

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1849.

NO 2.

WM. H. CHANNING, EDITOR.

OFFICE, CLINTON HALL.

FOWLERS & WELLS, PUBLISHERS.

Selected Poetry.

THE WINDING-SHEET.

A LEGEND FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAVUS SOLLING.

A MOTHER was blest in a son,
Beloved and lovely was he;
The affection of all he had won
That ere chanced the sweet child to see.

But sickness all suddenly came,
The mother she trembled with fear;
He died, and an angel became,
For to God, too, her darling was dear.

Now twilight the garden bedims,
Where oft had the gentle child played
Or sung to his mother sweet hymns,
As together they lovingly strayed.

The mother's heart well nigh had burst;
She wept till she scarcely could see;
When, to soothe the deep grief that she nursed,
Came at night the sweet child to her knee.

He was clad in a snowy-white shroud,
A wreath round his bright golden hair;
As erewhile, with sad wailings and loud,
By mourners borne forth on his bier.

"Oh, mother, whom death but endears,
Disturb not my slumbers," he said;
"My shroud is all wet with your tears,
The tears you unceasingly shed!"

The mother, awe-struck, from that hour
Dried the fast-falling tears from her eyes;
At night came the child—and he bore
A torch like a star from the skies!

"Oh, mother! my grave-clothes are dried,
Since the hour that thy tears ceased to flow;
In the grave now at rest I abide.
Then bear thou in patience thy woe!"

FRESHNESS OF THE HEART.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

For The Spirit of the Age.

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.

[CONCLUDED.]

But we now come to the interesting subjects of *Revelation and Inspiration*, much elaborated by our Philosopher, and although these topics be inexhaustible, yet the light in which Mr. Morell views them may be dealt with very shortly. Revelation, according to him, is the immediate intuition of Divine Realities by mankind, comprising both the object of the intuition or insight, and the reciprocity in men: inspiration being appropriated to signify especially our reciprocity. Save in degree, he makes no difference between our intuitions and inspirations, and those of the Prophets and Apostles. The Historical part of Christianity came first to the latter, but was received by them only so far as they could receive it; it comes next to us, and is measured off into *our* reciprocity. The recipient vessel then is the main fact in the case; and if you would see and know what revelation is, and what inspiration, you must look at the cistern that is meant to hold them. You observe how the same method perseveres: how you are to be looking at yourself all the time! How you are to be all insight and no oversight, all dream and no world! I love dreams well; but they ought not to take up more than half our time; and that half only when our eyes can not see. But according to the philosophers, "thinks I to myself" is good for every thing; good in the fields, good in the markets, good in Church, good in prayers; and if persisted in, the world will leave its outsideness, and consent to become a notion in our heads. It was in this light that the illustrious Kant used to say, that the extended firmament with its one sun, or its crowding stars was grand, but that it was altogether dwarfed to him when he looked inwards at his own faculties; for he asserted himself to be the true spiritual Copernicus, who had found out the center, and that the Universe revolved round him or consciousness; though some might suspect that he was only going back to a center a little worse and a great deal smaller than the Ptolemaic.

Mr. Morell pleads his view of Revelation including Inspiration, being our intuition of Divine Objects, as a purely spiritual view, in opposition to what he calls Mechanical Inspiration, and Mechanical Supernaturalism. The latter terms require a word of comment. They are intended to designate whatever views allege that there is more in Scripture than there was in the minds of those who were its penmen; and specifically to mark those who assert that there is a Divine and Infinite amount of Truth lying in the letter of the Bible. To show that there is no such Truth, our Author goes to Biblical History, and Biblical scholarship and evidences. The Books, it is said, are the literature of a nation written at different periods, and in different styles: the early Christian Church had no new Testament; The Canonical Books have been settled and unsettled again; they are not agreed upon at present; they are subjects of different

readings, and doubtless of many interpretations; there are other Books that compete with them for their place in the canon: and the like well-known facts. On these and other grounds, it is concluded that the Bible is a first-rate finite production, and reflects the good and bad points, and the idiosyncrasies of some fifty or sixty very important old Authors. I know I am putting the matter rudely, but this is what it comes to. If we thought that Christianity could be built up out of historical evidence and criticism, we should indeed be liable to adopt similar views of the Word: but the most, I presume, that learning and scholarship can do, is to confirm in a general manner the historical verity, which to at least the same extent, common sense confirms. So the Bible comes down to us as a true Record. But it also comes to all persons of every denomination as a Book with a strange *Prestige*: traditionally as well as in our reading of it we find that it differs from all other books in more than degree; those who venture the contrary always manifest that they are doing something either bold, or violent: and I say that the circumstance of this conjoint traditional and experimental *Prestige*, is a fact that is grossly neglected in works like that I am reviewing. How comes it that the World's Nations believe in an outward Revelation of God to man, and in servants chosen to make it known not as other servants are chosen? How comes it that the first ploughman you meet will be insulted in his heart's heart if you liken his own land's Shakespear to Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John, and will bless himself that he is not far learned when he hears you thus degrade the Evangelists. There is a fact here diffused as the air we breathe, and which the philosophers have yet to observe.

But putting this aside, (though it is every man's motive for looking at his Bible, and whatever criticism denies it either by results or in words, is a lie,) is there no other support for the Bible peculiar to our own necessitous days? We know that there is: that the book offers the evidences of an intrinsic infinity, parallel with the way in which nature offers them. Already the natural sciences, too long in the sandy plains of "thinks I to myself," are away rising from that bare level: I see them nature's pilgrims, mounting in long procession, and in goodly bands; all the mountain-climbing animals are in their train; the camel is there, and the horse is there; and many table lands already are occupied by those who are resting, and those who are dwelling. But still the journey is onward and upward, to more than Himalayan heights. And ever as they rise, their ways and steps, coloring the threads and tracks of the everlasting hills, converge to one great mountain, which is the end of the earth. There the sun and his planets are seated as menials; the muses themselves are with bended heads, for there is in the midst a shadow of a great white throne, and a likeness of a Man upon it in light unapproachable, seeming already as if our God were also the God of the Sciences.

This result is due negatively to the absence from knowledge of philosophical egotism; to our breaking from all questions touching the reality of the world; and our accepting it at once as it is presented to our senses; also to our frankly confessing that we know at first nothing about it, and have every thing to learn, and can learn it. The positive part of our successful method is induction and deduction, with whatever amount of insight we have at the various stages whereto we arrive; in short analysis and synthesis; first that which is natural, and next that which is spiritual. To be sure, our method is not very large, nor its acquisitions considerable; but still both are real or true; and also enduring and improving.

Is then the world of sense out of us, full of space and substantial creations, independent of eye and touch, and indefinitely greater than its inhabitants; while on the other hand the world of truth consists of unattested experiences in the minds of the Apostles and their successors? Seeing what nature is, and what God can do there, who can think that the Sun of Right-

cousness illuminating the New Heavens and the new Earth, is a figure of speech for a set of inward intuitions? Creation and new Creation are the two worlds of matter and spirit; the immensity of the first is the limit and yet the image of the immensity of the second. If Bibles were unknown, we should in common fairness look out for some Religious phenomenon as much out of the soul as nature is out of the body; as inexhaustible in its sciences as the world is in those of physics. The Bible comes before us with the pretension of being that very phenomenon; and how test its claims. There are two ways of doing this. You may put the Bible in the Dock, empanel a jury of Critical Philosophers, and set intuition on the Bench; and then you will have a not doubtful verdict of "Guilty of imposing upon the vulgar;" for if there be a Bible at all, it comes to alter men's minds; whereas you are now fixing up the mind as the sovereign standard of the Bible. If you place that elderly criminal, *Intuition*, in the Judgment Seat, of course he will condemn his lawful Judge. In the reign of one of our Kings, a capital prisoner addressing the court officer, said, pointing to the Judge from whom he was expecting sentence: "Take that man away, for I go in fear of my life because of him." And so it is with human nature and the Bible.

This way at once takes a side and keeps it, whether right or wrong; it is strict and stern injustice: but there is another way which takes no side, and so tries the question. It only assumes for the occasion the prestige of our Christian childhood; that is to say assumes the hypothesis of the reality, Divinity and Infinity of the Bible, in order to see how this hypothesis squares with the facts in and about the Bible. It is the scientific method. A hypothesis fixes nothing but if it be confirmed by explaining the whole case, then it is hypothesis no longer, but a true theory, that is to say, a true view of the matter. The philosophers have never tried this process, and will not study those who have. They do not therefore know that the Word of God is a Divine Universe, out of all created beings, and yet mercifully around our walks, and at all our doors, bringing down the heavens, and raising up the earths; and equally infinite whether we are conscious of the fact, or the contrary. But I forbear to dwell on a topic with which Swedenborg's readers are familiar. I only assert that such is the fact, and that no philosopher has a right to talk glibly of mechanical supernaturalism, unless he has studied that Divine Mechanism of Redemption which the Inductive and Deductive methods applied with the proper degree of faculty to the Scripture, shew to exist in the Sacred Pages.

In truth the philosophers have treated nature just as scurvily as Revelation. They have gone to work with their criticisms, and have asked for their evidences, in this field as well. One man says, "Prove that nature is any thing apart from my sensations: you have no right to go into the sciences until you have settled the fact." This is our old acquaintance Intuition extraordinarily bold. Another says, "Nature is a compilation of many layers—of many stone pages of different epochs: what unity is there in it: 'tis no volume of God, or he would have published it all at once." Another says, "There have been Atheists and theists from time to time who have not agreed to God's Authorship: why be dogmatical about Him?" "Another does not like much that he sees in nature, and argues that as the wolf and the serpent, and a thousand other creatures are evident interpolations, so the whole planetary document may be a forgery. And in short the philosophical creed that the world is a phantasmagoria, is as common as that other, that the word of God is a pure intuition. Nor can this state of things be corrected until, under Providence, the integral Sciences master and exterminate all *a priori* philosophies.

With Mr. Morell's other views, you will not be surprised to learn that he refers all doctrine solely to the logical part of us, and demands that it shall change from age to age, as Humanity lives on. It is good, he says, to have doctrine, nay, our nature

requires it, but let us not consider it as true save for ourselves, and our own people, if we belong to a sect. For it will be swept away as surely as we give place to our sons and grandsons. A not very encouraging prospect for those who labor to build up the truth. It follows however, strictly enough from all the preceding: for if Revelation be according to us, and Inspiration in us, both will change as we do; nay, die with us. The outward infinity of Truth in the Word is then the only condition on which everlasting sciences of Truth, that is to say Doctrines that become truer and higher from age to age, can be founded. By this alone can Theology be as substantial as physics. By this alone can Truth come ultimately to grasp and hold the iron intellect of the natural man. Otherwise materialism will appear alone to possess the strength that belongs to the Rock of Ages, and spiritual life will be an ineffectual wave, idly washing against impregnable lusts and lowering conceitedness [Under these circumstances men may be theists to nature, and yet be Atheists to the Bible.]

Our Author has a Chapter, (No. X.,) *On Certitude*, which ought I think, to have been number one, because it lets us at once into his grounds. He there canvasses the question, how we know we are right in matters Religious? and he propounds various theories that have obtained on this subject. With these I will not trouble you, but will come to his own conclusion, that Certitude means the Catholic consciousness of our own age: the *communis sensus* of the day: in short that Certitude is Orthodoxy, and Truth swimming with the stream. Of course he puts the proposition far more ably than I do; but so I apprehend him. This method may enable you to gather what the best persons think, or it may not; it certainly allows you to choose opinions for yourself, as also does the philosophical principle of eclecticism; and so it makes your mind the center of all other estates. It is of all things the neatest repudiation and also assumption of hyper-clerical functions: *nolo episcopari* and *volo archiepiscopari*. It pillages the world's sense for each individual. But is this the spirit, or the way, of truth? Certitude as interpreted in the days of our Savior's ministry, would have sided with the Jews, and condemned the disciples. Peter denied Christ thrice over on this very principle. Such a certitude is indeed trustworthy when you are sure that humanity is advancing to good; but whenever an age is consummated, and a younger and diviner day has its cock-crowing, this certitude only confirms the senile and perishing in their false progression. It is the largest lie of such a time. And even such a hollowness is Orthodoxy in Modern Europe. To appeal to any *communis sensus* or general thinking in the case, is sufficiently daring. What are those matters upon which Catholic and Protestant are so much at one; upon which England and France, Spain, Germany and Italy, may ballot even in the same urn? You know full well there are none such extant in our modern life. Our own differences are so vast, that if we are to consider them as entering into any common thought, then Judaism and Mahometanism, Hindooism and Buddhism, and the quaintest religious antiquities, may without improper stretching be enrolled as parts of this most elastic consciousness.

