

SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

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Selected Poetry.

THE SNOW-DROP IN THE POOR MAN'S WINDOW.

It was a darksome alley,
Where light but seldom shone,
Save when at noon a sun-ray touched
The little sill of stone
Beneath the poor man's window,
Whose weary life was bound,
To waste at one dull, ceaseless task,
The passing season round.

Spring's dewy breath of perfume,
And Summer's wealth of flowers,
Or the changing hue of Autumn's leaves,
Ne'er blest his lonely hours;
He knew too well when Winter
Came howling forth again—
He knew it by his fireless grate,
The snow and plashing rain.

Pierced by the frost-winds beating,
His cheerless task he plied;
Went chained him ever to the loom
By the little window's side;
But when the days grew longer,
He stole one happy hour
To tend, within a broken vase,
A pale and slender flower.

How tenderly he moved it
To catch the passing ray,
And smiled to see its folded leaves
Grow greener every day;
His faded eyes were lifted oft,
To watch the snow-drop bloom—
To him it seemed a star of light
Within that darksome room.

And as he gently moved it
Near the sun-touched pane,
Oh! who can tell what memories
Were busy in his brain?
Perchance his home in childhood,
In a sylvan valley lay,
And he heard the voice of the running streams,
And the green leaves' rustling play.

Perchance a long-departed
But cherished dream of yore,
Rose through the mist of Want and Toil,
To bless his heart once more.
A voice of music whispered
Sweet words into his ear,
And he lived again that moonlight o'er,
Gone by for many a year.

Or but the love of Nature
Within his bosom stirred—
The same sweet call that answered by
The blossom and the bird;
The free, unfettered worship
Paid by the yearning soul,
When it seems to feel its wings expand
To reach a brighter goal,—

An aspiration, showing
Earth binds us not her slave,
But we crave a brighter being—
A life beyond the grave.

THE WAYS AND MEANS OF FREE EXCHANGE AND CREDIT.

BY F. COIGNET.

NUMEROUS and important as have been the labors of the Associative School, there are still branches of social science, which have not been integrally explored, and others which have not as yet been expressed in distinct formulas.

It is necessary that this should be done to attract many men, who are now diverted from us, and who will not, I fear, join our body until they have discovered by experience the illusion of their present schemes.

Is it said, that it is the duty of these men to explore and elaborate in practical details the transitional problems with which they are specially occupied, and whose general formula has been given by the Associative theory; that illusions in credit must precede a true and rational system of credit, as alchemy preceded chemistry, &c? This may be true—But nevertheless is it sad to see such men giving in their adhesion to Mr. Proudhon because he has announced *Freedom of Credit*, without clearly understanding the conditions:—

That only the Communal Counting-House can give freedom of exchange:

And only the Association of Capital and Labor can give freedom of credit.

If Mr. Proudhon's Bank could secure freedom of exchange and credit, and so effectually solve that problem, and if on the other hand, the Phalansterian doctrines could not yield results as favorable to society, it might be reasonable and just to support the Bank of Exchange.

But unfortunately this Bank can not produce the good which Mr. Proudhon anticipates: for it is based on an error of reasoning to which he is sufficiently prone, as thus:

Freedom of exchange and credit should exist in a perfectly organized society; realize freedom of exchange and credit then in actual society, and it will become a perfectly organized society.

Mr. Proudhon is here guilty of the fallacy of mistaking the end for the means.

Fourier committed no such blunder. He recognized that a True Society would ensure freedom of exchange and credit; but in order to attain that end, he proposed means of attaining it, namely:

*The Communal Counting-House as the means of free exchange.
Association of Capital and Labor as the means of free credit.*

The kind of fallacy above illustrated is more common than would be at first supposed. Thus the Communists say: "Fraternity will prevail in perfect society,—by realizing fraternity then in actual society we shall make it perfect." They forget that before fraternity can be put into general practice suitable conditions must be provided, which conditions can be found in social organization only. Fraternity is the end, organization the means.

The Political Economists have fallen into a similar error. A good society, they say, would establish Free Trade; by realizing

free trade, then, we should have a perfect society. They too mistake the end for the means.

Mr. Proudhon bases his whole system on an error in his political economy, and this error springs from his blind hatred against capital and property. In preparing his bank indeed, his object was less to benefit the condition of the working-classes, than it was to make an attack upon capital. He was led therefore to seek a reform in that one of the existing institutions whose action is most evident, the Currency.

But in so doing he fulfils the old proverb, "he drops the meat and grasps at the shadow;" for is not the cause more important than the effect, and should not the reform of the cause precede that of the effect? The cause of currency or a circulating medium is the circulation of products; and were there no products to be exchanged, there would be no need of a sign of exchange. By reforming the circulation of products then, he would have reformed also the currency, which is only an effect, and by thus proceeding logically he would have reformed at one blow the defects of the whole system of circulation.

Now this is just what Fourier actually did. His end was the universal well-being, the general diminution of the prices of products, and not the abolition of capital, of the mercantile class or of acquired rights. He found in the Communal Counting House the means of reforming Commerce, and thus at once insured—

Freedom of Exchange;
Equitable Commerce;
Diminution of Prices of Produce;
Lessening of imposts and customs-duties;
Abolition of speculation and stock-jobbing;
The return of parasitical commercial agents to productive labor;
The cessation of bankruptcies;

and a thousand other equally important reforms. And all this he would have obtained by peace, union, the conciliation of all interests, without the need of destroying any thing, or renewing any thing.

Mr. Proudhon, on the contrary, having mistaken the cause for the effect, is powerless to reform the effect, and wastes his strength in useless though gigantic efforts. He has been forced to oppose every thing. In history, he finds as a hinderance in his way, interest, property, capital, revenue, &c; for having made his grand mistake, he finds it necessary to break the whole chain of past events in order to carry society by one leap from the present to the future. To fulfil this simple end his process then is abolition, liquidation, destruction. Every argument must become a death blow; and he finds no stopping place in his horrible work of execution. He stirs up hatred; provokes anger; and drives class against class in headlong strife. And the result of the whole controversy, as presented by Mr. Proudhon, is the extermination either of proprietors or of the producing classes.

How is it possible that an intellect, apparently so logical, should commit so gross, so cruel a mistake in policy? He has not comprehended, that though it might be easy, in some lands, to overthrow a minority of privileged persons, it is wholly otherwise in a country where three-fourths of the nation are interested in upholding privilege, that is to say, property and capital. Here the problem is reversed; the question no longer is how to destroy, overturn, demolish, abolish, liquidate,—for there is no power to carry out their designs on the part of the overturners, &c. On the contrary, the object should be to preserve and uphold, by making the producing classes possessors, proprietors, capitalists.

The true problem is; *how, by a better organization of exchange and production to augment the amount of wealth, and to make all participants in it.*

Besides these grand errors, Mr. Proudhon has yielded to the strange illusion of forcing the country to accept his badly guar-

anteed bills of exchange, when it refuses to accept even the best guaranteed paper. This obstacle alone would have sufficed to paralyse the bank of exchange, even without the other more important objections.

But now it must be granted that to Mr. Proudhon belongs the merit of having fixed attention generally upon the transitional reforms of circulation. And spite of the evil consequences which the realization of his schemes would induce, we all owe him thanks, for society will be saved by a reform of its exchanges, and it should be grateful to Mr. Proudhon, even if he has not pointed out the true remedy for the evil.

That remedy we owe to the genius of Fourier. He it was, who forty years ago, by means of the science whose laws he had discovered, foresaw the abyss towards which modern society was hastening; and who as the means of salvation, taught that:

The Reform of Exchange, that is to say, of Commerce and Banking, will be found in the Communal Counting House.

And the Reform of Production and Consumption in the free and voluntary Association of Labor and Capital.

If social science is true, there can be no other remedy. Freedom of Exchange is the end to which the Communal Counting-House is the means—Freedom of Credit is the end, to which the voluntary association of Capital and Labor is the means. Hereafter I propose to show that these two reforms will destroy pauperism, secure for all classes well-being, make all proprietors and capitalists, besides securing many other advantages no less important.—Translated from *The Democratic Pacific* by W. H. C.

THE WORKING CLASSES—MIGHT AND RIGHT.

in regarding any and every remedy which real or pretended friends may offer to them, the working class should take a broad and comprehensive view of their present position as a whole—the amount of their toil, their dependence on, and subjection to other classes, the inadequacy of their remuneration, and their probable condition in old age—and test all these remedies by the influence they are likely to exert on this position. When the producer is told to seek for the acquisition of political power—to contend for this or that particular governmental measure—he should inquire of all who direct him:—"Will this change lighten my toil, increase my enjoyments, add to my independence, insure me work and remuneration until age, and then support me comfortably until death?" It is to acquire all this that men ask for changes, and it is for the opposite state of things that they want a remedy. Every remedy, therefore, which shrinks from the application of the test of equality of rights—every remedy which professes merely to modify the position of the working class as a *working class*—every remedy which does not go at once to first principles, and tend to the removal of the causes of existing wrongs and evils, should be scouted as insulting alike to reason and to justice.

In the conflict which is now going forward between might and right, and while men are contending as to whether force or reason shall be the weapon made use of, the experience which former times afford of the operation of these two powers must not be neglected. Such considerations, however, do not affect the establishment of the system of community of possessions; for this depends not upon force, nor upon impressing the government with a conviction of its necessity, but upon the acquisition of a sufficient fund to purchase the existing accumulations either at once, or by instalments paid after obtaining possession.

There have always been two ways for accomplishing more or less governmental changes—one by persuasion, and the other by compulsion. For popular revolutions to be effectual, conviction must always precede force; for force may establish, but it cannot always preserve. When a people have no knowledge of human rights, they may be persuaded to submit to despotism, or they may be forced to submit; when they possess this knowledge in a limited or imperfect degree, it is possible that a people

may overthrow their government; but, if they thus succeed, it is almost certain that they will lose all the benefits of their conquest. When, however, the knowledge of principles is widely spread, and the desire for change is as universal as the knowledge, then is a nation unconquerable, and no power can long exist in opposition and hostility to the popular power.

But, omnipotent as is the might of the oppressed when it thus meets hand to hand the might of the oppressor, there is not one instance on record which shows that the people of a nation have ever yet obtained the fruits of the victory which force had won for them. They have never yet done more than build up a fresh tyranny with the fragments of that which they had pulled down: and so long as they leave unregarded and unregulated that principle of unequal exchanges and that inequality of condition from which tyranny springs, all their appeals to physical force, and all their subversions of despotic governments, for the time being, will in no way advance the progress of true liberty. The establishment of the proper remedy does not depend upon the subversion of a government, but upon the destruction of the existing social system; and therefore reason, and not force—conviction, and not compulsion—purchase, and not plunder—a systematic application of combined forces, and not an undisciplined and chaotic movement—are the proper instruments to be employed.

The correctness or incorrectness of the estimates which have been given of the burthens imposed upon the productive classes by the present arrangements of society, is of no importance. These estimates serve as elucidations of the existing system; and a momentary glance at the present state of society, and the income of various divisions, will show at once that the losses of the producers have not been over-rated. Although some of these evils may be modified, by particular governmental measures, yet such partial alleviation affords no ground for the maintenance of the present system. All existing wrongs, are wrongs on principle—wrong on reason, and justice, and equal rights—and must therefore be subverted on principle.

