect assurance that the light of his usefulness is not quenched, that the bonds of his strong affection have not been sundered, that the tie which bound them to him still holds indissoluble, that he has but led the way to a larger scene of study and action, and that they are to meet again.

These images have led us onward, nearer and nearer to reflections more peculiar to this day, reflections connected with Jesus himself. Let us think for a few moments, on the different aspects of his life. The first view that was taken of it, while he was here upon earth, the view seemingly presented by himself, was that he had come to establish visibly and at once a kingdom. The chosen people, appointed to good, elected by God, cared for and led by him, and now oppressed, must they not be redeemed in triumph? And is not this the chosen Christ to prepare the way and establish God's reign among the nations? But he dies by violence, and then comes the thought of a new kingdom. Jesus is the risen Christ, he is the ascended Messiah. His power is in the spiritual world. He is ruler in the universal empire, that is to widen and grow strong as the ages speed on, and to gather under the influence of its power, all people, till the world shall know, that he is the vicegerent of God and the expounder of his law, by the realization of a truly divine life throughout mankind. This thought has come to men. It connects itself with Jesus. Call it a dream, or believe it to denote a reality, it is still a fact, which cannot be denied, that tens of thousands of human hearts have this day felt, amidst the endless variety of life's afflictions, that an elder brother, who, moved by love to God and man once bore the cross, is with them, and that the power which he came to introduce, is actually established, and that its influence is to go onward, onward, until the earth is restored to more than its original beauty. And so the thought of the kingdom of Heaven is transformed at length into the idea of an ever-widening reign of life, truth, love, flowing down from the spiritual world upon the human race, binding all men together into one vast whole, reforming their relations, softening their manners, regulating all rights, establishing universally the rule of justice, peace, good-will, of mutual beneficence, co-operation, and humanity

expressed in every deed of individuals and states.

And thus are we led, in the last place, to look at what this day typifies to one whose feelings are not easily touched, who has few sympathies with the Christian church, and who takes merely the view of this day, which a philosopher or sage of any land or age might take. To such a one this Easter day is a symbol of the resurrection of the power of good, from amidst all evils, from beneath all pressures. In the associations of this day he sees how love again uprises wherever it is trampled down; and many a man and woman, who doubt in regard to the interpretations which Christians have given of the facts of the life of Jesus, yet see in this day a symbol of victory, assuring them that no word of truth was ever spoken, in ages however distant, which shall not be echoed and re-echoed again and again, till what was the bosom thought of one, becomes the public faith of the human race, till tens of thousands of hearts receive the quickening influence of a single pure and earnest hope, till it re-shapes and renews men in the original form of divine love from which it first flowed forth. The immortality of goodness, the impossibility of destroying what has God's life in it,—this is Easter the symbol of to all men forever.

And thus, my friends, I have endeavored rapidly to recall to you the various classes of thoughts and feelings which this day suggests. One might enlarge upon them to any extent, but I have merely meant that these thoughts should serve as a vestibule. There are yet other porches of entrance. But I would lead you now into the inner temple, that we may bow our spirits before the signs of the ministry of God, even through evil; that a contemplation of the omnipotence of good in overcoming evil, may bring us to a new and more earnest consecration of our whole life to his service.

That beloved prophet of Nazareth, drawn by a rude soldiery before a worldly ruler, and amidst mockery and insult given up to a brutal death! is there in human history a type more wonderful of the tremendous scope of the power of evil? It is awful to consider the free sweep which the infinite Being permits to evil. It is the very universality of evil which prevents our feeling its mystery more, and this is the first point I would ask you to think upon, its actual universality.

You go among the rocks where fossil remains repeat the tale of a myriad years, and there you see before you the types of innumerable creatures of all varieties of size and strength, who by flood, or fire or by some mode of violence, have ended

their lives in pain. The earth is truly one great charnel-house, where every form of existence has been buried in destruction. Who knows, that there ever yet was a creature upon the face of this earth, I care not whether animal or vegetable or even mineral, (or is it not an assumption to say that sensation is not universal?) which has not had its share, more than its share, of pain. In no single spot, in no single realm of existence has there been, is there one creature, however minute its powers, however brief its experience, which has not borne its load of evil.

Not only is this true, but look next if you please at the intensity of evil, an intensity increasing just in the degree that a creature ascends in the scale of existence, an intensity proportioned to the amount of its powers, and the complication of elements in its character. In the mere fact, that an intelligent and sentient creature lives in time, there is a necessity, merely by the fact of this existence, that it shall to a certain degree suffer. It suffers in anticipation, by restless cravings; it suffers in the instant of joy by the consciousness of an ideal far transcending the reality; it suffers in memory by looking back upon what it once cherished. But in saying this we are looking only at success. When you come to think of failures, of the excess of bereavement, disappointment, shortcoming; of the complication of suffering which every where surrounds us, in the relations of body and soul, of temperament and character, of reason and affection, of individual and social life, of private fortune with public fortune, and see how every where outward evil and inward evil aggravate each other, the amount and intensity of evil actually experienced becomes inexpressibly awful. Evil means suffering and want, means conflict and separation from other beings, means perplexity and doubt, means selfishness and moral struggle, and just in proportion to the power of latent good in a creature is the necessity that in some of these forms it shall experience its share of evil.

And when finally we think how immense is the range in time, space, degree, which Providence opens to it, how overpowering is the conception of the possibilities of evil. The old dogma of a kingdom of spirits of darkness, corresponds, perhaps much more nearly than we at the present day are inclined to believe, to a great reality; and heaven and the angels there, with their long experience, alone can know how monstrous have been in the everlasting past the wrong and wo summed up in individual and collective existence. May there not have been, may there not somewhere yet be, a spirit of superhuman intel-

ligence and power of will, of most subtle and pervading influence, who, making himself a centre, has rebelled against Supreme Good, and sought to turn worlds and races to his own uses? We may find in the long experience of the future, that there is a much more substantial basis than most men are now ready to admit, in the ancient doctrines of the great battle going on throughout the Universe between the Hosts of the Good and the Hosts of the Evil.

We have thus glanced at the universality and intensity of Evil. And now, some one step nearer, and say it is absolutely necessary, that Evil, thus universal and intense, should be; that there is no possibility of avoiding it in any of its forms. Let us consider this point.

The mere existence of one *finite* creature, is, in a just sense of the word, an evil, from the fact that it is limited and dependent, that it has an interest which is partial and not universal, but limited and confined. But more than this, I say again, that in the mere existence of a series of finite individual wills, of persons who can produce effects upon one another and upon other creatures, there is involved a probability amounting to a certainty, that such beings will each in turn become selfish and isolated, that they will be thrown into conflict, and so be sources of evil to themselves and to each other, to whatever is below them, perhaps to modes of being above them. And this arises from the mere fact that these beings are finite, and so finite that they limit and influence each other. Their interests are complex; their desires are variously divergent; they become rivals and foes; and this just in the degree in which they are inexperienced, uninformed; undisciplined, absorbed in themselves by joy or by pain. In the mere formation of a creation consisting of individual beings, each of which must be a *centre to itself*, God foresaw then the absolute necessity of evil, evil in each of the kinds I have spoken of, of suffering, strife, injustice, selfishness.

But more than that; these finite beings, inasmuch as they are finite, exist for the very purpose of connecting themselves with other beings, of blending their own centre with other centres. Every species of creatures is a unity in variety. Intelligent spirits exist for the sake of society. But society can exist only upon condition that the law of it is known. If that is known, the aim and end of the spirit who is born a member of it is known. Thus it has a unity in itself, by standing in unity with its kind. But in establishing for itself a law of right, universal, impartial, harmonious, every society, with all its members, must undergo evil, ignorance and experi-

ence, despondency, doubt, delay, conflicts and war.

I say, in the last place, looking at the creation of finite centres in its relations to God, as the infinite Centre, it is absolutely inevitable that there shall exist, in the connection of individual with individual, of society with society, of races with races, by the mere want of mutual loyalty and love, the want of concert and co-operation, the want of unity of spirit, in persons and nations and races, an opposition to his will. That is to say, in the mere fact of a finite creation, there is absolute necessity, inevitably, that there shall be sin, the evil.

Very briefly have I thus run over a subject that one might expand into volumes; and we have been led to this result; that in the mere creation of finite existences, complex in their nature, related to each other variously, and all and each related to the Infinite Being, evil in all its forms, natural, social, moral, is necessarily involved.

And now my friends, for what end is this evil permitted? Have not all these thoughts proved to us the Divine end? That end is reconciliation, atonement, peace, harmony, beauty, justice, love, joy. God's end is to unite all creatures together, all creatures to Himself, in universal good.

Thus the statement is complete of what is most central in the philosophy of Evil. We have seen its necessity, its mode of origin, its end.

And now I wish to lead you to the thought of thoughts, a thought so deep, awful, grand, that one may well hesitate to put it into words. And the best men oftentimes, from profound reverence, have hesitated to speak it. But I do not see that we have a right thus to be silent. Not to express this thought is to belie the heart and the intellect. I ask, then, with profoundest awe, Who is the great sufferer? and the only answer possible is, God. If out of His infinite love the infinite Father made finite creatures, seeing the necessity of their suffering and their struggle, did He not from everlasting to everlasting, in the depths of His disinterestedness, purpose to restore them? Is not His sympathy as large as his wisdom? Is not the power which flows from Him the expression of this wisdom and love? In His affection, knowledge, and energies, is He not then in the midst of all existences, bound up in experience with them, sharing their destiny, co-operating with them? Or rather, do they not all live in Him? And would the creature be subjected to what the Creator would not willingly bear? I do not, of course, my friends, mean by any such statement, to utter the contradiction of saying that the infinite can become finite;

but I do mean to express the belief that God is truly one with his creatures in sympathy, knowledge, experience, and that there is no type in human affection sufficiently strong to represent the depth of affection, the constancy of love of the Infinite Father.

If this be true, how does God stand in relation to evil of all kinds in His creatures, to suffering, strife, sin? From everlasting to everlasting, in one attitude only,—the overcoming of evil with good. The less of evil the better; the sooner evil passes the better. It exists necessarily from the isolation yet mutual dependence of individual finite existences, of existences designed and destined by a voluntary co-operation to find peace. And therefore is His energy forever directed to restoration, reconciliation, unity. In the birth of Hope in every intelligent soul, does he give a pledge of final atonement. Hope cannot transcend God's purpose. The idea of good in us is only the gleaming in of His eternal light. There is no power of love in us greater than infinite benignity. Nay, friends, how far must our brightest dream fall short of the eternal will of the all-blessed one who made us! From everlasting to everlasting, then, God reveals Himself in good. Where is the manifestation of His presence? In bereavements and disappointments! in widespread famines! in the wretchedness of down-trodden millions! in wars and pestilences! Believe it not. These woes emanate from nature, from man. God comes, when into the heart of a wronged human being, is breathed gentle forgiveness; when upon a world lying in benighted ignorance is poured the illuminating thought of genius; when amidst civil distractions is made some great discovery of law; when in eras of misfortune and failure, is born in a few leaders, in great masses, a new purpose, courageous endurance, determined zeal. When truth breaks upon the mind, God is there. When love softens the heart, God is there. In all strength, calmness, valor, God is there. And so the struggles of all heroes, the prayers of all saints, the meditations of all sages, the sufferings of all martyrs, are His. The immutability of great words and deeds is His individual life.

Thus are we led back once again to the thought of the dead, the risen Christ. Men have believed that God suffered on the cross in Jesus of Nazareth. And can it have been that such a beautiful being as that, was rudely scourged, pierced by nails, crucified, and his life wrung out of him in agony, and that God left him alone? What! was that heart which took in Humanity; that mind which in its wisdom ran through the ages, deserted in

its very hour of largest love and clearest thought by God? O, no! The Father was with him and in him. If not through the heavens, then in the depth of his heart was it again spoken, Thou art my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased. It was out of the deep consciousness of this divine union, that he knew and declared that he was entering into glory, that he foresaw the sure triumph of his life of godlike love.

And now, if there is truth in this view of evil, if there is truth in this view of the omnipotence of good, if there is truth in this view of the reason why evil exists, and of the power by which evil is to be overcome, then I ask you in the last place, before this cross, where, on Easter Sunday, so many gather to see the symbol of God's love present in the midst of suffering, to consecrate yourselves once again to a perfect disinterestedness.

How should we encounter evil? In the first place let us not falsify the facts. It is a very poor plan to deny the reality of evil, to close our eyes to its sternness. The man or woman who takes that position of soul, is in great risk of becoming frivolous and careless, of letting things pass as they may, of calling good evil, and evil good. Depend upon it, that such an one will learn at last, and by tremendous experience to know the substantial strength of evil, in the form of suffering and of sin. It is far better to look the facts in the face, to see them as they are, to know things in some degree as the spirits above know them. Evil is a reality and no delusion.

In the next place, stoicism is not the true spirit with which to regard it. Far better is it to have a sensibility so keen that one shall sink under the burden of existence. Far better is it to have a heart like a child, than to case one's self in this stony indifference. The simple truth is, that human beings do suffer unspeakably, suffer in heart and in head, suffer in their outward circumstances, suffer in their social relations; and why should we attempt to conceal or forget it? Let us look upon human beings as they have been in the wide-spread misery of ages past, as they are in vast masses of misery all around us now. Let us know ourselves as we are.

In the next place, not ignoring evil, not being indifferent to it, and not striving to make good evil and evil good, and so falsifying the spirit, but looking clearly at facts as they are, let us meet all trial bravely; but let us see in what true bravery, true virtue, true manliness consist, for certainly there are great delusions prevalent about this matter. I am connected here with an immense universe, a universe so complicated, so unspeakably rich, rich in the elements which are at

work, rich in the results which God has in store, that I cannot tell of what use I may be at any given moment, for what end I exist, or with what series of causes I may be connected. When evil then comes upon me, is around me, let me recognize, that it has arisen from my connection with this immense whole upon which I am dependent, and for which I must act. The very experience of suffering, of sin, of evil in any form, is to me, if I am upright, a new motive, a new inspiration to be good, because record has it sprung, out of between nature and man, between man and man, between both and God, and the only way to remove it is by some new truth, some new life, to transmute it, reform it, re-create it into good. I am then to look upon this trial as a sharing of a universal lot; and when we see a being take this position, do not our hearts respond to its magnanimity? Do we not all venerate him who takes his fate cheerfully, heartily, kindly, uncomplainingly?

In the next place, besides thus feeling our connection with the whole, of which we are parts, bearing uncomplainingly our share of wo, and meeting it by a new power of resolution, I would say that we should meet evil as feeling our own ill deserts. I have at any rate unspeakably more good than I have any right to. Carlyle has said many strikingly true words on this head, and so have many of the sages of ancient and modern times. I deserve what I win—nothing else. Meanwhile, I have been born into a legacy of the good deeds of all past generations, into a universe which is rich with elements of good, into the wonderful ministrations of God's providence, into the ever unfolding destiny of the Universe, into the welcome of Divine Love. Here then comes a new appeal from this very experience of innumerable mercies to be every day and hour more worthy of them; by many deeds of wisdom and goodness, to prove my right to exist, and by contributions of good, so to blend myself with nature and humanity, that God shall give me willing reception when I pass from this state to a higher, and the spirit shall respond when he shall utter, "All mine is thine and thine is mine."

And finally, let us cherish an unlimited, indomitable faith in the omnipotence of good. I dare say, that many of us think we already have this living principle; but there scarcely lives the mortal who is always quickened by it. In our better hours indeed we believe not so much in passing, transient pleasures, as in an eternal, inexhaustible blessedness and benignity, with which we may forever more and more mingle and blend our own

power of love and joy. But there is scarcely a human being to whom this is the breath of life, inspiring them always, making them human always; and yet every grace and virtue, connected with the discipline of evil comes out of this faith in the omnipotence of good. Resignation, courage, cheerfulness, patience, calmness, hope, and all like virtues which are so beautiful to see, spring out of a consciousness of the reality of a good present and active amidst evil, omnipotent to subdue it. Look at the subject in this way; in every thing is a power of good, latent, and needing only to be developed; in every law, is the purpose of good, needing only to be accomplished; in all discords, there are the elements of harmony, could we but blend them rightly together. God's end in all existence is good. This faith in the omnipotence of good is a wise, serene, trusting, clear perception of the uses and ends of all things, and a desire to consummate God's design. This is faith, and nothing else deserves the name. Such faith makes fidelity, and is counted for righteousness, and a truly faithful man may call his Maker his friend.

Thus have we been led to see somewhat of the spirit in which one should live. O! for a heart so fresh with hope that every day and every hour, whatever the amount of sin, and whatever the amount of suffering, in ourselves or in others, we may still be bright, always bright, always patient, always buoyant. When one loses hope even for a moment, in that moment he gives himself up to the influence of the evil spirits of nature, and sinks into morbid affection. All doubt, all despondency, is surrender to the devil. O! for a disinterestedness so profound and large that one's own trials and troubles might be swept away and swallowed up, as the leaves of last autumn were buried in the winter's snows that they may fertilize the ground for the new spring. Let disappointments go, let bereavements go. Then shall we walk in God's sun shine; His earth shall be ever green beneath us and all shall be well. O! for faith in the inward power of goodness in human nature, even when most debased, which can look into every man's and every woman's heart, so deeply as to see within the tomb, (if it is a tomb,) a sleeping form of angel beauty which can be raised again. O! for a force of holy faith and earnest love so pure as to work miracles; for, why should we not aspire to meet evil, to bear evil, to subdue evil, somewhat as Jesus met and bore and subdued it? I have seen a picture of Christ which represented him as pale, haggard, wan, and sunken, almost fainting from mere exhaustion into death; and I felt that although that might in some degree

represent the outward appearance, the painter had done no justice to the inward spirit of Jesus. I have seen another picture, in which, in the midst of accumulated suffering, there was still a serenity that nothing could disturb, a courage that nothing could daunt, an inward peace, in the centre of the temple, which was not broken by the turbulent crowds in the outer courts. There was an expression there, of a spirit so full of love, of strength, of sweetness, of vast hope, that it bore all evil as trifling when measured by its consciousness of the infinity of good. In such a spirit of the divine might of goodness may we live!

It is somewhat remarkable that two young men, sons of two of the wealthiest citizens of Western New York, are devoting their wealth and talents to two of the most radical reforms of the day—to elevate the masses and check the growing spirit of aristocracy in our country. Mr. ALBERT BRISBANE and Mr. HUGH T. BROOKS, are the gentlemen to whom we allude. Mr. Brisbane, having spent several years in France and Italy, became deeply sensible of the great disadvantages of the present political and social systems to the producer, by which the laborer is only allowed a small share of the fruits of his toil; and that even in his own land of boasted freedom and equality, it is the ill-requited toil of thousands which makes up the wealth of an Astor or a Girard, and that an odious monopoly of land makes a large number of free-born American citizens the unwilling retainers of a Van Rensselaer, or perhaps foreign nabobs. Mr. Brisbane became a convert to the doctrines of Fourier, and since his return to this country, has been laboring with a high intellectual zeal for the establishment of Industrial Associations, to secure to the laborer the full reward and enjoyment of the fruits of his toil. No reflecting mind can fail to see the growing evils of the present organization of society, and however much we may doubt the adaptation of the proposed remedy to the human disposition, yet we cannot but admire the noble self-devotion of the man who will forego the ascendancy which wealth gives, to elevate as equals, a class which education and association has pointed out to him as inferiors.

Mr. Brooks, as will be seen by a communication of his, which we copy from the Attica Telegraph, applies his efforts to a much more practical plan. His father is a large land proprietor, and he has been raised in the immediate vicinity of what is known through New York as the "Holland Purchase," and therefore speaks disinterestedly and understandingly of the anti-republican relation of landlord and tenant, and the odious and unnatural state of things whereby a few monopolize the natural inheritance of all, and exact tribute from those whom circumstances have less favored. Mr. B. is entitled to all praise for his liberal, manly, and philanthropic efforts. — *Rock County Democrat, W. T.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CONSIDERANT.
Translated for the Harbinger.

INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION.

(Continued from p. 325.)

CHAPTER IV.

Industrial Emulations.

"Why has God so powerfully disposed men to intrigue, and still more so women? Why these rivalries? Why not have made men all brothers and of one mind? It is because man needs motives adapted to the social state to which God destines him. If he had created us for the single family and the household, he would have given us passive and apathetic as philosophy desired." — *Charles Fourier.*

"A horse, harnessed to one of the cars which were driving over the race-course, suddenly rushed forward on the tracks of the others and leapt over the barrier, with his vehicle behind him, amid the applause of the frightened and delighted crowd. The generous animal was an old race-horse." — *A Newspaper.*

We proceed to determine the organic conditions of industrial attraction, and to examine the play of the passions in the Series.

Every branch of labor, we have seen, furnishes as many groups as it can give varieties of products; so that in agriculture for example, we should see Series of seven, nine, twenty-four, thirty-two groups, more or less, devoted to the care of seven varieties of grapes, of nine varieties of the gooseberry, twenty-four varieties of peaches, thirty-two varieties of pears, &c., and so in domestic labors, in those of science, fine arts, &c.

Now what result will follow from the simultaneous existence, from the contact of two neighboring groups in the scale of the Series? Do you think there will be great harmony between these groups, whose products differ from each other so little? sometimes even the same products obtained by different methods and processes? Each group has its own colors, of whose honor it is jealous. The neighboring ranks are its rivals. And energetic discord will then break forth between those contiguous in the scale. Rivalries, lively contests will arise, criticisms will pass between them rather than praise. Now what will be the industrial effect of these discords, of these cabalistic jousts, inevitably developed by the graduated order of the serial scale? Amongst a thousand facts which can answer this question, here is one which I heard related a short time since by one of our consuls for one of the Ionian Isles who had witnessed it himself.

"Two French frigates lay at anchor in the port, nearly equal in strength and equipment; one manned by Provincial sailors, the other by men of Saintonge. They could not remain there long, the two rivals, without challenging each other; and in fact one morning when the superior officers of the two vessels break-

fasted together, after biographical narrations and mutual panegyrics they discussed the respective merits of their ships. A wager followed. All the officers took part in it, each supporting his own ship. They bet one hundred Louis on both sides. The next morning at sun-rise, the frigates were ready, and the contest in the manœuvres agreed upon commenced. I shall not go into the details, but I will say that the audience of spectators present freely declared they had never seen any manœuvres so beautiful, so prompt, so lively and so bold. These spectators were ships of England and of Russia."

Here there was an *esprit du corps* and an emulation very pure and well defined. On each deck, officers and sailors were on the alert, ear to the wind, muscles stretched, eyes on the commander, all felt that the honor of the frigate was at stake. There was but one thought, one will, one soul, and all roused by the same passion. Both corps shared in the honors of the day. The side gaining scattered round hundred sou pieces in abundance, and victors and vanquished cordially drank each other's health.

Every one may have observed analogous developments of emulation. Allow me to cite another example which has served me as an experimental demonstration for what I would here establish theoretically.

"It was at Metz. But first we must know that the regiments of the *Genie* are exercised every year during the fine season in all labors relative to the attack and defence of fortresses. We were then preparing materials of defence. One week I had to superintend the preparation of *fascines* by my company. During the three first days I let the work go on as usual, all forming a single work-shop, and carrying to a common pile; the task went on as usual slowly, without zeal, because it had to be done; a compulsory work without interest; only the gaiety of the Group remained even under the gauntlet of military discipline. The fourth day I divided the mass; I arranged ten work-shops in two camps, five abreast on two lines, and face to face. I ordered each forge to pile behind it the *fascines* as fast as it made them, remarking that at the end of the session, after comparing the ten piles, we should pile together the *fascines* of the five work-shops of each camp collected, and make our estimate.

"Well, the men had hardly got to working, before you might appreciate the influence of this arrangement. First, on each side well defined emulation, between those groups which worked next to each other. Great emulation of each work-shop with its opposite of the other camp, and rivalry *en masse* of the five work-

shops of one camp against the five work-shops of another. In every work-shop there was lively excitement; they criticised each other; they gave challenges from one group to another, and the internal rivalries of the work-shops on one side did not prevent them from encouraging each other against the other side. They made *fascines* that day!

"That passed on the bare glacis under the sun of July, a real African sun, blazing direct upon their heads. The rest of the company were employed in the shade. None asked to leave from the *fascines*. The enthusiasm lasted two hours. The rivalry was sustained during the third, but the work sensibly declined. The sweat was pouring from them.

"The next day, the same result. During these two days of emulation, we did twice as much as during the three days before. The piles of *fascines* witnessed for it. My companions of the regiment testified to the fact.

"I might fill a volume with the observations which I have had occasion to make upon the work of our companies. The detailed analysis of the products of our industry during the single week of which we have first spoken would already be very long, and highly confirmatory of the calculations of the theory of the Series."

[NOTE. I have cited examples of rivalry in harmonic development. Every battle, by sea or land, presents examples of the same passion in its subversive development, applied to destruction; but however subversive they may be, they do not less prove the vigor and energy of the impulse.]

II.

"It is for Humanity, whose origin is Divine, to discern truth from error. Nature is its servant."—*Pythagoras*.

The mother passion of rivalry, as well as ambition, which civilization has also the property of developing subversively nine times out of ten, has come in for a large share of the wrath of moralists, the born enemies of all the passions, but friends of the society which obstructs and perverts their action, drawing from it only monstrosities and honors instead of the brilliant modulations for which they are reserved.

In reference to the passional stimulus which we are now studying, I ask you, and I would ask it of a child: Would God have created this stimulus, would he have implanted it so carefully in all human souls, if he had not calculated on an employment proportional to its power? And this power, so general, so acknowledged; this vivid emulation to which you find the child, the man, the woman, and even the ged so susceptible; this force which springs out from our very organization in all our social contact, is it a mo-

tive spring which God has created for nothing, or for evil? The idea is absurd, and if you recognize that this force of rivalry, when it comes to proclaim itself in action, arouses among laborers the reasoning enthusiasm, the desperation of the gambler, the ardor of the soldier, why do you not seek to provide for it useful, harmonic, humanitarian employments?

Since man is destined to work, and since you find in him powerful causes of excitement, how can you fail to understand these have been bestowed upon him for a final end of labor? If God destined man to act upon his globe, and to rule the creation, must he not have placed in him the springs and means for that action? Henceforth, who can mistake the final, providential use of Emulation?

This passion, so general and so vivid, is called to play a great part in the mechanism of the Series. It is to it that we shall owe the progressive perfection and refinement of all the products of industry, art and science; classifications every where distinct and clear; the desperate perseverance of the groups in their operations; the activity of criticism; the industrial enthusiasm of laborers; and many other effects of harmony not yet imagined, which we shall hereafter indicate. Thus nature wills that it should develop itself vividly in the series.

In a series, whatever be its functions, if regularly formed, two groups contiguous in the scale give products nearly resembling and almost identical. How could you wish that these groups should accord, and that a warm industrial jealousy should not arise between them? Such a result is indispensable.

In each group we stand between two fires; we have an enemy on the right, we have an enemy on the left. There are two games played at the same time, and this composite game is reproduced all along the scale. Each must assert himself.

Thus in the series, or *natural scale of the classification of labors*, each term makes discord with its two neighbors, as in the gamut, or *natural scale of musical sounds*; or as two consecutive shades in the prism or natural scale of colors, make discord between themselves. Observe that I say *shades*. A series, therefore, is a gamut, and like the musical gamut, it should have the property of forming accords, discords, and all the varied modulations included in Harmony.

The series being the basis of social harmony, as the gamut is the basis of the harmony of sounds, as the solar spectrum is the basis of the harmony of colors, it is absolutely essential that we should make a special dissection of this

mechanism, and we entreat the continued attention of the reader to the chapters which terminate this book. It is the only point which requires study, and the question is fundamental. Whoever understands the Series, understands the whole thing.

This, then, is the great discovery of Fourier. The Series: but that is very simple, very easy, very natural. . . Yes, it is in truth natural, entirely natural. . . would you rather it should have been otherwise? And do you think it to be regretted that social and universal truth should not be far-fetched, obscure, and unintelligible, like metaphysics?

Listen to two words of Fourier on this question.

"I ought to anticipate an objection which will not fail to be addressed to me on the subject of the new domestic order, which I have called a series of groups. It will be said that the invention of such an order was child's play, and its arrangements mere sports. Little matters it, so that they attain their end, which is to produce Industrial Attraction, and to draw us by the bait of pleasure to till the soil which is now a punishment for the well-born. Its laborious functions justly inspire us with disgust, and the educated man is reduced to suicide when the plough becomes his only resource. This disgust will be completely surmounted by the intense industrial attraction produced by the Series, of which I am about to speak.

"If the arrangements of this order rest on calculations so simple, it is a signal benefit of Providence which has willed that the science most important to our happiness, should be the easiest to acquire. Henceforth, to reproach the theory of the series with its extreme simplicity, will involve two inconsistencies: first, the criticism of Providence on account of the facility which it has attached to the calculation of our destinies; second, the criticism of the civilizes on the heedlessness which has caused their failure in the most simple and useful of calculations.

"If it is a child's study, then our learned men are below children, not to to have discovered what required such feeble intelligences; and such is the common fault of the civilizes, who, blown up with scientific pretension, leap ten times beyond their mark, and become, through excess of science, incapable of seizing the simple and easy processes of nature.

"There has been no more striking proof of this than that afforded by the stirrup, an invention so simple that every child could have made it; it was, however, three thousand years before the stirrup was invented. Horsemen of old times

got prodigiously fatigued, they were subjected to grave maladies for want of stirrups, and all along the roads they placed posts to assist in getting on the horse's back. At this recital, every one is astonished at the heedlessness of the ancients,—a heedlessness which lasted fifty ages, although the smallest child might have seen what was needed. We shall soon see that the human race has committed, on the subject of the Series, the same blunder, and that the least amount of learning would have sufficed to discover this little calculation. Since it is seized at last, every thing the critics may say on its simplicity will be, I repeat it, a satire on themselves, and on the learned ages which have failed of it."

Let us add, that if it were a simple thing to attain the idea of the series, either by deductions of reason or by concession to nature and instinct, there was not the less needed a grand force of creative genius to calculate in advance the combinations and relations of the Series and their terms, and to determine their laws *a priori*. The fundamental idea of all science is always a clear and limpid truth. What can be clearer than the idea of *attraction*, on which astronomy now entirely pivots?

The object of this book not being to dig out the science and penetrate its ramifications, but only to expose the discovery of Fourier, to cause it to be understood and accepted, we shall content ourselves with giving, on the relations and the laws of the Series, only such generalities as are necessary for understanding the associative mechanism. We shall occupy ourselves with this in a subsequent chapter. Let us only state in concluding this, that we have now introduced into our industrial organization the *development of emulation*, which constitutes the third special condition of attraction.

To be Continued.

GIVE ME THE HAND.

BY GOODWIN BARMBY.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind, and ready;
Give me the clasp that is calm, true and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me its grasp, that I aye may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman!
Hard is the hand of the rough sturdy yeoman!
Soft palm or hard hand it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever!

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has harmed not another;
Give me the hand that has never forsworn it;
Give me its grasp that I may adore it.
Lovely the palm of the fair blue-veined maiden!
Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen!
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze, and unshackled by party;
Let friendship give me the grasps that become her;

Close as the twine of the vines of the summer.
Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has wronged not another;

Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.

LETTER FROM MR. BRISBANE

IN RELATION TO A PRACTICAL TRIAL OF ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

DEAR SIR:—A constant reference is made by the opponents of Association, or a Combined Order of Society, to the failure of some of the small trials which have been made to reduce the theory to practice, as a proof of its falseness and impracticability.

Allow me to answer this objection, and state that the conditions of anything like a fair trial have not as yet been secured in this country or Europe, and that consequently, in the judgment of candid men, the theory should not be condemned on account of any imperfect attempts which have been made to realize it.

To organize an Association properly, two things are necessary:

1st. CAPITAL. 2d. SCIENCE.

The lowest amount of capital, with which an Association should be begun is, I estimate, about \$400,000. (In a pamphlet published a few years since, I said \$200,000; but at that time the labor market was depressed, and the workmen would readily have taken half their pay in stock, which would have rendered the latter amount equal to the former as to the actual results.)

The capital itself should not be employed. It should be invested in undoubted securities, and the income only be used—and for this reason.

Association is a new thing, far more so than was the steamboat when Fulton undertook it. It exists only in theory, with scarcely any experience in the Past to direct us in applying it practically.—To make a successful trial, to embody the theory in practice, will require deep Science, aided by the experience gained in progressive experimenting. Success should not be staked upon one trial, and the capital consequently should not be used in making a single experiment. It may require several experiments, or at least successive modifications, to perfect the organization and bring it to completeness.

Let the founders therefore invest the capital and operate upon a fixed and permanent income. With such an income to sustain them and afford them the means of repairing any mistakes, and of continuing their work with the experience which they acquire, they could defy a failure. But one exception to the using of the capital might be admitted. It is this: for the purchase of the domain, the tools, implements, furniture, etc. at the time of the reception of the members, 25 per cent. of the capital might be withdrawn and applied to these objects. Say, approximately, \$50,000 to the domain, and \$50,000 to the implements, etc.

