

SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

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Poetry.

For The Spirit of the Age.

THE BRIDE.

BY MRS PHOEBE CAREY.

LIKE the music of an arrow,
Rushing, singing from the string,
Was the sound in the June roses
Of each homeward clearing wing:

Where the leaves were softly parted
By a hand of snowy grace,
Letting in a shower of sunlight
Brightly o'er an eager face;

O'er the young face of a maiden,
Touched by changing hope and fear,
As the sound of rapid hoof-strokes
Nearing, fell upon the ear.

White robes softly heaving, flut'ring,
O'er her bosom's rise of snow,
Spoke the strange and soft confession
Of the beating heart below.

And the face had sweet revealings,
Sweeter than the lip may speak,
For the soft fires of confession
Lit their crimson in the cheek.

Not for friend, and not for brother,
Kept she eager vigil there,
Not for friend, and not for brother,
Gleamed the roses in her hair!

* * * * *
Myriad frost-sparks, fire-like glittered
In the keen and bitter air,
And no wild bird, dropping downward,
Stirred the branches cold and bare;

Flaming in the glorious forehead
Of the midnight, high and lone,
Starry constellations, stedfast,
Yet like burning jewels shone;

When, from a sick couch uplifted,
A thin hand, most snowy white,
Parted back the curtains softly,
Letting in the pallid light,

Eyes of more than mortal brightness
Spoke the waiting heart's desire,
And the hollow cheeks were lighted
With a quick, consuming fire.

That young watcher in the roses,
Of the earnest eye and brow,
Keeps again her anxious vigil,
Who shall end its moments now?

Lo! the breast is softly trembling,
But with hope that has no fear;
By that happy smile the Presence
She hath waited for is near!

For a bridegroom hath she tarried,
Bring the roses for her brow!
Though no human passion answers
To his icy kisses now.

Bride of earth, here, hoping, fearing,
Evil were thy days and vain;
Bride of heaven, for blest fruition
Thou shalt never wait again!

Extract from an Address to the Paris Peace Convention.

CONGRESS OF NATIONS.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

THE brief space within which this exposition must be compressed will permit but a slight notice of the objections which are frequently opposed to the system under consideration. Among the most prominent of these objections it is declared that the different governments and peoples are not yet prepared for such a condition of society as we would establish; that, in their present disposition they would not be willing to submit their differences to such a tribunal; that there would be no military power to enforce obedience to its authority; and that all the nations of the civilized world could not be induced to come into this arrangement.

Group all these objections together, we would merely reply to them, *en masse*, that we are not compelled to rest the practicability of our project upon the present state or disposition of the different governments and peoples. The edifice of international society which we would erect must be the work of years of unremitting labor. Stone by stone would we build this temple of universal peace, and when the last is fitted to its place, and all is prepared for opening its portals for the fraternization of the peoples, they will be ready to give each other the hand, and form a holy alliance, to banish war and all its suite of animosities and miseries from the community.

The means which we propose to employ will tend to prepare the popular mind throughout the civilized world, to espouse with delight that condition of international fraternity which our system would organize. We will allude to but one class of these means, and that is, a series of congresses like the one which is now convened in this hall and in this metropolis of civilization. What do we need to enable us to organize permanent peace by instituting a High Court of nations? We need, in the first place,

the sympathy and support of the popular mind. In the next place, we need the adhesion of governments, and their adoption of a system which public opinion has universally demanded.

Well, for twenty years, the friends of peace on both sides of the Atlantic, had disseminated their principles through their respective communities. In 1843 they held a congress in London, at which there were present about twenty-five delegates from the United States, and several from France and other continental countries. Here they deliberated upon the best measures for establishing universal peace. Several members of Parliament took part in the proceedings of this Congress, and gave to its object their complete approbation and support. This demonstration proved that the legislative as well as the popular mind of different countries had become interested in the organization of universal peace; the members of that Congress returned to their respective communities, inspired with new zeal and activity, and instituted more extensive operations for disseminating their principles.

After laboring for five years with encouraging success, they resolved to hold another Congress, not only to give a new impetus to the cause, but to ascertain the force of public opinion which had been acquired in its favor. They believed that the popular mind in England and the United States was in an advanced state of preparation, and they desired, as it were, to feel the pulse of the people of Europe in reference to the cause, and to elicit their sympathy and co-operation. Consequently, last year, they ventured to raise their standard for the first time upon the continent of Europe. Although the contemporaneous circumstances of the epoch were inauspicious, the success which attended their pacific demonstration surpassed all their anticipations. There were present about 150 delegates from England and the United States, and an equal number from Belgium and other continental countries. The Belgian government accorded every facility and courtesy which the hospitality of a generous nation could inspire, and many of its eminent men took part in the Congress and assisted at its organization. The president, the Hon. Auguste Visschers, a gentleman high in the estimation of the government and people of Belgium, was supported on the one side by a member of the French National Assembly, as vice-president for France, and on the other by a member of the British parliament, as vice president for England. Several other members of different national assemblies were present, and took part in the deliberations of the Congress. The proceedings were conducted in the most excellent spirit, and its conclusions were clear and unanimous. The Anglo-American delegates were surprised and delighted to find that there were so many on the continent ready to unite with them in their enterprise. The Congress was a proof to them that the popular mind everywhere was fast preparing for the fraternization of the peoples under a system of organized peace. Nor was this all. The presence and co-operation of members of different National Assemblies proved also that they might rely upon the adhesion of the legislative mind of Europe, just in proportion as they acquired the suffrage of enlightened public opinion. Encouraged by these new indications of progress, the Anglo-American delegates returned from the Congress, and commenced a series of operations on a larger scale than they had ever attempted before. In England there were 150 public meetings held in different parts of the country, and 1000 petitions were presented to Parliament in favor of international arbitration—one of the measures proposed at the Brussels Congress. This proposition was brought before the House of Commons on the 12th of June, by Mr. Richard Cobden. Besides other manifestations of popular sympathy, there were 200,000 persons in England who, during the last six years, have, in their petitions, entreated the British Government to adopt a measure adapted to banish war forever from the family of nations. There have been more persons in England who have this year petitioned Parliament for universal peace, than for all the other necessities of the nation put together. Does not this fact indicate that the popular mind in England is preparing

to support any practical measure for the abolition of war? And were not the eighty votes in Parliament, of members representing the largest electoral districts in the kingdom, a proof that the legislative mind of Great Britain is in an advanced state of preparation to adopt such a measure?

But is not the presence of this great and solemn assembly an evidence more illustrious still that the great peoples of the civilized world and their legislators too are even ready now to co-operate in establishing peace as a fundamental and permanent system of society? Here are 500 men, representing all the considerable towns of Great Britain, from Land's end to John O'Groat's, who have left their homes and Crossed the Channel to assist at this great demonstration. What does their presence testify if not to the complete preparation of the popular mind in England to support any measure which shall expel the enormous suicide of war forever from the society of nations? And is not the presence of the illustrious Richard Cobden and his colleagues of the British Parliament a proof that the legislative mind of England will follow, if not lead, the will of that people in the path of peace? And here too, are men from different parts of the United States, who have left their homes and crossed the ocean to testify by their presence that America is ready and willing to fraternize with the people of the Old World, in the organization of universal peace. And one of these delegates is a member of the Congress of the United States, who travelled 2,000 miles before he could reach a port at which he could embark for Europe. And what may we say for France? Here we meet her distinguished legislators, jurists, writers, her conductors of the press, and teachers of religion. May we not believe that she is ready to accept the Anglo-American hand which is porffered to her this day, and to associate herself with the great peoples which that hand unites in establishing perpetual peace in the family of nations?

Comparing this demonstration with the two which have preceded it, is it too much to believe that we are advancing by a ratio of geometrical progression toward the Congress of Nations which we propose? In the Peace Congress of 1843 there were about 150 delegates including two or three members of the British Parliament. In this assembly, the third in our series, we have more than 600 delegates, including twenty or thirty members of different national assemblies. If this demonstration should set on foot more extensive operations for disseminating the ideas of peace during the next twelve months, may we not believe, that in our next Congress, we shall have 1,000 delegates, including 100 of the most enlightened statesmen, representing all the national assemblies of the civilized world? If it should be concluded to hold the next Congress at Frankfort in 1850 or 51, the friends of peace in America would undertake to send a delegation of 100, including 25 or 30 members of the Congress of the United States.

Thus, in four or five years, these periodical demonstrations would draw into the movement the most liberal statesmen in every country, who would urge upon their respective governments the adoption of the system under consideration. In the meantime, we should have prepared the different peoples to espouse that system, and to sustain it with that enlightened public opinion, which, according to the authority of Lord Palmerston is stronger than armies. [The memoir was received with much applause.]

WHERE is the wonder if an ill-instructed person should act like one; rather blame thyself for being surprised at misconduct, the probability of which thy reason might have suggested. It is still more absurd to blame the faithless or ungrateful; thou hast done them a service, hast fulfilled what nature intended; 'tis enough, what right hadst thou to look for more? 'Tis much as if the eyes should expect to be paid for seeing, the ears for hearing; for this is their part—this their greatest gain. Yes, man was designed to do good by man; and in this lies his perfection and surpassing reward!

For The Spirit of the Age.

RELATIONS, EXISTING AND NATURAL,
BETWEEN MAN AND PROPERTY.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

THE reader, who has followed us thus far in our investigations will be prepared for the reflections which ensue on the question of "capital and labor." Because he will see that capital is by no means confined to what is legitimately property; but embraces, as its chief portions, things that have no relation to human labor, never were, and never can be produced or reproduced by it. The earth, with its vast resources of mineral wealth, its spontaneous productions and its fertile soil, the free gift of God and the common patrimony of mankind, has for long centuries been held in the grasp of one set of oppressors, by right of conquest or right of discovery; and is now held by another, through the right of purchase or inheritance from them. All of man's natural possessions, everything external and passive, has been claimed as property; nor has man himself escaped the insatiate jaws of greed. He too has been, is held as a thing to be bought and sold. This invasion of his rights and possessions has resulted, through many methods of operation, in clothing property with a power to accumulate an income. The moralists and religious teachers of all ages and nations have denounced the principle of "increase," though in vain, because they understood not its basis. The Jewish scriptures are filled with prohibitions and denunciations against this evil; and though less pointed, it cannot be for a moment supposed that the philanthropic system of Jesus was less consistent with natural justice. When the selling all, was enjoined, that the poor might be given means of life and instruction, and when self-sacrifice and benevolent action was adopted as a test of discipleship, it cannot be thought that any authority was furnished for the monopoly of heaven's bounties, that thereby usance might be exacted, from the unselfish and unfortunate.

"What do I think of interest," said Cato, to a friend who inquired his opinion. "What do I think of murder?"

While the power of wealth is continued by social arrangements, so as to control the man, sever him from his just relation to the soil and the passive agent, make his very existence dependent on the monopolist of the fair earth and all its productions as well as all products of industry, capital will demand a division with labor in all its earnings. It were unreasonable to expect any other result. Man cannot serve God and Mammon if he try. It is folly to expect him to allow his brother to cultivate the soil, or in any way help himself, unless he pay him for the privilege. This, of course, is meant, as a general rule. Men, who will give thousands to this or that professedly benevolent object, will exact the last, even to the pound of flesh, where rent or usury is concerned.

