

THE

# SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

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For The Spirit of the Age.

## Selected Poetry.

### THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION.

BY THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.

They flit, they come, they go,  
The visions of the day;  
They change, they fade, they glow,  
They rise, they die away.  
And all within the scope  
Of one poor human breast,  
Where joy, and fear, and hope,  
Like clouds on heaven's blue cope,  
Can never be at rest.

They press, they throng, they fill  
The heart where they have birth;  
Oh pour them forth to thrill  
Thy brethren of the earth!  
In circles still they swim,  
But outward will not go;  
The lute-strings cage the hymn,  
The cup is full, full to the brim,  
Yet will not overflow.

When will the lute be stricken  
So that its song shall sound?  
When shall the spring so quicken  
That its streams shall pour around?  
We for the struggling soul  
That utterance can not find,  
Yet longs without control  
Through all free space to roll,  
Like thunders on the wind!

The painter's pencil came  
The struggling soul to aid,  
His visions to proclaim  
In colored light and shade;  
But though so fair to me  
His handiwork may seem,  
His soul desponds to see  
How pale its colors be  
Before his cherished dream.

So from the sculptor's hand  
To life the marble's wrought;  
But he can understand  
How lovelier far his thought.  
The minstrel's power ye own,  
His lyre with bays ye bind;  
But he can feel alone  
How feeble is its tone  
To the music of his mind.

So strife on earth must be  
Between man's power and will;  
For the soul unchecked and free  
We want a symbol still.  
Joy when the fleshy veil  
From the spirit shall be cast,  
Then an ungarbled tale  
That can not stop or fail  
Shall genius tell at last!

## AN ADDRESS ON A

LATE WORK ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION,

Read before the Swedenborg Association, of London, May 24th, 1849.

BY J. J. G. WILKINSON.

THE circumstance that this Association, like so many of its elders, appoints an anniversary in this especial month, leads me to ask whether *May Meetings* are not a part of the laws of nature; and I think the question once put, must be answered in the affirmative. There are natural seasons, and there are spiritual seasons. By a happy system of complement these do not coincide, but tend to the reverse effect. Thus the beginning of Winter, is our social spring; Christmas and December, with their blaze of friendships and family joys are our social midsummer; and outward merry May is the social autumn, when warm affections begin to fade and die down, and town scatters itself into the country. By June our hearts are positively chilly, and in sweltering July we are so cold that happily it is difficult to collect half a dozen people together in a room for any mutual purpose; and lectures and concerts are impossible. Man and nature are in fact Antipodes. This is a very beautiful ordinance; that here also we should behold this law of contrast, ed degrees; this house of many mansions; that one floor of seasons should be piled upon another; that the greatest heat of the world should relieve the coolest dews of the soul; that frost and barrenness should be as the glittering wall that sends us back in color the heart's most cheerful fires. Here we discern the equilibrium of nature, and observe when it is translated into human thought, that it is no other than temperance, or that happy mixture of thing with thing, and of time with time, by which all existences serve universal objects, and have only to unlock their bosoms well enough, and deeply enough, to bring forth any treasures however particular.

Now, as May is the inward autumn, it is of course the month of Social Harvest, of which May meetings may be reckoned as the end. Now abounds, where the cultivators are rich, the good cheer of capital speeches; intellectual dances all the better if not too polished; fraternizing of farmer and laborer, of prelates and poor converts; and the unctuous shine of a very large complacency. The good that has been done, the success that has grown up, in the last campaign; the hearts that have been kindled, the proselytes that have been led and won, are safely stacked and thatched, and most of them in sight of the Merry May meeting. They will serve to support man and horse, heart and understanding during the terribly dreary months of June, July, and August, when Missions, Athenaeums, Philosophical Institutions, and great Exeter Hall itself, are no better than a recollection.

This was the train of thought into which I fell, when I heard that the body I have the honor of addressing, was to have a May meeting; and what convinced me that May meetings were a law of nature, and produced of itself the theory I have set forth, was the fact that we were about to hold such a meeting without any external provocatives. For ours unfortunately is a harvest home without a harvest; the produce of the year omitted from the drams of the seasons. Able-bodied persons we have; also the sickles are here, the drays are here; the whole world of nature and spirit is for our farm, and any the prettiest nook of it for our homestead; and gloriously good and true seed a hundred years old; but not to my knowledge has the seed been sown or tended, or reaped, by this Association during the past spiritual year. It is clear, therefore, that May meetings must be a primordial necessity, or we should not have one now. I do not deny that people have been fed with our fine grain: I, myself, have been eating it morning, noon, and night; and so have you; but the point is, it has not been made reproductive: there is less and not more of it to-day, than there was in Swedenborg's mind, one century ago. If we go on at this rate, we shall soon have none left; and therefore I say, that we have no right to eat it without we grow it. The truth, the good seed, requires to pass out of books into Mankind, and from thence into life and understanding, which is the soil where God meets it, and increases it ten-fold, twenty-fold, or an hundred-fold.

Yet as we have met friendly together, and have no stacks to point to; no particular congratulations to detain us with each other, I propose that we visit the produce of our neighbor's fields, and criticise their husbandry, and its results. I do not like the course, I had rather expose my own wares than other people's weaknesses, but what else are we to do? Your President has set me the example on other occasions, by adducing and reviewing current literature; and therefore I will now proceed to make some very brief remarks on a work that has lately come out; I mean Morell's "*Philosophy of Religion.*" The Book is valuable to us, because it shows the old orthodoxy under one of its newest tendencies, whereby it seems likeliest to work itself out.

According to Mr. Morell, the Constitution of the human mind determines the religion of the race, and hence he begins his work with an analysis of the faculties of the mind. These are intuition, understanding, and the senses, all permeated by the will. Intuition sees truth, goodness and beauty, as substances; the understanding sees laws; the senses, material objects. To intuition belongs all that is positive in Religion, pure from that logic system which belong to the understanding; and devoid of that sort of reality that is possessed by the objects of the senses. Here, then, at the outset we have the spiritual excluded from all created order, and stripped of all representative garments, and yet the subject of intuition, or in English, of *view*. When we want to know what it is, or what it is like,—reasonable wants with regard to whatever views and is viewed—we are put down as gross sensationalists. It is a crime with the Philosophers to call *nothing* by its own name; and so they name it the concrete reality of intuition. But do we then deny intuition? Far from it; only we assert that the very highest faculties are always clothed with the best attributes of the lowest; and that the most intuitive minds have the firmest root in their own and other people's ordinary senses. There are no truths out of the senses, because the whole world of truth lies within the senses; but never so within as not to be itself clad in a surface of sense. The existence of the human body is absolute proof of this, except to those who are not all there. We know full well that there are no souls out of bodies, and no thoughts out of brains; but the philosophers tell us that the best part of their and our minds is out of our brains, disconnected from matter sense and organization; which really only means that they have not brains to receive the views they are talking about. Thus we may indeed believe them, but it is at their own peril and ex-

pense. If one tells me that he has a pure intuition of beauty, I understand him to affirm that on that series of objects his view has next to nothing in it; and I readily credit his *affidavit* for that time; knowing however that a thousand times every day he is fuller than his theory. It is then certain that all the pure truths pretended to, are seen without brains; for the least film of cerebrum would destroy their purity. It was by his singular absence from this substance that the great Kant caught the intuitions of pure reason; and by the same privilege of vacancy he wrote his *Critic* on that non-sensual subject.

The division between the intuitional and logical faculties is perfectly true, and every body apprehends it. We see things by sight and in sight; we reason about their properties and relations. But to cast the ratiocinative processes generally into the term logic, is cramping a large subject. Every truth gained is not only a principle but a method for acquiring new truths. For instance, as soon as we know that every existence runs through all spheres; in other words that each thing has its familiar correspondence in all the regions of creation; that every mineral has its own ground, floor of vegetable, and its own drawing-room of animal, and this of human, and this of social, and this of spiritual life built upon it; then this truth becomes a rule for our looks; we put our eye up to it, and see along it, everywhere; and a hieroglyphical consciousness far more important than logic, comes at once into being. The only problem then is, to track any given thing that is under investigation, into that sphere where it is intelligible, (every thing is at home and familiar somewhere) and thus to seek self-evidence in all things, by regarding them in their universal proportions. But as for logic, it is all buried with words, which unless they are filled this and every moment with hieroglyphic fire, are the coffins of things, and not the incarnations.

There can be no more vicious method than looking at Religion from the faculties of the mind. The contrary way is the true one; to judge and interpret the faculties by the Christian Religion. "We only know God according to our own state," say the philosophers. Very good; and as this is a fact, so let us leave it. Let us not erect our state into a conservative organ which shall keep us from alteration, and from knowing more. We walk abroad into the fields in this young, luxuriant summer, and we know that their ornament is from an infinite fountain of beauty, and all their gifts from supernal wisdom alone: our sense of these things is indeed most limited, and according not to the things, but to ourselves. What then, if we should criticise our eyes, in order to find out the utmost of what we can see; instead of using them with a faith in the infinite properties and quantities that are to be seen? Why then we should fall asleep, and see nothing; because the sight that is not going forwards is going backwards. So it is with those who make a criticism of the religious faculties precede their knowledge of Religion. It is the very method of Impossibility: the same by which one distinguished philosopher proved that no steamboat could cross the Atlantic; the same by which many similar persons made up the dark ages; the same by which many still make the communication between this world and the next impossible; the same by which the God of the Soul, Jehovah is, divorced from the God of the senses, even Christ Jesus. By this perversity it is, of trying to know what *must* be, before studying what *is*, that all light is prevented.

We have to record then, that the indefinite landscape is the proof of what can be seen, and not the poor finite eye; for the landscape is God's prophecy of a co-extensive human eye; and in like manner Christianity and Revelation, and not the existing feebleness of our poor minds, are the unmeasured scope of our own Religious insight. If we were animals, and not men, a criticism on our faculties, when they had once been well used, and so far ascertained, would be a good preparation for subsequent life, supposing instinct were abolished: by finding what we had not thought and done, we should perhaps find out what

our limits were; yet even in the case of animals it would be futile and debasing in the long run, since the animal world, though not moveable in itself, yet may be raised or depressed in every way by its correspondency with the risings or fallings of mankind; but such self-contemplations would make the breed even of cattle unimprovable.

Mr. Morell has a chapter on *the peculiar essence of Religion*, which he analyses, very ably let it be admitted, into *the feeling of absolute dependence*. We need not traverse his process, but let us come to his result; and we have to remark that to regard dependence the essence of Religion, is to confound the general with the universal, the skin with the brain, the lowest with the highest. This is the usual method of Philosophy. Now dependence is quite an exceptional part of the religious sentiment; the cuticle of the state, where one of its elements begins to die out. Our Religious state is, I presume, the relation of our soul's loves toward God, who represents Himself in his Word as the father of the Faithful, in Christ as the friend of man, also as the Husband of the Universal Church, and in the city of God, as the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. These are intelligible humanitarian relations; four essences of Religion; and every human relation, when Christianly fulfilled, is an essence of Religion. But the sense of absolute dependence—where in common sense does such a feeling abide? There is no slave so low, if he does a day's work, but proves a better soul's love than this: I should rather say, but rises away from it into a manlier state. The sense of absolute dependence exists only where a man is conscious that he does nothing for himself or others, and has every thing done for him. Under these unhappy circumstances, this most servile sense comes upon him; and fortunate that it does, for it is so painful, that whoso proves it, is likely to be goaded on to something better. It is the vilest state of man in relation to his fellows; how can it be the essential state in his relation to God? The notion is one of the oldest rags of Judaism, worn upon the back of a modern Philosopher.