Let us suppose that the capital is obtained and safely invested; how should

the practical organization be conducted? The following is the plan I propose:

The material organization, in which I include the laying out of the domain, the preparation of the fields, gardens and fruit orchards, the erection of the edifices and the execution of other industrial works, should be done by hired laborers, under the direction of the founders; the families should not be introduced until all this is completed. A body of well-selected laborers, say about a hundred—three-fourths agriculturists, and the balance mechanics—the best men that could be found in their line, should be employed; one or two superior agriculturists and able master-mechanics should be engaged to oversee and direct their labors.

As it is not to be expected that a thorough knowledge of the Science of Association and a thorough practical knowledge of agriculture and mechanics, can be found united in the same persons, it will be necessary to combine these two branches of knowledge in two sets of men. While the practical men, or agriculturists, would see that the domain was laid out according to the most improved methods now known in agriculture, the scientific founders would see that the whole was arranged and distributed according to what we call technically the *Serial Order*, or in other words, that the Organization of Industry and the architectural arrangements were made strictly according to the Associative Science. The founders would direct the practical overseers, who in turn would direct their body of laborers.

The workmen selected would proceed to the domain, where they would commence the task of bringing it under a proper state of cultivation. They would lay out the fields, gardens and meadows, plant the fruit orchards and prepare the green-houses, and commence the construction of the edifices.

About four years, it may be estimated, would be required to prepare the Material Organization, that is, to bring the domain into a proper state of cultivation, and complete the buildings. All this is to be done, it is to be remembered, by hired laborers, directed by the most experienced practical men that can be found in present society, with perfect method and unity of action, and by a unitary scientific direction. During the transitional period of organization, nothing should be left to the caprice of individuals, free to work as they choose, nor to a numerous assembly of directors, with different degrees of knowledge of the Associative Science, and with consequently conflicting views and opinions. A failure would be the result of such an incoherent management. When the organization was completed, the members would enter.

To unite a body of families upon a domain, and leave them to build up the Association, is a wrong procedure, as much so as if a capitalist, who wishes to build and conduct a manufactory, should bring the operatives together who were to work in it, and set them to putting up the walls and constructing the machinery. The manufactory should first be put up, and the machinery and all its parts be set in operation, and the operatives then brought in.

In the Associations which have heretofore been started, the families have first come together, and then begun the difficult work of organization. Great devo-

tion and a noble enthusiasm have been shown, but many failures have taken place. Such a course must be avoided in a serious scientific trial. The material organization is, so to say, the body; the members are the soul, or the moral element. The body must be organized before the moral element can operate harmoniously in it. The garden of Eden, for example, was made before Adam was placed in it.

Much valuable experience could be obtained by the founders, with the laborers during the four years that they were preparing the Association. For this reason the best class of laborers, the most intelligent, should be selected and employed. Association contemplates an entire new System of Organization of Agriculture, as different from the present system as railroads are from the old modes of travelling. Some parts of this new mechanism might be tried with the hired laborers, and many ideas obtained for future guidance.

When the members are received the laborers should not be discharged, but a majority retained; they would form, so to say, the bones or muscles of the industrial groups; they would secure the prosecution of those branches of work, which in the commencement could not be rendered attractive, or were neglected, and would maintain in all cases the general prosperity of the place. The first year or two after the members enter will form a second transitional period; and during this period, while the different functions and branches of Industry are being organized, the members attracted to and engaged in them by the various incentives which can be connected with industry, and the social ties consolidated, the want will be felt of a regular working force, still under the direction of the founders, who will preside in part over the infant Association, until it can go alone.

The number of persons requisite for an Association on a small scale, such as is here contemplated, is about four hundred, exclusive of the hired laborers.

The great practical end to be attained in Association is to render *Industry Attractive*, or at least sufficiently so to induce people to work rather than to remain idle. The means made use of in present society to induce the mass to labor are want and the fear of starvation. These vile incentives cannot be employed in the Combined Order, based upon integral Liberty—industrial as well as political. Nobler incentives must be resorted to, and it will require probably two or three years to create and establish these incentives, form the industrial Series, and initiate the people into the refined System of Combined Industry. Capital will be required, after the members have entered, to make various improvements and modifications which practice will point out, and as the members may not, during this transitional period, produce enough to support themselves, to make up any deficiencies. The income from the capital will be on hand to meet all these demands, and thus guarantee the existence of the Association in its infancy.

But let us suppose that the first experiment is a failure; that we have not been able to make the external or material organization conform to the nature of man, and adapt the external arrangements to the play of the affections or passions, so

as to insure them a useful employment and true action, and render *Industry Attractive*. Let us suppose this takes place; we are not ruined by the failure of this first experiment; our capital is untouched; we have gained experience; we can "shut down the gates," modify more or less profoundly our organization, and make a second trial: if we failed a second time, we would try a third, and if a third, a fourth. If we found even that the plan of organization, in which we now have faith, would not answer the purpose, we would abandon it, and try some other, or devise a new one. Operating upon a permanent income, we could, I repeat, defy a failure—provided Association is compatible with the nature of man—and that it is, can be demonstrated, beyond doubt or denial, by positive laws. But how can any one, who has faith in God and the universality of His Providence, doubt that a system of *dignified, attractive and voluntary Industry* is the Destiny of Man, instead of the present system of *repugnant, dishonorable and coerced labor*—and that industrial Association is the realization in the social polity of mankind of the idea of the Unity and Brotherhood of the Race?

If the conditions which I have here laid down, could be realized, a fair experiment made, and a failure the result, then the opponents of Association would have some legitimate reasons, such as candid and impartial men might appeal to, for proclaiming the theory a fallacy. And yet a failure, even under such circumstances, would be no positive proof; for in the first place I have supposed the smallest amount of capital possible for such an undertaking, too small in fact—and in the next place the founders may not possess a thorough knowledge of the Science.

When a sufficient amount of capital and a thorough knowledge of the *Associative Science* are combined, Association will be demonstrated practically, and the world convinced of its truth—convinced at the same time that the present system of society, with its isolated families, repugnant industry, conflict of interests, poverty and ignorance, is not the Destiny of Man.

How can the above capital be obtained? In several ways. I will point out one: If four hundred persons in the United States can be sufficiently interested in the cause to subscribe each, upon an average, \$1,000 to the fund, we have the amount. The money should be invested by a Committee chosen by the subscribers; the interest only should be used, and the principal could be returned to the subscribers at the end, say, of ten years. This would be long enough to allow a series of experiments, if necessary, and to conduct the Association through its infancy or transitional period. As interest upon the capital during this time, the subscribers would receive stock in the Association.

The Science which the world now wants above all others, is the Science which will feed, clothe, and educate the poor and ignorant millions throughout the earth; this is the preliminary to real progress and future elevation. Association is that Science; it is only by Association, with its immensely increased production, its equitable division of profits, and the guaranty of education to every child, without exception—the best education that society can give—that this

result can be obtained. Would it not be well worth while for four hundred persons in easy circumstances to risk \$1,000 each, or rather the income of it, to make a real scientific experiment, which may produce a thousand-fold more good than millions now devoted to incoherent and fragmentary acts of benevolence?

I will close with remarking that the statements made by the Press, that the system has been fairly tried and failed, are utterly false. The largest amount of cash capital with which any Association has been begun in this country, is \$0,000. In France two small experiments were attempted. In one case—at *Conde sur Vegres*—the land was bought, and the plantations in part begun, when subscriptions, which were expected from without, did not come, and the operation was suspended. In the other—at *Cîteaux*—the gentleman who undertook it, met with some very heavy losses in the ordinary channels of business, just after he had purchased the place, and he was obliged to suspend. In a word, there has not been an approach even to a fair experiment. Yours truly, A. BRISBANE.

REVIEW.

A Sermon of the Dangerous Classes in Society. Preached at the Melodeon on January 31st. By THEODORE PARKER. Boston: C. & J. M. Spear, 40 Cornhill. 1817. pp. 48.

Our readers are always glad to be put in possession of the original and stirring thoughts of this intrepid advocate of social reform. Not that Mr. Parker claims to be an Associationist, technically speaking; but his deep insight into the falseness and corruption of the present order of society, leads him to anticipate the period when the law of justice and love will be applied to all the relations of life. This is the essential object aimed at by the Associationists; and its realization will no doubt be hastened by such bold and vigorous criticisms as we are accustomed to look for from the biting pen of Mr. Parker. But we did not intend to notice this Discourse at length, but to present such copious extracts, as we are sure will interest and gratify our readers.

The question, What is done by Civilization with the stragglers on the great social march, is thus answered.

"In most large Families there is a Bad Boy a black sheep in the flock, an Ishmael whom Abraham will drive out into the wilderness, to meet an angel if he can find one. That story of Hagar and her son is very old, but verified anew each year in families and nations. So in Society there are Criminals who do not keep up with the moral advance of the mass, stragglers from the march, whom Society treats as Abraham his base-born boy—but sending them off with no loaf nor skin of water, not even a blessing but a curse; sending them off as Cain went—with a bad name and a mark on their foreheads! So in the World there are Inferior Nations, savage, barbarous, half-civilized; some are inferior in nature, some perhaps only

behind us in development; on a lower form in the great school of Providence—Negroes, Indians, Mexicans, Irish, and the like, whom the world treats as Ishmael and the Gibeonites got treated; now their land is stolen from them in war; their children, or their persons, are annexed to the Strong as Slaves. The Civilized continually prey on the Savage, re-annexing their territory and stealing their persons—owning them or claiming their work. Esau is rough and hungry, Jacob smooth and well fed. The smooth man overreaches the rough; buys his birthright for a mess of pottage; takes the ground from underneath his feet, thereby supplanting his brother. So the elder serves the younger, and the fresh civilization, strong and sometimes it may be wicked also, overmasters the ruder age that is contented to stop. The young man now a Barbarian will come up one day and take all our places, making us seem ridiculous, nothing but timid conservatives!

"Now all these three, the reputed Pests of the Family, Society, and the World are but loiterers from the march, bad boys, or dull ones. Criminals are a class of such; savages are nations thereof—classes or nations that for some cause do not keep up with the movement of Mankind. The same human nature is in us all, only there it is not so highly developed. Yet the bad boy, who to-day is a curse to the mother that bore him, would perhaps have been accounted brave and good in the days of the Conquerer; the dangerous class might have fought in the Crusades and been reckoned soldiers of the Lord, whose chance for Heaven was most auspicious. The savage nations would have been thought civilized in the days when 'there was no smith in Israel.' David would make a sorry figure amongst the present kings of Europe, and Abraham would be judged of by a standard not known in his time. There have been many centuries in which the Pirate, the Land-Robber and the Murderer were thought the greatest of men.

"Now it becomes a serious question what shall be done for these Stragglers, or even with them. It is sometimes a terrible question to the Father and Mother what they shall do for their reprobate Son who is an offence to the neighborhood, a shame, a reproach, and a heart-burning to them. It is a sad question to Society, What shall be done with the Criminals, Thieves, Housebreakers, Pirates, Murderers. It is a serious question to the World, What is to become of the humbler nations—Irish, Mexicans, Malays, Indians, Negroes.

"In the World and in Society the question is answered in about the same way. In a low civilization, the instinct of self-preservation is the strongest of all. They are done with, not for; are done away with. It is the Old Testament answer—the Inferior Nation is hewn to pieces, the Strong possess their lands, their cities, their cattle, their persons, also, if they will; the class of Criminals gets the Prophet's curse—the two Bears, the Jail, and the Gallows, eat them up. In the Family alone is the Christian answer given; the good shepherd goes forth to seek the one sheep that has strayed and gone lost upon the mountains; the Father goes out after the poor prodigal, whom the swine's meet could not feed nor fill. The World, which is the Society of Nations, and Society, which is the Family of Classes, still belong mainly to the 'old dispensation,' Heathen or Hebrew, the Period of Force. In the Family there is a certain instinctive love binding the

Parent to the Child, and therefore a certain Unity of Action growing out of that love. So the Father feels his kinship to his boy, though a reprobate, looks for the causes of his son's folly or sin, and strives to cure him; at least to do something for him, not merely with him. The spirit of Christianity comes into the Family, but the recognition of Human Brotherhood stops mainly there. It does not reach throughout Society; it has little influence on national Politics or international Law—on the affairs of the World taken as a whole. I know the Idea of Human Brotherhood has more influence now than hitherto; I think in New England it has a wider scope, a higher range, and works with far more power than elsewhere. Our hearts bleed for the starving thousands of Ireland, whom we only read of; for the down-trodden Slave, though of another race and dyed by Heaven with another hue; yes, for the Savage and the suffering every where. The hand of our charity goes through every land. If there is one quality for which the men of New England may be proud it is this—their sympathy with suffering Man. Still we are far from the Christian ideal. We still drive out of Society the Ishmaels and Esaus. This we do not so much from ill-will as want of thought, but thereby we lose the strength of these outcasts. So much water runs over the dam—wasted and wasting!"

Love, True Christianity, Sound Wisdom, take a different method.

"The other is the Method of Love, and of Wisdom not the less. Force may hide, and even silence effects for a time; it removes not the real causes of evil. By the Method of Love and Wisdom the Parents remove the causes; they do not tie the Demoniac, they cast out the Demon, not by letting in Beelzebub, the Chief Devil, but by the finger of God. They redress the child's folly and evil birth by their own wisdom and good breeding. The Day drives out and off the Night.

"Sometimes you see that worthy parents have a weak and sickly child, feeble in body. No pains are too great for them to take in behalf of the faint and feeble one. What self-denial of the father; what sacrifice on the mother's part! The best of medical skill is procured; the tenderest watching is not spared. No outlay of money, time, or sacrifice is thought too much to save the child's life; to insure a firm constitution and make that life a blessing. The able-bodied children can take care of themselves, but not the weak. So the affection of father and mother centres on this sickly child. By extraordinary attention the feeble becomes strong; the deformed is transformed, and the grown man, strong and active, blesses his mother for health not less than life.

"Did you ever see a Robin attend to her immature and callow child which some heedless or wicked boy had stolen from the nest, wounded and left on the ground, half-living, left to perish? Patiently she brings food and water, gives it kind nursing. Tenderly she broods over it all night upon the ground, sheltering its tortured body from the cold air of night and morning's penetrating dew. She perils herself; never leaves it, not till life is gone. That is Nature; the Strong protecting the Feeble. Human nature may pause and consider the fowls of the air, whence the Greatest once drew his lessons. Human history, spite of all its tears and blood, is full of beauty and majestic worth. But it shows few things so fair as

the Mother watching over her sickly and deformed child, feeding him with her own life. What if she forewent her native instinct and the mother said, 'My Boy is deformed, a cripple, let him die!' Where would be the more hideous deformity?

"If his child be dull, slow-witted, what pains will a good father take to instruct him; still more if he is vicious, born with a low organization, with bad propensities, what admonitions will he administer; what teachers will he consult; what expedient will he try; what prayers will he not pray for his stubborn and rebellious son! Though one experiment fail, he tries another, and then again, reluctant to give over! Did it never happen to one of you to be such a Child, to have outgrown that rebellion and wickedness! Remember the pains taken with you; remember the agony your mother felt; the shame that bowed your father's head so oft and brought such bitter tears adown those venerable cheeks. You cannot pay for that agony, that shame, not pay the hearts that burst with both, yet uttering only a prayer for you. Pay it back then, if you can, to others like yourself, stubborn and rebellious sons.

"Has none of you ever been such a Father or Mother? You know then the sad yearnings of heart which tried you. The World condemned you and your wicked child, and said, 'Let the Elders stone him with stones. The Gallows waiteth for its own!' Not so you! You said: 'Nay, now wait a little. Perchance the boy will mend. Come, I will try again. Crush him not utterly and a Father's heart beside!' The more he was wicked, the more assiduous were you for his recovery, for his elevation. You saw that he would not keep up with the moral march of men; that he was a Barbarian, a Savage, yes, almost a Beast amongst men. You saw this; yes felt it too as none others felt. Yet you could not condemn him wholly and without hope. You saw some good mixed with his evil; some causes for the evil and excuses for it which others were blind to. Because you mourned most you pitied most, all from the abundance of your love. Though even in your highest hour of prayer, the sad conviction came that work or prayer was all in vain, you never gave him over to the world's reproach, but interposed your fortune, character, yes, your own person to take the blows which the severe and tyrannous world kept laying on. At last, if he would not repent, you hid him away, the best you could, from the mocking sight of other men, but never shut him from your heart; never from remembrance in your deepest prayers. How the whole family suffers for the Prodigal till he returns. When he comes back, why you rejoice over one recovered Olive-Plant more than over all the trees of your field which no storm has ever broke or bowed. How you went forth to meet him; with what joy rejoiced! 'For this my son was lost and is found,' says the old man; 'He was dead and is alive once more. Let us pray and be glad!' With what a serene and hallowed countenance you met your friends and neighbors, as their glad heart smiled up in their faces when the Prodigal came home from riot and swine's-bread, a new man safe and sound! Many such things have I seen and hearts long cold grew bright and warm again. Towards evening the clouds broke asunder; Simeon saw his consolation and went home in sunlight and in peace.

"The general result of this treatment in the Family, is that the Dull Boy learns by degrees,

learns what he is fit for; the Straggler joins the troop, and keeps step with the rest, nay, sometimes becomes the leader of the march; the Vicious Boy is corrected; even the faults of his organization get overcome, not suddenly, but at length. The rejected stone finds its place on the wall, and its use. Such is not always the result. Some will not be mended. I stop not now to ask the cause; some will not return though you go out to meet them a great way off. What then? will you refuse to go? can you wholly abandon a friend or a child who thus deserts himself? Is he so bad that he cannot be made better? Perhaps 'tis so. Can you not hinder him from being worse? Are you so good that you must forsake him? Did not God send his greatest, noblest, purest son to seek and save the lost; send him to call sinners to repent? When sinners slew him, did God forsake Mankind? Not one of those sinners did his love forget.

"Does the good physician spend the night in feasting with the sound or in watching with the sick? Nay, though the sick man be past all hope, he will look in to soothe affliction which he cannot cure, at least to speak a word of friendly cheer. The wise teacher spends most pains with backward boys, and is most bountiful where Nature seems most niggard in her gifts. What would you say if a teacher refused to help a boy because the boy was slow to learn; because he now and then broke through the rules? What if the mother said: 'My boy is a sickly dunce, not worth the pains of rearing. Let him die!' What if the Father said: 'He is born a villain, to be bred for the gallows; what use to toil or pray for him! Let the Hangman take my son.'"

SOCIETY, itself, causes much of the CRIME which it PUNISHES. This has been considered as a dangerous, disorganizing, Jacobinical doctrine. But, it is true, nevertheless. Our inference from it is, that the present order of society is abhorrent to the will of God, and that he is teaching us by all sorts of scourges to exercise obedience to the divine social code, which is "from everlasting to everlasting." Mr. Parker thus graphically describes the influence of our social institutions.

"The Criminals from Circumstances become what they are by the action of causes which may be ascertained, guarded against, mitigated, and at last overcome and removed. These men are born of poor parents, and find it difficult to satisfy the natural wants of food, clothing, and shelter. They get little culture, intellectual or moral. The School-house is open—but the parent does not send the children, he wants their services—to beg for him, perhaps to steal, it may be to do little services which lie within their power. Besides, the child must be ill-clad, and so a mark is set on him. The Boy of the Perishing Classes, with but common endowments, cannot learn at school as one of the Thrifty or Abounding Class. Then he receives no stimulus at home; there every thing discourages his attempts. He cannot share the pleasure and sport of his youthful fellows. His dress, his uncleanly habits, the result of misery, forbid all that. So the children of the Perishing herd together, ignorant, ill-fed, and miserably clad. You do not find the sons of this Class in your Colleges, in your High Schools where all

is free for the people; few even in the Grammar Schools; few in the Churches. Though born into the nineteenth century after Christ, they grow up almost in the barbarism of the nineteenth century before him. Children that are blind and deaf, though born with a superior organization, if left to themselves, become only savages, little more than animals. What are we to expect of children, born indeed with eyes and ears, but yet shut out from the culture of the age they live in? In the corruption of a city, in the midst of its intenser life—what wonder that they associate with crime, that the moral instinct, baffled and cheated of its due, becomes so powerless in the boy or girl; what wonder that Reason never gets developed there; nor Conscience nor that blessed Religious Sense learns ever to assert its power? Think of the temptations that beset the boy;—those yet more revolting which address the other sex. Opportunities for crime continually offer. Want impels, Desire leagues with opportunity—and the result we know. Add to all this the curse that creates so much disease, poverty, wretchedness, and so perpetually begets crime—I mean Intemperance! That is almost the only pleasure of the Perishing Class. What recognized amusement have they but this—of drinking themselves drunk? Do you wonder at this? with no air, nor light, nor water; with scanty food and a miserable dress; with no culture,—living in a cellar or a garret, crowded, stifling, and offensive to the rudest sense—do you wonder that man or woman seeks a brief vacation of misery in the dram-shop and in its drunkenness? I wonder not. Under such circumstances how many of you would have done better? To suffer continually from lack of what is needful for the natural bodily wants—of food, of shelter, of warmth—that suffering is Misery. It is not too much to say there are always in this city thousands of persons who smart under that misery. They are indeed a Perishing Class.

"Now almost all our criminals,—Victims and Foes, come from this portion of Society. Most of those born with an organization that is predisposed to crime are born there. The laws of nature are unavoidably violated from generation to generation. Unnatural results must follow. The misfortunes of the father are visited on his miserable child. Cows and sheep degenerate when the demands of nature are not met,—and men degenerate not less. Only the low, animal instincts, those of self-defence and self-perpetuation, get developed,—these with preternatural force. The animal man wakes, becomes brutish while the spiritual element sleeps within him. Unavoidably then the Perishing is mother of the Dangerous Class.

"I deny not that a portion of Criminals come from other sources—but at least nine-tenths thereof proceed from this quarter. Of 273,818 criminals punished in France from 1825 to 1839, more than half were wholly unable to read, and had been brought up subject to no family affections. Out of 70 criminals in one prison at Glasgow who were under eighteen, 50 were orphans having lost one or both parents, and nearly all the rest had parents of bad character and reputation. Taking all the criminals in England and Wales in 1841, there were not eight in a hundred that could read and write well. In our country, where every body gets a mouthful of education, though scarce any one a full meal, the result is a little different. Thus, of the 790 prisoners in the Mount Pleasant State's Prison in New York, 100 it is said could

read and understand. Yet of all our criminals, only a very small proportion have been in a condition to obtain the average intellectual and moral culture of our times.

"Our present mode of treating criminals does no good to this class of men, these Victims of Circumstances. I do not know that their improvement is even contemplated. We do not ask what causes made this man a criminal and then set ourselves to remove those causes. We look only at the crime; so we punish practically a man because he had a wicked father; because his education was neglected, and he exposed to the baneful influence of unholy men. In the main, we treat all criminals alike if guilty of the same offence—though the same act denotes very different degrees of criminality in the different men, and the same punishment is attended with quite opposite results. Two men commit similar crimes,—we sentence them both to the State's Prison for ten years. At the expiration of one year, let us suppose one man has thoroughly reformed and has made strict and solemn resolutions to pursue an honest and useful life. I do not say such a result is to be expected from such treatment; still it is possible, and I think has happened, perhaps many times. We do not discharge the man; we care nothing for his penitence; nothing for his improvement; we keep him nine years more. That is an injustice to him; we have robbed him of nine years of time—which he might have converted into life. It is unjust also to Society which needs the presence and the labor of all that can serve. The man has been a burthen to himself and to us. Suppose at the expiration of his ten years the other man is not reformed at all; this result, I fear, happens in the great majority of cases. He is no better for what he has suffered—we know that he will return to his career of crime, with new energy and with even malice. Still he is discharged. This is unjust to him, for he cannot bear the fresh exposure to circumstances which corrupted him at first, and he will fall lower still. It is unjust to Society, for the property and the persons of all are exposed to his passions just as much as before. He feels indignant, as if he had suffered a wrong. He says, 'Society has taken vengeance on me, when I was to be pitied more than blamed. Now I will have my turn. They will not allow me to live by honest toil. I will learn their lesson. I will plunder their wealth, their roof shall blaze!' He will live at the expense of Society, and in the way least profitable and most costly to Mankind. This idle Savage will levy destructive contributions on the rich, the thrifty, and the industrious. Yes, he will help teach others the wickedness which himself once, and perhaps unavoidably learned. So in the very bosom of Society, there is a horde of bold marauders waging perpetual war against Mankind."

Friends! can you hear such statements made, without a blush at the cowardly contentedness with which these sufferings are borne! Here they are in the very midst of us, festering at the heart of society, spreading pollution, wretchedness and death, throughout every circle,—and where are our mighty men of renown, our heavenly-minded divines, our grave and mighty judges, our venerated leaders of public opinion and public morality? Taking their after-dinner naps in profound easy chairs of cut velvet, and

curling their dainty nostrils in a sneer at every earnest effort for social reform. Thank Heaven for the few exceptions, like the great and fearless author of this Discourse.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1847.

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 GROUNDS OF ASSOCIATION IN THE NATURE OF MAN.—NO. II.

In the Harbinger of the 8th inst. we commenced the analysis of the springs of action in man. We saw that these springs, or "passions" in the language of Fourier, are but the ramifications of one central unitary Attraction, which is the very essence of the Soul, into successive series of more and more special attractions, always of a determinate number. We saw that the first division was into Three, in accordance with the three-fold relation of every soul: to the material world or *things*, to the social world or *persons*, and to the mathematical order and distribution or *series*; and we unfolded the first of those branches into the five lesser branches which meet in it, into the attractions or passions which lie at the foundation of the five senses. We now proceed to the second branch:

II. THE FOUR AFFECTIVE PASSIONS.

The essence of the Human Soul is Love, since "God is Love," in whom we live and have our being. This in its unity is Religion, the harmonious blending of all the special impulses or loves of man into one purest, unitary, universal sentiment, one mighty hunger of the soul for God. But in the manifold relations of the soul's life in time, during the *existence* of this essence in the body, this central, undivided Love takes various directions, is modified or refracted, as it were, into sentiments of various special hue and tone, and undergoes the transformation of various spheres. The love to God becomes the love to Man, our chiefest medium of access to Him.

This love to Man, this divine fire of attraction towards human sympathies, this impulse to complete our own being in others and to realize the boundless ambition to *be* all, by free bonds of unity with all; this which holds us together and constitutes the encompassing atmosphere and invisible electric attraction or magnetism of all social spheres, whether of the friendly circle, or the sacred conjugal tie, or the blessed sympathies of

home, or the corporate unions in which Honor reigns; this which gave origin to the phrase "the Human Family," and which keeps up the nominal, soon to become a real union, the "Brotherhood of Humanity;" this, we say, is not a simple, single, but a manifold attraction. It urges men to four great centres, and four sorts of union, and becomes a peculiar sentiment in each,—in each a love of quite distinct and characteristic tone and hue.

1. The simplest form it takes is that of overflowing kindness and good will to any and to all; the disposition to be united in good understanding and familiar, generous trust with others, without regard to distinctions of age, sex, rank, and so forth. That state of genial, ready sympathies, and universal cordiality, which we call *FRIENDSHIP* in its more limited applications; and Social Feeling, Philanthropy, Charity, as its circle widens and its spirit grows more large. In its most complete expression it is the Love of Humanity, the sublime sentiment which Christ taught and lived. This certainly is the corner-stone of the temple, when we speak of social impulses. This, musically speaking, is the key-note of the scale. All the others are but variations and diversions proceeding forth from this, and always looking back to it. This is the social impulse in its most general sense, without distinction.

The law of Friendship is equality; it tends to confusion of ranks and merging of distinctions. Its tone is that of free familiarity; one is as good as another; and its type is the circle, in which all points are equally removed from the centre. It may be general or special, and is always the result of a common attraction acting upon a number of persons, as where some special pursuit, or taste, or pleasure unites many for the time and makes of them a group. In its most general form, we see it in the free, generous trust and mutual confidence of childhood and of youth, at which age life is altogether democratic.

2. Next comes the distinction of Sex. To Friendship follows another sentiment, called Love, wherein one soul, completing its own being in another, becomes more capable of the exalted forms of Friendship, of love to all humanity, and great devotion of its life to the most High. By a strange law of being, which may be termed the contact of extremes, this most private, individual, and exclusive of man's affections is to the most of men the first awakening of a feeling of the Infinite, the exaltation of the soul above itself. By this romantic passion, the rudest mortal, who is of the earth, earthy, is surprised into disinterestedness, and made spiritual in spite of himself. It is

a natural revelation, this sentiment, and has nourished the religious capacity in souls condemned to baser spheres, whose education otherwise is all worldly. If Friendship was the key note, this forms with it the beautiful accord of the Third, in music; the accord most sweet to all ears, whose use too is most frequent in the music of love, it being the soul and origin of the Duett. Note here a curious correspondence, showing how one law pervades the spiritual and the material. In the middle ages the same religion, which frowned on natural pleasure, and made celibates of monks and priests, shunning woman as the tempter, and making it a virtue to renounce beauty, also ruled over the development of the art of music. Music was severely schooled and straightened into strict and learned, artificial styles. Now it is remarkable that in the compositions of those times the beautiful, the natural accord of the Third was excluded by rule, in favor of the more barren Fourths and Fifths. This gentle child, the note of Love, wandered about the world, unhonored and unacknowledged by the church. The sentiment for woman found its expression among the Troubadours, and in the simple melodies of street and field. With the birth of modern freedom and the reassertion of the simple faith and natural emotions of the heart; with purer sentiments for woman, came the great day of modern music, and the reinstatement of the beautiful and expressive Third, now by every theorist and composer esteemed orthodox.

3. But this accord is not complete without the addition to it of the Third above the Third, or the musical Fifth. This makes the perfect common chord, or Triad, the type of all true harmony. So, too, the romantic sentiment of Love is ultimated and perfected in the Parental sentiment, the peculiar feeling of the Family. Paternity or Familism is a new form of the attraction of one soul to others; it is the fond deference of old to young. Think how many of the heart's emotions, how many of the joys, hopes, fears, which checker life and affect its tempo and its harmony, are born of this sentiment, and of the reflected shades and side-gleams which it diffuses through the whole atmosphere of the family, and its extended branches. Curious coincidence again. The key-note and the Fifth, *alone*, without the Third, produce an accord which is barren of expression, giving a waste and dreary feeling, like Marriage without Love, like home and family in which Necessity is the presiding genius and habit the sole bond of union.

4. The tone of sentiment is changed again when the free familiarity and

equality of Friendship, as well as the more partial ties of Love and Family, are overruled by that respect which draws us towards each by virtue of his real rank in the great moral hierarchy. Respect is cold: yet none the less is that feeling which prompts us not to confound distinctions, which commands us to do social justice, an attraction and a bond of union. There is a magnetic charm in all that we esteem superiority, to draw us to itself. There is a love, that takes the names of loyalty, of admiration, of respect, of honor, which is quite distinct from Friendship. This is esteem for all men in their place; it is the natural deference which one class, one rank, one office, one degree, delights to pay to another. At the bottom of it is the great thought of Order. It might almost be called Reverence, than which no sentiment more truly binds men to one another. In its false and inverted action it is restless and exorbitant Ambition, in which, as in Milton's fallen Lucifer, there is always something sublime, something that bespeaks the capacity for a very noble sentiment. Fourier has called this sentiment Ambition or Honorism, adopting the lower name. In a disordered social world, like this, when wars and selfishness and ignorance and crime still reduce Christianity to a name, except in a few humble and prophetic lives, it takes the form of ardent aspiration, of restless, boundless longing and yearning as for an infinite embrace; that uncontainable impulse which lends such fire and depth of meaning to the music of Beethoven.

These four social attractions, considered well, will be found to include all others: Friendship, Love, Familism, and the Corporate Sentiment. One of these four relations always gives the tone to our feelings. It is either as friends and equals, as lovers, as kinsmen, or in some corporate relation that we meet each other always. Hope, fear, pride, jealousy, shame, admiration, and the myriad shades of *passion* in the vulgar sense of the word, always are about some one or more of these four.

Now the five sensitive passions, as we have said, attract the soul towards material harmony; the four affective passions attract in like manner towards social harmony. Yet it is not in the power of either or of both of these two branches, without the intervention of the third branch above named, to create any harmony, or procure a single satisfaction, material or social. Material impressions must not come confusedly and without measure; social ties must be select and not promiscuous. A law of order must preside over the distribution of the respective objects of these two classes of attraction. It is not *all* sights and sounds

and flavors which delight *all* equally. Certain principles of arrangement, of combination and succession, are necessary that these things may present themselves to us harmoniously. "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."

We come then to the third class; and it is sufficient for our present purpose to reproduce a description of them from an earlier number of the Harbinger.