Property is restricted to the productions of industry, when by that term, we mean what is properly a subject of traffic, between man and man. One man by labor can never produce any thing which he may justly exchange for another man. This proposition all will admit, except the special advocates of "Patriarchalism." Any social organization recognizing the legality of such transactions, is fundamentally wrong, and must involve itself in derangement and ruin, unless the principle be abandoned. But if the principle be wrong, so must be its results; for it is this way generally that the justice or injustice of any principle is known. By the fruits shall the tree be truly judged. In a word, then, what is the effect of chattel-slavery on business, generally? In the first place, it brings the slave in competition with all who labor. This must tend to make labor disreputable, and reduce its award; for why should I pay you a just compensation for your labor, when I can buy a man with

my property, who will be compelled to work without remuneration! But then it must be perceived, that in consequence of this power of property, there would be a great demand for its use. Suppose I pay sixty dollars a year interest on the purchase money of my slave? He will earn me two hundred, and I shall be the gainer, in any reasonable contingency, by a hundred dollars at least. Now this must react on what is called free labor, in the same way as the competition is subjected to by the slave labor. Capital needed to carry on the mechanical, manufacturing or agricultural business, will command higher rates, as the demand for it to purchase slaves shall increase, and as the transaction shall be found to pay. Thus this wrong affects more than the poor victim of oppression; it forces him into competition with other laborers, and while it reduces the products of their labor in value, it also increases the tax they have to pay for the privilege of toiling. Abolish slavery and you would abolish one of the main props of the system, which compensates capital out of the products of labor.

But the feature of our social system, which allows property in man, is only one of the wrongs, by which the existing claims of capital are sustained. The power of property over natural possessions is a still more general cause of its exactions, since its prevalence is almost universal; for while it gives control of one productive agent, also compels the labor of the other, as that cannot be exercised without a place and means, cannot exist indeed, without access to the other. Restore to man the right of person and possession; in other words the right to live and labor, and there would be no more thought of asking usance for land or money, than there would for a "cup of cold water," or for the privilege of looking at the sun. It might be indeed that disorganized trade, would enable the capitalists to make a shift for awhile to exact some trifle in that way; but competition, which they have made work so well in their favor, would destroy their craft, and a better system of commerce would soon sweep away the last vestige of usury. It is hoped that this reflection will be borne constantly in mind. Compensation to capital depends wholly or chiefly on its power to represent the active or the passive agent, the Man or the Soil. If it could not buy the one, nor monopolize the other in such quantities as to bring the rightful inheritor into actual dependence and want; then it must lose its power to increase of itself, or to compel compensation from the labor of society. This suggestion seems called for, since it is so inwrought with all our customs and hereditary modes of thought, that dividends *should* be made according to capital employed. Was not a large portion of our early arithmetic devoted to the elucidation and examples of rules for calculating interest, simple and compound, Discount, Stock dividends and Brokerage!

It may be inquired, "why battle against the effects, when the eradication of the cause can alone avail anything?" We are not fighting the effects, but only exhibiting the tendencies, that the true nature of the causes themselves may be known. The true cause, is the cupidity, which stimulates the few to invade the natural rights and possessions of others, and the ignorance and disunion of the many, which permits, authorizes, and enforces such wrongs. But it may be asked in return, where is the propriety of opposing slavery, land, monopoly, isolation of capital, and engrossment of commerce, when it is proposed to engraft on the new condition their chief results, the prerogative of capital to divide with labor the products of industry?

But space does not allow the farther pursuit of this train of thought. Some illustrations must be given showing how falsely capital and labor are at present conditioned. Capital should be the product of labor and that alone. How then can products share products? On no ground, but that the elder brother is entitled to more pay than the younger for the same amount of labor. He must be paid in the first place for his work, and, in the next place, asks to be paid, out of what is due the younger brother, for having been paid when he did work. It cannot be

made nothing more nor less of than this. For if he has performed service in any way, for that he is to be paid. But remuneration to capital presupposes, to that extent, the idleness or uselessness of the capitalist. He is hungry. Industry steps forward to furnish him with bread. Will he repay, with his own labor, the labor necessary to produce this. Will he even give you any of his capital which he claims is the result of labor and skill? Not a whit of either. But then he will pay you, *liberally*. He will *permit* you to labor on this free God's earth, and sow and reap as much for yourself as you have given him. Could radicalism ask anything more? He is naked, and industry steps forth and clothes him. Perhaps, now his purse strings will relax, and he will encroach for once on his principal! How futile the thought! He has a machine or "patent right" for one, bought by his property, or rather *use* of it, from the poor mechanic or inventor. These you may have? ah no—you may use, until you have made yourself as much as you have furnished him: no longer. He is destitute of the luxuries of other sines. Industry and adventure bring these to his very doors, nay put them up in their places, serve them on his table. Will he not do something for you now? You are again mistaken. He has gold hid away, clutched from its just place, as a measure and representative of value. That, however, he will not part with. He will let you use it a few days or months, providing you secure him for the return of every farthing, by more than its value in other property. In a thousand ways he needs constantly your assistance. But he will pay you in no other. Labor as you may, with whatever fraternal affection, you shall never find the *brother* in him; that is, as a capitalist. It is not meant that many can wholly bury up their humane nature beneath this glittering, yet to the soul, corroding metal. Day after day, unless your excessive toil unfit you for thought, you will discover, that in the place of being an aid, a creature of labor, as seemed, capital has become your tyrant and enslaver, and you have become a transformed creature and slave of your own productions.

But does not capital, as at present employed, increase the productions of labor, and facilitate exchange? How deluded! Its monopoly is the main obstacle to the success of any legitimate enterprise. You complain that there is not money enough in circulation to do business with. But how is the difficulty to be obviated. Ten thousand dollars, that is deeply needed, are in the possession of the miser. If you will pay him six or seven per cent, he may let you have the use of it. At the end, say of ten years, he has received it all back and ten thousand more, so that in the place of ten, there is twenty thousand withdrawn from circulation. In ten years more there will be forty thousand, and in the fourth period, eighty thousand dollars. A strange remedy truly; for while the isolation of the circulating medium has been going on in a duplicate geometrical ratio, in every period of ten or twelve years, the actual increase has been hardly perceptible. Paper may have been issued, indeed, but this is no addition of value, and in the place of facilitating business, facilitates the isolation of capital some two or three fold.

The same remark holds true with regard to the soil. The monopoly of this follows in the same ratio, from the same cause. One farm let out for half its products, will enable the owner in ten years to monopolize another farm of equal value. These two, in ten years, two others. These four in another period four others; these eight, other eight, &c. Thus in forty years, the one farm, by legal and customary rates, has become sixteen, and in sixty years has multiplied to sixty four. But has there been any "increase" of the earth's surface, during these sixty years? not at all, but a relative decrease, inasmuch as, while this has remained stationary, there has been, in all probability, an increase of the inhabitants of the globe. Can a rational being see any other result than bankruptcy in business, which must return, once in about each period, and utmost depression even to starvation by millions of the tillers of the soil! While

in the interior of the State of New York, a case came to my knowledge, of the actual verification of this proposition. A man when he came of age had inherited two farms, from his father, well furnished. He went to work on one, himself, and let the other to a landless person. In a few years he bought another and another, and last fall, had realized the *sixteenth*, being now between fifty and sixty years of age. The arrangement, which by the way is common through all the grazing portion of the State, was one of labor and capital, exactly; and the distribution is based on the principle that the results of such association, are to be divided according to the amount of labor performed and the capital employed. As one man furnished all the capital for the use of these sixteen families, and they did all the labor, it is very easy to ascertain their virtual relations. The proprietor received as capital's share, *three-fifths*, the families, as labor's share, *two-fifths*. As one-fifth would cover all repairs and waste of property, which it is just should have been contributed by labor, the mere fact of possession, is here rewarded, in one individual, an amount equal to what is given to the labor of *sixteen families*. This perhaps may be regarded as a transition stage from serfdom or slavery towards fraternity and harmony; but one that should not be tarried at long, unless we would bring back the elder tyranny.

Capital now stands in the relation of oppressor and foe to labor. Labor may not move its limbs, but at the beck of capital. Not a *ribe*, but a *moiety* of its productions must be paid as tax for the use of capital. It would cultivate the soil, but capital will not permit it, except on these conditions. A prohibition, ranging from a "dollar and a quarter," to hundreds and even thousands of dollars is placed on the cultivation of each acre of land on the globe. Industry would delve for the metals, which are deposited in every mountain, and make of them articles of use and labor-saving machines; but capital barricades the way. These have become *property*. It would build ships for commerce, and bring up the treasures of the vast deep, but capital has engrossed the means, and will allow nothing to be done in any department, except she be allowed to realize, out of it, her "cent per cent." It is the greatest folly to think of emancipating labor by more rapid production. This will only decrease the necessity of capital to employ labor at all, and facilitate the accumulation, which is already crushing the sons of toil into the very dust. Any attempt at compromise is equally futile. Capital does not furnish employment, does not in any way award industry, does not facilitate exchange; but places her ban on all, and only allows them scope when full tribute has been awarded to her. And yet it is not seldom we hear the subject treated as though the accumulations of past labor, or rather of past robbery and slavery, was society's main dependence, and without it the most deplorable condition would be experienced by labor! This is a great mistake. If all such ideas of property were abolished at once, should we not still have the soil, productive as ever? Should we not have all the metals and minerals, all the treasures of earth and ocean? Should we not still have the same constructive skill? Industry left free, could soon build itself a temporary residence, and the one half of its products, which it now pays to capital, would, in half a dozen years, reproduce all the essential forms of wealth, which now exist. It would not be found necessary to rebuild the pyramids, nor the penitentiaries, court-houses, kingly or ducal palaces, superceded works of internal improvement, the myriads of sectarian establishments, nor heaven high walls of partition, in a religious, social or practical sense, to separate man from man, and prevent the poor from contemplating the beauties of nature and the possessions of the wealthy. The navy of the world might be left, till "a more convenient season." The munitions of war, could also be dispensed with, until men got time to fight. A princely palace with squalid huts "to match," might be superceded by a comfortable and airy mansion. The royal stables, (as the active happy life, would be unfavorable to the establish-

ment of hospitals,) might be replaced by cheerful workahops; and after all this was done, materials would still be left. The prince and peasant, now co-laborers, would soon find out what employment was best suited to their talent. The useless and parasitic professions and employments, especially the army, navy, the bar, the pulpit, and different kinds of trade and speculation, would greatly reinforce the ranks of labor and hasten the attainment of a condition, in which work would become attractive, because united with study, devotion, recreation, and amusement.

But suppose on the other hand, that labor should become defunct? The simple result must be that your army and navy, your useless professions must yield up the ghost at once. In a year nine tenths of the race would have died of starvation. The next year the other ninth would become extinct also. Can any one surmise how high "rents" would be in Broadway at the end of that time! Is it known, precisely, how much the wild beasts pay for the privilege of making dens of the palaces of Babylon's ancient kings, or what may be the price for cultivating one of the hanging gardens? or how high the price for house lots at Palmyra? It might be serviceable to inquire, how much cannon and bayonets will be worth in a time of peace? Would the crowns and all the paraphernalia of kingcraft and priestcraft, indeed bring more than they cost of actual labor.