But what then is certitude? I do not now enter into each man's relations to God; but I canvas the question only of public Religion; and here we note that there are not two kinds of certitude, one of which implies conformableness to nature, the other to the world's opinion; but that both religious and mundane certitude must be either scientific, or they do not exist. God and not man, creation and not opinion, is the test and check-book of certitude. The law of Gravitation is certain, because it explains all the weightiness of the universe: it is certain, though only Newton's head knew it: the law of Correspondency and Analogy is true, because it explains the whole nature and power of the Word. Its truth in no sense depends upon any body knowing it. If the philosophers say, they deny its truth, we rejoice, with good right, that they have never studied the

subject; would it were not so, but it is too palpable. We conclude then that Certitude attaches to Religions as to other matters, when they coincide, piece for piece, with God's outward Creations.

The question of Certitude is intimately connected with that of *Progress*—another subject of which the Philosophers have no conception. They seem to hold that a Divine impulse was given to all things at first—that they proceed thenceforth with a fatal continuity of development, and that on the universal scale, end and beginning, which Nature loves, are abolished. But Christian Philosophers, like our Author, (and no one better deserves whatever is good in that title,) hold that Christ was a new beginning of light in the world, but that from his advent dates a spiritual stream which can know no period, or new beginning. Taking this for granted, Progress of course means the march of Orthodoxy. It need only be signalized that we deny this simplistic idea of Progress: that we believe that a Church may die, equally as an individual may relapse: that Creation is not a slide, but a measured walk of humanities: and that if Civilization as a state be bound up with primitive Christianity, then there is every reason to look for its passing away to give place to a nobler Society, and a more decisive Church.

As it is there is something very subtle in the Progress announced by the Philosophers, particularly as regards their own philosophy. They have observed with great chagrin that their systems and doctrines tumble about their ears some five or ten times in a century, and that new ones have to be built on each occasion. Well! what do they do, but tell us that tumbling down is a very beautiful law of Philosophy, and that the mental house is kept clean and new by thus ruining whenever the wind is high. In their last formula, Truth is not a thing, but a process: something that is always *going to be*! And this takes place by a kind of see-saw according to Hegel, whereby, when one man announces a doctrine, another, by nature's law, contradicts them; and thus ages carry on the great dispute, which is making the Old Doctors of the Sorbonne into the types of the progress of the Christian Church. So instead of one age laying the foundations of her great Palace in Creation; the next building the basement story; and subsequent generations carrying it higher, furnishing it better, making its park larger, and its gardens more delightful; and blessing and enriching a wider domain; instead of this, Truth starts, as a cluster of wigwags, perched upon the ground, which either fall or are deserted, when the elements prevail; and the inhabitants then move on, and build another set of makeshifts; and so philosophy wanders about, a nomadic existence. The beaver by the stream is a comparatively happy image to these melancholy strangers on their own patrimonial Earth.

But Mr. Morell's last idea of Progress—his prophecy on the matter—very much simplifies even the wigwags: for it seems we are to pass the Millenium on the bare ground. In the next era of the Christian life, he thinks, the Philosophical or Intuitive element will have fairly got the better of the logical and inductive; and doctrines our souls houses hitherto, will be comparatively disregarded, as mere productions of human reason. It may, however, be replied, that true doctrines are God's Truths, and as indestructible as Christian love itself; and that the Holy City is none other than all such, as the everlasting Habitation of redeemed Mankind. Our counter prophecy then is, that Philosophy itself will be confirmed by Christian love, burning and shining through all Divine Sciences; and that a state will be founded whose base shall never pass away, however its stories and spires may rise above the common air into more transparent heavens.

A word now upon the peculiar philosophical style, which in itself is very instructive. In reading Metaphysics, every one must have noted an extraordinary tumidness in its modern writers: an absence of the Saxon picture-words, which make our

old Books like landscapes, and a predominance of windy, or watery Latinities, which give us the sensation of being at sea. Now this, exactly as it prevails, is the mark of the uncertainty in which truth lies, and of the contests and injuries that it has undergone. Where there are many words to define a plain thing, depend upon it certain doubters are to be met and satisfied by this attempt at comprehensive propositions: and above all, that the truth is not enjoyed. So in our Author we have frequently mention of the Objective Validity of the Truth; where the phrase, *the Truth*, expresses the whole matter, which the remaining words weaken. Then we have the *peculiar subjective* essence of Religion, the two former words being feebleness to the latter. And in short, Philosophy is distended painfully with these foreign winds. You see the point illustrated in Law Documents, where every body is so much afraid of every body, that he puts forth defences until the sense is crushed by the armor. "In the said year of our said Lord, the said thing, he, the said Plaintiff, his Administrators, Executors, and Assignees, &c., &c." And so Philosophy also, not to be misunderstood, which however she is sure to be, gives us, on every subject, what a bitter Frenchman has designated as "The cognition of the Perception of the Sensation of the Smell of a Rose."

But let us quit a subject only too easy to pursue, and in taking leave of Mr. Morell, than whom I have no more esteemed friend, let me admit that my Remarks are less special to him, than general to the class to which he at present belongs. If Christian feeling, high scholarship, continued thought, a happy style, and frank sincerity, could have saved Philosophy in these her last days, his surely were the hand that might have raised her from the bed of Death. He fails indeed, because her case is hopeless; and our prayer for him is, that he may come away from her contagion.

The signs of her Dissolution are written in black letter, of the full Historic size. The Arsenal and Magazine of all her wits—her classic Germany—has exploded, once for all; and the problems of existence—no problems of neutral, but of far more interesting sciences—must henceforth engage the minds of the worthy Teutonic Race. The argument, too, is life-size; and its terms not *a priori* propositions, but the incarnate logic of armies and populations. The intuitions, too, are of an exceedingly popular kind; the physiological ones of hunger and thirst, also of national bigness, with other matters directly touching upon our physical organization. All this, together with the teaching of simple people, Philosophy had neglected as unworthy of her mission; not knowing that to do the lowest works was the only way to arrive by degrees at the summits of doctrine and insight. But a terrible reverse has come, and this poor vacant contemplative is at this very hour running the gauntlet of indignant Europe. A stream has overflowed its banks which will never again be enchannelled, while one rood of the old Highlands is above the surface.

It is a period of overmastering duties: a time for the especial cultivation of the practical sciences. Mere theory may again have its turn when the next world-day's work is done; but that will hardly be in our time. Let us then open both our eyes to our duties; and let us not suppose that any Church, for the purposes of Conciliation, can safely eschew the vulgar Problems of Politics and Social life. Such matters have been too long excluded from good society: there is more forbearance now, and they may again come forth with benefit. They must be among the foundations of a New Church, which is to be Divinely Natural. If Heaven is the solution of our real wants, then so also is the Earth, in so far as the Lord's will is done there as in Heaven. The future is always doubly future,—it is both upward and onward.

HAMPSTEAD, May 26, 1849.

God made the world and ruled it so, else failed in his intent, which cannot be; therefore, be still.

CURIOSITIES OF FOOD.

What do men really live upon? The answers will be various enough. The Guacho, who in the wild pampas of Buenos Ayres, managing his half-wild horse with incredible dexterity, throws the lasso or bolas to catch the ostrich, the guanaco, or the wild bull, consumes daily from ten to twelve pounds of meat, and regards it as a high feast day, when in any hacienda he gains a variety in the shape of a morsel of pumpkin. The word bread does not exist in his vocabulary.

The Irishman, on the other hand, regales himself in careless mirth, on his "potatoes and point," after a day of painful labor, he who cannot help making a joke even of the name he gives to his scanty meal. Meat is a strange idea to him, and he is happy indeed if four times a year he can add a herring to season the mealy tubers.

The hunter of the prairies lays low the buffalo with sure bullet; and its juicy, fat streaked rump, roasted between two hot stones, is to him the greatest of delicacies. Meanwhile the industrious Chinese carries to market his carefully fattened rats delicately arranged upon white sticks, certain to find a good customer among the epicures of Pekin; and in his hot, smoky hut, fast buried beneath the snow and ice, the Greenlander consumes his fat, which he has just carved, rejoicing over his costly prize, from a stranded whale.

Here the black sucks his sugar-cane, and eats his banana; there the African merchant fills his wallet with sweet dates, his sole sustenance in the long desert journey; and there the Siamese crams himself with a quantity of rice from which an European would shrink appalled, and whosoever over the whole inhabited earth we approach and demand hospitality, in almost every little spot a different kind of food is set before us, and the "daily bread" offered in another form.

The black broth of the Spartans was a famous dish, but, like Dionysius, we are not such Spartans. The Dutchman can eat with great zest his sour fermented cabbage, and the Scotch Highlander his braxy sheep. The Equimaux can eat oil soup, and what not, and there are various tribes of Indians that live upon a certain kind of clay. The old Angles lived upon acorns and pork, the modern Angles upon coffee and beef. The food that is suitable to one people may not be so to another; and climate makes a great difference in the different kinds of food that should be eaten. What inhabitant of the torrid zone could live with impunity upon blubber, as the inhabitants of the frigid zone can?

Nature allows the appetite to decide for itself, as the conscience checks or approves good or evil acts. These promptings of nature may, no doubt, be destroyed by resisting its primitive teaching; but still it is a monitor, and no even rule of a certain kind of diet can be prescribed that will answer equally for every person. More physical evils arise from gorging the stomach than from any certain kinds of food. Moderate eating and plenty of exercise in the open air, are a sure remedy for many diseases, and certainly a greater preventive of than remedy for disease.

There is a large tribe of Indians in New Mexico, who live on a sort of grasshopper, or wingless locust, which they dry, pulverize, and knead into a kind of cake, which they bake, and which is not bad eating. The wild horses which traverse the plains of California and New Mexico in vast troops—the descendants of the war-horse introduced by the Spanish discoverers and conquerors—are becoming more highly prized and sought out. By some they are used as food. The early settlers of Oregon fed on their flesh, and found it quite palatable and nourishing; they called it "Columbia Beef."

WOMAN IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.—At Cairo a woman is an idolized slave; at Milan, or Florence, a cherished article of domestic chattel; in London, a reasoning, perhaps, sometimes even an arguing associate; in New York, she is an equal, and more often an aggravating overbearing confederate!

From the *Dezantar*.—*Persian*.

THE PIETY OF ALL AGES.

THE BOOK OF THE PROPHET, THE GREAT ABAD.*

1. Let us take refuge with Mezdām from evil thoughts which mislead and afflict us.

2. In the name of Shemta, the Bountiful, the Benificent, the Kind, the Just!

3. In the name of Lareng!

4. The origin of Mezdām's being none can know, except himself, who can comprehend it?

5. Existence and unity and identity are inseparable properties of his original substance, and are not adventitious to him.

Commentary. Whence it is clear that although your substance is not adequate to the discovering of things till you are affected by the quality of knowledge; while as soon as you are so affected, such discovery becomes practicable; yet that the same is not the case with God, (Yezdan) as he knows everything by his own substance, without the intervention of qualities.

6. He is without beginning, or end, or associate, or foe, or like unto him, or friend, or father, or mother, or wife, or child, or place, or portion, or body, or any thing material, or color or smell.