As the knowledge of the character and tendencies of the present system becomes generally diffused—as the productive classes are brought to direct their attention to a social instead of a governmental change—as they begin to unite their scattered forces and to adopt means for carrying their objects into execution—as all these preparatory movements are going forward, many false prophets and interested advisers will rise up and endeavor to mislead and delude the people. When, likewise, the nature and magnitude of the end to be attained is considered—when it is viewed in connection with the present composition of society and the ruthless and sanguinary character of the governments which arise from society thus constituted—there can be no doubt that senatorial harangues and pulpit fulminations will follow each other in quick succession against all innovators of existing usages. The page of history, fraught with many a brutal and bloody record of governmental despotism, gives warning, also, that when vituperation shall have exhausted all its materials in condemnation of a social change, the weightier arguments of the cannon and the musket will not be far off. Considerations of this character, however, do not concern the enquirer after truth, nor do they in any way invalidate the principles which he may bring to view. Individuals have not the power to decide in what manner particular changes shall be accomplished. Placing their trust in principles, they calmly await the issue of events. There are manifestations on all sides which tell men, in accents not to be misunderstood, that the elements of mighty changes are at work; and, whatever may be the immediate prospect there are to be seen harbingers of brighter and better times. The light of Mind is beaming through the gloomy boundaries of the age of Might, and ushering in the age of Right!

PRIDE.—Pride is seldom delicate—it will please itself with very mean advantage, and envy feels not its own happiness, but when it is compared with the misery of others.

From The Bhagavat Gita.

THE PIETY OF ALL AGES. THE BOOK OF THE PROPHET, THE GREAT ABAD.

[CONTINUED.]

ON THE NATURE OF THE SOUL, AND SPECULATIVE DOCTRINES.

Kreeshna.

* * * Learn that he by whom all things were formed is incorruptible, and that no one is able to effect the destruction of this thing which is inexhaustible. These bodies, which envelope the souls which inhabit them, which are eternal, incorruptible, and surpassing all conception, are declared to be finite beings.

* * * * *
The soul is not a thing of which a man may say it hath been, it is about to be, or is to be hereafter; for it is a thing without birth; it is ancient, constant and eternal, and is not to be destroyed in this its mortal frame. How can the man, who believeth that this thing is incorruptible, eternal, inexhaustible and without birth, think that he can either kill or cause it to be killed? As a man throweth away old garments, and putteth on new, even so the soul, having quitted its old mortal frames, entereth into others which are new. The weapon divideth it not, the fire burneth it not, the water corrupteth it not, the wind driveth it not away: for it is indivisible, inconsumable, incorruptible, and is not to be dried away: it is eternal, universal, permanent, immovable; it is invisible, inconceivable and unalterable; therefore believing it to be thus, thou shouldst not grieve. But whether thou believest it of eternal birth and duration, or that it dieth with the body, still thou hast no cause to lament it. Death is certain to all things which are subject to birth, and regeneration to all things which are mortal; wherefore it doth not behoove thee to grieve about that which is inevitable.

* * * * *
Let the motive be in the deed and not in the event. Be not one whose motive for action is the hope of reward. Let not thy life be spent in inaction. Depend upon application, perform thy duty, abandon all thought of the consequence, and make the event equal, whether it terminate in good or evil; for such an equality is called *lyog*. The action stands at a distance inferior to the application of wisdom. Seek an asylum then in wisdom alone; for the miserable and unhappy are so on account of the event of things. Men who are endued with true wisdom are unmindful of good or evil in this world.

* * * * *
Wise men who have abandoned all thought of the fruit which is produced from their actions, are freed from the chains of birth, and go to the regions of eternal happiness.

* * * * *
A man is said to be confirmed in wisdom, when he forsaketh every desire which entereth into his heart, and of himself is happy, and contented in himself. His mind is undisturbed in adversity, he is happy and contented in prosperity, and he is a stranger to anxiety, fear, and anger. Such a wise man is called a *Moonee*. The wisdom of that man is established, who in all things is without affection; and, having received good or evil neither rejoiceth at the one, nor is cast down by the other.
* * * * *
A man of a governable mind, enjoying the objects of his senses, with all his faculties rendered obedient to his will, and freed from pride and malice, obtaineth happiness supreme. In this happiness is born to him an exception from all his troubles, and his mind being thus at ease, wisdom presently floweth to him from all sides. The man who attendeth not to this is without wisdom or the power of contemplation. The man who is incapable of thinking hath no rest. What happiness can he enjoy who hath no rest?

SOLITUDE.—In solitude, if we escape the examples of bad men we likewise want the counsel and conversation of the good.

THE OLD COAL MAN.

The few cold days we had early in the fall made fire necessary, and as we had not yet laid in our winter's supply of fuel, it became necessary to get a ton of coal.

As soon as the load was thrown down before the door a gray-headed old man, lame in one leg, presented himself, and asked if he could be allowed to put the coal in the cellar. His face was all begrimed, and his clothes black with coal dust.

"How much do you charge?" I inquired.

"A quarter of a dollar, ma'am," he replied in a very respectful tone, touching his hat as he spoke.

"Very well," I replied, "you may put it away."

And I returned to my room, which looked upon the street. On glancing out, as I seated myself by the window, I saw that the old man had a fellow laborer, who looked as old, as poor, and as dirty as himself. The sight of these two old men, tolling for their shilling a-piece, with their heavy baskets of coal, touched my feelings. I thought of my own gray-headed father, whom I loved with filial tenderness, and imagination pictured him in the condition of those two men at work beneath my window. My heart turned from the picture with a shudder, but I could not help looking down at the men, and the sight of them kept my thoughts busy.

"What a poor pittance it is that these men toil for," I thought to myself. "How eager they work, as if the reward of their labor was to be a hundred dollars, instead of the eight of a single dollar a-piece. Should I not," I asked, as my feelings became more and more interested, "pay them more than the price agreed upon?"

"But why do that?" I argued with myself, "twenty-five cents a ton is the regular price for putting away coal. No one expects more. That is their price, and they are satisfied with it."

"That may be," I resumed in turn. "But why are they satisfied? Because they can get no more. Twenty-five cents a ton has been fixed as a fair compensation, and it is useless to ask more."

"Well," I opposed, "and why has this price been settled upon as a fair one? Simply, because it is really worth no more to perform the amount of labor required to put away a ton of coal. A man can do it alone in less than an hour, and twenty-five cents an hour is good wages for a laboring man. Working ten hours a day, he would earn two dollars and a half a day, or fifteen dollars a week."

"But," my benevolent feelings urged against this, "a coal man cannot, of course, get ten hours' work a day at putting in coal, or even five hours."

"How do you know that?" asked prudence. "You know nothing about how much work he can get. A great many tons of coal are brought into a large city like this. No doubt these men make a great deal of money. They seem content enough with their wages, at least, and of course they are the best judges of its sufficiency."

"Well perhaps it is so," I returned, mentally, lifting my eyes as I spoke, and glancing at the two old men below, who had nearly finished their task. A quarter between the two! Indeed it seems like too little. I feel really ashamed to offer it. How many, many quarters, and halves, and even dollars, do I spend in self-indulgence, while these poor old men have few of the comforts of life. And now I am arguing with myself against the justice of paying them a fair compensation for their labor. The fact is, we are very nice in our bargains with the poor, hold them strictly to the minimum of compensation, while upon ourselves we lavish all kinds of expensive indulgences. In the morning we will chaffer with a poor seamstress, cook, chambermaid, white-washer, or porter, about a sixpence—and in the afternoon spend ten or twenty dollars foolishly. A dollar thrown away on self-indulgence, costs us not a pang. But sixpence more to a poor dependent than just happens to suit our vacilla-

ting ideas of economy, gives us an hour's uneasiness and self-reproach. The fact is, I'll give the old men a quarter apiece—that is a little enough."

To oppose this resolution, came the thought, that if I gave them more than they asked, I would do them really more harm than good. That the good which a shilling a-piece would do them, would be no kind of compensation for the disappointment they would experience in not getting a like advance at other places. The fact of having been better paid here than usual, would naturally lead them to think about increased pay elsewhere. They would no longer be content with the regular price. And to take content from the poor man, would be to do him the greatest possible harm.

While I thus mused, a domestic came into the room, to say that the coal was in the cellar. For one moment I hesitated, and then handed over a single quarter of a dollar. The servant left the room, and I again glanced out of the window. The two old men were patiently awaiting the reward of their labor. Cold as the day was, their work had started the perspiration, and they stood with bared heads, wiping their soiled faces—their thin, gray locks waving in the wind. My heart was touched at the sight, and I half uttered the name of the domestic aloud, under the influence I felt to recall her, and double the coal men's compensation. But I restrained myself. In a few minutes it was too late to put my good intentions into practice.

I was not satisfied with myself. Try as I would, I could not drive from my mind the image of the old man who applied for the privilege of earning a shilling. To me an extra shilling would have been of no consequence—to him it might have proved a blessing. I felt that I had been guilty of grinding the poor—not in thoughtless adoption of social customs, but deliberately and of set purpose. I had saved a quarter of a dollar, but at the expense of a troubled conscience. At last I succeeded in driving these unpleasant thoughts from my mind. Friends whom I loved came in, and in pleasant converse new images arose, and new affections came into play. One of these friends wore a neat ornament, that pleased me very much. It cost three dollars. So well did it please my fancy, that I commissioned my husband on the very next morning to procure me a similar one. He did so. But before I had an opportunity to wear it in company, I was led once more to think of my old coal man.

Two or three mornings after that on which our ton of coal was brought, my eye lit upon a few brief paragraphs in a newspaper, which evidently alluded to the lame old man who had excited my unfruitful sympathy. He was dead. A blood vessel had been ruptured during a fit of coughing, and he had died of suffocation. The paragraph went on to state that he had left a widow and four children who had been solely dependent upon his daily labor for food. They were now in distress and destitution. An earnest appeal to the sympathies of the public followed.

I threw the newspaper aside—put on my shawl and bonnet—took my purse from a drawer, and hurriedly left the house. A brisk walk of half an hour brought me to a comfortable row of tenements near the Schuylkill. In an upper room of one of these tenements, I found a middle aged woman, in ill-health with four children. A question or two brought a gush of tears from the poor woman. The style and eloquence of her lamentations for her lost husband, showed her heart to be full of deep tenderness—and that her loss was truly irreparable. I found her very poor, actually in want of the most common necessities of life. To a question or two about her husband, she replied—

"Oh, indeed ma'am, and my poor John was a hard working man, when he could get it to do, and didn't drink a drop. But he had been out of work all summer—and hard enough has it been to get even potatoes for the children. And now, just as the coal time has come on, and he was beginning to get something to do, he has died!"—and the poor woman wept bitterly.

"How much could he make in this way?" I asked after her new burst of grief had subsided.

"Never more than three or four dollars a week, unless sometimes when the gentlemen favored him, and gave him a little more than the regular price for putting away their coal. But this was not often. Rich people don't think much about our wants. They would make us work for them for nothing if we would do it. John often came home dispirited, because that even when he had earned his money it was frequently begrudged him."

The woman spoke with bitterness. I felt that there was too much justice in what she said—and that I was not altogether guiltless. I emptied my purse before leaving the meagerly furnished room, and went away I trust a wiser woman.

A COLLEGE LARK.