We conclude then, that Christian love, in its whole scope, is the essence of Religion, and that this comes to us from all our good daily works, I ought to say, from God through them, and the sense of *Independence* is its form, whereby we constantly recognize with feeling hearts our own responsibility; which the sense of absolute dependence would destroy.

But I have been anticipating the next chapter which is on the *Essence of Christianity*; for with our author the *Essence of Religion* is one thing, and the *Essence of Christianity* is another; and moreover, the latter of these comes after the former. Here we see the same vicious method of looking at the fact of religion, which is Christianity, from an assumed notional ground. But this procedure reigns with the philosophers. They look first at their own eyes to see what can be seen; they try to look at natural religion as at something which is the organ whereby they may view Christianity. They forget that this natural religion was taught them by their mothers first under the sacred Christian name, and that their abstraction of it is nothing more than the thin remainder of the precious instructions of their Childhood.

Be it noted then, that for us the *Essence of Christianity* is also the peculiar essence of Religion; and that our relations to Christ in the world, duly fulfilled, are that *Essence*. On the Divine side, however, Christ Himself is obviously the *Essence of Christianity*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARAB PROVERBS.—If your friend is made of honey do not eat him all up.

When you are the anvil have patience, when you are the hammer strike straight and well.

Nature is ever changing, ever new; why be uneasy, it is the law?

For The Spirit of the Age.

### THE ABSURDITIES OF ERROR.

The effect of an unconditional reception of error is to blind and stultify the reason. This lamp of the soul, that sheds its refulgent beams through all the interior chambers of the mind, must be continually replenished by the oil of truth alone; supplied with a compound of one-half truth and one-half error, it beams very dimly indeed; but when, to keep burning this holy light, the water of error is alone supplied, it flickers in its socket, expires, and the soul is shrouded in darkness. Then in this darkness walk all the phantoms of a disordered imagination. The gross conceptions of a buried age are revived, and rejoicing to escape from their grave of centuries, they revel in undisturbed freedom. But to be pledged unconditionally to continue in this state, to be always supplying this glorious lamp with the water of error instead of the oil of truth, is indeed a most unfortunate condition. And it is truly unfortunate to us, that our best people, those whom we can love most, whose intentions and desires are of the purest and most lovely character, should be involved in such a pledge, and should be continually expending their strength and treasure for—water instead of oil. But, thanks to what light there is in the world!—many there are who do not hesitate to disregard this pledge, when, by looking into the minds of others, they are made conscious of the darkness of their own, and see how lamentably they have been deceived.

While in this pledged state of mental obscurity, the absurdities of the forms and phantoms of error are lost sight of; and should attention be called to them, their infatuated recipient cries out that you are blaspheming his gods. In this unreasonable manner, even the great, the noble, the spiritually-minded PAUL replies, in one of his writings, to a very natural objection Paul had not yet received light enough to see that all men are brothers, and that a Universal Father regards his children with equal love and compassion, when, to sustain a foregone conclusion, he writes, "Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth." But to this he anticipates an objection. "Thou wilt say then unto me, why doth he yet find fault; for who hath resisted his will?" Paul could see that this objection could not be easily answered; that it was impossible to resist the will of a sovereign God, who "works in us to will and to do," and of whose omnipotent will the will of man is but an infinitesimal part. He therefore answers thus, "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, why hast thou made me thus?" He then continues to illustrate by inferring that because a potter has power to make of the same clay one vessel to honor and another to dishonor, that therefore God will consign one portion of his children to endless misery and another to endless happiness; a sophism worthy of not a few of those Greek philosophers whose systems he had studied. But it is evident that Paul would not have resorted to a mode of reasoning so superficial, had he not been driven to it to sustain a dogma which he had received, not by the approval of his reason, but by the dicta of scriptural authority. Thus the strongest minds fail sometimes to see the absurdity of an error, on account of the pledge which they have taken to sustain it.

And truly, the error into which Paul is here led, that of a child of God being a "vessel of wrath, fitted" or made "for destruction," is sufficiently absurd. It is so from whatever point of view we look at it. If we consider the character of God as revealed to us in his works, we see that God is love, infinite Love and infinite Wisdom; that one of the attributes of his love is unbounded compassion, and that one of the attributes of his wisdom is universal justice; and God being omnipotent, we see in these attributes the guaranty for the endless happiness of all his creatures. Moreover, "wrath" is a passion belonging naturally enough to many a heathen god, but not to the Father whom Jesus preached. Nor can there be an endless misery consistent-

ly with the existence of unbounded compassion, and "vessels of wrath" (that is, sentient souls) fitted for destruction by universal justice!

We may also see the absurdity of this error by a glance at the conditions upon which this pretended separation of the great human family is based. Those who believe certain propositions concerning a great mystery which it is impossible for them to comprehend, are classed in one division, and those who do not believe in the other. But if we consider that it is impossible for any one to believe that which he does not understand, namely, a mystery, it is plain that in the end it will be found that no one has really believed it; and therefore the unity of the race will be preserved, (a gratifying thought,) and comprehended in what would have been the latter division; which, according to the error, will be consigned to endless misery—a most lame, impotent, and absurd conclusion. For all the creations of an infinitely wise God display evidences of the most admirable design, but where is the design or use that would be shown in creating worlds and universes for the production of the inestimable human spirit, and then subjecting that spirit to never-ending torments? It is simply absurd.

But even if we accept the statement of the parties who advocate this error, in regard to the relative numbers of the pretended divisions of the rended race, its absurdity is no less striking. According to their own accounts, then, "thirty-nine fortieths of the human race possess unregenerate hearts."\* By unregenerate hearts, we are to understand minds incapable of believing in the mystery above referred to. Well, the human race on this globe is supposed to consist of about one thousand millions of souls, which would make the divisions stand thus: twenty-five millions saved, nine hundred and seventy-five millions lost. Now who is there who does not feel in the innermost recesses of his heart, the absurdity of this statement? Nine hundred and seventy-five millions of our present living brothers and sisters condemned to spend a never-ending eternity in torments—for what?—for not believing a mystery, which they not only can not understand, but of the existence of which the greater part never heard! But this has reference only to those now living. If we bring into the account all who have lived since the birth of Christ, without considering those who lived antecedent to that event, we have, it is said, "nearly sixty generations of men—numbering forty thousand millions;" and giving the full ratio of a fortieth of each generation to the number of those whose destiny it is to enjoy ineffable bliss for unceasing ages, (though this ratio is much too great for the early ages of the church,) there is left *thirty-nine thousand millions of souls, who have been created in vain, since the beginning of the christian dispensation!* Who is there who does not perceive that this, too, is simply absurd?

And who is there who does not see that all the tendencies and teachings of the life and discourse of Jesus of Nazareth, are opposed to an error so monstrous? What, then, could have been the origin of those few passages in the gospels, which attribute to him the utterance of such a doctrine? Could it be that the propagandists of a new faith found so much opposition to its progress in a community hostile to its reception, as to find it necessary to add threatenings to expostulation? Such has been the policy of the early apostles of almost every religion, where their zeal transcended their wisdom. However this may be, it is plain that an error so palpable as this could not have proceeded from the lips of Jesus. His was a mind too full of the spirit of wisdom ever to have originated so evident an absurdity.

Connected with this error, as an almost indispensable accessory is the old legend concerning the existence of an Evil Spirit. This has been incorporated into the christian system by our zealous priests, who have found his satanic majesty an excellent auxiliary in driving men to believe. His power is

said to be less than that of the Almighty One, who rules in the armies of heaven and among the children of men; but if the above statement of the number saved and lost be correct, we see that among the children of men his power is far greater than that of the Omnipotent. This second god of the old mythology and of the modern theology, has also another attribute of deity, which is omnipresence. All the evil thoughts which arise in men's minds in all parts of the world, are said to be suggested by him; thus proving him to be a mighty spirit everywhere present. But we must not too hastily infer from this that human nature is naturally pure, and mankind innocent of these evil thoughts, proceeding as they do from a foreign source, for we are positively assured that the natural heart is totally depraved, and responsible for all evil thoughts, come they from what source they may. Thus are absurdities heaped together to obstruct the paths which lead to truth, but they give to reason, that detects them, no danger of stumbling.

Now, there is no power existing that is not derived from God. In him the creatures of this, as well as all other spheres, live, move, and have their being. Angels and men alike are subject to his will, and are the out-flowing expression of his thoughts.

If, then, there be an evil spirit, he must not only derive all his power from God, but his very existence, life, aim and ends, must be owing to the original design of the Deity. In the great first Cause originated all that exists, and as Infinite Design is perfect, and the Divine Will omnipotent, it is impossible that there should be anything but temporal or apparent evils. It is therefore plain enough to our enlightened reason that all existences compose a unity, and that there are no real (or enduring) antagonisms in all the immensity of the "united revolving heavens." *There is one only true God.*

The common-sense of the christian world, however, have disposed of the fabled *devil*. Men generally speak of his existence in terms of unlimited ridicule, and it is with evident reluctance that those who occupy the pulpit ever allude to him. It would not be proper, of course for these latter ever to admit the least doubt as to the reality of his existence, simply because they have pledged themselves to maintain this assumption; he therefore still lives and reigns (by fear) over a few weak minds, having this large and influential class to sustain him.

But it would be an endless, and certainly unpleasant task to contemplate all the absurdities of error. The birds of the day are ever of a more brilliant plumage than those of the night, and ever greet the ear with a more pleasing strain. Harmony is the mind's attraction, discord its aversion. And truth and harmony are one, and harmony is heaven. All men seek truth but all do not attain to it, because they do not see the absurdities that obstruct their progress. But error is transient and temporal, while truth is permanent and eternal; and all will yet arrive at truth, and thus enjoy harmony and heaven. H.

CABET AND HIS COMPANY.—We see by our exchanges that the company of the French communists known as the Icarians, headed by Mons. Cabet, and which, through some untoward circumstances recently failed in an attempt to establish themselves in Texas, have determined to settle at Nauvoo. It is said that Cabet has paid \$3,000 and the citizens \$1,000 for the walls of the Mormon Temple and the arsenal, together with about eleven acres of land, the title being vested solely in Mons. Cabet. "He has commenced rebuilding the Temple, and employs about three hundred men upon the work. Much of the interest that has hitherto been attached to this edifice will now be dissipated, for it will no longer wear the proud name of 'Temple,' but in future will be known as the 'Monster Boarding House.' The basement story is to be laid out into kitchens, the first floor will be converted into a dining room capable of accommodating a thousand persons, and the remainder of the building will be fitted up for school rooms, offices and sleeping apartments for five hundred people."

\*See Univercœlum, Vol. III, p. 389.

From Peterson's Magazine.

### MY WIFE'S PARTY.

A better woman than Mrs. Sunderland does not exist anywhere, though I do say it myself. I consider her one of the "salt of the earth," and I think I ought to know. Still Mrs. Sunderland has her faults—no, I will not call them by so hard a name—still Mrs. Sunderland has her weaknesses, and one of these is a disposition to think well of everybody. On this head no one can accuse me of weakness. I am not aware that as a general thing, I think any better of people than I ought to think. No—I am not blind to anybody's faults, though I can see and appreciate excellencies as well as any one. But to my story.

After we had risen a little in the world, and could afford not only to live in our own house, but enjoy our share of the elegancies and luxuries of this life, we found ourselves surrounded by a good many who, before, were not over-liberal in their attention. Mrs. Sunderland believed their attentions sincere; but I reserved to myself the right to doubt the genuineness of some of the professions that were made. I didn't like the "my dear Mrs. Sunderland!" Nor the particular solicitude expressed by not a few, in anything that pertained to my wife's welfare; and when she talked about Mrs. Jones being such a kind good soul, and Mrs. Peters being so disinterested in everything, I shrugged my shoulders, and reserved the privilege of a doubt in regard to all being gold that glittered.