To me it is very plain that this idol, capital, is a very phantom and bugbear, an incubus, which has no moving, life giving power, only the power to oppress and keep from moving the half waking, half unconscious form of labor. Wait till the recumbent man shall once open his eyes, or thoroughly stir himself, and the spell is gone, once and for ever. But mark, what horrid contortions, what strangling of the very breath and life circulation, a specter is able to effect! See, oh blinded brothers, what the real cause of your oppression! not property, not monarchies, not hierarchies, not priestcraft nor kingcraft, but your own disorganization and disregard of each other's rights and possessions. The foes you would fight are but ghosts of the past, and of your own imagination. It is your supineness that has enslaved you, and you have bound upon each other the chains, which only the hand of brotherhood can unloose. Think not by compromise to effect anything, only manly, loving action will answer now. See ye not how the wealth ye have heaped up in this land and in Europe, is constantly used as an engine of oppression to yourselves and brethren over the water, struggling for political freedom! Know ye not, that the gold ye think to relieve business with, will be sent to Austria and to Russia, as long as they can extort the interest from oppressed millions, by the cannons and bayonets it will furnish them! Know ye not that it will be employed to facilitate a monopoly of the soil, upon which all depend for subsistence, and the title to which is as perfect in you, in every son of toil, as in the "Lord of the manor," even more perfect if you labor upon it and he does not! It will be employed to monopolize the bread you consume, the knowledge you would acquire; to perpetuate the superstitions and sectarian establishments, which have made you foes to each other, and caused you to wade through seas of blood. It will tax in proportion to its increase every moment's labor, every hour's repose. Every thing that you shall eat, drink, wear, see or hear, will be measured, and in addition to the cost of production, there will be added, an impost as capital's dividend. If you employ a teacher of righteousness to break to you the bread of life, you must pay not only for the service, but for the capital that was used, in procuring his education. If you meet to worship your God, you must pay your contribution to greed in the form of rent or interest. If in the defence of a righteous claim you would employ an advocate to secure justice from the laws, you must not only pay him, but a tax as interest on the capital and time employed in preparing him for his vocation. Thus you find the labor of the past, so far from being an aid, it is the main obstacle to your success, and all at-

tempts at progress with this before you will only increase its potency, as the school boy's ball of snow grows larger at every roll, until it becomes immovable; and blocks up his own pathway.

What then, says the timid reformer, shall be done? Capital and labor have become strangely inverted by position, but you would not advocate a destruction of one or the other? Certainly not. I would say to the boy, tugging and sweating to move the mountain of his own creation, you can never succeed in that way. If the ball will not allow you to proceed, just step out, though it be into a deep drift and go round it. The exertions, which here are impotent for good, will soon bring you to a beaten path again. Leave it to the action of the sun and rain, since it will not accompany you. To labor I would say, let capital alone. You can get on without that, that can not go on, cannot preserve its existence for a day without you. To capital I would say, accompany labor in the accomplishment of its destiny, that thereby thy existence may be preserved, it will be better for both, but infinitely better for thee. Do not attempt to ride on his shoulders any longer, however, lest the luxuries his hand is compelled to furnish, ultimately intoxicate thee, and in a moment of fancied security, the desperate Sinbad release himself from thy grasp, and with the first weapon he can find, crush thy dominative head, even though there were no use in it.

The only peace then that should be sought, is a return to natural relations, where the labor of to-day is paid as well as the labor of yesterday, and each man may have what is his own by natural possession or actual creation. *Freedom of labor and conservation of wealth*, is the only union at all desirable. This is alike just and beneficial to both. It is as idle to preach cooperation to capital, as it would be to preach peace to the Czar of Russia. Capital knows, if you do not, my brother, that in isolation, monopoly, engrossment of the passive agent and possession of the human being, lies *all its power* to accumulate, or even to preserve itself in existence.

Republicanism, the assertion and recognition of human rights, must precede any realization of the true social idea. An organization, built up on any other foundation, will be liable to be swept away at any moment, by the mighty tides which shall purify the political and social waters, the revolutions and the bankruptcies, which shall continue "unto the end." But shall the socialist, then, become a politician? No, and yes. Not in any party sense, not by attempts to place one set of men or another, in offices of power; but by a calm and dignified assertion of principles; and what is more, by the arrangement of their own affairs, after the ultimate ideal truth, as far and as fast, as it can possibly be done. One organization, where labor was freed from all tax to wealth, where the capital was strictly preserved, would do more towards abolishing the unequal laws, under which we live, than any political system. Because the common mind cannot decide on the working of principles, as well before as after an experiment has been tried. It is the mystification of the close relation between cause and effect, that gives the demagogue his influence over the masses, who have all power in this country, and indeed in all countries.

The chief obstacle in the way of human progress, is the ignorance of the majority, in regard to natural rights and the operation of the varied schemes of government, finance and trade. He shall hasten most the New Era, who shall devise a plan of transition, which will present to the sensuous perceptions of mankind, a demonstration of the divine ideal. Still we have society, government, trade, and all things as they are; is there any place which may serve our Archimedes' lever as a fulcrum? If there is not we have done little towards remodeling the world, and our lever itself is well nigh useless. If there is, the whole form of society may be changed, without one drop of human blood. Earth's tyrants of the scepter, of the chain, and of the

purse, may be left "alone in their glory," or welcomed to the ranks of labor and of Brotherhood. If no better offer, the present writer will give his own suggestions, in due time, with regard to a method of transition, which shall be simple and just and natural.

From the Christian Register.

MRS. ELIZA GARNAUT.

It is hard to comply with your request for some further notice of the character of Mrs. Garnaut. Those of us who knew her feel it impossible to tell her worth; while the words which to us are tame and halting will be read by strangers as the usual exaggeration of an obituary. I knew her long and intimately, and though it has been my lot to know many rare and devoted men and women, I can truthfully say the sight of her daily life has enlarged my idea of the reach of human virtue. I am indebted to her for a new lesson of practical Christianity, and I read now the instances of singular heroism and disinterestedness with anointed eyes.

Mrs. Garnaut was the second daughter of Wm. and Ann Jones, and born at Swansea, Wales, on the eight day of April, 1810. While she was at school near Bath, her parents died, leaving to her care an elder sister then sinking in consumption, and a brother and three sisters younger than herself. To these she was father, mother, brother and sister, watching over their interests and devoted to their welfare till years separated them to various fortunes. Subsequently she married Richard Garnaut the son of a French emigrant, a mechanic of great taste and ability. They came immediately to America, and finally settled in Boston, where, not three years after her marriage she lost her husband and eldest child. Left alone, with her infant, in a strange land, without means and with very few friends, she manifested the same energy and trustfulness, the same putting aside all regard for her own comfort and profit, which made her last years so efficient and beautiful. After an interval she connected herself with the Moral Reform Society of Boston and labored in its cause many years; and when worn out by the varied efforts which her restless benevolence added to the care and confinement of the Office she held, became the matron of the Home, established in Albany street for the shelter of orphan and destitute children. Exhausted by watching over two infants who had died of the cholera, with no hope of saving them, but with all the tenderness of a mother's love, she fell herself a victim to the disease on Monday, the 3d of September, aged 39 years.

This is the outline of a long life, crowded into few years, whose every day was filled with more acts of love and service to others than most of even the devotedly benevolent are able or privileged to do in years.

The Societies with which she was connected were devoted to special objects; not so her heart. Her ceaseless activity made light of cares which were enough for the whole strength and the whole twelve hours of others; and found leisure to seek out and relieve all kinds of distress. Hers was practical doing of good, and no service was too humble for her to perform. Children left in cellars by drunken parents and brought to her so loathsome and diseased that other benevolent institutions, though rich in municipal bounty, refused to take them in, she received; not to give to domestics, (she had none,) but to wash, tend, cure and serve herself. Women and young persons for whom John Augustus could find no shelter elsewhere, he carried without a doubt to her; and in those many cases where a woman's influence and aid are indispensable, Mrs. Garnaut was his adviser and companion. To the forsaken victim of seduction or temptation she has again and again given up her own room and bed, hoping that, if under her eye, she could strengthen their faltering resolution, and give them back to reconciled families. Again and again deceived, she has gone on with loving patience

and been rewarded at last with abundant success. Women ruined by love of drink, and passing almost all their time in the House of Correction, fled to her for refuge from themselves; and lived usefully and virtuously after struggles and falls which would have tired out any heart and any faith but hers. In hundreds of towns are little ones whom her exertions have saved from utter neglect or the worse influence of abandoned parents, and provided with homes and instruction. Insane girls for whom she has found one shelter after another, from which morbid suspicions would drive them, always came back to her and rested content while under her roof. The morning after her death it was pitiful to witness the bitter grief of homeless and friendless persons, gathered by the news, who felt they had lost both parent and friend. She died watching over what all saw were the death-beds of children, from which so many fled, whose parents she had never seen; and in this her death was the exact type of a life given, so much of it, to those who from vice or extreme youth could not repay her even with gratitude.

A young woman, she put aside all thoughts of herself or danger to herself in reaching any she sought to save. Strong in a good purpose she entered fearlessly, alone, the most abandoned haunts of vice, ventured on shipboard at night to snatch a victim from certain ruin, and plain in speech feared neither station nor wealth in her rebuke.

Wherever Mrs. Garnaut was, might be said to be the vanguard of benevolent effort. Was her society devoted to children, still she could not shut her door to want even in adults. The emigrant who had neither acquaintances nor work, the criminal who needed aid, the fugitive slave, the sick woman, were all sheltered, or visited, or provided for. Many years of devoted labor had made her known to a large circle of friendless beings, and in every new trouble they fled to her. While engaged in moral reform she did as much for the intemperate, and gave her nights to sick chambers, where save her unwearied love none but the physician ever entered. Before the most loathsome disease, in the presence of the most resolute vice, neither her faith nor her love ever faltered. When others thought they had done enough and gave up, she still persevered, forgiving seventy times seven; and the poor wanderer seemed to feel there was one heart that would never be closed against her, and in every passing hour of virtuous resolution sought her, with full assurance of sympathy and aid, like a child who knows a mother's heart will never cease to hope; and in many cases was her faith sustained. Much doubtless was owing to the fascination of a manner, recognized by every one who came within its influence. It was the fitting expression of a heart overflowing with love for every human being.

Her own means, the little presents to her child, the compensation paid her, were used to enable the institution she controlled to go on; and they were given away as freely as the funds specially committed to her for distribution. She never looked upon anything as her own. Dr. Follen has made a beautiful use of the sculpture of St. Martin sharing his cloak with a beggar. The emigrant, the intemperate woman just reformed, both too poorly clad to get places, the sick girl without friends or means, for whom this loving stranger has taken the shawl from her own shoulders, the shoes from her own feet, could have pointed to a daily practice of the same love.

Her life was cheered with some testimonies of gratitude, and a thousand histories of touching interest lie buried in her grave. She was a child to the last in her undoubting faith, in her entire unconsciousness of her own peculiar traits, and in the joyousness of her spirits. But though a child in her love and her unselfishness, she was profoundly alive to all the great questions of reform and social improvement. Taken early from school, life had been her only education, and with no leisure for books she had learned through her affections: and here, as our wisest statesman has said, "the heart was the best logician." She saw the right with the unerring intuition of a good heart. Neither sect, class color, or country, affected her feelings. In education,

social reorganization, anti-slavery, the amelioration of punishments, the advancement of woman, she took a deep and intelligent interest, and felt how slight was the effect of all her toil on evils which grew from false principles. She had good intellectual ability, sound practical sense, rare judgment, sagacity that few could deceive, that probed every case, and did what she did, intelligently.

Bereaved in so many of her relations, separated from her kindred, constantly in the presence of so much sickness and want, she was yet always young, the sunshine of any circle, enjoying life intensely, happy under all circumstances, full of health, her day perpetual gladness, as if the pathway had been as full of heaven as the heart that trod it.