III. THE THREE DISTRIBUTIVE PASSIONS.

"1. 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 desires 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.

"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 difference 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 skillful 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.

"3. To hold the balance betwixt these opposites, there hovers a third one over them. This is the love of alternation, of variety (not discordant,) of contrast. It is what in music is termed modulation,

the shifting from one key to another. The mind continually seeks relief from one enjoyment in its opposite; our taste vibrates between sweet and sour; our ear craves discord in the midst of concord; the lines of beauty, while we note their tendency to meet, begin to flee each other; we admire and criticise by turns. These two poles of unity and variety are thus continually shifted, and life continually begins anew, restless still while seeking rest. This passion he has named more fantastically than either of them, the *Papillonne*, or butterfly propensity, the volatile element in our nature, which flits from pleasure to pleasure, from work to work. It is the great restorative, and keeps all in health; correcting all one-sidedness, and cooling feverish intensity, and preserving the equilibrium of all the faculties."

This completes the series of Twelve, which in their blended and integral action constitute the pivotal and central passion, the entire, religious action of the soul, which Fourier terms *UNITY-ISM*, the love of Universal Unity, which is equivalent to the love of God.

As our end in this discussion is merely practical, to show the grounds of Association in the nature of man, we must content ourselves here with merely indicating two great fields of thought, essential to the completeness of our statement, and passing them by, come at once to the application.

First, it would be important to study the material world, and see how nature reflects again these twelve radical springs of human action in all her forms and distributions; how music, color, vegetable growth, geometric figures, and so forth, all furnish analogies of the same distribution, and thus prove the correspondence of the outward and the inward world.

Secondly, it would be desirable to trace the series of Twelve into its minuter ramifications, and determine the new series of shades of passion, furnishing at last all the elements of varied characters, by which graduated variety in human characters corresponds with graduated variety in all outward objects and the functions which we sustain to them, and universal unity or the complete harmony of man with nature becomes possible.

But these things we leave; and in our next number, shall endeavor to show what social form, or at least what main social conditions, the passions as thus verified, demand, that man may be himself and in his normal state.

SOCIAL RE-ORGANIZATION.—NO. IX.

(Continued from p. 335.)

In our last number under this head, we gave a glimpse at the influences which have so fatally effected the degradation of the laboring classes in Great Britain. We stated that the causes of poverty are not accidental; that they are not incident-

tal to any one country, but that they are a part of the structure of every civilized country in the world, their very informing spirit and moulding genius. We have yet more to urge in this matter. We are determined, if facts, palpable, clear and undoubted as the light of heaven, can awaken the attention of Americans to the condition which awaits our country, that these facts shall not be wanting.

The universal spirit of monopoly, grasping the soil and the fruits of human genius and industry; and the war of competition, maddened to frenzy, by the dogmas and maxims of political economy, with the fearful compression of time and distance which steam navigation and the magnetic telegraph have effected, will accomplish for us in a single day, a work of misery which it took Europe centuries to effect without them. Great Britain is not alone in the disgrace of a degraded, defrauded and outraged laboring population. China has millions of the most abject slaves; India, her dehumanized pariahs; Russia, whose vast possessions complete the semi-circle of the globe, holds a large portion of her population in serfdom. Throughout the remainder of Europe, the condition of laborers is nearly as bad as it is in Great Britain.

The effects of monopoly in Great Britain, in depriving laborers of employment and of free access to the land, may be more oppressive than in most other countries of Europe, but still it will be seen that laborers of the same class, obtain higher wages in Great Britain, than in Belgium or in France. We copy from an article contained in No. 18 of the present volume of this paper.

"Mr. Jelinger Symons, comparing the results of labor in Great Britain with other countries, gives the following weekly rate of wages:

	France & Bel- gium.	In En- gland.	..
First class mechanics,	12s 6d	20s 0d	3s 4d
Second " "	9 0	14 0	2 0
Farm laborers,	6 6	10 0	1 4
Spinning factory do.	6 3	10 6	2 2
men, women, & child'n			

The foregoing would show apparently, that the working population of Great Britain, is better conditioned than that of France and Belgium; but it must be remembered, that as a general rule, the greater number of those in the latter countries who wish employment, can generally obtain it. Not so in Great Britain. She has 2,000,000 of miserable outcasts, who cannot find employment at any price. They belong to the professional classes, and obtain a support by stealing, begging, juggling, prostitution, and crime. Their function is, to illustrate political economy. We give, in addition to the foregoing, a

*.. Difference in favor of England, after adding one-third for greater cost of food.

view, in brief, of the distribution of wealth in several parts of Europe.

In 1812, there were in England, Wales and Scotland, as the returns of the income tax showed, 152,000 persons, possessing each an income of above £50, or \$240 dollars a year; and only 600 persons possessing each above £5,000 a year. Mr. Colquhoun calculates the present number of persons of independent fortunes in Great Britain, of persons who live without labor, at 47,000; and, including bankers, merchants, and others, who unite profits of business with interest of money, 60,000; making with their families, 300,000, who are at their ease. On the other hand, there are 16,800,000 persons living by the chances of daily labor. The paupers, criminals, and vagabonds alone, amount to 1,800,000. In round numbers, to 2,000,000.

In Ireland, with a population of 8,000,000, every third person experiences, during thirty weeks of the year, a deficiency of even third rate potatoes. This is the general condition of the laborers in that unfortunate island. What then must be their fate during the existing famine? Let the London Spectator answer. That paper states, that the various relief committees have reported, (and their report has been admitted by the Cabinet of Ministers,) that the famine now gnawing the bowels of Ireland, will in the term of twelve months, have killed 2,000,000 of people. O, political economy! talisman of the nineteenth century! Civilization's *chef d'œuvre*! In France, out of a population of 33,000,000, 22,000,000 have upon an average, but six cents a day each, to defray all expenses of food, lodging, clothing, and education. It is said that thousands in the autumn, in this beautiful country, retire to the forests, living upon nuts and sleeping upon the dead leaves; this being the best providence which that nation of philosophers and conquerors have been able to make for them.

Count Gasparan, peer of France, says of Sicily, "When the crops are bad, or the prices of grain are low, so that the landlords require it, the misery of the country becomes intense: without means of subsistence for the winter, it is not a rare thing to find peasants starved to death in the fields, with grass in their mouths, from which they had vainly endeavored to draw nourishment."

We might easily obtain statistics in regard to the condition of laborers in the United States, which would show the fearful rapidity with which we are hastening to a like state with Europe; but it is sufficient to allude to the ever-widening gulf between the rich and poor; to the prevailing spirit of monopoly, stock-jobbing and speculation; to the gradual

and constant depression of wages, and the increasing hours of toil; to the continually increasing proportion of those who cannot read and write, notwithstanding the popularity of the free school system; and to the growing number of paupers and criminals, in spite of all that temperance societies, Sunday schools, moral reform, labor reform, and guaranty societies are doing. When we take into account all the influences which have had a counteracting tendency, it will be seen that no nation has ever yet run with such headlong madness, towards an industrial and commercial feudalism, as ours has done. Already there is a contempt for the people, and it is boldly uttered, that questions which most vitally concern them, ought not to be submitted to them for their decision, because that would be reducing the Government to a mere Democracy. If temperance, and such like questions are submitted to the people, it will establish a precedent, and, sooner or later, the questions of land monopoly, of granting corporate privileges to the few, of free trade, of war and slavery, will undergo a like reference.

It is a well-known fact, to those who have taken pains to inform themselves of it, that in our principal manufacturing cities, wages fell nearly one-half under the last high tariff, whilst the amount of labor was nearly doubled. On a large number of the rail-roads in process of construction, laborers were paid from sixty to seventy-five cents per day during the past winter. A sad decline this from the wages of early rail-road building, when laborers received from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter a day. On one road which we have in mind, laborers refused to work for sixty cents after the days began to lengthen; but their employers refused to pay more, whereupon the laborers commenced tearing up the rails, and the police were not able to arrest their course. They could only be appeased by a semblance of justice on the part of their employers, and this was it:—the wages of the laborers were raised to seventy-five cents per diem, with stipulations, that for every stormy day on which teams could not be worked, the laborers should be taxed a sum equal to the expenses of the horses' keeping, and to what the horses and carts would have earned for their employers had the weather been fair. This is a justice, which taxes the laborer for the sins of the whole planetary system! Here is a stroke of economy, almost as bold and sublime, as that of the British Parliament, which employs starving Irishmen upon the public works, and allows them to be fed four days in the week from the "rich" soup pots of private charities.

Why should not the wages of this

class of laborers be increased rather than diminished, during the winter? Their work is harder; their exposure to cold and suffering, greater; the risk of health and life far more imminent; and the necessary expenses of themselves and families much greater, whilst their means of defraying them are less than at any other season of the year.

It needs not that more be added to illustrate the condition of the laboring classes throughout the world, nor to show that the causes of their degradation are every where the same. There can be no lack of evidence, to show that a new political and social science must supersede that of civilization. To the United States, Providence proffers the honor of being the pioneer nation in this glorious work of social enfranchisement. The Declaration of Independence, and the stern Democracy of its authors, gave earnest that they had discarded the spirit, if not the dogmas of modern political economists. They of course did not see the full significance of those sentiments of freedom, equality and justice, which burned in their hearts; but they were radically opposed to monarchy, to feudal distinctions, to the law of primogeniture, to an hereditary aristocracy and to church tyranny. They were the ardent friends of the largest political, social, and religious liberty. To achieve and maintain this, they consecrated their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors, and established the free church, common school and elective franchise, as the permanent and enduring basis of individual happiness and national glory.

It is the duty of us who know their wishes, to realize the end which they so greatly attempted. Their experiment has been long enough in operation to prove that a nation of intelligent freemen do not need a king to govern them; that the highest order is only compatible with the largest liberty. But it has also shown, that pure Republicanism, as generally understood, is not enough to guard the happiness of a people; it has shown that in the absence of a hereditary monarchy, feudal tenures, laws of primogeniture and church tithes, and with the advantages of common schools, a free press, and the elective franchise, there may exist land monopoly, and industrial feudalism, the spirit and power of caste, war of interests; and a political philosophy, which has done more to crush the spirit of liberty in Europe than all other influences combined. Here we stand to-day, having realized the highest political faith of any nation, while hourly tending to the same social condition with European nations; yet ere the evil day can overtake our country, may it not be hoped that the Divine Social Code, of united

interests, co-operative labor, and equitable distribution of profits, will have been demonstrated as practicable, and the idea of collective, integral freedom realized!

The boast of liberty is ever on the lips of our nation. Liberty! 'tis a sound of mighty power and profound significance; but it means something more than freedom to choose a master. Our talk about the elective franchise does not get through even the rind, of the great fact of liberty. A man may vote at every election for a half century, and be all the more a slave. It does not follow that you may vote for your own interests, or according to your own views of the public good, because you may go to the ballot-box. There is an authority above your own convictions, or even the constitution of the country, which dictates your course, the authority of capital. Liberty is freedom to be, to do, to use. Unless the earth and heavens too, be ours—unless the choice of labor, the fruit of labor, the love of labor, and joy in labor be ours we are not free. Liberty is something more than a grant in written charters, to choose for ourselves a ruler. It is freedom to be ourselves rulers—not to be as good, great and happy as others allow, but as our own natures allow. So long as the want of bread absorbs my thought and labor, whilst I demand knowledge, beauty, and harmony, I am a slave; so long as anything is denied me, which my aspirations and powers would give me; so long as necessity and not attraction, love, rules me, I am not free. Elective Franchise! what is it, but the freedom to choose a sphere which your tastes, your inward yearnings ask for? There is no other franchise which nature or the soul would give one moment of mighty earnest to achieve. This we know is a new interpretation of the freedom of elections. It stops not at the political reform of our fathers. It strikes down into the heart of universal fact, to the central *soul* of things, the only real fact, and demands a social reform based upon the unitary wants and attractions of the race. The elective franchise we ask for, is that great election which Nature follows in her sublime system of affinities.

You may vote for never so many governors, and presidential electors, but of what worth is that, whilst the soul, the thoughts, the poetry and beauty of life, are dragged through the mire of material necessity. You were a slave, though you could make and unmake kings and presidents, so long as your whole life is a scramble against hunger and physical want. You are not free though hunger may never pinch you, until your table affords a pleasure beyond the mere satisfac-

tion of hunger. There is a difference between blubber and nectarines, and freedom is the choice between them. But are not laborers compelled to take the blubber, and yield the nectarines to him whose touch turns all to gold?

Does not then the question of eating involve that of liberty also, in a whole heaven of deeper meaning than our great Constitution attaches to it? What signifies your freedom to vote for Mr. Polk, so long as you are made a beast against your will? What is freedom if it be not to decide what shall be incorporated with your very blood; what shall be your blood, your electric fire, your very being? Freedom is to give oneself to attraction, to charm, to love—to rise from physical necessity, to material harmony; to rise into the sphere of true friendship, pure love, a divine and chastened ambition—into the domain of science, sacred enthusiasm, and a life of varied richness and beauty. Laborers! this is the freedom which Heaven meant for you, and for all mankind. Americans, this is the liberty which our fathers struggled for—and which Humanity calls upon you to realize; the liberty of Universal Unity.

PROMISING SIGNS.

The view of human history, which is taken by Associationists, occasionally finds confirmation even in the bosom of the parties which are most orthodox and unprogressive. That God works in the development of humanity upon this planet by fixed and natural laws; that there are regular stages of progress; that Christianity itself converts the world only by degrees and could only do so consistently with the nature of things; that there is truth in the idea of the solidarity of the race, and that therefore individual conversion or regeneration is of little avail, except the society and moral atmosphere in which the individual moves become converted too; that a thorough reorganization of the outward frame-work of society is what Christianity demands and is by slow and sure degrees effecting; and that the movements of the day which have the good of humanity for their object, whether professedly religious or not, are in reality of the very spirit of Christ;—these are large concessions for Calvinism to make to the genius of freedom and reform. And yet all this has been uttered, and nobly, eloquently, earnestly uttered, but a week since, in the great annual gathering of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in the city of New York.

The speaker was the Rev. Henry W. Beecher, of Indianapolis; and we wish we had room for the whole of his remarkable address, as we find it reported in the *Tribune* for May 15th. The fol-

lowing extracts, however, are a sample of its spirit.

“First I will remark that when the Gospel of Christ was in its first period, when Christianity was first set forth to the world, it had a work to perform which scarcely enters into the conception of most men. That work was much more extensive than the exercise of an immediate influence upon individuals. The business of the Gospel was not only to convert men but to convert the world so that all men's laws, customs, governments, practices, institutions, social fabrics, should be transformed according to its principles. Whatever men had made was to be baptized into the new spirit; not only were men to be transformed themselves as individuals, but the whole structure of society and the whole current of thought was to be transformed. Such was the work of the Gospel; a work not to be done in a day or an hour, but reaching through ages. But because in its very nature it was and is a gradual, a progressive work, men fail to see it going forward at all times and all points. They look for it to burst forth at once as if noonday could burst forth upon the dawn. Because it is not so active before their eyes as to compel them to behold it, they suppose at periods it is hardly active if active at all. Because it is like the leaven put into the three measures of meal, working persuasively, yet surely, they think it is asleep. But go and put this leaven into the three measures of meal, and you will not see a spontaneous combustion. So is the progress of the kingdom of God. It was declared by him, who certainly ought to know the genius of his own institution, to be like leaven. Let us then look at the preparations for the introduction of Christianity, and glance at the action of this leaven of humanity.

“What was the condition of the world when Christ came into it? The human family had been for four thousand years in existence upon its bosom. In so long a growth they had advanced from the lowest and rudest forms of life to something better. For this period their progress, interrupted as at times it may seem to have been, was steadily upward. Little by little they had been developed. At the time of Christ they stood where the progress of four thousand years had brought them. Savage habits were laid aside; from a feeble creature man gained strength; unarmed before, he had now armed himself with the implements of industry; from destitution he had created the means of physical comfort and of an outward life which might be called human. All this has been done in four thousand years, and men were ready for the Redeemer. The fullness of time had come. Suppose the Gospel had been sent out into the world at an early period of its history, do you think it could have been received and have taken root? What nation was prepared for it? Do you doubt this? Well, let us have an illustration.

“Go into any dissipated village, or into the worst part of this City, and select one from its inhabitants. Set before him the truth of the Gospel; convince him; convert him; let his heart be awakened to the utmost of its feeble capacity to religious impulses—but leave him in that community. Let all the rad-

ically corrupting influences which had before worked upon him continue to act. It may be that he will stand, but if he should, it would be a wonder such as no traveller ever saw. *Men cannot be converted alone. The gospel of Christ, to have its true effect, must work on numbers together; it must influence society, in which each disciple can strengthen and carry forward the other.*

"If God, in this matter, works by miracles, it would have been easy for him to obviate all necessity of this long march of preparatory progress. He might have made men in their mature condition at the very first stage of their existence. But he acts not by miracles, but by natural causes. By the universal law of Nature, from which nothing in this world is exempt, to which nothing forms an exception. The change of the whole world, by means of the gospel, is a work of time."

Descending to our own times, the orator thus respectfully alluded to the reform movements which agitate society:

"And now what is the attitude of Christianity in our day? Which way do the times face? To me they seem as though they were going up to Jerusalem. I believe that they are in their degree doing Heaven's work on earth. But what have we done? Why, sir, we have raised almost every question which can be raised in civilized society. Nothing that relates to the rights of man, to liberty, to social forms and duties, but has been called up for discussion. Many of these are perplexing questions doubtless, but it is necessary that they should be settled before the gospel can get full swing at man. There must be a downfall of all that is opposed to the gospel, no matter what it is. Governments, communities, customs must come up to that standard; God requires this. Established errors must be removed, and by-and-by the mind will begin to see Truth in all its lustre, without lens or distracting medium."

"There is some alarm abroad at this universal inquiry and agitation, but for one I bless God for it. It is said that the church and society were never so much disturbed. The community is divided; all kinds of sects are springing up; new thoughts, new theories, new-fangled notions of every kind are as abundant as leaves in the Spring. What will be the end of all this? I think there is no danger. There is one thing in the character of all the constant eruptions of the New Movement which to my mind removes all fear. It points directly to the good of humanity. It has no other object or pretence. Was anything like this ever known before? Does any history record a period when every new theory was in favor of the improvement of the human family?"

And indeed the whole speech, which was received with enthusiastic applause amid that reverend and orthodox assembly, is filled with the idea that religion and holiness imply a regeneration of society and business and every outward institution, as well as of the individual heart, and that the kingdom of heaven must practically come on earth. There is a

fine breath of hope and triumph in these words:

"The Gospel is getting ready to accomplish its work. I hope your faith is strong. You might as well stand on the banks of the Mississippi and be afraid it was going to run up stream as suppose the current of Christendom can run more than one way. What would you think of a man who should stand moon-struck over an eddy and because that didn't go right forward, declare that the whole flood had got out of its course? So in the stream of time. The things that appear in our day all have a bearing on the crowning triumph of the Gospel and the reign of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. That triumph is sure to happen. In ten years, in fifty years, the flood will have borne us far on toward it. It is no longer a question Whether but simply When, it will come. We send missionaries with the Bible to the uttermost parts of the earth and a vast echo replies to the voice of the Gospel which they carry forth. Now all things preach the truth of God. Society preaches, the Church preaches, schools preach, and social institutions are called to stand up as embodiments of Christianity. God is making up nature anew on the model of religion. *All the elements of society and of the church must now be the elements of practical Christianity.* You go with whole lands behind you to support your work. We may seem to strike puny blows, but a higher hand than ours directs them. And when the work is done all the nations will be Christian nations. When it begins to approach its end it will go fast. It is a universal law that things move slowly at the beginning. God's Revelation needed to take a great while to commence its operation. But that seems to be over. Changes of great magnitude are gone through with great rapidity, such as was never imagined before. We have come to the day in which a nation may be shifted off the ground of selfishness into the ground of humanity in twenty-five or thirty years."

THE CONVENTION IN NEW YORK.

A full report of all the doings at the Annual Meeting of the American Union of Associationists, will be given in our next. At present, there is only time to say that the Convention proved highly satisfactory to all who attended it, and that we parted with a confirmed feeling of the strength of our movement, with new faith in one another, and a consciousness that the cause has received a new and powerful impulse from this time. The Convention occupied about three days. Delegates from the Affiliated Unions, to the number of forty or more, were present, chiefly from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Albany, the North American Phalanx, and from various places in New England. Letters from distant places were read. It was a noble company to be with; earnest, enlightened, wise, humane, believing men; — and women too, although the proportion of the latter was not so large as we should have been glad to see. A most

beautiful spirit pervaded all the deliberations and doings of the Convention. It was truly a *working* Convention; the business was taken in hand in good earnest, and every one staid by till it was all done. There was, on the whole, great unanimity both of purpose and opinions; and though various projects and schemes of policy were broached, there was the best spirit of mutual concession, and a seeking of unity above all things.

Several important results were arrived at: such as the thorough revision of the Constitution, defining the relation of the local Unions to the general Union, and organizing the Central Executive Committee in a more efficient form; the appointment of a committee of thirteen, selected from the most scientific and most practical minds in the cause, who are to study the whole question of the best means of instituting a practical trial, and report a year hence; the agreeing upon the necessity of a Central Office and General Agent in New York; and the settling of the question of publications. It is decided to continue the Harbinger as at present until next Autumn; then to have it published simultaneously in New York and in Boston, with an editor in each place. Other publications are left for the present, until this one shall have become well established. Officers for the ensuing year, were elected; the Convention adjourned at 1 o'clock on Thursday, May 13th; and the Executive Committee immediately held a session and took measures to carry the resolutions of the Convention into effect. An outline of the results at which they arrived, respecting funds, appropriations and immediate measures for active propagation, will be given in our next.

FOURIER'S BIRTH DAY, the 7th of April, was celebrated by his disciples in France, as we learn from the *Democratique Pacifique*, with unusual spirit. Nearly one thousand persons participated in the festival, at the Hall of Valentino, in Paris. The assembly was signalized by an innovation upon former years, which consisted in the admission to the entertainment of women, and children of both sexes, crowned with flowers. More than one hundred females, from the aristocracy, the middle and lower class, were present at the fraternal banquet, and gave it unwonted attractions. Appropriate toasts, songs and speeches were given with the utmost enthusiasm, and the cause of Association is represented as having realized a higher point than ever before in France. — *Chronotype*.

TERMS.—Two Dollars a year, or One Dollar for six months, payable invariably in advance. Ten copies for Fifteen Dollars.

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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, MAY 29, 1847.

NUMBER 25.

THE HARBINGER.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS.

The AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS held its first Anniversary Meeting in New York, Tuesday, May 11th, 1847. The President, HORACE GREELEY, in the chair. E. N. KELLOGG was appointed Secretary *pro tem*.

The following delegates reported themselves:

New York City, N. Comstock, Jr., C. A. Dana, J. P. Decker, Parke Godwin, Horace Greeley, Edward Giles, F. Grain, Rev. T. L. Harris, E. Hicks, Jr., John Law, D. E. Mosier, L. W. Ryckman, A. L. Smith, J. T. S. Smith, Edmund Tweedy, H. H. Van Amringe.
Albany, Mr. Minot.
Newark, N. J., Messrs. Day and Parsons.
North American Phalanx, L. Eaton, E. N. Kellogg, Charles Sears, J. Warren.
Williamsburg, N. Y., Mr. Mosier.
Pratt's Hollow, Madison Co., N. Y., S. Spring.
Troy, N. Y., George Holland.
Philadelphia, James Kay, Jr., James Sellers.
Boston, John Allen, P. M. Baldwin, W. H. Channing, J. T. Fisher, D. Mc Farland, Geo. Ripley, F. G. Shaw.
Pittsford, Vt., Dr. James S. Ewing.

[NOTE. Several other delegates from Boston and other places in New England, were detained upon their passage to New York by bad weather, and not present on the first day of the Convention.]

Mr. Channing read the following letters from Affiliated Unions, and from individuals, addressed to the American Union.

CINCINNATI, May 4th, 1847.

Rev. W. H. CHANNING,
Cor. Sec'y A. U. of A.

DEAR FRIEND:—Being unable to attend the Annual Convention about to assemble in New York, personally, we beg leave to communicate with it, by writing, through you.

We are truly rejoiced to see our Eastern brethren so zealously engaged in the advocacy and propagation of the great cause of Association; we most heartily approve of the proposed organization of a "Central Agency," with a view to the more efficient action of the Union; and we ardently hope that the amount of funds which may be pledged to it at the

Convention, by its members and friends throughout the country, may be found adequate to the establishment of the Agency, and to its maintenance.

We hand you enclosed a list of contributions by the few friends of the cause here, to the funds of the Union for the present year, amounting to the sum of four hundred dollars, which we think may be implicitly relied upon and which it is proposed to transmit to its Treasurer quarterly—one hundred dollars for the first quarter having already been placed in his hands. We regret being unable to pledge ourselves for a larger sum. Should it be found practicable for one or more of the lecturers in the field to visit this city, we doubt not that the amount of pecuniary aid might be materially increased and the cause generally strengthened.

Whatever plan or mode of action shall be adopted for the action of the contemplated Agency, we shall cheerfully render all the aid in our power. We hope the Harbinger may be continued, that the Tribune may continue open as a medium of communication with its thousands of readers, and that means may be found to keep a number of Lecturers constantly in the field.

Upon the highly important question, whether it be now expedient to attempt the establishment of a Model Phalanx under the auspices of the Union, we refrain from expressing any opinion; being ignorant of the number of properly qualified persons prepared to embark in the enterprise, and of the amount of capital at command.

Hoping that the deliberations and labors of the Convention may be guided by wisdom from on high, that its members may go forth from it, animated anew, and inspired by a faith and hope which shall enable them to aid efficiently in the removal of the mountains of evil which oppress our suffering humanity, and to introduce peace and concord instead of war and conflict—universal unity instead of universal duplicity,
We are your brethren in humanity,

B. URNER.
J. B. RUSSELL.
WILLIAM PRICE.
LEWIS CLASON.
U. P. JAMES.
WM. DONALDSON.
C. DONALDSON.

In behalf of ourselves and the Associationists of Cincinnati.

The following sums are pledged to the

funds of the "American Union of Associationists," for the year 1847.

C. Donaldson,\$50 00
W. Donaldson,50 00
Mary Donaldson,50 00
William Price,50 00
An Associationist,50 00
Cincinnati Union,150 00
Total,\$400 00

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., May 9, 1847.

To the American Union of Associationists.

DEAR SIRS:—We have just organized an Affiliated Union in this place, by which we hope to do something to help along the great and good cause which has called you together.

Although our Association numbers but four members, we expected to be able to send a delegate to your Convention; but we find to-day that unavoidable circumstances will prevent our doing so.

We are of those who feel the necessity of a great reform in the social system, and as far as we understand the doctrines of Fourier, we believe that they look in the right direction, and that what is now most needed, is a *practical trial* of them. We are therefore ready to aid you in this work, in such way as you may deem best, to the extent of our limited means.

We have not decided how much we can pledge as the "Weekly Rent," but it will probably be about twenty-five cents per week.

Besides this, I shall appropriate individually, Ten Dollars a year for the present, for the propagation of Associative doctrines.

And in laying out the field for Lectures, we hope that you will remember this place, which I trust will yield a harvest richly worth the labor spent upon it. The land now lies fallow, but the soil is good.

Yours in the cause of Humanity,
G. W. SWAZEY.

WHEELING, Va., April, 1847.

To the American Union of Associationists.

BELOVED FRIENDS:—As associates in the great cause of Humanity, we beg leave fraternally to address you.

Although our circumstances in a pecuniary point of view are much narrowed, still our hearts are with you to the very core. We are only able to send you, with the aid of a few friends, a small trifle to assist you in the great work of propagating the divine principles of Association, by means of Lectures.

Some few months ago, we attempted to get up an "Affiliated Society" in this place; but we found the field here not at all prepared for us. We may remark, however, that the visit of one or two of your corps of Lecturers would, in our opinion, very materially pave the way for progression. All expenses attending the same, we will cheerfully guarantee. We do not mean to say that we have entirely abandoned the project, — by no means; we only bide our time. We have laid the foundation, — the superstructure will one day be raised, without doubt.

For us to attempt to offer you any advice or instruction in regard to matters of such high import to be brought before you at your coming "Anniversary," would be to take up too much of your valuable time: we shall leave this task to better hands and wiser heads, we trust.

May Heaven assist you in your noble efforts to work out right speedily the salvation of the human race, which you have so long aimed at, and which, although apparently a Herculean task, will no doubt ere long be crowned with success.

Rest assured, beloved friends, that, under any, under all circumstances, we shall do our best to help forward this great work of Social Reform.

Yours very truly in the good cause,

GEORGE BIRCH, *President.*

CHRISTOPHER WILSON, *V. Pres't.*

WM. MC DIARMID, *Secretary.*

Wheeling Union of Associationists, No. 1.

Please receive the following donations to the Lecturing Fund.

G. Birch,.....	\$4 00
C. Wilson,.....	1 00
Wm. Mc Diarmid,.....	1 00
W. G.	1 00
Ephraim Pollock,.....	3 00
E. W. Stevens,.....	3 00

Total,.....\$13 00

On motion of Mr. Ripley, it was voted that a Committee be appointed to present subjects to the Convention for consideration and discussion.

The President named Messrs. Godwin, Ripley, Fisher, Shaw, Giles, and Minot, for the aforesaid Committee.

The following Report was offered by William H. Channing, Domestic Corresponding Secretary.

At the first Anniversary Meeting of the American Union of Associationists, our councils may be naturally opened, and our minds prepared for maturing an efficient scheme of action, by considering briefly our *Position, Policy, and Plans*. To a rapid yet wide survey of these your attention is now invited.

I. OUR POSITION.

This may be regarded in two aspects; the one Negative, the other Positive.

1. Considered in its *Negative* aspect, the Associative Movement is in harmony with the highest Religious, Social, Political and Intellectual Tendencies of the age; is admirably fitted to retard and divert the rapidly increasing Evils of Civilization; is suited to bind in unitary co-operation the energies now devoted to multifold and various Reforms; and has a clear right to claim the character of being at once Radical and Conservative, Progressive yet Constructive; new, while in accordance with the choicest tradition-

ary wisdom of mankind. In a word, it responds to the best desires of Humanity in this generation.

2. Considered in its *Positive* aspects, Association claims to take up the most difficult problems in Principle and Practice, which agitate society in our times, at the very point at which other movements leave them, and to present a scientific and practical solution entirely in unison with the teachings of Revelation, with the aspirations of the Heart, with the intuitions of Reason, with the results of Experience. Association presents a theory and plan, by which the collective life of Man, Liberty and Law, Order and Equality may be reconciled and made one through integral Justice, and in the individual life of Man, Inclination and Duty, Self-love and Disinterestedness, be brought into beautiful concert; by which wealth may be equitably distributed and refining conditions spread around all men; by which Divine Law may be substituted for human wilfulness, the correspondences of nature and man interpreted, and the whole Universe, and the course of Humanity on earth laid open to the gaze of all as a forever unfolding revelation of the Will and Wisdom of God; by which finally work and worship, study and prayer, our spiritual and material existence may be identified in practical goodness, our race united in One Church, Holy, True, Universal, wherein the Spirit of God may abide as in a temple; and thus the earthly destiny of man be fulfilled as the true preparation for the ascending glories of futurity.

Regarding the cause to which we are devoted then, either in itself or in its relations, positively or negatively, how dignified is its position, how sublime is the promise it holds out, how worthy is it of all our highest energies most strenuously exerted!

What then is the policy which such a position dictates!

II. OUR POLICY.

Our policy is two-fold — internal and external — central and transitional. Let a comprehensive yet exact description be given of both.

§1. Our CENTRAL Policy may be generally stated thus: We have to form and organize into one living, active body, a series of Affiliated Unions of Associationists scattered over the whole country, and to organize them in such a way as will best promote a thorough scientific training and moral development in the members of this confederacy, and secure ample means for the practical establishment of the Associative cause. Thus our *internal* policy is seen to divide itself into three branches, which may be called *Indoctrination — Social Discipline — External Means*. Let a few distinct notices be made of each.

1. *Indoctrination* is the first branch, the ascending wing, so to speak, of our internal policy. What is involved in this term? Nothing less than acquaintance with the Science of Universal Unity. Few Associationists — when first attracted to join this movement from the gratification which the humanitarian sentiment finds in the ideal of a Perfect Society — have the faintest conception of the depth, intricacy and vast range of studies upon which they have entered. But *Social Science* — the science needed rightly to organize one Association — in-

cludes an exhaustive analysis and synthesis of man's springs of action; a clear and comprehensive view of the laws of growth which govern all human societies; an understanding of the analogies by which man is related to the outward world; a perception of the designs of the Infinite Mind, as illustrated in the system of Universal Order; and above all an insight, rendered quick and strong by habitual observation, of the modes by which the complex powers of man, considered individually and collectively, may be made to interwork with natural beauty so as to produce the rich harmonies designed by the Maker of all. Let us bring before our thoughts the grandeur and variety of investigations which any Associationist, who wishes to be intellectually fitted for his work, is summoned not only to commence but perseveringly to follow out. And let us not falter before this great problem, but calmly and firmly resolve to become a wise, reverent, patient body of fellow students and mutual teachers.