THE following capital story is told by "one who knows," of Doctor Marcey, and cannot fail to amuse our readers. On one occasion, several of the students of South Carolina College resolved to drag the Doctor's carriage into the woods, and fixed upon a night for the performance of the exploit. One of their number, however, was troubled with some compunctions visitings, and managed to convey to the worthy President a hint, that it would be well for him to secure the door of his carriage house. Instead of paying any heed to this suggestion the Doctor proceeded, on the appointed night to the carriage house, and ensconced his portly person inside the vehicle. In less than an hour some half a dozen young gentlemen came to his retreat, and cautiously withdrew the carriage into the road. When they were fairly out of the College precincts they forgot their reserve and began to joke freely with each other by name.

One of them complained of the weight of the carriage, and another replied by swearing that it was heavy enough to have the old fellow himself in it. For nearly a mile they proceeded along the highway, and then struck into the woods, to a cover which they concluded would effectually conceal the vehicle. Making themselves infinitely merry at the Doctor's expense, and conjecturing how and when he would find his carriage, they at length reached the spot where they had resolved to leave it. Just as they were about to depart—having once more agreed that "the carriage was heavy enough to have the old Doctor and all his tribe in it,"—they were startled by the sudden dropping of one of the glass door pannels, and the well known voice of the Doctor himself thus addressed them:

"So, so, young gentlemen, you are going to leave me in the woods, are you? Surely, as you have brought me hither for your own gratification, you will not refuse to take me back for mine. Come, Messrs.—, and—, and—buckle to, and let us return; it's getting late!"

There was no appeal; for the window was raised, and the Doctor resumed his seat. Almost without a word, the discomfited young gentlemen took their places at the pole, at the back of the vehicle, and quite as expeditiously if with less voice, did they retrace their course. In silence they dragged the carriage into its wonted place, and then retreated precipitately to their rooms, to dream of the account they must render on the morrow. When they had gone, the Doctor quietly vacated the carriage, and went to his house where he related the story to his family with much glee. He never called the heroes of that nocturnal expedition to an account, nor was his carriage ever afterwards dragged at night into the woods.

THE CLERGY AT PANAMA are represented to be immensely rich, being supplied from European sources annually with large sums. Their dress is curious in the extreme; they wear long black satin coats, lined with scarlet silk, full white trowsers to the knees, and long black silk stockings, black velvet slippers and sombrero hats about four feet in circumference, turned up at the sides.

ON THE PROBABLE FUTURITY OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

BY JOHN STUART MILL.

To obtain any light on the great economic question of the future, which gives the chief interest to the phenomena of the present—the physical condition of the laboring classes—we must consider it, not separately, but in conjunction with all other points of their condition.

Considered in its moral and social aspect, the state of the laboring people has lately been a subject of much more speculation and discussion than formerly; and the opinion, that it is not now what it ought to be, has become very general. The suggestions which have been promulgated, and the controversies which have been excited, on detached points rather than on the foundations of the subject, have put in evidence the existence of two conflicting theories, respecting the social position desirable for manual laborers. The one may be called the *theory of dependence and protection*, the other that of *self-dependence*.

According to the former theory, the lot of the poor, in all things which affect them collectively, should be regulated for them, not by them. They should not be required or encouraged to think for themselves, or give to their own reflection or forecast an influential voice in the determination of their destiny. It is the duty of the higher classes to think for them, and to take the responsibility of their lot, as the commander and officers of an army take that of the soldiers composing it. This function the higher classes should prepare themselves to perform conscientiously, and their whole demeanor should impress the poor with a reliance on it, in order that, while yielding passive and active obedience to the rules prescribed for them, they may resign themselves in all other respects to a trustful *insouciance*, and repose under the shadow of their protectors. The relation between rich and poor should be only partially authoritative; it should be amiable, moral, and sentimental; affectionate tutelage on the one side, respectful and grateful deference on the other. The rich should be *in loco parentis* to the poor, guiding and restraining them like children. Of spontaneous action on their part there should be no need. They should be called on for nothing but to do their day's work, and to be moral and religious. Their morality and religion should be provided for them by their superiors, who should see them properly taught it, and should do all that is necessary to insure their being, in return for labor and attachment, properly fed, clothed, housed, spiritually edified, and innocently amused.

This is the ideal of the future, in the minds of those whose dissatisfaction with the present assumes the form of affection and regret towards the past. Like other ideals, it exercises an unconscious influence on the opinions and sentiments of numbers who never consciously guide themselves by any ideal. It has also this in common with other ideals, that it has never been historically realized. It makes its appeal to our imaginative sympathies in the character of a restoration of the good times of our forefathers. But not times can be pointed out in which the higher classes of this or any other country performed a part even distinctly resembling the one assigned to them in this theory. It is an idealization, grounded on the conduct and character of here and there an individual. All privileged and powerful classes, as such, have used their power in the interest of their own selfishness, and having indulged their self-importance in despising, and not in lovingly caring for, those who were, in their estimation, degraded by inferiority. That what has always been must always be, or that human improvement does not tend more and more to correct the intensely selfish feelings engendered by power, I should be sorry to affirm. This, however, seems to me undeniable, that long before the superior classes could be sufficiently improved to govern in the tutelary

manner supposed, the inferior classes would be too much improved to be so governed.

I am quite sensible of all that is seductive in the picture of society which this theory presents. Though the facts of it have no prototype in the past, the feelings have. In them lies all that there is of reality in the conception. As the idea is essentially repulsive of a society only held together by bought services, and by the relations and feelings arising out of pecuniary interests, so there is something naturally attractive in a form of society abounding in strong personal attachments and disinterested self-devotion. Of such feelings it must be admitted that the relation of protector and protected has hitherto been the richest source. The strongest attachments of human beings in general are towards the things or the persons that stand between them and some dreaded evil. Hence, in an age of lawless violence and insecurity, and general hardness and roughness of manners, in which life is beset with dangers and sufferings at every step, to those who have neither a commanding position of their own, nor a claim on the protection of some one who has—a generous giving of protection, and a grateful receiving of it, are the strongest ties which connect human beings; the feelings arising from that relation are the warmest feelings; all the enthusiasm and tenderness of the most sensitive natures gather round it; loyalty on the one part and chivalry on the other are principles exalted into passions. I do not desire to depreciate these virtues. That the most beautiful developments of feeling and character often grow out of the most painful, and in many other respects the most hardening and corrupting, circumstances of our condition, is now, and probably will long be, one of the chief stumbling-blocks both in the theory and in the practice of morals and education. The error in the present case lies in not perceiving, that these virtues and sentiments, like the clan-ship and the hospitality of the wandering Arab, belong emphatically to a rude and imperfect state of the social union, and that the feelings between protector and protected can no longer have this beautiful and endearing character where there are no longer any serious dangers from which to protect. What is there in the present state of society to make it natural that human beings, of ordinary strength and courage, should glow with the warmest gratitude and devotion in return for protection? The laws protect them; where laws do not reach, manners and opinion shield them. To be under the power of some one, instead of being as formerly the sole condition of safety, is now, speaking generally, the only situation which exposes to grievous wrong; and wrong against which laws and opinion are neither able, nor very seriously attempt, to afford effectual protection. *We have entered into a state of civilization in which the bond that attaches human beings to one another, must be disinterested admiration and sympathy for personal qualities, or gratitude for unselfish services, and not the emotions of protectors towards dependents, or of dependents towards protectors. The arrangements of society are now such that no man or woman who either possesses or is able to earn a livelihood, requires any other protection than that of the law. This being the case, it argues great ignorance of human nature to continue taking for granted that relations founded on protection must always subsist, and not see that the assumption of the protector, and of the power which belongs to it, without any of the necessities which justify it, must engender feelings opposite to loyalty.*

Of the working classes of Western Europe, at least, it may be pronounced certain, that the patriarchal or paternal system of government is one to which they will not again be subject. That question has been several times decided. It was decided when they were taught to read, and allowed access to newspapers and political tracts. It was decided when dissenting preachers were suffered to go among them, and appeal to their faculties and feelings in opposition to the creeds professed and countenanced by their superiors. It was decided when they

were brought together in numbers, to work socially under the same roof. It was decided when railways enabled them to shift from place to place, and change their patrons and employers as easily as their coats. The working classes have taken their interests into their own hands, and are perpetually showing that they think the interests of their employers not identical with their own, but opposite to them. Some among the higher classes flatter themselves that these tendencies may be counteracted by moral and religious education; but they have let the time go by for giving an education which can serve their purpose. The principles of the Reformation have reached as low down in society as reading and writing, and the poor will no longer accept morals and religion of other people's prescribing. I speak more particularly of our own country, especially the town population, and the districts of the most scientific agriculture and highest wages, Scotland and the north of England. Among the more inert and less modernized agricultural population of the southern counties, it might be possible for the gentry to retain for some time longer, something of the ancient deference and submission of the poor, by bribing them with high wages and constant employment; by insuring them support, and never requiring them to do anything which they do not like. But these are two conditions which never have been combined, and never can be, for long together. A guarantee of subsistence can only be practically kept up, when work is enforced, and superfluous multiplication restrained, by at least a moral compulsion. It is then, that the would-be revivers of old times which they do not understand, would feel practically in how hopelessly a task they were engaged. The whole fabric of patriarchal or seigniorial influence, attempted to be raised on the foundation of caressing the poor, would be shattered against the necessity of enforcing a stringent Poor-law.

WHAT THE LADIES DO IN CALIFORNIA.—A gentleman who made the trip to California via the Isthmus, writes an interesting account of his travels to a relative in Salem, which is published in the Register. We give the closing part of this letter, dated Monterey, April 22:

Sabbath—A bright and beautiful day. Distributed tracts this morning to soldiers.

Monday—All very still now in Monterey. Men at the mines. There is good society here—Mr. Botts and family, (brother of Hon. John M. Botts, of Virginia,) Gen. Riley and family, Capt. Wescott and family, Maj. Canby and family, Mr. Larkin and family, Mr. Little and family, and others. There are several pianos in town, and next to nobody to play. We do not go to the mines to preach, because of the enormous expense there—\$3 or more a day—and because people are entirely scattered and moving. No service can be obtained, of any sort, without the greatest difficulty. Ladies have the worst of it. Mrs. B. never did any work in Virginia, among troops of servants, but now she does all, and is obliged to do all her work, I think, including washing. Very good; when she saw she must do it, she doffed all ceremony and does it nobly, and is none the worse for it yet. So Mrs. C., a woman of complete education and refinement—she can do no other way, and she grows fat on it. Mrs. W. is a beautiful woman, and was brought up in luxury at home by an uncle. She brought out hired servants, and they had not done the first house cleaning, to move in, after they arrived, before they announced their intention to leave at once. Well, Mrs. W. cried awhile about it, and her husband offered \$20 per month to the maid; but it was no inducement, and away she went, and Mrs. W. has cleaned her own house.

What's thy business—virtue. Now, how is this to be realized, save by reflecting on the dispensations of Providence, and the destination of mankind.

From The Christian Inquirer.

ORIENTAL FAITHS.

The majority of the human race are under the dominion of two forms of religion, the Hindoo and the Buddhist. Opinions vary as to the relative antiquity of the two, some scholars regarding the Hindoo as a reformed Buddhism, and others taking the opposite view. The ablest recent critics concur, we believe, in regarding the Hindoo as the older system, and considering Buddhism as an innovation; in fact, as a kind of Oriental Protestantism.

The sacred books of the two religions are written in a language which is, apparently, the source of the Greek, the Latin, and the dialects of our Teutonic ancestors; consequently, of nearly all which are spoken in western Europe and America at this day. The Brahminical books are written in pure Sanscrit, and the Buddhist's share with them many common traditions.