We say of some, and very truly, that theirs is a Christian life; but it is very rare that, as in this case, the traits of any one are so unalloyed as actually to remind us of, to recall, the traits of the Great Master. I never knew one so unconsciously penetrated with the thought that she "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." She literally "cared for nothing," but, like Luther's bird, rested all her interests on the Infinite Love, after which her own life and spirit were so closely copied.

The marked peculiarity of her character was this entire giving up of herself to others, and the beauty of her perfect unconsciousness of it. We see many unselfish, many disinterested, many devoted persons. But neither word, nor all combined at all describe Mrs. Garnaut. What others do with effort, or at most, from a sense of duty, in her seemed nature. Yet not the heedless generosity of childhood or sentiment, but the harmonious working of a nature which existed *only to serve others* as naturally as a tree grows. So utterly unconscious was she of this active and unceasing devotedness, that she neither seemed to think herself different from others, or deem they ought to leave the usual way of the world to be like her.

She had that rare union, great tenderness and great firmness of character. Though her heart bled at the sight of woe, she yet faced and alleviated sufferings of the most horrid description with a spirit full of courage and hope.

She died, worn out, doing all her kind heart dictated, and all the wretched needed, but more than one person's strength, or the means placed in her hands were sufficient for. She felt she had herself still to give, and died in the sacrifice. All this, so feebly described, was the work of one young woman, left in a strange land, without means and without friends. Those who know her have the joy of remembering that they did not entertain this angel unaware. Her death practically breaks up the society she served. The institution, unspeakably useful, will be continued, but the motherly love, the tenderness, the readiness for every toil, the sympathy with all woe, the pre-eminent ability, working wonders with nothing, the heart which made the home so beautiful to visit, as well as so variously useful, are gone. What she created, what nothing but her unique character sustained, dies with her.

As was said of the good English Bishop, "Surely the life of one like this ought not to be forgotten. I, who saw and heard so much of it, shall, I trust, never recollect it without being better for it. And if I can succeed in showing it so truly to the world that they may also be the better for it, I shall do them an acceptable service."

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

HOW THEY DO THEIR MARKETING AT CAEN.—Caen has a special way of its own in carrying on its daily traffic in vegetables and fish, flesh, and fowl. The affairs of the markets are not transacted in the places so called, but up and down through the streets. These ambulatory markets, during the hours of household preparation, give to the town the aspect of a great tumultuous fair. Sometimes there comes a donkey, pattering slowly along, heavily laden with panniers piled sky-high with all kinds of garden produce, and driven by women, with towering snow-white caps, shining and streaming in the sun, lemon-colored shawls, blue atticoats and sabots. Immediately after the donkey, comes

trailing up a great pace-colored horse, toiling between shafts of such enormous length that, being in advance of the wheels by at least four feet, the draft is thrown to a considerable distance behind him; while the shafts continue to run back to an equal extent beyond the wheels. In the center of this rude contrivance is raised a kind of basket-work, bearing aloft a whole garden of flowers and fruits, or millinery work, or hardware, or the contents of a butcher's shop, or select extracts from the live and dead stock of a farm-yard. These carts are usually escorted by men in blue check frocks and dark trousers, furnished with enormously long and powerful whips, and blowing cows' horns with most discordant energy to announce their approach. Within the cart is seated a woman perched up on a bundle, ready to serve the crowd, through which the lumbering machine moves at a snail's pace. Then comes a young man, sometimes a girl, with a semicircular basket built up flat to his back, and ascending to a considerable height above his head, displaying an attractive variety of articles—geraniums in pots, flowering out tier above tier—crisp broccoli—turnips—beet-root—salad cabbages; nor is he satisfied with the ponderous weight he balances so dexterously on his back, but he must needs increase his toil by shrill ear-splitting cries, describing his whole cargo in minute detail. He is not singular in this respect; all the itinerant merchants cry their goods—and their name is legion. It is easy to imagine the prodigious uproar of the scene—the braying of donkeys, dull recipients of blows and sacres! the rumbling of the long carts, the cracking of whips, like irregular volleys of small-arms—the Babel of cries—the shrieking of cows' horns—and the din of voices bartering, cheapening, clamoring, throughout the length and breadth of the procession. But, happily, it lulls a little towards noon. By that time the townspeople have laid in their stores for dinner, and the occupation of the ambulatory vendors is over for the day. A few of them, with a surplus stock on hand, still straggle about, like drops after a shower, hoping to catch some late customer, or tempt others, already supplied, with a bargain from the refuse. But the riot is comparatively exhausted, and, with the exception of the clatter of sabots, the reverberations of voices down the narrow streets, or an incidental whip or horn dying away in the distance, the town is tolerably tranquil for the rest of the day.—[Wayside Pictures.

ANECDOTE OF LATIMER.—It is related of Latimer, that when he once preached before that tyrant, Henry VIII., he took a plain, straight-forward text, and in his sermon assailed those very sins for which the monarch was notorious, and he was stung to the quick, for truth always finds a response in the worst man's conscience. He would not bend beneath the authority of his God, but sent for Latimer and said: "Your life is in jeopardy, if you do not recant all you said to-day when you preach next Sunday." The trimming courtiers were all anxious to know the consequences of this, and the chapel was crowded. The venerable man took his text, and after a pause, began with a soliloquy thus:

"Now, Hugh Latimer, bethink thee, thou art in the presence of thy earthly monarch—thy life is in his hands, and if thou dost not suit his fancies, he will bring down thy gray hairs to the grave; but Hugh Latimer, bethink thee, thou art in the presence of the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, who hath told thee, 'Fear not them that kill the body, and can do no more; but rather fear him who can kill both body and soul, and cast thee into hell for ever!' Yea, I say, Hugh Latimer fear him."

He then went on, and not only repeated what he had before advanced, but, if possible, enforced it with greater emphasis. After he had finished, Henry sent for him and said: "How durst thou insult thy monarch so?" Latimer replied, "I thought if I were unfaithful to my God, I could not be loyal to my king." The king embraced the good old Bishop, exclaiming, "There is yet one man left who is bold enough to tell me the truth."

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1849.

LETTERS TO ASSOCIATIONISTS.

NUMBER TWO.

III. WHAT ARE WE SURE OF?

i. Beginning from the present, we are sure that our *CRITICISMS on Civilized Society*,—its isolation, intense competition, passion for selfish gains, mercenariness, its divergence and duplicity of interests, collective and individual, are justified by facts. We are right in asserting that Politics, Literature, and Religion, are more and more controlled by Finance. Civilization is plainly passing from its third to its fourth phase,—from the reign of Commerce into Industrial Feudalism. In some places and vocations, this system is already introduced. And by laws and practices in Land Owning—Monopolized Manufactures—Joint-Stock Corporations—Banking—all branches of Mechanic Skill—Social Manners—The Press—&c., is the reign of Civilized Capital fast becoming established.

ii. We are sure that the *Tendency of the Age* is towards *SOCIALISM*, Social Reforms, Social Guarantees, elevation of the Workers, union of Classes,—the widest diffusion of advantages—the harmonizing of all Conditions; that in Religion, Science, Politics, the tide of this age is fast setting in this direction; that failures of public and private charity to relieve or check pauperism—increase of social evils—dangers of revolution—developed intelligence—an influx of the Spirit of Humanity—all are determining the longings and efforts of men towards *UNIVERSAL MUTUAL INSURANCE*.

We are sure, that the *GENERAL DIRECTION* of the Associative movement is in entire accordance with these necessities of the Times, these aspirations of the People, these longings of the finest hearts and minds, these manifest leadings of Providence.

Our general aim is to organize, by Wisdom, Love and Beauty, all human relations; to do justice, in development, to the whole of man's affections and powers; to find the true place of usefulness and honor for every member of society; to secure ample culture of their spiritual gifts, fair recompense for their services, access to all social advantages; to unify individual interests, opportunities and capacities, and bring them to converge in a Universal Good; in a word to form *MANY MEN INTO ONE BODY*—a Collective Man, a Heaven on Earth, an Image and Dwelling-Place of God.

Surely,—as regards our general aim and end, our general position and influence—there is and can be no error. We sum up past experience, accept present longings, prophesy the near future.

iv. Are we not sure that our *Particular Method of Society* is at least a sufficiently near approximation to True Order, to be a working-plan? Let us review its chief principles.

1. *Joint-Stock Ownership* of Capital, Land, Tools, Dwellings, Roads, &c. Surely this is right. The experience of the Age proves it. Individual and Collective Property are thus preserved, fulfilled, perfectly harmonized.

2. *Co-operative Labor* by the Law of Groups and Series of Groups, carefully discriminated, combined, alternated;—securing freedom in occupation, intercourse with many associates, escape from drudgery. Surely we have here the *clue* of Work-Play and Play-Work, of *ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY*.

3. The economies, refinements, social advantages, moral influences of *Combined Dwellings*,—dispensing with hireling domestic service, removing the barriers of caste, &c. What other possible mode is there of equitably interchanging the advantages of Home-Life, from all to all members of a community?

4. *Collective Distribution* of Profits to all Partners, according

to Labor, Skill and Capital, in place of the *Wages-System*, thus binding all by mutual interests, instead of arraying employer and employed in jealous hostility. Surely this is just.

5. *Mutual Guarantees*,—covering all the interests and relations of life, ensuring minimum support, care in sickness, accident and age, labor and position, guardianship and training of children, aid in all misadventures, the influence of combined judgment and conscience, pure society, safe investments, and charge of legacies for family. These and similar guarantees are the necessary result of the best tendencies, industrial and philanthropic of our age, in the most advanced nations.

6. *Honors*,—Influence, Trust, Position, Responsible Office, Leadership,—according to usefulness, by a regular hierarchy of preferment, through the free choice of Groups and Chiefs of Groups. How otherwise, than by allowing each trade, profession, &c., to judge of its own leaders, according to their actual efficiency, can prevalent charlatanism, hypocritical ambition, be done away with? This is the true system of Order and Freedom made one by Election.

7. *Integral Education*,—from childhood to old age, and adapted to all powers in all relations. This is truly a fulfilling of the best tendencies of the time. Such a sanctifying of the whole of Life would fulfil the aspiration of the finest spirits. To secure physical, mental and moral growth, by surrounding all with healthful, honorable conditions, supplying means and motives of study, teachers, books, apparatus, conversation, gymnastics, discipline in the common and fine arts, is plainly right.

8. *Unity of Interests* is the only condition, whereby Universal Communion can become possible, and the whole of life be made sacred, progressive, refining. Unity of interests is the body of which Charity or heavenly love is the spirit, in true religion. Now, incessant petty anxieties, cares and selfish collisions, separate men from their fellows, from beautiful enjoyment, from God. Only by combining the lower duties and relations of life with the highest, in communities and individuals,—only by proving practically that men are members of one another, as mutual complements in character, mind, energies,—can the Divine Idea of *MANY MADE ONE* be realized, and thus the Divine Life be embodied in human societies.

So much for the particular method, which the American Union of Associationists has prescribed.

What less can a person aim at in the present era of Christendom's development?

What more practicable method of social organization has been as yet made known?

W. H. G.

DIVINE CONSCIOUSNESS OF EVIL.

PITY, in all ages has aspired to gaze on the unclouded glory of God's eternal bliss. Joy is intuitively seen to be the normal state of Perfect Good. Away from all that is transient, partial, tantalizing, wearying, sad, the heart turns with rapture towards the constant serenity of Him, who in his own holiness finds exhaustless delight. What renovation of hope and happiness to know that the Being, who is at once Center and Circumference of existence, is bright with undimmed splendor,—blessed forever!