7. He is Living, and Wise, and Powerful, and Independent and Just: and his knowledge extends over all that is heard, or seen, or that exists.

8. And all existence is visible to his knowledge at once, without time: and from him nothing is hid.

Commentary. The perfection of his knowledge consists in this, that it has no dependence on time: and it appertains to his greatness that nothing appears as past, present, or future; the whole progress of time and length of duration, with the events which, succeeding each other in successive portions, mark its divisions are visible to God at one moment: not as in our knowledge which we receive by broken portions; some of events that are past, some of such as are now visible, and others of such as are to come.

9. He doth not evil, and abideth not with the evil-inclined. Whatever he hath done is good.

1 *Persian Note.* He wishes not for evil, and is not an evil wisher.

10. In the name of Lareng!

11. The Simple Being, without hope of return, of his own beneficence and love, of good, first of all, created a substance free and unconfined, unmixed, immaterial, not subject to time, without body or aught material, or dependence on body, or matter, or quality, named Behnam, whose title is the *Chief of Angels*.

Commentary. Hail to the Bountiful God! the Bestower of good, the Benevolent, the Just, the Friend of Bounty: who without the supplication of petitioner, or the prayer of one to ask, or the entreaty of entreator called forth Being! To his grace, there is no bound! Know Him as the One worthy of praise!

12. He is wholly excellence, and goodness altogether. By him (God) created the substance of 2 Amsham; with 3 Manistar the Governor of souls, and 4 Tanistar the Governor of bodies.

Persian Notes. 1 Behnam called the first (Khird or) Intelligence and the first (Khush or) Reason.

2 Amsham. The second Intelligence and Angel.

3 Manistar Rewambud. Manistar is the name of the soul (or Ipirit) who guards the highest heaven, and who is styled Renambud, or chief of souls.

4 Tanistar Tenambud. The body of the highest heaven is called Tanistar; and Tenam-bud, or chief of Bodies, is his title. 13. And by 1 Amsham (he created) 2 Famsham and 3 Ferarjam and 4 Samazham.

Persian Notes. 1 By the angel Amsham who is the second (Khird or) Intelligence.

2 Famsham is the name of the heaven immediately below the highest.

3 Ferarjam, the name of the soul of that heaven.

4 Samazham the Body of the heaven.

14. In this manner by each Intelligence he created another Intelligence, and a Soul, and a Body, till he completed the system of the Heavens.

* * * * *

22. Of their excellencies and number little is said seeing that the angels are innumerable.

23. The heavy-moving * stars are many, and each has an Intelligence, a Soul and a Body.

24. And in like manner every distinct division of the heavens and planets, hath its Intelligences and Souls.

25. The number of the Intelligences, and Souls, and Stars, and Heavens, Mezdām knows.

26. In the name † Lareng!

27. The whole spheres are round, and are pure, and never die.

28. Neither are they light or heavy, cold or hot, moist or dry.

29. They have neither growth nor decay, desire nor aversion.

30. They do not possess the susceptibility of assuming or putting off an aspect: of being broken or joined.

Commentary. They cannot be torn or seen, broken or mended, rent or united.

31. They are ever revolving in their orbits; and their revolution is self-directed: since they are living and susceptible of knowledge.

32. And in that † mansion there is no death, nor birth, nor assuming, nor putting aside a form.

33. The inferior (terrestrial) world He made subject to the superior (or celestial) world.

34. In the name of Lareng!

35. Intelligence is not dependent on Body, but the soul receives its perfection from the Body.

36. Heaven is the abode of angels, the city of souls, and the place of spheres.

37. Whosoever approaches the 1 angels, sees the substance of the Lord of the World.

Persian Note. 1 Who are the Intelligences and Souls of the spheres?

38. The rapture thence arising no transport of the lower world can equal: the tongue cannot express, nor the ear hear, nor the eye see such ecstasy.

39. In the Heavens there is pleasure such as none but those who enjoy it can conceive.

40. The lowest degree of (enjoyment in) Heaven is such as is felt by the poorest of men when he receives a gift equal to this whole lower world.

41. Moreover the pleasures that arise in it, from the beauty of wives, and handmaids, and slaves, from eating and drinking from dress, and fine carpets, and commodious seats is such as cannot be comprehended in this lower world.

42. To the celestials the bounty of the Most High Merdam hath vouchsafed a body which admitted not of separation, which doth not wax old, and is susceptible neither of pain nor defilement.

* The heavy-moving stars are the fixed stars, in contradistinction to the planets which have been before enumerated.—*Translator.*

† A name of God, meaning the Being free from qualities.—*Trans.*

‡ In the Heavens.—*Trans.*

* This title is not in the original and is added to make the first Book uniform with the others. All the titles of the Books have been added by the Persian translator, or by some transcriber; as the names given in them to the various prophets are those of the translation, not of the original.—*Translator.*

A WELSH MARRIAGE AND WEDDING. PRIESTLY INTERFERENCE.

A marriage and a wedding in Wales are very different things. There may be a marriage without a wedding. The wedding occasionally takes place some considerable time after the marriage, and the same couple, if they belong to two distant neighborhoods, may have two weddings. But these variations do not affect the manner and object of these wedding festivities. I shall, therefore, confine myself to the ordinary custom.

When a marriage has been determined, and a day fixed upon, the parties employ a professional man, called "Gwahoddwr," to go through all the region and invite the people to the wedding. This important personage marches forth with a stout oak stick in his hand, and a bag slung on his shoulders. When he is seen approaching, all the women and children flock to the door. He removes his hat and makes a reverential bow. Then, leaning forward on his long staff, he delivers his message, or rather half sings it in rhyme. The song is a very exaggerated description of the good cheer they will enjoy on the day appointed, if they will be so kind as to honor the young people with their presence. He looks as sober as the grave, while his audience are in a roar of laughter. When he has done he receives a quantity of meal for his song, and away he hastens to the next house to repeat the same ceremonies.

At length the important day arrives, and the friends of the bridegroom and of the bride resort early to their respective abodes. Between eight and nine o'clock the bridegroom's party, some on horseback and some on foot, go to the bride's house. The march is a rout, the horses and men making the best of their way at the top of their speed. Soon after they have all arrived, both parties, now united, move in a regular procession to the parish church. Funeral and wedding processions must always go by the same road to the parish church, let it be ever so round about, or muddy; for should they on any consideration go by any other way, that way, it is said, will become thenceforth a public road.

In those days marriages could be solemnized only in the Episcopal church. Some zealous priests refused to officiate if the young people were heathen, i. e., had never been regenerated by sprinkling and received the sign on their foreheads. Therefore, if the young people were utterly destitute of religious principle, or could be coaxed or terrified, they were first led to the font, to be made the "children of God and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven," before they exchanged their vows before the altar.

In the parish of Llaullwck, South Wales, the vicar, Rev. Mr. Rowlands, knowing that the lady, being the daughter of a Baptist deacon, who lived in the parish, had never been christened, refused to marry her unless she should submit to the ordinance of the church. Her father addressed the priest, and said that the law did not require what he insisted upon. The rector bade him instantly hold his tongue, and immediately brought a suit against him for profaning the holy place with his unconsecrated lips. Though, after many trials, judgment was given against the priest, yet, not before the deacon, who was a very rich man, had been stripped of every cent.

Nineteen years ago last January, I met him at the Baptist Chapel in Pont Landysil. He was there begging. The tears flowed down his manly face as he told his story. "You might know then that he was not a beggar by profession. 'When the law suit began,' said he, 'I owned two extensive farms, and they were fully stocked. I might have made my peace with the parson without costing me much. But I was determined to satisfy myself whether such persecution was legal. The ecclesiastical courts decided against me, and I had to pay ruinous fines. But the suit was carried up to a higher tribunal, and it was at length decided that the priest had no right to make christening a pre-requisite to marriage. But my entire pro-

perty is gone, and my wife and children have actually suffered this winter from nakedness and hunger.'

The marriage ceremony is performed in the chancel. The priest in his surplice, stands within the railing, and the clerk close behind him, to say the "Amen." When the ceremony has proceeded some distance, the ring is asked for, and the bridegroom lays it down on the book before the minister along with a handful of silver. The priest puts the lion's share in his own pocket, gives a piece to the clerk, and the remainder to the bride. As soon as the parties and a few witnesses have recorded their names in the parish book, a rush is made by the men for the bride, and by the women for the bridegroom, in order to carry them out in their arms from the church. When laid down they look like chickens in the rain. Their clothes are disarranged and sometimes sadly torn. Yet they must take it all in good part, and present every one, who happened to have had hold of them, with a piece of ribbon, which is worn in some conspicuous place for the rest of the day.

One bridegroom I knew, who, when he found himself at liberty, and outside of the church, exclaimed with heartfelt relief "The worst is now over." If he was not quite of another mind before midnight it was because he had no wedding. From the church the procession moves to the place appointed to hold the marriage feast. If the young people are much respected, or have influential connections, the gathering at the house, and neighboring houses, too, if there are any within convenient distance, are crowded. All sorts of people assemble—clergymen and grave deacons, as well as shameless profligates. Weeks have been spent in preparing for this day. But how can people in ordinary circumstances afford it? They do not afford it at all. The company must pay for everything they want. Vast quantities of barley have been converted into ale, and of flour into cake.

Tipplers under various pretences, have been visiting the house for some two or three weeks, in order to taste of the good things. One great purpose of a wedding is to sell ale and cake. The men form themselves into companies, and invite the ladies to sit with them. The ale flows like rivers all the afternoon and evening. The cakes, in form and size resembling crackers, fly as thick as snow flakes. These the women put into their bags, and from the number each one receives, they infer what the beaux think of their beauty and worth. The women do not drink, for it would be as much out of character for them, on that day, to look flushed and to stagger, as it would be for the men to walk straight. But how they can endure for hours the effluvia of the ale, and the dense clouds of tobacco smoke without making them sick, is more than I can tell. The ale that is first drawn is exceedingly intoxicating. A person unaccustomed to drinking is speedily overpowered. But late in the evening, and towards midnight, if the company is not broken up sooner, a person's skin will be in more danger than his brain.

There is an incalculable amount of sin committed on that day. All hell is let loose to enjoy a holiday. The laws of God, by one consent are suspended. Good and evil exchange places—drunkenness becomes a virtue, and temperance a sin. Saints and sinners commit the same enormities—the one from a sense of duty, and the other from a love of the sin. The newly married couple, with their assistants, go from company to company, and present them their heartfelt thanks for making themselves beastly for their benefit.

Toward night-fall a procession goes from room to room, headed by the young gentleman and lady in waiting, with empty plates in their hands, followed by the bride and bridegroom, and the rear is brought up by two gentlemen with writing materials. Every man and woman deposits a sum of money in the plates, and the scribes record the names of donors and the amount of the sums presented. These sums are called "Pygthou." They are not given but loaned, without interest, to be paid back at their own weddings, or their children's. The object of this custom, as well as of the eating and drinking, is

to give the young people a setting out in the world. It is not often that their parents can give them much, and wages are so low that the best can do but little more than live.

The purpose of the wedding was commendable, but it was doing a vast amount of evil, in order to accomplish little good. As they used to be celebrated, their effect was fearfully demoralizing. They exerted a most baneful influence on the churches. Ministers and members could not become spectators of such Bacchanalian orgies without degrading their profession; much less could they step out before the world, and kiss the right hand of his hellish majesty, though for such a good end, without doing incalculable injury to the cause of Christ. Yet evangelical churches acted as though they thought that their minister was as much in the path of duty when he talked thick, and their members when they staggered at a wedding, as when they labored in any other way to promote the public good.

AN ENGLISH PARSONAGE.

