

SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

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Poetry.

From The National Era.

LINES BY THE LAKE SIDE.

The shadows round the inland sea
Are deepening into night;
Slow up the slopes of Ossipee
They chase the lessening light.
Tired of the long day's blinding heat,
I rest my languid eye,
Lake of the Hills! where cool and sweet
By sunset waters lie!

Along the sky, in wavy lines,
O'er isle and reach and bay,
Green-belted with eternal pines,
The mountains stretch away.
Below the maple masses sleep
Where shore with water blends,
While midway on the tranquil deep
The evening light descends.

So seemed it when yon hill's red crown
Of old the Indian trod,
And through the sunset air looked down
Upon the Smile of God.*
To him, of light and shade the laws,
No forest skeptic taught;
Their living and eternal Cause,
His truer instinct sought.

He saw these mountains in the light
Which now across them shines,
This lake, in summer sunset bright,
Walled round with sombering pines.
God near him seemed; from earth and skies
His loving voice he heard,
As face to face in Paradise
Man stood before the Lord.

Thanks, oh, our Father! that like him
Thy smile of love I see,
In radiant hill and woodland dim,
And tinted sunset sea.
For not in mockery dost thou fill
Our earth with light and grace,
Thou hid'st no dark and cruel Will,
Behind Thy smiling face!

I. G. W.

THE PRESENT AGE.

BY J. G. FICHTE.

Let us cast a glance on the world around us. You know that even now many tracts of the Earth's surface are still covered with putrid morasses and impenetrable forests, the cold and damp atmosphere of which gives birth to noxious insects, and breathes forth devastating epidemics; which are almost entirely the dwelling-place of the savage, and only afford to the few creatures in human form who are to be found in them, the means of dragging on a dull and joyless existence, without freedom usefulness or dignity. History informs us that the countries which we inhabit at the present day, formerly bore the same character to a large extent. Now, the morasses are dried up; the forests cleared out and changed into fruitful plains and vineyards, which purify the air and fill it with enlivening fragrance; the rivers are taught to keep their channels, and enduring bridges are laid across them; villages and towns have arisen with lasting, convenient and agreeable dwelling-places for men, and public buildings, which have already braved the storms of centuries, for the purposes of mental improvement and elevation. You know, that even at the present day, savage hordes roam over vast wildernesses, maintaining a miserable life upon impure and loathsome food, and yet, when they encounter each other, engaging in warfare for the sake of this scanty subsistence and of their wretched implements of acquisition and enjoyment—extending the fury of their vengeance even to the destruction of their fellow-men. It is in the highest degree probable that we are all of us descendants of such races; that our forefathers at least in some of their generations, have passed through this condition. Now, men are assembled from out the forests, and united together in masses. In the savage state each family had to provide for its manifold wants immediately and without assistance from others, and had even to fabricate for itself the utensils for that purpose, with much loss of time and waste of energy:—Now, the human multitude are divided into classes, each of which pursues its own profession, to the acquirement and exercise of which its life is devoted; providing in its department for all other classes, and provided for by them with respect to all its other wants; and thus are the forces of Nature confronted by the greatest possible amount of the cultivated, ordered and combined powers of Reason. The laws and their administrators interpose an insuperable barrier to the fury of personal warfare and spoliation; quarrels are adjusted without bloodshed, and the lust of crime is scared, even in the dark recesses of thought, by severe punishments; and thus is internal peace secured, and every one moves in safety within the limits which are prescribed to him. Large masses of men, frequently sprung from the most dissimilar origin, and united one scarce knows how, encounter similar masses in as wonderful combination, and neither being fully acquainted with the power of the other, reciprocal fear steps in between them, so that men are sometimes blessed even with external tranquillity; or when it does come to war, the superior power is often worn out and broken by the

CENTRE HARBOR, N. H.

*Winnipegsee, i. e., "Smile of the Great Spirit."

determined resistance of its opponent, and instead of the secretly desired extermination, peace is the result;—and thus has sprung up a kind of international law between independent countries, and from among opposing tribes a kind of republic of nations has arisen. You know how, even to the present time, the timid savage, unacquainted even with himself, finds a hindrance or a destroying foe in every power of Nature. To us, Science has laid open our own spiritual being, and thereby, in a great measure, subjected to our will the outward physical forces of the universe. Mechanics have multiplied almost to infinity, the feeble powers of man, and continue to multiply them. Chemistry has introduced us into many chambers of the secret workshop of Nature, and enabled us to apply her wonders to our own uses, and to protect ourselves from the injuries they might otherwise inflict upon us. Astronomy has scaled the heavens for us, and measured their path. You know and the whole history of the Past as well as the description of the savage tribes which still exist upon the earth proves it to you, that all nations, the most cultivated not excepted, flying from the horrors of external Nature, and penetrating to the secret depths of their own heart, have first discovered there the most fearful of all horrors;—the Godhead as their enemy. By increasing humiliation and entreaty, by sacrifice of that which was dearest to them, by self-devoted martyrs, by human immolation, by the blood of an only-begotten Son, if need were, have they sought to bribe this Being so jealous of human happiness, and to reconcile him to their unexpected strokes of fortune, by humbly deprecating his resentment.

This is the Religion of the ancient world, and of the savage tribes which still exist, and I invite the student of History to point out any other. From us this phantom has disappeared long ago; and the redemption and satisfaction spoken of in a certain system is a public matter of fact, in which we may either believe or not—and which is all the more a matter of fact the less we believe in it. Our Age, far from shunning the Godhead, has, by its representatives, constituted the Deity the minister of its pleasures. We, for our part, far from finding fault with them on account of this want of the fear of God, rather count it one of their advantages; and since they are incapable of the right enjoyment of the Godhead—of loving it, and living in it, and thus attaining Blessedness—we may be well pleased that, at least, they do not fear it. Let them, if they please, throw it off altogether, or so fashion it as may be most agreeable to them.

What I have declared in the first place, was *once* the form of Humanity, and in part is so still: what I have described in the second, is its *present* form, at least among ourselves. How, by whom, and by what manner of impulses, has this new creation been accomplished?

Who then, in the first place, gave to the countries of Modern Europe their present habitable shape, and made them worthy to be the dwelling place of cultivated men? History answers the question. It was pious and holy men, who, believing it to be God's Will that the timid fugitive of the woods should be elevated to civilized life, and thereby to the blessed knowledge of a Godhead full of love to man, left the abodes of civilization and all the physical and intellectual enjoyments to be found there—left their families, friends and associates, and went forth into the desert wilderness, enduring the bitterest privations, encountering the severest labor, and what is more, pursuing their end with unwearied patience, that they might win the confidence of untutored tribes, by whom they were persecuted and robbed;—frequently terminating an anxious and weary life by a martyr's death at the hands of those for whom, and for us their descendants, they died—rejoicing in the hope that from their ashes a worthier generation should arise. These men, without doubt, gave up their personal life and its enjoyments for their Idea, and, in this Idea, for the Race. And should any one offer this objection:—"They indeed sacrificed the present life for the expectation of a infinitely higher, heavenly, and blessed life, which they hoped to deserve by these sacrifices and sufferings,

but still it was only enjoyment for enjoyment and indeed the lesser for the greater;"—then I would entreat such an objector earnestly to consider with me the following. How inadequately soever they might express themselves in words as to the Blessedness of another world, and with what sensuous pictures soever they might clothe their descriptions of this happiness, I ask only to know how they arrived at this firm Faith in another world, which they attested so nobly by their deeds; and what this Faith, as an act of the mind, really is. Does not the mind which faithfully accepts another world as certain, in this very acceptance renounce the present?—and is not Faith itself the sacrifice, once and forever accomplished and perfected in the mind, and which only manifests itself outwardly when special circumstances call it forth? Let it be no wonder at all, but quite a conceivable thing, and only what thou thyself, who makest this objection, wert thou in the same position, wouldst do—that they willingly sacrificed everything to their belief in an Eternal Life:—let this be so; then is it the wonder that they *did believe*; in which belief the Egoist, who is incapable of letting the Present escape, even for a moment, from his view, can never follow, nor even approach them.

Who has united rude races together, and reduced opposing tribes under the dominion of law, and to the habits of peaceful life? Who has maintained them in this condition, and protected existing states from dissolution through internal disorder, or destruction by outward power? Whatever name they may have borne, it was Heroes, who had left their Age far behind them, giants among surrounding men in material and spiritual power. They subdued to their Idea of what *ought to be*, races by whom whom they were on that account hated and feared; through nights of sleepless thought they pondered their anxious plans for their fellow-men; from battle-field to battle field they rushed without weariness or rest, renouncing the enjoyments which lay within their grasp, making their life a spoil, often shedding their blood. And what sought they by these labors?—and how were they rewarded? It was an Idea, a mere Idea of a new condition of things to be brought about by them, to be realized for its own sake alone, and without reference to any ulterior purpose.—this it was which inspired them; and it was the unspeakable delight of this Idea which rewarded and indemnified them for all their labors and sacrifices;—it was this Idea which lay at the root of their inward life,—which cast the outward life into shade, and threw it aside as something undeserving of thought;—it was the power of this Idea which made the giants in physical and mental energy, although by birth like their fellow-men; and their personal life was dedicated to this Idea, which first molded that life into a worthy and accepted offering.

For The Spirit of the Age.

CHARLES FOURIER.

A PSYCHOMETRIC OBSERVATION.*

I.—FIRST TRIAL.

I don't believe this was a very gay person, though he gives me the inclination to laugh. Is there not deep sadness in the character? He seems one who *sported* with misery,—brings the laugh of the insane to my mind. Is there not great resolution—firmness? I am almost afraid of this person, there seem such contradictory elements in him. Unless you know him intimately you will not think what I say true. There is a lightness, suavity of manner, very different from the depths of his character. He has great power—power of putting aside what torments and troubles him, and of being at ease for the time. Great activity of intellect. One who hates oppression. I am not certain that he would not be likely to oppress. He might wish to impose his views.

*The manuscript held was a letter from Fourier to a St. Simonian.

I feel like having an agreeable conversation—like making many quotations and not particularly apt ones. I never could talk so fast as his moods would change. Great flippancy and great depth. One you would always find just what you did not expect. If I laugh it makes me sad, if I'm sad it makes me laugh. Very noble and generous. Would he not do things perfectly incompatible, and almost satanic?—(laughing.) The image that comes to my mind is of a little condensed devil squeezed into the corner of his heart, oozing out occasionally. A very difficult character to read. I am afraid to go into the depths; the fearful struggles and trials would exhaust me. What variety! Something of theameleon nature. Great self-will—great imagination.

Give me another letter of opposite character—this is so French. (Taking the letter of another person.) Good deal of concentration in this person notwithstanding the versatility. As I hold this I like the other better; more heart in it. This man's heart would be a square—that would be heart shaped. I feel as if going in angles all over. I like *the first* now very much. Great deal of real genuine worth. Has struggled much with his own nature. I respect him too. He lives up to his conviction more than most of us.

These persons would come to conclusions very differently. The first would jump to them. If the truth were presented to his mind he would receive it at once. They make me think of hare and tortoise.

(Resuming the first letter after long thought.) This is a very earnest man. Man of warm zeal, great lover of the race, hearty. "Humanity" sounds in my ears continually, since I've resumed this letter. He interests me very much indeed. Sometimes should incline to laugh at him, sometimes to laugh with him. In my heart should have deep reverence and love for him. Did you ever see him when possessed with a new idea? Think I should get up and dance round the room. He is so delighted when he has fixed it all just right, so pleased, so happy; seems a joyous old man. Does not he love children? Seems like a child himself sometimes—and then like a man in full vigor of life. Seems like a *dear old soul*; should forget all my reverence for his learning, wisdom, talent, should take him to my heart and love him, so firm, conscientious—perfectly true to his convictions. Great power, great energy, great impulse, great self-control, great versatility, great concentrativeness.