Not having been raised in fashionable life, we had no taste for display, and although we had our share of company, whether we cared about it or not, we had never ventured so far to sea as to give a party, although we had accepted several invitations to assemblages of this kind. But some of Mrs. Sunderland's good friends and acquaintances, insisted upon it, last winter, that she must give an entertainment, and they used such cogent arguments that she, good soul! was won over. I remained for a long time incorrigible, but, as nothing could put it out of Mrs. Sunderland's head that it was due to her position and relations to give a party, I with much reluctance withdrew my opposition, and forthwith the note of preparation was sounded.

"Who shall we invite?" was the first question.

Our circle of acquaintances had considerably increased within two or three years, and when we went over the list it was found to be rather large.

"You will have to cut down considerably," said I.

"To do so without giving offence will be difficult," replied my wife.

"Better cut all off then," was on my tongue, but I repressed the words, feeling it would be unkind to throw cold water on the affair at this stage of its progress.

"You haven't got Fanny and Ellen on your list," I remarked, after a good number of erasures had been made. They were two of my nieces, good girls, but poor. Both were dress-makers apprentices. They were learning a trade in order to relieve their father, an industrious, but not very thrifty man, from the burden of their support. I liked them very much for good sense, agreeable manners, and strong affection for their parents.

"Shall we invite them?" inquired my wife.

"Certainly!" I replied. "Why not?"

"Will they be able to make a good appearance. You know what a number of fashionable people will be here."

"If you doubt it, we will send them each a handsome dress pattern with the invitation."

"Perhaps we had better do so," was Mrs. Sunderland's approving remark, and the thing was done as I had suggested.

The pruning down of the invitation list was no easy matter, and it was not without many fears of giving offence that my wife, at last, fixed upon the precise number of persons who were to honor us with their company.

The exact character of the entertainment was next to be considered, and an estimate of cost made. Several ladies *à fait* in

such matters, were consulted; and their opinions compared, digested, and adopted or rejected as they agreed with, or differed from, what we thought right.

"It will cost at least a hundred dollars," said Mrs. Sunderland after we had come to some understanding as to what we would have. The sum seemed large in her mind.

"If we get off with two hundred we may be thankful," I replied.

"Oh, no. I can't go above a hundred dollars."

"We shall see"

"If I thought it would cost so much,!"—

"There is no retreat now, Mrs. Sunderland. We have taken the step initiative, and have nothing to do but to go through with the matter as best we can. My word for it, we shall not be very eager to give another party."

This threw a damper on my wife's feelings that I was sorry to perceive, for now that the party must be given, I wanted to see it done in as good spirit as possible. From that time therefore I was careful not to say anything likely to awaken a doubt as to the satisfactory result of the coming entertainment.

The evening came in due time, and we had all things ready. I must own that I felt a little excited, for the giving of a fashionable party was something new in the history of my life, and I did not feel altogether at home in the matter. Unaccustomed to the entertainment of company, especially where ceremony and a certain etiquette were involved, I was conscious of an awkward feeling, and would have given double the cost of the party for the privilege of an escape from the mortifications and trials it promised to involve.

In order to give additional beauty and attraction to our parlors, we had purchased sundry articles of ornamental furniture, which cost over a hundred dollars, and which were of no manner of use except to look at.

It was so late before the elite of our company began to arrive that we were in some doubt whether they were going to come at all. But toward nine o'clock they came along, and by ten we were in the full tide of successful experiment. My nieces, Fanny and Ellen, were among the first to appear, and they looked pretty and interesting.

As soon as the first embarrassment consequent on the appearance of the extra fashionables had wore off, and I felt at home once more in my own house, I began to look around me with an observant eye. About the first thing that attracted my attention was the sober aspect of a certain lady, whose husband, by a few fortunate adventures, had acquired some money, and lifted her into "good society," as it is called. She was talking to another lady, and I saw their eyes were directed towards my nieces, of whom I felt a little proud; they looked and behaved so well.

"What's all this about?" said I to myself. And I kept my eyes upon the ladies as intently as they did upon Ellen and Fanny. Presently I saw one of them toss her head with an air of dignified contempt, and rising up to make her way across the room to where her husband stood. She spoke to him in evident excitement, and directed his attention to my nieces. The sight of them did not seem to produce any unpleasant effect upon him, for he merely shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and answered in a few words that I could see were indifferent. But his wife was in earnest, and placing her arm within his, drew him away towards the door. He remonstrated, but she was not in a humor to listen to anything, and with surprise I saw them retire from the parlors. My first impulse was to follow them, but the truth flashing across my mind, I felt indignant at such conduct, and resolved to let them do as they pleased. In a little while, the offended lady, bonneted, cloaked, and boated, came sweeping past the parlor doors, with her husband in her train, attracting the attention of a third part of the company. A moment after and she had dashed into the street.

"Who is that? What's the matter?" went whispering round the rooms.

"It is Mrs. L——."

"Mrs. L——! Is she sick?"

"Why, has she gone?"

But no one seemed at first to know. Soon however, the lady to whom she had communicated the fact that we had insulted our company by inviting "mantua-maker girls," whispered to another the secret, and away it went buzzing through the rooms, finding its way as well to the ears of Fanny and Ellen, as to those of the rest of the company. About one half of the ladies present did not exactly seem to know whether they ought to follow the example of Mrs. L——or not, and there was a portentous moment, when almost the waving of a finger would have caused our party to break up in disorder.

The moment my neices understood the feeling that had prompted the lady to withdraw indignantly, they arose and were retiring from the room, when I intercepted and detained them with as little ceremony as possible. They begged hard to be permitted to retire, but I said no, for my blood was "up," as the saying is.

"Ellen and Fanny are worth as many Mrs. L——'s," said I to myself, "as you can find from here to Jericho."

The disaffected ones noticed, I suppose, my decision in the matter, and thought it proper not to break with Mr. and Mrs. Sunderland, who could afford to be independent. Money is a great thing! Humph! There was a time in our history—but no great matter. We are people of character and standing now!

We had rather a dull time after the withdrawal of Mrs. L——. For a little while the spirits of the company rallied under the effects of wine and a good supper, but they soon flagged again, and a sober cast of thought settled upon almost every countenance. My poor wife found it impossible to retain a cheerful exterior, and my neices looked as if almost any other place in the world would have been a Paradise in comparison.

At least an hour earlier than we had anticipated, our rooms were deserted, and we left alone with our thoughts, which, upon the whole, were not very agreeable. Mrs. Sunderland, the moment the last guest retired, went back into the brilliantly lighted parlors, and setting down upon a sofa, burst into tears. She had promised herself much pleasure, but, alas! how bitterly had she been disappointed! I was excited and indignant enough to say almost anything, and a dozen times did I check myself when about uttering words that would have only made poor Mrs. Sunderland feel ten times worse than she did.

"The next time we give a party——"

"We won't!" said I, taking the words out of my wife's mouth. She was recovering from her state of mortification, and beginning to feel indignant.

"You've said it exactly," responded Mrs. Sunderland. "I call this throwing away a couple of hundred dollars in a very bad cause."

"So it strikes me. When fifty or sixty people eat an elegant supper, and drink costly wine at my expense again, they will behave themselves better than some of our high bred ladies did to-night. As for Mrs. L——, Fanny and Ellen are worth a hundred of her. It's my opinion that if she knew everything she would curtail her dignity a little. If I'm not very much mistaken, her husband will go to the wall before a twelvemonth passes."

On the next day we settled all accounts with confectioner, wine merchant, china dealers and waiters. The bills were over a hundred and fifty dollars exclusive of a hundred dollars paid as before intimated, for parlor ornaments to grace the occasion.

"So much paid for earthly wisdom," said I, after all was over "I don't think we need to give another party."

Mrs. Sunderland sighed and shook her head. Poor soul! Her kind and generous nature was hurt. She had looked upon a new phase of character and the discovery had wounded her.

A few months after this unfortunate party, from which so

little pleasure, and so much pain had sprung, I said to my wife! on coming home one day—

"It's as I expected. Pride must have a fall!"

"Why do you say that? What has happened?" inquired Mrs. Sunderland.

"L——has failed, as I predicted, and his lady wife, who turned up her aristocratic nose at our excellent neices, is likely to see the day when she will stand far below them in society."

I spoke in an exulting voice. But my wife instantly reproved my levity. She cherished no animosities, and had long since forgotten the offence.

So much for MY WIFE'S PARTY.

## WATERLOO--BEFORE AND AFTER.

We were forcibly struck lately, (says the *Knickerbocker*) in reading Dumas' "Shores of the Rhine," by this contrasted picture of "Napoleon going to, and returning from Waterloo." The two scenes are worthy the pencil of Delaroche.

"We saw two carriages approaching, galloping each with six horses. They disappeared for an instant in a valley, then rose again at a quarter of a league's distance from us. Then we set off running toward the town, crying 'L'Empeur! L'Empeur!' We arrived breathless, and only preceding the Emperor by some five hundred paces. I thought he would not stop, whatever might be the crowd awaiting him, and so made for the post-house, when I sunk down half dead with the running; but at any rate I was there. In a moment appeared, turning the corner of a street, the foaming horses; then the postillions all covered with ribbons; then the carriages themselves; then the people following the carriages. The carriages stopped at the post. I saw Napoleon! He was dressed in a green coat, with little epaulets, and wore the officer's cross of the legion of honor. I only saw his bust framed in the square of the carriage window. His head fell upon his chest—that famous medallic head of the old Roman Emperors. His forehead fell forward; his features, immovable, were of the yellowish color of wax; only his eyes appeared to be alive. Next him, on his left, was Prince Jerome, a King without a kingdom, but a faithful brother. He was at that period a fine young man of six-and-twenty or thirty years of age, his features regular and well formed, his beard black, his hair elegantly arranged. He saluted in place of his brother, whose vague glance seemed lost in the future—perhaps in the past. Opposite the Emperor was Letort, his aid-de-camp and ardent soldiers, who seemed already to snuff the air of battle; he was smiling too, the poor fellow, as if he had long days to live! All this lasted for about a minute. Then the whip cracked, the horses neighed, and it all disappeared like a vision.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Three days afterward, toward evening, some people arrived from St. Quentin; they said as they came away they heard cannon. The morning of the seventeenth a courier arrived who scattered all along the road the news of the victory. The eighteenth nothing; only vague rumors were abroad, coming no one knew whence. It was said that the Emperor was at Brussels. The twentieth, three men in rags, two wounded, and riding jaded horses all covered with foam, entered the town, and were instantly surrounded by the whole population, and pushed into the court-yard of the town-house. These men hardly spoke French. They were, I believe, Westphalians, belonging somehow to our army. To all our questions they only shook their heads sadly, and ended by confessing that they had quitted the field of battle of Waterloo at eight o'clock, and the battle was lost when they came away. It was the advanced guard of the fugitives. We would not believe them. We said these men were Prussian spies. Napoleon could not be beaten! That fine army which we had seen pass could not be destroyed. We wanted to put the poor fellows into prison; so quickly had we forgotten '13 and '14, to remember the years which had gone before

My mother ran to the fort, where she passed the whole day, knowing it was there the news must arrive, whatever it were. During this time I looked out in the maps for Waterloo, the name of which even I could not find, and began to think the place was imaginary, as was the men's account of the battle. At four o'clock, more fugitives arrived, who confirmed the news of the first comers. These were French, and could give all the details which we asked for. They repeated what the others had said, only adding that Napoleon and his brother were killed. This we would not believe: Napoleon might not be invincible—inulnerable he certainly was. Fresh news more terrible and disastrous continued to come in until ten o'clock at night.

