

SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1849.

NO. 12.

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OFFICE, CLINTON HALL.

FOWLERS & WELLS, PUBLISHERS.

Selected Poetry.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

KOSSUTH.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

A RACE of nobles may die out,
A royal line may leave no heir;
Wise Nature sets no guards about
Her pewter plate and wooden ware.

But they fail not, the kingly breed,
Who starry diadems attain;
To dungeon, axe, and stake succeed
Heirs of the old heroic strain.

The zeal of Nature never cools,
Nor is she thwarted of her ends;
When gapped and dulled her cheaper tools,
Then she a saint and prophet spends.

Land of the Magyars! though it be
The tyrant may relink his chain,
Already thine the victory,
As the just Future measures gain.

Thou hast succeeded, thou hast won
The deathly travail's amplest worth;
A nation's duty thou hast done,
Giving a hero to our earth.

And he, let come what will of war,
Has saved the land he strove to save;
No Cossack hordes, no traitor's blow,
Can quench the voice shall haunt his grave.

"I Kossuth am: O! Future, thou
That clear'st the just and blot'st the vile,
O'er this small dust in reverence bow,
Remembering what I was erewhile.

"I was the chosen trump wherethrough
Our God sent forth awakening breath;
Came chains? Came death? the strain He blew
Sounds on, outliving chains and death."

CONSTANCY.

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue—
To God, his neighbor, and himself most true;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due;
Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them, but doth calmly stay
Till he the thing and the example weigh.

KOSSUTH.

As when a child of rare promise is taken, the parents smiling with gratitude amid their grief, collect each memento of his bright presence,—so would Humanity now gather up every word and remembered deed of the Hero of Hungary. His oath before Komorn was: "We will be free or we will die."

All readers of this paper will be glad to preserve in a permanent form the few records here presented of a Man, so quickened through his whole being with the Spirit of the Age.

I.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

He was born in a little village of the north of Hungary, April 27, 1806, of a poor but noble family of Slavonian origin. His father acted as steward to another nobleman of more favored circumstances, but was not able, it seems, to support his son at the university. The application and talents of the latter, however, found him friends, who not only enabled him to finish his studies, but also continued to assist him subsequently.

In 1835, when so strong an opposition existed against the Austrian government in the Hungarian diet, Kossuth, who was already somewhat known as the founder of political clubs for young men, was employed to conduct an opposition paper. The proceedings of the Diet up to this time had never been properly reported. The government would not allow the employment of stenographers, and the reports, as they appeared in the official journal, gave no idea at all of the real proceedings. All verbal speeches and propositions, as well as expositions of the abuses of the administration, were entirely suppressed. Kossuth learned stenography, and undertook to give true reports. But, as it would be necessary to submit his paper, if printed, to the censorship, by which everything liberal would be crossed out, he went to the immense labor of issuing it in manuscript. A great number of persons were employed to copy, and thus it was sent in the letter form to every part of the country. This extraordinary manner of proceeding surprised the government, which for a time was at a complete loss what to do. It soon, however, took its resolution. Every one of these dangerous letters was put out of the way before reaching its destination.

When this became known, they were no longer trusted to the post; but the local authorities of the different counties took the charge of conveying and distributing them to the subscribers. The county of Pesth, in which the paper appeared, even authorized publicly, in spite of the government, its issue and distribution. Thus matters continued till May 2, 1838, about a year after the establishment of the paper, when, on the closing of the Diet by the King (Emperor of Austria,) six persons suddenly disappeared; Baron Wesselenyi, the most formidable enemy of the government in the Diet, Kossuth, the editor of the opposition paper, and four students of law, leaders in the young men's political clubs. For above three years the public was entirely ignorant of the fate of these persons. At last, in 1839, they appeared again as mysteriously as they had disappeared, not even knowing themselves where they had been, for they had been seized secretly, and conveyed blindfolded to dungeons.

from which they were brought out in the same manner. But what a horrid change three years in damp filthy dungeons had made! Wasselenyi was blind, Lovassy, one of the students, crazed, and the rest dangerously ill. Kossuth seems to have escaped the least affected, though his constitution was thereby much shattered. Such was the detestable conduct of the Austrian government. It was afraid, in such a country as Hungary, to accuse these men openly, for no violation of the law could have been proved against them. Had the place of their imprisonment been known, too, they would not probably have remained long in it. It feared, however, to have them die upon its hands, lest it should afterward be accused of secret assassination. When it thought them therefore out of the condition to be no longer formidable, it set them free. It got rid indeed, of two enemies, but one of the others became ten times more dangerous.

The unjust imprisonment of Kossuth rendered him of course extremely popular. A year after, he became editor, though not openly, of a paper issued in Pesth, called the *Pesti Hirlap*. So popular did this paper immediately become, that from 563 subscribers, which in had it July 1840, it amounted by the end of the year to 11,000, which is a greater number than any paper in Germany has at present, except the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*. It appeared every day, at the low price of 4 florins (\$1 62 1-2) per year. Its character was exclusively political and national.

Besides opposing the Austrian government on general questions, it brought to light many abuses of the administration, both local and general, which, when known, surprised the people. It was very soon after its establishment to be seen in the hands of almost every peasant. It did more, also, for the spread and general use of the Hungarian language than all the laws of the Diet together. Germans and Slavonians who had formerly paid little attention to that language, now learned it, to be able to read a paper that excited so much the public mind. But the talented editor was not left long undisturbed in his labor. The government succeeded in bribing or threatening the publisher, who in 1835 discharged Kossuth from the editorship.

But the active nature of Kossuth would not now suffer him to remain idle. He turned his attention to founding societies for establishing and encouraging domestic manufactures, and for constructing public roads. Hungary was at that time in some respects in an almost semi-barbarous state.

In six months after the founding of the "protection societies" by Kossuth, more than half the Hungarian people were pledged to wear only articles of domestic manufacture.

In the Hungarian Diet which met at Presburg, Nov. 11, 1847, Kossuth was elected deputy from Pesth, to the lower house, in which he took from that moment a leading part. It will be only necessary to enumerate the decisions of this Diet, from Nov 11, to Feb. 22, to see that a gigantic reform was going on in Hungary, even before the breaking out of the French Revolution, and the subsequent movement in Germany. The following were among its decisions:—Freedom of the peasantry to change their place of abode (they were before attached to the soil, as under the feudal system,) and unrestricted freedom in the selling of landed property (abolition of hereditary property, such as exists in England,)—abolition of tithes, for a fixed compensation—liberty for strangers to settle in the country—the taxation of all classes equally (the nobles were formerly exempt)—emancipation of the Jews—language regulations, by which the Croats are permitted to use their own language in conducting their interior affairs—eight millions set apart to encourage manufactures and construct roads. On the 22d February, still before the revolution at Paris, Kossuth used the following words in a speech:

"Since 600 years, we formed a constitutional state; we wish therefore that ministers sit on these benches to hear and answer our questions. From this day forth we wish to have a Hungarian ministry."

Five days after, the news of the movement at Paris reached

Presburg. The conduct of Kossuth at this not only contributed more than that of any other man to rouse up the Hungarians to demand their rights, but also had great effect in exciting to activity the people of Vienna itself. He was at the head of the deputation, which, the 16th March, demanded and obtained from the Emperor a separate Hungarian ministry. From this time forth he was the soul of the Hungarian Diet. As dangers and difficulty came, his influence increased. On the 11th June he became finance minister. June 17th broke out the war with the Servians. Aug. 25th with Croatia. Sept. 20th he was president of the ministry. Sept. 26th appears the "Imperial manifest," which produces the open rupture between Hungary and Austria. At the head of the committee of safety, Kossuth now conducted Hungarian affairs. His history since is that of Hungary itself, which I need not repeat here.—*Western Literary Messenger*.

This great man was educated as a lawyer, and was, therefore fitted by early training to head a movement whose object was the maintenance of legal and constitutional rights. Persecuted as a journalist for his defence of some young men accused of high treason, illegally arrested, and condemned to a long imprisonment, he became a martyr, pointed out by the Austrian government itself as a leader of the coming revolution. The Diet of 1849 interceded so energetically in his behalf, that the imperial ministry thought it prudent to release him, under the pretext of a general amnesty to all political offenders.

After an imprisonment of some years, he reappeared as the promoter of many plans for the material improvement of his country, such as the projected railway to connect the Danube with their port of Fiume, on the Adriatic; thus seeking to release and give a vent to its pent-up forces. In 1847 he was elected deputy to the Diet, and became the leader of the opposition. In April, 1848, he was appointed Minister of Finance. When the war with Jellachich broke out, he was elected president of the committee of defence. Since April 14, he has been a president of the kingdom (not the republic of Hungary, as his enemies assert,) and thus invested with an ancient title of its most glorious era.

His influence over his countrymen is immeasurable. In spite of defeats and the occupation of the capital by the enemy, he was enabled, in the face of an overpowering force to collect an army of 200,000 men, whom he had inspired with enthusiasm by his eloquence, and supplied by his indefatigable activity with all the material of war. By taking advantage of undeveloped resources, by the establishment of magazines and manufactories, by carefully organizing the forces of the country, he was enabled to maintain these supplies. Although himself ignorant of war, his genius enabled him to select from the crowd those generals, many of them as yet untried, whose battles were a series of triumphs. Perhaps there does not exist in Europe another statesman so profoundly acquainted with the wants and prejudices of his countrymen, or whose ambition so entirely represents their cause. With millions at his disposal, he lives simply, and improvident of the future, well knowing that his victorious country would never allow his family to want. As for himself, he knows his days are numbered, for he is consumptive, and he redoubles his activity in order to concentrate the more into the shorter time. But the great secret of his influence—that which more than his inexhaustible eloquence, his organizing intellect, or his genius as a statesman, marks him as the chief and central point of the movement—is his unshaken faith in the ultimate triumph and brilliant future of his fatherland. This is the electric spark which emanating from him, pervades and unites the nation one man.

When Hungary was invaded by Jellachich, in September last, and 50,000 armed men were collected in a fortnight, in the neighborhood of Stuhlweissenburg, to repel the aggression, Kossuth issued a proclamation from which we extract the following sentences:

"It is an eternal law of God, that whosoever abandoneth

himself will be forsaken by the Lord. It is an eternal law that whosoever assisteth himself, him will the Lord assist. It is a divine law that false swearing, by its results, chastiseth itself. It is a law of our Lord's that whosoever availeth himself of perjury and injustice, prepareth himself the triumph of justice. Standing firm on these eternal laws of the universe, I swear that my prophecy will be fulfilled—it is, that the freedom of Hungary will be effected by this invasion of Hungary by Jellachich."

This proclamation, which electrified the chivalrous people to whom it was addressed, concludes in a style not unworthy an eastern prophet, nor unsuited to the genius and origin of his race, by these words:—"Between Veszprinn and Weissenburg the women shall dig a deep grave, in which we will bury the name, the honor, the nation of Hungary, or our enemies. And on this grave shall stand a monument inscribed with a record of our shame. 'So God punishes cowardice;' or we will plant on it the tree of freedom, eternally green, from out of whose foliage shall be heard the voice of God speaking, as from the fiery bush to Moses, 'The spot on which thou standest is holy ground;' thus do I reward the brave. To the Magyars, freedom, renown, well-being and happiness."

His speeches in the Diet were of a other kind. In these we find the lucid exposition, the cool reasoning, and large views of the statesman. He ever sets forth as much the resolute opponent of communistic violence as of military despotism.

That he is an Orator. A few men living or dead, the following from a foreign correspondent indicates:

"The effect of his oratory is astonishing. When he rises to speak, his features, finely molded and of an oriental cast, though pale and haggard, as from mental and physical suffering united, immediately excite interest. His deep-toned, almost sepulchral voice, adds to the first impression. Then, as he becomes warmed by his subject, and launches into the enthusiastic and prophetic manner peculiar to him, his hearers seem to imbibe all the feelings that so strongly reign in his own bosom, and to be governed by the same will. In his tour through the provinces to raise the landsturm (all the able-bodied) so great was his power over the peasantry, that frequently men, women and children, running to their homes and seizing hooks, or whatever their hands could find, assembled on the spot, and insisted on being led directly against the enemy."