You see the date of my letter (Nottinghamshire,) and I have seldom in my life passed a more agreeable Sunday. I have been twice at church, and am staying with the clergyman. He is a gentleman of fortune, and though without title himself, he married a lady of rank, and his family are allied by blood or marriage to some of the highest aristocracy in the kingdom. He specially invited me to come and pass a few days with him; and I came by appointment yesterday, and shall leave tomorrow, as my engagements do not admit of longer delay, though he has urged me to remain. He has a small church; a parish, with the exception of a few families, composed principally of tenant farmers and laborers. His salary is £900, that is about \$4,500, and a house and glebe of about forty acres. His father, a man of great wealth, lives directly in his neighborhood.

Imagine a beautiful country, not naturally fertile, but made one of the most productive by cultivation, and every where covered with a most luxuriant vegetation; imagine roads as fine as can be trodden, without a pebble to impede the carriage, and bounded with green and neatly trimmed hedges; imagine here and there a substantial farm-house, surrounded with acres and acres of green crops, and many of them with stacks of wheat and barley made in the most finished and beautiful manner, in some cases twenty, thirty, and even forty in number, containing, by estimate, two hundred and three hundred bushels of grain each, (I am only stating facts;) imagine your approach to a large cluster of ornamental trees, through which you see the turrets of the house rising, and occasionally appearing and disappearing as you approach; imagine several smooth avenues, bordered with shrubs and flowers of the richest description; imagine an extensive lawn, stretching far away in front of one side of the house, as smooth as Milton describes it, with the sheep and cattle grazing upon it; imagine a beautiful mirrored lake of half a mile in length, and with corresponding width, glistening and sparkling at the foot of the lawn; imagine a grove of magnificent forest trees, in the rear of the parsonage, with the towers of the old church mantled with ivy, showing its gray and venerable image among these trees, with its church-yard, and marble and moss-grown monuments, where Old Mortality might find congenial employment for days and months, and you will have some little notion of the exterior of my transient resting place. Now enter the house, and find the libraries stored with books, and the drawing rooms, elegant in their plainest attire, but crowded with the most beautiful objects of ornament and curiosity, and fitted up with every possible appendage of luxury and comfort; imagine an elegant dining room, the table covered with the richest plate, and this plate filled with the richest viands which the culinary art, and the vintage and the fruit garden can supply; imagine a horse at your disposal, a servant at your command to anticipate every want; imagine an elegant bed chamber, a bright coal fire, fresh water in basins, in

goblets, in tubs, napkins without stint as white as snow, a double mattress, a French bed, sheets of finest linen, a canopy of the richest silk, a table portfolio, writing apparatus and stationery, allumettes, a night lamp, candles and silver candlesticks, and beautiful paintings and exquisite statuary, and every kind of chair or sofa but a rocking chair, and then you will have some little notion of the place where I now am, and indeed a pretty accurate and not exaggerated description of my residence for the last three weeks—four weeks—five weeks—three months—I can not say how long—and then judge whether it is not likely to spoil me. For the last fortnight, for example, with the exception of one day, I have dined off of silver and porcelain, and have sat down each day to a table as sumptuous and abundant, and various and elegant, as I ever saw at any dinner party in Boston; indeed, more so, and much of the time with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, as elegant in dress and manners as you can meet with; never with less than four men servants, many times with eight or ten, and in one case I counted eleven; eight of whom were in elegant livery, trimmed with silver and with silver epaulettes, &c.—[Coleman's "Letters from Abroad."

PHONOGRAPHY.

This new science of reporting is going ahead with wonderful rapidity, and has made greater progress than any great discovery, save perhaps homoeopathy. The practical results of phonography, especially as a system of reporting, are such as can in no wise be mistaken—and they, after all, are what give tone and direction to public opinion on any subject. There is at this moment a youth of fourteen years of age who, by phonography, can report any speaker far more accurately and completely than the best and most experienced corps of professional stenographers in the country. This is an absolute fact.

But besides its adaptation to reporting, it must eventually work its way into use as a substitute for the present written language, in many cases. How invaluable, for example, would it not be to the author or the journalist—the most exhausting and annoying part of whose labors are that they cannot make their figures keep up with their brain. Now phonography is a system which represents every sound of the human organs of speech by one certain sign—and this sign never changes, never means anything else, nor is that sound ever represented by any other sign. Every sound is as inseparably united to its appropriate sign as a man to his shadow. All these signs are made in the simplest and easiest manner—each one being merely a straight line, a curve or a dot, and made with a single motion of the fingers. The saving of time and labor by this is almost incredible, until you have tested the matter experimentally. For instance, the word phonography, which you cannot possibly write distinctly with less than forty separate motions or efforts of the fingers and wrist, is written in the new characters with five. But perhaps the best illustration of the rapidity, ease and simplicity of phonography is the fact that the young man above alluded to reports with ease at the average rate of three hundred words a minute!

Now suppose an editor or author capable of writing his thoughts in this language, and a set of compositors who had learned to read it—and what an immense saving of time and labor it would be! Two weeks are all that is necessary to enable an intelligent compositor to read phonographic manuscript as readily as he can the best of his present "copy," and indefinitely easier than a great amount of the formless, dotless, pointless, bramble-bushy trash that is now given him. In phonography there can scarcely be such a thing as bad copy. It will come to this in the end; and we should be very glad to assist in getting up a writers' and compositors' class in phonography, who should move on together.—[Sunday Courier.

Hast done the world a service, thou hast served thyself.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1849.

PETER'S PENCE.

THE correspondence of Bishop Hughes and Horace Greeley, is noticeable on many accounts; but we wish in the outset to attract attention to one view of it, which amidst the absorbing considerations involved in the whole subject may be easily overlooked.

How strikingly then does this correspondence illustrate the no-wise uncommon but much slighted fact, that high-minded and intelligent men may utterly differ, not only as to measures of policy, but even in their conception of central principles. No candid reader of these letters can fail to see, that there are two men of the first order, in character and capacity, alike earnest and honest, who are yet radically opposed. How account for this difference, without slighting either party? Readily, thus:—Bishop Hughes looks and speaks from the side of the Church; Mr. Greeley from the side of the State; the former is inspired with the thought of Spiritual Order; the latter with that of Civil Freedom. He who could show, in a word, the true relations of Church and State—Religion and Politics—clearly demonstrating their comparative worth, and the Divine method for their interaction, would at once reconcile these adversaries. The two conflicting forces would then flow together in a common resultant of co-operation.

An extract from the last letters of each of these gentlemen will prepare the way for a remark or two, which may prove not untimely.

First, from Bishop Hughes:

"It is known to all men that Pope Pius IX., was willing to throw the whole weight of his name and character in favor of ameliorating the condition of the down-trodden and oppressed people of Europe. In the goodness of his heart, and in the simplicity of his nature, he imagined, no doubt, that the men who shouted their applause from all parts of the world, approving of his principles in this matter, meant as he meant, to favor genuine liberty; that is liberty tempered by moderation, order, reason, gradual progress, and the increasing capacity of nations to comprehend its duties, as well as to appreciate its high privileges. Recent events have proved that he mistook the character of his liberal followers every where; but especially in his own States. There, they chanted the hymn of Pius IX.,—surrounded the confiding Pontiff, and whilst they still kept the precipice of ruin, as they supposed, dreaming that prosperity would come to Italy as soon as they had pressed him over its brink. In other countries, too, the admirers of that period were sufficiently noisy, and, as professing friends, sufficiently unnatural. I shall never forget the eulogies pronounced on him in the New York Tabernacle. I too was present, a silent, but not a thoughtless spectator. I loved the Holy Father of that night, not only because he was a Pope, but also because he was liberal, and a friend of freedom. To-day I love him more still. Mr. Greeley admits that he is now the same man that he then was; and explains the tergiversation of his political admirers by telling us, that the 'Pope's condition is changed!' Alas, that 'condition' should have such power to affect principle, among honorable men!

"As to the contest which is going on between the Roman Government *de facto*, and those opposed to it, neither Mr. Greeley's opinion nor mine is likely to effect its issue. In that contest the governments of France, Naples, Austria, and Spain, not to speak of other European States—are each and all intriguing and working for themselves. Even should they restore the Pope, I do not see that he will owe them any special debt of

gratitude. In the meantime he is in exile; without means, so far as we know, for his support, or that of his Cardinals and Secretaries, by whom his spiritual intercourse with the Catholic world demands that he should be assisted and surrounded. I am quite well aware that the absolute states of Europe will not allow him or his attendants to want for necessaries of life. But I can well imagine how the good heart of such a man may be supposed to sink, if, in offering their aid, they should be *un-generous* enough to remind him of the hollow treachery of the men who professed, like himself, liberal principles—who flooded the newspapers with his praises when he did not require their sympathy or support, who prepared them as a devoted offering, decorated with fillets and garlands, for sacrifice,—who first cheered, and then drove, to the foot of the altar of immolation, and became desperate when he had the good fortune to pass with his life, from their hands, and from his own country. They could say to him in the language of Mr. Greeley:

"Oh how changed is your condition! Where are those devoted friends of human freedom, for whom you lifted up your voice, and shook the thrones of Europe? Where are the men of public meetings and addresses? Where are the men for whose cause you have incurred exile and banishment from your throne, and from the country of your birth? Have they ever sent you enough to maintain your household for a single day? Who, then, are your friends, Most Holy Father, in the hour of your need? Is it not we, who are denounced as the despots of the world? Will it be too much, then, to expect that your Holiness will, henceforward, side with us, and frown on that pretended love of liberty, in the name of which you have been, first flattered, then betrayed, and then—not only forsaken, but denounced?"

"What would Mr. Greeley have to reply to all this?"

"No, no.—We Catholics and Freemen of America will not allow the ministers of absolute Courts to stamp, in the presence of Pius IX., the brow of true freedom with the brand of this reproach. We will cheer him by our sympathy, we will supply him, to some extent, with the means of support. We shall not consent that any temporal government, either republican or monarchical, shall dare to claim him as its vassal or dependant. He belongs to the Catholic Church and to the human race; and, in the name of freedom the Catholics of this country will present their offerings to maintain his independence."

Mr. Greeley thus replies:

1. "The Bishop can understand us clearly, if he will try. We accepted his own averment that he had no *intention* of requiring money to aid in subverting the Roman Republic, because he must know what he intended better than we could; but we insisted and still maintain that the *effect* of a contribution made by our citizens at this crisis for the Pope, would be prejudicial to the cause of Italian Freedom, no matter what may be the donor's intention. On this point we hold those who think with us as capable of judging and as much entitled to judge as their adversaries. We say again, and more explicitly, that every dollar sent from this country to the Pope *at this juncture* will be hailed throughout Europe as an earnest of American sympathy with the attempt now making to subvert the Roman Republic—as a judgment of the givers against the right of the Roman People to choose their own rulers. It is on this ground, and this only, that we regret the movement. But for this, we should not care, and hardly ask, whether the American contribution for the Pope amounted to thousands or millions of dollars.

2. "As to Pope Pius' 'sacrifice,' 'immolation,' &c., we have never seen the least evidence that any considerable party in Italy has hitherto desired to 'sacrifice' or to 'immolate' him. In the very crisis of the Revolutionary effervescence in Rome, no man harmed or offered to harm him, though he was entirely in the power of the Republicans. The Republic has explicitly and

repeatedly offered to guarantee his entire freedom and immunity from interference in the discharge of his spiritual functions, and solicited his return to Rome as Pope since he took up his residence at Gaeta. The single 'sacrifice' required of him was the renunciation of temporal power as sovereign of the Roman State, and acquiescence in a Civil Government formed by the People. This 'sacrifice,' if such it be called, we believe he would cheerfully have made, but for the evil counsels of men interested in restoring the old system, which the Romans had found oppressive and intolerable.

3. "As to 'genuine Liberty,' there always have been, and long will be radically opposite notions. The Autocrat doubtless thinks his subjects enjoy 'genuine Liberty'—that is, as much liberty as is good for them. Guizot and Metternich 'go in' for the same sort. The boy who likes his pet squirrel procures it a larger cage, and considers that 'genuine Liberty.' Very likely, this extension of the 'area of Freedom' will awaken in the pet novel or long-suppressed aspirations for groves and woods and a more spontaneous life—perhaps nerve him to gnaw his cage and escape. 'Ungrateful, treacherous little villain!' says the indignant owner; 'is not this a pretty return for my kindness in increasing your Liberty?'