It is satisfactorily proved that the original Hindoo or Brahminical faith was Monotheistic, and Rammohun Roy's declarations are virtually confirmed by the best subsequent researches. The Brahmin is the Man of God, the priest of *Brahm*; that being who is the Absolute Intelligence, the Essential Light. To rest in *Brahm*, to be lost in contemplation of his glory, this is the highest life, the noblest worship. To a select race only was this august prerogative allowed, and hence the caste of Brahmins originated. Gradually a Trinitarian theory of the Divine Nature sprung from this simple faith. In striving to rise into communion with the Eternal Intelligence, the Brahmin found great comfort in contemplating the Divine Light as manifested within his own heart, and thence gradually formed an idea of a revealed God, the Expressed Divinity, and thus *Brahm* became *Brabma*, and in this character the initiated disciple was to worship him. In time, the tendency to worship the Light within as God, would lead to an abstracted, self-sufficient, barren religion. The heart needed more recognition of God as the Universal Benefactor, and Vishnu, the Preserver, was the name of the Most High among a fervent class of worshippers. Habits of thought so prone to see God in all things, could not long fail to take note of the fearful powers of destruction in the world, and the Trinity was completed by the addition of *Siva*, the destroyer.

Buddhism we must regard as a protest against Brahminical exclusiveness. The word *Buddha* means intelligence. "That men ought to worship pure intelligence, must," we are told by a philosophical and learned writer, "have been the first proclamation of the original Buddhists. The deduction from this must have been that no caste of priests was necessary for such worship." All persons who would seek the Divine Light might find it, whatever their hereditary descent, and the twice born men, instead of being a distinct family, might be of every social rank. No man is probably better able to judge of this matter than Mr. Hodgson, the able scholar so long resident in India, who expressly declares that "the one infallible diagnostic of Buddhism is a belief in the infinite capacity of the human intellect." We may see at once, therefore, the fundamental truth, and the liability to error among Buddhist devotees. An infinite eternal intelligence is indeed recognized as the absolute ground of all existence, but the tendency is constantly to lose sight of this absolute being in the human manifestations of his wisdom. The objective truth is likely to be lost in the merely subjective emotion or thought, and Pantheism or Atheism may, and often does ensue. In the well chosen words of Professor Maunier, "the human intellect is first felt to be the perfect organ of worship, finally, its one object." Such, in substance, is Buddhism, the faith of three hundred millions of the human race. Such in itself, and in its corrupt developments, is the religion from which those youths of Assam were rescued by the missionaries of a purer — a faith which adores God, as the Infinite In-

telligence indeed, but carefully guards against confounding God with men, whatever may be its theories of the manifestation of God in man.

Whilst in Europe and America, there has been a reaction in some quarters towards the ancient priesthood and its traditions, it is interesting to observe a similar movement among the Orientals; and, if we are not much misinformed, the Brahmins are gaining ground upon the Buddhists, and the exclusive priesthood is crowding out the ministers of the freer, although perhaps not the less superstitious faith. It is a somewhat curious coincidence that in the seventeenth century, when Rome was striving to win England back to her ghostly sway, the Brahmins were hard at work in seducing the Buddhists of Assam to return from the heresy sanctioned by a thousand years, and receive the yoke of an hereditary priesthood, and the law of the mystical Vedas. Even now, whilst the Baptist missionaries in Assam and Burmah are trying to win converts to the gospel, they are beset by two classes of opponents, who in singular resemblance and contrast stand between them and their Buddhist auditors. On the one hand the Brahmins, who hold over them the pretensions of their ancient caste and creed—on the other hand the High Church zealots from England, who look upon the Baptist doctrine as a wretched heresy, and play the Christian Brahmin to perfection to the amazement of the wondering heathen. When shall these things cease, and men learn at once fraternal love and spiritual power by worshipping the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ in gospel fervor and simplicity, and thus build the true Church upon the one and only foundation?

HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION.

The following is the "Homestead Exemption Bill," now before the Legislature of Maine.

Section 1. The real estate of any citizen residing within this State, and any interest he may have therein, or the dwelling-house of any such citizen, though standing on land not his own, shall be exempt from attachment and levy or sale on execution to the value of five hundred dollars on any debt contracted by him.

Sec. 2. If any real estate or any interest therein, or any dwelling-house held as aforesaid, shall be attached or seized on execution to be sold or levied upon, and the value thereof shall exceed five hundred dollars, the attachment, seizing, sale and levy shall be effectual to hold or pass what may remain thereof after setting off to the debtor from such part thereof as he may select, five hundred dollars in value, which set off the officer having the execution shall cause to be made and appraised by three disinterested men in the same manner provided by law for setting off lands on levy of execution.

Sec. 3. Such exemption shall not extend to any lien on any property real or personal, obtained before this act takes effect, or any mortgage lawfully obtained.

Sec. 4. No conveyance or alienation by the husband, of any property exempt and set off as aforesaid, shall be valid unless the wife join in the deed of conveyance.

Sec. 5. Nothing in this act shall be considered as exempting any property from taxation or sale for taxes.

Sec. 6. This act shall take effect from and after the last day of December next.

The sun shines on, illuminating the earth, without pause or stay. There is no direction wherein his rays do not penetrate. Are they not absorbed or scattered, even when admitted into a darkened chamber? So let the light of thy understanding come without force or violence where it falls; and, as for that which will not receive it, why let it remain as before.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1849.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Private letters to W. H. C. should be marked *Private*.

Communications for the "Spirit of the Age" should be directed to the "Editor."

Business letters, subscriptions, payments, should be directed to Messrs. Fowlers & Wells.

S. R. J. will find an enclosure awaiting his order at the office of this paper. We must confess our incompetency to judge of the calculation.

B. H. H. will please to accept our thanks. The communications appear to us too learned for our columns.

We are anxious to hear soon and often, from the old correspondents of *The Harbinger* and *Univerecolum*, and from the friends who have promised us their aid. We have more to say, than we can find time to write out or space to print in; but our plan is to combine the greatest possible variety of writers, who are seeking the ends to which this paper is consecrated. Many short articles will meet our views, better than a few long ones. Let us hear from you, associates.

THE NATION'S FAST.

The solemnities of this day are ended. And now, when no word of ours can hinder or jar with any feelings of true piety awakened by its mournful rites, we would try to pass a just judgment upon this act of a People called Christian and Civilized.

1. Whence came the Cholera, among us?

From foul emigrant-ships, under whose hatches were densely packed, amidst heaps of baggage and in an atmosphere poisoned with bilge-water, the ragged, ill-fed, squalid, weakened wretches, cast out from the great Work-House of a world grown old in corruption, injustice, and misery.

2. Where, and among what classes, has this pestilence prevailed?

Chiefly in our overgrown commercial centers, along our lines of water and land communication, and in slave hovels of the South. The classes, who have been most swiftly swept away, were residents in thick clustered, unventilated dwellings, whose walls were mouldy with miasmatic exhalations from accumulated filth,—or crowded passengers in steerage cabins of steamboats, alternately baked in sultry days by furnaces and chilled by nightly damps,—or overtasked drudges in cotton, sugar and rice fields; all fed, more or less, on fruit and vegetables, half ripe and stale, on innutritious perhaps putrid meat, or sour, ill-baked bread, and drenched with distil-house milk, drugged teas and fire-waters of every color, name, and quality.

3. What have been the causes of this world encircling desolation?

Making due allowance for the mysterious influence of subterranean and aërial agents, which doubtless have produced predisposition to diseases of the digestive system,—can any person of common sense hesitate in asserting that the great secondary causes of this universal calamity have been the physical degradations, brutal lusts, and exhausting toils of vast masses of men—and food, dwellings, clothing, general habits of life, utterly repugnant to human nature? Briefly, here is the history of this plague.

Now, wise men, ask yourselves, is *Providence* answerable for these teeming grave-yards, and tenantless houses? Did the *Father of All* snatch from thousands of orphans their parents, from trembling age the strong support of sons? What an outrage upon Infinite mercy, to refer to God the horrors which are normal, inevitable consequences of man's collective breach of his all blessing laws! How far are atmospheric derangements, even, incident to man's selfish, niggardly, scrambling, foolish culture of the earth! And who but man crushes man under servitude, drudgery, squalidness, famine? Did the Creator of sunlit mountains and meadows build and let out the dingy blocks of these brick prisons; did the Maker of air rake

up these decaying heaps of offal and fill to overflow these bursting sewers?

Ministers of religion dare to speak of Cholera as a Divine Judgment. In one sense, tremendous in emphatic significance, Cholera is a judgment. For it shows, that Nature and Nature's God, long suffering as they are, can no longer bear with human perversions of heaven's beneficent agencies. But can any one, who has heart and hope, question for an instant, whether it is a blessing or a curse to thousands of outcasts, that they have been redeemed from a hard race who knew not how to prize them, and received among angels to be schooled to love by joy?

Churches have been opened, prayers offered, hymns sung, sermons preached! Will there be one death the less? Possibly, in so far as temperance leads to purer habits, and devout confidence calms perturbed spirits, the lives of a few may be saved. Very probably, on the other hand, morbid excitements of feeling may prepare as many to receive and ripen seeds of the disease. But it would be charging God with childish caprice to suppose that he will violate his own perfect methods of arrangement, and sever effects from their causes. Fresh suggestions, bright thoughts, kind purposes he pours in forever upon all open hearts and asking minds; and in so far as any, inspired on Friday, shall lead to action, cheerful, manly action, the National Fast will be blessed. But for every one taught thereby to rely on mournful feelings, verbal vows, professions, sentimental penitence, or any form of spiritualism which does not embody itself in faithful deeds, this Fast will have produced worse cramps and collapse of soul, than any which Cholera could bring to the body.

It is high time, that a race of Prophets should spring up in Christendom,—who uniting the Israelites' awful consciousness of God's abiding presence and supreme sovereignty, with the Oriental's depth of all sided contemplativeness, and the Greek's exuberance of natural joy, shall fuse ancient forms of devout affection with the radiant love of Christ's Universal Humanity, and run them into the living mold of modern practical good sense. A Spirit is struggling for expression in this age, which when it finds a voice will rouse the dead to burst their mummy cases of conventional cant, and walk abroad in the resurrection garments of childlike confidence and fraternal love. Even now, this spirit finds listening ears, and upon thousands of generous men and women, throughout our land, it breathes in thoughts, whose far off cheer and warning echoes thus:

"Ye children of Man, born upon earth and becoming spirits in Heaven, know ye, that God is a living reality not a dead fiction, nigh at hand and not a remote abstraction, an instantly active benefactor not a prospective judge and executioner. To-day, in the quarantine of Staten Island, and the hospitals of New-York, in every canal-boat from the Hudson to Lake Erie, in every Mississippi and Ohio steamer, in the thronged pauper lodgings and emigrant guest-houses of Cincinnati and St. Louis, in the rice-swamps of Carolina and the sugar mills of Louisiana, the penetrating love of the All-just Sovereign is present—present in sunlight, air and water, spite of rags, bad food and foulness—present in generosity, patience, gentleness, hope, spite of fear, indifference, perverseness, cruelty. The only worship well-pleasing to him is overcoming evil with good; the only praise he values is practice of his perfect laws of order; the only penitence he prizes is prompt use of effective means for righting every wrong; the only allegiance which he does not loathe is beneficence.