2. *Social Discipline* is the centre of our internal policy; and by this is meant a development of the latent affections, which in all men are now stifled and nearly paralyzed by popular systems of education and manners, and prevalent views of human destiny and duty. Associationists need to be *new-born*, in the strongest sense of the words truly converted, made integrally regenerate; they need to put off the old man and his deeds, and to be clothed upon with a new body, and animated by a new spirit. In place of brutality, coarseness, fear, distrust, reserve, suspicion, jealousy, selfishness, they need to be inspired with purity, refinement, hope, confidence, openness, simplicity, good-will, disinterestedness. In place of partial plans of individual aggrandizement they must feel that they are ministers of God in an endless, everlasting system of unfolding good. What inward discipline does this demand; what devout and joyful consecration to a unitary and universal end; what a waking up the consciousness of spiritual power, privilege and responsibilities; what a vivid sense of the collective life of Humanity; what an undoubting assurance of God's consistent all-pervading agency; what a reverence for man, as he was and is yet destined to be; what a pity for man as he actually is; what a vow of fidelity, in a word, to our Heavenly Father and to our fellow beings! Can this inward discipline be perfected by lonely efforts! Never. It demands the earnest sympathy, co-operation, example, influence, of a band of friends quickened by a like faith and hope and love. Associationists should feel, that they have to form in each other a new style of character, free and large, yet balanced and complete, courteous and bold, brave and respectful, at once impressive, self-relying, loyal and aspiring. Instead of despondency and self-contempt, we should cherish humble yet glad enthusiasm. For criticism, scorn, condemnation and every form of cynicism we should substitute a profound knowledge of the inward springs and outward conditions from and in which true virtue grows, and a single-hearted desire to make every person true to his or her best self. Here is a work, to which in becoming Associationists, we mutually pledge ourselves, the work of symmetrical development of the primitive affec-

tions in every member of our Unions. This may well be called their Social discipline, and we should understand, that in the discordant state of society around us, and as preparatory to practical attempts at Associative Life, such mutual moral training is one most sacred duty. Our body must be made, so far as possible, a united family of high-spirited, sound-hearted, good-tempered men and women, devoted in honor and friendship to a most holy and humane end.

3. *External means* form the descending wing of internal policy. Our duty in this respect, is,—first, to form a register of the Names of all persons, who are inclined to enter practically into the Associative Movement, with exact lists of their Occupations, Capital, Facilities, Skill, and Business Plans;—next to collect an accumulating Permanent Fund, as a financial basis for some satisfactory trial and exemplification of Associative Life;—last, to secure such an income as may be necessary to support whatever instrumentalities rise, best fitted to increase the number of our members, and to keep the whole Associative Body united, zealous, and efficient. We need, in regard to our external means to cultivate a spirit of generous liberality, combined with shrewdness, energy and economy. Only thus can we command the capital and talent requisite successfully to carry on a practical movement, in the face of the desperate struggles of civilized labor and commerce. For in many principles and particular details, the modes of Industry and Exchange which we are striving to introduce will be in direct hostility alike to the selfish interests of the worldly, and the habitual prejudices of the ignorant mass well designed. We must avail ourselves of the best experience of an age made material both by its success and by its wants, to introduce the higher era, in which abundance and order shall make all men at once social and spiritual. We must demonstrate the possibility of dignified industry and of universal wealth by our just employment of actual skill and science. In a word, we must become strong enough in money, machinery and business faculty to gain a mastery over Mammon by a prudent use of means to ends.

Thus are we brought to consider our external policy,—the attitude in which we should stand towards existing society.

§2. Our TRANSITIONAL policy may in general be described, as consisting in the maintenance of such relations of sympathy and co-operation with the various movements, which promise to elevate and refine mankind, as shall serve to make them convergent towards a Unitary and Integral reform. This *external* policy also divides itself into three branches, corresponding to the three modes of internal policy already illustrated. Let the characteristics of each of these be succinctly noticed. They may be respectively designated as Philosophy, Humanity, Politics.

1. *Philosophy.* It is evident, that the intellectual world is in extremest confusion; that old systems of thought have been broken up; that there is a general acknowledgment of the want of true science,—and yet that amidst this chaotic upheaval plain signs appear of a commencing tendency towards classification, synthesis, unity. There is intense activity of observation and of speculation in

all departments from mineralogy up to theology, and an earnest longing for some central principle of order, which may organize the multiplicity of separate facts into one beautiful Science, truly representing the wonderful Life amidst which we live and move and have our being. Now the *Serial Law* may be, we believe or at least hope that it is, the very clue, to lead us out of the labyrinth wherein this generation is consciously groping. It becomes us then so to study, print, lecture, converse, as shall aid our fellow seekers in rightly using the immense materials so rapidly accumulated by the industry of our age. Thus shall we help to hasten the highest intellectual enterprise of our day, the discovery of a true system of Method. We are to announce and explain the Science of Universal Unity, by which the life of Man upon earth may be sure to be in harmony with the law of growth that regulates the whole creation; by which we may be guided to interpret the wonders of the spiritual world from the order which reigns in lower degrees through nature; by which above all the Wisdom of Divine Goodness may be fully justified to reason and his Love be made manifest to us in all its glory. Such is our duty in relation to Philosophy.

2. *Humanity.* In regarding the mighty efforts, which the philosophy of our age is every where putting forth, all men who are not utterly sceptical and unsympathetic must be awed by the tangible proof thus presented that a superhuman power is awaking this generation to an entirely new consciousness of the sacred tie by which men are bound together in one living body. It is undeniable, that Christendom is arousing to a knowledge of the length and breadth and depth and height of the Divine Law of Charity, such as has never dawned upon man's mind before. Now in this action of the omnipotent sentiment of Humanity is the assurance, that the movement in which we are engaged is timely, demanded by the present state of Society, authorized by Providence. We should link warm hands and strong hearts with this grand circle of Reform; we should prove by active participation in these attempts our hearty desire and purpose to redeem man from his enthrallments and raise him to freedom and uprightness; above all we should seek to combine philanthropic reformers into a great Congress of confederated well-wishers and well-doers. It needs then that we classify the Reforms of the day in a serial scale, exhibit clearly their mutual dependence, and especially that we point out the economical conditions and social arrangements which are absolutely demanded in order that full justice may be done to human nature. Thus may an increased reverence for man ensure Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, every where. Thus may the efforts to save and bless the Criminal, the Poor, the Intemperate, and Licentious, the Ignorant, the Enslaved, be made to work together, and strengthen and complete each other. Thus may the prayer and hope for Universal Peace become a reality between man and man, and nation and nation. Thus may the love of Man be raised to its due honor as the only true manifestation of our love towards God and of God's love in us.

3. *Politics.* The highest political tendencies of the age are towards the rapid

accumulation of wealth, to the freest interchanges of commerce, to juster distribution of profits, more economical consumption, the equitable division of landed estates, the securing to labor of its long withheld rights, and finally the elevation of the mass of the people in condition as the indispensable means of elevating them in intelligence and character. True statesmanship is seen more and more to be commensurate with practical information, sound judgment in the spheres of production, and distribution, and business energy. The most provident economist is in our day the profoundest politician. And yet, amidst these auspicious signs of the times, it is becoming constantly clearer to all close observers, that there is a tendency towards the accumulation of capital in the hands of joint-stock corporations in such a manner as to give to the members of these bodies a control over the religion, literature, manners, and practical affairs of the chief nations of the world, very similar in degree and extent to that which the Soldier, the Priest, and the Noble have exercised in earlier times. Hence, fierce party strifes, distracting our communities, and talent, means, time, fruitlessly expended in political contentions. Money rules in making, interpreting, executing law. Now Association, by solving the great problem of Organized Industry, has raised a white banner of Peace, beneath which the Aristocrat and Democrat, the Legitimist and Preventionist, the Capitalist and the Workman, the Rich and Poor, may cordially rally, and work respectfully and kindly together in securing the common end of justice. Association at once strengthens and regulates the desire of wealth by proving the inevitable degradation produced by want, and the refining influence of healthful and happy conditions; removes the very sources of feverish competition; takes away the temptations to pride, ostentation, covetousness, and the spirit of caste; discloses a system of holding land, of co-operative labor, of division of gains, of an exchange of expenditure which is as just as it is expedient, and which ensures permanence and security in all relations of property. Are we not plainly called upon then to diffuse our principles amidst the contending and jealous multitudes around us, made selfish by the denial of their just rights and placed in wasteful hostility by the falseness of their several positions? Especially is it our duty to forward the rapidly increasing tendency towards all forms of *Mutual Insurance*, and thus to bring society as safely and expeditiously as possible through the perhaps necessary stage of *Guarantism*. Thus rapidly, yet it is hoped both comprehensively and exactly, have we taken a survey of our Policy, Internal and External, Central and Transitional, described the several branches of each, and shown their mutual relations.

But now let it be with emphatic decision said, that although these two parts of our policy are intimately related, yet, that they are radically distinct, and should be carefully kept separate in thought, speech, deed. They may be carried on and should be carried on simultaneously and conjointly, but they should never be allowed to become merged in each other. Our peculiar mission would in this way be compromised. Our transitional policy is but preparatory

to our central policy. Our special aim is the advocacy of the Serial Law in its application to Society, and the practical embodiment of the principles of Divine Order in Organized Townships. All signs herald, as we believe, the near advent of the time when these Cities of Peace may be every where builded; and the reason for our earnest co-operation with the Intellectual, Moral, and Political Reforms of the Age is, that they are most manifestly the Providential Means for introducing that Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth, which we live to labor for.

What then are the plans which we should adopt for the right discharge of these high and complex duties?

III. PLANS.

A brief sketch of the history and present state of the American Union of Associationists will best guide us to a perception of the plans necessary to secure the ends contemplated by our society.

It was well understood, at the meeting for organization last Spring, that our action during the year now gone by must be slight and fragmentary, — from the fact that no persons were free to give their undivided attention to the concerns of the Society, and from the deficiency of necessary funds. Yet under these circumstances, much more has been accomplished than could have reasonably been anticipated, and our cause has during this time made a triumphant progress.

Since the end of May, 1846, there have been delivered, by Messrs. Allen and Orvis, the regular lecturers of the Society, and by eight other occasional lecturers, two hundred and twenty-five lectures, in about thirty places; and wherever addresses have been made, large and attentive audiences have greeted our doctrines with candor, sympathy, and in many instances with enthusiastic interest. Two full courses of lectures have been delivered in New York and in Boston, before the Affiliated Unions of those two cities, with the happiest results. Thus, by this instrumentality, great good has with comparatively small effort, been accomplished, and the prospect is most encouraging for a rapid and wide diffusion of our views, as soon as an efficient body of lecturers can be enabled to take the field.

By the regular *Organ of the Union*, the *Harbinger*, a constantly deepening impression has been made, although its editors have been hindered by other cares from giving to it the concentrated attention which so large and complicated a subject as Association rightfully demands. By the controversies between the *Tribune* and the *Secular and Religious Press*, invaluable aid has been also rendered to the work of diffusing Associative views; and our honored friend, who has conducted these prolific debates, has earned thereby an additional title to the grateful respect of his fellow Associationists. Evidently, the principles which it is our privilege to advocate, are circulating with fuller, fresher tides throughout the religious, social, intellectual world; surprises are ever new, at hearing the utterance of our cherished convictions, from the lips of those who profess to be our bitterest foes; the literature, the legislation, the manners of the most advanced nations are instinct with a life of hopeful love; and the tone of thought every where prevalent encour-

ages us to believe, that by the painful struggles of the present, the Combined Order is being born.

Within the past year, *nineteen Affiliated Unions* have been organized, consisting, in all instances, it is believed, of persons earnestly devoted to the sublime work of introducing a True Social Order. The numbers enrolled in these societies, during the first year of our efforts, could not, even under the most favorable circumstances, be taken as a test of the popular interest in our movement; but if by such fragmentary and intermitted exertions so much has been gained, we may safely infer, that it needs but a suitable outlay of judicious, persevering labor, to marshal beneath our seven-fold banner an immense host of faithful co-laborers.

From *three of the Practical Attempts at Association*, — which have survived the immature projects at embodying the true law of society, engendered by the rash enthusiasm that the first promulgation of Associative doctrines excited, — from three practical attempts, commenced under happier influences and more wisely conducted, reports constantly reach us of the most animating character, satisfactorily proving, that nothing is needed but devoted men with clear methods and ample means, to ensure the most benignant and brilliant success. May our brethren of the North American, the Wisconsin, and the Trumbull Phalanxes, have the high honor of manifesting to the world the beauty and blessedness of societies vitally organized by the Divine Law of Love!

The Report then proceeded to recommend the establishment of a *Central Office*, with *Branch Offices*, — the continuation of the *Harbinger* as the *Organ of the Union* — the publication of *Tracts* — the formation of a *Group of Lecturers*, to be kept constantly in the field — the organization of *Affiliated Unions* — the collection of a *Weekly Rent*, and of a *Permanent Fund* — the accumulation of *Statistics* — the gathering of *Social Libraries* — attempts to carry out various plans of *Guarantism* — and finally, the preliminary steps necessary towards some complete *Practical Trial*. But as these various subjects came up for the consideration of the Society, and were disposed of in the Resolutions adopted by the meeting, it is considered unnecessary to publish the remainder of the document.

The Foreign Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Godwin, stated that he had collected materials for a detailed report, which he had not been able to write out; but that he would do this at some subsequent time, and give it to the public through Association papers.

The Treasurer's report was then read by Francis G. Shaw.

Mr. Godwin, from the Business Committee, reported the following:

1. *Resolved*, That a public meeting for addresses on the subject of Association, be held on Wednesday evening, at the Lyceum Building in Broadway.

2. *Resolved*, That a Committee of three be appointed to make arrangements for the same.

The Resolutions were adopted, and the Chair named Messrs. Tweedy, Ryckman, and Comstock, for the Committee of Arrangements.

Adjourned to 3 o'clock, P. M.

Afternoon Session. JAMES KAY, Jr., in the chair.

Mr. Godwin, from the Business Committee, reported a Resolution in reference to the establishment of a Central Office, as a general head-quarters of Associationists, where publications may be issued and collected, where the books of the Treasurer may be kept, and the meetings of the Executive Committee held. After considerable discussion, and the proposal of some amendments, the decision of the question was postponed.

Mr. Shaw read the following letter from the Cincinnati Union, on the subject of raising money.

CINCINNATI, April 27, 1847.

F. G. SHAW, Esq.

Treasurer A. U. of A.

DEAR SIR:— Enclosed please find draft on Globe Bank, Boston, for \$100, payable to your order. This is the first instalment of what the Cincinnati Branch expects to pay over during the course of the ensuing year. To make up this, several members have anticipated their monthly payments, so as to send a round sum, and it will necessarily be several months before our next remittance.

I wrote you a week or two since, that with the subscriptions of the Messrs. Donaldsons, you could probably rely on \$500 per annum from this city. We yet see nothing to change this opinion.

In collecting this rent, I find it would be much easier to raise subscriptions to the stock of a Model Phalanx, where there was a probability that it would, one day, be available as property, or as a Stock that in a few years would pay a moderate dividend. One individual told me yesterday that to such a Stock he would subscribe \$50 annually for ten years. I know of some half dozen reliable men, though in moderate circumstances, who would do the same. They do not feel able to give so much towards propagating the doctrine, but would risk it, where there was a probability that the Stock would be available for their families at some future day. This idea seems to me important enough to be discussed at the Convention next month. Let good business men be appointed in different parts of the Union, as Commissioners, to see what sums could be raised, the subscription not to be binding, unless a certain sum, say \$100,000, should be raised in the aggregate. There could be no better men for Commissioners for Ohio than Christian Donaldson and Benjamin Urner, of this city, if the plan is adopted.

As it will not be convenient for any of us to attend the Convention, we may address you a letter. Yours truly,

J. B. RUSSELL,
Cor. Sec. Cincinnati Union.

Adjourned to Wednesday, 10 o'clock, A. M.

Wednesday Morning. Mr. KAY in the

chair. The minutes of yesterday's proceedings were read and accepted.

The following delegates, having been detained upon their passage the day before, now appeared, and were qualified:

Boston, J. S. Dwight, M. E. Lazarus, J. Orvis, S. Southworth.

Newburyport, Mass., Rev. E. A. Eaton.

Amesbury, Mass., Rev. S. C. Hewitt.

New Bedford, Mass., Mrs. S. Sissona.

Providence, R. I., Dr. Peleg Clarke, Joseph J. Cooke.

The following communications were read from the Boston and Providence Unions.

Boston, May, 1847.

The Boston Union of Associationists, constituted November 30th, 1846, numbers at the present time forty members and has a rent of about six dollars per week. Its Officers are

W. A. WHITE, *President*.
JOSEPH CAREW, *Vice President*.
JOSHUA WOLCOTT, *Treasurer*.
F. S. CABOT, *Recording Secretary*.
A. Q. T. PARSONS,
W. H. CHANNING, } *Directors*.
J. T. FISHER,

The features which characterize this Society are,

1st. The contribution of a weekly rent for the purpose of sustaining lectures and other Associative measures.

2d. The discussion and exposition of Associative doctrines, and the instruction of all interested in Social Reform.

3d. The institution of Guarantees, many plans of which have been discussed and for the examination of which a special Committee exists. The most important plan now under consideration, is the formation of club-houses or domestic association in the city or suburbs. The meetings hitherto have been chiefly taken up with settling business details; but the Union contemplates establishing itself in the Autumn as a centre of propagation, opening its meetings to the public, and entering into the elaborate exposition of all practical forms of Associative Science. It has been determined to fit up rooms for this purpose, which shall serve as a permanent nucleus for the Associationists of Boston, and where musical instruments, a reading-room and a library of Social Science shall be provided.

A course of Lectures on Association has been delivered during the winter under its auspices, but although to very small audiences, it is hoped, from the interest with which they listened, that a good impression was produced. The birth-day of Fourier was celebrated by a Festival, to which friends of the members and others, to the number with the members of about 150, were invited. The hall was appropriately decorated and a fine statement was made by Mr. Channing.

The comparative inefficiency of the Union hitherto has been a necessary consequence of the fewness of its members which cripples it equally in a pecuniary and in a social point of view. Provision is made in its Constitution for giving to its meetings a social and festive as well as scientific character.

The subject of Club-Houses will be pursued with the assistance of the French

plans for their construction, a condensed description of which, adapted to the meridian of Boston, will be prepared and presented to the consideration of capitalists and desirable associates.

It has been decided to obtain and keep a register of all interesting statistics bearing upon the Social Problem, and members of other Unions will confer a favor by forwarding such statements of facts, coming under their notice as would be valuable.

The question of the publication of the Harbinger in Boston was discussed at the suggestion of Mr. Dwight and it was voted:—That the Boston Union decidedly recommend the formation of an Associative Centre for New England in Boston, under the direction of the American Union, and in connection with it the establishment of an office at which the Harbinger should be published in a weekly or monthly form. It was also voted: That the Boston Union pledge the payment of the sum of \$200 to the funds of the American Union for the ensuing year, and if the Harbinger is published in Boston, an additional sum of \$200 towards its support.

FREDERICK S. CABOT, *Sec'y*.

PROVIDENCE, 5th Mo. 9th, 1847.

To the American Union of Associationists.

The interest in the cause of Association in this city, was commenced by the holding of two series of meetings, which were addressed by William H. Channing, John Orvis, Albert Brisbane, and George Ripley, at the close of which, the Providence Union, auxiliary to the American Union, was organized. This took place on the 16th and 17th of 4th month, 1847, by the adoption of a Constitution, thirty persons giving in their names as members, and choosing Officers for the year ensuing, as follows:

WILLIAM CHACE, *President*.
P. W. FERRIS, *Vice President*.
JOHN L. CLARKE, *Secretary*.
JOSEPH A. BARKER, *Treasurer*.

Previous to these meetings there had been no public notice taken of the Associative Movement in this City, and it is believed but very few persons had become at all acquainted with, or interested in the subject, and not more than two or three individuals committed in its favor. Notwithstanding this, there were found to be a number who were anxious to investigate it, and to give the Associationists a fair opportunity of presenting their cause to the people of Providence, and who were willing to contribute the necessary funds to defray the expenses of the meetings, which amounted to about Seventy Dollars. The attendance of the meetings and the interest resulting from them, more than answered our expectations.

Our Union have made arrangements for holding meetings weekly, for social intercourse, investigation and discussion, hoping by this means to create additional interest, and obtain further accession to our numbers. Our funds at present are only sufficient to defray our current expenses, but we confidently hope that our weekly subscription will soon be increased, and until this is the case, we do not feel warranted in specifying the amount which we shall be able to pay into the Treasury of the parent Society.

We are anxious to do something to re-

lieve the great mass of mankind from the dire calamities under which we are now suffering, War, Slavery, Intemperance, Famine, and the many forms of wretchedness which pervade all civilized and enlightened, as well as savage and barbarous nations; believing that Humanity is destined to rise above this state of general anarchy and subversion, to live a life of harmonious co-operation, in which not only our material wants shall be supplied, but which shall also satisfy the high and holy aspirations of the soul. In behalf of the Union,

JOHN L. CLARKE, *Sec'y*.

Mr. Godwin reported the following from the Business Committee:

3. *Resolved*, That the 1st Article of the Constitution shall read as follows:

"The members of the American Union shall be,—all members of Affiliated Unions, and all who shall sign the Constitution of this Union and contribute to its funds.

"No local Union shall be recognized as Affiliated, which does not make an annual payment of not less than Twelve Dollars, to the Treasury of the American Union."

4. *Resolved*, That the following Section be added to the 3d Article of the Constitution:

"The funds of the Union shall consist of a Rent Fund, to be composed of the stated weekly contributions from Affiliated Unions, and a Permanent Fund, to be composed of such contributions as may be made for the purpose,—the principal of which shall be regularly invested by Trustees appointed by the Executive Committee, until otherwise appropriated by a two-thirds vote of the Union, at a regular meeting, and the interest in the mean time to be devoted to the expense of propagation, under the direction of the Executive Committee."

Messrs. Giles and Van Amringe opposed the creation of a Permanent Fund for a Model Phalanx.

Mr. Channing offered an amendment to the effect that the American Union should reject all monies as contributions to its funds, derived from sources of Slavery and Intemperance.

After a very animated discussion, in which Messrs. Ripley, Allen, Dwight, Ryckman, Godwin, Brisbane, Dana, Orvis, and Lazarus, opposed Mr. Channing's amendment, it was rejected, and the Resolution adopted. Whereupon Mr. Channing read the following Protest, which was entered upon the records of the Society.

PROTEST.

I hereby enter my protest against the acceptance of any monies,—as contributions to the Permanent Fund, or any fund of the American Union of Associationists,—which are derived from trade in or use of Slaves, or from the manufacture of or traffic in Intoxicating Drinks.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

NEW YORK, May 12, 1847.

This protest was offered at the First Anniversary Meeting of the American Union of Associationists, held in the city of New York.

5. *Resolved*, That the 6th Article of the Constitution be so amended as to read as follows:

"The Officers of this Society shall be a Pres-

ident, Vice Presidents, Foreign Corresponding Secretary, Domestic Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, and seven Directors.

"The Presidents of the various Unions shall be, *ex officio*, Vice Presidents of the American Union.

"The Executive Committee shall be composed of the Officers of the American Union, any seven of whom shall constitute a quorum at regular meetings, to be held during the first week of each month, by order of the President; and this Committee shall be responsible for the general management of the affairs of the Union; and shall have power to fill occasional vacancies in the offices of the Union."

6. *Resolved*, That a Central Office shall be established in the city of New York, as a general head-quarters of the Union, where the friends of Association from all parts of the country, may meet; where publications may be issued and collected; where the records and documents of the Officers of the Society may be kept, and the meetings of the Executive Committee held;—and that a Branch Office be established in Boston, the expenses thereof to be paid by the Affiliated Union of that city.

Adjourned to 3 o'clock.

Afternoon Session. Mr. KAY in the chair.

On motion of Mr. Dwight—

Resolved, That the subject of the Harbinger and other official publications, be referred to a Committee, to consist of the following gentlemen: Messrs. Kay, Godwin, Channing, Lazarus, and the present editors, Messrs. Ripley and Dwight.

On motion of Mr. Shaw—

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to nominate Officers for the ensuing year.

The Chair nominated Messrs. Shaw, Channing, Giles, Dwight, and Grain, who made the following report:

For President,

HORACE GREELEY, New York.

For Treasurer,

EDMUND TWEEDY, New York.

For Foreign Corresponding Secretary,
PARKE GODWIN, New York.

For Domestic Corresponding Secretary,
WILLIAM H. CHANNING, Boston.

For Recording Secretary,

EDWARD GILES, New York.

For Directors,

GEORGE RIPLEY, Brook Farm, Mass.

C. A. DANA, New York.

FRANCIS G. SHAW, West Roxbury, Ms.

JOHN ORVIS, Brook Farm, Mass.

H. H. VAN AMRINGE, New York.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, Brook Farm, Mass.

ALBERT BRISBANE, New York.

Mr. Brisbane declined the nomination, and the Committee reported the name of JOHN ALLEN instead. Their report was adopted.

Mr. Channing then offered the following Resolutions, which were adopted.

1. *Resolved*, That it is recommended, that the Affiliated Unions procure a book of records, in which shall be entered Statistics, Facts, Events, which illustrate the present condition and tendencies of Civilized Society; and that

a yearly digest of these records be sent up to the Anniversary Meeting, to be preserved by the Recording Secretary of the American Union.

2. *Resolved*, That it is recommended, that the Affiliated Unions take into careful and patient consideration, the subject of *Guarantees*, for the end of applying such modes of Mutual Insurance and Unitary Action, as may seem best fitted to their respective neighborhoods, or the present state of society.

3. *Resolved*, That the thanks of this Society are due to Messrs. ALLEN and ORVIS, for the efficient and devoted manner in which their duties as lecturers have been discharged; and that the Executive Committee are hereby recommended to engage the services of those gentlemen for the coming year, if possible, and to add to the lecturing group such other persons as the means at the command of the Society seem to them to warrant.

Mr. Giles offered the following Resolution:

Resolved, That the American Union of Associationists recommend to the Associationists throughout the Union, to aid some one of the three existing Associations,—the Wisconsin, the Trumbull, or the North American,—as the best means of making converts and building up the cause.*

After an animated discussion, in which Messrs. Allen, Orvis, Brisbane, Ripley, Ewing, and Cook, participated, Mr. Ripley offered and sustained the following amendment:

Resolved, That the American Union of Associationists recommend the establishment of no new Association, until ample means are provided for the experiment of a Model Association on a scale of sufficient magnitude to illustrate the principles, and with sufficient resources to ensure complete success; and that it recommends to persons desirous of joining Association immediately, to connect themselves with those already existing.

On motion of Mr. Orvis, the whole subject was referred to a Committee, whose report should be made the order of the day for Thursday morning.

The Chair nominated, as the aforesaid Committee, Messrs. Orvis, Clarke, and Sears.

Adjourned to 10 o'clock, Thursday.

Thursday Morning. Mr. KAY in the chair. The minutes of yesterday's proceedings were read and adopted.

The Domestic Corresponding Secretary read the following letters; one from the Lowell Union, and one from Mr. Greig of Rochester.

LOWELL, May 7th, 1847.

To the American Union of Associationists, in Convention Assembled.

FRIENDS: Circumstances rendering it impossible for us to be represented in your body, by a Delegate, we avail ourselves of this mode of communication to make a brief Report of our condition and prospects.

* Mr. Giles here presented a communication in writing in support of his Resolution, which we had intended to publish in its place; but as the copy has not come to hand, it must be deferred to a future number.—*Eds.*

In February, 1846, the "Lowell Fourier Society" was organized. It numbered at the time of its formation not more than ten members. Weekly Social meetings, attended with a gradual increase of numbers and interest, were held at the residences of the members for several months.

In July 1846 the Society was re-organized under the name of the "Lowell Union of Associationists." Most of the time, since that period, we have held either public meetings for discussion, or Social Gatherings of a more private character, for conversation and friendly intercourse, each week. During the present Spring we have had a course of six lectures on subjects connected with the Movement, which have been attended by audiences varying from four to six hundred. Considerable interest has been excited, and we hope for some accessions to our number.

The "Union" numbers at present about fifty members. We have a separate organization here called the "Fourier Social Union" numbering thirty members, many of whom do not belong to the other Union. This Society meets every Saturday evening, for the study of the Science of Association, the reading of Essays, Recitations in Poetry, Conversation, Music and Dancing.

We are not able to state precisely what amount of weekly Rent can be raised here. At the present time the expenses of our Lectures, though in part defrayed by the sale of tickets, bear somewhat heavily upon us. Pecuniarily we cannot do much here, as we are mostly Operatives and Mechanics, who, under existing organizations, cannot be expected to be rich, and are less so perhaps for being Reformers.

We have to contend with the almost omnipotent and omnipresent power of Corporate Monopoly. This controls the city Government, the Pulpit, the Press—every thing. But there are a few here who are true to the cause of Universal Unity, whose voices will ever be raised in solemn and earnest protestation against that system of society of which the Factory system here is a legitimate result, and who in weakness or in strength will do what they can in the cause of Human Redemption.

In behalf of the "Lowell Union of Associationists."

D. H. JAKES, Pres't.

MARY EMERSON, Sec'y.

ROCHESTER CITY, May 10, 1847.

DEAR SIR:—You will perceive by the style of this letter, that the earnest appeals put forth through the HARBINGER, from time to time, have aroused even one of the members of the "humbler walks of life," to cast in his mite of assistance to the great council to be held in New York, on Anniversary Week, by the friends of Social Reform. The 5,000,000 of "white slaves" in these United States who are my own brethren, have not remained totally ignorant of the hopes shadowed forth by the "Divine Science" discovered by Fourier, and which has been given to us fragmentarily by Brisbane, Greeley, Godwin, and others. We have read, studied, thought, spoken, agitated, and even attempted!

I was a member of the body that attempted a movement at Clarkson in this county, some three years since. We

failed, for a hundred reasons,—not one of which could in the least degree be attributed to the sublime system discovered by Fourier—nor is that asserted by any but bad or ignorant men. I resided and labored at the Clarkson "Domain" three-fourths of a year, among my fellow craftsmen, the mechanics, of which depressed and oppressed class I am from my youth up. But not to amuse you with my poor history, I wish to fix your attention upon the following facts, namely, that while the resident members of the Clarkson Association had the *Hope* of ultimate success to cheer them, and the mystic number of four hundred associates around us, we enjoyed (almost to excess) peace, joy, smiles, enthusiasm, energy, industry, and Fraternal Love.

Alas! we were torn assunder by adverse circumstances and not by any fallacy in the "Great System"—no part of which had we adopted; except that by a mere blunder of enthusiasm we had obtained the mystic four hundred! and that one item belonged to the *Great Truth*. I am compelled to say, to the brothers and sisters congregated in the city of New York, this week, and although it may appear like dogmatism and dictation, as coming from one so far down in the classes of their School, impelled by the force of experimental conviction, I must say: never, never attempt even a first movement of practical operation in a *Phalanstery*, with a less number than over four hundred resident members,—anything short of that, is climbing up by some other door, and they that attempt it, "the same is a —"

Western New York is as full of true "Associationists" as there are reading and virtuous men and women among us. That number no man can definitely give; but think not that the labors at Roxbury and at Horace Greeley's writing desk have been in vain. Hope all things! The nations of all the earth stagger beneath the load of Antagonism, and that horrid monster will devour its own offspring! the emancipated will yet arise! and, marching forward in "Phalanxes," will shout forth the *reward* of the Glorious Pioneers!

In the meantime, let me speak of the state of our cause in this city. The signal failure of several of those blundering "attempts" at Association in this immediate vicinity, within the last three years, threw back upon "antagonism" hundreds of well-meaning, but cowardly people, who, in order to obtain a smile from the land-lords, who have labor-business to bestow and rickety shanties to rent, must, forsooth, decry "Fourierism" as the veriest humbug in all the earth—just as though either party knew the least possible fact concerning the matter at all! And indeed, to my own certain knowledge, seven-eighths of all those who left their (attempted) domain with tears of regret, and that included seven-eighths of all, put on a false smile to meet the "Landlordry" and have been almost ever since trying to scoff down the glorious truth in order to make peace with this accursed jumble of brick and mud, shingles and shanties,—still aiding to patch up this tumble-down system, these "institutions on which society" "rolls and tumbles."

Hence, nothing short of a clear demonstration, a finished "Phalanstery" in all

its fullness,—with the mystic number—blazing out in all its day-light of truth—will convince this purblind generation.