"What we understand by 'genuine Liberty,' with reference to human beings, is the right of choosing their own rulers, forming and modifying their civil institutions, and making their own laws. This is what the Roman People now demand. This is what Pope Pius utterly refuses them. On this issue an appeal has been taken to the sword, and Christian blood has flowed in torrents in asserting and resisting the Pope's right to govern the Roman States as an absolute monarch, not by the choice of the people, but by God-given Right. Of course, the Pope's claim will be enforced—has been enforced ere this—by the French, Austrian, Spanish and Neapolitan Armies operating against Rome; but we think the interests of the Papacy, as well as the cause of Human Liberty, will be seriously prejudiced by this triumph. We, surely, do not think so well of Pope Pius, now that he is in the interest of the banded despots, as we did when his influence plainly was and his sympathies seemed to be on the side of Liberty—when he was clearly hated and feared by those who are now sending gold to his treasury and armies to fight in his cause. If any one can make a change of principle on our part out of this, he must enjoy a very peculiar faculty of detecting inconsistencies. That Pius incurred exile and banishment for the cause of Liberty is the most amazing assertion we have met with for months.

4. "We should be very glad to hear that the 'offerings' to the Pope from this country are to be presented 'in the name of Freedom, as well as of Religion,' if we did not fear that the radical differences above hinted at as to what constitutes 'Freedom' would render the assurance a practical nullity. Most surely, if the Catholics of America were to accompany their offering by a pointed and manly expression of their devotion to the great principles of Republican Liberty, they would do a noble act, which we would thank them for as long as we lived. Let them but say in substance to their Spiritual Head—'We revere you as a Pope, and will gladly contribute to sustain the dignity and efficiency of your holy office, but we are at the same time Republicans, sincerely desirous that all men should taste the blessings of Freedom we now enjoy. We have found, by happy experience, that Religion needs no aid from or alliance with the State, but does far better without it. We entreat you, therefore, to renounce all claim to govern any but such as voluntarily submit to your sway—all other authority than that of Chief Bishop and consecrated Head of the Catholic Church. Let the world see that the Kingdom of God is not carnal but spiritual, and that you rule only by the might of Truth and not of Bayonets.' We think if it were known that such an address from the Catholic Bishops and Clergy of this country would ac-

company and explain the American 'offering' to the Pope, the amount might be considerably augmented."

No one, who attentively reads these passages, can question that both writers are willing, and solicitous to combine Religious Order with Political Freedom, if they could see the way open. Each is reverent,—each liberal. Here then is most prominently presented, and in its fairest form, the PROBLEM OF THE AGE: "*How organize a Christian Commonwealth?*"

If, as Bishop Hughes is reported to have said, in his sermon, the collection of Peter's Pence could be considered simply and solely, as "*a religious offering*" from the children of the Church to their Bishop, no Christian, in the least deserving the glorious name, that symbolizes universal Charity, would hesitate to say, "Give, give, and God bless the giver." But it is notorious to the civilized world, and evident to Heaven as to man, that this Bishop also claims to be an earthly ruler, and is now enforcing his assumed right to sovereignty by the cannon and bayonets of foreign despots. Every true follower of the Prince of Peace, then speaks, but as conscience, enlightened by the Spirit of Christ, dictates, in saying, "Let your arm wither from the socket, sooner than contribute a copper in any way to encourage, further, or aid one engaged in such an inhuman project." No anatomy however skilful can separate the spiritual paternity of the Catholic Bishop from the temporal soldiery of the Roman Monarch. Pius IX,—the Shepherd of the Faithful,—is Pius IX, the Exterminator of the Rebels. The same spirit in the same body is responsible to God and man for his words and deeds, alike of devoutness and diplomacy. Every dollar which feeds the body and comforts the spirit, of this One Man, manifestly helps onward to accomplishment his complex ends.

How should we rejoice to hear Roman Catholics offering to-day such a petition as this: "Oh give to our Father, our Head, our Exemplar, the power to die, in hunger and want, in exile or by violence, sooner than yield his sanction to murder. Keep his white robes of holiness unspotted by the blood of his children. Let the Love of the Crucified fill him with that spirit of mercy which forever prays, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.'" Surely, if Pope Pius believes himself to be—as who can doubt that he sincerely does—the Vicegerent of Christ upon earth, he may well trust that Christ will maintain his own. One text of the New Testament should stand out in letters of light before him, making dim the glitter of muskets, and the fiery blaze of artillery. It is this: "*put up again thy sword into its place; for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword. Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels!*"

Shall we then adopt the other extreme, "that Religion needs no aid from or alliance with the state?" "That the kingdom of God is not carnal but spiritual?" &c. By no means. The divorce of the Church from the State divorces, of course, the State from the Church; and Politics unsanctified by religion, always has become and will become a game of over-reaching, tyranny, demagoguism, selfish utilitarianism and worldly craft. How then secure the independent dependence of Church and State—using purposely a paradox for the end of emphatically expressing the thought of union reconciled with freedom? That question we will try hereafter to answer.

— We have received a Tract, entitled "The Right to Labor," from our friend William McDiarmid, of Cincinnati. It is dedicated to the Industrial Congress assembled in Cincinnati, and is printed at a cheap rate for general distribution.

— The Legislature of New Hampshire has resolved not to abolish capital punishment.

— It is proposed to import camels from the east, to traverse the plains West of the Mississippi.

REVOLUTION—REACTION—REORGANIZATION.

NUMBER ONE.

BUT little more than a year ago, the SOCIALISTS of Europe occupied a commanding ground as Mediators between Ultra Radicals and Ultra Conservatives. They justified both parties while criticising both; and interpreted righteously their purposes, while exposing the insufficiency of their measures. By the mere moral might of Positive Principles, Peaceful Methods, and Ends of Universal Good, they hold the balance of power. They were dreaded but respected; their sayings and doings were earnestly noted, even when bitterly opposed. Instinctively rulers and people felt, that they spoke the word for the hour. They had but firmly to await the time for action, and triumph was sure. How sublime was that position!

BUT impatience for immediate influence and instant results—the visible necessity for a transitional policy—the urgent claims and crying wrongs of the people—dissensions among themselves—a desire to swell their apparent numbers,—and above all, the wiles of tyrants and their tools tempted them to quit their vantage-ground, and to receive into their ranks the Revolutionists. We have no wish to retrace the sad history of the last twelve months, from the bloody days of June 1848, to the feeble and futile manifestation of June 1849; we have no time to waste in lamentations; no heart to reproach the generous and heroic for errors which sprang from their very fullness of sympathy, courage and spirit. But loyalty to God and the Race demands the uncompromising assertion that of all mistakes,—which have made the past year tragic and tantalising—the gravest is an acceptance by Socialists of the Revolutionary Spirit from Red Republicans.

Is it said,—that in such a stormy period, the lukewarm, weak and vacillating only can keep the ground of moderation? We answer; the course which divine Providence adopts, and so sanctions, must be dignified, effective, wise. In each age, the highest courage is to do the special work and bear the special trial allotted to it. Now manifestly, the work which Providence to-day is attempting, is to reconcile and harmonize the two great principles of Liberty and Order. It will not allow either to be crushed. Neither Revolution nor Reaction can conquer, which ever may alternately prevail for the time. The brave, the sagacious, the expedient course then is, first, patience; and second, *patience*; and evermore *PATIENCE*, for any one who truly deserves the name of Socialist;—the patience not of tame passivity, but of active justice. The ground already lost by violence can be regained only by peace. If between Workmen and Capitalists, zealous and hostile, exasperated and timid, alike, the Socialists had stood unflinchingly forth, robed in white, bearing the palm-branch, calmly commanding co-operation in the name of God,—the world might have sneered at first at the visionary enthusiasts; but soon it would have wondered, then listened, then obeyed. And though there is not the remotest chance, that a word on this side of the water can affect the mind of a single leader in the European movement, yet from the urgency of conscience, and the dictate, we confidently trust, of the Spirit of the Age, we are compelled to cry, "Peace, oh Socialists, Peace only and always, Peace Perpetual and Universal—this is your only true principle, your only true policy."

Let us enter into the heart of the two great movements of Revolution and Reaction; so shall we learn rightly to estimate the far grander movement of Reorganization, which is the special end of Socialism. And first of

REVOLUTION.

The justification of revolution is found in the divinely appointed necessity for growth as the method whereby man's destiny must be fulfilled. A revolution is the crisis following an evolution checked. According to contraction will be expansion. In its pure essence the Spirit of Revolution is the Spirit of Pro-

phesy. The Ideal of Humanity germinates in each man and all men, in each nation and all nations. And the Revolutionist with sackcloth robe, and matted beard, shrill voice, and startling gestures, pouring reproach on guilty nations, but roughly heralds a benignant future, coming in kingly glory, and serene sweetness, to rule a docile world. It is freshening oxygen in the blood that produces inflammation in obstructed organs—and the very inflammation is nature's healing effort; it is fullness of hope that engenders the extravagance of revolutionists in ages made stagnant by oppression,—and the very vehemence of indignation bespeaks the vigor of the human life which prompts it. So much for Revolution in its principle.

What now is the significance of the Revolution of this Age? The question is readily answered, for regarding a question of such world-wide announcement it is impossible to err.

All but the wilfully blind and palsied know,—that the spontaneous uprising of the PEOPLE, which has stamped the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight with a signature of hope which will brighten forever, means no less than this: "in European Christian Civilization, the time has fully come, when its Spirit and idea of Brotherhood are to be transformed into Deed. Fraternity is manifestly the banner of the age. Now rush to consummation the aspirations, the professions, of eighteen centuries; and irresistible cravings stir the heart of a whole generation for an Incarnate Gospel of Love, for an embodied Sermon on the Mount.

Industry, Property, Commerce, Finance, Legislation, Manners, all come to the judgment-bar at the uncompromising summons:—"Christianity is a Divine Reality or an enthusiastic dream; if a Reality then is it practicable, practicable now and here: let us do it or do away with it. All forms of caste and serfage, all exclusive privileges, all legalized and consecrated abuses grow pale and tremble before the searching gaze of this Spirit of the Son of Man, animating the masses of Christendom. The common sense of the People has recognized, once and forever, the monstrous absurdity of calling that a Christian state of society, where the many skulk in rags while the few flaunt in purple, where the drones are bloated in luxury while the drudges pine in want, where mendicant friars are intermixed with merchant princes, and alms houses stand side by side with palaces. In their sufferings and hopes, their conscious wrongs yet willingness to forgive, their longing for brotherly kindness and inextinguishable faith in a Universal Father, the squalid, haggard, bowed down multitudes know that the New Commandment,—which shone out so gloriously through Christ's whole character and conduct,—is God's Truth.

Such is the heart of the Revolution of this age. Its demand is for an instant and total collective repentance,—and this it demands on the ground of long violated humanity. Tremble before this immense claim for a disinterestedness unlimited as his, who was one with God and Man in a life of love, we well may, for it enjoins real sacrifices, such as few are yet capable of; but deny it we can not without voluntary madness.

The central principle in our age is, then, *Practical Christianity*; but this, though it requires prompt and efficient measures, is nowise inconsistent with peaceful ones. It is surrounded, however, with other tendencies, which, for the very reason that they are more superficial are more restless, rash and violent. For convenience' sake they may be classified as the *Political* and the *Selfish* principles of revolution. A word on each, in turn.