Such orators become the highest of human agencies in concentrating the power of a nation, and thus Hungary is fully aroused from her center to her farthest limits.

II.—KOSSUTH'S PROCLAMATION TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

The National Government to the People: Our Fatherland is in danger. Citizens of the Fatherland! To arms! To arms! If we believed the country could be saved by ordinary means, we would not cry that it is in danger. If we stood at the head of a cowardly, childish nation, which in the hour of peril prefers defeat to defense, we would not sound the alarm-bell. But because we know that the people of our land compose a manly nation, determined to defend itself against the most unrighteous oppression, we call out in the loudest voice, "Our Fatherland is in danger." Because we are sure that the nation is able to defend its hearths and homes, we announce the peril in all its magnitude, and appeal to our brethren, in the name of God and their country, to look the danger boldly in the face, and for each man to take his weapon in his hand. We will not smile and flatter. We say it plainly, that unless the nation rises to a man with bold resolve, prepared to shed the last drop of blood, all our previous struggles will have been in vain, the noble blood that has flowed like water will have been wasted, our Fatherland will be crushed to the earth, and on the soil which Heaven has destined for a free inheritance to our children, the Russian knout will be wielded over a people reduced beneath the yoke of slavery. Yea, we declare it openly and without reserve, that if the people do not rise in their united strength, they must fall a

prey to famine. He who is not pierced by the weapons of a barbarous foe, must fall by hunger; for the wild invaders not only now mow down the fruits of your industry, the ripened sheaves of your harvest, but we tell you, with a bleeding heart, that the savage hosts of Russia destroy the unripe grain, trample it under their feet and strew it over their accursed camp. So stalk they murderously onward, leaving slaughter, flame, famine and misery in their track. Wherever the Russian troops appear, ploughing and sowing are useless: hordes of foreign robbers consume the fruits of your bloody industry. But, with our trust in the God of Righteousness, we declare that the peril of our Fatherland will not be fatal, if the people do not cowardly surrender; if they bravely rise for the defense of their country, their hearths, their families, their harvest, and their own lives, armed with axe or scythe, with clubs, or even nothing but a stone, they are strong enough; and the Russian bandits brought into our dear Fatherland by the Austrian Emperor, will be driven forth to the last man by the avenging arm of the free Hungarian people. If we wish to shut our eyes to the danger, we shall thereby save no one from its power. If we represent the matter as it is, we make our country master of its own fate. If the breath of life is in our people, they will save themselves and their Fatherland. But, if paralyzed by coward fear, they remain supine, all will be lost. God will help no man who does not help himself. Fired by our sense of duty, we tell you, people of Hungary, that the Austrian Emperor sends the hordes of Russian barbarians for your destruction. We tell you that a Russian army of 16,000 men has invaded our Fatherland from Galicia through Arva, Zips, Szaros, and Zemplin, and are constantly pressing forward ready for battle. We tell you, besides, that in Transylvania, Russian troops have entered from Bukowina and Moldau, with whom our army has already had bloody conflict. We tell you that relying on Russian aid the Wallachian rebellion has again broke out in Transylvania, and that the Austrian Emperor has collected his last forces to uproot the Hungarian nation. We tell you once more, fellow-countrymen, although it is as certain as God in heaven, that if the Russians succeed in conquering our Hungarian Fatherland, the subjugation of every nation in Europe will be the consequence. We can expect no foreign aid; the rulers who look on our righteous struggle with coldness and silence, will chain up the sympathies of their people. We can hope in nothing but a just God and our own strength. If we do not use our strength, God will also leave us. We see dark days before us, yet if we meet them bravely, we shall obtain freedom, happiness, prosperity and renown. The ways of Divine Providence are hidden. Through strife and sufferings, it leads the nation to felicity. The struggle of Hungary is not our struggle alone. Our victory is the victory of freedom for the nations. Our downfall is the downfall of their freedom. God has chosen us to redeem the people from material bondage by our victory, as Christ has redeemed Humanity from spiritual bondage. If we conquer the hordes that tyrants have poured out upon us, our victory will give Freedom to the Italians, the Germans, the Tzchecks, the Poles, the Wallachians, the Slavians, the Servians, and the Croats. If we succumb, the Star of Freedom sets over all nations. Thus do we feel ourselves to be the consecrated champions of the freedom of the Nations. May this feeling strengthen in our bosoms the force of noble resolve, and give new vigor to the yearnings of our heart; may this power rescue the Fatherland for our children, rescue the life-tree of Freedom, which, if it is now cut down by the accursed axe of the two Imperial tyrants, can never take root again. People of Hungary! would you die under the destroying sword of the barbarous Russians? If not, defend your own lives! Would you see the Cossacks of the distant North trampling under foot the dishonored bodies of your fathers, your wives, and your children? If not, defend yourselves! Do you wish that a part of your fellow-countrymen should be dragged away to far-off Siberia, or to fight for tyrants in a foreign land, and another part should writhe in slavery be-

neath a Russian scourge? If not, defend yourselves! Would you see your villages in flames and your harvest-fields in ruins? Would you die of hunger on the soil you have cultivated with sweat and blood? If not, defend yourselves!

(Here follows the organization of the "crusade" against the "barbarous hordes.")

The people will be summoned from the pulpit and by ringing of the bells. He who has no firearms must seize an axe or scythe. He is no Hungarian, but a wretched Caudor, who chooses his weapons and does not take the first that comes to hand. Wherever the Russians appear, the bells will call the militia to the gathering-place. Wherever they advance, let the people rise in their rear, and cut down the Cossacks, who ride in a scattered manner, and other small bodies of soldiers that remain behind. Especially must the people be prepared to give the enemy no rest at night, but to fall upon him suddenly, to go back and return again, and at least continually to disturb him with the ringing of bells, so that he cannot find a moment's rest on the soil which he has violated by his ungodly invasion. Every kind of provision, animals, wine, and brandy, must be concealed from the enemy in the depth of the mountains or the hiding-places of the swamps, so that he may perish with hunger. Before the enemy gets possession of any place, every living thing must be removed, and afterwards, daring men must burn the houses about their heads, so that the savage hordes may become a prey to the flames, or at least, may be deprived of all repose. At the commencement of the century, when Napoleon attacked the Russian Empire, the Russians thus saved themselves from destruction. But now we see the enemy has ravaged everything with fire and sword. How many cities and villages has not his flaming torch laid in ashes? Even this very day has the Austrian soldiery, after falling on the defenceless inhabitants of Bosarkany, burned every house to the ground. If, then, there must be fire, let it be at least where the enemy has pitched his camp. If we conquer, we shall still have a Fatherland, and the ravaged villages will bloom afresh from their ashes; but if we are vanquished, everything is lost, for it is a war of annihilation which they wage against us.

He who attacks the country with the sword is an enemy; but he who neglects the duty of defense is a traitor to his Fatherland, and will be regarded as such by its government. The country needs only a brave effort, and the Fatherland is saved forever; but if the people are false to their trust, the Fatherland is forever irretrievably lost. The country is in danger. But we have yet a brave, valorous army, resolved to die for Freedom, 200,000 men in number, with whom, as heroes inspired with a holy devotion to Liberty, those minions of oppression cannot be compared. The one stand in the brightness of eternal light—the others are only the craven wardens of darkness. This strife is not a strife between two hostile camps, but a war of tyranny against freedom, of barbarians against the collective might of a free nation. Therefore must the whole people arise with the army; if these millions sustain our army, we have gained freedom and victory for universal Europe, as well as for ourselves. Therefore, oh strong gigantic People, unite with the Army, and rush to the conflict. Ho! every Freeman! To arms! To arms! Thus is victory certain—but only thus. And therefore do we command a general gathering for Freedom, in the name of God and the Fatherland.—[

III.—KOSSUTH AS SEEN BY HIS SECRETARY.

—As you are already aware, at the very beginning of the Hungarian Revolution, several Secretaries were appointed in Kossuth's Cabinet, one of them understanding Bohemian, another Croatian, another Italian, another French and German, and all of them understanding Magyar. Among them I had the place of Translator from the French into Magyar. While we were still in Pesth I worked in the Chancery at Buda, and had only now and then the opportunity of seeing our Kossuth. But since the Chancery was removed to Debreczin I have been almost

every day at his side—or rather, I might say day and night, for hardly a night in the week passes away in which we are not compelled to be busy. I say *we* for the great man always employs more than one at a time. I will accordingly endeavor, as far as words will allow me, to introduce you into our work room and to let you behold with your own eyes, as an observer, the Liberator of whom in America there is no just conception, who is even unknown in neighboring countries, and whom few of your correspondents can describe, for there are not many who have had the opportunity of carefully studying a Kossuth.

I hardly know how to begin as there is hardly ever a pause in the course of his activity to start from, but, for example, I will write down for you the doings of yesterday.

Yesterday morning, after I had breakfasted, I hastened to the Chancery—that is to say, to Kossuth's house, which contains four apartments, his sleeping-chamber, a parlor, the Chancery where we four correspondents have our places, and a small room for copyists. Three couriers with dispatches were in the room as I entered, and Kossuth sat in his usual place, with a pen in his right hand, and in the left the dispatches just brought him. I had come rather too late, for it was already a quarter past 5 o'clock, and another Secretary had prepared in my place two dispatches, which were sent off before 5. As I entered he was employed in several ways: his hand was writing, his mouth was dictating, his eye glanced at and read the opened dispatches, and his mind directed and followed the whole.

He looked paler and more suffering than usual. A glass of medicine stood at his side, from which he tasted from time to time, as if it were the means of keeping up his physical existence. Indeed, though I have often worked at his side from early in the morning till late at night, I do not remember having seen him stop to take any nourishment except this mixture, and though he does sometimes eat, I can assure you that the amount of food which he consumes is hardly enough to keep a young child from starving.

One might almost say that the physical part of him has not an existence of its own; the man is nothing but spiritual energy, for, if it were not so, the perishing, sickly hull would long since have been dissolved in spite of all the wisdom of physicians. But he is perhaps the only living being whose mighty will is alone sufficient by its own force to urge forward the wheels of physical nature and keep them constantly in movement. He will not be sick, and he is not. Great as are his bodily infirmities and sufferings he is strong and indefatigable. His spiritual resources, his will, his enthusiasm, endow him with the powers of a giant, although his physical strength is not more than that of a boy of six years. He bids defiance to death that threatens him in so many different maladies; his spirit keeps the body alive. That spirit is still young and vigorous, and can only cease to be so when the too great tension shall have irritated the nerves to such a degree that they refuse to obey the will, and thus the organism destroys itself. I do not express myself clearly, but words will serve me no further. But to our labors.

I had scarcely taken my place when he began to dictate a letter to Bem for me to write, and so we were employed some four hours during which I wrote two letters and each of my three colleagues three, all by his dictation; he himself had in the mean time prepared two dispatches, one for Perezel, the other for Comorn.

After 9 o'clock he left us work in abundance for the whole day, and went with the Ministers, Szemere and Duschek, who came for him, to the House of Representatives, taking along with him some papers, on which he had made several memoranda.

He came back about four o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by several Representatives with whom he had a conference of two hours, answering their questions and suggestions; this did not prevent him from examining the documents we had prepared during his absence, or from dictating more letters

While he was thus dictating to us three or four letters, with totally different contents, being given off together by the same lips, we had to be exceedingly careful in taking them down.

At six o'clock came more dispatches, and verbal inquiries, all of which were answered without any delay. My dinner consisted of a glass of wine, a piece of ham, and some bread, which I had on the table beside me, and disposed of with the best appetite as I was writing. The Representatives, with one exception, went away; the one remaining sat down at the side of Kossuth and began to help us. This made five secretaries, and to give you some conception of the labors of the evening, I will tell you that from half-past 7 to half-past 8 he dictated to us, at the same time, five letters, all of different contents! One of them was to Dembinski, one to Bem, the third to Paris, the fourth to Vienna, and the fifth to Gyonyos; two were in German, one in French, and one in Hungarian!