"Is he fickle?"

There are a great many ways of coming to the same end. Should you call the bee fickle, that went from flower to flower after honey? A man of *very large nature*. A great deal of caution, notwithstanding his apparent want of it—a very singular, unusual compound.

More universally developed than most persons, yet not a whole. The various elements do not seem to me to be perfectly harmonized. Does not seem to have had time for it. The work wasn't done when this letter was written, at any rate.

Call to mind the "fountain in the palace"—the five, four, three outer rooms in order, but the central *not so*—the unitary stream from it not flowing into all the others. Well, he will have time enough to do it. He was too busy, too active.

Do you think this concern for the race came through the reason or the heart? The reason I think.

Through ignorance this person injured himself physically and morally. That seems a thing of the past, yet its effects are still felt.

"Was he confiding?"

Both confiding and suspicious; confiding by nature, became suspicious by circumstances. He is *not living*.

In the latter part of his life more confiding, a higher state of confidingness than the first. It is pleasing to think of him as a boy. An honest heartedness about him—something of

girlish delicacy and tender conscientiousness. Then there came the dark ages; seems as if he did wrong conscientiously; must have been a terrible period in his life. Don't think I can convey an impression of that time—my feeling of the *actuality* and *unreality* of it. It seems that his heart had no part in it.

"Was it something he did or suffered?"

Seems to have acted viciously—to have gone into it thoroughly, and yet with no reality. It was devilishly cold. It seems as if he put his better nature to sleep for awhile. A gradual transition from his happy boyhood, which is very beautiful to think of; perhaps he had then too much sensibility. A gentle, thoughtful boy—should think he loved rabbits. Great love of justice—might have been thought irritable.

I would rather think of him in his old age. There seems a greater harmony and blending in him now than when this letter was written; he is more softened and pure, yet don't seem wholly pure. It is frightful to think how slowly eradicated are the traces of evil. I see a great deal of purity in him now, and yet these dark lines. The purity is *far greater* than the stains. I've no words to tell it as I see it—seems to be a vision of the character.

Have not told you any thing about him yet. He wished to know everything, felt you could not know anything truly unless you know all. Don't feel disposed to think of him by particular traits. More intellectual than spiritual. You talk of the ruling passion strong in death; it is strong *after* death with him.

He is sadder now than he ever was when living; sees his errors, sees the consequences of them. One of the strongest feelings in his nature is justice.

He feels that his work was not completed and stays by, longing to see it done; knows he was more intellectual than spiritual, and it is sadness to him now. The good in himself is transparent to him. He yearns for purity, devotedness, self-sacrifice.

I never knew before the danger of errors of judgment.

Have I dwelt more on the errors than the beauties of his character? I have not begun to tell you what I *know* of him. He never acted from one single motive and yet you might say he always acted from one, LOVE OF TRUTH. He had a great desire of knowledge, would give up every thing to go where it led. So in his desire to find it, he went where it never could be found, into a bad atmosphere which affected his vision so that he could never see afterward as he might have seen. A great love of completing his plans; grasped at the whole.

When I speak of his love for the race, it was not so much a flowing love, (yet at times I see that flowing, all embracing love) but rather a love of justice, sense of right. He could weep over the wrongs done to the race, and next moment laugh at the saddest things.

I should say he was *warm calculating*—it would do him injustice to say cool calculating. Had he not a great love of numbers? He must have had, because if I think of colors they arrange themselves in figures; and so of sounds, of everything. He must have been a critic.

"Had he insight?"

His insight was outright.

"Were his views right or wrong?"

Not *wholly* right, yet a great deal more right than wrong. Something clipped his wings, he could not fly as freely as he ought. There were limits set when there should not have been. He was a slave to his system. He had not quite faith enough to leave the earth wholly—had *great* faith—boundless faith, crazy faith almost, yet did not soar as he might. Had faith that what he *needed* would be done—what he wished would be accomplished. Was not spiritual enough—he felt a want within.

A very difficult nature to speak of; in making a single statement you do him injustice.

"What were his views of God?"

*An allegory of man's passionate nature

Do you think his own plans stood to him in place of God? I should not like to say so. He was not irreligious; with his reason and intellect he could not be an irreligious man—must see God in all—must know the Divine Being—whether he felt him or not. He is a man that I respect, mourn over, reverence and love. He is so much I cannot help mourning that he is not all. One must be perfect in all things to be perfect in anything.

What a joyous companion he must have been. I should feel with him that I could move the world—that all things were possible. Think the fends went pretty much to sleep during the last part of his life. What hatred of injustice! It might have led him to hate almost those who thwarted him.

[Let it be noted that this was a first reading only. On a second trial, the character unfolded more fully. That sketch will appear in the next number.—E.]

For The Spirit of the Age.

TO THE FRIENDS OF SOCIAL REFORM.

BARTER,

The Wisconsin Phalanx has fulfilled its mission, passed through its first phase, and is now in its transition; the character and features of its second phase depend on you. If it be left entirely to those who have struggled during the last five years to nurse the bantling in its infancy, it may yet be lost as an identity, but though its members may be again scattered among the antagonisms of civilization, yet they and their influence must ever be felt in aid of moral, social and political reforms. It is the desire of a few ardent and devoted spirits that Ceresco and the homestead of the Wisconsin Phalanx may be made the home and the rallying point for those friends of human progress and social reform who desire to labor for a better and higher life in this sphere and to fit and educate for an advanced condition in the next. We know this to be the most favorable time ever presented in our history for a concerted effort; and we also know this to be one of the most favorable points or locations which our country affords. Its only fault is its northern latitude; our winters are severe, but our summers are delightful; nature furnishes her bright as well as dark side. Our place is entirely free from all local disease, our soil is not surpassed in richness and variety. We have land enough, water and water power enough, building materials in the earth and natural resources enough for a society of two thousand persons, and everything which nature can furnish to make it the pleasant and happy home of reformers. Will you come and make it so? We are out of the great channel of commercial antagonism, and free from the frauds, deceptions, vices and oppression of your city whirlpools of human commotion, and yet we are but ten miles from one of the greatest channels of national communication, (viz) the Fox and Wisconsin rivers connecting the navigable waters of the great lakes with the Mississippi. Our improvements have been made by and for continuation and co-operation and not for isolation and antagonism; being experimental they are poorly adapted to the former and not at all fit for the latter.

Recent correspondence from here to different newspapers has shown our convulsions and warned our friends of our approaching change, and to some extent raised a shout of joy in those who hate and despise every effort for social reform, but it is of no importance; ours is not a failure but a triumph of principles, and may if you choose be made a practical realization of the true life. But you must not expect too much in too short a time, which is the greatest of our failings.

My object in this article is not to theorise but to give you our latitude and longitude bearings, &c.

The property of the Phalanx consists in about 1800 acres of land, a small grist mill, a saw mill, several blocks of buildings, shops, &c., all of which is valued and held in joint stock at about

\$25,000 without the personal property. This stock is at present held under a charter or act of incorporation, which will be repealed that the property may be individualized for the following reasons, mainly: 1st, because more than half of the stock is in the hands of non-residents, much of which has been bought and sold in various bartering and speculative operations and is in the hands of those who buy and sell to get gain and have no sympathy with reforms. 2nd, because the stockholders know the property is actually worth and will fetch more in small parcels and for speculative purposes than the amount of stock. 3d, because some of those who are still here as well as many who are not here, seek individual wealth as a primary object, are anxious to get their share of the property out of the stock that they may use it in various ways to secure the rise of real estate which is very rapid in this section of the country, or in realizing twenty-five or fifty per cent interest, which is not uncommon here in land trades, especially where the settlers are very anxious to secure homes for their families on new land which must be bought by the occupants or lost. 4th, because some of the most talented members and those who have been the most ardent in the advocacy of social reform, have kept their property out of the joint stock and constantly used it for speculating in lands, merchandise, and various ways, often taking advantage of the necessities of their brethren who had all their means in the common fund, and not at all times available, thereby destroying confidence in one another and fostering a spirit of speculation which is totally opposed to human brotherhood. 5th, because the government have recently purchased a large tract of land of the Indians on the north side of Fox River, ten miles from us, and thereby opened a fine opportunity for the hardy pioneer to seek out a fine location and secure it at some remote period for government price. This threw considerable of our stock into the market and carried off several of our families, and will several more who have been in the habit of changing their homes every few years for life, and cannot cease for the sake of living in associative co-operation. 6th, because our system and charter contains a fundamental error in securing one fourth of the products of labor to capital or stock as usury, thereby bringing the souls and bodies of men and women in competition with dollars and cents, and establishing and fostering a spirit of speculation very detrimental to true progress in social reform, and because this cannot be changed except by individualizing and re-uniting on a new basis, which if done here will be without any dividend to capital; for this is the unanimous sentiment here of all except the speculating reformers. 7th, because we are now under a special law which is not as well adapted to our use as the present general law of the State which is now amply sufficient for co-operative societies.

This will be accomplished during the coming winter and spring, and without recourse to courts of law, for the members are not of that class who go to law to get their business done or to be robbed of their property.

The society is free from debt, its property unencumbered, with no pecuniary difficulties nor many others except those above referred to.

There is and ever has been too much apathy on the subjects of moral, social and intellectual education and development among the members, and rather a predominance of the physical and external over the mental character, and yet no place in the State or perhaps in the whole west can equal this for morality—not a drunkard in the town—no ardent spirits sold—never a law-suit, never a quarrel—but men strive to get rich even by speculating out of the necessities of one another, this they do every where, but here some call it a heinous sin to do it among those brethren who profess to be governed by the doctrines of Christ in the every day life.

Now brethren if you wish to contribute your efforts, and to build up by degrees slowly but surely a beautiful society, each

living upon his own resources and on his own homestead, and co-operating by voluntary effort in all the various steps necessary to fit, educate and prepare for the unitary life, here is the place, and now, or the coming winter and spring the time. If thirty or forty families can be found of various occupations who are ready and willing to rely on their own efforts and industry with a bountiful supply of the natural elements to use, and who wish to take up their abode in the beautiful prairie country of the West, and live where they can co-operate and aid each other, and where a small amount of capital and large amount of labor will make them the most delightful and happy homes, and where they can be free from the vices of large towns and rear up their families through only an institution of learning of their own fashioning and control. But let the expense be given. There are a few here who will be rejoiced to meet and go on with such a band, and who have had experience enough to be useful to themselves and others. It requires those whose souls are elevated above the petty affairs of every day traffic, and who can and will be ready to go forward in the great work of social redemption—not undertake too much nor expect too much, but labor to and for the end. Such can during the winter purchase by an agent or in person shares of stock from those who wish to sell and thus be prepared to secure a home at our sale, or they may purchase for each at the sale; but the mill, &c. should be owned in company if possible.

Ceresco, Oct. 1, 1849.

W. CHASE.

Translated for The Spirit of the Age.

ABSTRACT OF PIERRE LEROUX ON HUMANITY.

In his dedication to Beranger, Leroux says that it is his object by the study of the ancient religions and positive philosophies to find the presence of the supreme Divine Law which is at the foundation of these philosophies and religions; to find in the depth of traditions the germ of the modern doctrines of liberty, equality, fraternity.