"And now, nominal followers,—make-believe disciples as moel are,—of the Son of Man and Son of God, who had not where to lay his head and who blessed the widow's mite, would you really seek ATONEMENT for crimes, which you profess to think are punished by this pestilence, spare words and go to work—There is enough to be done, and heaven will bless the doer:

1. Arrange between your State and National Governments,

and European Governments, or else between organized, well-endowed companies, on both sides of the ocean, a complete system of EMIGRATION, that shall put an end, once and forever, to the Middle passage, second in cruelty only to the Slave-Trade, through which hopeless exiles of the Old World pass to be tantalized at quarantines, cooped up in holes called hotels, exposed on decks, fleeced, badgered, preyed on in every way, till they find a home—too often a *long home*—in the New World. Fast from speculations in the misery of forlorn outcasts, who inasmuch as they must come, and ought to come, to cover the wide prairies which “cry, till me, reap me” should be brought in decency and order, and by humane judgment be distributed expeditiously, economically, abroad.

2. For the Poor,—who by necessity and instinct are drawn to the centers of business where capital accumulates,—provide blocks of airy, well lighted, dry DWELLINGS, AROUND SQUARES, where there may be play-grounds for children who now squat and roll with fellow-pigs in gutters,—where there may be baths and wash rooms for begrimed laborers, and besteamd laundresses,—where store-room may enable prudent persons to avail themselves, as the rich always can, of cheap markets to lay up coal, flour, &c.,—where a common grocery, free from pollutions of alcoholic poisons, may ensure, at nearly prime cost, unadulterated articles of necessity and comfort,—where, in a word, those who work for a living, may *really live to work*, after a human and not brutal fashion. Fast, as holders of real estate, from filling your pockets by high rents for garrets and cellars, where you and your children would die, if you were there penned up through three weary months of this very summer, which you squander so pleasantly at watering places, amidst dances, feasts, fancy balls and frivolous flirtations.”

3. * * * * *

But why go on! Who dreams that the President of the United States, the Governors of States, the Bishops and Clergy, and others in authority, who have been concerned in carrying out this Fast, have the remotest notion of entering upon that practical collective penitence, which can alone prevent or cure such pestilential scourges as the Cholera? What Utopians, Radicals, Infidels, Socialists, would the “ancient and honorable” of the earth prove themselves to be, should they presume to lift with a little finger the yoke that bows to dust the patient producers, who chew the cud of bitter experience and ruminate on despair, “*providentially!*”

Verily, one is tempted to cry, “How long, oh Lord, how long! Can not such tragedies as Ireland dying by inches, Parisian barricades, and the fat cemeteries of nations blasted by cholera, rouse thy children to even the sagacity of brutes for self preservation? When shall man awake to consciousness of the plainest dictates of Humanity?”

Under all the circumstances,—considering that no plans are matured and prepared by government for removing the permanent causes of pestilence,—that no companies of shippers, landlords, boat and canal agents, inn holders, slave masters, have been formed for succoring the “conscripts” who fight in the front rank of this campaign with death,—that municipal authorities, boards of health and colleges of physicians, are dumb as to *substantial* modes of cure and relief,—that probably no easier bargains have been made in markets, no notes shaved at less discount on change, few rents abated, no debts forgiven, &c. we are constrained to say, that such a National Fast is a National Farce, second only in impiety to blessing of banners before battle and Te Deums after victory.

But before closing,—let it be acknowledged, heartily, that our fellow men are sincere, according to their light, in advocating and practising what to us appears as mummery. Let a cordial tribute of honor, too, be paid to self-sacrificing physicians, nurses, clergy, watchers, friends. Touchingly beautiful, thank God, are a thousand and ten thousand traits of kindness

in these trying hours. The social sin is on the surface, not at the core; the collective disease is callousness of the skin not torpor of the heart. Mercenariness, conventionality, distrust of Providence, fear of man, tame hopes, creeping caution, selfish sophisms, have so belittled public and private energy, that a truly HUMAN POLICY for societies, large or small, looks like a castle in the air. Enthusiasm for communal reforms is dreaded as a calenture. Men do not dare to be manly. Shall we never learn then to believe,—and to act on the belief,—that God loves Mankind with an absolutely infinite love; that the only limit to his willingness to give is our willingness to wisely use?

One word more! Far from regarding prayer as futile and foolish, we would urge our fellows to “pray without ceasing,”—on ship-board, among fields and forests, at counting-desks, amid work-shops, as well as under church-roofs, by firesides, or in closets. Sure we are, that no earnest aspiration of Good-Will manifested through Good-Works, ever yet failed of a blessing. With the “Father of Lights is no variableness or shadow of turning;” he would belie his own being, were omnipotent aid withheld from the humblest creature who seeks to be a medium of his benignity.

And, finally, far from conceiving it indecorous in Chief Magistrates to summon the People over whom they rule to worship, we look for a time, with prophetic assurance, when planting and reaping, weaving and building, every art of industry, every instrumentality of exchange, will become sanctified by holiness and humanity made one, and when only they, who prove themselves by wise benevolence to be heaven’s commissioned agents, will be raised to offices of power. In those bright days of harmony Presiding Patriarchs will be chief Peace-Makers, and no more stretching towards heaven hands red in the blood of enemies,—with wave offerings of golden grain and glowing fruits, will they give thanks for universal good, and invoke blessings on the vast Brotherhood of God’s children. Then, not by contagious disease spreading death, but by circulations of life, will Man learn his Unity with Man, and in that Unity see revelations of Oneness with the Divine Being, whose essence and existence are Good.

W. W. G.

VICTOR CONSIDERANT.

In last week’s paper will be found extracts from this distinguished man’s “*Simple Explanations.*” The document is translated at length in the Weekly Tribune for July 28th. It was due to Mr. Considerant and to those who acted with him on June 13th, thus to set before all Socialists the *motives and plans* of the leaders in that “Peaceful Demonstration.”

The dignity, decision, truthfulness, honor, which characterize this “Explanation,” confirm the high respect awakened by what had been previously written, said and done, by the Chief of the French Phalansterians. But careful study of this paper authorizes a renewed expression of regret, that Socialists have so imperfectly comprehended the scope of their own principles. The movement of Reorganization—the grandest by far of the age—has been compromised by its friends. The position of Mediatorship offered by Heaven to the heralds of HARMONY and the teachers of *Transitions* has been carelessly cast away. The mistake is grave, though not irreparable. Repentance should be instant and thorough.

I. THE DUTY OF SOCIALISTS. TRANSITION.

If a Christian Socialist could gain the ear of Victor Considerant and other Socialist leaders in France and Europe, this is somewhat the tone in which he should speak:

Brethren! You say, “at the same time that we are Phalansterians, we are men, members of the European Democracy, Citizens, Representatives of the People; and without losing sight of our highest aim, the inauguration of the Kingdom of God

upon earth, we have yet duties to do as Representatives, Citizens, Democrats!"

Doubtless, we live in the nineteenth century and not in the twentieth, and the very means for introducing triumphantly that glorious future, is fidelity amidst the trying fortunes of the present. We have duties to do not tomorrow, but to day. But what is duty, for one who has caught a glimpse of human destiny, and has learned the law of human development, in an era of Revolution?

It is summed up in one word, TRANSITION. Practical measures for reconciling Property-holders and Producers—there is the whole range of policy committed to our wise efficiency.

What call was there for wasting one precious hour on paper constitutions, when you knew that a tangible, positive reconstruction of the relations between Industry and Capital, was the great need of the time? There were thousands who were fit for nothing better than to tread the beaten road of old fashioned diplomacy and red-tape politics. But for you a new, unexplored, fertile prairie land lay open, of invention, expedients, sagacious plans, a strictly business-like statesmanship, free from all mysterious intrigues.

But 'The Legitimists, Absolutists, Reactionists, would not give you time or chance to set about this Transition-Policy.'

Let us look at this matter thoroughly.

1. What is the strength of the Reactionists? The spirit of Industrial Feudalism, ruling the hearts and hands of the whole Middle Class as well as the Privileged Classes. This you will grant.

2. How unloose that fatal coil, which strangles the productive energy of society? By force? Be logical then, and follow out the principle to its results. Forcible overthrow of Industrial Feudalism involves universal spoliation of the Wealthy by the Poor. This you will grant.

3. Have you the power, even if you should wish it, to dispossess the wealthy in order to make the proletaires possessors? Point to a successful revolt in any age, which has been limited to the working-class. In an age, so prosperous on the whole, as this, it is insanity to dream of overturning Capital and Capitalists by violent disturbance of existing relations. Make that issue, wage that battle; and the producers will find themselves a scanty, disorganized, disheartened mob against a numerous, organized, determined army. Defeat is sure. This too, you will probably grant; and if not, it is reasserted as indisputably true.

4. But you had no wish for such spoliation. You know perfectly well, that the problem is, how to multiply wealth, four-fold, ten-fold; and introduce a just system of graduated distribution. This certainly you will grant.

Now then let us return. Supposing the Reactionists did, and do, purpose to thwart you in your schemes of transitional policy, what was, what is, your true course? *Revolution or Patience?* Plainly the latter. The whole argument proves that patience is your manifest duty. It is the least of evils open to your choice. *Way!* it will be soon transmuted into a glorious good.

But again, the Reactionists can not, by any possibility, long or greatly embarrass you in any well matured plan for elevating the condition of the depressed producers. The whole tendencies of the times, Humanity, Providence, work for you, as the procession of the seasons causes germs to put forth root and stem.

Finally, you have no right to doubt that among the Reactionists, are thousands of wise, good hearted, generous, energetic men, quite ready, nay! anxious to co-operate in their own way, in this great work, allotted to the whole generation, of doing justice to long abused Labor.

II. THE POSITION OF SOCIALISTS.

Yet more, oh Brethren! You have lost sight of, or practically abjured, that grand law of classification which Fourier demonstrated to be God's universal Method.

By quitting your Central Position, you confused both Wings.

This course was as unwise and unjust, as it was undignified; and makes it necessary to do over again, irregularly and out of time, what if it had been done regularly and in time would have conferred unmingled benefits on all classes.

Thus stood parties twelve months ago. On the extreme right were the Absolutists, Bourbonists, Philippists, Bonapartists; on the extreme left the Red-Republicans of the Babeuf and Robespierrean type. Between them were the moderate Republicans.

Now the very center, harmonizing all elements, were naturally, normally, providentially, the Socialists; and the central band of Socialists were the Phalansterians.

Their work was to justify and explain, limit and criticize, suggest and illustrate,—temperately soothing jealousies, cordially recognizing all due claims, holding up an absolute standard, presenting practical measures, biding their time. They should have been at once heart and lungs of the Reorganization Movement.

Victor Considerant! when you refused your adhesion to Robespierre, amidst a tumultuous Republican club, then did you nobly prove your right to be a leader of Socialists. So when you exposed the madness of Proudhon's destructive schemes. But when you pledged yourself to head the people in the street in defense of the Constitution—call the demonstration peaceful or not—still more when you locked arms with that hot head Rollin, the Socialist Chief was lost amid a crowd of demagogues. Let your name be your guiding talisman. So long as you were Considerant you were Victor. So let it be again and always.

"But the People thought you Utopians, impracticables, visionaries, cowards."

The People were partly right. In dwelling so much on the coming age of HARMONY, the Phalansterians have comparatively slighted *Transitions*. But that was an error easily corrected. And Jules Lechevalier set a fine example in his masterly plan for a three-fold people's exchange. So did Coignet in his instructive essays. It was but necessary to concentrate the talent and energy of the Phalansterian School upon a System of Guarantees, and you would have rapidly become not only the most popular, but what is far better the most trusted, because most trustworthy body in Europe. Is it too late? Heaven forbid.