Is it a man who can do such things!

After this he was some time engaged with figures which he reckoned and reckoned in a state of almost perfect abstraction. While he was thus occupied, his friend and family physician, the Dr. and Professor Bugat Pal came in and interrupted him. He greeted the Doctor, kindly pointed him to a chair, and returned to his occupation as before. The Doctor took his hand which he yielded to him willingly, as if it did not belong to him, and held it for some fifteen minutes, feeling the beat of the pulse, after which he withdrew without any farther notice from Kossuth.

At 11 o'clock the head of one of my colleagues was already nodding and both myself and the one opposite me could hardly keep our eyes open.

The clock struck 12, and the noise of the departure of the copyists from the neighboring room roused him from his reflections. "What time is it gentlemen?" he asked us, and when we told him it was just after twelve, he became unquiet and a cloud suddenly passed over his brow. He arose from his seat saying, "Has no express arrived from Pesth?" "No," was the answer, and he began to walk up and down the room. He did not seem to think that it was high time to seek rest, and as if to prevent us from having any such idea, he said: "There is work to be done yet."

Finally, after waiting vainly for another hour, he said to us: "Let us take a little rest, gentlemen, while we are waiting; I will call you when I need your help." He went into his bedroom, and we arranged ourselves on the benches and slept with our fatigue as soundly as in the softest bed. But our rest was not of long duration. Between three and four o'clock the expected dispatches arrived. Still half asleep we took our places, and Kossuth, that Watchman of his country, dictated to us as before. At six in the morning we received permission to go away while he went for a bath, though with the request to be there again by 8 o'clock. We are young and strong, and such a night's watching now and then will not injure us; but it is not so with him. How long can this Hero of the Nineteenth Century—this guide of our Fatherland amid the foes that surround it—How long can his spirit sustain the contest that it carries on with the little of physical nature that is attached to it?

My friend, if beyond the ocean, in the free and happy America, there are men who feel sympathy for our good cause, who desire the success of our effort, do not ask their prayers so much for the triumph of the Magyars as for the life of Kossuth, for Hungary cannot be conquered so long as this incomprehensible being, whose name is Kossuth, is spared, though Russians and Austrians enter our country by myriads, and though thousands of our brethren fall as sacrifices of Freedom. He is the image of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity; he is the incarnate spirit of Justice; he is the Washington of Hungary, and so *Eljen Kossuth!*

IV.—LETTERS.

PESTH, 28th June, 1849—Evening.

I have this moment received your letter, dated Klausenburgh, June 23. The intelligence which it contained of the Russian invasion of Transylvania was already known to me. The death of the Colonel (Kiss) in Cronstadt, has affected me very painfully.

Alas! I perceive that you can not now come out of Transylvania into the Banat. Yet there, also, the danger is very great, as indeed it is everywhere. Now come our hardest times. May God give his blessings on our endeavors, for surely we need it.

In the Banat there are serious and unending differences between the commanders. And yet there must be order, coherence and union or we are lost.

We have made the following arrangements for the Bacs-Banat since you can not go thither in person. There are three forces in that country. 1. That which was under the command of Vecsey, now commanded by Guyon. 2. The Bacsar (Perczel's corps); present commander York. 3. The one which you led thither in person in return for the reinforcement given you at Deya; Commander Banffy, General-in-Chief of all the corps and divisions assembled in Bacs-Banat, Vetter.

Other differences I have already got rid of; but Banffy appeals to your orders to justify him in obeying no one but you, who are coming out in person, or Gen. Perczel. I have indeed given him the necessary orders, yet I respectfully ask you on your side also to give the orders to the military commanders detached from your army; wherever in the Banat they may be, that as long as they operate separated from your army, they must regard as their superior general the one whom the Government has appointed to that post. This is now Field-Marshal Vetter, since you are now prevented from going there yourself.

But I must plainly and openly express the opinion, that if we can only concentrate our forces *speedily*, only *speedily*, then our Fatherland is saved—if not, not. With a bleeding heart, indeed, but with a firm conviction I must say, that I, if it be done quickly, am ready to give up whole Provinces, yes, four-fifths of the whole land, in order to see our forces speedily concentrated. For so we shall strike the enemy a fatal blow, and with the defeat of the enemy the lost Provinces will of themselves fall back to us; but if the main power is scattered, the nation politically falls, and the Provinces give us no help. Therefore it was my wish that you should come out with all your forces, unite yourself with the other corps and take the chief command; so we shall beat *tour a tour* each of our enemies and conquer our freedom from the world.

If this can not be done, I fear that within fourteen days a catastrophe will happen. Nevertheless, I will defend the land to the last man. Now I shall call the whole people of Hungary to arms.

To Grosswardein the command goes to let the two batteries, which will be equipped this week and the next, go at once to you, as I promised. Whether they are horse or infantry batteries, I do not know. But I would prefer an infantry battery now rather than a horse battery in two weeks—or who knows how long Grosswardein will remain ours. I beg you to send off the order to the troops of the Banat, regarding the superior command of Gen. Vetter. It is most necessary, or there will be confusion there.

And I commend myself to your friendly sentiments, which are much valued by me.

L. KOSSUTH, Governor.

SZEGEDIN, July 16, 1849.

I have received your valuable dispatches of the 8th and 9th of July, and to return your politeness I hasten to inform you before all, that for the present from Debreczin and Grosswardein out, Transylvania has nothing to fear from the Russians.

I have put the corps d'armes of Upper Hungary (IV) under the command of Gen. Perczel, and have placed at his disposition

12,000 new troops besides. So he has marched with 24,000 from Czegled on toward Szolnok, ready, according to circumstances, either to pass the Theiss or to threaten the Russians on the right bank of the Theiss. Therefore, we have caused a large company of the brave Kumanians, under Gen. Korponay, to collect at Sz. Agata, not far from Kardazug—as also to cover Grosswardein's two divisions of hussars and eight cannon, with a partial summons of the people (in all 9,600 men) in camp by Puspoky to reinforce them. The consequence of these movements was that the Russians have in haste retreated from Debreczin, and have abandoned the whole line of the Theiss, so that the whole district beyond the Theiss is clear of enemies, and together with the right bank of the Theiss is in our power.

Gen. Perczel is now in camp at Szolnok and Abony, with the determination to cover the right bank of the Theiss and the strip between it and the Danube, together with Szegedin (the present seat of Government,) and at the same time to operate according to circumstances on the flank and rear of the Russians, who with their main force turn toward Hatvan, and from there toward Pesth and Waitzen.

The hostile General, Ramberg, marched to Ofen on the 11th with 6,000 men, but must have been drawn back again; especially after we have demolished the fortifications of Ofen, Pesth and Ofen will not be considered as a tenable post on either side, and no value will be put upon its possession also on the side of the enemy.

It is true we could have none the less retained our position in Pesth, but then I should have been forced to call up the army of the Theiss or of the Bacs, and thus abandoned places from which I can call up armies as with a stamp of my foot from the ground even after having lost battles, while Pesth could offer me no resources. Therefore I have taken it as a principle that I will never subordinate the operations of the war to the safety of the seat of Government, but will adopt the choice of the seat of Government to the demands of the operations of the war. I know that this is the better way. Now we are in Szegedin—next week perhaps in Arad or in Grosswardein, (which I should much prefer.) But I, for myself, have the idea to go from village to village, and to collect volunteers, for I wish to form a new reserve of 30,000 men, and to command this reserve army myself. I believe in a month I shall have the 30,000 men.

Gen. Vetter has begun the offensive against Jellachich. The valiant Guyon has beaten Jellachich, who fled toward Tittel. Gryon is now following him, while Gen. Kmeti is also now delivering Peterwardein. Col. Banffy is hurrying the columns in Eszka Lukocsalva, taking Aradaz in his hasty march toward Perlaz, and is trying to take Tittel before Jellachich reaches it. But this he can hardly effect, and Tittel will be again a hard nut for us. *Vederemo.* The troops and their leaders are brave.

The Upper Army (ah! about this I shall have much to say to you,) is yet at Comorn. On the 12th they had a great battle without success, but kept their position at their fortified camp, with much loss on both sides, the enemy for the most part, especially in cavalry.

One single circumstance is most troublesome and unpleasant for me and for you, and for the whole land. Gen. Gorgey wrote from Comorn on the 20th of July; "The battle at Raab is lost,—the enemy has out-flanked us toward Bickshi, and I can not extend myself so far from the *point d'appui* in presence of 60,000 men; so that the enemy will be in Ofen in 48 hours. Let the Government think of the safety of the stores, the bank, &c.!"

I had no garrison in Pesth, and hence was unwilling to leave the bank-note machinery exposed to being carried off in case of an unfavorable event. I was therefore obliged to take it to pieces, and cause it to be transported to Szegedin, (a heavy load, of at least six thousand hundred weight of presses and matrices,) just at the time when on account of the approach of the Russians, I was obliged to break up the apparatus at Debreczin.

The erection took at least fourteen days, and for that time we fabricated no money. You therefore get nothing except the 125,000 florins, which I sent on the 9th inst. to Szolnok. I did what man could do; but I am no God, and can not create out of nothing. For a whole year, nothing has come in; empty purses and war. At this moment, I have the following troops to sustain; in Transylvania 40,000 men; Upper army and Comorn 45,000; South army 36,000; Theiss army 26,000; Peterwardein 8,000; Grosswardein, Arad, Szegedin, Baja, Zarander, Granzcordon, and small detachments, 10,000; in the whole, 173,000 men. Beside the reserved squadrons of 18 Hussar regiments, 7 battalions in erecting fortifications, 20,000 sick, 60,000 militia to be sustained,—powder mills, foundries, armories, boring of cannon, making of bayonets, 21,000 prisoners, the whole civil administration. This, General, is no trifle, and the bank-note apparatus has not worked for a fortnight.

I ask for patience. I am not God. I can gladly die for my country, but creation is beyond my power. In three days the bank will again be in order, and I can then deliver to your treasurer 20,000 florins a week. You write for 800,000 florins, and that in pieces of 30 and 15 kreutzers. I beg you to make the calculation, that for this there is needed 9,400,000 impressions, and with men working at 20 presses (steam is not to be had,) it requires 470,000 impressions for each press, and with 10 impressions a minute, and working night and day, there would be required, for this sum merely, a time of thirty-three days.

And this sum is scarce a tenth part of our monthly expenses. So much for explaining our difficulties. More I can not. Now for something very important. Bolexes and Balliach emigrants from Wallachia, have proposed to me to form a Wallachian legion. I have accepted the offer, in general, and referred them for details to the Commander-in-Chief. I recommend them. The matter is of great consequence. If you should march into Wallachia, as I hope, this battalion should form the advanced guard. The effect would be incalculable.

If the business comes to marching into Wallachia, I should ask these gentlemen, in confidence, to go some days before you, so that they can work in advance, for it's to be wished that we should be looked upon there as friends.

I consider it very important to announce in the proclamations that we come as friends of the Turks and Wallachians, to free them from the Russian yoke. The Turks pursue a two-sided policy. We must compromise them.

I read in the newspapers your declaration, whereby you abdicate all civil jurisdiction. This is a step of incalculable consequences, and can be done without my consent, only if I should declare before the Diet that I am not Governor. Half the country is in a flame about it. Why do you compromise me, my dear Field-Marshal?

Believe me, I have care enough; my friends should not increase it. That declaration is the suspension of the constitution. Even the ministry would need the confirmation of the Diet for it. Otherwise it would be placed in a sad position. A dreadful crisis may arise from it. Lend me your hand to avert this danger of confusion. I pray for this, and I trust to our interview at Grosswardein. Otherwise, I am of the best hope that we shall conquer our enemies if we are united. I am, unfortunately, quite unwell. Receive the assurance of my especial regard.