In his preface this work is stated to be the result and continuation of his Essay on Equality, in which book it was shown that this new doctrine of equality made of the actual man, the man of to-day, a very different being from the antique man and the man of the middle ages. The notion of Lessing is that the human race passes through successive educational phases; arriving at the phase of equality, after having passed through the possible phases of inequality; that is, the course of *family castes*, *national castes* and *property castes*; at present it is at the limit of this last phase. Freeing himself from this triple service, man begins. All castes vanish before the universal caste Humanity, and on the principle of humanity actual society is based.

Such is the substance of his anterior work having to do with the past and present; before proceeding to the future he finds it necessary to recapitulate himself in an exposition, and to demonstrate an assumed proposition. This exposition is to bring under a single and undoubted formula the anterior life of humanity; by this study of the past and present to find the law of progress which shall enable us to foresee the future. (This is the service of humanity.) But besides this, the individual soul asks, what relation between it and this future of humanity that it foresees? is this future united to its own future? The soul like Archimedes demands a fixed point and this cannot be found in history or politics, but only in philosophy, in religion; only in a certain intuition of the very essence of life; God communicating himself to us; the Infinite Being manifesting himself in our conscience and in his eternal relation.

The object is to find if there is not some fixed point in God and in us, on which to plant ourself for the perfecting of ourself and humanity, as in ordinary mechanics we need a force, a lever point for the lever. The force is ourself, the lever

the idea of progress, and the fixed point must be a self-evident positively-existent truth or ontological axiom on life, on being, a religious axiom. What Leroux considers this ontological axiom, this fixed point to be, is the doctrine of *communion of the Human Race or the natural solidarity of men*. This is to be demonstrated as far as life can be demonstrated. The ancient myth of the Jewish Bible makes the race solid in Adam; Christianity is engrafted on Mosaism, and the myth of Christ Savior of the world by the mode of reversibility (dying for man) corresponds to that of Adam. The truth is that we are a *whole*; live by a common life as Jesus said. The author takes the idea at the bottom of these myths and proceeds to demonstrate it by philosophical reasons and natural order.

The introduction opens with the nature of the questions to be examined; What is man and his destination? consequently, what is his right, his duty, and his law? Is he united to his fellows accidentally or in a necessary manner? Is the tie as frail as the manifestation of being called life, or eternal as being itself? What is humanity? a collective being or only a series of successive generations? The resolution of these problems is necessary to a solid principle of religion, polity or morals. Religions are only the forms of the solution of these problems. All men are of necessity interested in them; all men seek happiness and it is the primitive object of philosophy to determine in what happiness consists, and the discussion of this necessarily leads to the general question, What is man? and what is humanity? Philosophy proceeds from the individual to the universal, and thence back to the individual. A falling stone gave rise to all the mecanique celeste, and has not the whole mecanique celeste definitively for aim to throw some light on the phenomenon of a falling stone by attaching it to all analogous phenomena of the universe? Just so; there is no question of practical life, simple as we may imagine it, which does not draw on the mind to fathom the profoundest mysteries, and which does not conduct us at last to the most difficult questions of philosophy; and reciprocally the doctrines of philosophy have definitively for aim the very practice of life.

The questions what is man, and what is humanity? are so bound up with the individual question, What is happiness, that you cannot touch this last without going into the former as the author did in his article on happiness in the New Encyclopedia, of which article he proceeds to give the contents. He contends in that work that the special question of individual happiness conducts directly to philosophy and religion. The doctrines given forth on this fundamental question of individual well-being are primarily four, viz.: Platonism, Epicurism, Stoicism, Christianity. He argues that each of these, after having by their intrinsic virtue contributed to the perfecting of humanity are at this day exhausted; that they have mutually modified each other by mingling and amalgamating, by combating and refuting; that from them have resulted two principles equally invincible by the other, equally unreasonable taken by itself, viz.: Spiritualism and Naturalism; that under the false form of each of two principles lies a legitimate idea, which need to be united in a new synthesis, need to be conciliated in a new conception of life. The synthesis must come forth from a revision of the question *What is life?* and then by showing that our life is not only *in us* but *out of us*, in other men, in humanity, we come to the question What is Humanity? and what the tie that unites the individual to humanity? We must then investigate the subject of happiness and the doctrines to which the study of its nature has given rise. The universal melancholy of thinkers, the confessions of poets and philosophers show the non-existence of absolute happiness. Solomon having experienced all felicity concludes that everything is vanity and falsehood. Pindar calls the life of man the dream of a shadow; and Shakespeare says, happiness is not in being born. Anacreon finds the grasshopper happier than men, and Horace repeats in every tone that life is short and fugitive.

Among the moderns is the same attestation that happiness is an idea without reality. This question of happiness and the problems relative thereto, returned ever to trouble Voltaire in the midst of his attacks against Christianity. Bolingbroke and Pope pretended to escape from theology by establishing that the order of Nature is perfect in itself, that the condition of man is what it should be, that he enjoys the sole measure of happiness of which his being is susceptible. Voltaire could not hold to this system; he wrote *Candide*, wrote his poem on *Les-bonne*, wrote twenty other works against the axiom that *all is well*. In the three last centuries since the faith in the heaven of Christianity has died out, these cries of melancholy have increased; as soon as man believes only in the present reality he is desperate.

Omnis creatura ingemiscit is the confession of Christian theology, and the same expression of melancholy is found in the ancient myths and in the eras of skepticism.

CHIPPEWAY LEGEND.

As the red men fade away from the earth there is a growing interest felt in the legends of the tribes, and in future years everything of the kind will be valued highly, as throwing light on the aboriginal character. The following is one of those legends furnished to the *National Intelligencer* by an Indian trader. It is entitled:

THE LOVER STAR.

There was once a quarrel among the stars, when one of them was driven away from its home in the heavens, and descended to the earth. It wandered from one tribe of Indians to another and had been seen hovering over the camp-fires of a thousand Indians when they were preparing themselves to sleep. It always attracted attention and inspired wonder and admiration. It often lighted upon the heads of little children, as if for the purpose of playing with them, but they were invariably frightened, and drove it away by their loud crying. Among all the people in the world only one could be found who was not afraid of the beautiful star, and this was a little girl, the daughter of a Chippewyan warrior. She was not afraid of the star, but rather loved it with her whole heart, and was very happy in her love. That she was loved by the star in return there could be no doubt, for wherever she traveled through the wilderness, there as the night came on did the star follow, but it was never seen in the day time. When the girl awoke at night the star floated just above her head, and when she was asleep, it was so constant in its watchfulness that she never opened her eyes, even at midnight, without beholding its brilliant light. People wondered at this strange condition of things, but how much more did they wonder when they found that the father of the girl never returned from the hunt without an abundance of game. They therefore concluded that the star must be the son of the Good Spirit, and they ever after spoke of it with veneration.

Time passed on, and it was midsummer. The Indian girl had gone into the woods for the purpose of gathering berries. Those of the wintergreen were nearly eaten up by the pigeons and the deer, and as the cranberries were beginning to ripen, she wandered into a large marsh with a view of filling her willow basket with them. He did so, and in the tangled thickets of the swamp she lost her way. She became frightened, and cried aloud for her father to come to her assistance. The only creatures that answered her cries were the frogs and loney bittern. The night was rapidly coming on and the farther she wandered the more intricate became her path. At one time she was compelled to wade into the water even to her knees, and then again would she fall into a deep hole and almost become drowned among the poisonous slime and weeds. Night came on and the poor girl looked up to the sky hoping that she might see the star she loved. A storm had arisen and the rain fell so

rapidly that a star could not live in it, and therefore was there none to be seen. The storm continued, the waters of the country rose, and, in rushing into the deeper lakes, they destroyed the Indian girl, and washed her body away so that it never could be found.

Many seasons passed away and the star continued to be seen above the watch-fires of the Chippewyans; but it did not stay long in one place, and its light seemed to have become dimmed.

It ever seemed to be looking for something that it could not find, and people knew that it was unhappy on account of the untimely death of the girl it had loved.

STRANGE INSTINCT OF THE DEER.

The large American panther has one inveterate and deadly foe, the black bear. Some of these immense bears will weigh 800 pounds, and their skin is tough that a musket-ball will not penetrate it. As the panther invariably destroys all the young cubs which come in her path, so does the bear take great pains to attack the panther, and fortunate, indeed, is the animal who escapes the deadly embrace of this black monster. The following exciting and interesting scene is related by an eye-witness:

A large deer was running at full speed, closely pursued by a panther. The chase had already been a long one, for as they came nearer, I could perceive both their long tongues hanging out of their mouths, and their bounding, though powerful, was no longer so elastic as usual. The deer, having discovered in the distance a large black bear, playing with her cubs, stopped a moment to sniff the air: then coming still nearer, he made a bound, with his head extended, to ascertain if Bruin kept his position. As the panther was closing with him, the deer wheeled sharp around, and turning back almost upon his own trail, passed within thirty yards of his pursuer, who, not being able at once to stop his career, gave an angry growl and followed the deer again, but at a distance of some hundred yards; hearing the growl, the bear drew his body half out of the bushes, remaining quietly on the look-out. Soon the deer again appeared, but his speed was much reduced—and as he approached towards the spot where the bear lay concealed, it was evident that the animal was calculating his distance with admirable precision. The panther, now expecting easily to seize his prey, followed about thirty yards behind, its eyes so intently fixed on the deer that it did not see Bruin at all. Not so the bear. She was aware of the close vicinity of her wicked enemy, and she cleared the briars and squared herself for action, when the deer, with a beautiful and powerful spring, passed clean over the bear's head and disappeared. At the moment he took the leap, the panther was close upon him, and was just balancing himself for a spring when he perceived, to his astonishment, that he was faced by a formidable adversary, not the least disposed to fly. He crouched, lashing his flanks with his long tail, while the bear, about five yards from him, remained like a statue, looking at the panther with her fierce, glaring eyes.

One minute they remained thus; the panther, its sides heaving with exertion, agitated, and apparently undecided; the bear perfectly calm and motionless. Gradually the panther crawled backwards, till at a right distance for a spring, when, throwing all his weight upon his hind parts, to increase its power, it darted upon the bear like lightning, and fixed its claws into her back. The bear, with irresistible force, seized the panther with her two fore claws, pressing it with the weight of her body and rolling over it. I heard a heavy grunt, a plaintive howl, a crashing of bones, and the panther was dead. The cub of the bear came to ascertain what was going on, and after a few minutes examination of the victim, it strutted down the slope of the hill, followed by its mother, who was apparently unhurt. I did not attempt to prevent their retreat, for among real hunters in the wilds there is a feeling which restrains them from attacking an animal which has just undergone a deadly strife.

This is a very common practice of the deer, when chased by the panther—that of leading him to the haunt of a bear; I have often witnessed it, although I never knew the deer to turn as in this instance.—[Pittsburgh National Reformer.]