Yet, on the other hand, Man longs for some assurance that the Infinite Father sympathizes with his children,—knows their trials, weaknesses, sorrows, sins,—compassionately enters into their struggles. What love so tender, what friendship so faithful, what reliance so sure, as the everlasting mercy of Providence appears to the devout! Earnest hearts have always felt,—though they may have shrunk from saying—God makes his own the miseries of every existence, from Races of Spirits to minutest animalcules,—by *Mediation*. Here is the grand miracle of Divine disinterestedness.

How reconcile these apparently contradictory views,—to both of which man's deepest affections equally respond?

A single illustration suggests a hint, which may aid us in thought to combine these opposites, and bring them into unity.

Listen to an Orchestra!

Wood, strings, metals, in all the instruments, if endowed with consciousness, might feel the jar of every vibration separately; yet each instrument would be aware, that the result of friction in its constituent particles is resonance. Discord in the parts ministers to, and is a means of harmony in the whole.

The Leader of the Orchestra, with attuned and delicate ear, perceives the faintest intonation of each violin, flute, horn, and feels with thrilling joy, how notes which differently mingled would be monotonous or dissonant, blend in the concert of accordant instruments.

May it not well be hoped, while individual men are discordantly jostled against each other, that our Race on this globe yet sounds forth harmoniously amid the orchestra of the spiritual and natural worlds?

Does not the Overruler,—however conscious of conflict among the component elements of every society—yet recognize, with infinite joy, the unity of Humanity co-operating as a whole; and the unspeakably grander unity of its interaction with all Races in the Heaven of Heavens?

The Cremona grows rich and mellow by use, as each touch of the Master transforms more and more its fibres. Should we not learn to regard recurring periods of Revolution and Reaction, as processes, whereby Mankind becomes fit to render forth with full sweetness the Divine Idea of Man? w. n. c.

MONEY-MAKING.

Two obvious views of modern society illustrate the supremacy of Money over Man.

1. No one gains access to the "first circles," who cannot by well understood cabalistic signs give promise that he is ready to pay entrance-fee to the fashionable world with a free exchange of elegant festivities. They, who were born under the curse of poverty, or who have passed through the wilderness of toil in early years, may atone for their original sin and youthful lapse, by sacrifices in the way of opulent entertainment to the golden idol; yet by gradual initiation only, can they aspire to participate in all the mysterious rites of Respectability. Unwritten, but most rigid are the rules of the *Order of the Purse*.

2. Occupations are ranked honorable, in degree as they are lucrative and secure leisure. The official, who condescends to accept from a grateful country, or a joint-stock corporation, a large salary for sitting in an easy chair and signing his name, is almost a nobleman because so much a drone. To superintend the work of others is on the safe side of the doubtful borderline of decency; but to take part in active labor marks fatal degeneracy. Even the intellectual "worker" is of an inferior caste. Scribbling verses and novelettes, dabbling in water-colors and molding clay, amateurship in music with hand or voice, are pardonable peccadilloes, amiable extravagancies; but scholars, professors, artists, can be admitted among the upper ten, only on condition of playing lion.

What wonder,—when it is so clear to the most superficial, that Money commands healthful comforts, refined amusements, artistic treasures, literary intercourse, political preferment, social position, power *apparently* in all spheres—that from children at their first party to grandparents on their death-bed, the pursuit of Money should be considered the primal duty,—and Wealth regarded as the sine-qua non of all success and efficiency? How can it be otherwise? How ridiculous seems moralistic inculcation of moderate desires for the *Sign of all Values*. Plainly, it is by a process of changing the sign into the reality signified, alone, that the passion for money can be modified. Wealth means Well-Being. Secure the *True WELL-BEING of all men*, and money will take its just rank, among other means of loco-

motion and exchange, from the wheel-barrow to the steam-engine. Till then a mere convenient *fiction*, type, symbol of good, will be a Tyrant over the consciences, hearts, heads of individuals and communities,—mere and more a tyrant, as the usages, interests, relations of society become more complex and rich in real benefits. All civilized men must be Money-Makers. Only in truly organized communities will this debasing selfishness be transformed into exalting benevolence.

But the aim of this brief article is merely to notice one mode of Money-making, the least inhuman perhaps, yet utterly at variance with the natural sentiment of fraternity, the ideal of manhood, the duty of being fellow workers with the All-Good.

Political economists are profuse in promises, that honest hard work will be found a sure guide to wealth. But let us clear our eyes of cant and look at palpable facts. Are day's wages, however thriftily husbanded, sufficient for the decent support and education of families, contingencies considered? There is no need of exaggeration in giving an answer. It is notorious then, that throughout Christendom, *mere laborers*, however diligent and economical, hover on the edge of an abyss of pauperism,—and that tens of thousands are every year plunged into it, by a series of casualties, so constant in recurrence, as to be subject to laws of calculation. By a sliding scale, graduated according to advancement in civilization, it appears that the proportion of poor to rich regularly swells,—so that while Russia gives legal support to one only out of twenty-five of her population, England extends charitable aid to one in seven. But why go abroad for illustration? In every city in our land, are whole blocks, streets, squares, full of fellow-beings, who by incessant toil, in healthy and prosperous seasons, scarce keep their heads above the quagmire of debt; and whom the first sickness, fire, fraud, fluctuation in trade, may engulf in hopeless want. The records of every benevolent society hold the names of hundreds of high minded, honest, earnest heads of families, whom stern necessity and parental love yearly force, with blushes, tears, and trembling tongue, to own their "crime of being poor." Mere labor, in an appalling multitude of instances, does not suffice for livelihood. Mere labor, as the rule, never leads to wealth.

Men grow rich by becoming *OWNERS of their brethren's Productive Industry*.

Every little country village tells the story, which every city but repeats on a larger scale. Having worked out his time, and become possessed by legacy, loan, or extremest diligence and economy combined, of a hundred or two dollars—the late journeyman turns "boss," rents a shop, buys stock, part for use and part for show—takes apprentices, the more the better—hires journeymen, often broken down veterans old enough to be his grandfather—sends out his cards and advertisements—wears the manner of successful enterprise, and the dress of a gentleman—"puts on all steam," and dashes into the sea of competition, resolved, like countless predecessors, to *make his "fortune."*

Fortune made,—and he will be a gentleman; can build a palace on Union Square, hang his walls with pictures, stock his cellar with wines, ride in his own carriage, give balls, go to the Springs, hire an Opera-box, take a front pew in a fashionable church, marry his children respectably, die and be buried with a pompous funeral, an obituary, and a marble monument to celebrate his dignities! How make that fortune, then?

Here again, be statements moderate to the bounds of tame-ness. Doubtless good-nature, common humanity, civilized charities often, very often, survive temptations to mercenary meanness. But take the *average* of successful employers, and what is their secret of money making?

Briefly it is this: Receive as many young men or women as there is room for, to half learn their trade, paying them nothing for their services, but charging them for their privilege; seize the lucky moments of depression in the market to engage

first class operatives at low rates, who are out of work, and keep them in tow by doling out a pittance; when the tide changes and bustling times come on, drive up the hands to spasmodic exertion by scolding, coaxing, bribes, exortements; always use a chance to pare down wages to starvation-point in dull seasons, setting proud or stubborn journeymen adrift, and never yield to a rise in wages, till the best and most trusted threaten to seek other employers; rapidly turn out articles half-wrought from flimsy material, giving no heed to a workman's scruples of conscience; postpone settlement as long as possible, thus securing interest on every dollar, and always substitute store-orders, when it can be done for cash; in a word, take fullest advantage of the youth, poverty, incumbrances, friendlessness, despair, of fellow beings—to get the most work out of them for the least returns. Thus the corner-stone of fortune is laid whereon traffic, financiering, investments in real estate, may build up the palace of pride.

Surely, there is no exaggeration in this sketch. It errs rather from lukewarmness of expression. The history of every large and little work-shop bears witness to its fidelity.

Babbage has suggested that every word once uttered vibrates through the universe everlastingly. If the sun paints daguerreotypes of scenes of toil, whereon he daily shines, what pictures of woeful wrong hang round us like a tapestry-curtain for spirit eyes to gaze upon, when the veils of flesh are dropped.

"Money-making" is deemed honest, honorable, highly respectable in Civilization. How will it rate beside piracy and pocket-picking, in the days of Combined Order? w. u. c.

SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

Industrial Feudalism ends naturally in Social Revolution. As a striking sign of this tendency, which next week we shall proceed to discuss, the following address is presented:

RESISTANCE TO TYRANTS IS OBEDIENCE TO GOD.

"Go now ye rich men weep and howl in your miseries which shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver are cankered; and the rust of them shall be for a testimony against you, and shall eat your flesh like fire. You have stirred up to yourselves wrath against the last days. BEHOLD THE HIRE OF THE LABORERS, who have reaped down your fields, which by fraud has been kept back by you, crieth! and the cry of them hath entered into the ears of the LORD OF SABAOOTH." St. James, Chap. v., verse 1, 2, 3, 4.

TO THE MECHANICS AND WORKINGMEN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The Boston Evening Gazette, of Saturday, Sept. 8, 1849, contains an agreement signed by forty wholesale cloth dealers, or firms of the city, not to employ any man belonging to the Association of Journeymen Tailors, for having the audacity to unite together to obtain from these aristocrats such a remuneration for our labor as will enable us to buy a sufficiency of food for ourselves and families. These men know that "union is strength," and that standing isolated and divided we are at their mercy; and they could dictate their own terms, under penalty of starvation or compliance. Hence this base and infamous attempt to destroy the only means left to workingmen to withstand the tyranny, fraud, and avarice of unprincipled and dishonest employers.

From the decree of these petty despots, we appeal to you, the people of this great and free republic; and that you may understand the matter at issue between us, we will narrate briefly the facts of our case, for the truth of which "we pledge our lives and sacred honors."

Since the year 1843 our wages have been reduced from time to time fifty, and in some cases seventy-five per cent, until able-

bodied men working sixteen hours a day, could earn only from \$3.50 to \$4.50 a week. This was a state of things not to be any longer borne; we therefore organized ourselves into a society for mutual defence and support. We drew up a Tarriff of prices, by which a good workman would be enabled to earn about \$6 a week. This was immediately signed by thirty-three worthy employers, who acknowledged the justice and moderation of our demand. The men who have entered into this agreement refused to do so, and after using all persuasive means to induce them to comply, without effect, we resolved to work no more for them, until they gave us the prices asked, and struck from work accordingly.

In a few days after the strike, a compromise was offered to us, which we agreed to accept, and returned to our work. But, with a meanness and dishonesty that will ever attach a stigma to them, scarcely was the ink dry with which they had signed this "compromise bill," than they refused to adhere even to that. The result was that we again "struck," and determined to accept no compromise. Two weeks then passed over, and we presented to the Mayor of the city, the Hon. J. P. Bigelow—a gentleman remarkable for the kindness and philanthropy which has ever distinguished him, and who enjoys the respect of every class of the community—an address, respectfully soliciting him to become mediator, that the dispute might be ended, without engendering any hard feelings between us and our employers. The Mayor consented to do so in his private capacity, and fixed a day for both parties to meet in his presence. We attended by our delegates, but our purse-proud employers would not condescend to meet us. We then made statements to the Mayor, showing the wretched condition we were then brought to, and proved, that by working sixteen and eighteen hours a day, the Sabbath included, we could earn only the most wretched and paltry pittance.