I know of no man, except a brother of mine, who is a perfect enthusiast in the cause, in this city of 30,000 "antagonists," who does publicly advocate the "Great Truth"—yet I believe that ere long, an Affiliated Union will be raised up here, even *here*; but we want help! we want "Light from the East!" If the American Union could spare an Apostle from their ranks to preach another crusade among these worshippers of the "Let us alone" gods, a fire might be kindled here, that would never go out. I have only space to say, what doubtless you know better than I can tell, that the laws of this State, as they yet stand, preclude the possibility of establishing a corporate Association on our industrial plan. Silence, and quiet labor on this point, is our only course. We have every thing to hope from the law that has just passed one branch of our Legislature,—thousands tremble for its fate. *We shall yet legislate for them.*

Poverty alone hinders my becoming, at least, an humble spectator at the grand fraternal gathering in New York on Anniversary Week. My faith in the truths you so ably advocate, is all the excuse I can make for addressing—in my uncouth manner, without introduction—those who in all respects (I freely confess) are our guides, and I trust ever may be to your humble, but earnest friend,

JONATHAN GREIG.

Rev. W. H. CHANNING,
D. C. S. of A. U. A.

Mr. Orvis, from the Committee on the subject of a *Model Association*, stated, that after a protracted consideration and discussion, the Committee was unanimous in reporting the following Resolution:

Resolved, That the Affiliated Unions throughout the country, be requested to register the names of all such persons as are ready to enter a *practical Association movement*, together with the numbers of their families, their pursuits, the investments they are prepared to make, and all other useful information; and transmit the same to the Central Office of the American Union, where they shall be classified, and their numbers published at such times as the Executive Committee shall see fit; and that the whole subject of the expediency of a practical experiment of Association or a Model Phalanx, under the direction of the American Union, and the best mode of preparing, instituting, and conducting it, be referred to a Committee of thirteen persons, who shall report at the next Anniversary Meeting of this Society.

Which report was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Dwight, the Chair appointed Messrs. Ripley, Orvis, and Ewing, to nominate persons for the Committee referred to in the preceding Resolution. They reported the names of the following gentlemen, which were unanimously adopted, namely:

Wm. H. Channing, James Kay, Jr., J. S. Dwight, James T. Fisher, Dr. M. E. Lazarus, George Ripley, II. H. Van Amringe, Charles Sears, Benjamin Urner, Albert Brisbane, John Orvis, Joseph J. Cook, Thomas Palmer.

Mr. Dwight, from the Committee on Publications, stated that in the opinion of the Committee, no attempt should be made at present to establish new journals, but that the first object of the Union should be to establish the "Harbinger" upon a permanent footing; and reported the following Resolutions:

1. That the Harbinger be continued, as at present, at Brook Farm, until the first of October, (or such time thereafter as the Executive Committee shall deem best,) under the direction of the Union.

2. That a salary of five dollars per week be appropriated to each of the two present editors during that time.

3. That the Union guarantees the expenses of publication, so far as they shall not be met by the current income from subscriptions; all disbursements to be made under the direction of the Executive Committee.

4. That the Executive Committee make arrangements for the establishment of the Harbinger next Autumn in New York, in connection with the Central Office of the Union; with one editor in New York, and one editor in Boston, and such other aid as they can command: said editors to receive such salary as the funds at the command of the Committee shall seem to warrant; and that the paper be issued simultaneously in New York and Boston.

5. That the various local Unions be exhorted to use their influence in obtaining subscriptions.

6. That the Executive Committee make provision for the occasional publication as Tracts of important articles from the Harbinger.

All which Resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Mr. Allen offered the following Resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the balance due on two large paintings, one representing the domain, and the other the edifice of an Association, be paid by the American Union of Associationists, and the paintings be taken for the use of its lecturers.

Dr. Lazarus offered the following Resolutions, which were adopted:

1. *Resolved*, That the Executive Committee be requested to appoint a Committee for the purpose of providing funds for the circulation of associative books and papers, and especially to obtain from the office of the Harbinger files of that paper to be bound in small volumes, and placed on the tables of the steam-boat saloons on the principal routes of travel, particularly the boats between New York and Stonington, New York and Albany, and such others as shall be considered desirable by the Committee. *Resolved further*, That this Committee be requested to provide for the filing of the Harbinger in all the principal reading rooms of the country.

2. *Resolved*, That all sums subscribed to the Treasury of the American Union, be registered and published monthly, together with the expenditures and investments made during that time, by the Officers of the Union.

Mr. Channing offered the following Resolution, which was adopted.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society are due to Dr. MARK EDGEWORTH LAZARUS, for the able and devoted manner in which he has, during the last year, contributed to the pages of the Harbinger, and given his undivided energies to the Associative cause.

Dr. Lazarus offered the following, which was sustained by Mr. Allen, in a very interesting speech :

Resolved, That all Affiliated Unions be invited to appoint Committees, whose function shall consist in elaborating plans of Domestic Association, or Combined Dwellings, in or near their respective cities or towns, which shall combine as far as possible, economies with material harmonies.

[The object of these arrangements being to concentrate the social and economize the pecuniary resources of Associationists, who, in awaiting the opportunity of industrial combination, may thus realize some of the domestic advantages of unitary arrangements, and gain a practical and efficient lever of influence over the minds of those who by invitation join them in this movement.]

Mr. Cook of Providence, offered the following Resolution, which was adopted :

Resolved, That the Executive Committee cause the minutes of the meetings of this Union to be certified by its Officers, and to be published in the columns of the Harbinger, and also in pamphlet form, as soon as practicable ; and that a liberal number of the latter be forwarded to the several Affiliated Unions.

On motion of Dr. Clarke, the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

HORACE GREELEY, *Pres't.*

JOHN ORVIS, *Rec. Sec'y.*

MISCELLANY.

[From the People's Journal.]

GEORGE SAND.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

But a few years ago and George Sand was here in England, prejudged an *out-law*. There was a terror in her name, a triple censure—religious, political, and social—upon her books. People took great care not to read them ; they contented themselves with judging them. The few minds hardy enough to venture into the abyss were cautious not to avow it ; they confessed to Paul de Kock and Balsac. From the height of its Gothic watchtower sounded the alarm-gun of the old *Quarterly*. Let the enemy but touch British ground with the sole of his foot, and public morality was evidently ruined forever. The enemy has now penetrated to the very heart of the kingdom. George Sand is read, admired, and loved. A complete translation—and the few lines which have announced it are a guarantee to us that it will be *complete*—of her works is now in the course of publication.* We give here her portrait, which we are sure will gratify our numerous readers. And strange to say, we do not anticipate that by so doing it will materially affect public morality.

There is in this simple fact, in this decisive change of opinion, as it regards the powerful writer who bears the name of George Sand,† something more than a

* By Miss M. Hays ; she has for her fellow-worker Miss Eliza Ashurst, who preceded her in her task by her translation of *Les Maitres Mosaistes*.

† All the world now knows that this writer, thank God, is a woman ; her real name is Aureore Dupin.

caprice, a passing infatuation. There is an evidence of true progress ; a precious result of several beneficent and honorable causes which are at work, the inevitable action of which the few chosen souls have long watched in silence : and which it is well to point out at the present time.

First, there is the all-powerfulness of genius. Between this sun of the soul, which God has placed as a beacon between ourselves and him, at an elevation far above us, and the millions of men who must strengthen and enlighten themselves by it, hypocritical prejudices, the low hatred of mediocrity, the petty reactions of the idolators of the past, the cowardly uneasiness of disturbed indolence, may accumulate thick, unwholesome vapors ; but it is only for a time ; and the immortality of genius can wait patiently for its day of triumph. All those who have watched the sunrise upon the Alps from some lofty peak have seen, as I have from Mount Cenis, first, the night, the vast night, sad and void, but in which one would say a creation was elaborating itself—then the first ray of light trembling upon the horizon, vague and pale like a timid and uncertain hope ; then the long line of fire cutting the blue heaven, firm and decided as a promise ; and then, as at a given signal, the sea of vapors mounts slowly from the abyss, grey and sombre as Doubt, extending itself like a shroud between the earth and the star of day, rising like a bad thought betwixt the world and truth ; to which succeeds the struggle, eminently poetic, between the orb, apparently beamless and lifeless, and the rolling mist, here black as envy, there dull and heavy as senseless ignorance, a biting cold the while encircling you in its serpent-like folds, threatening your heart like uncertainty in the hour of trial—until at last the sun, disengaging himself from the cloud, reveals himself high in heaven, calm in his glory, and inundates you, in the midst of the dazzling snows, with warmth and light. Such is the life of Genius. Envy and persecution ; but on one side of the tomb, it matters little which, assured triumph. You may burn the works of Rousseau in the public market-place ; the spirit of Rousseau will survive ; it will appear to you years afterwards embodied in the French constitution. You may misinterpret the spirit, and blacken at your leisure, the memory of Byron ; you may exile his statue from Westminster Abbey ; but the people, who recognize in him the victim of one epoch and the prophet of another, will read, and adopt him as their own, in spite of you ; and posterity will end by placing his proscribed statue above the tomb where will lie forever interred the principle of aristocracy. You may sound your alarm against George Sand in your old *Quarterly*, and forbid your youth to read her ; you will find some day without well knowing how, the best places in your library usurped by her volumes. It is not so easy to suppress one of the two first living writers* of France ; and when I say this I speak of literary merit merely, of what regards *form* alone.

Another cause is the indestructibility of all real genuine *individuality*. You may stifle, and would to God that this happened more frequently than it does, every thought of the artist who is not

true to himself ; every talent yoked to the service of a fictitious, conventional and unreal faith. "Lies," as Carlyle says, "exist there only to be extinguished." And however brilliant and life-like may be the colors in which it arrays itself, the dawn is the sure summons for any *spectre* in human shape to disappear. But where there is a human *being*, the reality of a *life*, the impress of a soul, feeling, suffering, aspiring and diffusing itself abroad, all the powers of the world united will not succeed in annihilating one atom of it. Human nature is sacred ; imperishable as God, of whom it is a reflex ; death is only for *forms*. George Sand is a powerful *reality*. All that she expresses, even supposing it error, is to her truth, it is written with her heart's blood ; she would be ready, doubt it not, to sign it with the blood of of her body. She has often scandalized and shocked her readers ; but it has never been in seeking merely for an artistic effect, or for an eccentricity of the woman of genius. No ; she has always believed herself to be accomplishing a duty. With a nature eminently democratic, tortured by the necessity of loving and being loved, yearning mid a stormy life for peace and order, how many times must she not have felt almost frightened at the solitude into which she was plunging ! How many times would she not have preferred, had it been possible, to act in all things with the multitude ! But there was within her that instinct of strong souls, the fascination of truth, the revolt against the false and the unjust, the ardor of proselytism. And she has always—God knows with what suffering—obeyed this instinct. The *form* of her aspirations for social reform, and of her religious presentiments, has sometimes slightly changed ; she has immediately hastened to declare it. Each of her books is eminently an action. It is a manifestation, I might say a confession, so much is there that is religious in that which characterizes her, made without reserve and without disguise, without pride as without false shame, and picturing truly the state of her mind at the time of its production. It has been found easy to invent against her almost all kinds of accusations ; but never those of hypocrisy, of jesuitism, or of the vanity of an artist attitudinising or draping herself in order to please.

But what is more, the individuality of George Sand is not only *her own*, it is that of her age ; it is in this kind of identity that lies above all the secret of the immense repugnance, and the immense sympathy which she has excited. It was felt from the first that there was in that voice, melodiously sad, yet proud and firm, more than an individual inspiration ; it spoke the secret of the world around her ; the complaint of the age groping onward amidst ruins ; the aspiration, vigorous though ill defined, of the coming generations. In that double series, embracing all the high priests of art, from Homer to Goethe on one side, from Dante to Byron on the other, the place of George Sand cannot be doubted. By the peculiar nature of her artistic genius, as well as by the temper of her soul, keenly alive to holy indignation, to exalted pity, and to boundless love, she belongs entirely to the second ; to the geniuses who suffer, struggle, and aspire, not to those who calmly contemplate ; to those who desire

* The other is *Felicité Laménais*.

to transform the medium in which humanity works, not to those who elevate themselves, calm and impassable, above it; to the prophets of the ideal, the future, not to the painters of the real and present. She is born an apostle. Sorrows, uncertainties, hopes, daring, all that characterizes a race fluctuating like our own, between a cradle and a tomb, between an epoch which is passing away, and another which approaches, she accepts all, and embodies all in herself. She has encountered every obstacle in our adventurous path; she has been wounded by every thorn; she has dared the edge of each giddy precipice; ever in advance, she beckons to us with her hand, pointing out all the difficulties to be smoothed away, all the gulfs to be closed up. Coming in the days of 1830, after an heroic effort, which those who made it fondly hoped would have advanced the world a step, but which ended in nothing better than a patching up of the old system, she felt at once that the question of life could not be solved by resting on the surface of a simple political organization; that it throbbed at the very heart of society; and making a scalpel of her pen, she probed the evil to its very seat, and laid it bare. Whenever this happens in the world's history, whenever some one amongst us, appointed by God for the task, comes to disturb the torpor of humanity by grief and reproaches, the first impulse of the crowd is inevitably hostile. "Why troublest thou the night with thy cries?" say the demi-gods to Prometheus. "Why do you tear me from this welcome slumber?" says the unhappy one, wearied by suffering, to those who urge him onwards; "I was about to lose the consciousness of my misery; you recall me to it; accursed be ye!" Human indolence and apathy are the greatest enemies that truth, and the genius which proclaims truth, can encounter upon earth.

Behold Byron! he appears, long before George Sand, at the close of one epoch, but before the appearance of the other; in the midst of a community based upon an aristocracy which has outlived the vigor of its prime, surrounded by a Europe containing nothing grand, unless it be Napoleon on one side, and Pitt on the other—genius degraded to the level of egotism, intellect bound to the service of the past. The future has nowhere an interpreter; belief is no more, there is its pretence; prayer is no more, there is a movement of the lips at a fixed day and hour for the sake of the family, or what is called the *people*; love is no more, desire has taken its place; the holy warfare of ideas is abandoned, the conflict is that of interests. The worship of great thoughts has passed away; that which *is* has but the torn banner of some corpse-like traditions; that which *would be* hoists only the standard of physical wants, of material appetites; around him are ruins; beyond him the desert; the horizon is blank; a long cry of suffering and indignation escapes from the breast of Byron; he is answered by anathemas. He departs; he hurries through Europe in search of an ideal to adore; he traverses it distracted, palpitating like Mazeppa on the horse, borne onwards by a fierce desire; the wolves of envy and calumny pursuing him. He visits Greco; he visits Italy; if any where a spark of the sacred fire, a ray of divine poetry is pre-

served, it must be *there*. Nothing. A glorious past, a degrading present; none of life's poetry; no movement, save that of the sufferer turning on his couch to relieve his pain. Byron, from the solitude of his exile, turns his eyes again towards England; he sings; What does he sing? What springs from the mysterious and yet unique conception which rules, one would say in spite of himself, over all that escapes from him in his sleepless night? The funeral hymn, the death, the epitaph of the aristocratic idea; we discovered it, we continentalists, before his own country. He takes his types from amongst those privileged by strength, beauty, and individual power. They are grand, poetical, and heroic; but solitary, isolated; they hold no communion with the world around them, unless it be to rule over it; they have no kindred; they live from their own life alone. They repulse humanity, and regard the crowd with disdain. Each of them says, *I have faith in myself*; never, *I have faith in ourselves*. They all aspire to power or to happiness. The one and the other alike escape them. Byron destroys them one after the other, as if he were the executioner of a sentence decreed in heaven; they all die, and a popular malediction wanders round their solitary tombs. This is, for those who read with the soul's eyes, what Byron sings, or rather what humanity sings through him. The crowd do not comprehend it; they listen, fascinated for an instant, then repent, and avenge their momentary forgetfulness by calumniating and insulting the poet. His intuition of the death of a form of society they call wounded self-love; his sorrow for *all* is attributed to cowardly egotism. They credit not the traces of profound suffering which betray themselves through his lineaments; they credit not the presentiment of a new life which from time to time escapes his trembling lips; they believe not in the despairing embrace in which he grasps the material universe, heaven, stars, lakes, Alps, and sea, and identifies himself with it, and through it with God, of whom, at least, it is the symbol. They do, however, take into consideration some unhappy moments, in which, wearied out by the emptiness of life, he has raised with remorse, I am sure, the cup of ignoble pleasures to his lips, believing he might find forgetfulness there. How many times have not his accusers drained this cup, without deeming the sin by a single virtue; without, I will not say bearing, but without having even the capacity of appreciating, the burden which weighed upon Byron! And did he not himself break into fragments this unworthy cup, immediately that the cry of new life was heard in Greece; immediately that something appeared worthy of the devotion of his life! Such has been, for I have not in the least departed from my subject, such is still, with a large portion of the society of the present day, the fate of George Sand. And it is this which renders her doubly dear and sacred to us. She has suffered through us, and for us. She has passed through the crisis of the age. The evil that she has pictured is not *her* evil, it is *ours*. It does not come to us from her; it was, and is yet around us in the air we breathe, in the foundation of our corrupt society, in the hypocrisy above all which has spread its ample cloak over all the manifestations of our life. Only whilst

we, partly from incapacity, partly from cowardice, have been silent at the risk of allowing the evil to become a fatal sore, *she* has spoken; she has with daring hand torn away the veil; she has laid bare the festering wounds, and she has cried to us, *Behold your society!* She has had not only the intuition but the courage and the sincerity of genius. Thank God! she has had also as much as possible its reward. I do not speak of glory, which, whatever has been done to prevent it, has crowned her; I know well that she values it but little. I do not even speak of something much more precious,—of the small number of chosen souls, the initiated and precursive of every country, who communicate with her from afar, whom her voice encourages and consoles, who rise up stronger from the perusal of her works, and follow all her steps with love and admiration. I speak of the reward which God has given her through her own conscience, by the work of holy calm which has been achieved within her, and which has found its gradual expression in the series of her works. It is this work which it is most essential to point out to all those who would from the present time truly comprehend and judge George Sand. They must embrace her whole career, and follow it step by step in its ascending progress, from the depths and the stagnant vapors of society, up to the clear azure of those exalted regions to which she has raised herself by degrees. There may possibly exist some danger to the weak in one or other of her isolated volumes, but good, and great good only, can be the result of making a complete study of the whole. How many things which appear to us offensive, out of place, and prosaic in nature, reveal themselves full of meaning, and harmonized in the general beauty of the whole, when the landscape unrolls itself from the highest peak, to the persevering traveller! How we shall smile at these sorrows, at these inexplicable discords that we now call by the name of *evil*, when, the painful course of development and trial once accomplished, we can, from the height of a superior and perfected existence, feel and understand our *life* in its unity of intelligence, of love, and of power! The law of physical nature, and of our life, is often reproduced in miniature in the task of genius; and I regret that the translator of George Sand has failed to perceive this, and that she has commenced by destroying all idea of progressive order, of the moral and philosophical relationship of her works.

There are two phases, clearly distinctive, and yet thoroughly in unison, since they spring one from the other, in the works of George Sand. The Byronic inspiration preponderates in the first, of which *Lelia* is the culminating point. The protestation there is bold, obstinate, with an energy at times startling; the suffering poignant, sometimes to despair. The writer there denounces society as it is, rather than proclaims society as it *will be*. It is not that the hopes of better things are wanting to her: *Indiana*, so far as protestation against the actual state of *woman* is concerned, suffices, by itself, to prove the contrary; for through all the influences of Delmare and Raymond, types of brutality and vice, she preserves for her heroine enough of life to bless and be blessed, when Ralph, the type of love founded upon self-devotion,

reveals himself to her. Still, one would say that these hopes are rather the suggestion of the intellect, than a belief of the soul. The expression of them is cold, and almost gives the idea of an after-thought. The element of George Sand is, nevertheless, above all, *suffering*: the convulsive sense of her own sorrows uniting themselves to those of the world, and of the re-action resulting from them. By and by, her thoughts elevate and clear themselves; her looks turn oftener to the future; the religious sentiment, so prominent in George Sand, becomes more and more developed and intense. The turbid stream purifies itself in mounting towards heaven, and falls again in dew. Calm succeeds to storm; the very shadow of scepticism has disappeared before faith; faith, sad and without the spring of youth, for its torch does not shine on this side of the tomb; but strong, and unshakable as all religious conviction. Our earthly life is not the *Right* to happiness, it is the *Duty* of development; sorrow is not Evil, since it stimulates and purifies: virtue is constancy in devotion; all error passes away; truth is eternal, and must, by a law of providence, triumph sooner or later in the individual as in humanity. George Sand has learned these things, and repeats them to us with the sweet and impressive voice of a sister. There is still, as in the sounds of the Æolian harp, an echo of a past agony; but the voice of the angel preponderates. As at a beautiful sunset, you may detect yourself, when reading the accents of a brooding melancholy, murmuring — *It is not for ever*. The admirable *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, mark the transition point between the two phases which I have just pointed out.

I have said somewhere in the beginning of these pages, and I recall it when citing *Les Lettres d'un Voyageur*, which no man could ever have written — that, *thanks be to God*, George Sand is a woman. It is this indeed which is the last and most important cause of the immense excitation produced by her works. As a writer, as an apostle of religious democracy, George Sand, high as she may be placed, does not stand such alone. What she is, she is as a woman. In the vast and imposing question which is beginning to ferment in men's minds, and which I have no intention of treating here, of the emancipation of woman, of the determination of her duties and her rights in the world, the materials for decision were wanting to us; and it was evidently not from our impressions, from our judgments that we could draw them. We might, indeed, in some exceptional moments of revelation through affection, understand a woman; woman, all that she feels, all that she dreams, all that she pursues, what sanctifies her or makes her fall, what weighs upon her and transforms her true nature, in the present arrangement of society, a woman only could tell us; and no woman had as yet told us. Some women indeed, before her, had endeavored to deal with the question; but simply on the ground of right, and, as theorists, giving us what the common element of humanity could supply, and nothing more; nothing that a man could not have written. In France, Madam de Staël had made a step in advance by her *Corinne*; there, woman is shown as a being gifted with an *individuality*, the working out of which should be the

source of a new ideal. But more strong in intellect than in heart, and not having had, after all, to struggle with life in earnest, as George Sand, Madam de Staël was not destined to advance upon the path as yet but dimly seen. She withdrew herself in reality soon afterwards in *Delphine*, where the woman is *subalternised* even in the words which serve as an inscription to the work.*

Madame Sand is the first who has boldly entered the arena, and she has maintained her position through all. As a human being, she has pleaded for the equality to which her sex has a right, by mingling herself, theoretically and practically, with all our struggles, with all the great questions, religious, social, and political, which at present interest us: as a woman, she has declared to us the secret of her sex, its inward life in all its phases, under all circumstances; and she has thus prepared the way to a just conception of the special mission reserved to her sex — of the duties and special rights which have fallen to its share. This point of view, which I cannot for want of space do more than indicate here, will receive, I hope, its full development either from myself or others, as the translations of her works appear. It is also with a view to these special articles that I have abstained from any attempted appreciation in her numerous works, of the salient points of her artistic genius, or of the subordinate ideas which are there revealed. I have only wished here to express some few of the general thoughts which the cherished name of my friend, of my sister in belief, of the writer from whose pages I have been so often benefited, suggests to me. As to her life, whatever may be the curiosity of my readers, I have not thought it either my right, or my duty, to occupy myself with it. Her life is in her books. Every soul worthy of understanding her will learn to find her there. George Sand is one of those geniuses whose every work contains the image of its author, visibly transferred to its page by her own tears and heart's blood.

RAGAMUFFIN CHILDREN. Any person who has gone through those portions of the city which are inhabited by the lowest classes that exist here, must have noticed the swarms of small children, who meet the eye at every turn. It is worth a journey through Ann, Fleet and Cross streets to catch a sight of the little ragamuffins, accoutred as they are in every variety of style from the little joker with but a very slight improvement on the fig-leaf, to the big-headed urchin rejoicing in a complete equipment, from boots to a gigantic roundabout which reaches quite to his heels. There are more beautiful children in those regions than in any other quarter of the city. To be sure the thick coatings of mud spread over their faces present rather an unpromising appearance, but should you ever be fortunate enough to get a glimpse at one of them after he has lately undergone the process of ablution you would find as rosy cheeks as you would wish to see. Of course they do not all have rosy faces; you would find some pale ones of six or eight, with features, which for shrewdness and cunning depicted in them

* "A man must brave opinion, a woman submit to it."

should belong to a man. You would see sickly looking infants standing guard over a little assortment of apples and gingerbread. Do you doubt their capacity for shopkeeping? Offer to pass a pewter fourpence to them and you will shortly be convinced of your error. These are the children who are preparing for the House of Correction and State Prison. Perfectly lawless and ungoverned they rove about the streets in little gangs, committing depredations whenever they find opportunity. Does any one suppose that these children, in comparison with those who draw their breath under more favored circumstances, are deficient in intellect? Let him look at the skill and artfulness displayed in their rogueries. If you suppose them destitute of kindly feelings and generous impulses, watch them when they have in their care a younger brother or sister, and see with what spirit they will resent any indignity offered to their charge. And yet these little ones are destined to courses of crime and wickedness. They are born amidst and nurtured in vice: — inevitably they will lead lives of infamy. — *Chronotype*.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

CONCERTS OF THE ITALIAN TROUPE IN BOSTON.

Two concerts of vocal and instrumental music, have been given by the opera company from Havana, in the Howard Athenæum, on Saturday evenings, theatricals being forbidden at such times by law and by the customs of New England. For miscellaneous concerts, dealing not with great compositions, like orchestral symphonies, but relying mainly for their interest on the excellent performance of opera songs and duets and of instrumental solos, they were perhaps the most brilliant and satisfactory ever given in the city. The programme of both evenings was the same, and we heard only the last. The great feature of the entertainment was the marvellous double-bass playing of Signor Bottessini, a thin, pale, earnest looking youth of twenty-two, who rivals all that Dragonetti was, and who has been pronounced by Rossini and other competent judges to be the greatest living performer on that most difficult and unwieldy instrument. In the orchestra we had already noticed his admirable bass, equal in effect to the three or four contra-bassos usual in orchestras of the same size, and so pure and true and distinct in all its tones! — so full of feeling withal! But now we beheld the giant tamed to a veritable solo instrument. — The most surprising feats of Knoop and Bohrer on the violoncello were accomplished by this iron-nerved yet sensitive young man upon his double-bass. His hand would dart along the strings through distances of two or three feet like lightning, alternating from deepest sub-bass to the purest harmonics; roulades, runs,

trills, tremolos—every point of skill, which we but lately wondered at in violinists, were now elicited from this great grand-father of fiddles. And it was not all miracle-working: it was full of expression and deep tenderness at times; the thought of difficulties mastered vanished in the genuine sentiment of music. His solo was of his own composing, a Souvenir from Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda*, and very artistically conceived and treated.

Signor Arditi, the accomplished leader of the orchestra, played a solo of his own, entitled *Les Sonnettes d'Amour*; and proved himself a worthy rival of either of the great violinists who have visited this country. His composition is decidedly fantastic, and full of the wizard, Paganini mood; but it displayed as much, if not more inventive power, as well as force of passion in that way, as any of the original solos of the virtuosos who have been before him. In a duett between him and Bottesini, we thought we recognized again the ascendancy of his creative fancy in the composition, which was set down as their joint production. This was really a splendid and an impressive affair, the double bass not daunted for a moment or put out of breath by the wildest soarings and caprices of the violin.

There were songs and duetts by Tedesco and Caranti de Vita; the former continuing her easy triumphs from the fullness of power, amounting to genius apparently, which animates all her thorough accomplishments of art; the latter still sincere and earnest, as ever, with a less powerful voice, yet having some high tones of unsurpassable sweetness; (hers is a pure soprano, rising to D in Alt. with ease, and best in those high notes;) gaining confidence with herself and favor with her audience continually; always singing with feeling, while yet her interesting timidity is not enough to reconcile us to that perpetual tremor of the voice. Sofia Marini sang the romance from *Robert le Diable* very acceptably, in spite of lingering hoarseness: and Signor Vita gave the song of Figaro in the "Barber," in a spirited and graceful style in which his metallic baritone voice and his clear accentuation told well, though there is hardly enough of the perpetual effervescence of fun in him.

The orchestra performed two overtures; that to the "Barber" by Rossini, and one of Signor Bottesini's composition, which did not impress us as having much unity or substance. The absence of the leader and double bass seemed like taking the soul out of the orchestra, and reduced their execution more nearly to a level, in respect of delicacy and precision, to that of orchestras to which we have been accustomed.

ITALIAN OPERA IN NEW YORK.

The opera at Palmo's, in New York, has been at rather a low ebb for some weeks past, owing partly to the suffering of some of the principal singers, under our severe climate, and partly no doubt to its having got to be an old story, while all the world is on the *qui vive* for the company from Havana. The audience has been generally small; and yet, though it is a far less complete troupe than the one now in Boston, its performances have not been without decided merits. *I Lombardi* and *Lucia de Lammermoor* have been the favorites of the season; and repeated as some must feel even to satiety. Rossini's *Semiramide*, that gorgeous creation, the music of which is like the subject, all purple and gold, had been announced repeatedly, but owing to the indisposition of the prima donna, Signorina Barili, was as repeatedly postponed; and during "anniversary week," while we were there, only fragments of operas were performed. On one evening we heard the first half of the *Barber of Seville*, and the last act of *Lucia*; and at another time, passages from *I Lombardi*, followed by the last half of the *Barber*. The contrast in the first case was a fine one; from that most sparkling, gay, and truly witty creation of the healthy, brilliant, epicurean maestro, to the sombre, tragic mood of *Lucia*, in which Donizetti does seem strong for once. The "Barber" is a whole library of the brightest, gracefulest, fancifulest tunes, which haunt the streets and are a part of the treasured gayety of all lovers of music and of life. Every thing in it sounds familiar to one who never before heard it as a whole; and every thing is as fresh as a laughing child's face in the morning. Signor Beneventano appeared to much better advantage, we thought, in the dashing character of Figaro, than in most serious parts, which he is apt to overdo, indulging his great, unmanageable bass voice like a boy. His barber was full of life, and he sang the *Largo al factotum* admirably. He was too continually in motion, perhaps, and might learn something from the chaster, truer comedy, (not the less comic for being kept within the bounds of artistic proprieties,) of Signor Sanquirico, who took the part of Dr. Bartolo. Pico as Rosina, pleased more in her singing than in her acting.

Benedetti was great as ever in the closing scene of *Lucia*. The volume of his voice in the highest notes (and they are all chest notes as far as C in Alt.) is most remarkable; while it is rich and warm in quality; and every thing is executed with artistic finish, without ornament, and in obedience to the truest feeling of his part. It is a satisfaction of

the very rarest, to hear such a singer; and he should be a model and a study to our would-be tenors. In *I Lombardi*, he sang the opening song of Oronte, with a love-inspired earnestness, simplicity and pathos, and would have saved the evening by that alone, if all the rest were failure.

The friends of the opera in New York are about building a splendid opera-house, large enough to seat four thousand persons. Signor Sanquirico, it is understood, will proceed to Italy this Summer, to raise recruits for his company, whose chief drawback to success is the want of duplicate prima donnas, tenors, and so forth; and there is reason to expect an established opera in New York, from next Autumn forward, which will be worthy of such a city. Meanwhile, all are awaiting the return of Tedesco, and Caranti, and Perelli, and Severi, and Vita, and Novelli, and Bottesini, and Arditi, and stars too numerous to mention, which will cross that latitude in June, and tarry somewhat, returning on their orbit to Havana.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

TO ELIZABETH BARRETT,

ON HEARING OF HER MARRIAGE.*

Priestess of pure, high thought! we dreamt of thee

As one who calmly clasped the cross for e'er,
Singing meanwhile, as Heaven did decree,
Thy martyr-song, wherein the human tear
Droppeth like diamonds, radiant and clear!

There in thy solitary chamber lying
Thou seem'dst to pass all passions in review,
With the clear insight of a Sybil dying,
Telling their forms, and how they changed
their hue

Before the close dawn of Eternity,
How some grew pale, and some burned fresh
and free;

Or like a Nun, stretched in a sable shroud,
The "Requiescat" chanted over her,
What time the woman's heart beateth aloud
Beneath, altho' she knows she may not stir,
But with crossed hand prayeth for 'patience' still
And faith submissive to God's holy will.

For Priestess, Sybil, Nun, we look in vain;
The spirit passeth in another guise,
The happy bride no longer may remain
Within that shrine, sheltered from human eyes
By wreaths aerial, smoke of sacrifice!

O change miraculous! we say, and cry,
"Will not Earth's voices wear a grating tone!
Earth's crowded forms show hideous to thine eye,
Wanted to beam on sick-room flowers alone,
Or through veiled lids, glance at the sunset sky
Purpling athwart thy curtains canopy."