FRENCH PROVINCIAL SOCIETY.—But it is incorrect to assume that in those cheap places you are exiled from society. In the interior (seldom on the coast) there is excellent society—of a kind, too, which for the most part, is rather too intellectual for the settler, consisting of the families of men of science and letters, who have taken up their residence in these localities for reasons connected with their pursuits or their personal affairs. In this respect, France is essentially different from England, and it is well to note the difference carefully. While the system of centralization renders Paris the focus of political movements, drawing into the capital much of the wealth and all the fashions of the country, literature and science, diffusive in their results, but retired and silent in their operations, linger lovingly in sequestered retreats, or in provincial towns and villages. Almost every town has its college; at all events, its public school, its museum, its picture-gallery, its library; and upon these foundations several professors are established. These professors are often men of a high order—antiquaries, historians, botanists, geologists, each, perhaps, a man of one idea, to which he devotes himself assiduously. The provinces are, in fact, full of a class of readers and writers unknown to England. Every province has its own capital, which attracts all the surrounding interests, forming a minor system of centralization in everything that concerns its history, science, and antiquities. It must not be supposed that all the distinguished men of letters in France run up to Paris, as in England they run up to London. The men of fortune do, leaving their chateaux to go to ruin, while they indulge their love of pleasure, and gamble away their resources in the *salons* of the capital; but men of letters stay behind to dignify and enrich the country of their birth and their labors. Fashionable novelists, dramatists, and mystics in poetry, philosophy, and religion, swarm to Paris, as the only place where they can obtain encouragement and remuneration; but students who attach themselves to severer pursuits, are content with the reward of discharging a useful duty in the most useful way. While Dumas, Scribe, Victor Hugo, engross the reading world of Paris, such men as Bodin and Mahe are found publishing the fruits of their learned researches in the scenes to which they refer. This is so generally the case, that if you want to get a local history, or an account of the antiquities of a place, your best chance is to enquire in the place itself. It often happens that such works in the ordinary course, rarely make their way to Paris.—[Wayside Pictures.]

EDUCATION.

"No orator of our time is more successful in embalming phrases, full of meaning in the popular memory. The well-known talismanic sentiment, '*The schoolmaster is abroad*,' is an instance. In a speech on the elevation of Wellington, a mere military chieftain to the premiership, after the death of Canning, Lord Brougham said—'Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington may take the army—he may take the navy—he may take the mitre. I make him a present of them all. Let him come on with his whole force, sword in hand, against the Constitution, and the English people will not only beat him back, but laugh at his assaults. In other times, the country may have heard with dismay that '*the soldier was abroad*.' It is not so now. Let the soldier be abroad if he will; he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage abroad—a person less imposing—in the eyes of some, perhaps, insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad; and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array."—[H. B. Stanton.]

Maintain the lordly soul free from the trammels of clay.

THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

Hood was a victim to the "literary ailment." For many years towards the close of his life, he was laboring under disease—habitually ill—dying slowly; and yet he wrote on. In one of his last publications to which he gave his name as editor, "*Hood's Magazine*," he thus humorously pointed out the pains of the literary life, in an imaginary letter from "A Subscriber;"

"SIR,—By your not coming out on the Furat, I conclude you are lade up, being notorious for enjoyin bad he'lt. I'll merrly, of course, like my poor Robert, for I've had a literary branch in my own family, a periodical one like yourself, only every Sunday, insted of onco a munth; and as such, well knew what it was to write long-winded articles with Weekly lungs. Poor fellow! as I often said, so much head-work, and nothin but head-work, will make a cherubbin of you; and so it did. Nothin but write, write, write, and read, read, read; and as our Docter says, it's as bad to study till all is boun, as to drink till all is blew. Mix your cullers. And werry good advice it is, when it can be follered, witch is not always the case; for if necessity has no Law, it has a good deal of Litterature, and Authors must rite what they must.

"As poor Robert used to say about seddentry habits, its very well, says he, to tell me about, like Mr. Wedsworth's single man as he grew double, sticking to my chair; but if there's no sittin, says he, there'll be no hatchin; and if I do brood too much at my desk, its because there's a brood expected from me once a week. Oh! its very well, says he, to cry, up with you; and go fetch a walk, and take a look at the daisies, when you've sold your mind to Miff & Co. Liss, and there's a devil waiting for your last proofs, as he did for Dr. Forsters. I know its killin me, says he, but if I die of over-work, its in the way of my vocation. Poor boy! I did all I could to nurridge him. Mock Turkey soup and strong slops, and wormy jelly, and island moss; but he couldnt eat. And no wonder; for mental labor, as the docter said, wears out the stummack as well as the branes; and so he'd been spinning out his inside, like a spider. And a spider he did look at last, sure enough; one of that sort with long spindie legs, and only a dot of a body in the middle.

"Annuther bad thing is settin up all nite, as my sun did, but it's all agin natur. Not but what sum must, and partickly the writers of politicks for the papers; but they ruin the constitution. And besides, even poetry is apt to get prosy, after twelve or one; and some late authors read very sleepy. Bnt as poor Robert said, what is one to do, when no day is long enuff for one's work, nor no munth either. And, to be sure, April, June, and September are all short munths, Ebber-very. However one grate thing is, relaxin, if you can, as the Docter used to say, what made Jack a dull boy? why, being always in the work-house, and never at the play-house. So, get out of your gownd and slippers says he, and put on your best things and unbend yourself like a beau. If you've been at your poetic flights, go and look at the Tems Tunnel; and if you're tired of being witty go and spend an hour with the wax work. The mind requires a change as well as the merchants.

"So take my advice, sir—a mother's advice—and relax a little. You want brassing, a change of hair, and more stummack. And you ought to ware flannel, and take tonicks. Do you ever drink Basses pail? It's as good as camomile tea. But above all, there's one thing I recommend to you, steal wine; it's been a saving to some invalids.

"Hoping you will excuse this liberty from a stranger, but a well-meaning one, I am, sir,

A SUBSCRIBER."

Thus could Hood play with a subject full of painful import, and inculcate severe truths, in quaint and humorous guise. He made the eye to dance with laughter, at the same time he touched the heart to its depths. It was *Comus* teaching sympathy and human kindness. The laugh passed away, but the stern truth remained.—[Eliza Cook's Journal.]

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1849.

THE JUDGMENT OF CHRISTENDOM.

NUMBER ONE.

How organize a CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH—a CONFEDERACY of Christian Commonwealths, is the question, which the religious and political dissensions of the age force home upon every earnest spirit.

The three prevalent attempts to solve this problem—Dependence of State on Church—Dependence of Church on State—Independence—have manifestly failed.

How then can Christendom be christianized?

How can Humanity be humanized?

Are these questions equivalent?

Will God's Kingdom ever come?

Can His Will be done on Earth, as it is done in HEAVEN?

During these last eighteen tantalizing months,—wherein the two great parties of Order and Liberty, each claiming a divine sanction for its acts, professedly obeying providential guidance, and in hope interlinking its policy with the destinies of mankind, have fought hand to hand,—how the heart, perplexed, and baffled, weary of conflict, sick of injustice, has longed for some CENTRAL AUTHORITY, worthy of loyal love, whose rule is right, whose service is freedom. Assurance of the stability and resistanceless progress of Nature,—trust in the everlasting, all-pervading decrees of Absolute Good,—do not satisfy the craving of human affection; we long for a nearer, warmer, presence of God in Man,—for a manifestation of Deity, beautiful in form as the harmonies of the Universe, pure in principle as the will of Infinite Being, yet human, who can sympathize, commune, co-operate with us.

Is there a Head of Humanity,—King at once of Kings,—and Brother of the People,—a Heavenly Law-giver and Law Executor, mighty to control most cruel Autocrats, benignant to soothe and save the maddened Multitudes?

Where is the Center of UNITY for this distracted Race?

Let every watchman on the mountains tell what glad tidings are given by the Spirit.

I.—CHRISTENDOM IS THE CENTER OF MANKIND.

The barbarous nations lie crushed beneath idolatry, oppression, and brutalizing customs; Christians by name, merchants, sailors, soldiers, travelers, sow abroad the contagious moral pestilences of their own craft, cruelty, lust, egotism; Christian Governments, so called, conquer, plunder, frighten, weak savage races, and exterminate them by emigration and dispossession; Christian sects, professedly, send forth missionaries, bigoted, ignorant, enthusiastic, to renew among Heathen proselytes the feuds which make Christianity powerless at home; does it not at a superficial glance look like a hopeless undertaking to reconcile Mankind by Holiness and Humanity?

Yet when we cast off the nightmare of desponding doubt, and with clear eyes look abroad, how plain is it, that by a twofold process,—material and spiritual,—the world is becoming One.

How swift and ever swifter the process!

Children are now born, who will live to see the eastern and western continents, the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans knit indissolubly by incessant lines of steamboats and telegraphs. Not an island, desert, mountain-range, in the remotest corner of the globe, will remain unexplored at the end of this nineteenth century. The productions of every clime will be freely interchanged, the earth round, as by rapid circulations in a healthy body, ere twenty-five years are passed. And in a word, every

far off factory, commission house, trader's depot or hunter's camp, is an artery through which the life-blood of the Race, sent out from central organs of industry, already pulsates.

Parallel with this physical organization of mankind, pervading it, indeed preceding it,—as thought goes before action—is a vast nervous network of spiritual communication. Customs, manners, arts, languages, forms of government, modes of family intercourse, rites of worship, are diffused by every ship, settler, consular office, mission-house. Each day sees the outbirth of some new project for diffusing intelligence, humane courtesies, gentle habits. The journals of scientific bodies are filled with demonstrations of the physical, mental, moral unity, that underlies all differences of temperament, speech, social usages and mythology. In concerts of prayer the earth is encircled with small bands and crowded congregations, who open their hearts to the influx of the Father's universal mercy as flowers follow the sun, and who pray for His reign of righteousness through every land. From remote villages and thronged cities pour in contributions to swell the river of heavenly love, which by preachers, tracts, bibles, piety, pure manners, brotherly kindness, shall make glad the earth, as a garden of the Lord. The word Peace—Peace Permanent and Universal—is spoken. An ideal of the Harmony of Humanity quickens thousands of thinkers, who serve as a brain to the race. And rapidly, before a new impulse of Fraternity,—so wide, various, resistless, as to approve itself an aspiration from superhuman spheres,—are slavery, war, poverty, injustice, all forms of inhuman degradation, destined to vanish.

Explain these facts, as we may,—it still remains a palpable reality, that Christendom is the Spiritual and Material Center of Mankind. The Naturalist even may assert with unhesitating assurance, that its Commerce and its Charity will interlink all nations, ere their force is exhausted. While the Supernaturalist recognizes, with glad awe, in this interworking of Politics and Religion to unify the Human Race, the manifest agency of One Celestial Life.

II.—THE CENTER OF CHRISTENDOM.

This coincidence of the highest Civilization with the Spirit of Holy Humanity, can appear accidental to frivolous skeptics only. Christendom viewed in relation to the ages which prepared the way for its advent, and to the dispersed nations which during its development it has been and is assimilating to a symmetric whole, more and more reveals itself as the grand providential means for making MAN manly. And in degree as through purity, profound thought and prayer, we enter into the heart of the vital process, whereby Christendom itself is becoming humanized, does the Light of its Life shine out upon us. Where are the spirits, many or few, animated with perfect Love; where is the One spirit, so full, wide, single in disinterestedness, as to embrace Mankind Universal in sympathy? There should we reach the very fountain-head of energy, physical and spiritual, of our Race.

How shall we ascend to this Center of Christendom?

Two great tendencies have for centuries swayed the members of Christian communities. We must reverently study both;—and not trust to partial gleams of our individual intelligence,—until assured by deep experience, that an illumination, more serene and bright than is elsewhere reflected, radiates upon us from above. What years of persistent goodness should precede such self-confidence!

1. The first of these tendencies is CARNOTIC.

Let this word be understood, not in the technical sense of ecclesiastical partizanship, but with that fluent significance, to which the untrammelled heart responds. It should suggest to us not Greek, Roman, Anglican Churchism, but the Reality of a Life, One and Universal, inspiring Collective Man. Cordially be it owned, that Churchmen have most earnestly cherished, and by word and deed exhibited, the fact of communion with

this Unitary inspiration. Yet in some degree this Catholic tendency makes itself felt in every believer of all denominations not perverted by proud wilfulness.