L. KOSSUTH.

V.—KOSSUTH'S PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY.

Both his Phrenology and Physiology, as indicated by this likeness,* are altogether remarkable—not one in ten thousand as much so. The two distinguishing characteristics of his Physiology are *LENGTH* and *PROMINENCE*: the former indicating activity, and the latter power. To this he adds a large share of

*See Am. Phrenological Journal for September, 1849.

the mental temperament, and hence this activity and power take on mainly a MENTAL direction. His thin face indicates a deficiency of vitality, while the angularity of his features denotes the highest order of mental activity. All these conditions combining, he could hardly help becoming conspicuous among his fellow-men, especially in some great mental and moral undertaking. As stated in the accompanying biography, consumption is plainly written upon his constitution, yet so powerful is his organization that a due degree of care of health would effectually keep at bay this predisposition. Those thus predisposed almost always have clear minds and intense feelings, because their mentality greatly predominates over their Physiology.

Certainly not less remarkable than his Physiology is his Phrenology. His head is unusually long, and broad in the whole coronal region, but comparatively narrow at the base. Such a one could not live therefore for himself mainly, or for the gratification of his merely animal instincts, but must live in and for the exercise of the highest elements of our being. To do good to man is obviously the crowning motive of his soul. Such Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Firmness, and Ideality are rarely found on human shoulders, which, combining with great Cautiousness and Intellectuality, add superior judgment to devoted philanthropy. Both his perceptive and reflective faculties are powerfully developed, and his whole intellect is evenly balanced, and as the moral faculties are also very large, it must combine mainly with them. Hence he would show the highest order of talents, directed by the purest philanthropy and most exalted motives, and all under the direction of a high order of practical wisdom, correct judgment, and that prudence which are indispensable to success in all great undertakings.

Of the natural sciences, such a head must be extremely fond. My own experience has led me to the observation that heads thus developed have a special passion, along with uncommon capabilities for the prosecution of all the natural sciences. His Language, too, is very large, which, together with his large or very large Individuality, Eventuality, Comparison, Causality, Mirthfulness, Ideality, Sublimity, Form, and Size, and his exceedingly active brain and nervous system, would render him both oratorical and poetical in the most marked degree, and these same faculties would give him extraordinary powers for writing. Nothing but power of voice and vitality are wanting to render him one of the first of orators.

In short, this head, as a whole, is one of the highest order. No phrenologist can contemplate it without enthusiastic admiration. A head indicative of equal disinterestedness, moral purity, elevation of motive, moral excellence, and intellectual capability, combined with as little selfishness, is rarely met with in our day and generation.

A GENTLE WHISPER IN THE HUSBAND'S EAR.

HUSBAND, think of the good qualities of your beloved, not of her bad ones; think of her good common sense, her industry, neatness, order; her kindness, affability, and above all, her ardent piety, her devotedness to things heavenly and divine. Suppose you had a slattern for a wife, a slipshod hussey, a gossip, a real termagant, whose tongue was not merely a trip-hammer, but as the forked lightnings! so that even the housetop would be a thankful retreat from her unmitigated fury! Suppose all this, and still more, then say has not God dealt very kindly, graciously, mercifully, in giving you such a wife as he has? God has dealt infinitely better than your deserts.

"But she is not all I could wish."

Marvellous, wonderful! And are *you*, think, all *she* could wish? Turn the wallet. Suppose you cast an eye within and without, view your own ugliness, and crookedness, and blackness? How many things does your beloved wife see in you that she has reason to despise as mean, selfish, miserly, grovelling? Are you all that she could wish? Far from it. But this prying

into and scanning each other's faults hypercritically, is altogether wrong, and will always keep you on the hatchel, sidgety and rickety. Better a thousand times study each other's graces and good qualities, endeavoring to correct the faults of one another in the spirit of meekness and love. The cause of all this bickering, and sparring, and jarring, and splitting, and twitching, and hitching, is want of love. Love covereth a multitude of blemishes. Let the heart be filled with love, and the little faults which now appear mountains, will be swallowed up, or become as mole-hills. A husband who is always complaining, and growling, and snapping, and snarling is enough to crush a heart of steel, to sour the mind of an angel. The female heart is tender, soothing, sympathetic, lovely. Husband, speak kindly to your beloved—

Speak kindly to her. Little dost thou know
What utter wretchedness, what hopeless wo
Hang on those bitter words, that stern reply;
The cold demeanor, and reproving eye.
The death steel pierces not with keener dart,
Than unkind words in woman's trusting heart.

The frail being by thy side is of finer mold; keener her sense of wrong, greater her love of tenderness. How delicately tuned her heart; each ruder breath upon its strings complains in lowest notes of sadness, not heard but felt. It wears away her life like a deep under current, while the fair mirror of the changed surface gives not one sigh of wo. Man, put away unbelief, banish that sourness and moroseness, and sullenness, and mulishness; put on a smile of affection; exhibit kindness, tenderness, sympathy and love; and rest assured your wife, if not a real termagant, will reciprocate, clasp you to her bosom in affection's grasp. Your mouth will be filled with laughter—your domestic fireside instead of a pandemonium, will be a little paradise. Your little ones will gather around you as olive plants—blooming sweetly in all the beauty and freshness of spring. Man, try it.—Golden (Ky) Rule.

WHAT'S A GENTLEMAN?—We are constantly reading cards of thanks to the *gentlemanly* captain, the *gentlemanly* steward, the *gentlemanly* clerk, the *gentlemanly* barkeeper, *et cetera*, *et cetera*, and we have often asked ourselves what constitutes a gentleman of the present age. In old times, it was birth, manners, gentility of appearance; then it was fortune, living without labor and with ease and comfort: now it appears to be a title only conferred in return for some favor, and indiscriminately bestowed. Thus, the captain of a ship is termed gentlemanly if he treats his passengers with courtesy; the clerk of a steamboat, who hands the printers some newspapers, is gentlemanly; and the steward who pops you champagne is called gentlemanly. We are the nation of all others for titles, and we confound them all. Whenever we talk with Dr. Francis he always calls us doctor; when the recorder is speaking to us, he calls us judge; the lawyer calls us counsellor; the general never forgets to call us major; the countryman addresses us as "captin," and the down-easter as "stranger." The title least heard among us is *mister*. We were once dining with our old consul at Falmouth, Mr. Fox, and were quite startled at a sweet Quaker girl asking us, quaintly and demurely:—"Mordecai, what wine wilt thou drink?"—[Noah.

COCOA NUTS.—The tree is a native of Africa, the East and West Indies, and South America. It is a kind of palm, from forty to sixty feet high; the trunk is entirely naked, having immense feathers, each fourteen or fifteen feet long, and three feet broad and winged. The nuts hang from the summit of the tree in clusters of a dozen or more. The uses made of the tree and its fruit would require a long description. It affords food, clothing, shelter and protection, in innumerable ways.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1849.

HUNGARY AND RUSSIA.

Trust, walking childlike hand in hand with our Father; Duty, steadfast through trial in every allotted work; Hope, awaiting serenely the consummate triumph of good; be these the Light of our life in hours when shadows seem settling on Humanity.

A cartoon of Kaulbach represents a reality, which we most need to believe in, to-day. In the foreground lie heaps of slain, men and horses, old and young, mothers and infants. On either side rise up, as vapors, the awakening dead, lifting their faces, unmuffling their garments, grasping their weapons. Midway in the sky, like thunder clouds, meet the hosts of revived combatants, pouring in from interminable space, once more to weigh in the scales of battle Right against Wrong.

Oh Martyrs! oh Tyrants! There is appeal from mechanical necessity to living law, from Nature to God, from brutalized Humanity on earth to spiritualized Humanity in heaven. We are not alone. Man Universal, God in Man, work with us to fulfil our destiny of transformation from selfishness to love, discord to harmony, sorrow to beautiful joy.

Could we but be assured of this high communion with our ransomed brothers! Death borne in the struggle for justice is privilege; tantalizing doubt as to duty is the true crucifixion. What is timely? What does the Race now demand? What is the Sovereign Ruler's present Will?

There comes no audible answer; there shines no visible sign; no guidance constrains us to follow. Facts are before our eyes from which to judge. Illumination streams in, according to our singleness of spirit, our readiness to act. But We must choose.

I. APPEARANCES AND POSSIBILITIES.

How then looks Christendom, as the War-clouds roll away from eighteen months of struggle between Absolutism and Liberalism? Is Napoleon's prophecy on the eve of fulfilment: "In twenty-five years Europe will be Republican or Cossack?" Did Lendor's sagacity truly prefigure the future, when he said: "In two years the Czar will be at the gates of Paris?"

Russia, Prussia, Austria, linked once more in that hellish league so blasphemously named Holy Alliance, with the Pope's head for seal of the Iron Ring; smaller kingdoms and principalities of Germany and Italy swallowed up, partitioned off, mediatized; Switzerland buried beneath the steel glacier of foreign bayonets; Sweden, Holland, Belgium inert in helplessness; France rent in twain by traitors and zealots, boastful, licentious, fierce, fickle; England weighed down by debt, pauperism, colonial exhaustion, commercial perplexities, crumbling aristocracy; the United States fettered by slavery, drunk with gain, indifferent from self-complacent security; every where the Money-Power conniving at tyranny under the usurped name of order; Commerce dreading protracted struggle and deranged exchanges far more than inhumanity; the Middle Class tamed down and bribed into passivity; the People unorganized, despairing, demoralized; Press and College dependent on the patronage of a few who hold the purse-strings; the Church a pensioner of Industrial Feudalism. On a glance at the surface of most civilized states in this blundering, perverse generation,—does it not look as if Absolutism was now enthroned as Universal Dictator?

Answer who can: "Will the Combined Monarchs gather their myrmidons, and availing themselves of the prestige of conquest and their momentary union of panic and dissension among revolutionists, wretchedness in the masses, timid heart-sickness and mercenary meanness in the bourgeoisie, overawee western Eu-

rope with one long billow, and upon their once dreaded now detested, their once haughty now humbled foe, Great Britain, break like a flood, swallowing up at once the only efficient rival of Continental Commerce, the only Constitutional Government that presents a barrier to the spread of Centralization? Answer who can:—"Will bureaucracy take the place of popular representation,—diplomatic cajoling and caprice of responsible administrations,—the summary knout of jury and judges—espionage of enlightened public opinion,—censorship of freely diffused intelligence,—drudging routine of expanding education,—syco-phantic effeminacy of manly highmindedness,—courtly falseness of honorable citizenship,—sluggish conservatism of elastic progress,—paralysing priestcraft of quickening humanity?" Answer who can: "Will this Republic long resist the insinuating charm of flattery to great men and bribery to small,—the deluge of a corrupt, sophistical, plausible literature poured in by panders to tyranny,—intrigues of combined capitalists seeking to cover the civilized world with a mesh of speculative duplicity,—the subtle poison of emigration infused through every vein and artery of national life,—provoked rivalry among our confederated states lured by promises of foreign alliance,—the coil of despotic policy subtly entwined about our government,—and finally concerted invasion by the heartless machinery of standing armies?" In one word, answer who can; "Is Liberalism laid prostrate by its abortive effort to extend Free Institutions?"

II. TENDENCIES AND PROBABILITIES.

Is this seemingly threatening invasion of barbarism to be feared, or will the check to human development be but momentary? Does this cold blast from St. Petersburg betoken a coming Cimmerian winter, or is it but a late frost that nips the buds of a spring already advanced?

1. If Absolutism dreams of universal conquest, her hordes can be supported only by apportionment in the form of taxes and indemnity for protection. Subject States must pay, feed, clothe and house her Soldiery. Is the Civilized World ready for this? One of two results will swiftly, surely ensue. Either agriculture, manufactures, exchange, finance, charity, police, administration, must all become centralised by a gigantic system of INDUSTRIAL FEUDALISM, headed by Autocrats; or the Aristocracy of the Loom and the Mint will awake betimes to the whirl of the descending flood, and with one desperate effort throw themselves on to the firm ground of a POPULAR POLICY.