If he, the bold one, could win fire to warm
Thy languid veins to the quick pace of health,
Life's very atmosphere he may transform
Pouring around thee his fine spirit's wealth,

* To ROBERT BROWNING, author of "Bells and Pomegranates."

Shrining thee still in Love's most precious air,
With its distilled aromas, rich and rare.

Nor will we grieve to hear thy voice no more,
Hushed into happiness thy song, and lost,
Like stream of silver, fused in golden ore,
Or fainting twilight, by full moonbeams crost,
Or river, lapsed into Earth's flowery breast,—
All things are silent, when most deeply blest!

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[From the Knickerbocker for May.]

ANGEL LOVE.

BY J. A. SWAN.

"Thou starry virtue, fare thee well; seek
Heaven,
And there by Cassiopea, shine in glory."
Beaumont and Fletcher.

I could not think her spirit fled;
I could not make my sweet love dead;
Though oft they told me she was gone,
And 'twas but dust I looked upon;
I could not make her dead.

She lay as if in dreamy rest,
Her hands meek folded on her breast;
Her lips which knew no word of guile,
Half parted with a beaming smile;
I could not make her dead.

A pale rose gemmed her raven hair,
As if it loved to blossom there;
Those silken locks, that without check
Twined with the lilies of her neck;
I could not think her dead.

The birds sang sweetly in their play,
Beneath the casement where she lay;
And then I knew she only dreamed,
For every thing so life-like seemed,
I could not make her dead.

The sun sank golden in the west,
And left his last beam on her breast;
And sweetly there it quivering lay,
And shook her vest like the heart's quick play;
I saw she was not dead.

He tried to fright me with his speech.
His solemn words, that cunning leech;
That the tide of life had ceased to flow;
In vain, I knew it was not so;
I knew she was not dead.

Like two twin flowers upon one stem
We grew, and loved, and bloomed like them;
'Twas not in Nature, then, that one
Should fade, the other still live on;
How could my love be dead?

They told me of a cold dark grave,
And singing leaves that o'er it wave;
Of the mottled worm would be the guest
Of her I loved the dearest, best;
I dared not think her dead.

But when I pressed her sweet lips twain,
And felt no kiss pressed back again;
And in her eye no tears could see,
When mine were flowing mournfully,
I knew her spirit fled.

My hand stole o'er her marble breast;
No gentle throb disturbed its rest;
No thought lay there for me divine,
As the rock heels not the red sunshine;
I knew my love was dead.

I saw it all; the purest soul
That ever earth held in control,
Had hushed its sweet melodious tone;
I knew that I was left alone—
I knew my love was dead.

Sleep came; and bathed in its smooth stream,
Her spirit floated through my dream;
The same sweet smile and form were there,
The same pale rose wreathed in her hair;
My dear love was not dead.

She whispered me of sunny lands,
Where time moved not by dropping sands;
Of singing birds and chanting streams;
Of scenes more fair than pictured dreams,
To which her spirit dear had fled.

Morn came—a tear was on my cheek;
Of joy or grief, I could not speak;
The dead love by my side lay shrunken,
The living love was blessed in Heaven;
In truth she was not dead.

CAMBRIDGE, 1847.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1847.

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 CONVENTION.

We have given in another part of our paper, a full account of the proceedings of the recent Convention of the American Union in New York, prepared from the minutes of the Secretary. This meeting had been anticipated with great interest by the friends of Association generally; every attempt was made to secure the presence of the active advocates of the cause, and it was understood that practical measures of high importance would be brought up for deliberation and adoption.

The spirit and character of the meeting fully justified the hopes that had been entertained. It was composed of representatives and friends of the Associative movement from different parts of the country; the farthest South met in friendly communion on great humanitarian interests with the reformers of the North; the old, familiar faces which are so well known and honored in our ranks, were mingled with those of strangers, who for the first time shared in our counsels; but a common sentiment of devotion to the doctrines of social harmony, of hope in a brighter future for the human race, and of faith in the universality of the Divine Providence, pervaded the assembly, and gave a singular unity of feeling, even in the midst of unavoidable differences of opinion with regard to practical measures and business details. Indeed, it has rarely been our good fortune to be present at a meeting, more strongly marked with the spirit of mutual respect and conciliation, of temperate freedom of debate, of candor and urbanity in the comparison of opinions, and of enthusiastic zeal for the

integral progress and elevation of society.

After the Reports of the Secretaries and Treasurer, the first day was principally occupied with discussing the importance of a Central Office, which should form a grand focus for Associative operations in this country, from which the publications, correspondence, and lectures of the Union should emanate, and which should combine in itself sufficient elements of power to give an efficient impetus to the movement in all parts of the land. On account of the detention of several friends from New England, who were supposed to entertain different views from those set forth by the principal speakers in this discussion, the further consideration of the subject was postponed until the next day, when it was resumed and examined, with the result as stated in the general account of the proceedings.

On Tuesday evening, a public meeting was held in the spacious hall of the Lyceum, the place judiciously selected by the Committee of the New York Union for the session of the Convention, where a Lecture was delivered before a large audience, by WILLIAM H. CHANNING. This was intended as a close to the course of Lectures which have been delivered during the past winter, under the direction of the New York Union. The subject was the "The Principles of Universal Unity." We hardly need say that this lecture was a masterly effort of thought and eloquence, and must have produced a deep and favorable impression, even on the most prejudiced opponents of the cause. Its reception by the members of the Convention was in the highest degree enthusiastic.

On Wednesday, the whole subject of practical operations was fully discussed, in connection with a Central Office, the Harbinger, Lectures, and so forth. The Convention voted, as will be seen in the account already given, to place the Harbinger under the direction of the American Union, and to continue its publication at Brook Farm, under the editorial charge of JOHN S. DWIGHT and GEORGE RIPLEY, until October next, or such time as arrangements could be made for its simultaneous issuing at New York and Boston. It is hoped that this measure will place the Harbinger on a firm pecuniary basis, and ultimately make it a more effectual organ for the propagation of Associative truth, than it has hitherto ever been.

The recommendation of a Central Office in New York and a Branch Office in Boston, with an Editor of the Harbinger in each of those cities, was an important measure, and should the Executive Committee succeed in carrying it into operation, will doubtless be productive of ben-

official consequences. In our opinion, however, the Central Office cannot be made the effective engine that is desirable, without an actual working group connected with it; and it is earnestly to be hoped, that the friends of the cause will take measures before October, the time proposed for establishing the Office, to secure the services of certainly not less than two men, whose whole time shall be devoted to its objects. Unless this can be accomplished, we fear that the organization for practical efforts adopted by the Convention, will be restricted in its action, and the movement fail to realize the hopes of its friends. Every thing depends on the zeal, energy, and liberality of the Affiliated Unions, and the able and devoted friends of the cause.

With regard to the Model Phalanx, it will be seen, that a large and efficient Committee has been appointed to give the whole subject an attentive consideration, to gather facts and statistics with regard to it, and make a full report at the next Annual Meeting.

Another public meeting was held on Wednesday evening, which was addressed by H. H. VAN AMRINGE, HORACE GREELEY, Mr. ARRINGTON, and JOHN ALLEN. We shall not stop to describe their speeches, each of which was of a high order of eloquence, and singularly characteristic of the speaker. Van Amringe was vehement, at times almost tempestuous, but throughout logical, and propped up with an impregnable array of facts. Greeley was like a pure western breeze on a summer's day, calm, refreshing, persuasive, and spreading around a genial and healthy atmosphere. Arrington, a stranger from Texas, spoke with the wild freedom of the forests and prairies; his strong, good sense was relieved by brilliant flashes of poetry, and his impassioned and often eloquent appeals went to the heart of every one in that audience. Allen, as usual, was strong with the strength of earnestness, downright honesty, and inflexible devotion.

On the whole, we regard this Convention as the most important meeting yet held by the American Associationists. It represented a great variety of interests, by men of whose co-operation we may well be proud. It fully equalled, nay, it surpassed our expectations. It gave us new confidence in the power of our doctrines, and the certainty of their triumph. All the measures which it recommended, may not be carried into effect at once, but a fresh impulse has been given to the movement; we can afford to bide our time, and with serene hope await the advent of the promised day.

THE GROUNDS OF ASSOCIATION IN THE NATURE OF MAN.—NO. III.

Such and so simple is this most exhaustive and profound analysis of human nature. Until these twelve passion main-springs of human life are recognized and understood, all theories about society, all legislation are in vain; they travel in the same old vicious circle and produce only discord, isolated, empty, anxious greatness for the few, and ignorance and misery for the mass. Here is the only key to man's true destiny in these Twelve radical Attractions, which always, in spite of all our moralizing, all our reflection, all our artificial restraints, do contrive to govern and in fact are the man. In these twelve Passions, which make up our spiritual nature, we have now to seek the grounds of the true order of society, which we call Association. These dictate its law; and this in two ways:

1. Every natural tendency or passion implies an answering object; it is a draft or order which society must execute at sight: according to the rule, "*Attractions are proportional to Destinies.*"

2. These twelve passions in their own numbering and distribution are a type of universal order. They are the *model Series*, and imply and seek their own reflected image in the serial arrangement of all things, whether of the natural or moral world:—according to the rule, "*The Series distribute the Harmonies.*"

Thus a true society would be that which should ensure to every natural tendency of every man its fitting sphere of exercise; and which should in its form completely correspond to that serial type found in the soul itself. It should be the very body of Humanity, obedient and pliant to every motion of its spirit, as is a healthy physical system to its individual soul.

What do these tendencies require?

1. A true society must guarantee to every human being the opportunity of LUXURY, or Health and Wealth. It must fulfil the promise of his senses, and not withhold him from entering into true unity with nature, into sympathetic acquaintance with each property and quality of matter through the pleasure of a sense. This implies

1. The guarantee of a *minimum* to each one, even though he render no return; including suitable support, education, and every refining influence; access to whatsoever may awaken and appease the sense of beauty, and call out the powers of body and of soul harmoniously; so that the human being shall become himself and enter upon his period of active co-operation in the useful labors of society, thoroughly fitted for such

sphere as God has indicated in his natural capacities and tendencies.

2. The *right to labor*, in an attractive and congenial sphere of labor; for without the latter qualification the *right* to labor only becomes the *necessity* to labor. Labor, Industry, whether its end be use or beauty (and they are *one* in so far as they do really answer to their end respectively) is the active expression of the soul's desire for unity with Nature. Every passion prompts to action. The natural and normal state of man is a state of incessant activity. To create, or call forth from the earth the means of life, of comfort and of satisfaction to every sense, to mould the plastic material round him into forms of art that shall express his sentiments and echo his affections; to cultivate, adorn, perfect the globe of which he with his race is the appointed overseer; and thus prepare a place, a temple for the deep loves of his soul;—this with man is the end of labor. And to this man has attraction. But the attraction is not alike in all. While craving unity with Nature, no two can meet nature precisely at the same point. Nature exhibits Variety in Unity: so too does human character. The passions have been generally sketched above, in the series of Twelve, or Series of Order; but their various shades and ramifications and combinations result in series of characters, of every grade of difference, although these differences are all numbered and determinate; and so attractions are of every shade for each variety of the same general object. Whatever object of sense a man craves, that will he labor for, provided no false shame or artificial habits hold him back. He who loves the flavor of a particular peach, or the fragrance of a peculiar rose, will labor to produce that peach or rose in its perfection. This with him will be attractive labor. A true society should offer the whole scale of natural functions to the free attraction and selection of the individual, and know itself remunerated for this generous provision by the superior and more productive enthusiasm, skill and energy with which that one pursues his favorite branch.

3. It implies an equitable share to each one in the fruits of labor wherein he has coöperated: *rewards according to usefulness.*

All this is demanded of a social order by the material or sensitive branch of man's attractions. And consider how much it involves:

In the first place a combination and unitary distribution of characters and fortunes, which would be poor for purposes like this, unless united into one; Association, or coöperation, in the most general sense; solidarity of interests; and such

collective wealth as only could result from combined and well-organized efforts.

Then, too, unitary economies, unitary culture of the earth and distribution of the landscape, unitary halls, bands, theatres; every thing which can educate the senses from the first to the true and refined perception of harmonies; in short, a unitary, (not, however, a promiscuous and common,) instead of the isolated household.

Then, the assemblage of such a variety of characters and ages, that every function essential to the well-being of the whole, whether agricultural, mechanical, artistic, educational, or official, shall be filled by those and by those only who have a natural attraction for it,—in a word, an organic assemblage, numerous enough to represent and fulfil in itself all the functions of a complete man.

By nothing short of these conditions can each member of society attain to his material destiny, to unity with nature, and such usefulness as God designed for him;—and in these conditions we have almost a description of a Phalanx, at least its fundamental features. By such arrangements only can that natural and indestructible desire for wealth, which reigns in every human being, act itself out in each without injury to others. In a society, based on competition and separation of interests, as at present, the success of one involves the failure of many; but in Association, based on mutual co-operation and attraction, the individual and the general interest converge.

II. We come now to the Social attractions of man's nature, to the four Affective Passions, which Fourier calls the Cardinal or Central Passions. What do they demand of Society.

1. *Universal Friendship.* Naturally we overflow with kindness and cordiality; we would meet every one with ready sympathies. And the surliest, most distant neighbors, the most committed enemies and rivals, know very well that in the bottom of their hearts what they really desire is that they may meet and be reconciled. How was it in the generous season of youth? Could we follow our attraction, we were all friends. But society, as now constituted, does not suffer us to be friends. Competition and conflict of material interests separate us; every man is by the inherent necessity of the system the jealous rival of every other, in the scramble for a prize, in which success is only for the few, defeat and shame and poverty for the many. Friendship cannot have free play while business is what it is.

Then the great mass have no time for friendship. The terrible necessity of unceasing toil, repugnant and monotonous, separates and banishes them from the congenial home of others' hearts, and

freezes up the social current; while dismal poverty, the want of any pleasant place, or means to make life cheerful, to make one's person or one's neighborhood inviting, drives each spirit into isolation. The business of life which makes rivals of the more prosperous, preoccupies the laboring mass, and reduces them to what is virtually a solitary confinement. All day toil separates them, and as to home they scarcely have one.

Again, social sympathies are naturally various. Burning as we do for unity with man, yet we cannot all meet humanity at the same point, any more than we can nature. God has distributed characters and affinities among his children in a graduated series of determinate shades and numbers, which in a true order would at once seek each other out, and unite in such a manner that a general tone of Friendship would pervade the whole. But in the present social chaos, resulting from the false principle of free competition in industry, we are thrown together pell-mell, if at all; we are ill-assorted; we toil, we live, we affect conventional society with uncongenial company. We irritate each other by our singularities, which might find answering affinity somewhere; we stand in each other's way; and are denied the chance to seek those natural accords and contrasts of character which would at once reconcile us with all our race.

The only remedy, therefore, must be found: (1.) in a reconciliation and solidarity of interests, so that there shall be nothing to thwart the natural attractions of kindred natures; (2.) in free choice of congenial spheres of industry, which shall be varied in character, moderate in amount, and surrounded with fit company and cheerful circumstances; (3.) general comfort, luxury and elegance, *accessible to all*, from birth up; a surrounding sphere that tempts forth the better nature in each one, and as a consequence, universal refinement, intelligence and good manners; all of which are precluded by the present necessities of toil; (4.) and finally, the assemblage of such numbers and varieties of characters and tastes and talents in one coöperative society, that groups shall spontaneously form themselves for work, for study, and for pleasure, among the like-minded, or among those whose natures accord by contrast. In a word, the remedy must be found in Association. By solving the problem of Attractive Industry, Association converts what is now the great separator and destroyer of sympathies, daily business and toil, into a permanent social opportunity. "Nothing creates 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 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 industrial 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 capitalists, 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. *Ambition.* What does this require? Honors according to usefulness—respect for each in his degree—recognition for what one really is and was made for. Friendship confounds distinctions, readily unites with any for a common purpose. But Ambition would prevent this equality from sinking to a dead level. It would have each in its place, in the ascending grades of orderly distribution of the great social hierarchy, imaged in the tree, in the planets, and throughout all nature's hieroglyphic. But now there is no one in his place; on the one hand greedy usurpation and undeserving inheritance, on the other, the natural reaction of unreasonable and rabid levellers, and what wide Sahara wastes of tame, time-serving herds between! Virtue finds a poor negative consolation in the acknowledged fact that honors now are *not* according to usefulness; and that the purest metal is most liable to be overlooked. Nay, worse than that! Men have not opportunity to be useful in their degree; with

passions for it, with innate capacity and burning aspiration for great influence and good, how many are doomed by a false social position to a tread-mill round, in which these noble passions find no sphere except to chafe against their prison bars, and prey upon themselves!—And what is the natural result? The utter perversion of this heaven-born attraction; the selfish, egotistic, heartless, bloody, tyrannizing thing, the scourge of the world, which we now call Ambition. We know it only in its subversive development, in a Napoleon, or a Nero, and down through all its degrees to the petty ambition of those heroes, who now in Christian, civilized and free America, abuse the sacred name of patriotism, to purchase the cheap military distinctions which the vulgar are still foolish enough to gape at. This holy passion, the very soul of which is Reverence, the very thought of which is Order, is turned by the inevitable necessities of this civilized system, with its competition now and its broad distinctions of caste inherited from bloodier competition heretofore, into a passion which burns over the earth and dries up the springs of love as with the fires of Hell.

And this will go on until society opens honorable spheres to every natural talent; until a corporate pride attaches to every useful function; until integral education does justice to the latent gifts of every human being; and until all spheres of labor, and all the corporate groups devoted to them are arranged in series, as they stand in the divine mind, reflecting beauty upon one another, and causing each to feel its perfect unity with all. And it is the very aim of Association to satisfy the demands of this sentiment; to weave all interests, all orders, into a beautiful and perfect hierarchy, where each shall hold his God-appointed place, respecting and respected. No poor confounding of distinctions, no childish attempt to create social harmony out of dead equality, or to make social music by the everlasting repetition of one note:—the opposite of that is what it proposes. It assumes that each is only beautiful, only respectable, and only happy in his precise place and degree. In Association the laborer will feel himself respected in whatsoever sphere. He will not forfeit caste by usefulness. He will not be a mere tool and pair of hands to some other. He will stand up in the dignity of manhood; have his choice of sphere wherein to labor, and his rightful share in all his earnings. He is a member of some twenty or thirty groups, according to his attractions, and feels their corporate enthusiasm; and in these he meets as equals persons of transcendent character and fame in other things. And thus the

very passion which now most convulses society (each little egotist disturbing the general peace that *he* may be distinguished, that *he* may pass for something!) will act itself out in each in furtherance of the general harmony.

3. What does *Love* demand? What reception does that mystical, angelic stranger meet in our competitive society? Does this holy passion meet its destiny in civilization? No; because labor is not organized; wealth and freedom therefore belong only to the few: might makes right; and love and marriage, like all other things, are venal,—ties of interest and not of free and pure attraction. That there may be love and marriage such as holds in heaven, there must be room for true affinities; and as a condition to this, woman must be independent, holding her fortune in her own hands; honorable spheres of industry and of self-support, spheres demanded by all that is most womanly in her, must stand open to her entrance. But now is Love a blind experiment of passion which will not wait for true affinities; a prostitution of the holy of holies in the heart; the last resort, too often, by which alone to save from starving.

Now the free play of affinities, the independence of woman, the opportunity of thorough mutual acquaintance, which alone can save from fatal unions, all imply a reversal of the present order of things, where industry or the business of life keeps souls from knowing one another, and the substitution of a system wherein industry shall become attractive and constantly assimilate and draw together those who have affinity. And that is Association.

4. The *Family* is the great boast of Civilization. But notwithstanding all the beauty that there is in the idea of home, and all the real sacredness and sweetness of family ties, Familism, as we see it for the most part, is afflicted with at least three or four great evils:

First. It has generally a very selfish aspect; it is a very narrow, bigoted, offensive thing to meet. There are people, all whose humanity, all whose intelligence, seems to have shrunk into mere family limits. And the solemn obligation to provide for wife and children turns the gentlest nature into a hard-hearted, reckless trafficker, who excuses every selfishness towards the world at large, by this one call of private duty. Need this be so? In civilization it *must* be.

Secondly. The Family connection is in the vast majority of instances a bond of necessity, of cold, dull habit, and not of sympathy. How is it in the families of the very poor? "There the sight of one another is a reminder of necessities,

far more than it is of love. The bond between them has had no opportunity to prove itself a free bond. 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."

Thirdly. The Family is isolated and monotonous. The children have not variety. The parents have not variety. The natural varieties of character and affinity, especially in children, find no free play among large numbers. They are doomed to one another's long ago exhausted intercourse.

In Association the material support of the family will not conflict with general interests. Society itself extends its parental and protective shield over all the young. There will be no cold wind of necessity to freeze up the consanguineous current. Each individual will be self-supporting, drawn into intercourse with others in the varied groups of attractive industry, exposed to various influence of character, and safe from all one-sidedness and bigotry; and the parent instead of being the perpetual disciplinarian in the eyes of the child, will be his natural friend and confidant, society being the educator and critic, upon a much more liberal and efficient plan than any isolated family could afford. And thus these evils will be all avoided, so that the Family sentiment may assert itself in its true beauty and purity and power, without exaggeration or perversion.

Thus is the true destiny of man's social nature found in the free groups, only possible with the large numbers, the union of interests, the attractive industry, the equitable distribution, the guarantees, and the combined order, of Association.

III. And now we come to those Distributive Three, which constitute the third great branch of the Passional tree,—the Mechanizing, Regulating Passions, whose demand is for Unity in Variety, in other words, for Order, Method, Serial Arrangement. We have said that the Series distribute the Harmonies; that every unity in the Universe, whether it be color, sound, vegetable, or mineral, or animal organism, parts into graduated series of elements, out of whose measured differences result accords. We have said that the soul, in the unfolding of its integral unity into a scale of passions, is the type of all the series in the universe. The soul of man, therefore, to find its destiny, to be in harmony with nature and with other souls, must meet them in the serial order. This is the sole condition of all harmony. In the natural world, in music, color, mathematical forms and numbers, in every de-

partment of science, series clearly exist. But in the passionate, the moral world, in human societies, if they ever did exist, they have become deranged, and now we have the human passions, the innate springs of human action, which essentially were good and made to guide man into unity with God, developed mainly in their inverse and negative direction. What should be reverent love for Order, is a Napoleon's Ambition; what should be the discriminating tendency, the passion for progressive refinement, becomes petty intrigue and cabal, and so on.

The passions and the characters of men are like so many notes or instruments in music. They *may* make discord, or they *may* make harmony. "Characters and tastes," it is said, "are so unlike; and your fine theory of Association, of social harmony, will remain a theory until you can make men all alike." Would any number of repetitions of the same note, then, make music? The notes, the elements of music, are all various, many of them discordant with one another; and they would all be jargon put confusedly together. But these different degrees or shades of tone are all numbered; the scale of tones is fixed; the natural attraction between tones of various degree, or the law of their accords, has been recognized; in a word, a Science of Harmony, or of Thorough Bass, has been discovered, and when its rules are followed there is always music. Is there not also a Thorough Bass, or Science of Harmony, discoverable in the passions and characters of men? If the analysis we have above given, is sound; if a determinate number of springs or passions constitute the human soul; if each of these passions unfolds again into its scale of separate shades of passion of which it is the key-note; then all human characters must result from the possession, in a stronger or weaker degree, in various combinations, of these shades of passion; and then, of course, as the series are all numbered, there must be a given number of human characters in every series. God, who numbered the stars, and every grain of sand upon the sea-shore, did not distribute the characters, capacities and tastes of men without regard to number and to series.

We need not describe here again the peculiar functions and demands of the *Composite*, the *Cabalist*, and the *Papillon*, the *Combining*, the *Discriminating* and the *Alternating Passions*. From what has been already said of them, it is evident that they correspond in function to the three principles which make up music, namely, Concord, Discord and Modulation:—Concord, or the tendency to unity in sounds; Discord, or the tendency

to escape from unity, resulting in the melodic scale; and Modulation, or the tendency to alternate or make transitions into new keys or spheres of Harmony and Melody. Out of these three operations results all beauty, all expression in Music. They dictate the law of the series, reconciling Variety with Unity, in the realm of tones. And the same Law of Series, resulting in passionate, in social music, is what is implied, predicted and demanded in this three-fold scientific or distributive passion of the human soul.

It was upon this hint that the discoverer of the Social Science proceeded. To follow him through these calculations of the series, applied to the characters and the industrial and social attractions of men; to verify his reasoning in assigning the number of persons who by their various attractions and characters fill out the conditions of a working harmony, or of a primitive social unity, complete in itself and self-supporting; in the distribution of industrial functions and of material accommodations;—would require volumes, and of such abstract and profound reasoning as there is neither time nor place for here. The result was what he calls the organization of the Phalanx, the smallest complete element or monad of the Universal Unity of Man throughout the globe; and as the architectural form and type thereof, the PHALANSTERY rose before his vision, the natural form and correspondence of the complete social Man.

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The next number will complete the Fourth Volume of the Harbinger. After that time, it will be transferred from the BROOK FARM PHALANX to the AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS, and published under the same editorial care that it has had for the last six months. The volume now about closing has been sustained by the voluntary aid of liberal friends of the cause. We trust our old subscribers will not fail to forward promptly the amount of their advance payment for the Fifth Volume, and that we shall receive a bountiful accession to our subscription list, from the new converts to the Associative principles, that are springing up in every quarter. Give the Harbinger a liberal support, and all the operations of the Union will be greatly facilitated. It never has been a source of private emolument, but has been supported by sacrifice and self-devotion on the part of those to whom the spread of universal principles is dearer than personal interests. Let it not now be crippled in its influence, at this important period of the Associative movement, by any lack of encouragement. Every subscription that is now forwarded, goes to the general

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A. W. HARRISON, *Rec. Sec. and Treas'r*.
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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.

For the Harbinger.

A PLAIN LECTURE ON ASSOCIATION.

We have met here, this evening, to discuss the subject of Association. But, as even the first principles of the science are very imperfectly understood by most of us, would it not be well that a brief view be presented to this meeting as a basis for the discussion that is to ensue? In the belief that this would be generally acceptable, I have committed a few thoughts to paper.

I. First, then, I would observe, that the object of this new form of society is not to cramp the exertions of its individual members, by subjecting them to some stereotyped, unalterable system of operations, whether devised by the original discoverer, Fourier, or by those to whom the arrangement of a single Phalanx, or organized township, might be entrusted. No indeed. The grand object of the combined order is to *enlarge* individual freedom, not to subject it to additional shackles. From the exceedingly imperfect examples of union of effort presented by the Shakers and other communities, very many have been led into the idea that the individual wills of all the members of Association, like those of the Shakers, were to be completely lost, blended into one; that fixed forms and movements were to be laid down, by which all the members of the Phalanx should be bound to live, work, nay, even to think, and from which there would be no escape.

But the very reverse of this is the true state of the case. In the present form of society, many circumstances conspire to deprive us of more or less of that liberty, after which it is so natural for all men earnestly to pant. Want of capital now deprives the great mass of mankind of freedom of choice in possessions. Want of education shuts us out from the more desirable society; and, in rural life, the mere distances at which we are placed from each other, upon our isolated farms, hinder us

from enjoying most of the advantages even of that part of society which the low state of our purse and our defective education have left us. In like manner are we deprived of that choice and variety of food which is desirable; nay, may I not say, which is so essential to the health of man. We are confined to the pork barrel, the potato bin, and the meal chest for the greater part of the year. And, if we take into view the loathsome diseases of the skin generated by the former, independently of our natural craving for variety of food, we shall readily see, that we do not, in this important respect, enjoy even a moderate degree of freedom, having only left the choice between this food and none. In respect to the important article of fruit, we are, if possible, in a still worse predicament. At present, we cannot raise good fruit at all; or, at least, if we do raise it, we cannot expect to enjoy it. No fence will exclude the midnight robber. Indeed, it is hardly safe from depredators through the day. If we determine to have our share of what has cost us so much labor and pains, it must be taken before it is fully ripe. Now or never! Wait one day longer, and it is highly probable that the whole will be swept from our grasp.

Other points might be noticed in which the present imperfect arrangements of society deprive us of liberty of choice. But surely these are sufficient. If we lose, by the surrounding circumstances, whatever these may be, our choice of employment and choice of society; if we are cramped in our education, have no means afforded us whereby our faculties may receive that full development for which God has fitted them; and if, in addition to this, we are actually deprived by existing arrangements of that choice and variety of food which our physical nature imperiously demands, surely we cannot be said to live in a state of perfect freedom. True, we can always have Hobson's choice, this or nothing. We can always enjoy the freedom of the poor Indian, to hunt, kill, or starve. But, as to

genuine freedom, as to that sort of freedom, after which all mankind, consciously or unconsciously, do assiduously and earnestly strive, the right to have our whole nature unfolded and perfected, by a complete and sound education in youth, by a choice of the best society at all periods, and by a free access to well furnished libraries and a complete scientific apparatus; and finally, the right to an unrestrained choice of a profession; from this sort of freedom, every one must acknowledge that the great mass of our population are entirely excluded.

Having thus shown how much the people are cribbed and cramped in the present state of society, let us now take a glance at Association, or the Combined Order. And first you perceive that every child would have an unlimited choice of a profession. The capital is found by the Society, so that there can be no difficulty on that score; every young man in the society is placed in an equally advantageous situation with a youth surrounded with friends, equally able and willing to assist him with capital wherewith to establish himself. Besides, as the greatest variety of employments are brought together, the youth would not only have means furnished, but by personal inspection and trial, would have a full opportunity to ascertain what kind of employment would suit their inclination.

With respect to other matters, the mode of living, and so forth, the same degree of unlimited freedom would exist. For example, suppose a mechanic should join the institution exclusively for the sake of the superior advantages of education for his children. And suppose farther, that both he and his wife should have such inveterate prejudices in favor of the wasteful, repugnant, monotonous manner of life in the present isolated households, as to be unwilling to join the society in anything but their schools. What, I pray you, is there to prevent these foolish prejudices having their full swing? If the lady insisted on wasting her time and talents on cooking and

washing for her own family, shut up in her own rooms, instead of taking advantage of the machinery and arrangements and society of the Phalanx, the loss would be hers alone, and she would find no one, be assured, to meddle with or interrupt her. And if the husband should neglect or refuse the advantages of the machinery and combined labor, the loss, also, would fall on him alone. No one, surely, would trouble him, for one of the first principles of the Combined Order is perfect freedom of action in the individual members. But how long, think you, would such foolish prejudices last! If the parents were obstinately bent on their folly, their very children would cry out against them. "Why, mother," one of them would say, "what makes you live so differently from other people? If you were to see how nicely the rest manage, you never would bring these dirty pots and kettles into your room again. And the washing and baking, mother: why do we have such hard disagreeable work, when every body else gets it done by machinery?" The boys, on the other hand, would say to each other, "When I get to be a man, I won't do as father does, toiling here all day long by himself. I wonder how he can stay so lonely, when he sees every body else so lively and cheerful; not obliged to work much more than half the time too, and whenever they get tired of one thing, changing to another. How glad I should be if he would only act like other folks." And then the little ones, too, when their mother was tired to death of the trouble of finding amusement and employment for them, would not they have a right to complain? "Mother, see! there are all the children with their working caps and aprons, going into the garden to weed, or may be, into the field to gather leaves for the silk worms. See! they've a little band of music with them. And look here, too; they have the dogs harnessed to their little wagons. May'n't we go and help them, mother? Do let us go."—How long could such importunities be resisted, think you?

Thus, you may readily perceive, that there would be no occasion for any kind of *compulsion* in order to produce uniformity in Association. For, independently of the immense economies and other advantages arising from well organized and combined labor, there is an innate principle in man which strongly impels him to follow the example of those around him, as illustrated by fashion, and indeed, by all our habits.

II. The second important object of Association is to render labor of all kinds attractive, by bestowing honor upon it in proportion to its usefulness. The very reverse of this takes place in the present

form of society. The harder, and the more necessary and important the work, the worse it is paid, and the less honor is attached to it. Honor, did I say! The harder kinds of work are in general considered degrading. At our last meeting I mentioned a striking example of repugnant labor being rendered attractive by the influence of numbers, and by honor being attached to it, in the case of firemen. In that case, the hardest, most dangerous kind of work, without pay, is eagerly sought after. Another striking case appears in the military spirit, so rife at present in a great part of our union. If the life of a soldier were not considered honorable and glorious, would our young men, think you, have rushed into the field by tens of thousands! If mankind considered the art of butchering each other, of plundering and burning property, as degrading as they do the work of a scavenger, (and surely it is a thousand times more so,) would our youth now, do you think, be throwing away their lives or destroying their constitutions on the sickly shores of Mexico? No, indeed. If the true ideas of honor and glory had been instilled into our youth; had they been attached to the work of usefulness in place of the work of destruction, we never should have plunged into this, or any other foolish war.