"At ten o'clock at night we heard the noise of a carriage. It stopped, and the Postmaster went out with a light. We followed him, as he ran to the door to ask for news. Then he started a step back, and cried, 'It's the Emperor!' I got on a stone bench, and looked over my mother's shoulder. It was indeed Napoleon seated in the same corner, in the same uniform, his head on his breast as before. Perhaps it was bent a little lower; but there was not a line in his countenance, not an altered feature, to mark what were the feelings of the great gambler, who had just staked and lost the world. Jerome and Letort were not with him to bow and smile in his place. Jerome was gathering together the remnants of the army; Letort had been out in two by a cannon ball. Napoleon lifted his head slowly, looked round as if rousing from a dream, and then, with his brief, strident voice, 'What place is this?' he said, 'Villers-Coteret, Sire.' 'How many leagues from Soissons?' 'Six, Sire.' 'From Paris?' 'Nineteen.' 'Tell the post-boys to go quick,' and he once more flung himself back into the corner of his carriage, his head fell on his chest. The horses carried him away as if they had wings!"

The world knows what had taken place between these two apparitions of Napoleon!

## MONOPOLY OF THE PUBLIC LANDS.

Land, without labor, is worthless. And labor, to be efficient, must be free and independent. It must not be the forced labor of an uninterested tenantry, but the intelligent and hearty labor of independent farmers—men who own their homesteads, and pay tribute to no man; who work with a will because the proceeds of their industry are secured to themselves and their children; and who cherish with patriotic pride the institutions of their country, because they are interested in its native soil, and are part of its bone and muscle.

Land monopoly has been the curse of the old world. Under its operation thousands of half starved and shiftless tenants have dragged on in ignorance and poverty from year to year, that some pampered nobleman might riot in his pleasures.—And the result has been worn out and fruitless lands, and a debased and discontented peasantry. Ireland, at this day, is a melancholy spectacle of the evils of land monopoly. Our own country, notwithstanding the antagonism of its institutions of feudalism, has not entirely escaped the influences of this enemy of freedom. Witness the troubles in New York, where, under the name of "patroonery," land monopoly has wrought disastrous results.

It is eminently the true policy of our government to prevent the accumulation of large tracts of land in the hands of individuals, or corporations. For such monopoly of land is not injurious to the tillers of the soil, but is entirely at war with the spirit of our institutions. Wherever the land is divided into immense estates, despotism and slavery stand on a broad foundation, while, on the contrary, freedom finds its most congenial home in a community of small landholders. Our own New England owes much of its intelligence and freedom to its small farms, and its hard working, but independent farmers. Jefferson well understood this when he labored to abolish the law of primogeniture in Virginia.

We have been led to make these remarks by reflecting on the policy pursued in the disposal of the public lands of the United States. Our government owns millions of acres of land in the West, or rather, we should say, it holds them in trust for the people, and it is a matter of great moment that this fertile soil should be widely distributed among the laborers of the country. But if the present state of things continues, this cannot be. Already immense tracts of land have been purchased by individuals and associations, for the purpose of speculation, or to be rented out to tenantry. One English nobleman has purchased twenty thousand acres in Wisconsin. And this land, thus purchased, is now lying unimproved, and strong and willing laborers cannot enter upon and cultivate it, and thus benefit themselves and enrich the nation, but after their weary labor of many years has made the surrounding country to blossom like the rose; it will be brought into the market at greatly enhanced prices. Thus will the large land holders become enriched by the toils of the hardy pioneers of our western country.

This subject has another important aspect. The immense unoccupied territory of the West is to be the future seat of mighty States, and it depends upon the disposal now made of the land, whether they shall be governed by a landed aristocracy, or a sturdy race of freemen. In our view, it were better that every acre were now given away to actual settlers than that the former result should occur. We believe it to be the duty of Congress to pass a law prohibiting the sale of the public lands to any except actual settlers, and in small quantities, that thus the people may not be robbed of their birth-right by speculators and aristocrats.

This subject should be pressed upon Congress at its next session, and if the people bestir themselves as they should, such a law may be passed, and thus the happiness of future generations be secured.—[Portland Transcript.

## ECCENTRICITY OF THE PULPIT.

There was formerly, settled over a small society in the town of Hopkinton, in this State, a somewhat singular but very good man, of the Orthodox denomination, named Hall. Many good stories are told of him, and among others the following, which we do not remember to have ever seen in print.

During the period of his ministration, from some trivial cause there arose trouble between the choir and the congregation, which resulted in the withdrawal of the former; liberal concessions were however made, and the singers returned: but they knowing that no other music could be easily obtained, were disposed to take undue advantage of it; and on the slightest offence having been given, immediately vacated. This having occurred several times—even the good pastor was ruffled; and on one occasion during his sermon, he took the opportunity of saying to his people, "although the days of dreams and visions had passed away, and that he was not disposed to credit supernatural agencies—yet he had lately a very singular dream, which, as some of his congregation might be interested in—he would relate."

"I thought," said he, "that I had passed from life; and after death I awoke in a new and strange land. As I walked along, I saw on one side beautiful fields and trees, shady groves and fountains, and everything was lovely and pleasant; and I saw many faces which I recognized as well-known, departed friends—now, in a state of happiness; but as I turned from this enchanting prospect, I saw on my left hand a dark and desolate country, and in the distance, I think I discerned smoke and fire, and heard groans and lamentations. As I turned, shuddering, from the sight, I saw a poor, miserable-looking set of beings, who appeared to be urged forward to this horrid and gloomy place by singular looking creatures, armed with instruments which closely resembled our modern pitchforks. Commiserating their sad state, I inquired of a bystander who these unhappy people were;—glancing contemptuously at them, he replied, 'those?—oh, they are a gang of Hopkinton singers!'"—[Boston Gazette.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1849.

## 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.

In promoting this era of peaceful transformation in human societies, *The Spirit of the Age* will aim to reflect the highest light on all sides communicated in relation to Nature, Man, and the Divine Being,—illustrating according to its power, the laws of Universal Unity.

By summaries of News, domestic and foreign,—reports of Reform Movements—sketches of Scientific discoveries and Mechanical inventions—notices of Books and Works of Art—and extracts from the periodical literature of Continental Europe, Great Britain and the United States—this periodical will endeavor to present a faithful record of human progress.

*The Spirit of the Age* is edited by WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, with the aid of a large number of contributors. It is published every Saturday, at Clinton Hall, 131 Nassau-street, New-York,—being neatly printed on a super-royal sheet, folded into sixteen pages, and forming two large Octavo volumes a year. The subscription price is \$2, payable in all cases in advance. For a remittance of \$10 six copies will be forwarded. On matters relating to the Literary department, address post-paid, the Editor; in regard to Business concerns, address, post-paid, Messrs. Fowlers and Wells, Clinton Hall, New York.

## NAME.

*The Spirit of the Age* is avowedly a high and comprehensive title; but it is assumed without presumption, for it signifies a prayer rather than a promise, and simply marks the hope with which this periodical is undertaken.

What is the Spirit of the Age?

Above the discordant voices of Revolution and Reaction, of international and civil wars, a voice of cheerful prophecy sounds, forth, throughout christendom, for all who have the ear to hear. It announces, as nigh at hand, an era of Reconciliation, when Order and Freedom shall be harmonized by Unity of Interest, and universal good-will shall be proved and perfected in universal justice. It says to rulers and people, to rich and poor; „waste no more blood, treasure, energy, in alternate coercion and destruction; what you need, for the good of one and all, is an organization of Industry, Property, Finance, Exchange, Economics, Guarantees, Education, Government, which accords with the divine method of arrangement; labor together for this end of practical politics and gradually substitute humane relations for existing antagonisms; then shall liberty and law be fulfilled in lives of love collective and individual, and in every community, public and private good shall become mutual complements.” It

says to clergy and laity of all denominations, catholic and protestant: “cease your sectarian feuds, and aggressions, postpone theological discussions, manifest piety by deeds of peace, come forth, in this tumult of the nations, as friends neither of radicalism nor of tyranny, but as the firm, uncompromising ministers of brotherly kindness; then shall worship and work, holiness and humanity be made at one in Christian Commonwealths, and in Confederated Mankind shall appear the Kingdom of God upon Earth.”

Thus speaks the Spirit of the Age. May there grand words of command and encouragement be the guides of this paper! Amidst the trials of these transition times it would stand always and every where in a mediational attitude. It would show Reformers of every grade, that the various movements in which Providence has called them to participate converge to an end of integral association. It would aid the different schools of Socialists to combine, by doing justice alike to all tendencies, religious and secular, spiritual and practical, which divide them. By presenting in a positive form the facts and laws of the Divine System of Mediation it would leave behind past controversies, and bring together upon a higher level the supernaturalist and naturalist, the rationalist and mystic, on broad grounds of experience, illustrated by science, confirmed by tradition, it would demonstrate the need of spiritual centers for political bodies, and thus promote the Unity of Church and State in communal, national and universal life. From the principle that piety and charity must be reciprocally sustained, it would elevate questions of worldly interest into the light of Absolute Justice, and disarm conflicting classes by the inspirations of Fraternity! Finally, by exhibiting the True Order of hierarchical distribution for all functions and honors, it would establish the due claims both of legitimacy and of liberalism, and prove that refined, harmonious, beautiful societies on earth, are the only fit scenes of training for society in heaven.

May *The Spirit of the Age* be a herald of hope. Its end is Peaceful Transition from competitive strife to organized co-operation, from isolated selfishness to associated interests. Its watch-word and countersign are UNIVERSAL UNITY.

## CHRISTIAN SOCIALISTS.

## THE TERMS.

FORMAL titles, catch-words, cant-phrases, are distasteful to all who have breathed in the Spirit of the Age; for this seeks only and always renewal, free thought, fresh speech, spontaneous, genial, varied goodness. Yet formulas may be both timely and useful; they are so when in sending out the first number of a Periodical, it seems the part of wisdom and honor briefly and distinctly to define the ground taken on the central subjects of human interest. At an hour so eventful, no one would pretend to be a guide, without firm conviction, or at least bright glimpses of truth.

Why combine two words, so often arrayed in systematic opposition as CHRISTIAN and SOCIALIST?

Because Heaven and Humanity demand that Christians and Socialists shall be one.

True Christianity is Social; True Socialism is Christian. Religion and Politics are as indispensable as Spirit and Body. Divine Love is the Religion,—Human Love is the Politics—which Christendom is destined to make perfectly at one in collective and individual life. Thus only will it realize its idea of Divine Humanity.

## II. INFIDELITY.

## PROFESSED AND PRACTICAL.

Is it denied, that many Socialists in Europe and America are professed unbelievers in Christianity, as generally taught and exemplified; that they seek the overturn of ecclesiastical institutions, orders, organizations, funds, forms, usages, as an indis-

pensable condition of social reform; that they wish to sweep away in a flood of ridicule Church-creeds and ceremonies as the mere rubbish of ruined superstition? It is not denied, but frankly acknowledged; acknowledged with sorrow, but without surprise.