These facts startled the community, and awoke great sympathy in our behalf. Our employers felt the force of public indignation, and assailed us through the columns of the city press; stigmatized us as "idle, profligate, drunken Irish jouts," &c., but not one of them had the courage or the manliness to attach his name to these abusive charges. We replied and disproved the whole of their allegations, and showed that we were temperance men. We also offered to appear before any six disinterested gentlemen and prove, in the presence of our employers, the miserable and abject state to which they had reduced us.

This they heeded not, and only answered by more scurrilous abuse. We then appealed to the public, and so far we have been well sustained. Seeing they cannot answer our facts, or stop public sympathy in our behalf, they have agreed, as the last effort of expiring tyranny, to break up the only means of defence left to the oppressed laborer—that of union and organization.

We have now been ten weeks on "strike," and we ask every workingman in America, if the last entrenchment of labor is to be surrendered, and the laborer compelled to lay down his only arms and submit to the tender mercies of tyrannical capitalists? Is organization and union to be thus suppressed? Are industrious laborers to become the goods and chattels of greedy and avaricious employers? Shall we be compelled by the dreadful lash of starvation, to accept such terms as our task masters dictate?

Are we to have no voice in fixing the value of our labor? Shall the dearest and most inestimable privilege of free men, the right to unite for redress of grievances, be denied us in this free republic? Shall we have no mind of our own? No liberty of action? Are we to resign our thought, our freedom, our persons, and our labor,—our only property,—into the hands of these men? No! perish the thought, and welcome, ten thousand times welcome, starvation and death before such degradation and slavery.

If we're designed these lordlings' slaves
 By Nature's laws designed,
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in our mind?
 If not, why are we subject to
 Their cruelty and scorn?
 Or why has man the will and power
 To make his fellow mourn?

Mechanics and workmen of America! We are fighting your battles—the battle of the laborer's rights. Shall that holy cause be sacrificed in our persons? Will you remain silent spectators of the unequal contest? Are we to surrender labor's last entrenchment? No: a thousand times no. Arouse, then, and give us your powerful assistance. We are in the position of a besieged party. We want succor and supplies. Meet; organize; collect, and send us aid immediately, that we may successfully withstand the besiegers. The sacred cause of labor is our care, and that we swear never to give up, but with our lives. We remain firm and unbroken in spirit; our banner floats aloft, and on it is inscribed, "No surrender."

With your assistance, we will teach these petty despots a lesson they will never forget. Again we say, arouse; delays are dangerous. Send us aid, and we will struggle to the last. If we are compelled to perish of hunger and starvation in defending your cause, we will perish nobly and as freemen—

"Who their rights and duties know,
 And knowing, dare defend them."

On behalf of the Journeymen Tailors' Society of Boston.

JOHN FLEMING, President,
 JOSEPH McMULLEN, Secretary.

Tailors' Hall, Ann street, }
 Boston, Sept. 11, 1849. }

All communications to be addressed to our President as above.
 Papers favorable to the cause of labor will please copy.

For The Spirit of the Age.

A RALLY-CALL.

I like to read such papers as the "Univerocelum," and the "Spirit of the Age." Their avowed mission is, to me, most noble, and as instruments in the attainment of their end, both papers will doubtless be enrolled upon the angelic record, as having been useful. Yet amongst the prominent traits of weakness, manifested by our impartial race, the tendency to be idolatrous stands conspicuous. Our affections are placed too much upon created things. We depend too much on what is *outside of ourselves*, to redeem and set the world right. Thus I introduce a suggestion which seems to me important. Let me then say, that if the readers of such periodicals continue waiting for, and depending on the effects which Editors can produce in the establishment of harmonious and happy social relations, the result will prove to be very similar to the benefit which a gaping congregation receives, from sitting in church, gazing up into the face of the preacher, and waiting for him to save their souls from torment.

My own opinion is that there are at this moment, hundreds of persons in this country, whose ardent desire is for a "Social Reform." I believe there are many whole families, "honest and capable," who can say: "We are ready to engage, whenever we can find others ready, in whom we can place confidence, and who will feel confidence in us." The reason why this number seems small is, because they are so well and evenly scattered; if they were gathered, they would form a host, both in number and efficient strength. These persons now live in dreary loneliness, for want of congenial sympathies. They think their numbers few, because they are measurably strangers to the multitude of others, who are on the same plane.

If this be true, is there not needed some kind of "connecting wire," upon which telegraph despatches could travel? Does not this important matter require immediate attention? The establishment of an active correspondence would result in many cheering and happy acquaintances; and harmonious laws of Nature would complete the organization.

I have spent many pleasant moments, meditating upon the results, which might flow from this simple and easy plan;—that the Spirit of the Age should invite all who feel prepared to become known to the world, and to each other, as persons desiring a more Heavenly condition of earthly relations. Let them send in their names and addresses, for publication on some page of the paper set apart for the purpose; such a list would be a shadow of the spirit of the age. I would not be deprived of a number of the paper, containing a hundred such names, for as many bright shining dimes. I mean no disrespect toward dimes, they are a part of the labor saving machinery.

VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

Harveysburgh, Warren Co., Ohio.

TRANSLATIONS—A GOOD SUGGESTION.

Observing that much time is wasted by Associationists in doing over the same work, I respectfully suggest that a notice of such things be inserted in the Spirit of the Age as a place where Associationists will be most likely to see it.

Two translations have to my own knowledge been made of the "Nouveau Monde Industriel," two of the "Quatre Mouvements," one of the "Unite Universelle," two of Constant's "Incarnation," and two of the "Children of the Phalanstery," published by Mr. Shaw.

I am now translating Toussenel's "Passional Zoology" or *Esprit des Betes*. I hope that other friends will write and mention what they are engaged in so that there may be no more loss of time or labor for want of a rational concert.

M. E. LAZARUS.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS

TO THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 13,

Latest Date, Sept. 29.

THE most important fact in the last intelligence from Europe is the refusal of Turkey to surrender the POLISH and HUNGARIAN refugees to the Russian Emperor. This has excited the wrath of the potent autocrat. He declares that he shall regard the escape of one of the exiles as an occasion for war. The Sultan persists in his resolution, and is sustained by public opinion. The majority of his council are alarmed at the threats of the Czar, and great anxiety prevails among all classes.

Kossuth, Bem, Dembineki and others are at Widdin in a state of great destitution. When Kossuth left Hungary, he had only five hundred ducats, in his possession, and has since spent the most of that sum in aiding his fellow-refugees.

A horrible state of things exists in Transylvania. The hostility between the Romanian and Magyar races seems to burn more fiercely than ever, at the same time that fragments of Bem's army are acting upon their own account, and plunder and slay their enemies without mercy. Robbery and murder are events of constant and universal occurrence in the province, and owing to its peculiar situation, and the ease with which bands of robbers can find secure places of refuge in its mountain ravines and forests, the restoration of tranquility is still far distant.

Comorn has not surrendered. The negotiations with the fortress have been completely broken off, and the imperial troops were preparing for an assault. The actual siege was to commence immediately. Eighty thousand men, together with the best military equipments and materials, are at the disposal of the commander of the siege. Marshal Gerard, writing before

Antwerp, said it would take twenty days to take that fortress by assault, after a regular siege. Field-marshal Nugent having far greater difficulties to surmount, will require from forty to forty-eight days to take Comorn. According to the *Wanderer*, a report is circulated in Vienna that, in consequence of the intervention of Radetsky, Comorn will capitulate on the same terms as Venice.

The *Daily News* correspondent in Hungary writes that on his first arrival in that country he found the officers and men in a desponding state, and laboring under the conviction that the resistance against Russia and Austria combined was hopeless—that Gorgey did all in his power to increase the demoralization. Had he obeyed orders the war might have been protracted to an indefinite period, but he preferred any alternative, even to that of playing the traitor, to surrendering, or even dividing his authority with any other General. The *Daily News* correspondent condemns Gorgey's whole conduct.

The long talked of Austrian loan has at length been announced. It is for \$35,000,000, in a 4 1-2 per cent stock, at 85. The amount is to be paid by the subscribers in ten monthly instalments, terminating the 15th of July, 1850. According to the last advices subscription lists were readily sent in, and transactions had taken place in the stock at 1 per cent premium. The Emperor of Russia has subscribed for \$10,000,000 of it.

In consequence of the announcement of this loan Mr. Cobden has suggested that a public meeting should be called in London, to denounce it as "an attempt to levy upon the earnings of peaceful industry the means of paying Haynau and his Croats for his butcheries in Brescia and their atrocities in Hungary"—atrocities which have surpassed everything that has occurred since the persecution of the middle ages.

The negotiations on the Roman question are still marked by mystery and confusion, and the obstinacy of the Pope and of his advisers is not yet broken. The Pope has issued a manifesto, plainly showing that he is determined not to govern constitutionally, and embodied in this manifesto is an amnesty, from which all are excluded who are known to have taken any part in the republic.

Of this document, it may be remarked as singular, though not altogether unexpected, that throughout the whole the name of France nowhere occurs, though she has played so prominent a part in restoring the Sovereign Pontiff to his Temporal Government. This studied omission has grievously wounded the pride of that country, and is certainly not calculated to heal the differences so long existing between the two nations.

At Rome the concessions were considered by the people to be soiggardly that the greatest discontent was manifested as soon as they became generally known. The proclamations were torn down from the walls, and the populace vented forth their denunciations in the strongest terms of ridicule and disgust. As for the amnesty, no language could convey the deep feeling of animosity and regret with which it was contemplated.

A long and important document has been printed in some of the London papers in the form of a retrospect, addressed by Mazzini in his exile to the French Ministers, carrying them step by step through every stage of their infamy. It concludes with the following eloquent appeal:

"You are the ministers of France, gentlemen—I am only an exile; you have power, gold, armies, and multitudes of men dependent on your nod. I have only consolation in a few affections, and in the breath of heaven, which speaks to me from the Alps of my country, and of which you, inexorable in persecution as are all those who fear, may yet deprive me. Yet I would not exchange my fate with yours. I bear with me in exile the calm inspired by a pure conscience. I can fearlessly raise my eyes to meet those of other men, without the dread of meeting any one who can say to me, 'You have deliberately lied.' I have combated, and will combat again, without pause as without

fear wherever I may be, the wicked oppressors of my country—falsehood, in whatever shape she may clothe herself, and the powers which like yours, rely upon maintaining or reinstating the reign of privilege, upon blind force, and upon the negation of the progress of the people; but I have fought with loyal arms; never have I sullied myself by calumny, or degraded myself by using the word assassin against one unknown to me, and who was perhaps better than myself. God save you, gentlemen from dying in exile; because you have no such consciousness with which to console yourselves."

M. Proudhon has published an address to the reformers of every race and of every tongue, in the new Socialist Journal, *Le Voix du Peuple*, in which he tells them he intends to direct the "universal movement" in such a manner that it shall definitely take possession of all Europe.

Victor Considerant has published a letter in *La Democratie Pacifique*, giving his reasons for not surrendering to be tried at Versailles. It is an able performance. He acknowledges the present defeat of democracy and socialism. He affirms that Europe is fallen under the despotism of the saber, and that the Emperor Nicholas is but the Napoleon of the present age. He says, that though the people may wander in the desert for forty years, they will eventually reach the promised land. He denies that there will be a real trial at Versailles, for political tribunals are only judgment seats; that from thence there is but one step to a living sepulcher. If he could be of any service as a martyr, he would be resigned to his fate; but as he thinks he can be of more use to the community at large than in prison, he will not appear before his adversaries. The letter is written with his usual eloquence, and, though of considerable length, is terse and comprehensive.