But the People were wrong, madly wrong, in asking at your hands, or at the hands of any persons a miraculous turning of "five loaves and two small fish" into food for the famishing multitude. Just what they needed was, your calm, clear protest against the folly of their despair. Then the barricades of June 1848, would never have spouted fiery death; then the gutters of the faubourgs would not have run red with the blood of butchery.

III. GOOD OMENS.

But we accept with joy unspeakable your closing words:

"The People of Paris demonstrated on June 13th, that they had finally renounced powder and lead.

"Tomorrow they will understand that IDEAS are the irresistible artillery of the modern world."

God grant this great light to the People not only of Paris, but of Christendom.

W. H. C.

Art averse to wake betimes—to rise to do the business of a man—that for which thou wert made, and for the sake of which thou didst come into the world? Wast only designed to doze life away upon thy couch? But this thou wilt say is sweet. Was it for pleasure then, or for work that thou wast born? Behold the plants, the little birds, the spiders, and the honey-bee, each bent on adorning the world—and shalt thou alone decline the business of a man—wilt thou not hasten when nature points the way?

BONAPARTE THE LITTLE.

There is much speculation as to what the would be Emperor of the French, means to do about the restoration of Pope Pius.

Some light may be thrown upon his Excellency's designs perhaps by calling to mind one of his uncle's experiences. There was a time when Napoleon undertook to be the patron of Pius VII., and of the Roman Church; and when quiet Catholic grand-mothers and mothers in France pardoned him for the slaughter of their sons and grand-sons, in consideration of his zealous adherence to their spiritual father. In 1806 Cardinal De Belloy, archbishop of Paris, wrote in his edict: "The Prince, who governs us, although elevated by Providence to the summit of human power, glories in acknowledging, that not unto Emperors but to Pontiffs belongs the duty and right of Preaching the doctrine of God's Holy Church. * * * The Prince who reigns over France deserves the praise of having *re-established under difficult circumstances* the public worship of the Holy Religion of our ancestors; and it is just to mention by the side of Constantine, the name of the Hero, who *after the example of that illustrious Emperor, has become the protector of true Religion.*" These commendations are found in the preface to the Catechism which was decreed by Napoleon to be used in all the churches of France.

Now in this Catechism we read at pp 58, 59, the following questions and answers:

1. "What are the duties of Christians towards the Princes, who govern them, and what particularly are our duties to Napoleon I, our emperor?"

Ans. Christians owe to princes, and we especially owe to Napoleon I. our emperor, love, respect, obedience, fidelity, military service, tribute, &c.

2. Why do we owe these duties to our emperor?"

Ans. Because God, who creates and distributes empires according to his will, in showering upon our emperor, his blessing alike in peace and war, has established him as our sovereign, and rendered him the minister of his power, and his image upon earth, &c.

3. Are there not particular motives for strong attachment to Napoleon I, our emperor?"

Ans. Yes! For it is He, whom God has awakened in trying circumstances to re-establish the public worship of our ancestors, and to be its protector. He has brought back and preserved public order by his profound wisdom and energy; he defends the State by his powerful arm; he has become the anointed of the Lord by the consecration which he has received from the Sovereign Pontiff, chief of the Church Universal

4. Will the duties, which we owe to our emperor bind us equally to his legitimate successors?"

Ans. Yes! without a doubt."

Now when one remembers that undoubtedly Prince Louis had this brilliant glorification weekly presented to his reverent youth, and considers that he has been through manhood a docile student of the sayings and doings of Napoleon I,—does it not seem probable, that in the brain of the would-be Napoleon II is reflected some dim image of this religious splendor of his illustrious predecessor? Amidst intoxicating dreams of Russian, Prussian, Austrian, Orleansist, Bourbonist alliances, may there not mingle also a glimmering hope of "consecration to be one day received from the Sovereign Pontiff." May not the restoration of Pío Nono under difficult circumstances, seem one step towards the Emperorship?

Whether France will become so reactionary, as to enable Bonaparte the Little to realize his vision is quite another question. And whether Pius IX will be inclined to consecrate Napoleon II as "Emperor of France and King of Italy," is yet another. But among many guesses, one may pass for what it is worth,

that this Italian expedition, so far as the President of the French Republic is concerned, was only a little balloon sent up to test the air-currents, before the grand ascension.

For The Spirit of the Age.

PESTILENCE-PROVIDENCE-UNIVERSAL GOOD.

BY L. O. DOLLEY, M. D.

We have some indefinite accounts from ancient writers of mortal pestilences which swept off vast numbers of human beings in early times. Some of them have been thought similar to our modern epidemics. Josephus' account of a disease which the learned M. Montbrouin conceived destroyed 70,000 of the subjects of King David from Dan even to Beersheba, is as follows: "The terrible malady seized them before they were aware and brought them to their end suddenly. Some giving up the ghost immediately with great pains and bitter grief, and some were worn away by their distempers and had nothing remaining to be buried, but as soon as they fell, were entirely macerated. Some were choked and greatly lamented their case, as being also stricken with a sudden darkness. Some there were who as they were burying a relative fell down dead, without finishing the rites of funeral. There perished of this disease, which began with the morning and lasted till the hour of dinner, 70,000."

In the year 430, B. C., during the Peloponnesian war, when all the inhabitants of the Athenian territory had collected in Athens to escape the Lacedemonians, a plague broke out in that city, more fatal than any previously known among the Greeks. This in a very short time destroyed an immense number of the poor, as well as five thousand of the Athenian army. The exact nature of the disease we do not know. It first appeared in the least cleanly parts of the city, among the neglected poor, where it "fell suddenly" and then gradually extended over other parts of the city.

During the reign of Justinian I, A. D. 542, a universal and destructive plague prevailed to such an extent as to dispeople some of the fairest portions of earth. "This pestilence," says Procopius, "which almost destroyed the human race and for which no cause can be assigned but the will of God, ravaged the whole world without regard to age, sex or condition, and prevailed during the winter and summer and all seasons of the year." Gibbon says that during three months, five and at length ten thousand persons died each day at Constantinople; many cities of the East were left vacant, and in several districts of Italy the harvest and vintage withered to the ground.

In the year 1345, a disease somewhat resembling the cholera, and the most destructive the world has ever known, made its appearance in China and overran the whole world, destroying at least one-half or two-thirds of the human race. The mortality fell chiefly on the lower classes. "Before it invaded Christendom, according to a report made by the Pope, it had swept away twenty-three millions eight hundred thousand persons in the East, in the course of a single year. It passed into Italy, and at Florence 60,000 died in one year; at Paris it cut off 50,000; at Lubeck, 90,000 in one year, of whom 1,500 died in the space of four hours; in London 50,000 are said to have been buried from it in one church-yard, and throughout England it hardly left one person in ten alive; crops and cattle were neglected and whole villages depopulated."

The history of the Great Plague of London is more familiar. It made its appearance about the middle of the summer of 1665 and raged about eight months, carrying off about 68,000 inhabitants.

The Asiatic Cholera, which is now raging in various parts of the United States, the most absorbing topic for the physician and philanthropist, commenced in Jessore, a city in the East of Hindoostan, in 1817. In Jessore and vicinity at least 600,000 perished by it the first year. It rapidly extended over all parts of

India and most of the Eastern Continent. In 1831 it was in the center of Europe, and the 8th of June, 1832, broke out at Quebec, having yet lost but little of its malignity. Its history since is familiar to all.

These are a few of the many visitations of pestilence which mankind have witnessed. Though exceedingly distressing calamities for a time, causing an immense destruction of human life and its consequent suffering and evils, yet history and philosophy teach us that they ultimately bring about good and result in the general welfare of mankind. If we could fully appreciate our relations to ourselves, to the universe, and to all time, it might not be difficult for us to look upon the present fearful pestilence, with those in the past, as blessings instead of curses,—to see that many of the existing evils are the *highest state* that the present social system and development of mind and man will admit of, and though far from being *good* in themselves, are *for good* and “*for the best.*” Mind, matter and the universe are progressing, and though commotion, discord and evil almost universally exist, Eternal Providence is working through them and will produce from them harmony and universal good.

Let us remember that every pestilence has made its greatest ravages among those least necessary to the welfare of mankind,—among the intemperate and sensual,—in countries overflowing with inhabitants, where in unproductive seasons the common necessities of life are barely sufficient to support a miserable existence,—in cities overflowing with ignorant, vicious and evil-disposed beings, the nurseries of vice, and schools of dissipation. Here are a host of developing causes, of social evils, which benevolence and philanthropy are laboring to remove. Considering the spirit and tendencies of the age, I can but look upon the epidemic as one of the greatest *reforms* the world has ever known, and though it entails indescribable suffering and agony it cannot pass without resulting in *good*. It speaks to mankind by the voices of millions of their dying fellow creatures, and calls upon them loudly to live temperately and soberly, to provide for the suffering poor, to teach all classes the laws of physiology, life and health, to construct dwellings and towns in reference to these important laws, to forsake large cities, the nurseries and hot-beds of vice, to cease worshipping at the shrine of mammon, and to choose the country's wholesome air, with its quietude and competence. These important lessons, necessary to the well being and moral advancement of mankind, must and will be regarded. We believe that when the pestilence which is now sweeping over our country with frightful mortality has passed by, mankind will listen more to the voice of *reason*, and less to that of *passion and appetite*.

PIETY to God consists in entertaining correct conceptions, not only as regards his existence, but his most just and merciful providence; in being prepared to obey and submit to him in all things, as well as to esteem every dispensation, the result of un-failing wisdom and power. Thus wilt thou never blame, never accuse him of having neglected thee. Now, this thou canst not do, unless thou dost forsake what is not in thy power, and place good and evil in that which is. For if thou dost measure either by the former, it must necessarily happen so often as thy desires are frustrated or thy aversions realized, that thou shalt denounce the author of thy calamity. It is the part of every living creature to hate and avoid whatever seems evil as well as the causes of it; on the other hand, to follow and admire whatever appears advantageous. For it is clearly impossible that any one should rejoice in an injury, much more in the doer of it. Hence a son blameth his father because the latter doth not impart to him more of what he deemeth desirable. Now, piety is promoted by the conviction of benefits received; therefore, regulate thy desires and aversions by whatever duty dictates, and sacrifice in all things only as reason prescribes, neither carelessly, nor indifferently, nor yet beyond thy strength.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS TO THE WEEK ENDING AUG. 4, Latest Date, July 21.

A few thin streaks of light now and then break through the social darkness of ENGLAND. The gigantic money power is watched with more and more suspicion, and it does not escape without occasional direct assaults. Two motions have been made in Parliament for reducing the national expenses. One proposed a reduction of ten per cent in all the salaries on the civil list. This was set aside without debate. The other maintained that more than the necessary amount was collected by taxation, and that the burden was felt with the greatest severity by the laboring classes. This was carried against the opposition of the Ministers by a majority of their votes. A meeting of the friends of Reform has been held in London, which promises to result in the union of the two great sections of the Reform movement, the Radicals and the Chartists. On this occasion, the great Chartist leader, Feargus O'Connor, gave in his adhesion to the programme of the Radicals, and virtually abandoned the violent and exclusive policy which he has hitherto pursued. A proposal in parliament for the relief of the bakers was promptly defeated. They are now obliged to work all night in the bake-houses. A motion was made to prevent the employment of workmen between the hours of 11 P. M. and 4 A. M. This, it was argued, would be a benefit to humanity, morals, health, and the physical and mental welfare of the bakers. But members saw in the regulation, the spectre of communism. Mr. Cobden deemed it entirely at war with his principles of free trade. It would be an infringement on the rights of the masters to interfere with the arrangement for their workmen. The privilege of baking the journeymen for twenty-four hours was essential to the preservation of liberty. The Legislature has a measure in deliberation for the regulation of Rail-Road Companies, requiring their accounts to be made public,—thus putting a check on the disgraceful stock-jobbing transactions which they have so extensively occasioned. The famous rail-road king, Geo. Hudson, has been effectually deposed. His swindling operations have been detected and shown up, and he will be condemned to a dishonored retirement if not to a prison.