It is sufficiently obvious, then, that the true way of making labor attractive is the method pointed out by writers on Association, namely:

1. By performing it in pleasant company.
2. By allowing the utmost freedom and choice of occupation.
3. By shortening the hours of labor.
4. By providing sufficient variety of occupation.
5. Lastly and chiefly, by attaching honor to labor in direct proportion to its usefulness.

III. Speaking of the false ideas respecting honor and glory leads me naturally to the third important object of Association namely, a true, just, and complete education. This, I fear, never can be attained in the present form of society. What is at present called education, namely, a little reading, writing, and cyphering, extended in a few to a knowledge of mathematics and the dead languages, is a mere sham and a cheat, a mere show instead of the substance. It has no pretensions to the name of education. If what is now badly, very badly done, were well done, it would still only be a mere preparation for education, not education itself. Man is possessed of noble, godlike powers. But these powers, like the germs of leaves and flowers in early spring, require to be unfolded, cherished, and brought into frequent and free action.

With the greater part of mankind, they lie choked up, useless, during the whole course of their lives. "Alas!" cries Carlyle, "while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupified, almost annihilated! Alas! was this, too, a breath of God; bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded! That there should one man die ignorant that had a capacity for knowledge, *this* I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does."

But what is education then? It is the unfolding and perfecting those great powers of which I have spoken; the powers of intellect, of conscience, of love. It is not mere reading and writing. It is not merely to cram the memory with an undigested mass of facts. It is learning to perceive clearly, to discriminate keenly, to weigh evidence wisely, to seize on right means readily, to have presence of mind in difficulty, and above all, and beyond all, to form proper habits of thought and thence proper habits of action, and finally, an invincible love of truth. To give an instance of the importance of proper habits of thought, what a precious thing it would have been for the world, had Napoleon received a proper education in this point of view; had his powers received a right direction in early youth, what wonders might he not have achieved, what a benefactor of mankind might he not have become! The sums expended in desolating Europe, and immolating hundreds of thousands at the bloody, insatiable altar of Ambition, would have converted France into a garden, covered Europe with a net-work of rail-roads and canals.

The same error in education which has produced such misery in the old world is equally prevalent here. Honor and glory, here, as well as every where else, are attached exclusively to the trade of human butchery. Men applaud with loud huzzas, women bestow their sweetest smiles, on the dazzling parades where expertness in the business of butchering is acquired; and our boys, before they are well out of their petticoats, take their first lessons in the same trade during the intermissions of study. See, for instance that troop of boys rushing from the school house! From the largest to the smallest, they instantly seize hold of each other, wrestling, snowballing, or pelting with sticks or stones. Mimic war is their chief delight, and, when their overflowing animal spirits are somewhat abated, what next? Why, some gambling game, to be sure; or an exercise of the tricks of trade; a barter of knives, toys, or books, in order that by practise they may acquire acuteness in the fraudulent arts of traffic. And

all this is viewed smilingly by the community, and the natural, the unavoidable results of such a mischievous training, are coolly attributed to the depravity of human nature forsooth. We place our children in the midst of the most pernicious examples, and when they follow them, as we might be certain they would, we take no blame to ourselves, but throw the whole fault on the innate corruption of humanity. Meanwhile the pulpit looks calmly on, but not a word of reproof or advice is heard. Its business is to *cure* evils, not to *prevent* them. The minister has got into precisely the same false position with the doctor. He has forgotten the proverb, that one ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Forgotten! did I say? Alas! I fear the silence of the pulpit arises from a more blamable cause. Its *favorite theory* would be endangered, were it to allow that education had any hand in reforming the character. The worse the morals, the better the chance for regeneration, we are told. Are not many serious evils attributable to this most grievous error? All these evils will be resolutely met in Association. One of its prime objects is sound and integral education, that is, education of the whole man. The chief training of the younger class, from the age of two to seven, will be in the formation of just habits of thought, leading to just habits of action. The overflowing physical energies of this age will be directed to purposes of usefulness, not wasted, worse than wasted as they now are in exercises which can lead to nothing but wickedness. Labor will be rendered attractive, honorable. Glory, renown, will be attached to no acts but those which benefit mankind, the only acts which truly glorify God. Children will unconsciously, without prosing or lecturing, but by the silent all-powerful influence of example and habit, be led to view useless or pernicious exercises in as repugnant a light as they now do useful ones.

IV. "But where are the means for these great improvements in education? Such schools are not to be sustained without considerable funds." The pecuniary means, I would answer, will be derived from the vast economies of the system, being not only sufficient for the support of the best of schools, but also to afford leisure for the whole society, and every luxury that may be desirable. I call the economies vast. If time permits, I will demonstrate them to your satisfaction in figures on the blackboard. Meanwhile I shall simply enumerate a few of them. The most complete number for a Phalanx is about two thousand persons, somewhat about the population of this town. That will be about four hundred fami-

lies. Now in the isolated state of society, such a population would of course require four hundred kitchens and four hundred cellars, with the same number of cooking stoves, and every variety of cooking utensils. In the Phalanx, one large cellar and one large kitchen, with five or six cooking ranges, and one-tenth of the quantity of cooking materials, will be an ample supply. In the four hundred kitchens there must be at least four hundred cooks and washerwomen. By the aid of machinery, one-tenth the number would be more than enough for both purposes, while at the same time the work would be ten times better done. The four hundred isolated families would require for each on an average from ten to fifteen cords of wood per annum, making in the whole from four to six thousand cords, and even then the dwellings are badly and unequally warmed. One thousand to fifteen hundred cords will abundantly heat the whole establishment, completely excluding frost from every room. In barns, stables, and so forth, although the improvements would be immense, the saving would be more than one-half, for a barn of four times the size would have nearly eight times the room. In horse and ox teams the saving would be nine-tenths in fences, it would be nineteen-twentieths. In mercantile purchases, the saving would be one-half, for every thing would be bought on the large scale, and no allowance would be required for losses. In every article of consumption the saving would be great, since no time would be lost in looking for a purchaser, or making bargains, the Phalanx taking every thing as soon as complete. No time would be lost in going to mill or to the store, or on account either of bad weather or dull seasons. A locomotive steam engine, which can be made stationary in a few minutes, will plough, harrow, mow, reap, thresh, cut fuel, wash, knead the dough, grind, and when not wanted for any of these purposes, it will perform all the spinning and weaving of the community. In winter, a large number of rooms will be heated by steam from the same fire which does the cooking. With such savings as these, and with full employment for all, in all weathers, and at all seasons, there can be no lack of ample funds for all legitimate purposes whatever.

V. Perhaps the only objection to Association that has any degree of plausibility is that which is based on the discordancy of the human race, more especially of the female sex. Two families, it is said, cannot live in harmony. How then can three or four hundred? But, however plausible this argument may appear at first sight, a very slight examination will show its fallacy. For though it may be

difficult to harmonize two or three families, it by no means follows that similar occasions of discord will affect larger associations. Let us examine the matter a little. Where two or three families live together, one perhaps prefers her bread well-baked, while the others like to see it white, without the slightest crust. One requires it warm, the others object to any but stale. One loves large loaves, another the form of biscuit. One can eat none but what is raised with yeast, the others delight in milk emptyings. Similar discrepancies appear in the cooking of meats and vegetables; and even if each mother cook for her own family, disagreements arise as to the time that she shall use the stove. One wants a small fire to bake; another a hot one to boil, stew, or fry; and what is worst of all, each thinks she does an undue share in keeping every thing nice and clean.

No such difficulties can arise in Association. The cooks are at work, not for themselves, but for the society. They have chosen this employment, because they are fond of it. They have a few men amongst them to do all the heavy work. They know there is a great variety of tastes, and they endeavor to satisfy all. Moreover, if any one of them should take a little disgust, she can instantly change her employment, and thus change her society. In the afternoon, or the next day, she can vary her work to sewing shoes, or to weeding in the garden, to folding sheets for the bookbinder, or to attending on the silk worms, to millinery, mantua making, or tailoring; and so on without end. No jealousies can arise as to one *doing* more than another. Every one is credited for the hours in which she is employed, and charged for her accommodations, so that one may work one or two hours in the day, or eight or ten, just as inclination prompts. Variety of employment, short days work, in such society as we prefer, all the aids which machinery and the best of tools can afford, such are but a few of the methods by which industry is to be made attractive, and harmony and unity of action secured. Association improves society by removing all occasions for bad feeling. It acts by *preventing* evil, not by the vain attempt to cure it.

VI. The last point which I wish to present to the meeting is perhaps the most important point of all. — This is emphatically the age of reform. Every where thinking men of all classes and conditions distinctly feel and acknowledge that *something* is intrinsically wrong in the present structure of society, and numbers, vast numbers of earnest, intelligent, upright men are anxiously striving to find a remedy for the evil. It is every where dis-

tinctly felt, that some serious obstacle stands in the way of carrying out, in their true spirit, the precepts of Christ. It is universally acknowledged, that hitherto there has been a sad failure in the practical part of the Christian religion; that men, yes, the best of men, cannot, as things are, love God supremely, love their neighbors as themselves. The worship of mammon has so entwined itself in the human heart, has so completely possessed itself of every fibre of the human frame, as to reduce the requirements of the gospel to little more than a nullity. And so much, and so universally is this the case, that the very idea of perfection, the very idea of the *possibility* of the best of us fulfilling the express commands of God, is hooted at as fanaticism.

What *can* be the cause of so strange a state of affairs! Can it be possible that God requires of man what it is impossible for him to perform! Or does it arise from an obstacle that is capable of being removed! Surely the former is a most outrageous supposition. Surely the God of justice and mercy would never lay a command on his creatures that it was *impossible* for them to fulfil. Is it not, then, man's duty to examine more closely into this apparently strange anomaly! Undoubtedly it must be. Now, though there is not time to do this fully here; yet, as the inquiry, as you will soon see, is intimately connected with our present subject, I trust you will excuse me if I throw out a few loose thoughts upon the matter.

I have already adverted to the fact, of the general acknowledgment of imperfection and corruption in our present arrangements, as practically evinced by the variety of modes of seeking reform. Almost every conscientious man in the community is engaged in one or more plans for the improvement of society. We have our Temperance and our Moral Reform Societies, our Anti-Slavery, our Peace, and our Prison Discipline Societies. In politics, we have our Whig, Democratic and Liberty parties, and in addition our Native American and our Social Reform Societies. Now all these associations, however divergent may be their aims in some respects, have one essential point on which they all agree, namely, Reform; the absolute necessity of radical reform. Conservatism has completely gone by the board. Change is called for by one and all; and in all of these movements, as before observed, there are numerous active, intelligent, conscientious minds, who are earnestly engaged with the work in hand, who labor at it with heart and soul. But, unfortunately, these labors never can effect any permanent, essential good,

for all are fragmentary, essentially incomplete in their very nature. They all look too much at the mere *surface* of things. None of them go deep enough. Not one of them strikes at the *root* of the matter. All are hacking and hewing at separate *branches* of the mighty overshadowing upas-tree, instead of uniting their energies to pull it up by the root. Any or all of them may succeed in these partial efforts; but, so long as the main trunk stands, there never can be safety for the body politic; there will always sooner or later be a fresh outbreak, possibly in a new place, or in a new form, but still retaining in substance what was vainly imagined to be totally destroyed. In order that this may be more distinctly seen, let us examine a few of those fragmentary efforts a little closer.

The object of the Society for Moral Reform is a noble one. It aims by moral means to diminish or destroy the grievous evil of seduction, especially in our cities, where it exists to a most alarming extent. But the most casual observer must surely see, that the evil lies far too deep to be erased by any such measures. Nothing can reach it that will not first, give to the whole community a sound and integral education, that is, an education which will not merely develop the intellectual powers of youth, but train them into proper habits of thought and action; and secondly, secure to the female sex the right to labor, and a reasonable compensation therefor. So long as society is so constituted that the mass of the females are left helpless and dependent on the other sex for support, so long as the means of subsistence are not within the reach of all who are willing to labor, so long will thousands of the young and beautiful of the gentler sex be *forced* to lead a life of shame and misery. Moral motives can have little or no influence, where the alternatives are ease and splendor on the one hand; nakedness and starvation on the other. Now nothing but Association can give that sound and full education for all, that the nature of the case requires. Nothing but Association has even *pretended* to place the right to labor and the means of comfortable subsistence within the reach of all; and consequently nothing but Association can put an end to the crying evil which the Moral Reform Society is established to remove. Again: the object of the Anti-Slavery Society is equally praiseworthy; but *their* measures must prove equally abortive with those of the Society for Moral Reform, for they likewise can never reach, they make no efforts indeed to reach, the root of the evil. What is the cause of slavery! Why is it that the masses, at all times, and in all places, have ever been trampled on, the rights

common to the race denied them, and they forced to spend their lives in hard, repugnant, and poorly-requited labors! It is all owing to the plain and simple fact, that mankind have been *slow* to discover the invaluable truth, that labor of every kind may be rendered attractive and honorable; that men can neither enjoy mental nor corporeal health without it; and that if all were to perform their proper share, to perform indeed what is absolutely necessary for their well-being, no one need be required to labor a moment longer than inclination prompted. This is the great problem that Association has worked out. This is what it designs to show by a *living example* to all mankind, namely, that it is practicable, nay easy, to give a sound and complete education, physical, intellectual, and moral, to all mankind; that the masses *can* be raised up from poverty, ignorance and dependence, without detriment to any, but with immense advantage to all; that labor can be so organized as to afford *attractive* employment and competence to all, with ample leisure for the full development of man's whole nature, and the full enjoyment of society. And this is all that is necessary completely to abolish slavery of every kind. Train up youth with true ideas of honor and glory. Inspire them with a *living faith* in the great truth, that labor is honorable in direct proportion to its usefulness, and there will be no more occasion for slavery. It will instantly drop to the ground—dead as a stone. You would then have no more occasion for slaves to till your fields than you now do to perform your legislative, judicial, or military functions. But so long as the present false views of society exist, so long as youth drink in with their mother's milk the false notion that any species of useful labor is degrading; that the soft hand is more honorable than the hard one; so long will every one do his best to escape from work; so long will strength abuse its power, by forcing the many to toil for the few, either by the lash or by starvation.

The Temperance Society is in precisely the same predicament with the other Societies that have been spoken of. This is rather a tender spot. But the truth must be spoken, though the heavens should fall. The great temperance cause itself is but a fragmentary movement, and can never completely succeed, for the same reason that others will fail, namely: because it does not, cannot reach *deep* enough. This is not said in derogation of the movement. Far from it. All honor to its original projectors! All praise to its persevering, self-sacrificing supporters! It has achieved an infinity of good, and will, I trust, do a great deal

more. But it cannot *finish* the work. As in the somewhat similar case of the Liberty party, neither moral suasion nor political action, nor a union of both, can ever effectually root out the evil of intemperance. Man's whole nature delights in stimulus; physical, intellectual, moral stimulus; and this love of excitement, like all other powerful desires, grows by what it feeds on. Even though king Alcohol should be killed and buried, banished so completely from the face of the earth, that there would be no danger of his ever appearing again, still appetite would crave, ingenuity would discover, and unenlightened men would indulge in, the excesses of intoxication. Let alcohol disappear, and the smoke of opium, or the inhalation of intoxicating gas, would take its place. But king Alcohol cannot be killed. Neither the physician nor the mechanic can dispense with his services, and under the shadow of their wings he will find his way into our dwelling in spite of all preventive quarantine. No. Nothing can completely destroy intemperance save an integral education; an education which shall not only make every child familiar with the exquisitely delicate texture of his body, but at the same time make him a whole man, the *master of himself*, a self-controlled, self-acting being. Is there any chance for this in the present structure of society? See what mighty efforts it takes to bring about a *slight* change in *intellectual* education alone, and judge whether it be possible to educate the whole mass completely, physically, intellectually, morally, while isolated as at present. No. To effect such a reform we must have the most accomplished teachers for even our youngest classes; teachers who will devote themselves body and soul to the great task of purifying society; teachers who are not *mere scholars*, but who thoroughly understand man's whole nature; teachers who will train up a child in the way he should go; teachers who will instil proper habits of thought, lead to proper habits of action; teachers who will know how to exclude the false notions of honor and glory which now almost universally prevail, and which are so ruinous to society; who shall know also how to inspire a taste for industry, economy, and order; teachers, finally, who shall infix in the minds of their pupils the true principles of Christianity—love to God, love to man, love and tenderness to all animated nature, and this in very deed, not merely in empty words, mis-called belief.

I might now review, one by one, the other Societies that have been mentioned, and show the inadequacy of all to execute their praiseworthy reforms. But enough has already been said, I believe,

to convince you that one and all of them are fragmentary and consequently radically defective. If we would really reform society, we must not content ourselves with lopping the branches of the great upstree, to which the efforts of all these reformers are confined; for so long as the root and trunk remain, so long is there a danger that *two* shoots will appear where *one* is cut off. But what is the root of all these evils which have called out the services of so many reformers? It is nothing more than a defective education, which leaves youth to the sway of unrestrained appetite, in place of bringing them under the guidance of habitual self-control, which leaves them always simply to inquire what is pleasant, instead of what is right. No education which fails to give the tastes and habits a true direction can be called a complete one. Nothing short of this will ever make a *TRUE MAN*. Nothing short of it will ever make a consistent Christian. Without this no one can ever be truly independent, safe. We shall always be liable to fall on the appearance of the slightest temptation. Now is there the slightest hope that such an education can be procured for all in the present isolated form of society? It will scarcely be averred by the most sanguine. And, unless it be given to *all*, it must be inoperative; for the vicious example of those whom it does not reach will always be sufficient to deprave the good, to render unavailable all that the wisest and best of teachers and parents could effect. No. Nothing but Association can produce so great a blessing for all as a complete integral education. Association alone, from the concentrated position of her votaries, and from the incalculable resources derived from her attractive industry and her immense economies, can ever hope to secure it.

T. C. P.

SOCIETY—PROSPECTS AND ASPECTS IN EUROPE.

The subjoined extract is from a letter to the Editor of the *Tribune*, dated PERTH, Scotland, April 1st, 1847.

And first let me direct your attention to a letter which just now commenced the circuit of the English papers, and which will be likely, from its subject matter, (but more especially from its mode of treating it,) to attract much notice. It is from the distinguished French author, the *Abbe de la Mennais*, in reply to a friend who had asked his opinion upon the various social systems which have been promulgated from time to time: and seems to me another signal instance of the strange recklessness with which literary men are apt to put forth wholesale misrepresentations of opinions which they have never candidly, or even carefully examined. But here is the letter, *verbatim et literatim*, which you can criticise at your leisure. It does not appear to whom

it is addressed, and its style is in parts obscure.

"You wish me to tell you what I think of the Social Systems. I can easily satisfy you. I can only see in the doctrines which have hitherto been brought forward a symptom of the profound want which society experiences of a better application of Justice to the retribution of Labor, in order to improve the condition, now every where so deplorable, of the laboring classes. On that side the attempt made to attain that object can only be applied. But that, in my opinion, is far from being the case with the means proposed by the different schools. I do not know a single one which more or less directly does not arrive at this conclusion, viz: *that personal appropriation ought to cease to be individual; that it ought to be concentrated exclusively in the hands of the State, which, the only possessor of instruments of labor, should organize labor itself, by attributing to the laborer the specific functions, rigorously obligatory for him, to which he has been judged fit, and should distribute according to certain rules—on which, however, opinions differ—the fruits of the common labor.* It is evident to me that the realization of a system would conduct nations to a servitude such as the world never saw; would reduce man to be nothing but a mere machine, and would debase him below the negro of which the planter disposes according to his fancy; below, in fact, the animal kingdom. I do not believe ever an idea more disastrously extravagant and degrading entered into the human mind; and even did they not merit these qualifications, which in my eyes are only just, none could be more ridiculously impracticable. Fourierism, and some sects originating with the St. Simonian School, not less absurd in my opinion in their practical application, are, beside, characterized by a negative more or less destitute of all morality. I have nothing to say about them—the public feeling has already judged them. You asked for my opinion, and you have it."

The above is the only translation I have seen of this singular letter, and must certainly be a very poor one; still it will give you an idea of the writer's views. The word rendered "qualifications" is evidently a mistranslation, as also the word "they" in the same sentence. I cannot let this subject pass without observing that Fourier's sublime theory contains scarcely a proposition which, in some fragmentary form, is not the favorite, and more or less popular hobby of some modern philanthropist. "Unity of interest," "attractiveness of labor," "anti land-monopoly," "the economies of joint occupancy," "the law of groups and series," all these and many collateral ideas are the central points (the pivotal centres if you prefer it,) of more schemes, upon land and sea, than you can think of. Even the *London Times*, the leading journal of the world, is out every now and then against the fearful Land-Monopoly, and actually proposes, in the face and eyes of the nine points of possession, and the sacred maxims that "might makes right," and "property is inviolable," to legislate that monopoly out of existence, and restore the soil to such a tenure that every child of God may, if he possess the means and disposition, have a "dig" at it. Then if you would see how Fourier's great

law of Economy is coming into vogue, observe the wash-houses in London and other large cities, where, in one large room, and with water heated by one furnace, a hundred families may do their clothes washing (cleansing themselves in the bargain, if they wish,) at less than one-fourth of what they could do it for at their respective homes. Go again, just now, to George St., St. Giles, London, and see yon comfortable lodging-house where a hundred laborers can sleep every night, each in a well-cleaned, well-ventilated, well-furnished room, and if they wish, take their meals together in one spacious dining-hall, (the whole establishment managed by some five or six people, and presenting a picture of neatness and comfort,) all for about a shilling per day. Mark, too, how people are trying to dodge the Competitive system of civilized trade. In hundreds of the towns of England and Scotland, parties are joining together their little mites, (on the Scotch principle that "many mickles make a muckle") purchasing large quantities of food and raiment, and storing it in a common warehouse, where each contributor can get his supply at little more than prime cost. I incline to the belief that more is doing in Great Britain than any where else, by way of practical protest against the existing order of things. The institutions to which I have alluded; the innumerable Relief Societies; the extensive system of Life Insurance; the Associations for Insurance against Fraud; the Building Societies; the present movements of the Chartists for the purchase of immense tracts of land to be leased out on moderate terms to mechanics and laborers; the Ragged Schools: the establishment on the most extensive scale of Mechanics' Institutes, Athenæums, and cheap Reading Rooms, Douglas Jerrold's famous Whittington Club, (in London) wherein young men of moderate income may secure for themselves board, lodging, and thorough education for a mere song; these, and countless other schemes (a new one coming to light every hour) exhibit a growing dissatisfaction with things as they are, and a striving for things as they ought to be, which, if the half of them were known to your pious neighbors of the "*Express*" and "*Courier and Enquirer*," would drive them stark mad. The rigid religionists of the country, the unco-righteous, stand aloof from these schemes as tending to dissipate their favorite ideas of depravity, and aiming at a degree of human perfectibility derogatory to the mission of Adam. But these movements are in the hands and hearts of strong minded, healthful young men, whose hearts beat high with expectation, and who are animated by that sublime faith described by the Apostle as "*the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen*." They have written: "BE YE PERFECT AS YOUR FATHER IN HEAVEN IS PERFECT" upon their gallant flags, and thrown it out to the breezes of Heaven, resolved that it shall yet wave among the Stars of the Empyrean.

THE POPE ON BROTHERLY KINDNESS. Previous to the receipt of the Pope's Letter to the Archbishops, Bishops, &c., on the Famine in Ireland, Catholic liberality on this continent was very well proved and tested. The Pope says (we quote

the *Paris Univers*), "You may, besides, recall to mind the words of St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan—'The beauty of wealth is not to reside in the money-bags of the rich, but to serve as an aliment to the poor; treasures shine with greater brilliancy when distributed to the infirm and indigent; Christians ought to know that they should employ money to seek, not what is of them, but what is of Christ, in order that in his turn Christ may seek them.' For these motives, for the others that we have recalled to your benevolent minds, we firmly hope that you will afford powerful help to the poor."

GERMAN IMMIGRATION. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* speaks of the emigration passing through Cologne on the 9th of April as follows: We translate from the *Schnellpost*:

It is indeed frightful to see how the emigration increases. Every day the steamers bring us troops of wanderers, and any one who at evening visits the now thickly-peopled quay on the Rhine, is always sure to find the same melancholy scenes—mothers seeking to quiet crying children amid the clamor—old people careful about leaving their little all in worm-eaten chests and boxes—men and young fellows consulting where they shall find shelter for the night. It is also striking to see that the successive caravans from the "Upper Country" (Hesse, Baden, Wirtemberg) appear to be better and better off, their goods coming in forming larger and heavier wagon-loads. The courage, foresight and cheerfulness of the voyagers seem to be kept up under all circumstances. This morning, though a severe storm was raging over the roofs and whistling among the spars of the ships, a fearful reminder of the dangers of the sea, three hundred emigrants departed in the highest spirits, a band of music leading them on board ship. Most of them go by way of Antwerp to New York and Milwaukee. A few weeks ago a company of more than twenty emigrants from Nassau passed through our city, consisting solely of educated young men, physicians, attorneys, &c. with the intention of founding a community in America on the basis of common property.—*Tribune*.

A SPIRITED IRISH LASS. A whimsical incident happened on board one of the emigrant ships lying at the Custom-House Quay, Dublin. Among the passengers were a strapping country girl and her sweetheart, who intended to be married on the other side of the Atlantic. The fair emigree had a little fortune of £200, which she had discreetly placed in the hands of the captain. She had hardly done so when her intended asked her for some of it, and on her refusal, coolly bade her good morning, and disembarked. The deserted damsel rushed to the side of the vessel, but instead of throwing herself overboard, she addressed the crowd on the quay, telling her story, and finished by offering herself on honorable terms to any young fellow who would take the place of her faithless swain. A handsome young mason, who happened to be among the standers by, immediately offered himself, and was accepted on the spot. The Captain very properly sent to make inquiries about him, and found that

he was, as he represented himself to be, a single man; and the parties to this extemporaneous match sailed with that very tide for the shores of America.

IF You will see by your files, that Sir Walter Scott, son of the author of *Waverley*, is dead. He was born in 1801, and was Lieutenant Colonel in the 15th Hussars. He was attacked by dysentery at the Cape of Good Hope, while on his way home from Madras. The body was brought home in the *Wellesley*, and is now on its way for interment in his father's grave in Dryburgh Abbey. The baronetcy is extinct, but the Abbotsford property passes to Walter Scott Lockhart, a Cornet in the 16th Lancers, only son of the editor of the *Quarterly*, and only grandson of the author of *Waverley*. The property does not pass at once to him, as Lady Scott, by her marriage settlement, has a life interest in the estate. If the great "Wizard of the North," who taxed his genius to become a landed proprietor, and establish a line of hereditary traders in rents, can see the end of his misguided and sordid ambition, how truly may he exclaim *sic transit gloria mundi*.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

IF It is stated in the English papers, as an almost unaccountable fact, that, while the distress in Ireland was at its height, the deposits in the Savings Bank in that country were larger than they had ever been. A similar increase is also observable in the receipts into the treasury of the United Kingdom.

THE NEW ECCALEOBEON. The new chicken-hatcher, on exhibition at 179 Broadway, is one of the most interesting and curious sights in the city. The machine is extremely simple and cheap; it occupies but a very small space, and we should think that every lady in the city would procure one and hatch poultry for her own table. The annoying accidents to poultry breeding in the old way in the country, which cut off in their earliest chickenhood at least one half of the feathered tenants of the farm-yard, are all avoided by this very simple contrivance, and we should think that it would come into very general use among farmers. The inventor, we understand, is a printer of Albany. By his ingenuity he has rendered the old proverb rather musty, and made it perfectly safe to count your chickens before they are hatched. The Eccaleobeeon never fails.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

IF Our distinguished countryman Mr. Bancroft—present ambassador at the Court of St. James, is winning golden opinions of all kinds of men. His merits as a literary man and historian are fully recognized here, and he has been elected honorary member of several learned societies in the nation. His lady attends the drawing rooms of her Majesty, and several Americans I see, by the Court Circular, have lately been introduced.—*Ibid*.

"FIFTEEN HUNDRED HOUSES." The Boston Atlas says that fifteen hundred houses will be built in the new town of Lawrence the present season.

Just think of building *ten* houses every

day in a town only one year old! Did Boston ever do as much as this! At only ten persons to a house, these 1500 houses would accommodate 15,000 people! We pray our friends to think of this matter a moment. We are not going ahead as they represent. It would ruin us if we were. Our growth is rapid, but far more secure and healthy than this article would indicate. We shall be satisfied with from 8,000 to 10,000 inhabitants in Lawrence at the close of the present year.—*Lawrence Courier.*

[From the Planters' Banner, Franklin, La.]

LECTURE ON ASSOCIATION.

The Objects of Association — The Destiny of Man — Objections to Association — Infidelity — Christianity — Property — Invested Rights — Slavery — The Marriage Tie — The Scientific Basis of Association.

Agreeably to the announcement in our last, Mr. OSBORNE MACDANIEL delivered a lecture upon Association, at the Franklin Exchange Ball Room, on Saturday evening. He opened his lecture with some general remarks upon the objects of Association. We give a brief summary:

Mr. Macdaniel stated that Association had in view no single or partial reform in society; it proposed neither more nor less than an entire change in the present relations and conditions of society—a complete re-organization of the whole social machine. And not in one community or one country alone, but throughout the whole earth. It was a scheme of universal reform, intended to eradicate all kinds of evil in the world, and to establish society upon new principles, differing entirely from those now in operation. The change was to be effected gradually and by peaceful, not revolutionary means. Instead of the general opposition of interests now existing in society, there would be substituted complete unity of interests; instead of competition, there would be co-operation; instead of discord and conflict of action among men in all the business affairs of life, there would be concert and harmony of action among them. The law of Love and Justice would take the place of the law of Hate and Injustice. Mankind would become as one Brotherhood, all enjoying the highest happiness, instead of suffering the misery that now prevails and always has prevailed in the world, the effect of false social relations.

The Associationists, Mr. Macdaniel said, believed that Providence designed for Man a high and happy destiny by reconstructing his societies in accordance with the laws of God and his own nature. They believed too that Fourier had discovered the principles of a true form of society—and had shown how they could be applied and adapted to the nature of man, so as to produce a complete transformation in the condition of the world, from a state of poverty, ignorance, oppression, crime, brutality and wretchedness, to a state of universal plenty, intelligence, freedom, virtue, refinement and happiness; from a state of war and antagonism to a state of peace and harmony.

Before Mr. Macdaniel explained the principles and the scientific foundation of the system of Association, he considered it advisable to disabuse his audience of erroneous views and prejudices which

were commonly entertained, through the misrepresentations of the doctrines of Association by ignorant and slanderous persons.

First, it had been charged upon Association that it was Infidel and Irreligious. This charge was false. Association rested upon the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and without them as a basis it could have no existence, it could not move one step. Christ gave to the world as his primary doctrines, upon which "hang all the law and the prophets," the precepts to "love God with all our soul and all our mind, and our neighbor as ourself." These doctrines, and the other precept of Christ, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," were preached but not practised in the world. Association adopted them as the broad basis of its social edifice, and would illustrate them practically in all departments of life. If this was Infidel and Irreligious, then Association was Infidel and Irreligious; but if not, then was Association what indeed it would prove to be, *practical Christianity*. This slander then fell to the ground, and returned upon its authors.

Secondly, Association, it was said, would destroy the rights of Individual Property. This again was not true. The system of Fourier must not be confounded with the community systems of Robert Owen, Rapp, and other social reformers; it was directly the reverse in principle in respect to Property, as well as many other things, and it not only maintained the rights of Individual Property, but secured and guaranteed them to every individual, man, woman and child, and rendered them even sacred and inviolable, far more than they were in present society, where generally, the rights of property were not even recognized as pertaining to women and children. Without Individual Property, Association could not be founded or exist; it was not a community of goods and possessions without distinction of rights, but a *unity of interests* under a partnership form, where every person's property, not of a personal nature, would be held in joint-stock shares, like those of Banks and Rail Roads. This second charge, then, was also false.

The subject of Property suggested a few words upon the subject of Slavery, as involving one form of property in the South, and invested rights. Upon this question, Mr. Macdaniel desired to define the position of Associationists. They regarded it as a question of political or social economy as well as a question of a moral nature. It involved the consideration of property and the guiding law of Association is to respect all established or vested rights in society and never to do them violence by rash or unjust measures. In carrying out the universal reform of society then, there will be no robbery committed upon the master to liberate the slave; means will be found to compensate the master for any loss he may sustain through the abolition of slavery. Considered in a moral point of view, Associationists looked upon Slavery as a great evil, an opinion concurred in by every intelligent and liberal-minded slave-holder the lecturer had ever conversed with on the subject.—They condemned it as an evil of vast magnitude and deplored its existence, but Associationists were philosophers as well as philanthropists—they

were not *simplicists*, who took but a single and one-sided view of a question; they were compound reasoners, who considered it on all sides and in all its bearings—and they did not confine their view to slavery as an evil to be got rid of. They looked abroad upon the face of society, throughout the whole world, and they saw that Negro slavery in the South, was one only of many forms of slavery that existed on the earth; that it was but one manifestation of the immense mass of evil which overwhelmed mankind. Consequently they did not contemplate the removal of this one evil alone and direct their exertions wholly against it; they wished to abolish all evil and all forms of slavery. They considered the White Slavery of the North in many aspects worse than the black Slavery of the South. It was more heartless and had less direct sympathy with its victims.—The laboring classes under the Wages system were subjected to calamities more dreadful than those suffered by personal slaves, as exhibited among the operatives of England, Ireland and other countries of Europe. The same results would every where grow out of the Wages system among the *free* white laborers of the North as well as those of monarchical countries. Government was no protection to the laboring classes; Capital would in the course of time bring Labor into a state of complete subjection and nominal slavery, quite as oppressive as real slavery;—Association would abolish slavery under all forms throughout the world!