How shall the hatred, which these men seem to feel and manifest for what others—their equals or superiors—cherish as the life of life, be explained? Anathemas are not explanations; reproaches give no account of the conduct they condemn; general charges of "depravity," "insanity," "infernal malice," &c., are worthless for all ends of intelligent appreciation. To hunt down virtuous and vicious, learned and ignorant, together, under a hue and cry of "infidel," "radical," &c., is paltry persecution, and vain as it is mean. Above all, it is a most childish device to escape the censure, which Christians of every communion feel that they righteously merit, by pouring volleys of excommunication on the critics of the Church. Doubtless, in corporate bodies, as in single persons, conscience can be lulled to sleep by opiates of self-complacency, even under the loudest thunders of judgment. But is God mocked by man's self-delusion? Does not the head of the Church know—as his purest disciples, certainly as his adversaries can not know—that Christendom is even now unchristian, that it has never yet been Christianized?

The explanation of professed unbelief among Socialists is to be found in the practical unfaithfulness of professed Christians. Conscience intuitively recognizes the proof of a principle in its use. "By their fruits shall ye know them," is the righteous test of institutions and individuals, yesterday, to-day, and forever, on earth and in heaven. Now, sweet in sanctifying power as have been through all Christian lands, the lives of holy and humane believers, and green the paths however rough, beneath their steps of gentle wisdom, yet undeniably thus far, in every age, there are the exceptions; heathen need never blush when measured by the average standard of character and conduct among Christians. By craft and hardness, intrigue and love of sway, by lawless lusts and uncurbed tempers, many a church-goer habitually violates good faith, decency, humanity and honor, in ways which might shock a Bedouin of the desert, or a South Sea islander. And when we pass from private to public manifestations of Christianity, the case is no wise mended. The earnest scholar recognizes with grateful awe the transforming energy which flows upon Mankind, in ever fuller measure, from the life of Christ; and with assured hope anticipates a time, when communities, nations, the race, shall become transfigured by the indwelling glory of God. But it must be confessed, that looked at on a large scale, through long periods, over wide regions, the Christian Church—under all past modes of organization, Catholic and Protestant,—excepting of course the Primitive—does appear to have been a foe as much as a friend to human progress. Has she not sat like a queen on high places, clothed in purple and fine linen, sumptuously fed, luxuriously attended, while her so called children were perishing amid squalor, nakedness and want? Has she not proved herself the upholder of tyrants quite as much as a redeemer of the oppressed, a tax gatherer of the poor as much as an almoner? Has she not laid heavy yokes on conscience and reason, crowded with captives her bastiles of bigotry, silenced the prophets, blinded the seers, as often as she has confronted hoary abuses, stormed the strong hold of wrong, poured light on the low streams of ignorance and heralded reform? In strict truth, such statements err on the side of tameness rather than of severity. What honest historian dreams of concealing facts so notorious as the past corruptions of the Church! What sincere follower of Him, who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, is not humbled with shame at its present shortcomings.

Is it a matter of surprise, however much, we may feel sorrow, that the People—tantalized by promises of future good, while fainting under present burdens,—disgusted at the word

"patience,"—"patience" from those who propped on soft cushions and riding at ease, look down on dusty, foot-sore wayfarers with ill-concealed contempt—moved in the blindness of despair mistake the white-washed sanctimoniousness of "respectable" Christians for Christianity itself? Is it matter of surprise that Reformers—finding their best efforts hindered rather than helped by those, who as professed ministers of the All-Good would be the leaders of the people—taught by frequent experience that ecclesiastical politicians but too often surpass secular politicians in unscrupulousness—painfully and perpetually reminded that throughout Christendom the most prejudiced upholders of dead conventions are found among the clergy—should come at length to attribute the luke-warm charity, the fearfulness and degrading suspicions of these christened churchmen to a radical weakness in the Christian Church? Ought we not rather to be surprised, that the disciples of one, whose every word and act were a protest against exclusiveness and a prophecy of mutualism, should not long since have put away all risks of popular corruption by effective measures for popular improvement? Indeed, it is surprising, that any reader of the New Testament should fail to take to heart that pungent "Parable of the Two Sons"—who when commanded by their father to go into the field alternately answered "I will not," and "I go Sir," yet in turn contradicted the word by the act. Is not the question pertinent to-day as of old, "Which now of the twain did the will of his father?"

### III. THE OVERPLUS OF FAITH.

Sad as is the spectacle of professed, much more of practical infidelity throughout Christendom, yet the Age is bright with cheering auguries. The Spirit of HUMANITY is at work in all classes, soothing jealousies, softening callous hearts, breathing in forgiveness, tolerance, respect, and every where preparing for a Real Reformation alike of Church and State.

The very infidels of our generation are Christians in principle and purpose to a degree that astonishes themselves. Won irresistibly by the benignant loveliness of the Son of Man they cry "reverence the Master of us all." Their keenest weapons, wherewith to attack social evils, are drawn from Christ's armory of Good Will. The banner, that guides their hosts, is blazoned with Christ's motto of Fraternity. They prove themselves Christ's "friends," by his unflinching standard, obedience to the New Commandment. Their ideal of life is Christ's accomplished Gospel of Universal Love. Undeniably in their person and methods they are yet rude; but their mountains of pride are falling, their valleys of meanness rise, and in the deserts of their neglected spirits is made ready a highway for the Lord.

Quite as encouraging are the signs that this spring-breath of Humanity is melting the most frost-bound formalists. A pretended spirituality, which shows itself to be merely sentimental, or which is manifested chiefly in negative or restrictive acts, is becoming odious to all persons of plain good-sense and unperverted feeling, however habituated to pietism. They recognise in it that very "leaven of the Pharisees" which Christ denounced as hypocrisy. The thought is every where taking substantial shape, that just, humane and pure conditions are as nearly allied to spiritual health, as sanity of body is to sanity of mind. Churchmen emulate Come-outers in active reforms. And even they, who hold it blasphemy to hope for a heaven upon earth, yet see that heavenly-mindedness is never fostered by keeping up a hell. In a word, still rife as is infidelity, there is a rapidly augmenting overplus of faith.

### IV. THE CALL TO CHRISTENDOM.

What now says the Spirit of the Age to all Christendom? No single voice can worthily utter its message, and a life of love throughout confederated nations can alone embody its promise. Yet any one who will listen can catch in part and in part respond to its angel-song of "Glory."

"Lift up your hearts, ye people! be not afraid, ye privileged!"

it says, "for ye are not alone; countless ministrations are around and among you; you live the life of the Eternal Father by incessant meditations. Christ is risen, and is alive forevermore—and the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord; Humanity in heaven animates like a soul the body of Humanity on earth; Christendom is us heart and lungs to the wide-spreading nations, and the head of Christendom is God in Man; a Divine influence is evermore entering the race and molding it after the Divine image; and all progress moral, intellectual, physical, is the growth of this Heavenly Humanity. Surely as the sun rises from dawn to noon, and seasons ripen from spring to summer, so surely shall the destiny of Adam's children culminate on this planet, when a beautified earth shall be recovered Eden, and in the City of Peace, God and the Lamb shall shine on his people with perpetual light. From Heaven on Earth shall open swift and easy access to Heaven in Heaven.

"Meanwhile Churchmen! Statesmen! be up and doing, cheerfully, uncompromisingly, strong in your trust in God and in Man. Hold nothing common or unclean, which Providence assigns as a duty, a lesson, a pleasure. Aim at no lower end than the sanctification of all human relations. Reform your works and your worship, by peaceful progress, proportioning your efforts to your growing power. Seek to learn and apply universally the Laws of Divine Order. Dream not, for an instant, of resting content with the successes of the past; the past lives in the circulations of the present. Know that a New Era has opened in Christendom; that a New Church is descending, that a New State is preparing, like a bride adorning herself for a husband. The New Church is Divine Love flowing in as holiness; the New State is Human Love rising up as brotherhood. The piety of this church will be charitable; the charity of this state will be pious. In religion and politics alike, Christendom has passed through its ages of simple unity, and division; now comes its age of composite re-union. It has tried Hierarchy and Individualism; it is ready now for Collective Mediation; it has tried Monarchical constraint and Democratic misrule, it is ready now for the True Aristocracy, at once loyal and free, of Co-operation; it has tried the supremacy of the Church over the State, of the State over the Church, and their divorced independence, it is ready now for their marriage in mutual honor.

CHRISTIAN-SOCIALISM is the name briefly symbolizing these commands and prophecies. The formula that sums up this creed of active goodness is UNITY OF CHURCH AND STATE IN COMMUNAL, NATIONAL, UNIVERSAL LIFE. And they who labor for such sublime ends are CHRISTIAN-SOCIALISTS.

## WELCOME AND WARNING.

THE very aim of *The Spirit of the Age* precludes partizanship; for the more various the tendencies brought to converge in its columns the more surely will its end be attained. All who sympathize, in the main, with the principles of this paper, are cordially welcomed therefore to communicate with each other and the public, through its pages. Let them express their maturest thoughts or freshest hopes, as they feel prompted,—on their own responsibility, and under their own names. The Editor reserves only the right of determining what articles will best promote harmony.

A few words in regard to the general rules adopted for editorial conduct may be timely by way of warning.

1. *Preserve dignity of tone.* Truth is her own best advocate. Let impartial justice prompt and limit statements, without vicious intermixture of apologies or denunciation, of appeals to policy or prejudice. Integrity alone is strong in wisdom. Influence is proportioned to the degree of loyalty to absolute right and universal interests.

2. *Avoid personalities.* Approval and censure are purest when implied rather than when protruded into sight. If they must,

for satisfactory reasons, be uttered, let acts and results be their object, not characters and motives; and let classes rather than individuals be selected for a mark. Patronage, sneers, puffs, sarcasm, soon lose their savor, however spicy and sweet at first. Our judgments of others denote, for the most part, our own habitual excesses or defects, our whims and cherished notions, and self-conceit, gratified vanity, and craving for notice, our sloth, pride, anger, envy, &c. Of these the world can well spare the exposure; and good sense urges us straightway to outgrow them, when intercourse with those of unlike tempers brings them forth to consciousness.

3. *Let Criticism be positive rather than negative.* The surest way to measure persons, institutions, books, works of art, is the presentation of an Ideal. A central principle, clearly stated, at once classifies men, laws, events, and assigns them uncompromisingly their due place, without awakening morbid feelings of complacency or antagonism. Thus the vital spark of genius which more or less animates each human enterprise, is freed from the body of death, wrapped round it by sin and folly.

4. *Comparison is more effective than controversy.* The ready way to disarm adversaries, and what is far better to make them allies, is cordially to recognize the special truth they advocate; then by mere juxtaposition of another truth just limits are marked. Even in extreme cases where collision is inevitable, the rightful arbiter is a Scale of Distribution. This at once shows the relative claims of complicating principles, and peace is established. A True Order is jury, judge, and executioner.

5. *Use wise reservation.* Let the hours and seasons teach us a method of gradual inculcation. Why in the moral, more than in the material world, should clocks strike always twelve at noon, or a midsummer's sun be forever at the zenith? The Divine educator suggests before he fully declares a truth; he prepares his molds before he casts his statues; he is careful to proportion his influxes of light to our power of vision, his endowments of all kinds to our capacity and skill to receive. "Why when I asked for grapes" said Swedenborg to the angels, "did you give me figs?" They answered, "we gave you grapes, but you took them as figs." And he who announced himself as the "Way, the Truth, the Life," set the rule for all ages, in the words: "I have many things to say unto you, but ye can not bear them yet."

In closing, let it be understood, that while the Editor believes rules, such as these, to be dictated by the Spirit of the Age, he has no wish to lay down the law for others. Speak in your own dialect, friendly associates; follow your guiding light. And now one word more;—it is the well settled prerogative of editors to be prolix and prosy; contributors are expected to write always with brevity, condensation and point. To secure these ends, it is recommended that articles be broken up into distinct parts under distinct heads.

## TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE HARBINGER.

☞ The subscribers to *The Harbinger* who have paid in advance will receive *The Spirit of the Age* to the full amount of their subscriptions, which it is hoped, they will take pleasure in renewing at the expiration of the term.

☞ The subscribers to *The Harbinger* who are in arrears will please to forward the amount due to the office of *The Spirit of the Age*, which is authorized to receipt their bills.

☞ A copy of the first number of *The Spirit of the Age* is sent as a specimen to the former subscribers of *The Harbinger*. Those who wish to renew their subscription will please forward the amount to this office.

☞ The Exchange papers of *The Harbinger* that wish to receive *The Spirit of the Age* will direct their papers to this office.

☞ The readers of *The Harbinger*, it is believed, will find a valuable successor to that journal in *The Spirit of the Age*. It will receive contributions from several of the former writers in *The Harbinger*, and will be characterized by the independence, frankness, and freedom, which gave that paper its distinguished reputation.

#### TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE UNIVERCŒLUM.

☞ The subscribers who have paid in advance for *The Univercœlum* will be supplied with *The Spirit of the Age* to the full amount of their subscriptions.

☞ The exchanges of *The Univercœlum* will please direct their papers to *The Spirit of the Age*.

☞ We send a copy of *The Spirit of the Age* to all the friends and patrons of *The Univercœlum*. We trust they will find no reason to regret the change of arrangement, which its proprietors have thought it advisable to make, and that with the aid of many of the former contributors to *The Univercœlum*, our columns will preserve the boldness of discussion, and the spiritual and philosophical tendencies to which the readers of that Journal have been accustomed.

☞ *The Spirit of the Age* is owned by responsible proprietors, who have placed it on a secure pecuniary basis. Its business arrangements are complete and satisfactory. The well known intelligence, enterprise and industry of the publishers, Messrs. FOWLERS & WELLS, are an ample guarantee that the business department of the paper will be conducted with energy and correctness.

☞ Our friends of the newspaper press to whom we are happy to present our acknowledgments for courtesy and kindness experienced in other relations, will perceive from the present number the character and position which it is intended shall be sustained by *The Spirit of the Age*. Such of them as wish to exchange, and will copy our Prospectus, will please forward a copy of their papers, with a marked notice of our enterprise.

For *The Spirit of the Age*.

#### PROGRESS--PERFECTION.

We live in what may emphatically be termed an age of progress. The wheels of time, in their career through the crooked highway called life, have raised from the dust of the roadside, some particles, which less gross in structure than their earth-born companions, return not again to the weary turnpike, but float upward, seeking a freer and purer atmosphere. Ages upon ages have rolled away; and millions upon millions of suns have risen, and set, and returned; and sunk again to rest, since man first lived. And how lived he? Dwelt he in the midst of the triumphs of science, and the magnificent attainments of art? Opened he his eyes amidst the thunderings of the mighty inventions of a progressive knowledge? Ah no! For all this was to be accomplished by himself and his descendants, throughout all time.

He dwelt not in a solitary city, with monuments, and churches, and magnificent palaces clustering around, gleaming in their strange, and glorious beauty, that he might live merely to enjoy and produce others, to enjoy their perfected luxury. No steam-armed power was there, waiting but a word from his lips, that it might fly to do his bidding. Neither stood the omnipotent lightning with its million winged speed, submissive to his command; waiting to compass the earth, and whisper with its chained fire-tongue, in the most remote corner of creation. Surely not, and yet did that first man, in his first state, lay the foundation of the means, by which to accomplish this great object.

Impelled by the unquenchable thirst of his soul for knowledge, he ate of the tree of life. This was a great progressive step, for

it brought knowledge to the race of man, and what were ten thousand physical deaths, in comparison with this glorious gift? For by it we gained a knowledge of good and evil, so by it gained we also a power to cherish the good, and root out the evil. And that this shall be done, I fully believe; and that it will be done by the innate strength of man's own conscience, of his own conviction of right, do I as firmly believe.

In the quiet simplicity of man's first days upon the earth which God had given him in the fresh, bright beauty of its creation; and while the loving smile of its all-wise creator still lingered upon it; would he have not considered that an impossible dream, the fulfilment of which, should spread over its yet unpeopled surface, a race of beings strong in intellect, daring in their endeavors to fathom the depth of the sublime mysteries by which they would find themselves surrounded, and mighty in the success of those endeavors? Placed upon it, in entire ignorance of its extent, its duration, or its ultimate design, it was for him to work out a solution to the mighty problem, of his unsought existence.

Knowing nothing of the fixed laws that govern the universe; suspecting nothing of the hidden treasures of his beautiful dwelling place, the earth; dreaming never, of the noble intellect that was entwined with the very fibres of his being; was not the accomplishment of the stupendous mission, he was called upon to fulfil, well-nigh inconceivable? But behold! Deity, shadowed forth in his own immortal yearning, revealed dimly to his spirit, the one object of all created things. And can we stand now, in the full blaze of the light, which the accumulated knowledge of the ages that have gone before, has poured upon us, and in the midst of the resounding echoes, which in the nineteenth century, arouse the latent energies of the giant mind to thought and action; stand we thus, say, and declare there dwells in us nothing infinite, nothing divine? Shall not man arise in the conscious strength of his infinitude, in the terrible power of his God-likeness, and proclaim himself free! for to be good, to be just, to be wise, and to be happy, he must be free.

The proud wind goes exultingly forth rejoicing in the fullness and strength of its liberty; and what can resist the sweeping power of its mighty arm.

Then let man go forth in the strength given him of God, let him feel himself free, unfettered in thought and action; let him shout to the winds, to the waves, uncontrolled in their sublime surging; I am free, free as yourselves, and I will use this noble gift of freedom for good, I will raise myself by it, to the most perfect love, to the most eternal and perfect happiness; then shall the high origin of his soul be acknowledged, then shall the nobility of his being sustain him in his lofty career; and he shall rise high, and still higher in moral worth, till the end is attained; till his heavenly destiny is accomplished which is—eternal wisdom.

BOADICEA.

ELYRIA. O.

For *The Spirit of the Age*.

#### CRED.

"We believe and therefore speak."—Paul.

How is it that faith has come to signify a lack of faith?—a creed itself, to mean no creed; but simply a long transmitted heirloom, or rather woof of words, which are lifeless and empty? The original *credo* was indicative of what I believe; but strangely enough, it only means, in the Church's vocabulary, a formula, which all mortals must repeat with uplifted eyes, on pain of being shut out from the company of the faithful. How much belief there is in repetition; can be easily seen by all who have courage to look at it. So far from its being faith, it is a formula for strangling faith. Conservatism would put an end to all true belief, and prevent the individual from exercising any religious element of his nature, insisting on passive obedience, in his refraining to look with confidence up to God, and out upon the

boundless, truth teaching, trust-inspiring beauties of his universe, and in gazing, ever doleful, at her inverted picture of the past. And yet the worshippers at her gloomy altar imagine that they believe and have a creed. But *what* do they believe? Well! The creed of Rome or Geneva, or Westminster, or of some man or church. They have then no belief of their own; have never exercised faith in any true sense. Paul did not submit to have his thinking and believing done for him by David, Moses or Isaiah, by Jewish rabbin or pagan poet, however he might approve and make his own the noble sentiments recorded by each. His creed was the creed of Paul. The creed of every true man has been his *own*, not another's.

"But is not Christianity true, the *whole* truth? Is there any thing to be believed after that?" The answer to your question depends on what you mean by the term. If by christianity you mean any form of it decreed by a corrupt church or all that has yet become spoken or written, then it is *not* the whole truth, and much more has to be believed. But if that system of truth is meant, which was believed, spoken, what is more, *lived* by Jesus, which involves the true religion of all time, as believed and spoken, according to light and opportunity by all earnest and confiding spirits, as it approximates the absolute religion of nature, then, there is nothing *after* it, but an eternity of progress ever growing insight and holy trust in the arrangements and purposes of the Divine mind.

"What means, then, this talk in the world, about faith and belief, and of creeds many?" It means nothing. Its object is to throttle the beliefs of men, by a mummerly, which is at best but the dead body of what might have been some man's creed, in days gone by. You may place it in different attitudes, swear it is a veritable living thing; yet will it not *speak* by any conjuration, much less *work*. In days of a real Gospel, men spake as they were moved with inward consciousness. Now the church has one ready prepared for minds of all growths, which is only to be rehearsed till familiar; and then rested in for ever more. It will work mechanical results, being itself mechanical. Whether it will work by love and purify the heart; whether it will cleanse the fountains of life, and keep the well-springs of goodness flowing free from the soul's depths, is questionable; not not questionable. It can do nothing; only prevent doing and being done. Gog-like it would palsy the tongues of all true believers. Can you imagine why? The counterfeit likes not comparison with the real. So the real must not see light, or if it will be out spoken it must be branded as imposition, infidelity, humbug, wheret cowards and sycophants join in the chorus, and at least, will not hear the true faith spoken, lest they be convicted of their idol worship of a name.

Little consoling for any length of time, are the results of each creed-binding, such persecution of the free, truth speaking faithful. Against a band of true men, you array an army of sycophantic, time-serving mortals. Go on, then, suppressing speech, believing it wherever free! Make unpopular heresy and unbelief, which have strangely enough come to signify the same which *faith* once did! You will make the hated thing obnoxious, you will frighten from its devotion those who lack devotion; you will attract to yourself kindred elements of hypocrisy and nothingness, and so save a tattering fabric for a time. You may even christen it the temple of life, and assume such terms as, to vulgar minds, express the thing to be counterfeited; but the coming light shall reveal its deformity; nor shall power be given you to injure any real thing, or quell one truthful voice. J. K. I.

A lawyer of—, Mr. G—, was the other day rather roughly used in the trial of a case, by an opposing counsellor Mr. F—. Meeting him in the street, the former told the latter, if he ever again was impertinent "he would handle him *without gloves*." "That's more than I would do with you," was the cool reply of F—.

## Original Poetry.

### THE GREEN WOOD.

BY GEORGE HALLAND.

I love the green wood, O chide me not  
For loving the wood, 'tis a beautiful spot;  
God, when he made it, pronounced it good,  
And 'tis just as he left it, the same green Wood.

I love to wander for hours and hours,  
And pluck from its bosom the sweet wild flowers,  
O set me down in some shady nook,  
And teach me a lesson from nature's book.

I love the song of the merry bird,  
I love the low of the distant herd,  
And ever the hum of the busy bee,  
Has an inexpressible charm for me.

I love that old forest-tree standing there,  
With its arms extended in ceaseless prayer,  
And the trim brook, as it dances along,  
Praising God in an endless song.

Commune with nature but one short hour.  
All the baser passions lose their power;  
The mind becomes calm, serene, and clear,  
And is in harmony, God is here.

Here I would come when sad or gay,  
Here I would come to praise and pray,  
Here I would live, and here I would die,  
And when I am dead, O here let me lie.

Troy, June, 1849.