What is the *positive good* of Catholicism?

When a spirit awakens to consciousness of the sternness of nature's laws, the justice of conscience, the complexity of life's problems,—recognizes its organic excesses and defects, its besetting temptations, trials, burdens, responsibilities, and looks around for light and aid,—it finds itself standing on firm grounds of usage, surrounded by an atmosphere of faith, quickened by animating examples, guided by luminous maxims, set in open pathways made smooth by many feet, and heralded by hopes like voices of forerunners from the mountain tops. Shall it accept and obey, or scorn and reject the commands of the silver-haired past? Catholicism reverences what is hallowed by the accumulated prayers, vows, efforts, sacrifices, benignant promises of ancestry. Now, doubtless, when the spirit takes this humble attitude, self-conceit and caprice are absorbed in a grateful sense of the collective good, which countless multitudes have conspired to distil and distribute. Faith at its entrance unbars the doors and windows of the soul, and its once lonely halls resound with cheerful company. Catholicism makes us legatees of the successes of bygone ages.

Christian Catholicism refers through an unbroken hierarchy of apostles, a continuous line, of transmitted traditions and usages, to Him, who called himself the Son of God, and who dying in disgrace amid an obscure and conquered people yet uncompromisingly claimed the sovereignty of Mankind.

II. The second of these tendencies is PROTESTANT.

Let not this name bring before us thoughts of dogmatic denials and quibbling doubts. Essentially, Protestantism is a reclaiming of the rights of Individual Man. The last comer, latest born, and in this sense oldest in human experience, is called to sit as judge in a court of appeal forever open. Humanity refines itself through generations; the nervous fibre grows more delicate and quick in sensibility; intellect is trained to keener discrimination, wider range, more swiftly varied perception; affection puts off its husks of spring-time and opens its flowers to the summer sun.

What is the *positive good* of Protestantism?

It is a recognition of the real presence of God's spirit in individual will and wisdom. Most awful in dignity, most exhilarating is this consciousness, that man interiorly can receive the life of the All-Living, ay! that he must receive such influx, as the very condition of a truly human intercourse with his kind. Will,—that mysterious emotive force, so exhaustlessly rich in prompting and sweet in promise, so kingly in commanding charm! How wonderful is the experience that we can neither create nor destroy, neither directly quicken nor curb its forces; that it *makes us*, by the very energy which is its essence. Trace back these feelings, which flood the soul,—and who can doubt that their fountain-head, however winding, and intermingled their currents, is in Him, whose Love is the cause of all moving power? Wisdom—that virgin consort of affection, whose faithful counsels come self justified, whose declarations of principles and facts man may receive but cannot alter, whose voice of judgment sooner or later makes its accents heard above the tumult of mob-like whims! How intuitively evident, that this Reason, which is the light of our rationality, the order of our logic, the law of our legislation, is but a ray, however reflected or refracted, from Him who is the Orb of Truth. Traditions, forms, precedents, are in themselves dead mechanism. The experiences, creeds, customs of all ages, are forever to be reanimated by the influent love and truth of successive generations. Protestantism, or Individualism, is the miracle worker, that from everlasting to everlasting rejects effete material and assimilates vitalized elements, slowly organizing every filament of Humanity.

Christian Protestantism finds amidst the regenerate sons of God, whose piety and charity have refreshed the race, no one so worthy of homage, as Him, who though asserting his unity of will with his Heavenly Father, yet approved himself by universal fraternity to be the Son of man. W. H. C.

SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

HOING against hope, the friends of Peace urge on the policy of Transition. But the world is apparently mad for one last, terrible, decisive fight. It does seem like blowing against a tornado to attempt to stop this fatal tendency. Our race is coarse, hard, savage; and Fourier's guess, that our planet is a peculiarly crude one and its creations partial, finds confirmation in the instinct of conscience wherein originated the orthodox doctrine of depravity. In the half-hell—which humanity is, the demons still hold rule. But God overrules. Hell shall be redeemed.

The Revolution of 1848-49 means SOCIALISM; and nothing more or less. That fact is too luminous to be shut out by any veils of prejudice. A New Era has opened, the characteristic of which will be the elevation of the Fourth Estate. The two watch-words of the two great parties—uttered on all sides, through clubs, tracts, newspapers, reviews, debates—bring the significance of the time with stern brevity before us:

ORGANIZATION OF LABOR, shout the People.

SECURITY TO PROPERTY, answer the Privileged.

For a moment there is rest in Christendom. The exhausted combatants, crippled by the late short, sharp conflict, lean on their weapons, waiting to give the final blow. Superficial observers only can find comfort in the notion that the battle is over. Their cozy nap is like to be rudely broken, unless the wide-awake bestir themselves to make not a temporary truce, but a permanent peace, by means of justice really done—of rights acknowledged, and duties rendered. If the present chance of re-established order—such order as it is—he not promptly, energetically used, we shall shortly witness a struggle, in comparison with which the tumult of last year was like a rippling rill to a roaring freshet. Is there no rousing influential leaders of all classes to know, that no *postponement is practicable* of the Problem of "Industry and Capital"—that Humanity cannot be disappointed in its hope, that God will not be mocked in his purpose, that peaceably or forcibly this problem must be solved?

I.—THE PRIVILEGED DOMINANT.

The article on Industrial Feudalism closed with an array of opposite claims, urged fiercely or pathetically, with pride or with pity, by People and Privileged. The Moneyed Aristocracy feel that they hold sovereignty, throughout Civilized Christendom; the dependant Multitudes feel it too, and to their seek.

The simple question is how shall this power of rule be exercised? To confirm the *serfdom* of the Working Class, or to raise them to the *peerage*?

For an instant let us glance at the least exceptionable of many modes whereby Industrial Feudalism may systematically establish itself.

Here then is Pauperism. What shall be done with it?

Ascribe what impoverishing influence we may to war-debts, military and naval expenditures, extravagant administrations, intemperance, &c.—and undeniably the waste of wealth, through these ever open public sewers, is great beyond conception or calculation—yet, after due deductions are made, there remain two stubborn facts.

1. Annual production in civilized communities is not sufficient to supply comfortably the wants of all classes, and leave necessary capital for future enterprise.

2. Population actually increases more rapidly than do the means of ample support.

Hence inevitably a Pauper Class, under existing relations between property and labor. Thus much Political Economy seems to have demonstrated.

At any rate, it is notorious, that the most civilized states are most oppressed by poor-taxes; and politicians and statisticians puzzle their brains fruitlessly with paradoxes of Over-production and Over-population, augmenting National Wealth and National Bankruptcy, monstrous accumulations by the Few and intolerable miseries of the Many.

What then to do with Pauperism?

Suppose the Money-Power in England, France, or Germany, using its means of molding rulers and statesmen, should reason thus: "There are too many mouths for the bread, too many backs for the clothes; population must be checked, production must be quickened; great cities breed crime, wretchedness, discontent, radicalism; there are waste lands enough to be redeemed at home and abroad. Let us then urge government betimes to arrest and distribute vagrants. The process will be more expeditious and economical than leaving the poor, as is now done, to become pickpockets and ponchers before transporting them. Armies are ruinously costly; Public charities are demoralising and unproductive; Police is clumsy, powerless, burdensome. Habits of lawlessness formed and fixed are hard to be broken; and self-respect once ruined cannot readily be rebuilt. The very sight of ragged, gaunt, dirty, rude, reckless creatures, hurts sensibility, shocks taste, sets a bad example to the young, suggests wild thoughts to the extravagant,—is a perpetual irritation and fever-sore, in a word. Let us aim therefore to systematize the Work-House plan. Let us call upon government to establish Agricultural and Manufacturing Colonies, separately or in combination, according to opportunity, and fulfilling its duty of guardianship, to plant the poor among them. By foreclosing mortgages, dispossessing bankrupt owners, and moderate cash payments, it can easily procure the necessary lands, and grant them to corporations. Let trustees then select skillful scientific farmers as chief-managers, buy the most approved machinery and best breeds of stock, organize regular bands of laborers, and set them to work under the double stimulus, of hardship and hunger for the refractory, and prospective copartnership for the docile. Men and women must be strictly kept apart, or allowed to marry only as a reward and under restrictions. Children must be separated from their parents, placed under suitable conditions physical, mental, moral, regularly trained to labor, and taught to earn a livelihood. In a word, instead of enlisting the broken down, friendless, poor and young as soldiers, and drilling them to become good killing machines, let government draft all, who cannot support themselves and families in decency and comfort, into Armies of Industry and form them to become agents of production. Thus will civilized states take at least one effectual step to save themselves from impending bankruptcy.

Suppose one leading nation systematically to carry out this plan. After a sort it would succeed; and Money thereby controls the whole farming class. Other nations follow the example. Then, agriculture being partially regulated, the advantage begins to be perceived of centralization in all spheres, and Governments swayed by the Moneyed Power proceed to manage Manufactures, Commerce, Internal Improvements, Finance, Proprietorship. Industrial Feudalism would then be perfectly established, by hierarchies rising in each nation from Masters, through Nabobs, to Monarchs, and culminating in a confederacy of civilized Oligarchies swayed by the wealthiest Autocrat. Surely the tendencies already at work show us how a policy like this might become the law of Christendom. What would be the result? Some advantages would plainly grow out of the economies, complete provisions, order, of this organization. But the moral meannesses of such passive conformity by the many to the monied few, could not but outweigh the gains of material comfort. The transition-process must be short. Growing intelligence, and humanity, on all sides, would make the servitude of such a Feudalism intolerable. And unless large

Proprietors speedily opened the way to the People to become Co-partners—one desperate, co-operative rising of the Workers, would shatter the dynasty of wealth in the dust once and forever. In such an emergency, the Proprietors could only yield.

Industrial Feudalism, then, even if successful in establishing itself, must sooner or later solve the Problem of Capital and Industry, according to justice, by making

THE LABORER A PROPRIETOR, THE PROPRIETOR A LABORER.

Really however, it is waste time to consider the difficulties, duties, responsibilities, of so improbable a future. The world will not wait for a transition to GUARANTEEISM, by the peaceful means of Universal Centralization. Swift and ever-swifter, events are hastening towards the grand consummation. The People must be emancipated quickly, or they will take possession of their rights, as best they can.

II.—MODES OF REVOLUTION.

The following formulas, derived from Fourier, bring lucidly before the mind the steps which must be taken to transmute the impending Social Revolution into Social Reformation.

There can be no PEACE, permanent and universal, without *freeing the Laborer*.

The Laborer cannot be made really free, without *guarantees of a Minimum support*.

Guarantees of a Minimum support cannot be given without *great increase of Wealth*.

Wealth cannot be increased without rendering *Industry ATTRACTIVE*.

How could a Proprietor, Capitalist, Merchant, Master, read that brief argument, without instant conviction that it is suicidal for civilized communities to delay the Organization of Industry. The very considerations,—which show how sad destructive violence on the part of the People must be, by the very wretchedness of poverty it would occasion,—prove the absolute necessity of instant and effective measures to multiply wealth, as the only means of averting that violence.

Revolution must come, unless the Moneyed Power so direct public legislation, private enterprise and philanthropic effort, as to introduce the Working-Class to all advantages possessed by the Middle-Class. The only question is as regards *modes of Revolution*.