In FRANCE, the returns of the elections are decidedly in favor of the Reaction. The Assembly exhibits the most degraded subserviency to the Executive, and by their united action, a new Revolution will be precipitated. Great embarrassment arises from the wretched condition of the finances. The deficit for the present year is \$36,000,000. This state of things cannot last. A coming change is in preparation. A worse dynasty than the present hybrid government is scarcely possible. Ledra Rollin, Sergeant Rattier, and other prominent Republicans, who are odious to the ruling power, have made their escape to London.

The French are in full possession of Rome. The Pope on receiving the keys of the city, named a committee to arrange the mode of his return. He refuses to accept any conditions, or to abandon any portion of the authority he received on his investiture. It is thought probable that he will never return to Rome and it is said that he means to proceed to Bologna, where the Austrians will take care that he may be received as supreme Pontiff and absolute Sovereign.

Hostile demonstrations continue at Rome. When a Frenchman enters a coffee-room, all the Italians withdraw. Several inn-keepers, being afraid to lose their native customers, have refused to lodge the invaders. If, in the streets, a Frenchman applies for information, no reply is returned to him. Such is the situation of Rome. The English and American Consuls are the sole protectors of the people. They deliver passports to those who demand them, and are always ready to extend their protection to the patriots who claim it. Mazzini is still at Rome.

The news from HUNGARY is important. The operations on the part of the Austrian and Russian allies seem very active, and there had been severe fighting. The balance of success, was probably with the invaders. On the 2d of July, the Hungarians captured Arad, the siege of which they had been pursuing since October, 1848. On the 11th, a severe action was fought without the fortified lines before Comorn. The Hungarians made the attack. The advantage probably remained with the Austrians, for the assailants withdrew to their camp. The Russians have entered and will occupy Debreczin, the late temporary seat of government. The eastern and western division of the allies, are gradually but surely approaching to a junction in the heart of the kingdom. The present policy of the Hungarians seems to be somewhat vacillating, neither altogether on the defensive nor sufficiently energetic and persevering in the system of attack. It was rumored that the division under the Hungarian General Bem, had gained a brilliant and decisive victory over Gen. Luders and a Russian corps in Transylvania. The action is said to have been fought on the 7th July.

ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.—A trifling notice of this distinguished woman crept into our columns, much to our regret; not, of course, because we are unwilling to aid the public in watching the ascent of one who is destined to reach a commanding height of science and moral influence, but because the petty tone of patronage, and thin veiled coarseness, shocked our sense of respect due to a person of such large intellect, magnanimity and excellence.

In a late letter from our honored friend, she says: "I can hardly yet form an opinion of what I may do in France. The Cholera has interrupted the usual proceedings of the Medical Schools, and during the summer months, the lectures are very irregular. I intend consequently to pass the summer in the 'Maternité,' the finest school of the kind in the world, where I shall be able fully to occupy my time. In November, when the annual courses commence, I hope to be able to arrange a thorough surgical course, which I am very anxious to pursue. One of the first Parisian surgeons has promised to aid me fully. * * In London I received the pleasantest welcome from the profession. Dr. Carpenter, who is you know, one of the most eminent physicians of the day, had taken much interest in my plans, as he had learned them from the American press. He gave me a real, cordial welcome, expressed great hope for the success of the undertaking and acted as a true friend. It seems to me true of England,—that there is a most noble spirit of reform, lying dormant in the heart of the people, which needs only a practical demonstration, to make them adopt with eagerness every new measure of reform."

BULWER AND EUGENE ARAM.—A startling announcement is made by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in his preface to the present edition of "Eugene Aram," the last volume completed of the beautiful edition of his works now publishing by Messrs Chapman & Hall. The announcement will henceforth confirm the fame acquired by this noble romance, and will materially tend to elevate the already noble and lofty character of Eugene Aram. Says the author. "On going with maturer judgment over all the evidence on which Aram was condemned, I have convinced myself, that although an accomplice in the robbery of Clarke, he was free both from the premeditated design, and the actual deed of murder." So thorough is the conviction of Sir Edward on this point, and so fully has that conviction been corroborated, that he says farther on, "Fading my convictions, that in the murder itself he had no share, borne out by the opinion of many eminent lawyers, by whom I have heard the subject discussed, I have accordingly so shaped his confession to Walter." This will be grateful news to those who, like ourselves, regard "Eugene Aram" as one of the best, and certainly as one of the most moral of his productions.—[London paper.

News of the Week.

FATHER MATHREW, yesterday, worked in the vestry of the Franklin-st Church, and administered the pledge to about 2,500. In addressing the last group, which included a couple of hard-looking subjects, he said—"Keep clear of intoxicating drink, and you will soon be in a better plight. Save your money, and go West, where land is cheap, and the hand of man is wanted. While you are in the habit of intemperance, you often drink up the value of an acre of land in a night. So keep sober, lay up your money, and leave this part of the country, where the labor-market is overstocked." The number of pledges taken at the Cathedral on Sunday, during five hours, is estimated at 3,000. Late in the afternoon, he proceeded to the Chapel of the Holy Family, in Washington-st., and administered the pledge to 800 children, members of the Catholic Sabbath school, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Monahan. About 100 adults also obtained admission and took the pledge. In all the number up to last evening may be set down at 12,700. Quite a number who take the pledge, do not take the medal and certificate, on account of the expense, or not being informed about it. The highest ticket we saw was 5,810,728.—[Boston Post, 31st ult.

FESTIVAL TO FATHER MATHREW.—A grand festival in honor of the great Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew, was given at Faneuil Hall last evening. Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr. presided on the occasion. Upon taking the stand, Mr. Quincy made a brief address, during which he alluded to the difference of feeling existing the present day between the various religious sects and those of former times. He could not help thinking what the old Puritanical Fathers would say, if present on this occasion, and see their children assembled here for the purpose of welcoming a Roman Catholic Priest. He also referred to the feeling of sympathy existing between the two countries, America and Ireland, in fitting out one of our ships-of-war with the means of subsistence, at a time when they were in a most destitute condition. He concluded by expressing the hope that the visit of Father Mathew to this country would be a great blessing to his fellow-countrymen, as well as to the whole country. He would therefore welcome Father Mathew in Faneuil Hall, and bid him "God speed" in his mission of mercy.

Mr. Mathew was then introduced to the audience, and was received with loud applause. The reverend gentleman stated that his feelings completely overpowered him at the very warm welcome given him, and that he was proud to see so many of the benevolent ladies of Boston present, and complimented them for their previous benevolent acts towards his countrymen. He had long had an ardent desire to visit the city and have the opportunity of thanking the citizens of Boston for sending to his native country one of our vessels of war, laden with the common necessities of life. He sat down amid the cheers of those present.

After some further speaking and a collation, Mr. Quincy stated that there was one of our old puritanical practices which Father Mathew was desirous of seeing carried out, and that was, that at 10 o'clock every honest man should go home and go to bed.

The meeting, after giving six cheers for Father Mathew, separated.—[Boston Adv. 27th.

A WEAK BROTHER.—An Irishman in a state of "intensified inebriety" was found in Congress-st, this afternoon. He was so helplessly tipsy that several pails of water were emptied on him before he gave any sign of animation. In his pocket was found a document, which has been placed in our hands. It is a bona fide certificate from Father Mathew of an administration of the tem-

perance pledge. It bears date *this very day* and is numbered 5,720,288. Whether the holder had determined on having one glorious "drunk," and then taking the pledge, or whether he felt after he had received it, we shall not be able to learn until he comes out of his drunken fit. We hope that there are few of Father Mathew's customers who exhibit a similar alacrity in backsliding.—Boston Transcript.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.—A stalwart, strong, robust looking man entered the drawing room of Father Mathew on Wednesday and taking the apostle by the hand, gave him a warm shake. "Do you wish to take the pledge, good sir?" asked the Father. "Oh, no, your Reverence, it is not me that would take the pledge, I can do without it." He step'd one side and stood by the window where a friend went to him and asked him if he would not take it. "No, n—n you," was his angry answer, and a look came with it more angry than the reply. He was left by himself. One after the other received the pledge, during which the rash stranger paced the floor as if troubled in mind. Having concluded the administration of the pledge, the Rev. Father sat down upon the sofa. Immediately the stranger was by his side, he took the Father by the hand again and again. Father Mathew patting him on the shoulder said, "My dear brother, I would not offend you by asking you to take the pledge, neither would I have you do it, until you are willing, and become satisfied that it will be best for you." The poor fellow's heart gave way to the power of the good man's kindness and knelt down and the pledge saying aloud, when he arose: "The devil was tempting me a few minutes since." The temptation of the devil cannot overcome the kindness of Father Mathew.

TOO PROUD TO BEG.—We learn from the Annapolis Republican of the 14th, that a white man in a starving condition was found in the woods a short distance from the city on Sunday, the 8th inst. He was so exhausted by sickness and hunger when discovered, that he was unable to move, and could scarcely articulate, but after a while good food and good treatment brought him to his senses, as his attendant supposed, but a sudden change occurred, and he died in the course of the ensuing night. On the Sheriff asking his name he handed him a slip of paper with the following written upon it, in an excellent hand with a pencil:

"William Walker, State of New-York, who prefers death to dishonor. He dies a lingering death, and such a painful one as starvation produces, being taken sick—out of money—will not degrade the American, i. e. to beg or steal."

PLEASURE TRAVEL TO THE NORTH AND EAST.—Owing to the prevalence of the cholera south and west, pleasure travel from large towns and cities has been directed to Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, and many a country tavern has a plethora of fashionable people, who dine daily on boiled pork and potatoes and New England Indian puddings, dwell content with that fare if only privileged to breathe pure air free from pestilence. It is said, that so numerous is the company in some of the public houses in the vicinity of the White Mountains, that at night they place travellers on the floor in rows till they get to sleep, then set them up against the wall and lay down another set, and so on till all are accommodated.

CHOLERA AND STAGE-DRIVERS.—It is believed that persons much exposed in the open air are more liable to cholera than those who are confined to the house. The Courier and Enquirer says; "The stage-drivers—a very numerous class in our city—have suffered severely from the Cholera, owing no doubt to their constant exposure to the burning rays of the sun during the day and the noxious vapors of the evening, and the inclemencies of

the weather at all hours. Several lines have had as many as three of their omnibusses per day unemployed, in consequence of the proprietors being unable to keep up a supply of drivers.