Feudalism dies hard, so strong originally was its constitution, so sustained is its life by proud associations and grateful memories of the past. Drivelling and imbecile, the once magnanimous ruler of European Civilization still clutches his bauble of a scepter, and though shivering on the borders of the grave yet likes in childishness to play with the spangles and tassels of a once splendid robe of sovereignty. No wonder is it, that the energetic spirit of present politics pines under its tedious ser-

vice round the sick man's bed, and longs for a free play of limbs in the open air beneath the sun. So long has this hope of Constitutional, Representative Government, of Popular Administration, Free Speech, Free Association, Practical Ameliorations, in trade, taxation, travel, intercourse, been tantalizing the hopeful hearts of all Europe! Is it surprising that the heir should seat himself upon the throne, and plant the crown upon his brow, and utter the word of beneficent command, even before his sire has breathed his last? When we consider how the great thoughts of Republican Statesmen, in all ages and lands, have been spread abroad for the last century, the patience of Christendom in realizing its Ideal of a world-wide Confederacy of Republics astonishes us. But plainly the hour has come at length for a universal application of the principle of Election. "*The Tools to him that can use them*," is hereafter to be the only measure of greatness. Accustomed to exhibitions of force,—stimulated by examples in earlier ages of successful revolts against tyrants,—finding their best efforts thwarted by armies and police headed by the privileged few,—distrusting professions proved hypocritical, promises repeatedly broken, and hopes long deferred,—hemmed in by thick plied webs of diplomacy on all sides—Political Revolutionists, by a seeming necessity, are driven to rebellion, and find a sanction for their destructive methods in the conscious humanity of their ends. Only by an utter overturn and sweeping away of rotten and crumbling abuses can they gain room, they think, for new temples of justice.

But Political Revolutionists, even, might restrain their efforts within legitimate limits, were they not hurried on by the unprincipled madness of mere Self-seekers. In all communities based,—as those of civilized Europe have thus far been—upon isolated interests and competitive labor, adventurers are bred as inevitably as vermin are in filth. They multiply indefinitely in this gambling generation. Day by day too settle down, the heedless and shiftless and wicked from weakness, the bankrupt in character and credit, the detected criminals of every grade, into a vast common sewer of licentiousness. And day by day in holes of debauchery, and dens of drunkenness, and dark catacombs of ignorance, which underlie the stateliest structures of a selfish world, are littered broods of creatures, who though human in shape are brutal in spirit, whose food is vengeance, whose training craft. Times so wretched and unstable as ours are specially prolific in such monsters. When the earthquakes of revolution rouses these from their lair, and sends them forth into unwonted sunshine, in mere savage mirth and infernal frolic, they deface and destroy what they knew not how to prize, and a blind instinct of retribution prompts them to level all above ground as the cause of their own subterranean degradation. These unlicked cubs of evil are apt instruments for despotic demagogues, who work upon their sluggish fancies with coarse pictures of sensual good, stir up their angry blood with the sting of remembered wrongs, drug them with draughts of lawless power, and then unmuzzle them to pillage and murder, at least to prostrate, all who from refinement and virtue are entitled to honors which empty pretenders crave in vain. Presiding over this pandemonium are, finally, the ambitious, who soured by disappointment, conscious of imprisoned energies which have never found vent, proud in their self confidence, and eager for fortune or fame, revel in hopes of their own preferment amidst the toppling ruins of established authority. In the grand promises of our age, these disturbers find a stimulus for their extravagance.

Well may the reverent and gentle, the cultured and elegant, the quiet and happy, to whom loving homes have taught the worth of well ordered society, stand aghast before the uncapped volcano of Revolution;—with its lightning flashing through bleak clouds of ashes, and its lava pouring forth in fiery floods to whelm vineyards and cottages, churches and cities. But when hearts are sick, and heads faint with horror, it is well to learn

hope from the pages of nature, wherein Providence has inscribed the lesson of progress. By what conflict of elements, by what depressions, upheavals, deposits, transformations, was this crust of earth first made habitable for man. The clustered mountains, crowned with clouds or dappled with sunshine and shadow, rich with mines, gushing with springs, girdled with forests,—the wavy outspreading lowlands, glistening with harvests, green with meadows, flecked with orchards,—the blue gleaming lakes, the silvery trailing rivers, the harbors with their embracing headlands,—all tell one tale of reconciled opposites, of concord triumphant over discord. Thus too from the disturbance of nations shall come in the fullness of time an endlessly varied moral beauty, fruitful of kindness and joy. Buried forests are changed to coal beds; and so transmuted but not destroyed, all institutions, laws, creeds, customs, remain entombed for future use, beneath the new creations wherewith Revolution overspreads them. No word of God's promise returns to him void. No good is lost, here or forever.

WOMAN; HER POSITION AND DUTIES.

I BEGIN by asserting, what to me is an axiom, that *Woman must be either a slave and prostitute or free and chaste*. There is no middle ground.

Repress no longer the full action of women's powers; favor the free development of their intellect; present a truly noble end for their activity, and all fears for the weakness of their hearts, or the delusions of their imaginations, may be laid aside.

You wish to knit more closely the bonds of family, oh men! yet you sunder them by the maxim, "Man for the forum and workshop, woman for the domestic hearth." Separated from husbands and sons, fathers and brothers, what remains for women but to console themselves, in actual isolation and servitude, by dreaming of a celestial country, where they shall have true rights of citizenship, and be no more pressed down by inequalities and privileges denied. Vainly you endeavor to establish civil equality now; Society rests on the family; so long as the family is founded in inequality, society will retrace its old devious paths, and sink back again into what is called "the natural order of things." From the beginning of the world there have been slaves and masters, the oppressed and tyrants, the privileged by sex, race, birth, caste, fortune; these will continue just so long as you refuse to fulfil the plain duties of fraternity towards those whom God has given you as sisters and companions.

Do you ask, what will be the mission of woman beyond the limits of the family? What, indeed! She will come to aid you—in re-establishing order in the wretchedly mismanaged establishment which is called the State,—in substituting just distribution of the products of toil for the habitual privation beneath which the broken down laborer now groans and suffers.

A mother of a family, worthy the name, loves by preference the weak and suffering among her children, but with anxious solicitude she seeks to protect all equally from hunger and cold, and strives to awaken in all their hearts a sentiment of mutual sympathy. Will she not do for the great family of society, what she now does for the small household, so soon as the narrow circle of domestic affections is enlarged and raised to the level of high humanitarian interests.

It is as Christians, as Citizens, as Mothers, that women should reclaim the position which belongs to them, in the Church, in the State, in the Family.

As Christians, because they are like men, children of God, and Christ himself has summoned them to be his apostles.

As Citizens, because they too are a part of the people, entitled to the rights of liberty and equality, enjoyed by other citizens.

Especially as Mothers, whose sacred functions are so often

considered as incompatible with the duties of citizenship, should women reclaim their right to watch over and guide their children not only in the acts of civil life, but throughout the whole range of political duties.

Thus far in the world's history, Politics has been used as the art of oppressing, rather than of governing, the people; and governments have been forced, therefore, to maintain power by the bayonet. To govern, it is thought, is to repress, more or less skilfully, more or less brutally, according to time and circumstances, the desires of men. Therefore have women been considered incapable of governing. But here is found the very reason, why they should insist upon their right to aid all men of heart and intelligence in transferring this Politics of violence and oppression, which has produced and must produce bitter hatred, and which is the source of all social suffering and misery.

The exhaustless desire to love and to be beloved, which God has planted in the heart of woman, is the powerful and fruitful germ of that matured love, which should always inspire her, and guide her to the fulfilment of the sacred function entrusted to her, of being a mother to the whole human family. When women shall comprehend that they owe obedience only to God; that all men are their brethren; that all women are their sisters; and that they are called to be mothers not only of their own children, but also of the children of their sisters, and especially mothers to all who are hungry and cold in mourning and sorrow, orphaned and outcast;—when women shall comprehend this sublime *humanitary maternity* which should bind them all in one by the tie of solidarity, then will the Race really enter on the path of progress.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PATERSON PROTECTIVE UNION.

PATERSON, N. J. JUNE 25th, 1849.

MR. EDITOR:—I enclose a copy of our Constitution, under which we are commencing operations in this place. I rejoice in the growing interest these protective, or savings institutions are eliciting throughout the land—believing them to be harbingers of good—foreshadowing a nearer approximation to a system of distributive justice, yet to bless the *whole* human race.

F. L. B.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE 1. This Association shall be called the PATERSON SAVINGS UNION."

ART. 2. The object of this Association shall be to procure such goods as enter into most general consumption, and place them in a suitable building, to be procured for that purpose, and to sell them to share-holders and others, under the regulations hereinafter set forth—excepting, in all cases, whatever can intoxicate.

ART. 3. The shares of this Union shall be put at *Five Dollars* each, and to consist of not less than one hundred shares, to bear legal interest, payable semi-annually, and be subject to transfer at all times, except on the week immediately preceding the Annual and Quarterly Reports, and subject to withdrawal at any time, three months' notice having been previously given to the President of this Union.

ART. 4. Every share-holder shall be entitled to one vote in all business transactions of the Union.

ART. 5. The officers of this Union shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, Treasurer, and nine Directors, to be chosen annually, by ballot, on the Wednesday following the first Monday in May, and to hold their offices for one year, subject to impeachment.

ART. 6. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Union, and of the Directors, and give the casting vote he shall be the executive officer of the Directors,

and sign all warrants for the payment of money out of the Treasury.

It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep the minutes of the Union, and of the board of Directors; the account of shares, of addition, transfer and withdrawal; and under the warrant of the President, shall draw on the Treasurer to meet all requirements of money in his hands, and deliver over his account to his successor in office.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive and keep a faithful account of all the moneys of the Union, and pay them out upon the draft of the Recording Secretary, on the warrant of the President; to give bonds for the faithful performance of his duties; and to deliver over to his successor in office, all moneys, accounts, and papers which he shall have in his hands.

It shall be the duty of the Directors to take charge of, manage, and direct the business of the Union.

ART. 7. The prices at which goods shall be sold, shall be such as to cover the original cost thereof, and all necessary expenses, together with the interest on the shares, and no more; the difference in price between share-holders and others shall be five per cent in favor of the share-holder, (as an inducement for investment.) All purchases and sales shall be for ready cash.

ART. 8. The Directors shall have stated Quarterly Meetings, to be held on the first Monday in May, August, November and February, at which time they shall make out a Quarterly Report of the condition and business of the Union, which shall be laid before the Union on the Wednesday following, which time shall be the stated meeting of the Union. Extra meetings of the Board may be convened by the President, and of the Union by the Directors, or persons representing twenty shares.

ART. 9. Twenty-five members of the Union, and a majority of the Directors, shall be necessary to form a quorum to transact business.

ART. 10. This Constitution may be altered or amended, at any regular meeting of the Union, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present, provided one month's notice shall have been given of such intention to alter or amend.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS TO THE WEEK ENDING JULY 7,

Latest Date, June 23.

The most important item in the IRISH intelligence is the execution of the sentence against JOHN MARTIN AND KEVIN O'DONERTY, the respective editors of the *Irish Felon* and *Tribune*. They were condemned to transportation for ten years. On Saturday, the 16th ult. they were taken from prison and carried to Kingston, where a steamer was waiting for them. They were then carried to Cork, and put on board the Mount Stewart Elphinstone, the vessel which was to bear them to their place of destination. This vessel is small, ill-ventilated, and destitute of the accommodations which even common humanity would demand for the most degraded criminals. On the morning of their departure, they were roused up at 5 o'clock and permitted to bid farewell to Mr. O'Brien and Mr. McManus, who came into the prison-hall to take leave of their fellow sufferers. The convict ship remains at Cork until it can receive its full complement of prisoners.