We have described the four ascending classes of Industrial Feudalism,—Masters, Merchants, Financiers, Proprietors; we have recognized the four forms of oppression whereby the Privileged control the People—Machinery, Speculation, Interest, Rent. Now against each class and form of oppression will a special revolutionary effort be directed; and all these efforts will converge in a combined Revolution of the Workers against the Moneyed Oligarchy, unless the Middle Class take the initiative movement while they can, and by peaceful and progressive, yet prompt and energetic measures of Social Reformation, transmute Wrongs into Rights.

The END, which must be attained,—by concert or by conflict,—is the securing to Producers the Wealth, which they ought to own just in so far as they have put their *own life* into it, and have so *appropriated* mere natural material by mingling with it their *proper* human energy. Or to express this plain thought in a brief formula, the end of Social Revolution is to ensure

THE EQUIVALENCE OF LABOR AND PROPERTY.

Social Revolution will use,—is using—*two modes* of action, the one Political, the other Warlike. Let us glance at each in turn.

1. *Politically*, the aim of Social Revolutionists is to reverse entirely existing relations between Capital and Industry, by giving to Work the supremacy, so long usurped by Money. There are many branches of this movement,—and it is only after watching social tendencies carefully, that one comes to perceive how tremendous is the change, which is preparing in men's

thoughts and swiftly swelling towards deeds. These tendencies range over the whole ground of practical interests from Industry to Appropriation. We can but rapidly enumerate a few.

At one extreme are movements,—which pivoting upon the primal Right to Labor, by the Ten Hour's system, Lien Laws securing just compensation to workmen, modifications of Apprenticeships, and provisions for Exemption of tools, shops, &c. from seizure—seek to guarantee to workmen means of honest livelihood, opportunities of culture and social refinement, rapid progress in enterprises, equal chances of competing with capital. At the opposite extreme, and pivoting upon the assertion of every man's absolute Right to foothold on the Soil—are the movements to distribute Land in limited quantities to Actual Settlers, and to check the growth of Land Speculation and Monopoly, Home-ten'd Exemption bills, Direct Taxation, and a radical change in the whole system of Loans on Mortgage. Between these measures, which have regard to juster proportion between Industry and Appropriation, are others aimed at prevalent abuses in Commerce and Finance, pivoting upon Free-Trade, Cash-Payments, Hard Currency, and provisions against Usury.

Thus wide, complex, intense, restless, are the efforts of Social Revolution politically. He, who cherishes the conceit, that amidst the diffused intelligence, ameliorated manners, quick philanthropy, democratic sympathies, and rapid material progress, of this age, it is possible long to postpone legal enactments for the elevation of Labor and bringing Capital down to its just level, are but stupid dreamers. Wise statesmen will waste no power in attempting to thwart tendencies so manifestly just in principle, but will concentrate energies upon directing their development.

2. In a nation so favored, by prosperity and expansive institutions, as the United States, there is little danger that Social Revolutionists will be forced into a War for the rights of Workmen against the Money Power. One cannot credit, that here tyranny should breed desperation, prevalent as injustice is. But alas! in the old world a horrible Social War seems all but inevitable. Strikes, conflagrations, destruction of machinery, powerless on the small scale, will become converted into a vast combined effort of the wretched, exasperated, tantalized, aspiring People to become possessed of Government. The rank and file of armies will unite with them; leaders in whom they confide will be entrusted with administration; property of all kinds will be taken charge of, and redistributed and regulated by an executive, controlled by and responsible to popular assemblies; provisions will be made for converting rent into payment for lands, houses, &c.; interest will be reduced to the lowest percent or utterly done away with; peoples banks will be organized, opening unlimited credits, &c.

Now what is to be feared is not a want of magnanimity and justice in the heart of the people, but an utter chaos of contradictory theories and projects. Before the eddies of that whirlwind,—whereinto remembered wrongs, wild hopes, vague dreams, selfish passion, philanthropic enthusiasm, suspicion, prejudice, wilfulness, and love of power, will fiercely rush, what institution of the past will stand!

Christendom should pray, "If it be possible, from this awful trial spare us, oh Our Father. Yet Thy Will be done. If only by terrible judgments can the accumulated wrongs of ages be purified, inspire thy children with heroism, patience, wisdom, brotherly kindness, reverence, to rule the Social Hell of Revolution, and to convert demons into angels by Divine Order."

Prayer is but blasphemous mockery, unprepared for, unaccompanied by correspondent deeds! How clear is it then, that the *one work*, to which every humane and holy, every wisely provident person, is summoned in this day, is SOCIAL REORGANIZATION. Thus only can Revolution be stayed; thus only can it be regulated; thus only redeemed from a blighting curse, and transformed into a beneficent creation.

W. B. C.

THE WORD IS THE ARK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE:

Dear Sir—I have read, in the thirteenth number of your periodical, the first of a series of "Letters to Associationists," in which the persons thus designated are invited to commune with the editor, and to freely challenge and correct errors, &c. As an Associationist I would gladly accept the invitation to communion, without the least disposition to "challenge" or "correct" any one. I seek friendly communion, and that only.

We are invited to consider, in the first place, "our position." From a careful reading of the whole letter it would seem that our position is deemed analogous to that of the family of Noah while in the Ark. Although the interrogatory form is used, it is clearly implied, that there is not even *one* solitary truth now extant in all Christendom so clearly perceived as "to serve as an Ararat amid the deluge of doubt." The Church, the College and the State—that is, Religion, Science, and Civil Government, are all represented as being submerged in the desolating flood of false principles now abroad over the whole earth.

I am not at all displeased with the *mystic* style in which your proposition is presented, for that is a style in which the highest wisdom is conveyed to the human intellect in the fewest words. A very short narrative, in parabolic or mystic style, is capable of conveying to the mind more ideas of wisdom than could be contained in many volumes written in the ordinary style. A few material facts, mystically arranged, are made to represent to the intelligent mind an entire system of heavenly truths, just as a few drops of water may be so placed as to reflect the vast circling dome of the starry firmament. In the brief narrative concerning the Good Samaritan, for instance, how perfectly is presented a view of man's degeneracy, and the beneficence of God towards him. How beautiful a miniature of the Divine-Human countenance!—a picture that necessarily increases in brightness with our increase of experience in humane and beneficent action! What other style of writing could possibly present such a picture? Indeed, I am well satisfied that the books of holy Scripture are all of them written in the mystic style, so arranged and dictated by the Lord himself, as to render them, when rightly understood, a real, veritable transcript of the Word—the Logos—the Divine Wisdom—or, what amounts to the same, the Laws of Spiritual and Immutable Order. Therefore, I look upon the Word as being, in a supreme sense, *THE ARK*, which is safely upborne upon the flood now devastating the earth.

In this I am not aware that I controvert your position; for the doctrines of Association appear to me in full harmony with the teachings of the Word, so far as I have been enabled to understand them both. But it must be acknowledged that there are very many in the Associative school, who do not perceive this harmony, and therefore do not *knowingly* attach any importance to the written Word, however ardently they may embrace its truths as presented in the doctrines of Association. So long as this continues to be the case with the most considerable number of our school, the cause must languish for the want of vital energy. The reason is obvious, when we reflect that all energy is spiritual in its source and origin; that before the spiritual faculties become active, man is not in the possession of all his powers; that he is incapable of perceiving true ends, and consequently must be deficient in his adaptation of means. With all such, the material phase of life predominates; they perceive only the material benefits of Association; and, however willing they may be to bestow a portion of their time and means to the cause, they must reserve a very great share of both for the affairs of business under a system they desire to leave behind them. Thus the greater part of their action is given to perpetuate what a small portion is designed to supercede. There are other impediments which this class of our school unwillingly offer to a rapid progress, but I forbear to name them here.

From these considerations the conclusion urges itself forward, that Associationists owe it to themselves and the cause they would serve, to make themselves familiar with the full scope of the mighty doctrines of their school, in their spiritual as well as material aspect, by an earnest study of the written Word and its heavenly doctrines as unfolded by that highly gifted seer, Emanuel Swedenborg. To this source of instruction the most prominent Associationists are indebted. One of the most profound thinkers of our day has said, that the exclusive disciples of either Fourier or Swedenborg do not understand their respective masters; and I doubt not that all who earnestly consult both, will arrive at the same conclusion. Furthermore, they will find that the principles unfolded by these two authors are as the clusters of ripe fruit brought by Joshua and Caleb from the promised land, which they had visited in advance of their brethren; together with abundance of similar testimony, that mayhap will enable them to become joyful witnesses to the opening of the "seven seals," which for ages has been set upon the sacred volume of Divine Inspiration.

And now, Mr. Editor, for the accomplishment of this end, would it not be well for the Associationists of this city to hold, weekly meetings for mutual instruction? If so, please make the suggestion.

Ever yours,

New York, Oct. 4, 1849.

J. W.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS TO THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 20, Latest Date, Oct. 6.

The important topic of this week continues to be the refusal of TURKEY to surrender the HUNGARIAN and POLISH refugees on the demand of RUSSIA. It was contracted between the two powers, in a treaty of 1774, that fugitives from either nation should be surrendered, on certain conditions, at the requisition of the other. On the strength of this argument, Russia insists on her present claim. Turkey refuses to comply with the demand, and pleads the former violation of the treaty on the part of the Russians especially during the Greek Revolution.

It is avowed by the Russian envoy, that the Czar has determined to bring the refugees, now under the protection of Turkey, to the most severe punishment, the moment they are in his power. Nothing short of the death of these noble exiles will appease the Imperial vengeance. The whole Turkish nation protests against being made to participate in this murderous policy. The Grand Council of the Sultan unanimously decide to resist the demands of Russia, and to defy her threats. Their opinion is fully shared by the Sultan. He is sustained in his course by his religious advisers. It is insisted on by the public teachers of religion, that the surrender of the exiles, who have sought the hospitality of the nation, would be a shameful outrage on the principles of Mohametanism. The morality of Moslem rebukes the profligacy of Christian nations. The decision of Turkey is vigorously supported by the French and English Ministers. It is suggested that measures will be taken by the Sultan to remove the fugitives from Constantinople, from whence they can easily escape to England. In that case, Russia will have no pretext for hostile proceedings.

The Legislature of FRANCE resumed its session on the first of October. There was no excitement whatever at the meeting of the Chamber. There were very few more people about the house than usual; although a few blouses were seen around and along the quays they were not allowed to loiter. The Democratic members were in full force on their benches, but the Chamber was by no means full, only 490 members being present. After the number of members was ascertained to be 486, the Minister of Foreign Affairs ascended the tribune, and addressed the Chamber on the Roman question, demanding credits for the support of the expedition to the amount of \$8,000,000 francs. M. Dupin was elected President of the Assembly till January,

1850, by a large majority. The Assembly then adjourned till the 4th instant, the intervening day being appointed for a large number of Committees. In the Bureaux, on the 4th, the discussion was on the expedition to Rome, Louis Napoleon's letter, and the credits demanded. Gen. d'Hautpoul and others, disapproved of the letter of the President of the Republic to Col. Ney, while Victor Hugo, De la Moskowa, and several more, gave it their cordial sanction. M. Thiers expressed his satisfaction with the manifesto of the Pope, and hoped that as the object of the French expedition had been fulfilled, the troops would be withdrawn. M. Baroche was of opinion that the army should not retire until the Pope gave promise of a more extended amnesty. M. Bagnot thought that if the amnesty was more general, some of the most discontented would return to Rome, and foment fresh quarrels. There is no doubt but the Committee will recommend the adoption of the credits for the Roman expedition.