Can sagacious men long hesitate when such an alternative is presented? "Checkmate the Monarchs by withholding supplies," will be again the watchword. Cobden in England has already uttered it. For the old Barons, proud in territorial independence, will rise the counterpoise of the new Barons, indomitable in castles of capital.

Even supposing, however, that the very worst fears are realised, and that the first course is chosen, is not Nicholas already the grand rail-road builder, weaver, planter, corn-merchant, banker; will not Europe still steadily advance in every art and practical science? And what is most to the point, as showing the resistless tendencies of the age,—with widening unity of Centralization will not either the very need and habit of War be absorbed in the combined efforts of governments and people for common prosperity; or the galling remnant of Tyranny be snapped and shivered to dust by a spasmodic outbreak of allied nations feeling at once their own strength and their Master's weakness?

God grant that the last course be chosen, while yet there is time. He is the true Statesman for this crisis, who drops forever antiquated tactics of balancing the Privileged by the Middle Class, and firmly asserting the rights of the People, by compact logic and persuasive appeal, wins over the Middle Class efficiently to organise *Transitions*. Oh! for a Webster's brain to institute that masterly policy.

2. Can all the Cossacks of Siberia overlay with sand-clouds from their barren steppes the rich gardens of European intelligence? Will there be a worse than Alexandrian conflagration in the holocaust of German, French and English libraries? Can catechisms, however skilfully concocted and artfully instilled, drug the common sense of once enlightened nations into worshipping Czar, Emperors and Kings, as symbols of Divine Paternity?

The diplomatists of Absolutism are too cunning. They entrap themselves by the very skill wherewith they dig their pitfalls. Every regiment that has set its foot on the Holy Ground of Hungary, has received thereby an unseen baptism of free principles, which will consecrate it evermore as a missionary of the People. God can not be mocked by all the Schwarzenburges whom Satan ever spawned. The very mingling of the nations, by melting away barriers of language, costume, conventions, manners, tastes, creeds, ideals, destroys Centralization at the center by loosening all cohesion in its circumference.

Mental culture has been transmitted around the globe, and now vibrates back again through all its fibres. It is as if the world by a vast process of digestion was assimilating through countless absorbents the nutriment of truth taken in from all ages. Not a Ruler, Councillor, Ambassador, General, Soldier, Gendarme, Police Agent, can resist subtle influences from an atmosphere of thought, which enfolds the earth like a garment of light. Constitutions or no constitutions, Justice will more and more shape legislation; censorship or no censorship, the knowledge of Universal Order, throughout Nature and Humanity, will more and more mold all minds to large proportions; no tyranny can bridle the poet's tongue, nor cripple the artist's hand, nor bid the waves of harmony be still.

All this is said, even supposing the plots of the most cowering despots accomplished. But why conjure up phantoms of a worse hell than the actual one? Russia, Austria, Prussia, are not awayed chiefly or only by madmen. Their influential statesmen are nowise barbarians or untaught bores. They see after a measure the law of progress, only they somewhat presumptuously purpose to guide God's providence. Their notion is, that the earth turns a little too fast toward the sun, and that the sun shines rather too bright and hot for tender plants. Such Phaetons will surely break their own necks long before they either freeze or scorch the earth.

After all, is there any great probability that the civilized world will sleep on like a sot, while the Anaconda of Autocracy binds his scaly folds round limbs and throat, and opens his jaws to swallow the victim at leisure? Have the stirring promises of by-gone generations been empty boasts? Is "Opinion" but a cheating mirage and not a lake of crystal waters? Do we estimate the all but omnipotent power of the aroused consciences of nations? Speculation, skepticism, the very prodigality of genius and crammed memory of spendthrift study have indeed weakened by dissipation the practical judgment of Europe. But let Absolutism once rear itself with outspread arms to stretch the pall of polar darkness over Man, and like piercing sunbeams will the awakened intellects of Christendom dispel the icy gloom. Even now, morning has broken, and scholars have roused from dreams. At this moment, the one thought is, how to apply to Human Societies in all the details of daily duty God's Universal Method.

3. The most remarkable document brought to light by this eventful year is the State Paper, headed "Russia and Revolution," which is said to have been presented to the Czar in council, and circulated among diplomatic corps in various courts. One reads it at first with a hearty laugh at what seems a piece of irony truly imperial in magnitude. But presently he comes to see, that the concoctors of this precious paper were sincere,—at least in the worldly sense, that they had so long deceived others as to be at last self-deceived. Nicholas, doubtless, is bitten

with a somnambule monomania that he is the Divine Missionary for "Christianizing Infidel Europe." There is one consolation then, in store, even supposing Absolutism to conquer the civilised world. In that vast cemetery of the nations, the iron funeral lamp of military power would still shine with a flame first kindled at the Holy Sepulcher. Russian Christianity is of the Charlemagne order; the thinkers and hoppers would need only to take a nap with the seven sleepers, till the laggard centuries catch up, which they must assuredly do on a run. And to the speculative student,—regarding any such disaster as this realization of Russian apostleship very problematical,—it is curious to conjecture what sort of Unity might grow out of an enforced combination of the Greek, Roman and Protestant Communions. Heaven avert the practical experiment!

But "Infidel Europe,"—what means that? Ah! there we touch the heart of this whole "war of principles." It is the inherent weakness of Liberal States, which alone makes Absolute States comparatively strong. Catholicism, with all its enormous errors and wrongs, was yet organic; Protestantism, at once intensely individualising in its piety, analytic and dissentient in its theology, powerless practically by its divorce of faith and works, has disorganised society from brain to extremities. Speculative unbelief, rushing with vaporous elasticity into vague idealism; practical unbelief sinking by dead weight to sterile immobility; fickle half-wayness and misty many-sidedness; these are the three prevalent moods of the western nations. Consequently every where is felt the want of earnestness, stern principle, indomitable will, trust bound to the center of power as planets to their sun, radiant wisdom, life-giving enthusiasm. Encouraging omens abound notwithstanding. Individualism,—having fulfilled its one function of reawakening the torpid consciences of men to the reality of "Indwelling God,"—is now on all sides merging in Humanity-ism,—which seeks a statement of Collective Communion, at once more adequate to Nature and to Superhuman Influence. Catholicism is about to reappear transfigured, as UNIVERSAL UNITY. This will be in truth and in deed a Religion,—a living bond of earthly and heavenly intercourse for all Mankind. It demands Faith-in-works and Works-in-faith. It tends irresistibly to Organization, and this not by Force but by Freedom. Already Absolutism,—Ecclesiastic and Civil,—is seen to be a mere Dragon, a worm-eaten, wooden idol, unfit even for fuel; and amid the Temple of Society ordered by Liberty, is revealed to all who are "in the Spirit" the Divine "Son of Man, in whose hand are the Seven Stars, whose voice is as the sound of many waters, whose countenance is as the Sun, shining in his strength."

Herein rests assurance of hope for this generation, unless we are incredibly stupid and selfish. The "fullness of time" has come for the Social Transformation of Christendom. We have entered into the work of all who have gone before; the fields are already white around us; and angel-voices breathe in every willing heart the mighty welcome: "Thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe"—the harvest of charity, that true bread of life; while against the clusters of that vine wherewith the nations have been made drunk in lust, goes forth a summons, "Cast them into the wine-press of the wrath of God." Can we look upon the signs of powerful Fraternity day by day multiplying, hour by hour working miracles of mercy, without glad awe? Is there not manifestly moving through our communities a Presence of Superhuman Love? Is the experience which so many in our day share, of light and life poured in from heavenly spheres, a mocking delusion? Fellow-men! it is a REALITY effulgent as the morning sun to minds serene as cloudless skies, that Humanity in Heaven, the Spiritual Counterpart of Humanity on Earth, is more than ready, yea! longing to co-operate in a sublime Reorganization of Christendom. Total Collective Repentance is indeed the inexorable condition of success. But even upon souls, prisoned like madmen in dungeons of selfishness, streams down a genial

air of human kindliness, that soothes their frenzy with memories of home, and gentle promises of coming freedom. If they who are to-day the stewards of aspiration, domestic peace, mental culture, practical wisdom, capital,—and who are commissioned by God to be his ministers of Mediation between the Privileged and the People, prove false to their trust,—then indeed must surely come from within or from without a sweeping devastation. Civilisation may then break up in a chaos of Social Anarchy. Eastern barbarians may then again be loosed to cover Europe's polluted plains with soil, more fit in freshness for the vineyards of Paradise Regained. But to anticipate so gratuitous a crime would be treason to Humanity. Church, University, and State throughout the Christian Commonwealth, will be wakened to faithfulness by this very warning.

Father of Lights, if a false prophecy has here cried "Peace, peace, where there is no peace," dispel the obscuring fog; but if these are words of Truth, make them radiant to thy children.

BRATTLEBORO, Sept. 9, 1849.

W. H. C.

FRATERNIZATION OF THE MIDDLE AND WORKING CLASSES.

LATE arrivals bring notice of a movement in England for Parliamentary and Financial Reform, which seems to have called out hope, and which was designated by the noble-hearted George Thompson, as "a Solemnization of alliance between the Working and Middle Classes."

What is the meaning and worth of this movement, is it in the right direction, does it promise much?

Before attempting an answer, let us read an extract from the Council's Report.

"Political events abroad had unduly excited at once the hopes and the fears of different sections of the community. The disunion of the working and middle classes was beginning to be looked upon as an insurmountable obstruction to progress; and a feeling of discouragement prevailed amongst the most earnest reformers of all classes. These circumstances, deemed so adverse by many, seemed to the originators of this association but additional reasons for the necessity of endeavoring to establish an organization that should direct the public mind into those constitutional channels which can alone safely guide political agitation. They sought, therefore, to produce such a modification and consolidation of the various propositions advocated by political reformers, as should unite the middle and working classes in one comprehensive and invincible movement. Relying on the soundness of these views, and the indestructible strength of the great principles of reform, they launched the association.

"After repeated deliberations, and having consulted with the leaders of all classes of reformers, it was resolved to advocate the following reforms:—

"1. Such an extension of the franchise as will give to every male occupier of a tenement, or any portion of a tenement, for which he shall be rated, or shall have claimed to be rated, to the relief of the poor, the right to be registered as an elector.

"2. The adoption of the system of voting by ballot.

"3. The limitation of the duration of parliaments to three years.

"4. Such a change in the arrangement of the electoral districts as shall produce a more equal apportionment of representatives to constituents.

"5. The abolition of the property qualification for members of parliament.

"The enthusiastic response made to these propositions at the first great meeting at the London Tavern, and the moderation and forbearance evinced by the different classes of reformers, fully justified the confidence with which the association had been founded.

"The remarkable and unprecedented unanimity displayed on

this, and every subsequent occasion, enables the association to congratulate itself on having adopted a course which has thus happily led to the blending into an effective movement both those who consider that more, and those who consider that less, than the change now proposed would be nearer the standard of absolute political perfection."

Two opposite tendencies probably prompted the welcome with which this programme of measures was greeted.

1. There are those among the Working and Middle classes who see well enough that their duties and interests coincide, and who are ready to seek emancipation at once political and social, by all manner of gradual reforms. To them apparent unanimity between their respective orders in this hour of reaction is an auspicious omen, for which they thank God and take heart.

There are others in both classes, utterly alienated by mutual distrust, who look forward to a death-struggle, sooner or later, between the "Haves" and the "Have-nots," but who are perfectly willing to cheat one another, if they can, with soft speech while sharpening their weapons. These play off plans like the one proposed, as a lure, meanwhile muttering curses.

It is this want of cordiality between the Middle and Working classes which makes the present hour so dark. Ensure concert between them, and the bonds of all Reactionists combined might be swept away as ice is by spring freshets. But divide them and what human foresight can conjecture the issue?