Since the demonstration of June 13, every thing has been externally tranquil at PARIS; the government are exulting in the victory over the people; and the sincere Republicans are preparing to retrieve the effects of their recent error. The account of their proceedings in the affair of the 13th, shows the infatuation of the Government. Their assault on the press is an evidence of the degree of their attachment to liberty. Most of the leading democratic journals are suppressed.—Some of them by violence. The office of the *Democrate Pacifique* the well

known, able, and peaceful advocate of Social Re-organization, was broken open by an armed force, its presses were broken, its lamps, tables and fixtures were destroyed, and its types thrown into confusion. Eight persons employed in the office were arrested and immured in a dungeon of the Tuilleries. Nine other daily papers ceased to appear after the 13th; four have resumed their operations; while the other six are suppressed by the Government, so long as Paris continues in a state of seige. The damage in one of the establishments alone amounted to over forty thousand dollars. The conduct of the Government, claiming to be Republican, presents a significant contrast to that pursued by the Provisional Government at the time of the Revolution. The latter defended the press to the utmost of their power. Soldiers were stationed to protect the Royalist papers. Ledru Rollin himself whom the English journals represent as a monster of violence and blood, harangued the mob who were proceeding to a destructive attack on Girardin's paper, and persuaded them to disperse.

The Assembly has authorized the commencement of prosecutions against several of its democratic members, among them, Ledru Rollin, the sergeants Boichat and Rattier, and Victor Considerant, the eminent and admirable apostle of Association. The Legitimists are anxious to have the whole Mountain party arrested. The Government make use of the occasion to take hold of all the agitators and as many of its enemies as it can find a pretence for seizing. The chiefs of the artillery legion have been arrested, and the legion disarmed and dissolved. In several cases every body at a suspected house has been arrested. All foreigners who have been connected with revolutionary movements in other countries have been sent to prison for safe keeping. Among them, are M. Tausenau who took an active part in the Revolution of last year, and M. Euenbeek who was guilty of the same offence; and the three envoys of the insurgents of Baden and the Palatinate to the French Government. These latter had been at Paris about a week, seeking for an audience with the Minister of Foreign Affairs. They must now demand a hearing from the dungeons of the Conciergerie. The members of the German Democratic Association of course share the fate of their brethren who are imprisoned by the Republic for their devotion to freedom. The number of prisoners is uncertain, probably not under one hundred nor over three hundred.

Not the least curious among the fantastic tricks of the Government is an indictment against M. CABET, the celebrated communist leader and the founder of the Icarian colony, at Nauvoo, Illinois. He has been ordered for trial before the Police for obtaining property on false pretences, "on the faith of a false enterprise and a chimerical credit." This singular phraseology means that he took money from his fellow-men in aid of the Icarian establishment. It is enough that CABET is regarded as a dangerous man by the Government. Though he is accused of a fictitious crime, he will not escape uncondemned, merely because he is an advocate of social reform, and was a popular candidate at the last election.

The stringency of the governmental measures against the Democratic Socialist press, is equalled only by its cringing leniency towards the journals of monarchy. The legitimate papers speak freely of the restoration of Henry V, and are by no means mealy-mouthed in their abuse of the Republic. One of them says "a moderate Republic is a tamed tigress." Quoting Gen. Cavaignac's words in debate, "I will serve the Republic and I will never serve anything else, it advises the General not to be so prodigal in declarations, as he may be serving a king at this time the next year." Our own country comes in for a share of severe criticism. The magazine *La Mode* which numbers counts and countesses among its contributors, says that "Socialism has acted like a gangreen on American society, has propagated things with the speed of lightning, and will devour everything. 'It is all over with the Model Republic.

Its death is only a question of time.' Not satisfied with finding us in the plight of the sick lion of the fable, *La Mode* gives us a parting kick with its rose scented heels. It says, 'we who know America, know that as to manners, politics and sociability it is one of the most detestable countries in the world—a country made up of selfishness and falsehood, of corruption and barbarism, without intelligence, courage or genius.'

A disturbance took place at Lyons on the 15th inst. but without any important results.

"President Bonaparte is thin and pale. He is certainly not lying on a bed of roses. He lately visited the 'Exposition of Products,' the hospitals and the 'Exposition of Paintings,' and was on Tuesday morning at the funeral of Gen. Bugeaud. He generally wears the uniform of the National Guard. He is not yet reconciled with his cousin Napoleon."

At Rome, Gen. Oudinot was advancing in his preparations for taking the city by assault. On the 12th ult. he dispatched a message to the President of the Roman National Assembly, making a last demand for the surrender of the city, and offering twelve hours for consideration. He received the following reply from the Triumvirs:

"GENERAL:—We have the honor to transmit to you the answer of the Assembly, extraordinarily convoked, to your communication, dated the 12th inst. We never betray our engagements. In the execution of the orders of the Assembly and of the Roman people we have undertaken the engagements to defend the standard of the republic, the honor of the country and the sanctity of the capital of the civilized world. We will do so."

MAZZINI,
ARMELLINI, } Triumvirs.
SAFFI.

Another arrival can hardly fail to bring us the tidings of the fall of Rome.

"The Austrians attacked Ancona on all sides on the 9th, at 4 P. M. but without result. On the 10th the Austrians received from Ferrara six pieces of heavy artillery and six mortars, so that another attack was expected on the 11th or 12th. On the 5th the Austrians attacked Brondolo, and Chioggia by sea and by land, but without result."

A sanguinary battle is said to have been fought on the 13th, 14th, and 15th, between the Hungarians and the combined forces of the Austrians and Russians, in which the latter suffered a signal defeat. The loss on their part is stated at twenty-three thousand killed, and eight thousand killed on the side of the Magyars. The Austrian journals are not allowed to mention this intelligence, but it is confirmed by private advices from Vienna.

HIBERNIAN FLOQUENCE.—Alas! many a poor fellow who would be happy as a pedagogue, becomes by sheer vanity, a miserable man as a barrister. I have been told of a young man converting the saying of "not throwing stones in a glass-house," into "not projecting missiles in a frail habitation." And even by barristers of some eminence will slips be made.—In a recent trial, an eloquent counsellor exclaimed, with regard to the defendant, "until that viper put his foot amongst them!" Another barrister said of an individual, "he took the bull by the horns, and charged him with perjury!" In an assize court, a lawyer thus spoke to a jury; "I smell a rat, I see it brewing in the storm, and with your assistance, gentlemen of the jury, I shall nip it in the bud!" Another has said, "Knocking the hydra-head of faction a rap over the knuckles!" An eminent brow-beating barrister has described the way of life of one or more individuals, "Living from hand to mouth, like birds in the air!" A mule has been made to have trousers, when a lawyer said of an individual, "He put the key in his pocket in a most mule-ish manner!" And we all have heard of Sergeant Gold's speaking of the "dark oblivion of a brow;" and of his having been twitted as speaking nonsense to the jury, and of his replying "that it was good enough for them."—*Dolman's Mag.*

News of the Week.

ARRIVAL OF FATHER MATHEW.

WELCOME TO THE CITY.

The long expected reception of the great Apostle of Temperance, took place on Monday of last week. We condense from the Tribune the most interesting details of the ceremonies which were performed in his honor.

According to notice specified in the circulars of invitation, the Board of Aldermen and Common Council, deputations from Temperance Societies, Members of the Press and other invited guests, with the Committee of Arrangements appointed to superintend the affairs of the day, were on board the steamboat Sylph at 2 o'clock, and in a short time put off for Staten Island.

At about 1, P. M. Rev. Mr. Mathew left Mr. Nesmith's residence accompanied by Aldermen Franklin and Mullins, and Dr. Pise—Mr. Nesmith, Mr. Tiers and ex-Ald. Sands following in another carriage—and proceeded to Mr. Vanderbilt's residence, where the party were met by the hospitable owner, his lady and daughters, and invited to partake of a splendid collation,—and after some time, the Rev. gentleman's party, augmented by the Island Star Division of the Sons of Temperance, with Monk's band, proceeded to the shore. The road was lined with people—principally Irish, who enthusiastically pressed forward to the carriage—which made way slowly—to shake hands with their beloved countryman. The worthy Father recognized several of his countrymen by their provincialisms as he passed along, and to one and to another said: "Hal you are a Country Cork man;—you are Tyrone," &c. &c., and after making way, he arrived at the Marine Hospital, where he was met at the gate by Dr. Stewart, Physician to the Hospital, and the Medical Staff, and conducted to the Quarantine Hospital, it being cleaner and quieter than the others, and reached it a short time after the Sylph had arrived from New-York with the Aldermen and deputies.

Already, Robt. T. Haws, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, Ald. Kelly, President of the Board, and many others were awaiting him, and on his arrival, he was escorted to the wharf, the band playing "Garry Owen." Here he was formally received by Ald. Haws, who made an appropriate address.

This was responded to by Father Mathew, in a modest and feeling manner; he was then led on board the boat, and after several other addresses and replies, he was introduced to the company.

After leaving Staten Island, the Sylph glided up through the East River to let the distinguished visitor have a view of the shores of Williamsburgh, Brooklyn and New-York. After going up a considerable distance, she retraced her course, doubled the Battery—which was crowded—and went gaily up the North River, where he was much pleased with the view of the Hoboken fields on the Jersey shore. Here the Sylph turned again, and gliding back, landed at Castle Garden. During the excursion, the various objects of interest—the scenes, shores, ships, and the river boats, canal boats, &c., were pointed out to him, and he was much delighted with the fine dioramas, commercial prospects and excursion inducements that were presented to his gaze, and felt much obliged to the gentlemen who so kindly favored him by showing them to him. The Ashburton, the vessel Father Mathew came from Liverpool in, was in the North River, and had the Temperance flag flaunting from her mast-head. The Sylph and her charge was repeatedly cheered by other boats on her excursion.

Upon arriving at Castle Garden, a procession was formed at the landing and preceded by a band playing "Patrick's Day," and headed by the Chief of Police.

The scene presented here was most brilliant. All the vast assemblage which had occupied the Battery, and had, it would be supposed, exhausted their lungs in cheering on the approach of

the boat, now took up the gallery of the saloon and the benches, and here again the most enthusiastic cheering greeted the arrival of the worthy apostle; and upon his appearance on the platform it was redoubled with nearly incredible *furor* and continued so for some time. When the tongues not the wills of the people, for their action was all eagerness and enthusiasm, grew tired, His Honor C. S. Woodhull, the Mayor, having been introduced to Father Mathew by Alderman Haws, welcomed him to the city in a neat and happy address.

The procession was now formed outside, and Father Mathew being led to a barouche, he entered with the Mayor, but it was some time before a passage could be made, so dense was the crowd that pressed forward to shake hands or touch his clothes. After some time, the procession, consisting of all the Temperance Societies whose names were printed in the programme, together with the Hibernian Benevolent Burial Society, Sons of Temperance, Independent Order of Rechabites, and the various deputations, Boards, &c., in carriages, proceeded up Broadway to Chambers, through Chambers into Center, and entering on the east gate, passed in front of the City Hall, and made their exit through the gate in Broadway. Upon the arrival of the Rev. Father, the most enthusiastic cheers greeted him. He was conducted to the Governor's Room, and proceeding to the balcony, was introduced to the citizens assembled in the Park. The cheers on his appearance on the balcony were deafening, and continued so for some time. The Rev. gentleman said: "My dear friends, I regret exceedingly that I have not the strength of voice or energy to address you. I thank you from my heart for your kindness;" and after repeatedly bowing to the vast multitude he retired amid renewed cheers.

His reception in the Broadway Tabernacle, took place on Tuesday evening July 3d. Addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Cox, of Brooklyn, Rev. Mr. Marsh and others, and at the close of the exercises great numbers of persons rushed forward to shake hands with the distinguished guest.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The usual parade in honor of the great National Anniversary was omitted this year on account of the prevailing epidemic. The places of business were generally closed in the city, and everything wore a holiday aspect. The beauty of the day and the appearance of the population called forth the admiration of the Tribune, from which we take the following paragraph:

"Never shone a brighter sun than that which dawned on the morning of the Fourth, inviting every glad, rejoicing heart to unite in the grand National Jubilee. As the day advanced, the sky put on its serenest aspect, and the earth seemed clad in a garment of glory and beauty, as if to present a fitting theater for the festivities of millions of exulting freemen. It was positive delight to breathe the elastic, delicious atmosphere, to bare the brow to the fresh Summer breeze as it came gently over the waters, and to share the luxurious feast of a bland and genial temperature which Nature had provided for all her children in honor of the Glorious Day. The harbors and rivers were alive with steamboats, carrying multitudes of our population to the shady retreats in the vicinity, and such joy and merriment and clapping of hands and ringing shouts as were sent forth by countless tribes of juveniles, mad with the largest liberty, showed that we live in a great country, and that our independence is secure. Toward nightfall a change came over the enchanting serenity of the atmosphere, and short, spiteful spits of wind threatened to close up the festive day with a surly, chilling rain. The obliging weather, however, got over its fit of the sulks, and before the hour came for the performances of the evening and the exhibition of the fireworks, the sky was all right, not a cloud too much was seen on its face, and the brightest of moons looked forth without a blush to see what rival brilliancies were preparing in this lower sphere."