The cholera is rapidly abating in England.

News of the Week.

THE PHILADELPHIA RIOTS.

The *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* has the following account of the disgraceful riots of Tuesday night:

A riot of a most deplorable character has occurred on the southern border of our city, which we shall proceed to describe as clearly as the circumstances will permit. A brick tavern, called the California House, four stories high, at the corner of Sixth and St. Mary-sts. kept by a mulatto man who has a white wife, has for some time been the object of the indignation of the rowdies of the southern districts of the County, and was a few weeks since the scene of a riotous disturbance. About 8 o'clock last evening, profiting by the fact that the police force was engaged in keeping order about the various election polls, a gang of rowdies with a furniture car, in which was a blazing tar-barrel, came up Seventh-st. and rushed down St. Mary-st. which is inhabited principally by negroes. An attack on the California House having been feared, the riotous party created much excitement, and as they passed down St. Mary-st. stones were thrown and a couple of discharges of pistols were heard—followed by an exciting rumor that a white man was shot.

The mob being thus rendered furious proceeded to the front of the California House, which, with the neighboring houses, was by this time well defended by the blacks, many of them armed. Several sallies were made by the negroes, but the assailants finally effected an entrance into the house about 9 o'clock. The fixtures of the bar were torn down, and a fire was kindled inside the house. The inmates were obliged to fly, and the escape of the gas from the demolished fixtures helping to spread the flames, the whole house was soon in a blaze.

The fire-companies speedily reached the vicinity, but when they attempted to play upon the flames, they were driven off by the rioters, who pelted them with stones. Some sections of hose. Many persons passing along the street, or looking on without

were put in the hands of colored men, who used them with some effect upon the neighboring houses. Notwithstanding this, the fire spread, destroying two adjacent frame dwellings, two brick dwellings and a carpenter-shop in the rear, the tavern of Mr. Irvine, the Montgomery House, and a stable belonging to a man named Bell.

The police in the meantime, had been assembling to considerable force, and as early as 8½ o'clock had attempted to drive off the rioters, but were driven back by discharges of fire-arms and volleys of stones; the pavements being torn up to furnish the latter missiles.

While the Montgomery-House was burning, the Hope Engine Company manfully took a position to play upon it, but an overpowering mob took possession of their apparatus and ran it up St. Mary-st. It was retaken by the Company, but not till it was much injured. The Good-Will Engine, the Phoenix, Vigilant and other Companies also did all that was possible, but as they were about to attempt to render service, a volley of fire-arms was discharged by the mob, with the most lamentable results. Charles Himmelwright of the Good-Will was shot through the heart, and died almost instantly. He was an estimable man, a paper-stainer by trade, residing in Schuykill Seventh-st. near Vine. He was unmarried. A number of others were wounded.

At 12 o'clock, midnight, the State House bell struck 8 taps, the signal for the military to be called out, and this was continued during some time. This was understood by the mob, and before 2 o'clock, A. M. a suspension of hostilities was effected. Occasional reports of guns and pistols were, however heard until 2 o'clock. The fire, in the meantime, had been put out, or had burnt itself out.

A number of the police have suffered from the volleys of stones and bricks, but, notwithstanding their inferior force they succeeded in making several arrests during the night.

THE SECOND RIOT.—Quiet continued until about 6 o'clock this morning, when the ominous eight taps of the State House bell, announced another riot. This second outbreak commenced about 6 o'clock, when the hose of the Morris Hose Company, which was doing service on the scene of action, was cut. This was a signal for the rioters to commence an assault. Brickbats and stones were hurled by them at the firemen, and fire-arms were used with considerable effect, several persons being wounded. The Mayor, Sheriff, and Police were soon on the ground, and succeeded in restoring order. Mayor Swift, himself, who arrived before the military, arrested two men.

APPROACH OF THE MILITARY.—The military which had been down at the scene of the first riot had returned upon the restoration of quiet, and it was some time before they could be collected again for the suppression of renewed disorders. About 6 A. M., however, they began to assemble in Independence square. Many delays occurred, and it was nearly 9 o'clock when a body of five or six companies with their ranks but partially filled marched to the scene of action. The whole were under the command of Gen. Patterson and Col. Bohlen. Their approach to St. Mary-st. soon became known to the rioters, and by the time they came upon the ground they had disappeared into their various haunts. The companies were assigned positions of the various avenues leading to the scene of riot, so as to command every approach completely. The military are provided with ball cartridges, and have full authority to fire upon any renewal of the lawless and outrageous proceeding of the rioters.

ARREST OF THE LEADER.—The leader in this, and indeed in the former riot, is said to be a black man, named George Hoesy formerly a head dog-catcher in the city employ—a big, powerful negro. About noon to-day he was arrested, after making a most desperate resistance. In the struggle with the police officers he was considerably bruised and beaten before he could be secured.

A medical student, whose name we have not been able to ascertain, was shot in the thigh during one of the riots. The ball was extracted this morning and he is doing well.

taking any part, were injured more or less; some with balls, some with brickbats and stones, which in many cases, seem to have been hurled by the rioters without any particular aim.

CALIFORNIA.

The *Alta California* of Aug. 16, says:

Although we are in the midst of Summer, a fire in the parlor stove every morning and evening, has been found agreeable to most citizens, especially to the unacclimated.

The general health of the 5,000 inhabitants of San Francisco, is good. Recently some deaths have occurred from diarrhea and dysentery, and many are now suffering from one or other of these diseases; but the sickness is abating. Some solicitude is felt in regard to Cholera and ship fever; but the general opinion is, that neither of these diseases can spread in such a climate as this.

The *Pacific News* says that the Kanakas of Happy Valley have suffered severely from the dysentery, and when we visited them, from their wan and faded features we felt that they longed for the sunshine of their native isles beyond the sea. The Lascars and Chinese endure this climate better, and the latter people do not seem particularly affected by the severity of the cold night fogs.

The whole world seems to be represented by its shipping. England, the United States, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Russia, Mexico, Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Chili, Peru, Sandwich Islands, Van Dieman's Land, China, Manilla, Hindostan, &c., &c., and the natives of every country named are now laboring in California. The magnetic influence of the yellow ore has brought them all together. About all these vessels have been deserted by their crews, and we are sorry to add, some by their captains. They are scattered so closely and indiscriminately together, that whenever one leaves, it is apt to get a foul of its nearest neighbor before getting a breeze and ample sea-room.

Messrs. Jewett & Melhado are about to open a regular Merchants' Exchange at San Francisco.

There were eighty-two cases of remittent and intermittent fever in Sacramento City on the 30th July. Arrivals of invalids from the mines are of every day occurrence.

The *Pacific News* of September 1, says: Jacob C. Moore, our new Postmaster, arrived in the Panama, and has entered upon the duties of his office. Nearly twenty thousand letters were received by the late mail—The present arrangements are insufficient for the rapidly increasing business, and we are glad to learn that Mr. Moore is preparing to make such improvements as will insure a ready and prompt delivery.

An invoice of thirty dozen of shirts were received at San Francisco from the Sandwich Islands, having been sent to Honolulu, where labor is cheap, to be washed—the price varying from \$5 to \$9 per dozen.

There was much sickness at the mines at last accounts. The "sickly season" comprises the months of July, August and September.

Two small steamers are plying on the waters of the Sacramento.

The *Alta California* of Aug. 23 says: Invalids are beginning to arrive in this place from the north, where the heat still continues intense, and much sickness prevails. Our hospitals in another month will shelter much suffering humanity, and too much regard for cleanliness and conveniences for the sick cannot be observed.

A Tortoni Restaurant has been established at San Francisco, by some former employers of Barnum's Hotel, who promise to set the best table in California.

The City Council of San Francisco had set apart Wednesday, Sept. 6, for funeral obsequies to President Polk.

On the 20th Aug. there were 26 square rigged vessels lying at the Embarcadero of Sacramento City.—One year ago it would

not have been believed practicable to navigate a vessel exceeding 40 tons burden, that distance up the Sacramento.

Mariano Bolognesi gives lessons to the San Franciscans on the piano, cornet, or flute, or plays any of these instruments at balls and concerts, in hotels or private houses. Pianos tuned.

It seems that in California, when they want to secure a beef creature for the butchers, they break one or two of its legs which incapacitates it from running away. The *Pacific News* protests against such barbarity.

"The third public drawing of the California Lottery will take place on Saturday, the 1st of September, 1849, at the Fremont Family Hotel, Messrs. F. Marriott & Co. Managers. Scheme—\$10,000 in five hundred share, \$20 per share. Each share is divided into halves and quarters. The price of the whole ticket, \$20; half, \$10; quarter, \$5."

The *Pacific News* says that, one of the best articles that can be shipped for market is printing paper. One hundred tons of it would command a good price. The size should vary from 18 by 24 to 24 by 36.

The *Alta California* of Aug. 16, says that advices from Stockton furnish intelligence of another execution. The notorious "Red Davis," or "Old Red," alias Davis, was captured in Santa Clara, taken to Stockton, and hung a few days since.

Messrs. Moffatt & Co. from New York have set up an establishment at San Francisco for the coinage of five and ten dollar pieces. They advertise that they will redeem them in silver. They are recommended by several prominent men in New York.

The punishment of the "Hounds" at San Francisco has had the best effect. The *Alta California* says that "order reigns in Warsaw" since the recent trials. If the Ayuntamiento will only take immediate and decisive measures to establish a night and day police, San Francisco will never again witness such outrages as have passed. The great majority of her citizens have learned their lessons in too good a school not to desire good government, and those who give it to them will be remembered and rewarded.

An independent military corps has recently been formed under the title of the "California Guards." It is commanded by Henry M. Nagle, assisted by First Lieuts. W. D. M. Howard and Myron Norton, and Second Lieuts. Hall McAllister and D. T. Bagley. A collation, with "the feast of cold ham and flow of champagne," was given by the commandant.

A Coroner's inquest was held over the body of a Frenchman, shot while fowling between San Francisco and the Mission of Delores. From the wound in the back of the head it was supposed that he had been murdered.

THE MORMON CITY OF THE SALT LAKE.

MORMON CITY, GREAT SALT LAKE, July 22, 1849.

I shall never forget the first sight of this valley. It shall ever remain on my mind as the most beautiful spectacle I ever beheld. The Great Salt Lake lies toward the north. The Utah Lake lies sixty miles to the south. The valley is watered by the Jordan, Webber, and Bear Rivers, with several creeks. The whole valley is surrounded by snow-capped mountains, forming a complete basin. The land is very rich, producing wheat and corn in abundance, but there is no wood for fifteen miles. The whole valley is occupied by the Mormons, who build their houses entirely of sun-dried bricks. Their city occupies more ground than Pittsburgh, but each man has a large piece of ground around his dwelling. The bridges are all good, the streets and roads wide, and the fences very regular. There are about ten thousand Mormons here. They say that they will welcome to their society any good citizen, no matter what his religion may be. Their motto is "do right."

They are building a church of stone, which is already one story high, and will be a fine building. They assemble every

Sunday morning under a large shed. The Society is governed by a President, the twelve and the seventy. The President and the twelve occupy the pulpit, and do all the preaching. I went this morning, when the bell rang, to church, where I saw a large assemblage, some dressed quite fashionably, and all clean and neat. A brass band first played a lively tune, and then the clerk rose and read several notices.