Gen. Lamoriciere's mission to Russia having proved a failure, he has left St. Petersburg on his return to Paris. He was received by the Emperor with perfect good breeding, but this cordiality was only extended to him in his military character. As Ambassador of the French Republic, the Emperor would hold no communication with Gen. Lamoriciere. He was provided with a double set of credentials—the one as Ambassador, the other as Minister-Plenipotentiary; and the grand object of the mission was the hope that the Emperor would receive him as Ambassador. But the Emperor never gave him an opportunity of producing the latter credentials, or alluding in any way to the subject. General de Lamoriciere, therefore, returns to France without having an opportunity of speaking one word to the Emperor on political matters.

The war-steamer Archimede is lying at anchor in the roads, fully equipped for sea, to convey to Madagascar the parties accused of having participated in the insurrectionary movement of June last. Felix Pyat has written to one of his correspondents at Paris, announcing his intention to surrender himself to appear on the 10th October, before the High Court of Justice at Versailles. Among the documents seized at the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers on the 13th of June, is the following letter, dated the 13th June, and addressed to M. Ledru-Rollin:

"Citizen Ledru-Rollin—Everything goes on wonderfully well. The night has been most usefully employed. At 11 o'clock, or at mid-day the people will be up, with their rear-guard in arms, in case of emergency. I went last night to your house, for the purpose of informing you of the number of arrests which had taken place, and of entreating you not to pass the night at home. Many of my friends and of yours are, at the moment I write, viz: 7 o'clock in the morning, in a state of great anxiety; for the rumor is in circulation that many of your colleagues had been arrested. At length the moment has arrived, and the People count on the Mountain, and particularly on you. Not being able to return to my house, I, as well as many of my fellow citizens, am without money. See, if you can, in the name of our country in danger, but happy and free tomorrow, advance me some funds. This letter will be transmitted to you through the care of a good patriot, in whose house I am at this moment.

"Vive La Republique Democratique Sociale."

"May God preserve you."

BERNARD DIFULPAT."

The participation of Victor Considerant and other members of the French Associative School, is referred to in the subjoined extract from the bill of indictment.

"The meeting called at the office of the *Democrate Parisien* was held on the 11th of June, between 11 and 12 o'clock. It was presided over at first by the accused, Considerant, representative and principal editor of that journal, and at the close M. de Garardin, principal editor of *La Presse*. M. Toussene, who was present as a member of the Committee of the press, is certain of

having seen, independently of a considerable number of journalists, the accused Servient, Sonjeon, Chipron, Morel, Tessier, Domotry, all of them members of the Committee of Twenty-five of the Socialist Committee. The accused Cantagrel and Vanthier, are the only representatives indicated as having appealed at the morning's meeting. According to Toussenet and Chotard, the discussion was on the part the representatives of the press ought to take in the actual circumstances, and particularly on what ought to be done in case the majority rejected the proposition of impeachment. It was decided that the press and the representatives of the people should protest against the violation of the Constitution. A second meeting was then fixed to take place the same night in the Rue Coq Haron, No. 5, in the office of the Journal *Le Peuple*. It appears certain that M. de Girardin and other members, while declaring themselves in favor of an energetic protest on the part of the minority, combated the idea of a popular manifestation on the ground of its having a ridiculous termination, or of an insurrection as inopportune, and wanting the elements of success. The question of making the Mountain retire to a different place from that of the Palace of the National Assembly was also necessarily mooted; as M. de Girardin tried to demonstrate the inconvenience resulting from a step of the kind. On the other hand, the accused Considerant who had called the meeting and presided at it, proceeded immediately afterward to the 14th bureau of the Chamber, where the Mountain was assembled, and presented, previously drawn up, as he himself admits, propositions which were far from being of a pacific character. They had for object—to declare, during the sitting, the overthrow of the Executive Power; to declare the majority accomplices in the violation of the Constitution; and to constitute in permanence the Assembly, thus reduced to what he termed the Constitutional Representatives."

M. Guizot and M. Duchatel are expected in Paris about the end of November, and it is said that they have not abandoned the hope of being able to form a powerful monarchial party in the Assembly, although they are themselves not members.

There is no doubt of the surrender of Comorn. Haynau would not hear of any terms, while Radetzky was for granting an amnesty. Haynau apparently carried his point and set off in triumph to attack the fortress, take it, as he said, and hang all within. But no sooner was he gone than Radetzky exerted himself, and obtained from the Emperor the conditions which the garrison required. These are, an amnesty, 800,000 florins for the notes within the fortress, and passports for those who wish to emigrate. Thus has Haynau been disappointed of his butchery, perhaps of his defeat, and the peaceful surrender of Comorn secured. Radetzky has also obtained the assurance that the surrender of Kossuth by Austria will not be insisted on. This, too, was a point with the garrison of Comorn.

It is reported that Gorgey has been shot by Count Edmund Zichy, whose brother was hanged by Gorgey's order in the Danubian island of Csepel. It is not positively known whether the insurgent chief fell in a duel or not. One account is that Count Zichy walked up to Gorgey, who was sitting in a coffee-house and shot him dead on the spot.

The English journals speak approvingly of the conduct of the American Government in the Poussin affair, and in suppressing the movement against Cuba. Intelligence has been received at the Admiralty which authorises the hope that Sir John Franklin is not lost.

There has been another collision between the peasantry and constabulary. The affair is thus described by a late Cork paper;

"On Sunday week a number of the tenants of Sir George Colthurst assembled, at an early hour, and cut down a large proportion of the growing crops on their respective holdings. No opposition to their proceedings was offered on that day, but the amount of labor they had to go through compelled them to

remain satisfied with cutting down and securing the crops. On Sunday morning, Sept 30, it is stated that upward of 200 men (but this is probably an exaggeration,) assembled and commenced to make arrangements for carrying off the Corn. In this proceeding they were, however opposed by a number of men employed for that purpose, and the natural result was, that a conflict of a serious character ensued. During the continuance of the struggle the Police were called in, and it is reported the military were sent for; but, before the latter arrived, the persons who had attempted to carry off the crops were compelled to retire with the loss of one man killed and several wounded, while, it is said, some of the police and several of the men belonging to the opposing party were severely injured."

News of the Week.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

An incident of the cholera occurred in this city a few days since, which for several reasons we think worth recording. Among the households which had been entered and stricken by the fatal disease, was that of Mr. Hangley, a worthy Irishman who has long been employed by the Commissioner of Streets. His wife, a warm-hearted, motherly woman, devotedly attached to children, and self-sacrificing to promote their welfare and happiness, was taken with the Cholera and died, and was buried on Thursday, Sept. 20th. Next a lovely little daughter, seven years of age, was taken sick, and she too died, and her body laid out and her limbs adjusted in the embrace of the King of Terrors. The father applied to Alderman Wingate for a coffin, but for some cause it could not be had immediately, and its delivery postponed for an hour or two; during this time Mr. Hangley returned home, when the supposed dead child stretched forth her arms, with the exclamation, "Oh, Father! I have been to Heaven, and it is a beautiful place!"

After the surprise and the excitement of the girl had subsided, she gave a relation of what she had seen, as she expressed it, "in Heaven."

She saw her mother in Heaven, and she was taking care of little children, many of whom she called by name, and among them she said were four children of Uncle Hangley, and three children of Uncle Cassey's. "Aunt Lynch is not there now, but she will be to-morrow; and on Sunday I shall go back again."

"But," said an elder sister, "it cannot be so, dearest, for there are but two of Uncle Cassey's children dead!"

"Yes, I saw three of them in Heaven, and dear mother was taking care of them. All were dressed in white, and all were very happy, and the children playing. Oh! it was beautiful there; and I shall go there again next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock."

Mr. Hangley immediately informed Mr. Wingate that his daughter was not dead, when he, in company with Dr. Morrison, visited the house, and the little girl related substantially the same story. It seems too, that shortly after this relation of the little girl of what she had seen and heard in Heaven, a message came from Mr. Casey in Carmel, giving information of the death of another child, and inviting them to attend the funeral.

Of the four children of her Uncle Hangley, two died in this city, and two were drowned on their passage from Ireland.

We called on Saturday to see and talk with this little girl, but she was very feeble, and just then is a drowsy, and we would not allow her to be disturbed. She is said to have a very thoughtful and serious countenance, and to be a very interesting child. She had no wish to live, but preferred returning to her mother. The father and sister are seriously, but very happily impressed with the relations of this sweet child, and joyfully believe the story she tells. Their house is a pattern of neatness, and they all possess hearts overflowing with affection,

and are sincerely happy on account of their heavenly messenger.

"I was sorry," said Mr. H. to Dr. Morrison, in the honest, truthful simplicity of his heart, "when my good wife died, but I'm not now, but only wish to be with her." The elder sisters, too, live in joyful hope of meeting at length, and they care not how soon, if it be God's time, their dear mother in heaven, where she has been seen by their angel sister, who has been permitted to return to the earth and make the fact known to them.

Since the above was published there have been a great many inquiries respecting this little girl, some of which we will now answer.

Although at the time of the seeming death of this child it was supposed that her Aunt Lynch was dangerously ill, she not having the cholera but attacked with dysentery. But she died the next day as stated.

On Sunday afternoon, Mr. Daniel Warren, a very worthy religious man, who has been much among the cholera patients, and feeling perhaps a little moved by curiosity, called to see the little girl, and addressed her cheerfully and told her that she appeared better and would soon be well, and get out in a day or two.

"But I'm going to mother again at 4 o'clock," she quietly and softly said.

"When, to-morrow?"

"No, to-day."

Mr. Warren endeavored to turn her attention to hopeful prospects of recovery; but the little sufferer was fast sinking away—the death rattle was heard, and she soon ceased to breathe, her pulse stopped, and the fixedness of death was impressed upon her beautiful countenance. She was dead.

Mr. Warren looked at the town clock in the distance, from the window, for there was no clock in the house, and it was 4 o'clock.

While pondering upon, to him, the singular coincidents in this case, and about half an hour had passed, new signs of life appeared, and again the spirit of the sweet girl returned. She asked for water and said she was tired, and sunk away into a quiet sleep.

Since then she has been gradually recovering, but her eldest sister who watched her so tenderly, and who would so willingly have accompanied her blessed mother in heaven, was the next taken with the cholera, and the following day died and was buried.

The father of this girl is ignorant, yet a fine specimen of a pure, warm heart, with all the unsophisticated simplicity and truthfulness of nature. He is poor. He had a large family; and he says that for the whole season he had but two pounds of butter in his house, and they only had meat but twice. They had lived almost wholly upon bread and tea.

"There were many of them," he said, "and his own hands must earn their living, and by prudence a barrel of flour would last them four weeks, and he must do what he could for himself, and the children, and they all were quite happy.

The little boys had by their labor picked up the boards out of which his dwelling had been constructed, and he hoped, after a time, to have it all of their own.

Perhaps a more united, loving and contented family, where all were willing to do and suffer for each other, cannot be found.

Such are the simple facts in the case, which we leave, for the present, without comment or attempted explanation.—[Bangor Whig.

THE MORMON CITY.—In the *Auburn Daily Advertiser* of Wednesday we find a letter from an adventurer who had reached the Mormon city of the Salt Lake, on his way to California, and writes as follows of that newly-found community:

The settlement at the point from which I am now writing was commenced in the month of July, 1847, the second anniversary of which will be celebrated on the 24th of the present month. The valley in which the city is located is on the east side of the lake, and is about twenty-five miles wide, and completely shut in by high mountains, the Utah and the Bear river ranges being the principal. From the spot where I am now writing I can see the tops of them reaching almost to the clouds, covered with perpetual snow. The city contains about 9,000 inhabitants, and is laid out in squares, the streets running at right angles with each other. The squares are fenced in by one fence running around the whole; the squares are divided into wards, and the wards into blocks, and the blocks into lots—each lot contains one acre and one-fourth of land.