Thirdly, it was charged upon Association that it would break the Marriage tie and bring about universal licentiousness. Whence came this charge? From a society filled with the grossest licentiousness; where the Marriage tie exists rather as a legal fiction than a sacred moral and religious obligation! No, Association would not interfere with Marriage; it would leave that question for a purer and more intelligent age. But it revolved at the depravity and licentiousness of present society. Look at the relations of the sexes in society now. Are they governed by the sacred passion, Love? Is not this beautiful passion of the human heart smothered and crushed in society? When it attempts to bloom is it not blasted in the bud? Is it not even the subject of sneers and ridicule and depraved witicism? Yes, in present society there is union of the sexes without sympathy—Marriage without Love! Association will cherish and protect this divine passion; it will purify and exalt the union of the sexes—glorify and sanctify the holy relations of Matrimony.

All these charges then are *groundless*; they are vile calumnies and slanders. Having disposed of the objections, Mr. Macdaniel proceeded to explain the scientific basis of Association.

Fourier was the discoverer of the two great universal principles or laws, which he propounded in the following terms;

1st. *The Series distribute the Harmonies of the Universe.*

2d. *Attractions are proportional to Destinies.*

It is upon these laws and the Passions of the Human Soul also analyzed by Fourier, that he founds his doctrines of society, and in conformity with them proposes a social re-organization. They are too profound and abstract in their nature,

the lecturer said, for extemporaneous explanation, and he would glance merely at them to give a partial understanding of the subject.

The Series distribute the Harmonies of the Universe. Throughout creation all things, where order and harmony exist, are related to each other in Groups and Series of Groups; and this distribution of things in the universe, is called by Fourier the "Law of the Series."—From the highest to the lowest Creations, this law is seen to govern. For example, the stars and planets are creations of the highest order. The Solar System of which the Earth is a member, is a Group of planets, with their satellites, revolving round a Central planet or Sun. In this order of creation here is a Group, but this Group of planets is only one of other groups which revolve around another sun. These groups of planets or Solar Systems, revolving around a central sun, constitute a "Series of Groups," which again are but a single group revolving with other groups of the same formation, around a still higher and more distant sun. A "Series of Groups," on a more magnificent scale, is then formed, which with other Series of Groups, of the same character, move around a central sun proportionately grand and elevated. A Series of Groups of Solar Systems, moving about their central sun, constitute a Universe; a series of Universes form a Biniverse; a series of Biniverses form a Triniverse, and so through infinite space, as astronomers inform us, system rises above system, according to the Law of Groups and series of Groups, or the Law of the Series.

In all the lower spheres of creation the same law is exhibited, and the sciences of Botany, Ornithology, &c. &c., are only approximations more or less perfect, to classification according to this law, that is, according to order, class, genus and species. Thus the Law of the Series is a Universal law wherever order and harmony exist in creation; and, as Fourier has demonstrated, if this law is applied to the organization and government of Human Societies, order and harmony will be the result and will also exist in them.

Attractions proportional to Destinies. This universal law may also be illustrated by reference to extremes of creation. The planets of our solar system, for example, revolve around the sun in their respective orbits by virtue of the law of Attraction. In obeying this law the planets fulfil their destiny; hence their destiny is proportional to their attractions, and vice versa. This branch of the law of Attraction was discovered by Newton; Fourier has shown that it governs every organic being in creation. Plants, birds, fishes, and animals of all kinds, are subject to this law. The conditions being adapted to the nature of any animal, it follows its attractions and fulfils its destiny. In fulfilling its destiny it enjoys happiness according to its susceptibility and rank in the scale of being. The attraction of the Reindeer, for instance, leads it to find a home in the frozen regions of the north and to feed on moss; it fulfils its destiny directed by its attractions, and hence they are proportional to each other. If the Reindeer is carried to the tropics, its attractions are violated, because the conditions do not exist there adapted to them; and its destiny, which

is to live in cold regions and feed on moss, is not fulfilled. Hence too the happiness of the animal is destroyed, and it suffers and dies. Take the Lion of the Desert, whose attractions and destiny are under a burning sun and place him in a frigid region, and he will also suffer and die. His attractions are proportional to his destiny, and the violation of one is the destruction of the other. So with the fish, whose attractions and destiny are in the water; take it into the air and it dies. Thus this law of Attraction may be shown to be universal; and Fourier proves that when man organizes his society according to the law of the Series, and is governed by his attractions, that is, by the unperverted impulses of his soul, he will fulfil his destiny; and in fulfilling his destiny he will be happy. He does not now obey his attractions; they are thwarted and violated by conditions and circumstances not adapted to his nature; he does not fulfil his destiny, and he is unhappy.

This is a brief and superficial view of these two great laws of creation, which Fourier has discovered.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THE OPERA IN BOSTON.

Since the three nights of "*Saffo*," our review has been interrupted partly by absence, and partly by the crowd of other matters. "*I due Foscari*" was given twice, to the satisfaction of course of those who love the strength and the rich harmony of Verdi's music, but failing to impress or charm the general audience. Of the new prima donna, Rainieri, who appeared in it we heard favorable report, which we were not present to verify for ourselves. This opera was speedily withdrawn in favor of "*I Montecchi e i Capuletti*," the Romeo and Juliet of Bellini, which ran three nights. We confess to having been so utterly cloyed with the sweet tenderness of Bellini's unvarying mood, as to have been hardly fit judges of his music upon this occasion. It was full of exquisite melody, of course. Tedesco, as Romeo, sang admirably; and Caranti de Vita still grew upon our sympathies, as Juliet. But as a whole, it seemed to us a meagre thing, by no means equal to "*Norma*," or "*Somnambula*," or "*I Puritani*." We wondered at the enthusiasm of Italians about this opera. As a musical creation it is weak; you go home from it with nerves unstrung, without a strong emotion in you, without feeling lifted above yourself, or roused and invigorated at all. Then what a falling down from the Romeo and Juliet of Shakspeare! What a threadbare, flimsy thing it makes of the story! Barely a few situations from it selected conveniently for music, and those presented without growth or progress.

"Ernani" was performed a fourth time by request, and again delighted a most crowded audience. Then came two

nights of Verdi's "*I Lombardi*." This wants the unity, the wholeness of effect of "*Ernani*;" the plot is unintelligible and confused without considerable study; yet the music seemed to us entirely equal to the other, and so essentially like it, without any wearisome monotony, that we could not possibly condemn one without condemning both. Open at any part of it, cut in any where and you find a depth and wealth of harmony, melody more strong and more original than in any modern Italian, short of Rossini, and that same admirable treatment, which gives to every thing its due proportion and effect. The choruses are very characteristic; especially that reckless, murderous sounding strain in which the followers of Pagano pledge themselves to execute his bloody work; the alternating narrative chorus between men and women in the opening scene; the distant holy music in the chapel; and the chorus of crusaders and pilgrims at the close. The prayer of Giselda, sung by Caranti, in the first Act, with the remarkable modulations of its accompaniments, is a great passage, worthy almost of the genius of Schubert; and it was given, as was the whole part of Giselda, with more power and expression than we had yet heard from this lady. Severi, the new tenor, electrified the house at once, by the first song of Oronte, in which he declares his passion for Giselda. His voice is one of great volume even on the highest notes, rich, warm and full of passion, only a little veiled either from cold, or from having been injured by over-exertion in too large a theatre. Yet the soul of the artist shone so through the veil, he threw himself so instantly and fully into his part, and sustained it so throughout, that the very defect became almost a source of added interest. In person and manner Signor Severi is commanding and attractive on the stage; his acting was excellent, and seemed to inspire a new force into Giselda. Both his voice and his style suggest comparison with Benedetti, and not at all with Perelli, who is transcendent in his own and quite another sphere. Novelli, the never failing, did Pagano and the Hermit. His noble, organ-like bass is profound in quality, as well as pitch. Continually you would fancy that he was singing in the lowest register, below the bass staff, when in fact he scarcely ranged below D and C in the middle of the Staff. It was just the voice to give the sombre shading and background which this music required. The trio between him, Severi and Caranti, in the scene where Oronte dies, was one of the finest things in the whole opera. Giselda's vision of Oronte in Heaven chanting with the angels was not represented bodily here, as it was in

New York,—an omission which displayed good taste. The orchestra of course was admirable. The only want was that of scenery, of which there is great poverty at the Howard Athenæum. Verdi's music always makes us stronger. We yield to no one in the extent of our preference of the great German music (and especially the most German of all, Beethoven and Schubert) to all other; but we think some of our friends are even blinded by a good prejudice when they condemn "the Verdi trash" as a weak dilution of Donizetti. Whatever may be his faults, whatever he may lack, he certainly has nothing in common with Donizetti, Mercadanti or Bellini.

This opera taxed the powers of Signor Ardit, the leader of the orchestra. A long violin solo preludes to the third Act; music for it is written in the opera, but the signor preferred to give us a concerto of De Beriot's, and admirably was it done. The whole following scene is accompanied with obligato passages of great difficulty and great beauty for the leading violin; and all this wealth can Verdi use, without distracting from the principal interest upon the stage.

Of "Moses in Egypt," and the rest, next time.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1847.

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

DR. CHANNING.

CONVENTION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS IN BOSTON.

The Boston Union of Associationists took advantage of the "Anniversary Week," to summon a Convention, which was held in Washington Hall, Bromfield Street, on Tuesday, 25th of May, and lasted through the day and evening.

Owing to short notice, few were present in the forenoon. The meeting was called to order about 10 A. M. W. A. WHITE, president of the Boston Union, in the chair. A committee, consisting of W. H. Channing, J. S. Dwight, J. J. Cooke, of Providence, D. M. Jaques, of Lowell, and Joseph Carew, were chosen to prepare business, and the meeting adjourned till 3 o'clock, P. M.

During the afternoon and evening, the business Committee reported the following Resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That we cordially approve of the proceedings at the First Anniversary Meeting of the American Union of Associationists, lately held in the city of New York; that we sympa-

thize with the earnest, prudent and co-operative spirit there manifested by Associationists from all parts of the Union; that we pledge our efficient aid to carry out the Plans of Action proposed,—consisting of a Weekly Rent—a General Agency—a Central Office in New York, with a Branch Office in Boston—a simultaneous publication of the Harbinger, as the Organ of the American Union, in New York and in Boston—the issuing of a series of Tracts—a Group of Lecturers kept constantly in the field for the coming year—and a Committee of Thirteen to consult together during the next twelve months, for the purpose of maturing a method of making a thorough Practical Trial of Associative Principles; and that with renewed faith and zeal in the practicability, expediency and duty of organizing Societies according to the Laws of Divine Justice, we call upon our Fellow-Associationists throughout the land, and upon all true children and servants of Humanity, to contribute of their time, talents, means, to advance this sublime movement, so plainly Providential, and fraught with such rich promise of well-being to Mankind.

2. *Resolved*, That for the end of securing a wide diffusion of Associative principles, and their strong and steady growth in the public mind, it is all-important that Affiliated Unions of Associationists should be established in all our chief towns and villages throughout the land; and that we recommend to our brethren of these Unions, as a means of planting the Societies firmly, and maintaining their vigorous life,—to procure the use of a room for a Central Office, which may serve as a nucleus for their assemblies,—to form social libraries, with tracts and books for circulation and sale,—to prepare for annual courses of lectures and occasional conventions,—to hold regular meetings for study, consultation and social enjoyments,—to keep records of all facts and statistics which illustrate the present state and tendencies of society,—to adopt as full a system as possible of Mutual Guaranties—and finally, to arrange some financial plan which shall ensure at once the payment of the Weekly Rent, and the formation of a Permanent Fund.

3. *Resolved*, That the Associationists of the United States should live and act with the conviction and feeling, that they are members together of a Grand Body of Believers in the Combined Order of Society,—devoted to the work of fulfilling the destiny of a Free, United and Christian Nation, by establishing throughout the country, a confederated system of Townships, Counties, States, governed by the Principles of Heavenly Order; and that for this end, they should seek to interlink the various Affiliated Unions of Associationists by all practicable ties, amongst which we would now suggest—Mutual Correspondence—Exchange of Reports of Proceedings—Letters of Introduction for members who may be travelling—the adoption of appropriate Emblems, Signs or Badges—and as occasion shall render possible and expedient, some large Co-operative System of Mutual Guaranties.

4. *Resolved*, That although it is the first end of the Affiliated Unions to study and to spread the idea and the doctrines of Association, yet it is indispensable to their very existence that they adopt, as fast as practicable, some progressive scheme of mutual guaranties between their members; that they deepen and strengthen the bond by combined economies and social opportunities; and that for this end, an earnest inquiry should be instituted in every Union into

the practicability of some kind of club-house or combined dwellings, of common stores and purchases, of united capital and labor in any branches of business, of common libraries, reading-rooms and places of amusement; thus educating the sentiment of mutual dependence and co-operation in each other, and preparing themselves for the day of the full trial of Associated Life, whenever the material means, the science, and the hearts are ready.

5. *Resolved*, That in the association of industry and of all material interests according to the divine law of order, which distributes infinite varieties so that they together make up perfect unity, we see the only hope of the universal practical triumph of Christianity; that religion is not a thing distinct from outward interests, but means nothing less than the spirit of love and unity pervading all the business and all the relations of life; that the unitary life of Humanity upon this globe is the fundamental thought of the Christian Church, and it is vain to hope that this can realize itself, or that men can feel their spiritual relationship so long as competition and antagonism lie at the root of all our social institutions, controlling the whole production and distribution of the outward means of life; that is Association, and in that alone, we recognize the true destiny of Man, the true Church Universal, the "Christian Commonwealth," the ultimate expression, body and result of Christianity.

6. *Resolved*, That Association presents the only practicable mode of securing to WOMAN the full exercise of all her just rights—of placing her in the high position which the Heavenly Father designed for her of being a co-ruler of society and earth with Man;—and Women, therefore, are called upon by all the degradations of their sisters the earth over, by their wretchedness, ignorance, want, servitude, enforced vice, dependence, to take an active part in the Associative Movement, to lend the influence of their devotedness, their quick perceptions, their pure impulses, their patient endurance, their steady hope to the work of introducing a Form of Society, where Love and Wisdom may be made perfectly one in Use and Beauty.

7. *Resolved*, That our central policy is by the diffusion of Associative principles and by their practical embodiment, to regenerate the whole social system, so that its healthy life shall peacefully and thoroughly absorb the vicious symptoms of Chattel Slavery, Fraud, War, Intemperance, Poverty, and other evils which now reproduce each other in a perpetual vicious circle, thus proving themselves inherent in the very system of our Civilization;

That nevertheless we recognize in all the movements of the day for the extinction of these special evils, branches and beginnings of the one great radical and integral Reform in which we are engaged; that we believe them to be so many expressions of the struggle of Humanity in this our age to realize its glorious destiny of unity with itself, with nature and with God; and

That we therefore cordially sympathize with all such movements and feel it to be our truest policy as Associationists to accept them every where, and show how every one of them, if followed out, must sooner or later find a fatal obstacle to the accomplishment of its own special end, in the unsolved problem of the Organization of Labor, and must, to realize its mission, merge itself in the Associative movement, which demands that first.

8. *Resolved*, That in the formation of the "League of Universal Brotherhood," we see a bright omen that the time is near at hand, when the sadly severed nations and communities of Christendom and of the world may be reunited into the blessed and beautiful Family of the Children of God; when the prophetic promise of a Universal Church may be practically realized in a Universal Commonwealth; when the earth shall be integrally cultivated, and its bounties equitably diffused; when population shall be wisely distributed over all lands, making the waste plains to rejoice and causing the desert to blossom as the rose; when mankind shall combine and use their collective energy in fulfilling their destiny upon earth. But while heartily sympathizing in prayer, effort, aim with our brethern of the League, we do hereby express to them our firm conviction, that the first step toward the securing of Universal Co-operation the earth round, is justly to organize the relations of industry and property in separate communities, and so form the perfect embodiment of love and order in the ultimate details of life; to lay the foundation for perfect society and pure spirituality, and thus fulfil the Unity of Man with Nature, of Man with Man, of Man with God, which the All Good, All Wise, All Mighty desires in his mercy from everlasting to everlasting.

Mr. CHANNING, in introducing the three first Resolutions, gave some account of the doings at the meeting of the American Union in New York, and appealed to all friends of the cause to aid in carrying out the unitary measures there agreed upon. Mr. DWIGHT spoke to the fourth Resolution, addressing a somewhat numerous and miscellaneous audience which had now collected, with a view to show that the Associative movement aims only to complete and realize and bind together into one all the Christian movements and aspirations of the age, and that Association, truly considered, is the only practical religion. He alluded to the fact that American Associationists now take the position mainly before the world of persons engaged in a work of propagation and the spread of principles. To expect to convince men at once of a reform so vast, and based on science; which so taxes the best powers of the student, would be folly. There are always three stages in conviction. First, the heart becomes convinced; it is a demand of sentiment. Has not the religious and the philanthropic sentiment of this day already got so far that it revolts at the picture which all civilized society presents, and demands a new solution of the social destiny of man? To those who have got so far, the American Union of Associationists appeal, and say that as they would be consistent, as they would show themselves in earnest, it is their duty hospitably to entertain claims to the discovery of the Social Law so soberly put forth as those of Fourier, and to aid us, by adding to our means of studying, writing, publishing and speaking on this matter, till it is gener-

ally understood. Let the American Union do its work; let the books and words of Associationists be scattered broadcast for a few years throughout the land, and soon to speculative conviction will succeed the third stage, of complete assurance, by the experimental knowledge of Association in practice. It is unreasonable, although it may be natural, to demand this first. The only question now is: are we believers in goodness, in the power of love, in the progress of Humanity? Are we Christians, who still look for the "kingdom of heaven upon earth?" Then ought we also to believe that heaven will come according to a divine law of Order; and seeing that a claim to the discovery of this Law is now formally made, seeing that a multitude of serious and intelligent men and women are convinced of it, and that its truths are confirmed unconsciously by all the progressive symptoms of the times, then ought we also to aid in promoting the study and diffusion of a science which will either refute itself or take its place in the centre of all sciences, and make all sciences practical and bearing on the good and happiness of Man.

Mr. WHITE spoke of the false tone of all our national politics, and the false position of the Church. This gave umbrage to an orthodox clergyman present, the Rev. Milton Braman, who defended the Church against the charge of being an enemy to progress, and being answered in a courteous and lively manner by Messrs. Channing, Ripley, Dwight, Orvis, and others, began to catechise the speakers as to the religious faith of Associationists, demanding categorical answers, Yes, or No. To his question whether we believed that human society would ever become perfect on this earth, a prompt affirmative was returned by all the speakers, with amens from the audience. This he denounced as a most dangerous heresy, in entire contradiction to the spirit of the gospel. The scene was indeed rich; the speeches of our friends, several of them, were very eloquent, and very animated, filled with argument and with the lively good humor of persons who could not but feel the triumph of their frank position in simply stating it before one representing the timid faith and narrow dogmas of the world. The glow and sparkle and quick alternation of all this makes it impossible to report the speeches. One person, not an Associationist, would have denied the right of the floor to the clergyman, on the ground that he spoke as a minister, and not as a man; but his antagonists in argument defended his right of speech as strongly as they would their own; perfect toleration was extended to our clerical critic. The generous and courteous spirit of

the meeting must have impressed all present.

In the evening the hall was crowded. Mr. Channing took up the discussion where it had been left, and in a most eloquent and earnest manner commented upon a recent attack upon the "Religious Union of Associationists" which appeared in the American Review, declaring that we were ready then and there and every where to meet our critics, who charge us with infidelity and with hypocrisy. Though the reputed author of the article referred to was understood to have been present throughout the discussions of the day, no voice was raised on that side. The discussion was then diverted from its natural channel, by Mr. West, the man opposed to clergymen, who advocated the Land doctrines of the National Reformers, in a very long and vehement and rambling speech, during which the audience was considerably thinned out. Mr. Channing then explained the views held by Associationists respecting the ownership of Land. Mr. RIPLEY called for a reading of the first Resolution, and made a clear and powerful statement of the present policy and wants of the American Union of Associationists, appealing very eloquently to all who called themselves Associationists, or who professed an interest in their views (and there were many such in Boston) to join at once an Affiliated Union, and add their contributions to the weekly rent. After the nature of the Rent and organization of the Boston Union had been somewhat explained by the President, a number of persons came forward and subscribed their names; the Resolutions were all adopted, and the Convention adjourned.

One interesting side movement took place at this Convention, of which we shall report hereafter. The women Associationists, who were present, formed an organization for the purpose of calling out the energies of woman more efficiently in the Cause, and of instituting some correspondence with their sisters of the other affiliated Unions. A Committee of ladies were chosen to present the matter in a Circular, which will be published with their doings, in the Harbinger. We hail this as a good omen to our Cause. Woman finds and claims her sphere in it, and with her blessed influence and sympathy and council it will go on as the favored work of Heaven.

☞ The New York Evening Mirror has established a new weekly, called the "American Literary Gazette and New York Weekly Mirror, a Reflex of Domestic and Foreign News, Art, Science, Literature, Politics, Society," edited by J. B. AULD, assisted by E. A. DUYCKINCK, C. F. BRIGGS, and H. C. WATSON. Its

Editors say in their Introductory,—"What opinions we hold upon the great social questions of the day we intend to bring fairly forward and assert independently." The first number presents no unfavorable specimen of the spicy criticism, for which one of its Editors is famous. Mr. Briggs has certainly the gift of keeping awake himself, nor is an author likely to go to sleep under his hand.

THE BANK DEFALCATION IN BOSTON.

The recent disclosures in regard to the New England Bank in Boston have produced a whirlwind of astonishment throughout all circles of society in that city. The late President was well known on 'Change, and was no stranger in general society. He had been the principal manager of the affairs of the New England Bank for many years. He was a smooth, quiet, unpretending gentleman, of great civility of manner,—urbane and gracious in his dealings with all men,—a model of prudence and circumspection,—with a universal reputation for integrity, though not so distinguished for liberality,—a patron of good institutions,—we believe, what is called a "professor of religion,"—and certainly, an exemplary citizen in all the decencies, respectabilities, and solemnities, which according to the prevalent standard of character in Boston, are such vital elements of high moral excellence. Men would as little suspect him of any impropriety or delinquency, as they would the Old South clock of striking anything but twelve at noon. Nor are we disposed to join in the general hue and cry with which, like every transgressor of social laws, he is now hunted down by an indignant community. We admit he has been guilty of putting money in his pocket in an illegal way. But it does not follow, from that circumstance, that he is a bad man at heart, or that he is not to be trusted in any relation of life. We dare say, that he reasoned himself into the belief, that in pocketing the surplus revenue of the Bank over the legal interest, he was performing a fair business operation. He knew that by the laws of the Commonwealth the Bank had no right to it, and was it not natural for him to jump to the conclusion, that he might claim it, better than any body else? We do not justify his course of reasoning. We only suggest the process which his mind followed. Let those condemn him as an outlaw who will. We doubt not he is every whit as honest as many who are now the loudest in his accusation. He violated the laws in appropriating the usurious gains; so did the Bank in receiving them. If there is a controversy about the division of the

spoils, let the parties settle it between themselves. The immorality is to be charged upon the whole system of trading in money, which must always produce the effects of gambling, though it may not assume the form. We wage no warfare upon the men engaged in it, for they are themselves the victims of a false order of society, and instead of wasting our breath in idle reproaches, we would institute an unrelenting attack on the system.

So long as the present arrangements of society, of business, of industry, are in force, we shall never avoid developments of this nature. The facts to bring them forth always exist in the midst of us. They are concealed with more or less adroitness from the public eye, but they are ever ready to explode, and from time to time will burst out, with the terrific and destructive violence of a volcanic eruption. Human nature has not sufficient strength to maintain a firm integrity under such untoward circumstances. It needs a more genial atmosphere. While the golden calf is made the prominent object of worship, there will be little of the incense of devotion to the true God. While wealth is made the condition of respectability, the passport to good society, the means of external comfort, the most vital distinction between man and man,—while labor with the hands, the prolific mother of wealth and luxury, is deemed fit only for the Pariahs and Helots of society, while a gentleman would be spotted with disgrace for staining his white fingers with work,—those who aspire to rank with the better classes, will always be exposed to imminent temptation. They will be made to walk on broken ice. Strange, if many are not drawn under and swept away by the fatal stream.

PROGRESS OF GUARANTYISM.

The tendency to Guarantism, which forms such a conspicuous feature of the present times, was predicted and described by Fourier, nearly fifty years ago. This fact shows his profound sagacity in regard to the principles of social movement, if nothing more. But the tendency itself has a far more important significance. It is the prelude to a general change in the organization of society. It is a primary effort of nature to restore the equilibrium, which ages of falseness and incoherence have destroyed. We watch with deep interest every indication of progress in this direction, and shall carefully register it. We take the following from the Chronotype of the 22d ult.

"MEETING OF MACHINISTS. The meeting of the Machinists of Boston, at Faneuil Hall, on Thursday evening, was fully attended. Mr. James Y. Smith was chosen Chairman, and Mr. Eaton Wadsworth, Secretary.

"Mr. Smith, on taking the chair, remarked that several preliminary meetings had been held, and that a Circular had been sent to between thirty and forty employers, requesting them to state whether they would or would not adopt the ten hour system—to which but *two* answers had been received. [Truly, it is time for mechanics to look to their rights, when a respectful petition to employers requesting their views concerning an important change in the hours of labor, is considered not worth noticing by nineteen out of twenty of them.] It had finally been determined to call this meeting."

"Rev. Mr. Clayton was then introduced to the audience. He urged upon their attention the necessity of protecting their own interests, as, if they did not, no one would do it for them. Man's time should be divided into three portions; one for labor, one for rest, and one for intellectual culture. Ten hours out of the twenty-four was enough for the first;—seven hours would not be too much for each of the others. But the employer would not lose by the introduction of the ten hour system, as there is not one man in fifty who would not do as much labor in ten hours as he would in eleven. If employers would not pay attention to the demands of machinists, these could form themselves into Associations, each investing something, thus raising a capital of their own. Capitalists engaged in the manufacture of machinery commenced small, with a few thousands of dollars, and now some of them have several hundred thousands of dollars invested in the business—money which has been brought out from the sinews of mechanics. Employers are living in wealth which has been produced by others; why should not mechanics themselves enjoy the fruits of their own labor? The Working Men's Protective Union is an example of what associated effort will accomplish. Members of that association can procure their provisions, groceries, fuel, &c, at a saving of about 20 per cent. upon retail prices. Let the Machinists club together as had been proposed, and when the year is ended, they will put the proceeds of their labor into their own pockets instead of the pockets of others. Mr. Clayton dwelt on the necessity of union in any such movement, and closed by recommending to their consideration, the motto—*The Union of the Mechanics for the sake of the Mechanics of New England.*

"The following Resolution was then read:—

"Resolved, That we duly notify our employers, that, on Monday next, May 2^d, instead of going to our places of business we meet on Boston Common, and that we will be ready to confer with them upon the subject of the ten hour system at such time and place as they may appoint between the hours of nine and eleven, A. M. If it is satisfactorily settled we return to our labor; if not, we appoint a committee to procure the names of one hundred Machinists who will invest \$100 each in a fund and solicit the co-operation of capitalists if necessary,—immediately procure a location for business, and then employ their own capital, perform their own labor, establish their own hours, manufacture their own machinery, and put the proceeds thereof into their own pockets."

"This Resolution was discussed by Messrs. Lawton, Trask, Parkman, Kimball, Hubbard, Wadsworth, Clayton and Mitchell.

"Mr. Trask thought it was only by combination that the mechanics would be able to do anything effectual. The same

causes that are producing starvation in the old world are at work in the new; the same capital which keeps the blacks in slavery at the South, would work the Mechanics fourteen and fifteen hours here.

"Mr. Parkman said that provision must be made for those with families, as they could not hold out so long in the proposed strike as persons who were unencumbered, while as much depends upon a family man holding out as a single man.

"Mr. Kimball hoped they would not be too hasty. He proposed that on and after the first Monday in June, the ten hour system should go into operation; that the workmen should go into shops at seven instead of six o'clock—quietly and without excitement, but with the understanding that if one is discharged in consequence of that step, the whole go.

"Mr. Hibbard had never worked but ten hours, and never would: the reason was, his employers needed him more than he needed them, and he could make his own terms. In New York, Machinists worked but ten hours, and they need not here if they would be united and would act with confidence. He urged the necessity of more intercourse between the members of the craft.

"Mr. Mitchell thought they had met to form a Union. If a Union had been started three years ago, the ten hours system would now be going on smoothly.

"The resolution was finally laid upon the table, and a committee of five, consisting of Messrs. Kimball, Mitchell, Clayton and Hobbs, appointed to make arrangements for another meeting and to devise plans for future operations, after which the meeting adjourned.

"The spirit displayed at this gathering was excellent; with hardly an exception not an intemperate feeling was expressed, but all seemed calmly and sincerely impressed with the conviction that their employers took no interest in their welfare, further than it was immediately connected with their own interests, and that the Machinists must protect themselves if they wished to be protected at all."

✍ The controversy between the *Tribune* and the *Courier and Enquirer* has been recently brought to a close. The discussion, on the part of the latter paper, is a string of false issues from beginning to end. It constantly evades the ground maintained by Mr. Greeley, in favor of Associated Industry, and displays no small outlay of controversial ingenuity in subjecting him to the odium of principles, for which he is in no wise responsible, and which he always disclaims. We are not sure that we clearly perceive the point of the *Courier's* argument against Association, as he understands and caricatures it, but it would seem that he dwells principally on the old objection against all improvements, from the telescope to a Reformed Parliament, that the Church is in danger, that the interests of religion will be compromised by any radical change in the existing social order. This is a blunder in policy, unworthy of the crafty antagonist of the *Tribune*. It is a most suicidal

process for the advocates of orthodoxy to array it in opposition to social reform. The natural sense of justice demands an improved condition for the vast masses of men that are now shut out from the enjoyment of thorough culture, adequate leisure, and the means of a worthy life; and every form of religion that quarrels with this great demand of the age, thereby brands itself with falseness, and proves that its pretensions to Christianity are a lifeless sham.

In his remarks on the last article of the *Courier and Enquirer*, Mr. Greeley points out some instances of management, — to use the mildest term, when the harshest one would be the more appropriate, — which show that the spirit of Jesuitism is by no means confined to the Catholic Church, but that it sometimes bursts forth even in the most arid wastes of Protestantism, with a richness that would rejoice the heart of Loyola.

The whole controversy, we are glad to find, is to be published in a pamphlet form, and we shall probably take the opportunity to refer to it again.

✍ Do not fail to read the "Plain Lecture on Association," commencing on our first page. It comes from a source, that is entitled to the highest respect.

✍ Any person who has any of the earlier numbers of the First Volume of the *Harbinger* which he does not care to preserve, will confer a favor by sending them to us, as we may be enabled in this way to make out a few complete sets of the first volume, which is out of print. Please direct "*Harbinger*, Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass."

ERRATA IN THE LAST NUMBER. Our last number was got out in great haste, and during the partial absence of both the editors, so that the proofs were imperfectly read. Several gross blunders in the printing of the Domestic Corresponding Secretary's Report before the Convention in New York we beg leave here to correct.

Page 386, 2d Column, 15th line; for "by which the collective life" read "by which in the collective," &c.

Page 386, 3d column, 23d line; for "this great problem," read "these great problems."

Page 386, 3d column, 51st line; for "waking up the consciousness," read "waking up to the consciousness."

Page 386, 3d column, 71st line; for "impressive," read "impulsive."

Page 387, 1st column, 2d line; for "their," read "then."

Page 387, 1st column, 7th line; for "one," read "our."

Page 387, 1st column, 14th line; for "of internal," read "of our internal."

Page 387, 1st column, 26th line; for "rise," read "are."

Page 387, 1st column, 42d line; for "mass," read "though."

Page 387, 2d column, 22d line; for "sure," read "seen."

Page 387, 2d column, 34th line; for "philosophy," read "philanthropy."

Page 337, 3d column, 37th line; for "Preventive," read "Revolutionist."

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