One man had lost his pocket-book—another had had his garden destroyed by cattle breaking into it. He then read off the names of persons to whom letters in the post-office were addressed, and several other items of that kind. He then announced that on next Tuesday they would have an anniversary feast, as it was the day of the month on which they arrived at their present snug quarters. He stated that the city would be roused early in the morning by the firing of canon and the music of the brass band. A procession would then be formed, which would march out of town, and at 2 o'clock dinner would be served. The emigrants were all invited to attend.

They are very strict in the administration of justice. One of their number stole a pair of boots from an emigrant. He was sentenced to pay four times their value, and fined \$50, and was compelled to work fifty days on the public roads. One of the men was sentenced to death for borrowing some property from a neighbor and selling it; but finally, owing to the intercession of his family, his sentence was commuted to banishment. When they first arrived they were very much troubled by some Indians, who killed their cattle and stole from them. They sent to remonstrate with them, and the Indians replied that their president was an old woman, and they would not mind him. They then sent out a company of soldiers, and killed a few of them, since which time they have not been again annoyed.—[Cor. Pittsburgh Gazette.

TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK—143 LIVES LOST.—One of the most disastrous shipwrecks which has occurred on our coast for the last forty years, took place at Boston on Sunday morning, Oct. 7. The British brig *St. John*, Capt. Oliver, from Galway, Ireland, or Boston, with 120 immigrant passengers, came to anchor wide of Minot's Ledge, Cohasset, about 6 o'clock on Sunday morning. She soon, however, dragged her anchor; the masts were then cut away, but continuing to drag, she struck upon the rocks and became a total wreck. The captain, officers and crew with the exception of the first mate, took to the boat and landed safe at the Glades, a short distance off; but, as last reported, ninety-nine of the passengers were drowned. There were 14 cabin passengers, chiefly women and children, who are among the lost. Those who were saved, numbering but 21, got on pieces of the wreck and landed near White Head, at the north end of Cohasset rocks. Twenty-five bodies were washed ashore the next morning.

The *Journal* says: "The number of passengers on board, was about 164, out of which one hundred and forty-five are supposed to have been lost. There were 14 cabin passengers, mostly women and children. The captain took to the jolly boat which soon swamped, and he swam to the long boat, and was saved with ten others. The second mate, two men, and two boys, were lost. The balance of the crew were saved.

As near as we can ascertain among the many conflicting stories, there were twenty-one saved in all—ten passengers and the captain, and ten of the crew, who came ashore in the long boat. The number lost it is impossible to ascertain. According to the captain's story, there were one hundred and twenty on board including the crew. If this is true, there are but ninety-nine lost. The passengers who were saved maintain, however, that there were one hundred and fifty passengers on board, which if true, would swell the number of lost to one hundred and forty-three! The former account is probably the true one.

Of those saved and arrived at Cohasset, ten in number, seven were females and three males. All of these came ashore on

pieces of the wreck. Two of the women, it is thought, will not survive—one being badly cut on the head by a piece of the wreck. The other woman, it is said, has a husband residing in this city. She had three children on board with her all of whom were lost.

The shipping in Boston Harbor suffered considerably during Saturday night, but no serious damage is recorded. In all the Eastern ports the gale was severely felt. A number of brigs and schooners are reported by the Boston papers to have got ashore off Cohasset Bay, but there had been no loss of life, and it was expected they would get off. Some anxiety is felt for the packet-ship Washington Irving, which left Boston on Saturday for Liverpool, but from the report of a captain arrived, it is thought she succeeded in clearing Cape Cod, and getting to sea.

Town and Country Items.

LIFE IN PARIS.—The correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger says:

Trade is reviving in Paris. Many of the unrivalled artist-mechanics are busy. If they continue so, they will not agitate. Promise of better times is thus given. Paris has such a fund of vitality, that hardly war, pestilence or famine, will keep people out of it. The English like it better than London, and the Americans by living in it are spoiled for other places. The climate is delicious. A person with a moderately good constitution, who guards his health, will find it fortified by living here. I could name several Americans who attribute improved health and prolonged existence, which was threatened at home, to their living here. As for the French themselves, who live well, they glow with health. The women are particularly robust. Dyspepsia, the bane of America, is not spoken of. Light wines lead to temperance. The ready-made-coffin-warehouse look of the London "wine and spirit shop," where infamously bad gin is dealt out to children, women and men, so called, has no place here. With such a climate and country, it seems to me the demon of atheism must have ruled here for centuries, to produce the bad effects we see in the poverty, vice, discontent and stunted stature, even because the picked men, to the number of millions have been killed in battle. Now that this country has rid itself of a kingly dynasty, with its foreign marriages, *ex necessitate* increasing army and budget, its centralization without hope of change, we may look for improvement, notwithstanding the retrogradation of the present government. Universal suffrage lies at the bottom, and when the political waters are less turbid it will be seen and felt.

ACCUMULATION.—An illustration of what a little money will become in time, if put out on interest, and properly taken care of, is afforded by an incident related to us yesterday by an old resident. He stated that about 50 years ago a bequest of \$10,000 was left to an idiot on Long Island. He was then in his infancy, and is consequently now but little over 50. Soon after his father's decease, three respectable inhabitants of this city, all of whom are yet living, were appointed trustees for the care of the bequest, with authority to appropriate \$500 annually for the idiot's maintenance, which was accordingly done. This left at first but a small accumulation, but latterly the increase has been rapid, and the principal now amounts to over \$100,000. Should the party live 20 years longer, as is not improbable, he will die worth a quarter of a million of dollars. Pretty well for a fool.—[Journal of Commerce.]

How many hard-working men and women, that were not fools, have lived in penury and given the fruit of unrespite toil and pinching economy to heap up this fortune for an idiot! There are all sorts of slavery in the world, and one of the worst is the slavery to money at interest.—[Tribune.]

N. P. WILLIS notices the recent illness of Mrs. Judson, the missionary, in the following beautiful and touching manner:

That the constitution of this sweet child of genius was of consumptive tendency we knew; but had confidently hoped that the change of climate and the air of a warmer latitude would have the beneficial effect they often do, and give her better health than she had hitherto known. If she dies there her grave will be well placed, in a path of duty; but there are those here to whom a certainty of not seeing her again in this world will be heavy to bear. Her day will have been bright and brief, but it sets with a rosy promise of a still fairer to-morrow; for the light of a soul like hers sends its brightness downlike, before the pure spirit's descent below the horizon of the grave, when we know that, as the light pales on this side of that dark limit to our vision, it kindled on the other side in the glowing welcome of angels.

NAPHTHA VS. CHLOROFORM.—In the Edinburgh Surgical Hospital, Prof. Simpson has been testing the properties of Naptha, which seems to be as good as ether for inducing temporary insensibility. Professor Simpson administered the Naptha to two patients, a man and a boy, to whom Mr. Milter performed the painful operation of extracting portions of necrosed bones from the tibia, by perforating the newly formed shell with the trephine, and removing the sequestra with the forceps. The sleep induced was deep and tranquil, and the breathing was less sterforous than when Chloroform is employed; but it was remarked that the effect of the Naptha upon the heart's action was much greater, the pulse becoming extremely rapid and fluttering, thus rendering it less safe as an anæsthetic agent than chloroform.

LAMENTABLE END.—The Baltimore correspondent of the New York Herald, writes under date of October 8th:

Our city was yesterday shocked with the announcement of the death of Edgar A. Poe, Esq., who arrived in this city about a week since, after a successful tour through Virginia, where he delivered a series of able lectures. On Wednesday last, election day, he was found near the Fourth ward polls, laboring under an attack of *mania a potu*, and in a most shocking condition. Being recognized by some of our citizens, he was placed in a carriage and conveyed to the Washington Hospital, where every attention has been bestowed on him. He lingered, however, until yesterday morning, when death put a period to his existence.

DANGEROUS TO JOKE SOUTH.—Two young men from the North came near getting into trouble at Richmond, Va., recently, in consequence of one of them jocosely asking a negro waiter at the hotel if he would not like to go to the North with them. He replied that he would. Nothing more was thought of the matter until towards night, when they were accosted by a police officer and taken to jail, where they spent the night. The next morning they were brought before the magistrate on the charge of tampering with a slave. Upon hearing the circumstances they were discharged.

WINTER EVENINGS.—A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser recommends as a means of keeping young men from improper resorts during the long winter evening, the formation of reading societies, the members of which shall meet at each other's houses, and under the guidance of some man of taste and erudition, read aloud the best standard authors. An excellent proposition. The minds, elocution, and health of many of our young men would be greatly benefited by its adoption.

☞ Everything useful or necessary is cheapest. Walking is the most wholesome exercise; water the best drink; and plain food the most nourishing and healthy diet. Even in knowledge, the most useful is the easiest acquired.

MILITARY DOINGS IN N. YORK.—Monday was general muster day, and truly a more ludicrous scene was never witnessed than the one that took place on the various parade grounds. Whole regiments of sorry-looking devils, too poor to pay six shillings, doing their best to stand straight in a line, and shouldering broomstick muskets, while their awkward attempts and heart-rending failures, drew many a hearty laugh from passers by. The fantastical, as if to ridicule the raw militia, were also out in all their glory of hillless swords and coffee-pot music, and all dressed up in every imaginary rag-toggery.—[N. Y. Express.

THE TENTH WAVE.—A hundred times have we stood at the beautiful beach of Rhode Island, to watch the tenth wave, which is always larger than the preceding nine. Let any one try it at Nahant Beach, and he will find that in a hundred billows that come tumbling in, and breaking in foams at his feet, there will be ten larger than the rest. This is Maturin's meaning of the "tenth wave" of human suffering.—[Intelligencer.

MR. CALHOUN WRITING A BOOK.—John C. Calhoun, it is announced, has devoted the past summer to the preparation of a Treatise on the Elementary Principles of Government and the Constitution of the United States. It is so nearly complete that he expects to prepare it for publication in his leisure hours during the coming session of Congress.—[Phila. Ledger.

A quiet old gentleman, capable and industrious, has been turned out of a public office in Washington last week. His successor, being too stupid or too lazy to do the work, now gives his predecessor half the salary to attend to his duties for him!

Rev. Howard Malcolm D. D., who was forced to resign the presidency of Georgetown College, Ky., on account of voting the Emancipation ticket, has accepted the pastoral charge of a Baptist church in Philadelphia.

NUNS TAKING RAILROAD STOCK.—The Grey Sisters of "Sœur Grisee," a community of nuns in Quebec, have taken £200,000 worth of stock in a projected railroad from Quebec to Halifax.—[Baltimore Patriot.

A mass of the private correspondence of Calvin has been discovered in one of the French libraries, and is about to be published. Fears have been expressed, that the Minister of Public Instruction, who is a Jesuit, will compel some mutilation of the letters relating to Popery.

A vessel has arrived from Bombay, with twenty tons weight of antiquities from Ninevah, for the British Museum. Mr. Layard has returned to Ninevah, with a corps of scientific men, artists, engineers, and all needed aids, to continue his researches.

The veteran Alexander Von Humboldt entered his 81st year on the 14th of September. The friends of science and humanity, all over the world, will be pleased to learn that the illustrious author enjoys sturdy health, and has all his mental faculties in full vigor and brightness.

It is a mistaken doctrine that inspiration belongs exclusively to theology. He who inspired Moses in divinity, inspired Newton in philosophy; and Michael Angelo was not less gifted in the fine arts, than was Balaam, the son of Beor in prophecy.

The Boston Theater and the ground upon which it now stands, are offered for sale. It is situated in the heart of the city, and comprises about 18,000 feet of land, for which an offer of only \$60,000 has been made.

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PROSPECTUS

OF

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

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