Will such measures help to remove jealousy and secure mutual trust? Rather will they aid the plots of tyrants to irritate these bodies, who are the very blood and muscle of society, against each other. Half-way policy like this is ruinous. Privileged and people alike know that the real evil is not touched; that the absolutely needed changes are pushed out of sight. The oppressor is not curbed; the oppressed are not freed.

Ah! could some prophet but rouse the middle class, to know and act on the knowledge, before it is too late, that this is their

TRIAL HOUR.

Man is forever placed between fatal necessities of Nature and free co-operation with God. If he passively yields to the power, through him and over him Divine Wisdom fulfils its purpose; but suffering is the means and weakness the result. If he actively obeys the latter, by him and in him Divine Will is accomplished, whose medium is growth, whose end joy.

In the two grand changes, which civilised Christendom has already undergone, the fatal rather than the free course has been followed; and a late posterity must reap the penalty of ancestral stupidity and selfish sloth.

Let us trace the consequences of choosing the *inverse* rather than the *direct* mode of progress.

We have seen, how the bands of Hierarchy were broken by priests, using as their instrument popular spiritualisation. This was done inversely not directly, through reaction against the Church not action from it. The stewards had miserlike hoarded the bread of life till it rotted; and the multitudes pining in want broke down the granary doors. Hence passionate scramble where should have been equable sharing. Prejudice, bigotry, partial views, sectarian divisions, mere rant and wordy debate swarmed abroad like a plague of weevil, and God's benignant promises of widened sympathy, free thought, expansive wisdom, above all of loving deeds, were laid waste. The uprising of the sixteenth century was a Religious Revolution; REFORMATION of the Christian Church is yet to come.

We have seen too, how Feudalism was undermined by kings and nobles using alternately against each other the money and might of the Middle Class, and by the rising of this order against the Privileged. What a tedious, tantalizing, irritating process has been this inverse mode of working out political emancipation, when the direct mode might have been so rich in courteous charities and reciprocated reverence between the Three

Estates exchanging help. The American Colonies, in a virgin soil, at safe distance from European embroilments, were blessed with an overplus of opportunity which transmuted to good the plots of the mother country and their own meanness. And devoutly should the organizing of this Nation of confederated Republics be regarded as a special grace to a distracted world. Yet even here, how thinly cicatrised is the wound of our War for Independence. Does not the last half-century, does not the last year of accumulated disappointment pathetically teach all students of history to dread forcible methods of popular freedom? True, if readier means are perversely rejected, with fatal sureness the sword must lop away oppressions and oppressors. But only when green forgiveness has overgrown the charnel heaps of Political Revolution can there be REFORMATION of the Christian Commonwealth.

Thus not by Divine will but by human folly, were the Religious and Political Transformations which should have been easy transitions confirming health, aggravated into chronic disease infusing languor. They still enfeeble the organs which God designed to unfold. Long since was it meant to bring them to an end, for they were crises of preparation for this very period. But to sick and well alike came the unheating, unresting seasons. The urgings of Providence cannot await man's tardiness. Amidst these yet incomplete changes,—appears then the Third grand development, through which Christendom must pass ere it reaches maturity. Punctual to its era rises the Social Transformation. And to our generation is again put the terrible question: "Will you *fatally* yield or *freely* obey?"

The issues involved in our answer are deep and wide reaching. for the Social movement includes both the Religious and Political movements, and blends them with a third. It demands nothing less than the law of liberty and the liberty of law, in all relations, Spiritual, Human, Natural. Its end is INTEGRAL UNITY by Universal Emancipation.

Thus Man stands once more at the dividing of the roads; once more comes in history the eventful hour of choice; the gnomon on earth's dial points once more to transition. Incessant sweep on creation's currents, forever old, forever new. Nature inexorable, rolls forward to crush the rebellious; serenely smiling God waits to welcome the willing. Hesitate, and time's increasing tide must swallow up all puny barriers of expediency; decide wrong and future ages will rue our mad misdeeds. Hierarchy was tried and found wanting; Aristocracy was tried and found wanting. Scepticism and Anarchy are the bitter thistle crop which they strewed among the seed corn. Shall we too be wanting in the trial hour?

Oh Middle Class! it is for you to choose. On you concentrate the responsibilities of this Age. The privileged are falling into imbecility, and you have consigned their trust. The People are yet young, incompetent for prompt while prudent conduct, and look to you for guidance. Their hour of Majority rapidly draws nigh. Answer ye then; shall they be trained by humane influences to honor, wisdom, skill, and molded to magnanimity by your generous example; or shall they be hardened, degraded, brutalised by your niggardly neglect? Will you be to them a taskmaster or a guardian, an unjust tyrant or a faithful elder brother? Shall they be put in peaceful possession of their inheritance, or will you drive them to seize it by force? In one word,—are you ready, in real earnest, to fraternize with the Working Class?

Choose quickly ere irrevocable doom is ushered in. The alternative is this:

"By INDUSTRIAL FEUDALISM Christendom shall sink into Social Revolution."

"ORGANISED INDUSTRY Christendom shall rise into Social Reformation."

The threat is of Fate.

The promise is of God.

Once again, will you yield or obey?

W. H. O.

From the Chronotype.

PRACTICAL MOVE AMONG THE TAILORS.

At the request of their Committee, we commence publishing the Preamble and articles of Association just adopted by a portion of the journeymen tailors who have been "on strike." It seems that they really mean to try to do something; that they mean to be their own employers and test the virtue (so far as it can be tested in a single trade) of the divine principle of Association.

Our informant states that about seventy persons have already united in the adoption of these articles, who together have invested \$700 in the business, which they are preparing to carry on co-operatively. Fifty dollars, payable at once, or in instalments to be deducted from the earliest wages, is the sum required of each associate. Each is to receive wages at the rates for which the tailors struck, and each to have a proportional interest in the annual division of profits.

It is hoped that nearly all, now unemployed, will be induced to enter this association. And it is for their instruction that these persons wish this Constitution, as yet in a crude shape, and before mature revision, to be printed. The main essentials, probably, will not be altered.

J. S. D.

PREAMBLE.

Whereas it has become evident that a fundamental change must take place in our social and industrial relations, and that our competitive society must be re-organised upon the principle of co-operation, before Labor can be protected against the despotic weight of capital: and

Whereas, every effort of working men in Europe or America, to improve and elevate their position in society by "strikes" or "trades' union combinations," has hitherto, after the expenditure of millions of dollars, failed, or at a best afforded only temporary relief, while their position was daily becoming more wretched; and

Whereas, while the laboring classes, who are the producers of all wealth, are being reduced to the most abject and degrading position, their employers are daily accumulating immense riches, until at length capital must center in the hands of a few individuals or corporations, and be used with fearful effect in still further depreciating, oppressing and degrading the laborers; and

Whereas, it is clearly impossible for labor to occupy that noble and dignified position which it ought, until the relations of Capital and Labor are changed, by laborers becoming their own employers and dividing the profits of their labor among themselves:

Therefore we, whose names are hereunto signed, do hereby form ourselves into a co-operative society, to be called "THE BOSTON TAILORS' ASSOCIATIVE UNION," having for

OUR OBJECT,

the providing of labor for each other, by the manufacture and sale of clothing of every description, and the purchase and sale of such other articles as are generally sold at clothing establishments. This we propose to do by mutual co-operation and association, by an equitable division of the profits of our labor, and by all measures which may promote union, peace, justice and brotherly love amongst us. For this purpose we adopt for our government the following Laws and Regulations. [These will be published next week.]

He who does not aim at one constant object can not be uniform in conduct; nor is it sufficient till we learn in what the object consists. The same opinions are not held by all, except as relates to the public good. Let thy object, then, be the good of the community and of the world. Now he who aims at this will be even in his conduct, ever the same.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS
TO THE WEEK ENDING SEPT. 14

Latest Date, Sept. 1.

THE arrival of the Europa brought us a full confirmation of the fall of HUNGARY. After the fatal defeat, Kossuth resigned his office of Governor, and surrendered his power into the hands of Gorgey. He takes leave of his office in the following address to the Hungarian people:

"After the unfortunate battle, with which God in these last days has afflicted this people, we have no longer any hope of being able to continue our struggle of self-defense against the great might of the united Austrians and Russians, so as to achieve a successful result. Under such circumstances, the salvation of the Nation and the security of its future can only be expected from the General who stands at the head of the army and according to the clearest conviction of my mind, the continuance of the present Government in office would not only be useless to the Nation, but even harmful. I therefore make known to the Hungarian people, that, inspired with that pure feeling of patriotism, which has guided my every step, and devoted my whole existence to the fatherland, for myself, and in the name of the whole Ministry, I retire from the Government, and I invest with the supreme civil and military power, Gen. Arthur Gorgey, for so long as the Nation, according to its right, dispose not otherwise. I expect from him, and make him, therefore, before God, the Nation, and history responsible, that he exercise this power according to his best strength for the saving of the national and political independence of our poor country and its future preservation. May he love his fatherland with the same disinterested affection that I do, and may he be more fortunate than I have been in founding the prosperity of the Nation. I can serve the fatherland no longer usefully by action. If my death could do the country good, I would lay down my life for it with joy. The God of justice and grace be with the Nation."

A proclamation was issued by Gorgey exhorting the people to retire to their homes, to take part in no resistance or battle, even in defence of their dwellings, and to resign themselves to their fate, with the assurance that the right can never to all eternity be lost. The following letter was also addressed by Gorgey to Klapka, the officer in command at Comorn.

"General, the die is cast—our hopes are crushed! Our power has been broken by the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine, aided by the armies of Russia. The struggles and the sacrifices of our great Nation were fruitless, and it were madness to persevere. General, you will think my actions at Vilagosh mysterious and even incredible. I will explain my motives to you and to the world. I am a Hungarian. I love my country above all things, and I followed the dictates of my heart, which urged me to restore peace to my poor and ruined country, and thus to save it from perdition. General, this is the motive of what I did at Vilagosh. Posterity will judge me. General, by virtue of the dignity of Dictator, which the Nation conferred on me by the (dissolved) Parliament, I summon you to follow my example, and by an immediate surrender of the fortress of Komorn to end a war of which the protraction would forever crush the greatness and the glory of the Hungarian Nation. General, I am aware of your sentiments, I know your patriotism, and I am sure you will obey my order, for I know you understand my motives. May God be with you, and may He guide your steps."

A letter from Kossuth to Bem dated Aug. 14, gives his view of the state of affairs just before the surrender of Gorgey.

"I am not concerned for my personal safety, being weary of life, seeing as I do the fair fabric I had reared shivered and destroyed, and the cause of liberty in Europe ruined, not by our enemies but by our own brethren. My absencing myself must therefore be ascribed, not to a cowardly love of life, but to the

conviction I have arrived at, that my presence has become baneful for my country. General Guyon sends word that the united army at Temesvar is in rapid dissolution. You are unfit for battle. Gorgey, who, if the reports are to be credited, is at the head of the only army still existing, has set up for himself, and expressed his determination to rule instead of to obey. I, as a patriot, conjuring him to remain true to his country, made way for him. I am now nothing more than a plain citizen. My object in going to Lugos, was to see how things looked, and what was the amount of forces we could yet muster. I found Vicsey's corps in good discipline, and animated by the best spirit; all the rest in complete insubordination. Desoffy and Kmety told me this army would fight no longer, but would disperse like chaff at the first shot. I found an utter lack of provisions; in consequence of which, forced requisitions were had recourse to—a miserable expedient, that makes the people hate us; the bank transported to Arad, and in Gorgey's hands. I therefore came to the conclusion that, if Gorgey surrenders, the army at Lugos will not hold together twenty-four hours, as they have nothing to eat. An army can, it is true, be made to support itself in an enemy's country, by levying contributions, but at home! * * I, for my part, will never acquiesce in the adoption of hostile and arbitrary measures against my own countrymen. Would that I could save them by sacrificing my life! Oppress them I never will. You perceive, Monsieur le General, it is an affair of conscience. I cannot one day resign and the next take office. If the nation and the army decide otherwise, the case would be different; but Gorgey's army, the bravest of them all, must give its occurrence. *Du reste*. I am a simple citizen, and as such will not sanction, by a passive line of conduct, measures of violence, terrorism, and plunder, nor lend my authority to oppress the people. If Gorgey's army should again call me to the head of affairs; if he should succeed by skilful operations, in providing for his army without molesting the people; if the Bank were in a position to recommence its labors, and placed under my control, then, and only then, and on these three conditions, would I resume the reins of government if the nation willed it; otherwise, never more; for, in my opinion, war is the means and not the end of the country's salvation, and unless I see a probability of attaining the object I have at heart, I will never sanction war for its own sake alone. I therefore advise you, as a good citizen and honest man, to call together a committee of the representatives of the people; for it is only the sovereign power that can dispose of the government. Send couriers to Comorn and Peterwardon, telling them to hold out; and make sure of the co-operation of the commander of Arad Castle. This is of primary importance—not so my presence; for as you are reduced to the necessity of raising forced contributions for your army, I should on no account lend my hand to such proceedings.