The possession of these was given by drawing lots, in this way; tickets were got up with the numbers on them, and put into a hat together, and then drawn out, each man taking the lot bearing the number of his ticket. The houses are built of adobe, or sun-burnt brick; they are small, but present a neat and cleanly appearance. The entrance to the valley is over a very rough and mountainous road, and the city bursts suddenly upon the view as you emerge from a canon or gorge in the mountains, through which the road runs, and at the foot of which the city is situated. The Lake, which is a great curiosity, is 21 miles from the city; the water is a great deal saltier than sea-water, and is so buoyant that a man can float on it without any difficulty whatever. Salt is so plentiful about the shore that it is shoveled up by wagon loads like sand, and drawn to the city. It is coarse and clear, and is very clean. Fine salt is obtained by boiling the water, which yields one-third fine salt. There are boiling springs a few miles from here: also, sulphur and alkali springs, from which good saleratus is obtained.

The country is settled by farmers for forty miles north and south. They are now engaged in harvesting their wheat, which is yielding an abundant crop. They are very strict in enforcing their penalties—punishing each crime according to its enormity—making the thief return four fold, and give so much into the public treasury by working on the roads. The Government is composed of a High Council, the President being the head; they enact laws, try offenders, and make suggestions for the good of the community, and all such laws and suggestions are declared from the pulpit every Sunday. Their money consists of treasury notes, which are issued for coin and gold dust placed on deposit. Arrangements are now made for coining this dust and establishing a currency of their own. Large quantities of gold dust have been brought into the settlement by discharged soldiers, and those who have gone from there for the purpose of digging, so that all the reports we heard there are confirmed here by those who have been and returned loaded with gold.

The public improvements are carried on by a fund which is raised by every man giving one-tenth of his yearly earnings for that purpose. They are building a council-house of stone—a large, substantial edifice. In that way they also intend to build a temple soon. They are expending large sums on the roads over the mountains, and are projecting a new road across the desert at the south of the lake to California. They are an industrious, hospitable people, and have the means within themselves to become rich and powerful.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.—We find the following in the *Cincinnati Daily Commercial*, of Monday last.

Last evening about 7 1-2 o'clock, a young man about 18 years old, named Charles Revere, a son of Dr. Revere, of New-York, was shot in the chin, on the street, by a pistol in the hands of a boy named Cross, who was immediately disarmed and sent to the watch-house. This occurrence took place near the board-

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—The N. Y. Mirror of Tuesday says: "A fine company of Hussars passed our office this morning, accompanied by a band of mounted trombones and bugles. We were peculiarly struck with what the critics call 'the music,' owing, as we suppose, to the scabbling of the instrument."

ing-house of Mrs. Askins, on Fifth below Race-st. and the sufferer was immediately taken into the above house, where he has been for some time a boarder.

The pistol was loaded with two slugs, both of which entered the chin. When we saw the wounded man, at 8 o'clock, his wound had been dressed by Dr. Jenkins; yet the blood literally covered him. He could speak, but not distinctly, and showed signs of spasms. He was lying on the floor on a mattress, and several ladies were giving him every attention. His wound is a frightful one and may cost him his life; but if inflammation does not set in, he will recover; the balls lodged in his neck.

The boy who committed this act of violence was accompanied by another, and as they passed by where Revere was, they threw crumbs of bread in his face; a quarrel sprang up, and the shooting was the result. Truly this is a shocking tragedy, and on Sunday night at that. The ladies in Mrs. Askin's house gave the unfortunate young man a good character. He is certainly to be pitied. Since writing the above we have been informed that the young man's name is Boyd, son of Dr. Boyd of Brooklyn, N. Y.

HAMBURG TUNNEL.—The great tunnel at New-Hamburg, connected with the Hudson River Railroad, is nearly completed. It is a gigantic work, measuring 830 feet in length; at the south end is a cut 500 feet long, 30 feet wide and 50 feet deep, all through the solid rock before reaching the tunnel, which is 19 feet high and 24 wide. Through the tunnel the passage is gloomy enough to represent the most dangerous regions, darkness being relieved only by the light of candles, and through two shafts sunk to it, one 70 in depth the other 56, through which a glimpse of day-light may be obtained, but on emerging at the north end one other deep cut is found, nearly as formidable as that at the south, being 200 feet long and 70 deep, making the entire deep cutting through the rock, all inclusive, no less than 1,530 feet. One who has not seen the work, can form no conception of its magnitude, and it may be put down as one of the greatest curiosities in this part of the country. There are 400 men employed on this great work, under the supervision of Messrs. Ward, Wells & Co. the contractors. Six thousand kegs of powder, of 25 lbs. each, have been used for blasting, in fourteen months, and nine blacksmith's shops are constantly occupied with repairing the tools &c. The work goes on night and day with great expedition.—[Evening Post.

PANAMA RAIL ROAD UNDER CONTRACT.—The Panama Rail Road Company have put under contract that portion of their Railroad across the Isthmus which lies between the Chagres river and the Bay of Panama, about 21 miles,—the whole distance from Panama to Limon Bay being 46 miles. The contractors are Messrs. Totten and Trautwine, whose proposals were the most favorable, and who possess the great recommendation of having been employed for the last four or five years in the territories of New Grenada, in constructing a Canal ninety miles long, to connect two branches of the Magdalena river. They have accomplished this work entirely with native labor. Though at first encountering great difficulty, they have succeeded in training the natives into expert workmen, and will be able to carry over with them a large force. Thoroughly acclimated, and with a perfect knowledge of the character and habits of the people, they will begin the Railroad with the advantage of all the experience acquired in constructing the Canal.—[J. of Com.

THE LATE EDGAR ALLEN POE.—A new edition of Edgar A. Poe's works, complete in 2 vols., 8 vo., with portrait, is about to be put to press by Mr. Redfield, with a memoir of the author's life by J. C. Russell Lowell, and remarks on his genius by N. P. Willis and Rufus W. Griswold.

A RELIC OF THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.—A correspondent informs us that being at Parkville, N. J., the other day, he saw a man who informed him that some time ago he was digging marl in that vicinity, when he came to the hull of a vessel, twelve feet below the surface of the marl and eighteen feet below the surface of the ground, the timbers of which were fastened together with trenails (wooden pins) no spikes or metal of any kind about it! *This ship must have been older than Noah's Ark!* and built by men who had no knowledge of the use of iron or copper; therefore, as the use of metals was known at the time of Noah, we presume this vessel was built anterior to the deluge. One thing is certain, it must have been constructed before that part of the continent was covered by the debris from the mountains, which elevated the surface above the level of the ocean, and now forms the habitable portion of West Jersey.—[Philadelphia Ledger.

THE HICKSITES, OR FRIENDS.—The Western Christian Advocate, Methodist, states that the "yearly meeting of the Hicksite portion of the Friends, recently held at Salem, O., was attended with considerable excitement. The Hicksites appear to be divided into two great classes, of which one is conservative, or perhaps really orthodox, in religious sentiments, which by sympathy went with their friends in the separation. The other may be termed the Hicksites proper, or Unitarians in creed. They are now separating from the main body, and forming societies of Congregational Friends, in which the men and women instead of meeting separately in business sessions, assemble together, appointing a male and female clerk. Separations have already occurred in the Genesee and Indiana yearly meetings, and will probably extend throughout the body."

THE CALIFORNIA FEVER.—A friend of ours who has been badly afflicted with the California fever the past three months, and who had nearly prepared his outfit for a journey to the land of 'golden promise,' set apart one night to think the matter over seriously in all its bearings. The consequence was, the next morning he announced his conclusion to stay at home. His judgment was based upon the simple premises, that "if I go I may fail; if I remain at home I know I can do well." His conclusion was pronounced to be a wise one, and he was warmly greeted by his friends upon its announcement. *Moral:* There have been, and will continue to be, a great many 'break downs' in California, and those who are doing well had better persevere in well doing and stay at home.

It is stated as a fact that on the landing of the steamship Falcon at New Orleans an individual came on shore without hat coat or boots. After looking around him for some time, with a free and easy, independent kind of an air, he called to a drayman and requested him to take charge of a pair of saddle-bags, which were on board the vessel, and convey them to Hewlett's. With some hesitation the drayman complied with the request; but on attempting to lift the saddle-bags he found he was unable to do so without assistance. The fact was, that they contained \$40,000 in gold, which the coatless, hatless and bootless man had brought with him from California.

It is stated that Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER that was, recognized to the last moment Mr. BUTLER's lawful claims on her as his wife, and sent him a check for twenty thousand dollars, being the earnings of her readings of Shakespeare, which he, of course, declined to receive, and returned to her. It is also said that she resisted the application for divorce made by Mr. Butler no farther than a sense of duty, and an opportunity of presenting to the world the merits of her case, and her character as a wife required; and when this was accomplished she withdrew further opposition.

Town and Country Items.

What are professional lecturers? Not persons installed as teachers in any university, college, or any other institution—unless, perhaps, the Mechanics' Institute—but self-elected illuminators, who, from land to land, from town to town, perambulate the world, to spout science in whatever ball-room or tap room they may get access to; each of course impelled by a pure abstract love of mankind, and burning anxiety to extend the possession of painfully explicated wisdom—but each, also, condescending to pocket a comfortable honorarium upon every explosion.—[London Quarterly.]

THE SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull;
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;
Where church-paths are with frequent feet outworn;
Law courts weedy, silent and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;
Where these signs are they clearly indicate
A happy people and well-governed state.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY numbers 577 students this year, being 78 over last season. Of these there are 94 law students, 127 medical, 17 divinity, 35 science, and 4 resident graduates. President Sparks has resigned the chair of History, which he held previous to his election as president. The vacancy is eagerly sought for by several eminent men.

The diamond may very easily be recognized by putting it in water, where it retains all its brilliancy having the appearance of a bubble of air, while all other precious stones lose this singular appearance. It will answer for diamonds of the first water only.

HINT TO TRAVELLERS.—The Philadelphia Times insinuates that it is rather dangerous travelling now for a Northern man in the South. He must talk loudly in favor of slavery all the time, or he may chance to get feathered, and feel like a tarred chicken.

NATIONAL DEBT.—An Englishman observed a stone roll down a stair-case. It bumped on every stair till it came to the bottom; there, of course, it rested. "That stone," said he, "resembles the national debt of my country: it has bumped on every grade of the community, but its weight rests on the lowest."

POVERTY AN AID TO SUCCESS.—An English judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied, "Some succeed by great talent, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

FENNO HOFFMAN recently left his desk in the State Department at Washington on account of indisposition, and is now in the Baltimore Hospital, exhibiting worse symptoms of mental aberration than ever before.

FRATERNITY.—An escaped slave named Brown, from the United States, was lately an honored guest at an entertainment given in Paris by M. de Tocqueville—so says an exchange paper.

PROFESSOR LIEBIG, the celebrated agricultural chemist, is about to visit this country, where his writings have had a very extensive dissemination.

NOTICES.

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PROSPECTUS

OF

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

THIS Weekly Paper seeks as its end the Peaceful Transformation of human societies from isolated to associated interests, from competitive to co-operative industry, from disunity to unity. Amidst Revolution and Reaction it advocates Reorganization. It desires to reconcile conflicting classes, and to harmonize man's various tendencies by an orderly arrangement of all relations, in the Family, the Township, the Nation, the World. Thus would it aid to introduce the Era of Confederated Communities, which in spirit, truth and deed shall be the Kingdom of God and his Righteousness, a Heaven upon Earth.

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