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT AT NIAGARA FALLS.—An accident occurred at Niagara Falls on Thursday, the 22d ult., resulting in the death of two persons under circumstances of the most distressing character. A party consisting of Mr. De Forest, his lady, and three daughters, Mr. Charles Addington and another young gentleman, seven in all, left Buffalo on a visit to the Falls, and arrived about 8 o'clock in the evening of that day. The following graphic and touching account of what then occurred is from a correspondent of the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, who received his information from the companion of Mr. Addington.

The eldest of the daughters was engaged to be married to Mr. A., and the youngest, Antoinette, was a little girl of six years of age. They arrived at the Falls about sunset, went down together and crossed over to Goat Island, and from thence to Luna Island, which lies still farther out in the river toward the Canada side. Here, within about 10 feet of the brink, and directly upon the edge of the hurrying mass of waters, A. and his betrothed stationed themselves. A little in the rear of these were my friend and the second sister, and farther back still Mr. De Forest and his lady. Little Antoinette was running around in high spirits, from one to another of the group, laughing and dancing in all the light-heartedness of childhood. The rest were conversing with peculiar vivacity and cheerfulness. The sullen mass of waters bearing onward heavily and irresistibly, the unchanging diapason of the descending torrent in its rocky contact, the dying beams of the sun silvering the illusive brink, and then the colder radiance of the moon tinging the restless foam, seemed to inspire an unusual flow of thought and feeling from all the party. It was nearly eight o'clock. They had conversed long and pleasantly. Little Antoinette was still dancing and playing as hard as ever. Her silvery laughter rang through the air, and her innocent gambols had brought many a smile to the lips of her parents. Soon, however, her father perceiving that she approached nearer to the river, warned her away and called her to him. Young Addington immediately turned round and said, "Never mind; I will see that she is safe." With this, in girlish playfulness and spite, she ran up behind him and pulled his coat. "Aha, you rogue!" said he "I have you now; I will throw you over the Falls!" Taking her gently and playfully by the arms, he lifted her up and swung her out just over the water. Alarmed at her situation, she struggled while suspended at the farthest, and slipped from his hands! The instant she touched the water she was borne full six feet from the shore. Addington turned, spoke but a syllable to the horror-stricken girl beside him, and sprang after her, clasped her at the waist, struggled for a moment in the dark torrent, and then with the precious burden of his embrace, was hurled like a bubble from the brink!

DR. V. P. COOLIDGE.—In reference to the report that the body buried as that of Dr. Coolidge has been disinterred and found to be that of another person, the Lime Rock (Thornaston) Gazette says: "We have good authority for pronouncing it utterly false. A letter has been received by the officers of the prison of North Livermore, the place where Coolidge's friends now reside, saying that the excitement in that town was so intense that hundreds of citizens assembled for disinterring the body; a committee of seven were chosen to examine it, among whom were two physicians intimately acquainted with the subject in his life time, and they unanimously pronounced it that of Valorous P. Coolidge."

"An official statement of the whole affair is being prepared as we go to press. The full particulars will then be given, which will relieve the public mind and set this foolish matter at rest, and the authors of those malicious reports will probably receive their just deserts."

EMIGRANTS.—Three thousand five hundred foreigners arrived in New-York on Tuesday. Of this number, the packet ship Constellation brought nine hundred, the largest cargo of the kind that ever arrived at this city."

Town and Country Items.

On Sunday night, with scarce twelve hours' notice, one of the largest public meetings we have seen assembled in this city for some time, was gathered at Canterbury's on Chartres street. The object of the meeting was to take the preliminary steps for the organization of a society, to exist as a permanent body, and in conjunction with similar societies which have been organized throughout the United States, to correspond with the Republicans of Germany, to cheer them in their struggles, and afford such substantial aid as can be extended. The larger portion of the meeting was composed of young and highly intelligent Germans, who manifested a degree of enthusiasm on the occasion that showed how powerful was the spirit which moved their deep and reflecting minds. In the great assemblage were also citizens of every other origin, native and adopted, and they were scarcely less ardent than their German brethren in their demonstrations of sympathy with the Teuton in his struggles for freedom.

[N. O. Picayune.

GOLD FISH IN THE HUDSON.—The gold fish, originally from China, and hitherto chiefly known in ornamental ponds or glass globes in this country, has become quite naturalized in the Hudson River, near Newburgh. Fishermen have caught specimens from eight to ten inches long, both in the Hudson itself and in the mouth of Matteawan Creek, which empties into the Hudson near Newburgh. A few were thrown into the Creek about ten years ago, and they have so multiplied as to fairly stock the Creek and River in that vicinity.

NOT PARTICULAR.—A digger writing from the Sacramento to the N. Y. Times, thus discourseth on the subject of a wife:—You couldn't send me out one, could you? I mean a wife. If she's sum pitted with the small-pox even, I wouldn't care. The ordinaricat goods are valuable where there is none in the market. There's duzzens I woodent a looked at in the States, that 'ud now be thankfully received and no questions axed.

The Hon. George Bancroft, our minister at the Court of St. James, received the degree of Doctor in Civil Law, from Oxford University, on the 20th of June. Upon opening the Convocation the Vice Chancellor alluded to the distinguished persons who were to have the honorary degrees conferred upon them, and Mr. Bancroft and James Heywood Larkland, F. S. A., were then introduced to the Convocation by Dr. Bliss, the Registrar of the University, in a lengthy Latin oration, which was followed by the ceremony of conferring the degrees upon both of those gentlemen.

EDITORIAL CHANGE.—*The Universalum* changes its name to *The Spirit of the Age*, and Mr. William Fishbough gives place to William H. Channing as its editor. This may perhaps be considered as the revival of the Harbinger, a paper which ought not to have died. Probably the readers of the *Universalum* will not be losers, nor think themselves so. That paper has always had some incomprehensibilities to us, but it has been plainly the friend of reform and regeneration, and it will under Mr. Channing, be sure to keep on the track.—[Chronotype.

PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT.—President Taylor has issued a proclamation recommending that the first Friday in August be set apart as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, that the Ruler of Nations may avert the ravages of the scourge now threatening to sweep over our country.

Madame Cavaignac, the mother of the General, died recently in Paris, of cholera. She was of advanced age, and was the widow of the celebrated Conventionist of that name. During her illness the President of the Republic several times sent one of his aides-de-camp to make inquiries after her.

THE NAVY YARD—On the 4th inst. the coping stone of the United States dry dock was laid with appropriate ceremony; also the corner stone of a new engine house 300 feet long by 60 wide, three stories high and to be built of cut granite. Com. McKeever and P. M. Wetmore, Esq. delivered appropriate addresses. About 1800 men are employed on the dock, the bed of which is 400 feet long by 120 wide; and the main chamber 286 feet by 30 broad on the bottom, 307 feet by 98 feet broad at the top. The least width is at the hollow quoins where the dock has 60 feet wide at high water line. The work was commenced in 1841, suspended in August 1842, and resumed in June 1844. The appropriations for it already amount to one million, six hundred and sixty five thousand dollars; about \$1,186,000 have been expended. It is expected that the dock will be ready for use on the first of January 1850.

A COW WORTH HAVING.—Mr. Geo. B. Brinckerhoff, of Owasco, made from one cow, five years old, the past spring, *eighteen lbs 2 ozs.* of butter for the week ending Saturday, June 30th. This quantity she averages during the Summer season. The Summer she was three years old she made eighteen lbs. per week, and she would have made more for the above week, but for the fact that three of the very hottest days were included in it. In flavor and color it was equal to any we ever ate, and we doubt if it be excelled by the celebrated Orange county butter. The cow can be bought for \$100. [Auburn Journal.]

Two New-Yorkers are busy in Vauxhall garden in London, erecting a most extensive pavilion, under which are to be four ten-pin alleys, in connection with an American bar, in which will be concocted all the various drinks of Gotham. The bill of fare is out, and among a list of names are cobblers, juleps, smashers, shoemakers, eye-openers, cock-tails, &c. &c. Its whole affairs are to be managed by real Americans, which will ensure the Cocknies, Simon Pures.

Judson, *alias* Ned Buntline, was severely beaten by Ex-Police Officer Ned McGown in Seventh street near Chestnut, Philadelphia, on Tuesday. Judson received several bad cuts about the head and was obliged to be taken away in a cab.

HOW MUCH BRANDY.—A correspondent of the Tribune comments upon the instructions issued by the Medical Council of New-York and the recommendation of "a little brandy and water." He asks "how much a little brandy and water is?" To which the Tribune replies that having a sort of outsider's faith in homoeopathy, he should advise three drops of brandy in a bucket of water, and that a spoonful of the mixture be put into another bucket of water; from which he thinks the patient might safely drink.

THE Boston papers announce the death by consumption of MATTHEW L. PENNELL, one of the proprietors of the *Daily Bee*. Mr. P. died on Tuesday morning at the age of 33. He was one of the founders of the *Bee*.

A GOOD USE FOR SUNDAY.—We were told the other day that Mr. Congdon, cashier of the Mechanics Bank in New Bedford, last Sunday picked three pecks of Strawberries in his garden, and making the overseers of the poor find sugar, carried them to the Poor House, and gave its inmates a delicious feast. We mention the fact not to please him, but to stimulate others to follow his example.

There is a man in Illinois named Barrow, who has changed his politics so often, that he has now got the *sobriquet* of wheel-Barrow.

Judge Blythe, Collector of Philadelphia, under Tyler, died in Adams Co. Pa. on the 20th inst.

STATE OF THE ATMOSPHERE, &c.—We learn that an offer by Professor Ellet of the South Carolina University, to make experiments on a large scale, (at his own expense,) with a view to determine whether there is any peculiarity in the atmosphere, to which the prevalence of cholera may be ascribed, has been cordially accepted by the sanitary committee of the Board of Health. Some interesting results may be anticipated, from the well known scientific attainments of the professor.

La Democratie Pacifique declares that when Louis Philippe read Louis Napoleon's message, he exclaimed; "I am avenged."

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

Philosophy of Religion, -	17	Paterson Protective Union, -	28
Curiosities of Food, -	20	European Affairs, -	28
Piety of all Ages, -	21	Hibernian Eloquence, -	29
Welsh Marriage, -	22	Arrival of Father Mathew, -	30
English Parsonage, -	23	Fourth of July, -	30
Photography, -	23	Accident at Niagara Falls, -	31
Peter's Pence, -	24	Town and Country Items, -	31
Revolution, &c., -	26	Portray { The Winding Sheet, -	17
Woman: her position, &c., -	27	{ Freshness of the Heart, -	17

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 Confederate Communitities, which in spirit, truth and deed shall be the Kingdom of God and his Righteousness, a Heaven upon Earth.

In promoting this end 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 *The Spirit of the Age* will endeavor to present a faithful record of human progress.

EDITOR,

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

PUBLISHERS,

FOWLERS & WELLS,

CLINTON HALL, 129 and 131, NASSAU STREET,
New York.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS,

(Invariably in advance.)

One copy for one year, -	\$ 2 00
Ten copies " " -	15 00
Twenty " " " -	25 00

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