The capitulation of VENICE, took place on the 22d inst. in the presence of Gen. Gorzkowski, Baron Hess on the part of Austria, and three Commissioners on the part of Venice. The surrender was made according to the terms of the Proclamation of Radecki,—that is, unconditional surrender.

The following account of the escape of Garibaldi is translated for The Tribune:

"Garibaldi has written to his mother at Nice, that he is safe and sound at Venice with his family and his followers. It is untrue that one of his sons went to meet him with an American vessel. His oldest son, who bears the name of Menotti Garibaldi is but eight years old. He was with him, as also a younger son, named Ricciotta, his little daughter Teresita, and his wife. During the march from Rome to Venice, which is about four hundred miles, he fought the French once, and the Austrians four times. The greater part of the men who had followed him were unable to bear such fatigue, and either went home to their families or laid down their arms on the Territory of San Marino.

However, they took care to protect the embarkation of their Chief by drawing upon themselves the attention of the Austrians, which they did by performing a variety of evolutions in the neighboring mountains. Garibaldi kept about two hundred men determined to live or die with him. He took with him all the prisoners in the jails on the road where he passed, and put on them the red uniforms of his soldiers. At Cesenatico he embarked them on board the largest vessels he could find, and they put out on the high seas. The Austrian ships at once gave chase. At the same time Garibaldi, in the lightest craft, was sailing along in shoal water. Three times she had to seek the shore, to re-embark afterward. Thus he passed through a thousand perils, and arrived at Brendola. The Venetians being informed beforehand, had sent there some small vessels to meet him. During this whole journey he maintained a very severe discipline; ten men were shot because they were found to have in their knapsacks articles taken from the country people. Garibaldi, the defender of the rich Montivideo, is without fortune, and cares little for that. He is a true Italian of the antique race."

The London Correspondent of the same journal says:

"Those terrible people, the Socialists, are peeping out of our press. I told you last week that Louis Blanc publishes a journal in London; it is called the *Nouveau Monde*, and is priced one shilling. Robert Owen, too, has come out with a good sized book: *The Revolution in the Mind and Practice of the Human Race*. And then there is a periodical called *The Anglo-Saxon*, a respectable affair, supported by people of wealth, which advocates something very like Fourierism. I much fear me that the English are going to look at Socialism before condemning it, and to see whether it has any practical words before striking it down. This is a dangerous course."

News of the Week.

LA TE ON CALIFORNIA.—The Steamer *Empire City*, which left Chagres on the 1st inst., arrived at this port on the 13th inst. with news one month later from California. She brings nearly a million of dollars in specie. A riot occurred at San Francisco on the 16th of July, but the ringleaders were arrested, tried, and sentenced to imprisonment for ten years. The election ordered by General Riley had taken place, and 1519 votes were taken at San Francisco. All went off peaceably. During the month of July, 3,614 emigrants arrived at San Francisco.

A correspondent of the New-York Tribune says:

"The labor of gold-digging and washing is exhausting in the extreme. Thousands who come out here brimful of hope and courage are bringing their exuberant stock to a poor market—for, after divesting their white hands of their white kid gloves, and working a *la mode* for one week, your amateur dealers in gold dust find themselves bankrupt of metal "pluck" and physical strength, and leave in disgust, some (grown already way-wise) for home, but many to hunt down the *ignis fatuus*. These unfortunate sportsmen will only be "in at the death" of their own unreasonable expectations.

"Anybody can make from five dollars to an ounce per day, but he must work faithfully and intelligently, or he is as likely to make nothing as a buyer of lottery tickets is to purchase a blank.

"This river is still so high that we are unable to work the bars or banks. Old miners, who will not work for less than an ounce, are hoarding up their strength for the Fall campaign, while I, with other new-comers, think it best to earn our half ounce and learn the trade at once. The heat is intense. Not a wrinkle is to be seen upon the heaven's front from February to December, while old Sol smiles his severest. My neck, arms, hands, ankles and feet are blistered. Reversing the wise maxim of old Galen, or some young Galen, which enjoins upon those

who love health to "keep the feet warm and the head cool," we are obliged to stand knee-deep in the water and exercise the arms and back, while the head and chest are subjected to a furious cross-firing of red hot rays from above. I am working upon the sharp slate-rocks, which are burning hot at mid-day, without shoes, sometimes raining perspiration, and after an hour or two of canal-digging labor with the pick and shovel, jumping into the water singing hot for the purpose of "panning out," with a thermometer ranging from one hundred upward. This operation is generally performed middle deep, and in the elegant position of the *Douche*."

GENERAL AVEZZANA.—On Monday of last week took place the ceremony of presenting a sword to this distinguished defender of Genoese and Roman Liberty. The meeting on the occasion was held at the Chapel of the University, on Washington Square. The assembly convened is said to have been a large one, comprising many of our most intelligent and distinguished citizens, and a large proportion of ladies. The military escort was large and splendid. The sword, which was the gift of the Italian residents of New York, superbly mounted, with a silver grip, and a hilt of solid gold, beautifully carved, was delivered by Lieut. Lenghi to the distinguished patriot and soldier, with an appropriate address, to which the General responded in a reply at once animated and modest. He spoke in the Italian language, and with evident marks of being deeply affected by the noble expression of regard on the part of his compatriots.

The New York Presbyterian says of General Avezzana:

"Few men ever performed such signal services in so short a time as Gen. A. In January or February last, we believe, he left his family in this city; and he has since occupied the posts of Military Chief of Genoa and Minister of War in Rome, and conducted the defense of those two cities in the most gallant manner, during the resistance they made against overwhelming forces. It is incontestable that he displayed not only great military skill and courage, but the most exalted ideas of civilization and humanity in the exercise of martial law, in the police of Rome, the treatment of prisoners, and the courtesy and security afforded to foreigners, especially our countrymen. He now modestly returns to private life, and well deserves respect and admiration. Let it not be forgotten, while the Pope is shooting and throwing into the Inquisition the best men of Italy, the late Roman Republic, as one of its friends nobly boasted yesterday, 'never touched a hair of an enemy.'"—Independent.

LAMARTINE NSANE.—Mr. F. Gaillardet writes as follows to the *Courier des Etats* of this City. His letter is dated Paris, Aug. 16:

Last week M. D. Lamartine had assembled at his table, several of his intimate friends, before leaving for the Cote d'Or, where he has offered for sale his paternal estate, which fortune does not permit him to retain. The author of the "*Girondists*" seemed absent-minded, but this sad pre-occupation was easily attributed to the hard extremity to which he was reduced, and to the physical pains of an acute rheumatism which had prevented his appearance at the National Assembly since his election.

The illustrious invalid took soup with his guests, and then caused himself to be served with it three times more in succession, as if he had taken nothing at all. After that, during the whole repast he wore a sad and dreamy air, and touched nothing until a plate of *meringues a la creme* was placed under his eye. At the sight of this dainty his brow cleared and he drew the plate toward him, examined it with a look of appetite, and then suddenly began to rub his hands with the cream and lathered his whole face with it. This act of derangement struck with stupor the guests and his tearful wife, who instantly rendered all possibly care to the sufferer. A physician was called, and all present were besought to keep secret what after

all may only be an accidental and temporary aberration. But is a secret possible now-a-days? This one has got out like all the rest. In spite of the *respectability* of the drawing rooms in which I have gathered the report, I prefer to doubt its authenticity. The insanity of Lamartine would be not only a misfortune, but a sort of dishonor for entire humanity, struck in one of its most admirable illustrations. Every intelligence would incline to mistrust itself, and would feel itself in some sort shaken off by the fall of Lamartine.

THE GREAT ANNUAL STATE FAIR AT SYRACUSE.—The Carnival has closed—and the hill of the fair looks like a battle field, cleared of the killed and wounded, the troops, and the implements of the fight. For four days this little inland city has been deluged with the sturdy yeomanry of the State of York, and for two days, the swarms of people have been like locusts, filling up all vacancies, covering over the face of the earth, and eating up, aye, and drinking, too, everything, taxing even the bountiful supplies of the hotels to their utmost. We suppose that Rust did not feed less than five thousand on the second day of the show; the other hotels, private houses, canal boats, and booths, in proportion. To accommodate his guests, after providing lodgings in the house for a thousand, more or less, our host chartered for them some rooms at private houses, and several canal boats, for sleeping quarters. There were, probably, not less than three hundred canal boats, of all sorts, used as hotels during the fair; and some seventy-five booths appropriated for public accommodations, such as they could give; for thousands of people were on the streets all night. Eight or ten railroad trains, with from eight hundred to fifteen hundred passengers each train, came in daily for two or three days, and one train of thirty-two passenger cars, has just gone down with a detachment of the dispersed multitude. Few accidents occurred—several lives were lost on the railroads, and one or two on the canal, from accidental causes, but amid the pressure for three days of a congregated and undisciplined militia, ranging from thirty thousand to seventy-five thousand people, of all ages, sexes, and conditions, at the fair grounds, we did not hear of the loss of a single individual by accident, nor even of a broken bone to man or beast. This is partly to be attributed to the excellent arrangements, and the good police organization of the society, and the city, and partly to the orderly and obedient disposition of the people. Five hundred carriages, of all kinds, were employed for three days in the transportation of passengers to and from the grounds, and half the numbers were brought in from distant places, on a speculation in the business. Liquors were in demand. At the bar of one public house, \$450 were taken in one day, at sixpence a drink. The people came to have a merry time.

The closing review of the military encampment of the Utica, Rochester, Oswego and Syracuse volunteers, at Camp Onondaga, by Gen. Wool, yesterday morning, was a beautiful spectacle to the 20,000 spectators. The General was cheered to the echo, by the people, and after making a final complimentary speech to the well-drilled troops, he left the grounds with the honors of Buena Vista imperatively recalled to his mind. The tents were struck this morning, and the companies dispersed to their homes.—[Herald.]

LAMARTINE'S EMBARRASMENTS.—Among the advertisements which figure in the Paris papers, is one which causes great regret in France, and will cause great regret elsewhere. Among the *ventes d'immeubles* is to be seen "*A vendre la terre de Milly appartenant à M. de Lamartine*," &c. This is the place where M. de Lamartine was born, where he passed his earliest years, and which he has immortalized in his "*Confidences*." At one time it was thought that the place could be saved. One of the principal publishers of Paris agreed to pay off the whole of

the debts affecting the property, M. de Lamartine agreeing in return to supply the publisher in question with a certain number of volumes. The arrangement was complete, the money was about to be paid down, when the revolution of February occurred. The publisher offered to keep to his bargain, but informed M. de Lamartine that in doing so he should be irretrievably ruined, upon which M. de Lamartine at once tore up the bond. The debts continued as great as they were before the revolution; while the value of property was greatly diminished. Creditors are clamorous, and, in short, the place must be sold for whatever it will fetch, and that will not be nearly the amount of the debt affecting it.