## European Politics.

The Steamer *Hibernia* which arrived at this port on Friday evening of last week, brings us European intelligence to Saturday, the 16th ult

In ENGLAND, the Bill for the repeal of the Navigation Laws, has passed the House of Lords by a large majority. A bill has passed the Commons to enable Jews to sit in Parliament. The English Government has decided to sustain Lord Elgin in his course in the administration of Canada. A motion introduced by Mr. Cobden in favor of National arbitration to prevent wars has been debated in the Commons, but was lost under the objections that were urged against it from every quarter. Public sentiment in England is strongly expressed in favor of the position taken by the Roman Republicans, and is indignant at the treachery which has been practised upon them. The *London Times*, says, "The success of the French arms, after this unnatural and irrational contest, will only stamp the achievement with greater shame, and the unfortunate commander of the expedition will be remembered with the Carthagonian, the Goth, the regent Bourbon, and the plundering sans-culotte." The *Daily News* exclaims "We consider the name of Odillon Barrot as forever dishonored—as degraded, indeed, not merely to the category of the Guizots, and the Metternichs, who were consistent, or to that of the Poliquets, who might plead fanaticism in mitigation of their folly, but to a far deeper pit in the political inferno; that pit to which will be consigned the memory of those statesmen who made use of the power they had reached by the profession of liberalism, for the betrayal and extinction of that cause." In the house of Commons the epithet "infamous" has been applied to the conduct of France, in the House of Lords, it has

been described by the stinging language of Lord Beaumont. "Such fraternal love, such brotherly protection as France was now extending to Rome, had never been seen since the days of Cain and Abel."

A letter-writer from London, remarks :

"There are not many professed Socialists in England, but the elementary rudiments of their doctrines are practically recognized here to a far greater extent than in the United States. Here we have public baths and wash-houses erected by subscription for the use of the people at a low rate of charges; immense lodging houses, replete with comforts and conveniences, erected not for the sake of profit, but for the benefit of the people; clubs, in which the members enjoy all the luxuries of princely establishments at a moderate expense; friendly societies, the members of which guarantee each other support in sickness and old age; mutual insurance societies, savings banks and trades-unions on a gigantic scale. In those respects our people are greatly in advance of yours, but I hope to see you entering upon the same career, and know that if you once begin with vigor and determination you will soon overtake and outstrip us. Let these important subjects be examined and discussed by your newspapers, instead of the petty and trumpery matters which now occupy their attention, and then the industrious classes, and indeed all classes, will eagerly enter upon the new career of improvements."

The affairs of FRANCE have assumed an unusual interest since our last advices. The debates on the Roman question have been made the occasion for a signal manifestation of public opinion. In the Legislative Assembly, the impeachment of the President was moved by Ledru Rollin, on account of the attack on Rome. He was not sustained in the motion and asserted from the tribune, "The Constitution has been violated, and we will defend it by every possible means, even by arms." This was the signal for a general explosion. The friends of Constitutional liberty assembled for deliberation. An appeal to the people was agreed on by acclamation. A public manifestation of popular feeling was the immediate result. Assemblages formed in the streets, and by eleven o'clock on the morning of the 12th ult., there were more than one hundred and fifty thousand men collected in one of the principal places of the city, among whom were three thousand National Guards in full uniform. While this immense body of citizens were moving toward the Hall of the Assembly, they were charged by the troops; no resistance was made; and by half past three o'clock, the gathering was generally dispersed. Several persons were wounded by the onset of the military, Stephen Arago among the number. The next day, strong measures were adopted by the government. Several of the leading democratic presses were seized and their Editors arrested. An inflated proclamation was issued by the President, expressing his horror at the popular movement, which he describes as a revolt against a Government founded on universal suffrage.

Marshal Bugeaud is one of the victims of the cholera, he was in his sixty-fifth year. "Feroocious and unscrupulous, he began life as a private soldier, and was made a corporal on the field of Austerlitz. Early in the reign of Louis Philippe he was appointed Governor of the citadel of Blaye, where the Duchesse de Berri was imprisoned; and being afterwards taunted that, in his devotion to the monarch, he had consented to become a jailer, he shot in a duel the unfortunate author of the remark, and subsequently rose at Court to still greater favor. His remorseless services in Algiers completed his honors. He was always strongest, however, on the strongest side, and although the last marshal created by Louis Philippe, he was the first to recognize the Republic. The final words he uttered on his death-bed, although merely referring to the nature of the attack, were impressive at the close of such a life—"I am a lost man."

At Rome, the republicans have again been attacked by the

French Army. The final result is still unknown, though at first the French were successful.

The correspondent of the *Times* disposes as follows of the calumny which charges the Republic with maintaining itself against the real wish of the people, who are falsely said to long for the return of the Pope. This writer is not partial to the Roman Republic:

"As a lover of truth and inquirer into facts, I cannot help being struck by a singular circumstance that attends this invasion. Notwithstanding that the French Government has deceived all the other Powers, parties to the Congress at Gaeta, as well as trifled with its engagements to the Pope, still it must be presumed that the expedition to Rome has been made, not only for the purpose of protecting "the legitimate influence of France," but also for the restoration of Papacy, whether spiritual or temporal; or both. It has taken place in the belief that a strong reactionary party existed in Rome, as well as in the provinces; and devoted, as the people were supposed to be to Pio Nono, it was expected that thousands would have availed themselves of the opportunity to declare openly in his favor. During three weeks after the landing of the French the gates of Rome were unclosed, and the provinces have been free of the armed bands attached to Mazzini, and the anti-Papal party. Still not a single man has joined the French camp, and not one Roman, either of the city or of the country, from Bologna to Terracina, has taken up arms for the Pope. Where, then, is the reaction, or the reactionary party? It is neither seen nor heard.—Are we not, therefore, entitled to inquire if it in reality exists, or if there be any person anxious for the restoration of church government beyond the immediate influence of the cardinals at Gaeta? I fear the European Catholic Powers have been acting all this time on false data, and have been confounding two things that are essentially different. I mean the return of the Pope himself, and the restitution of the Government of Cardinals. The one is still possible, though the French expedition and the loss of life at Rome convert the love of the people for the person of the Pope into a feeling of a very opposite character; but the other is quite impossible, and the sooner the great Powers understand that fact the better it will be for the welfare not only of the Roman Catholic religion, but of Christianity in general. At such a moment as the present we must not be deaf and blind, and I am convinced that church government, as it existed, cannot be restored at Rome. We had an arrival of 2,000 men from Toulon last night, as well as of an immense quantity of munitions of war. The whole French force now in the Roman State must amount to 28,000 men. The Spaniards were at Terracina when I last heard of them. About 300 French subjects, now at Rome, have been taken under the protection of the British flag, I am told by order of Lord Palmerston. The Austrians are not advancing upon Rome. Their force is altogether directed towards Ancona."

The intelligence from Austria, is favorable to the Hungarians. At Vienna the government are in a state of complete paralysis. The Austrian and Russian commanders were quarrelling about precedence, and no decisive steps were in contemplation.

M. VATTÉMARE wishes to place in the "American Library," which is now being formed in the City Hall, at Paris—

"A COLLECTION OF AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS,  
Presented to the City of Paris,  
By the Journalists of the United States.  
July 4th, 1840."

He will thank all editors and publishers to send to the "Boston Daily Bee" (the editor of which has undertaken to form the collection) a copy of their paper published on the 4th of July, 1840, with a copy of each semi-weekly and weekly which they issue during the first week in July. Papers published in other American nations, and old or rare newspapers will be also thankfully received. Acknowledgments will be made through the Box of all donations received.

## News of the Week.

## THE NEW YORK REGIMENT IN CALIFORNIA.

This regiment, before it sailed from New York, was in such a state of disorder and insubordination, that it called forth the most unpleasant forebodings in regard to the reputation it might give the Empire State, on its arrival at the scene of war. The voyage out, however, was free from disturbance, and on landing they found not much fighting to do, and most of them went with a rush to the Gold Mines.

Col. Stevenson writes home as follows, respecting the present condition and future prospects of his regiment: "About the time of the sailing of the volunteers under my command, from New York, it was the fashion to abuse us all, and the only credit awarded me, was for relieving the city of a thousand knaves and vagabonds. We are now out of service, officers and men, and I can therefore now speak of all as they deserve—as I have found them, and as they are at this time, and I will commence by saying that I do not believe the same number of men were ever so indiscriminately collected together, and embarked either as soldiers or emigrants, who combined so much character for honor and integrity, who possessed more useful knowledge and intelligence, from the learned professions to the artisan, mechanic and laborer; and, as an evidence of this, I unhesitatingly declare that at this time the most respectable and prosperous lawyers, doctors, merchants, clerks, and mechanics in California, are those who composed the first New York Regiment of Volunteers under my command; and I do not believe there are ten of the regiment who will not compare well with men of their class in any part of the United States. True, none have had an opportunity to gain laurels at the cannon's mouth, or the bayonet's point, but the few of those who were in Lower California proved themselves brave and gallant soldiers; and, for the length of service, endured as much as any of their fellow-soldiers in Mexico. Yet if we have seen no service in Upper California, we have made ourselves beloved and respected by the people of the country, by a correct and proper course of conduct, and have, therefore, taught them to regard a union with us as the greatest earthly blessing."

A daily paper of this city ascribes the favorable change in manners to the "influence of a long sea voyage, a strict discipline, and a pork and beans diet." Each of these means of grace is no doubt efficient, when properly applied; but we imagine the saving power in this case came from the enjoyment of freedom and the prospect of "getting a pocket full of rocks." Throw a man on his own resources, and give him a chance to make money, he will behave pretty well, as the world goes.

## DEATH AND BURIAL OF EX-PRESIDENT POLK.

Under this head the Nashville True Whig gives some account of the last hours of Mr. Polk, from which we make the following extract:

"He retained his consciousness, we learn, up almost to the moment of dissolution. We saw him at a period when his physicians considered his case very critical. He happened to hear that we were going to Columbia, where his good old mother resides, and sent for us. Upon entering the room he asked us to take a seat by his bed-side, he proceeded in a very calm, deliberate manner to say that the exhausted condition of his body was not alarming to him—that he felt satisfied that his earthly career was fast approaching to an end—that he wished to send some word to his beloved mother, who was so unwell, as he understood, that it was probable that she might not be able to come and see him—he spoke of her and other members of the family most affectionately—among other messages delivered in the same calm, resigned tone, he requested us to tell his mother that

should they not be permitted to meet on earth again, he had an abiding hope that, through divine mercy, they would meet hereafter.

Early in his sickness, we understand he connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. A funeral sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. B. McFerrin, of that church, and his remains followed to their last resting place by a large concourse of citizens. He was interred with Masonic ceremonies, having been a member of that fraternity.

## GONE TO CALIFORNIA.

THE ship Arkansas, Capt. Philip W. Shepherd, sailed from this port for California, on the 26th ult. She carries out an Association of Adventurers called the "California Mutual Benefit and Joint Stock Association," of which Dr. D. W. RANDLE of Keokuk, Iowa, is President. The principal object of the Association is mining and trading, and combined with this, is the support of a Christian Missionary in California. The Rev. Calvin Lathrop, who goes out as Chaplain of the Company, proposes to engage in Missionary labors, after his arrival in that country. He will be joined by two or three other Missionaries, who expect to receive a part of their support from the Company. They take out a quantity of Bibles, Testaments, books and tracts, to aid the purposes of the mission, most of which are donations from benevolent societies in this city. The Association numbers seventy-six members. Besides them, the ship takes out thirty-six other passengers, including six children. Of this whole list, eight are ladies, which is the largest number that has left this port for California. A sad accident occurred to one of the passengers on Monday. The Arkansas was lying outside the Gallego, which was either loading or unloading, and as one of the passengers of the former was hurrying across, it being supposed she would sail that noon, he was struck severely by a large package which was being hoisted at the time, and precipitated, head-foremost, about twenty feet into the hold. He received several contusions about the head, and his spine was so severely injured that for some time the doctor despaired of saving him. The sufferer, who is an Italian, seemed kept alive with visions of the El Dorado, for he insisted on being taken with them. Fortunately, there was a delay of another day, which helped very materially his recovery. Yesterday, though scarcely able to stir out of one position, he was in very good spirits. He is said to be a man of learning and intellectual acquirements, and exiled lately for his liberal opinions from Rome. He chose to go out in this ship from the religious nature of the passengers, and had recommendations from some of the first men in the country. A small dog kept faithful watch on the sick bed of his master, nor could he be made to move.