CONRAD VENDER'S GHOST.—Last evening I visited the jail in order to gather the particulars relative to the rumor which had been circulated through the city during the afternoon, that the ghost of Conrad Vender, who was hung about a week since for the murder of Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper, had night after night made its appearance in the cells, and that the rattling of chains and deep moanings had been distinctly heard by some of the officers and prisoners. In a conversation with Mr. Kielholtz, one of the Deputy Wardens, I was informed that several nights during the past week, he heard, while going his rounds, unearthly sounds proceeding from the cell lately occupied by the murderer. John Price, who occupies the adjoining cell on the north side, positively declares that he heard the groans, and also heard Vender praying at his window on another night. Mr. Schley, one of the guards, also says that he heard strange noises two or three nights, and on going to the cell of Price, found him very much alarmed and terrified. The Warden, Mr. Sollers believed it all "humbug"—that these spectral visions are but the creations of excited imaginations, and the noises but the tricks, perchance, of some of the prisoners in the lower cells, who are anxious to get more desirable quarters up stairs. Whatever be the cause, this ghost story has filled the minds of many of the inmates of the jail with terror, and has had the effect of producing an unusual degree of quiet and order among them, after nightfall. The jail is at present quite densely populated.—[Cor. of Tribune.

DROUGHT AND SICKNESS.—Drought still continues in this region in all its unexampled severity. For the past three months we have had but two slight dashes of rain, not sufficient to lay the dust, while a drying wind has prevailed meanwhile almost constantly. Vegetation has suffered sadly. Of hay there is not half an average crop. Of oats there will be a mere fraction of a common yield. Corn and potatoes are beyond help, as the season is so far advanced. The pastures have yielded the scantiest pittance of feed, and, as a necessary consequence, the account with the dairy foots up a most melancholy result. Worse than all, the health of the community is greatly endangered. Dysentery prevails of an unusual malignant type, and deaths are occurring in our midst—deaths of the young and old.

Clearmont (N. H.) Eagle.

SINGULAR CASE.—We take the following account of a rather singular cure of confirmed cholera, from the "Brunswick," published at Brunswick, Mo. It will be quite a nut for the Hydropathists:

"About a week since Dr. BULL, one of our physicians, had a cholera case that deserves notice—not as a precedent for practice, but as showing the strong instinct of nature, and in this instance its fortunate result. A young cooper had a second attack of the disease, with an interval of several days, during which he was up, and took imprudent exercise and diet. The return was very violent—puking, purging, cramping, cold extremities and sunken pulse. With all, there was insatiate and ungovernable thirst, so much so that finding it impossible to control him, or the attendants, Dr. BULL let him have as much ice water as he pleased. During the night he drank four or five buckets full of ice water, drinking down a tin cup full at once; and in a few moments commencing to throw it up leisurely, as it became tepid; and again repeating the draught. In addition a large lump of ice wrapped up in a wet cloth, was kept to the pit of his stomach. No attention was paid to warming his extremities or covering him, or drying his bed—nor indeed was any medical treatment used. And yet, the next morning, his system was reacting; warmth and pulse came back, and in three days, he was able to be removed a day's ride into the country!"

Town and Country Items.

PROMPT PAYMENT.—The correspondent of *The Tribune* describes the following scene at Saratoga.

During the evening service quite a novel incident transpired. Rev. Mr. Locke had just finished his first head, when a man near the door arose and walked down the aisle directly in front of the pulpit, then deliberately and politely handed up in front a bank note to the Rev. speaker, who quietly received it, and went on with his discourse. "Who? What? Why?" asked excited curiosity in the minds of the puzzled audience. Quite a number and among them ladies not a few, lingered after the benediction, to obtain a solution of the mystery. It seemed that the man was the son of the late Judge—, a generous fellow, but accustomed to look too much "On the wine when red." He was heard to say to his friends near "I like that man's preaching; its worth the cash down; I don't believe he'll half get paid for it; so here goes a picture for him." Whereupon he rose, and with a "brick in his hat," and a bill in his hand, he made his way through the wondering congregation to the speaker, cashed over, and quietly returned to his seat.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A Cincinnati paper says that an old man lately went to Canada to receive his pension, leaving his family in that city, when the cholera was raging fearfully. He was absent only a few days, but when he reached his domicile he found the door locked and the house deserted. His heart sunk within him; for he had endured the pangs of a fearful presentiment that the fatal epidemic would smite his family in his absence, and now his fears seemed too surely realized. Recovering somewhat from the stupor of his sudden grief, he made inquiry in the neighborhood, and learned that his son and daughter had fallen under the hand of the relentless destroyer, and that the residue of his family had been borne away, all of cholera, by some kind Samaritans, to some hospital. With a heavy heart, saddened by the loss of his two children, and weighed down with almost crushing forebodings regarding the remaining ones of his loved family, he set out to seek them. After an anxious canvass, he had the joy to find them all—his wife and three grand-children—well cared for in the temporary hospital.

IN A TRANCE.—There is a young girl near the Philadelphia Pike, in Brandywine Hundred, who imagines herself in a trance, and that she can prophecy and hold conversation with the Lord. She is constantly pretending to hold conversation with the Lord in Latin. She got religion some time since at Mount Pleasant; she then stated that about this time she would be able to prophecy. Some of the Brandywine physicians went to see her, and took down some of her Latin conversation. Crowds are there in carriages and on foot to see her, and many appeared astonished at what they considered her true revelations.

[Wilmington Chicken.]

A CLERGYMAN DABBING IN WAR.—A military company of youth belonging to the Groton Academy, celebrated the 4th in that town, and received from the Rev. Mr. Means a banner, who presented it in "behalf of some young ladies of the Academy." A minister of peace encouraging youth in the arts of war!

TREE-ON.—"The tree is known by its fruit." The only exception to this is the dog-wood, which is known by its bark. A fop is like a cinnamon-tree—the bark is worth more than the body.

A GERMAN PRINCE having in a dream seen three rats, one fat one lean, the other blind, sent for a Bohemian gipsy, and demanded an explanation. "The fat rat," said the sorceress, "is your prime minister, the lean one your people, and the blind one, yourself."

WINE AT THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE SACRAMENT.—A rather queer event happened at the Unitarian Church in Chelmsford on Sunday, July 1st. Rev. Mr. Mellen, finding that wine had been prepared for sacramental purposes, declined administering it, stating that he had not been in the habit of it, and did not approve of the practice. Whereupon one of the Deacons arose and forbade him to use water. In the afternoon the clergyman undertook to explain the reason why the rite of the Lord's Supper was not administered, when the Deacon aforesaid rose and peremptorily told him not to make any explanation "in the sacred desk." Rev. Mr. Mellen is a young man and stranger, having preached but a few times and his acquiescence in the dictatorial powers assumed by the worthy Deacon may probably be attributed to diffidence and his small acquaintance with the customs of the town.—[Lowell American.]

MR. BANCROFT IN COSTUME.—A letter from London in the *Liverpool Albion* gives the following critical description of the U. S. Minister at the British Court:

"Mr. Bancroft in his plain and rather quakerish cut black coat, ribbandless and starless as he was, without even so much as a diamond shirt-stud, failed not to draw much more of the attention of the observant spectator than any of his glittering fellow professionals around him. Apparently about forty-three or four, tall, well-formed, with a somewhat scholastic form of face, he has all the polish of the courtier, without any forfeiture of the simplicity of the republican; and there is this to be said of him which can be said scarcely of any Plantagenet among us, he stands the ordeal of a white cravat. Any man who can put a calamity of that sort round his throat without looking like a billiard-marker, a tapster, or a country parson, is fit to shake hands with my Lord Devon, who, not only, like D'Israeli, looks upon the Normans as upstarts, but upon Charlemagne as a mushroom."

AN ARTIFICIAL LEECH.—We learn from an article in the *Paris Journal des Debats*, quoted in Tuesday's *Courier des Etats Unis*, that an important discovery, which is likely to be of the greatest service to humanity, occupies at this moment the attention of the French scientific world. It is a mechanical leech (*sanguine chanique*) which M. Alexander, civil engineer, already celebrated for his useful discoveries, has submitted to all the scientific bodies, which after satisfactory trials, have caused this *sanguine* to be adopted in all the hospitals after having proved, not only the immense economy of its use, but, what is better, the decided advantage which it has over the natural leech, often so late, always repugnant to the patient, and sometimes dangerous.

The President of the French Republic has given orders for the supply of the apparatus in every commune where it may be found serviceable by indigent patients.

THE PAWNBROKERS' AND FATHER MATHEW.—The visit of Father Mathew has given great offence to the pawnbrokers, and an indignant remonstrance is contemplated against his interference with their business. We believe it to be a fact, that in proportion to the number of pledges taken by Father Mathew, the number taken by the pawnbrokers will decrease.

[N. Y. Mirror.]

RESOLUTIONS of respect to the memory of Thos. Earle, Esq., were adopted by the members of the Philadelphia bar on Wednesday of last week. Ex-Vice President Dallas presiding.

The poet Rogers said, the other day, that Mr. Croker, the author of the article in the *Quarterly Review* on Macaulay's History, intended murder, but had committed suicide.

A SHORT-SIGHTED STAR GAZER.—On the day of an eclipse, when all the inhabitants of Paris were without doors, provided with telescopes, and pieces of smoked glass, an Englishman was seen driving furiously in a fiacre along one of the principal streets.

"Where does my lord wish to go?" said the driver.

"To see the eclipse," exclaimed the Englishman, thrusting his head out of the coach window; "only drive up as near as possible, for I am short-sighted."

A CLERGYMAN was asked to drink wine at a wedding, but very properly refused. "What, Mr. M——," said one of the guests, "don't you drink wine at a wedding?" "No, sir," was the reply; "I will take a glass of water." "But, sir," said the officious guest, "you recollect the advice of Paul to Timothy, to take a little wine for his infirmity." "I have no infirmity," was the reverend gentleman's reply.

A BLACK BISHOP.—A black Episcopal bishop is soon to be ordained in England and sent to Africa.

No!—John Randolph, in one of his letters to a young relative, says:—"I know of nothing that I am so anxious you should acquire as the faculty of saying *no*—You must calculate on unreasonable requests being referred to you every day of your life, and must endeavor to deny with as much facility as you acquiesce."

The shoe business in Lynn gives employment to ten thousand and fifty-eight persons; of which four thousand nine hundred and twenty-five are girls—who bind and sew the shoe and gaiters. The number of pairs of shoes made the last year was three million five hundred and forty thousand, at a total cost of two million three hundred and ninety-two thousand five hundred and seventy-five dollars.

Dr. Bradley, who was for a number of years Missionary of the American Board at Siam, and is now under appointment by the American Missionary Association, is endeavoring to procure the emigration of a number of farmers, mechanics and other laborers to that country, to constitute a self-supporting mission, and at the same time to introduce the arts and customs of civilized life.

Fitz Greene Halleck gives the following summary of late news from Europe:

Kingdoms to-day are upside down,
The castle kneels before the town,
A monarch fears a printer's frown,
A brickbat's range!
Give me in preference to a crown,
Five shillings change.

The London Examiner says that Kossuth, the great Hungarian, "is consumptive, and therefore redoubles his activity," in order to effect more for his country before death claims him as its victim.

Freiligrath, the German poet, having been banished from Cologne, went to Holland, but was refused permission to reside there. It is now uncertain whether he will go to find an abode for himself and his family.

Ten days per annum is the average sickness of human life.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

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

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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

Free Exchange and Credit, -	81	The Nation's Fast, -	88
The Working Classes, -	82	Victor Considerant, -	89
Piety of all Ages, -	83	Pestilence, Providence, Universal	
The Old Coal Man, -	84	Good, -	91
A College Lark, -	85	European Affairs, -	92
Futurity of the Working Classes, -	86	News of the Week, -	93
What the Ladies do in California, -	86	Town and Country Items, -	94
Oriental Faiths, -	87	FOURTY—The Snow-Drop, -	91

PROSPECTUS

OF

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

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