RICH MILK.—A pamphlet has recently been published in London, by a Mr. Rugg, which gives rather an inviting description of the properties of the milk consumed in that city. The cows from which it is obtained are confined in narrow sheds, and the effect of their constant imprisonment upon the milk they yield, is thus set forth in the pamphlet:

"What is the result but disease of the lungs, consumption, tuberculous deposits which run rapidly into supperation; abscesses full of matter are formed, a portion of this matter is taken up by the blood and conveyed to the milk; and there is scarcely a drop of London milk, when placed under the field of a powerful microscope, but what traces of this matter are revealed floating therein, mixed with a bloody-like corruption. Considerable attention has been paid to this subject in Paris, where the milk has been found to contain a large quantity of pus or matter; this matter, as before stated, comes from the diseased cows that still give milk, though small in quantity; yet this milk is mixed with that which is somewhat more healthy, and the poisonous liquid is consumed by an unthinking and unreflecting public."

ARREST OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.—Mr. Charles Whitney of the United States, has been traveling through Great Britain delivering lectures on American Oratory in Dublin, Belfast, and other places. In Dublin his lectures produced much enthusiasm, and on introducing the speech of Patrick Henry, much excitement prevailed among his hearers. When he came to the words, "*We must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight!*" An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left for us!" the noted juror on Duffy's trial, Mr. Burke, stood up and exclaimed, "*I'm of that man's opinions*," which had the effect of raising the entire assembly *en masse*, whose cheering shook the walls of the Rotunda. In consequence of this, Mr. Whitney was arrested as he was leaving Belfast for the Giant's Causeway, and was compelled to go to Dublin Castle. All his private letters and papers were minutely examined. The Secretary consulted with Lord Clarendon in another room, and in about an hour returned. He then had his choice, either to be remanded to Newgate Prison (a vile loathsome gaol, where two Americans were confined last summer) or give bonds to leave Ireland at once! He gave the required bonds, and immediately left for England.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.—We are glad, says the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, to learn that the drawings, sketches, and unfinished paintings of this distinguished artist, are about to be given to the public in the convenient and popular form of a book of engravings. Those who have had the privilege of examining his portfolio, and the sketches and paintings which he left in his studio, know full well the value of this store of genius developed by the strictest accuracy of drawing, and a labor in finish unparalleled in this country, perhaps in this age. The engravings are made by the Messrs. Cheney, from the daguerreotype plates executed by Mr. Southworth, and are pronounced by the most competent judges to be not only correct transfers of the outlines, but to preserve perfectly the spirit and feeling of the originals.

There are to be twenty plates, among which we notice the following subjects: Titania's Court, from *Midsummer Night's Dream*; Fairies on the Sea-shore; Michael setting the Watch; Heliodorus driven from the temple; Dido and Anna; Rome; a ship in a Thunder storm; a Sybil; Figures from Jacob's Visions, etc.

ASTOR LIBRARY.—The work of demolition has been commenced among the shrubbery and stately trees of Vauxhall Garden, in Lafayette Place, near the Italian Opera House, preparatory to laying the foundation walls of the Astor Library building. It will be built in the Byzantine style, or rather, in the style of the Royal Palaces of Florence, and consequently will present a strongly imposing appearance, both in its external and internal structure. Its dimensions will be 120 feet in length, by 45 wide, and from the level of the side-walk to the upper line of the parapet, its height will be 67 feet—built of brown cut stone.

The amount authorized to be expended in the erection of the building is \$75,000—of course exclusive of furniture and shelving. The latter will cost probably \$8,000. Two years it is expected, will be required to complete it. The architect is Mr. Alexander Saelizer, from Berlin, a pupil of the celebrated Schinkel. The entire appropriation for the library and building is \$400,000, of which about one-half is to be funded for the benefit of the library—thus ensuring to it a perpetuity such as similar institutions but seldom possess. Through the efforts of Mr. J. G. Cogswell, in England and on the continent about 20,000 volumes have been collected and are now in his keeping.

NEW "RELIGIOUS" ASSOCIATION.—A mystical association has just been formed in Berlin, under the Presidency of the Count Otto Von Schlippenback, under the denomination of "League of Fidelity for Women," of which any respectable lady—married or single—who adopts the motto of King Frederic William "I and my house have decided to walk in the paths of the Lord," may become a member. Candidates for the honor are subject to a form of election. The order is divided into four degrees—1. The "Henrietta" degree (color green) in honor of the wife of the great elector. 2. The "Sophia" degree (color white,) of which the queen of Frederick is the patroness. 3. The "Louisa" degree (rose color,) in honor of the defunct queen. 4. The "Elizabeth" degree (color blue,) in honor of the present queen consort. The fetes of the league include the birthdays of the king, the queen and the crown prince, the anniversary of the foundation of the order and that of the last king's death.

Town and Country Items.

—We are happy that the antiquities at the Vatican have not been injured by the recent siege of Rome. In the library, commenced fourteen hundred years ago, there are 40,000 manuscripts, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, Syriac, Armenian, and Arabian. The whole of the immense buildings are filled with statues found beneath ancient Rome, and when it is known that there were 70,000 statues from temples and palaces, the riches of the Vatican may be imagined.

—The New Orleans Crescent City says, on the authority of one of Gen. Worth's friends, who held a conversation with him on Cuban affairs just before his death, that the general had no intention of taking any part in revolutionizing Cuba, and had no connexion or engagement with the revolutionary party there—the statement of a New York letter-writer to the contrary, notwithstanding.

—There is said to be a house in Cherry Street, that contains thirty-seven families, and seven groceries. There are three "provision stores" in the garret.

—William Goodwin, of New Haven, states in one of the papers of that city, that, during the last four years, he has watched the beds of the sick and the dying *one thousand and one nights*, and that he was never poorer in purse, richer in health, nor higher in spirits, than at the present time.

—As an instance of the precocious depravity of unfortunate females in this city, we find that three young creatures from twelve to fifteen years, were arrested on Saturday night in a house of ill-fame in Cross street, for disorderly conduct.

—A gentleman of New London, in his letter from California writes, that he was absent from camp four days, and though he intended to go where no one had ever been before, yet all along he found *marks of civilization*, such as pieces of playing-cards and brandy bottles.

—When the Duke de Chosen, a remarkably meager man, went to London, to negotiate a peace, Charles Townsend being asked whether the French government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered: "He did not know, but they had sent the *outline of an ambassador*!"

—A Portuguese sculptor upon his death-bed, had a crucifix placed before his eyes by a confessor, who said, "Behold that God whom you have so much offended. Do you recollect him now?" "Alas! yes, father," replied the dying man, "it was I who made him!"

—A candidate for governor says that he practiced medicine in early life, was a minister of the gospel, several sessions a member of the legislature, and also a practising attorney, and has had a chance to become acquainted with human nature.

—Frederica Bremer, it is said, is coming to this country. Few of the female writers of the present time have won a more enviable reputation. She was to leave Stockholm the latter part of August.

—Near the baptismal font in St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, is a monument with this inscription; "Here lies the body of James Vernon, Esq., only surviving son of Admiral Vernon—died 25th of July, 1753."

—The colored men of Connecticut were to hold a Convention on the 12th inst. to consider their "political condition," &c. They want the right of suffrage, and regard their exemption from taxation as a privilege of little importance.

—"One of the critics," speaking of the farewell benefit of Biscaccianti, at the Broadway theater, says that she "exhaled away her being in one long, agonizing, exquisite swirl of piercing melody!"

—Mr. Brown, an escaped slave from the United States, has been lately entertained at a grand dinner-party in Paris, given by M. de Tocqueville.

—The number of poor workmen receiving relief in Paris from the public, is now only 2000.

—The daughter of the Queen of Sweden, who is about to marry Louis Napoleon, has a dowry of \$4,000,000 sterling.

—Louis Napoleon has written a letter to the Emperor of Russia congratulating him on his success against the Hungarians.

—Queen Victoria has given \$1,500 to the public charities of Cork and Queenstown.

THE MARTIN AGE IN KENTUCKY.—A correspondent of the *Christian Chronicle*, Philadelphia, says;

"We are pained to learn that among other consequences of this state of things in Kentucky, some of her best men are to be driven out. The Rev. J. M. Pendleton, A. M., of Bowling Green, surpassed in learning, piety, activity and influence by no Baptist minister in the State—born and educated there, and himself a slaveholder—has been so vilified and alienated from his friends, on account of his open advocacy of the cause of freedom, that he can no longer be useful in Kentucky, and has resigned his church—a church which for twelve or fifteen years has delighted in his pastoral services, and grown up under them but where he is now no longer welcome. He will remove with his family to a free State."

NO MORE RE-TEXANIZATION.—Hon. George M. Dallas, late Vice President of the United States, has written a long letter on the treaty with Mexico, in which he calls attention to one provision of that treaty. Under the provision, no change is ever to be made in our Mexican boundary line, except by the express and free consent of both nations, constitutionally given. And so stringent is the provision, that no future revolutions of Mexican border provinces, got up in Texas, can give us power to treat with such provinces, although independent, with a view to annexation, without the consent of Mexico.

AMERICAN BONAPARTEISM.—It does not become Americans to be too free in their censures of the outrages on the freedom of speech and of opinion in Europe. A Mr. Janeway, of Loudoun county, Virginia, has been presented by the Grand Jury for writing articles against Slavery for the *National Era*, a paper printed at Washington city, out of the jurisdiction of Virginia. It is as if President Bonaparte were to imprison Jules Le Chevalier for his letters from Paris published in the *New-York Tribune*.

NEW-HAVEN.—A public meeting has been held at New-Haven, and a large committee appointed, consisting of nearly 100 of the most respectable citizens, to use all lawful and proper means for suppressing the illegal sale of intoxicating drinks. The preamble of the resolutions passed, states that there are not far from 200 shops and tippling houses where liquor is sold in violation of law. The committee are to act "by an exertion of moral influence, and by an appeal when necessary, to the officers of the law."

COLE'S PAINTINGS.—Cole's paintings, symbolizing "The Course of Life," drawn last winter at the distribution of the Art Union by a subscriber at Binghampton, have been purchased by Mr. Abbott, principal of the Spangler Institute, and now adorn the walls of the lecture-room in that institution.

On Sunday, the birth-day of John Howard was celebrated in Boston. On the occasion, the Rev. Charles Spear, stated, as an instance of the manner of Howard's benevolence, that, at one time wishing to give some bread to his gardener, he bought a loaf and threw it over the garden wall, and said, "Harry, go look among the cabbages, and you will find something for your family."

HARVARD COLLEGE.—At the recent examinations, 97 students were admitted to the college, of whom 84 constitute the freshman class—the largest class that ever entered. A proof of the wisdom of electing a working member of the faculty to the office of president.

The attempt to elect a Congressman from the famous Middlesex district in Massachusetts, has again failed; Mr. Palfrey, the Free Soil candidate, not obtaining so large a vote, in proportion, as at the last trial.

NOTICES.

BACK NUMBERS. from No. 1, can be supplied to new subscribers. We hope all, who intend to take this paper, will remit promptly.

ALL who are friendly to the interests of this paper, are respectfully solicited to aid in extending its circulation.

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PROSPECTUS

OF

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

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EDITOR,
WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

PUBLISHERS,
FOWLERS & WELLS,
CLINTON HALL, 129 and 131, NASSAU STREET, New York.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY:

TERMS,

(Invariably in advance.)

All communications and remittances for "THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE," should be directed to Messrs. Fowlers & Wells, Clinton Hall, 129 and 131 Nassau Street, New York.

LOCAL AGENTS.

BOSTON, Bela Marsh, 35 Cornhill.	CINCINNATI, J. W. Ryland
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MACDONALD & LEE, PRINTERS, 9 SPRUCE STREET.