The Sixteenth Annual Commencement of the University of New-York was held on the 21st ult. At about half-past ten the procession was formed by the students, the chancellor, and faculty of professors, who entered the church while the band, under the direction of A. Dodworth, stationed on the left in the rear of the pulpit, played a grand march.

The exercises were opened by reading a portion of the Scriptures and prayer by Chancellor Frelinghuysen. The band played a passage from the opera of "Moses in Egypt." The Latin and English salutations were pronounced, the former by Edward C. Miles, the latter by A. P. Van Gieson.

The addresses were generally of a very fine order. The music was excellent.

MR. JOHN VAN BUREN, we understand, was invited to deliver an oration on the Fourth of July, at Bridgeport, Conn, and as an inducement to accept the invitation, was tendered a fee of one hundred and fifty dollars, which, with the invitation, he declined, having other engagements. Free soil s.o.k is looking up.

**ANNIVERSARY OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF THE UNIVERSITY.**—The Literary Societies (Philomathean and Euclean) of the University, celebrated their Anniversary on Tuesday evening of last week at Rev. Dr. Potts' Church. The spacious edifice was filled long before the commencement of the exercises, which were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. De Witt.

Rev. E. L. Magoon, the Orator of the evening, was introduced to the audience by Chanceller Frelinghuysen; and announced his theme as "The Relation of Mental Glory to Civil Freedom." The Oration was a splendid effort, marked by the peculiar excellences of Mr. Magoon, and was received with universal tokens of approbation. He closed with an earnest exhortation to the young men of the Institution to be *full-length men*—not half-way members of society; and urged them especially to be Christian men, to regard the signs of the times, and to adopt all measures of true Reform. He took his seat amid a perfect whirlwind of applause.

The Poem was composed by Alfred B. Street, but was delivered by Mr. Gardiner, one of the Alumni of the University. Mr. Street having been detained by illness. His theme was "Our Noble State"—and the subject was handled in his usual felicitous manner; particularly those portions which pictured Indian life and manners, in the early history of New York.

THOMAS F. MARSHALL has taken the stump in favor of emancipation in Kentucky. He came in contact a short time since with a pro-slavery clergyman, named John L. Waller, who said in a speech that he did not desire any change in the moral and intellectual condition of Kentucky. Marshall replied that he did not doubt the Rev. gentleman's sincerity, for if he had desired an improvement in the morals of his fellow citizens he would not have left the pulpit to become a pro-slavery, political candidate; and if the intellectual condition of the people were improved, they would no longer tolerate such a minister as he.

**THE CASE OF A. T. WOOD.**—If there be no fraud or imposture this matter, the case of Wood is of the most extraordinary character. This man, who is a mulatto, is confined in jail at Machias, under a charge of having intercourse with his own lawful wife. The secret is, she is a white woman. Wood was married to his wife on the 2d of May last, in New-Brunswick, by the Rector of St. Stephen's Parish. He has with him the regular certificate of his marriage. There is a law in force in this State which declares such marriages illegal, but this of course only relates to marriages contracted in Maine. Everybody knows that the validity of a marriage depends, not upon the law of the place where the person happens to be, but upon the law of the place where the marriage was contracted. Any other doctrine would lead to the most absurd and deplorable consequences. The whole proceeding against Wood, according to the account of it, is of so high handed a character that we cannot resist a suspicion of misrepresentation. No people in their senses would expose themselves to the consequences of so daring an outrage under our laws upon a fellow citizen. Still, if the facts, as stated by Wood, be substantially true, there will come a sorry day of reckoning for the mighty squeamish getters-up of the persecution.

**THE PRESIDENTIAL TOUR.**—We understand that the President will leave Washington on his tour to the North, about the middle of August. He will proceed from Baltimore to York, and from thence visit Lancaster, Harrisburg, Chambersburg, and the Bedford Springs, Hollidaysburg and Pittsburgh. He will then pass through Ohio to Cleveland, where he will embark for Buffalo, and will be at the New-York State Agricultural Fair at Syracuse on the 10th. From Albany he will proceed east to Boston, and after visiting the capitals of New-Hampshire and Maine, will return south via Providence, New-York and this city, his purpose being to reach Washington about the close of September.

[Philadelphia News.]

**GOV. BRIGGS AND FREDERICK DOUGLASS.**—Frederick Douglass, in the last number of the *North Star*, gives honor to Gov. Briggs of Massachusetts for rising superior to the vulgar prejudice against color which actuates so many of the people of all classes in this country. He says:

"About a year ago we met the Governor on the Railway from Boston to Pittsfield, when the cars were densely crowded with passengers; and being recognized by him, he immediately offered us a seat by his side, and entered into a familiar conversation with us, on the anti-slavery question in general. It is not so much the mere act of politeness that struck us favorably, but the manner of showing it. With no air of condescension—with no fear of giving offence to those around him by his disregard of American taste, manners and predilections, he seemed to be as easy with a negro by his side, as he could have been by the side of a white man. We made no mention of this circumstance at the time, because of the possibility of its being charged to our political prejudices; but a like circumstance having occurred within the last few days, the Governor displaying the same urbanity and freedom from caste, has overcome our objection on this score; and we mention the fact with feelings of sincere pleasure, that the Governor of Massachusetts (whatever may be said of him on political grounds) has shown himself infinitely superior to the great mass of praters on American Democracy, equality and independence.

**PAINFUL INTELLIGENCE FROM BURMAH.**—A letter from Dr. Judson, dated March 18, and received at this office by the overland mail and the last steamer, brings the painful intelligence of Mrs. Judson's failing health and critical condition. "Mrs. J." he says, "has been very ill, and still continues so; and, what is worse, I have serious and dreadful apprehensions that she will never be any better. She appears to me to be in a settled and rapid decline; but the doctor is making every effort, and holding strong encouragement that she will recover.

"I write with a heavy heart. A dark cloud is gathering over me; and how dark it will become I know not. But God knows; and he will I trust, bring light out of darkness. His will be done?"

In a postscript added March 23d he says: "Mrs. J. is rather better;" but he indicates no abatement of his fears.

[New York Recorder.]

Hon. John M. Niles and lady came very near being crushed by the cars on the old West Hartford road, about two miles from the city, on the 25th inst. They were riding in a single carriage. The crossing in the woods, and the curve is abrupt. The cars cannot be seen when at a few rods distance. They came round the curve as Mr. N.'s carriage was on the track, and passed as he barely cleared the rails. His horse became very much frightened and broke the wagon, clearing himself from it. The escape from serious injury was very narrow. There is no bell rung or whistle sounded at this crossing, and it is a very gross piece of negligence on the part of this usually well-managed road. It is really one of the most dangerous spots on the line, being near a curve and in the woods. There have been several narrow escapes at this place, and there will certainly be a loss of life, if the alarm is not regularly given, as the law requires.

[Hartford Times]

It is worthy of remark that in the seventeen villages of Shakers dispersed in different states of the Union, there never has been (as we are creditably informed) a single case of cholera originating among their members. The only cases were of foreign origin—those who have fled thither from city or country. If cleanliness, good order, quiet and "temperance in all things," will ever avert the pestilence, the Shakers, and a few who may imitate their praiseworthy example in these respects, may be sure of continued exemption.

## Town and Country Items.

**NEWSPAPERS.**—There are *fourteen* Daily Journals published in our City, all in the English tongue, except one small one in German. Three of them are specially Evening papers, and many if not most of the morning papers publish Evening Editions. Six of them publish Semi-Weeklies, one of them in the Spanish tongue. One Tri-Weekly is issued in French. There are *seventy-three* Weeklies issued here, of which *ten* are Weekly editions of Daily journals. Seven papers are issued every Sunday morning. Four are printed in the German language; the residue in English. Twelve are devoted to Religious Intelligence, three of them being of the Orthodox Congregational or Presbyterian school, and the other nine of as many different denominations. Thirteen Monthly and seven Semi-Monthly periodicals are issued—One semi-annually. Total No. of periodicals issued in this city, *One Hundred and Twenty-one*.

The following is said to be the rates of dinner bill furnished a California pilgrim during a short stay at Rio Janeiro:

Six Eggs.	\$12 00
One Beefsteak.	12 00
Radishes	6 00
Bread.	12 00
One bottle Wine.	10 00
Segars.	4 80
Coffee.	1 00
Milk for coffee.	2 00

\$59 80

**ALL FOR LOVE.**—A young lad, aged 16 or 17 years, an apprentice to a piano-forte manufacturer in the western part of the city, attempted to commit suicide on Sunday by swallowing a quantity of laudanum, being moved thereto by having been jilted by his lady-love, a damsel of "sweet fifteen." An early discovery of the fact and the active means employed by Dr. Porter who was called in, alone saved the life of the precocious youth. [Baltimore Patriot.]

The Steamer Empire State, of the Fall River line, which was burned last January, has been restored to her former splendor, by Messrs. Lawrence & Sneed, at whose yard, near the foot of Grand street, she is receiving her furniture.

**CARRIED OVER THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.**—We regret to say that Miss De Forest, a daughter of one of the most respectable citizens of Buffalo, fell into the stream at the "Hogsback," Thursday evening, and was drowned, together with Charles C. Addington, a young merchant, who had plunged in to save her. They were both carried over the Falls.

Mr. Sanborn made quite a lengthy speech in the New-Hampshire Senate in favor of Capital Punishment. It is given at length in the Reporter. He says, "the good of society demands the life of the murderer." Such goodness is Mosaic, not Christian. [Chronotype.]

The *National Whig*, of Washington, whose decease a few days since was chronicled, was levied on Wednesday last, for \$300 back rent. The property was replied by the publisher, Mr. Fenton, and sold the next day at auction. The stock cost originally three or four thousand dollars—it brought but \$1,557 under the hammer. Messrs. Blair and Rives bought their power press which cost them \$1900, for about 1000. The Whig is said to have been about \$8000 in debt.

**THE ENGLISH MISSION.**—Mr. Abbott Lawrence has accepted his appointment of Minister at the British Court. He will not embark, however, until after Summer; probably about the first of October.

**LAND REFORM IN WISCONSIN.**—The Wisconsin Democrat, Rock County Badger, Waukesha Democrat, Southport Telegraph, Racine Advocate, Milwaukee Wisconsin, Free Democrat, Washington Blade, Fond du Lac Jouonal, and our own humble sheet are some of the papers in this State that support the principles of Land Reform.—[Ashkash True Democrat.]

**"OLD WHITEY" COMING.**—The following despatch in the Louisville Journal, of the 19th instant, announces the approach of "Old Whitey," to Washington:

EVANVILLE; June 18, 1849.

General Taylor's *fidus Achates*, "Old Whitey," passed here this morning on steamboat Glencoe, consigned to Dr. Thomas Wilson, of Louisville.

Truly yours,

R. F. Crosby.

We hardly dare to mention a report that was current yesterday, says the *Boston Post*, that a man was forced by the water into the pipes at the reservoir in Brookline, and has not since been seen.

The Lexington Budget says that "Mother Eve married a gardener." To which the Louisville Journal replies: "It might have been added, that the said gardener, in consequence of his imprudent match, lost his situation."

## THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

EDITOR,

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

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